YOUNG FOLKS.

DICK.

Dick was the pet of the whole household. From the oldest to the youngest, the family never tired of watching his cunning ways and bright eyes.

Can you imagine what he was? Some one says a dog, another a bird, or perhaps some who have such cute baby brothers, may think he was a lovely baby boy. But he was neither of these; but a squirrel of the species known as wood or gray squirrel. He was dark-gray, with a bushy tail as long as his body; and he had such a funny way of curling it over his back.

Frank found him one day in the woods, and after several attempts finally succeeded in catching him. Frank would follow him up a tree, but the squirrel had the advantage of the boy there, for before he could be caught, he sprang nimbly from one tree to another when the trees were close together, or else to the ground, and while Frank was descending one tree the squirrel would be climbing another. Two or three such attempts were made, when Frank, excited by the chase, risked neck and limb, and jumped from the tree to the ground, close on the squirrel who, surprised by the audacity of the movement, was easily captured before he could get away, as they do not run very fast when on the ground.

He was about half-grown. Frank took him home and showed him to the family with much pride.

He was put into a barrel for safety for a few days until something better could be found, then an old bird-cage was brought into use.

While in this he managed to get the door open some way and get out, but as the cage had been put into an out-house that did duty as wood and general store-house, he hid away among some of the things, and after a day or two showed himself, and was coaxed back into the cage, where he seemed very contented.

Frank heard of a squirrel-house, and at once made up his mind to try and secure it for Dick. He went to the store where it was for sale, and asked the price. The clerk told him one dollar and a half. Thinking this was too much, he returned home resolved to make the old bird-cage do.

But the desire to obtain the house—which was in reality a very nice one for a squirrel—was very strong, and he went again, and succeeded in purchasing it at even a lower figure than was at first asked.

The house was made all of tin with a double roof and chimney on top. The door was made so it could be securely fastened from the outside, so there was no danger of master squirrel forcing it open.

The windows were barred with strips of tin. Inside there was an upper floor, and a flight of tin stairs leading to it; and when Dick felt inclined he could ascend these, and take a quiet nap, sure that no prying meddler could reach him there.

On the outside, attached to one end of the house, was a wheel made of strips of tin. It was about a foot and a half long and nearly one foot across.

This wheel was closed at one end, and at the other had three holes large enough for the squirrel to go through, to and from his house at pleasure.

Dick would come out into this wheel, and begin by climbing up the side. The wheel would turn slowly at first; Dick would keep climbing, and the speed of the wheel increasing until it would fairly buzz. Then, tired of this he would scamper back into his home, to see if perchance some stray nut had rolled off in a corner.

It was a never-ceasing delight to the children to watch him eat. He seemed fond of most everything, and, I am sorry to say, was a ... glutton, and therein lies the sequel to his sad fate.

It was some time before it was discovered that he was a drinker; but Frank was too much of a temperance boy to give him anything but pure cold water, of which Dick was very fond.

He fed him nuts of all kinds, and it was so amusing to watch him nibble off the shell of the smaller nuts, and pick out the meat; larger nuts had to be cracked for him. He was quite fond of water-melon, and would sit up, hold a piece in his fore-paws, and eat all the red juicy part. He liked crab-apples, but did not consider it genteel to eat them without peeling; this he proceeded to do by holding the apple in his paws, and nibbling off the skin a little at a time, and dropping it down; he would dexterously turn the apple around until every bit of the peeling had been removed, and then eat the apple.

He was often given the liberty of a room with closed doors, but unless the door of his own house was closed, he would invariably go back into it. Still he did not seem so very much afraid of persons, but would come close up to Frank and take a piece of nut off his knee, as he sat on the floor, but he never permitted any one to handle him.

With all the attention Frank bestowed on him, and so many things that suited his taste to eat, it is no wonder he grew fat and jolly.

In the autumn Frank began to wonder where he could keep his pet in the winter. The house, during the summer, had been kept on a portico, but something better than that must be devised; various plans suggested themselves, but none as yet would answer; finally the matter was settled for him; it came about in this way:

It was one bright morning in the latter part of September. Frank had given Dick his usual morning rations, and with three-year-old Tot by his side had watched him as he sat on his hind feet, with that beautiful tail thrown up over his back, and nibbling the nuts from his cute fore paws; and he thought nothing could be handsomer or nicer for a pet than this very same Dick, with his bright, snapping eyes and droll ways.

After his breakfast Dick came out and took a turn at the wheel, but he was getting so fat, he was a little lazy, so he soon tired of the exercise, and went back into his house, and up the stairs to his nest for his morning nap.

Tot went to play with her dolls, and Frank went off to school, with no presentiment of impending trouble.

The other members of the household were busy in different parts of the house, and no one was near the squirrel for some time; finally Tot grew tired of her dolls, and thought she would go and see if Dick were awake yet.

Going up to the cage she thought it very strange that Dick should be asleep on the lower floor, for he never trusted himself there, but always went up to the loft for his nap. But she thought to herself, "Perhaps he came down-stairs before he got his nap out and was so dozy he dropped to sleep again;" she concluded he had slept long enough, and she would wake him and make him do some tricks for her.

So she gave the cage a little shake, but Dick did not stir; then she shook it harder, but still no signs of waking.

"Dick! Dick!" she called, "why don't you wake up?" but Dick did not respond by opening those bright eyes; and even touching him with a stick did not make him move.

At this the little girl became alarmed, and ran into the house crying:

"Grandma! Grandma!" Do come and see what is the matter with Dick. He won't wake up!"

Grandma came out and saw him lying there stiff and motionless; and the tears came into little Tot's eyes when grandma told her that Dick was dead, and that he would never please them again with his cunning tricks, and they would have to bury him in the ground.

Frank looked very sad when he came home, but he felt it would be unmanly to let any one see tears in his eyes for the loss of a squirrel, but in his heart he loved his little pet, and mourned him sincerely.

"What a Pocket Contained."

The heavens were in their full glory to-night. So Eleanor thought as she stood leaning her soft cheek against the window pane, and watching very intently each little bright point in the bright sky. Her childish imagination was becoming creative, for had she not been pretending she lived in Harland. Ah! and she sighed a very impressive little sigh when she told mamma "the country up there exactly suited her."

But all thought of the stars were forgotten when Eleanor saw some one in a long black ulster hurry up the stoop, and heard papa's voice in the hall. Mamma and daughter had a race and the first prize was awarded to mamma, when the person within that great ulster took her in his arms and gave her the first kiss, while his little daughter came in a close second.

Mr. Johnston had been away on a business trip, and one of the last things Eleanor had said to him before he started was, "Please bring me something real nice, papa, something I can play with." So before papa even started to have some supper he told Eleanor he had not forgotten his promise, and that he had her present right with him.

Two little arms were around his neck in a minute, as he caught her up in his arms, and then two little hands immediately started to search all his pockets. The outside pocket in his ulster had a peculiarly large appearance. Eleanor thought it might have two big bags of peanuts in it, so she put one little hand inside to take some if they were there, but, oh! my, it didn't feel like peanuts, it was warm and soft and she gave a little jump when some small, wet thing licked her fingers. "What is it, papa, what is it?" and her golden curls bobbed up and down with delight. Papa smiled as he lifted very carefully from his pocket a little baby collie dog and put the round, soft, sleepy little ball into Eleanor's arms.

Never was human baby so tenderly caressed, and Eleanor proved herself a very thoughtful mother by immediately inquiring whether her dear little puppy had had any supper. In answer to the question, papa said, "He was afraid Mr. Puppy would have to be brought up on a bottle, as he had not quite learned the accomplishment of lapping." Eleanor would not think of going to bed until a bottle had been purchased. Then she drew her little willow rocker up before the wood fire in her room and rocked to and fro, while she held that warm, soft dog close to her heart and hummed very gently her favorite lullaby, but the sweet song did not charm puppy, as it should, for he cried and cried, and apparently did not enjoy being rocked. Eleanor decided it was because he was so hungry, so she urged nurse to hurry and warm the milk and then mamma urged her little daughter to hurry and get ready for bed, as it was long past her bedtime.

A half an hour later mamma came upstairs to give her little daughter her usual good-night kiss, and she stood by the side of the bed for a long time looking at the pretty picture before her. For Eleanor in her night-dress with its dainty puffed sleeves and her golden curls half over one little flushed cheek was holding very closely that precious puppy; that furry little individual was not crying now but was vigorously removing the milk from the bottle which Eleanor held in one hand. He was not asleep, but hard at work; it seemed as though he just stopped long enough to look up at mamma and blink his sleepy little eyes at her. But mamma did not laugh, she just lifted puppy, bottle and all, out of bed and removed him to a small box in the playroom. In this she put a nice fur rug and this little innocent puppy curled itself up contentedly, and went to sleep thinking, no doubt, this warm substitute was its mother.

Condensed Information.

There are 2,750 languages.
America was discovered in 1492.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Envelopes were first used in 1839.
Telescopes were invented in 1590.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Watches were first constructed in 1476.
A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
A firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds.
Modern needles first came into use in 1545.
The value of a ton of silver is $37,704.94.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.
Coaches were first used in England in 1569.
The average human life is thirty-one years.
The value of a ton of pure gold is $602,799.21.
The first newspaper advertisment appeared in 1652.
The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.
Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.
One million dollars silver coin weighs 58,929.9 pounds avoirdupois.
One million dollars gold coin weighs 3,685.8 pounds avoirdupois.
Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel.
Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eight century.
Albert Dore gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.
The first steam engine of this continent was brought from England in 1653.
Measure 200 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.
The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

Foot-Prints of Our Lord.

In the Church of Domine Quo Vadis, Rome, carefully preserved under a plate glass, bell-shaped dome, three and a half feet high and four feet in diameter across the bottom, may be seen the last foot-prints made by Jesus on this earth; those made by Him the night He appeared to Peter when the latter was leaving Rome in hot haste on account of Nero's persecutions of the Christians. A. J. C. Hare in his "Walks in Rome," says (p. 267): "The foot-prints kept enshrined in the Church of Domine Quo Vadis are only copies of those said to have been left here by our Saviour, the originals having been removed to S. Sebastiano."

St. Ambrose is the author of the story concerning the circumstances under which the celebrated foot-prints were made; a story quite interesting, whether fact or fiction. I quote from Mrs. Jameson: "After the burning of Rome, Nero accused the Christians of having fired the city. This was the origin of the first persecution, in which many perished by terrible and hitherto unheard-of deaths. The Christian converts besought Peter not to expose his life, and he started to leave the city. As he fled along the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour traveling towards the city. Struck with amazement, Peter exclaimed: 'Lord, whither goest Thou?' (Domine quo Vadis?) to which Jesus, looking upon him with a mild sadness, replied: 'I go to Rome to be crucified a second time,' and immediately vanished."

Peter, taking this as a sign that he was to submit himself to all manner of suffering for the sake of his religion, retraced his steps to the city. He told the story of meeting with Jesus at the divide in the roads. Some of the faithful repaired to the spot, cut out of the damp clay the holy foot-prints, and preserved them as above stated.

At Malta.

A recent visitor to Malta sends the following interesting letter, describing the scenes he witnessed in that harbor:—

Our approach to the harbor of Naletta, Malta was made amid one of the sights characteristic of an English naval station. Half a dozen torpedo boats came dashing out of the narrow entrance on their way to practice with torpedoes. The sea was a little rough and the light, sharp boats cut into and through the water, now tossing it lightly aside, again breasting the waves till the combers climbing over the bows swept the vessel fore and aft. Once inside the harbor, we might have known without other evidence that we were in Malta on seeing the array of battle-ships supplemented by a fleet of smaller vessels, all flying the red cross of St. George, and forming the flower of England's navy, here assembled. Here are the Benbow and Camperdown, Colossus and Collingwood, Edinburgh, Temeraire, Australia, Agamemnon, Orion, Phaeton, Dolphin, Landrail, Polyphemus, Hecla and Crocodile battle ships, armored and unarmored cruisers, torpedo, depot and transport ships, together with a fleet of torpedo boats. Here are represented all the engines of war afloat; naval ordnance by all classes of guns from the smallest to those weighing 110 tons, firing a charge of 1,000 pounds of powder and a shell weighing 1,800. Here are vessels fitted out with everything human ingenuity can devise and science supply to preserve the life of friends, and destroy that of enemies; vessels which have cost over four million dollars each. Here are docks capable of receiving the largest ships of war, stores sufficient for a fleet for years, a city and its environs so surrounded by fortifications that the eye cannot at first determine where the gun-curtains end and the houses begin. And so England is prepared to guard her Mediterranean route to India and the east.

Lying moored in Dockwood Creek is the receiving ship Hibernia, with yellow sides, gaping with a hundred port-holes, each in time past harboring a gun, now devoted to the more peaceful object of housing the crews of men-of-war temporarily hulked. Over her cutwater is one of those famous figureheads, emblamatic of the ship's name, such as the vessels of old were proud to carry and in which they were personified—a fine figure of Neptune holding in his arm the harp of Erin. No contrast could be more quickly and strikingly presented to the eye than this old wooden three-decker affords alongside of one of the modern battle ships, say the Benbow.

It is when afflictions come that the promises of God shine like the stars.

A STUDY IN INSECT PHRENOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR G. G.—1890.

In the few years last past the science of Phrenology has made wonderful strides. It has been applied to matrimony in the way of aiding you to choose a congenial partner of your bosom—one whose temper will "compat," as it were, with your own. This is why it is so hated and held up to public scorn by the legal profession. Persons phrenologically mated furnish no business for the divorce courts. By it you can select your self, for the benefit of mankind, as the raw material for a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher or a President of the United States. It is now known that your bumps and your temperament indicate what you ought to eat, drink, breathe and wear. This accounts for the unprincipled opposition of the medical profession. No doctors are feed by those who feed and dress and so forth after the dictates of their own bumps.

Very recently it has been discovered that the brute-beasts can be selected for any special use by Phrenology. You can pick out dogs that will bark in the night when your enemy wants to sleep; and mules that will buck; and horses that will either run away or balk, as you may prefer. By this beneficent science you can select cattle that will horn your enemy, and will break into his garden and convert his cabbages and his turnips and his cauliflowers and his asparagus into your milk and beef. I have a farmer-friend who never buys a sheep without feeling its bumps. In that way he secures such as will butt when they are rams, and so avoids a loss on any male sheep that proves a failure for mutton or wool. He sells him, in that case, among dairy products, as a first-class butter.

Perhaps the day will come when I shall not be alone in the belief that, throughout the dateless periods of an illimitable past, this venerable science of Phrenology, unhonored and unsung, has been guiding mother Nature's processes of evolution in the selection of the fittest to survive!

The latest advance, and by far the greatest that Phrenology has made at any single stride, is to be seen in my own astounding discovery that it applies to insects as well as to beasts and men. Under the microscope you can read, from their cranial developements, the characteristics of flies, gnats, bees, bigots et cetera.

A word of explanation on two points just here. First: As most insects are nearly or quite bald-headed their bumps can be appreciated by vision alone, without the aid of the fingers. It is well to know this when the subject is a hornet. Second: Subject to correction I think it is scientific to classify bigots as insects. All the bigots I have seen were insects. Judging by my own observation no sect is without them.

This new branch of the science—a branch which I have ventured to call Insect Phrenology—finds its best illustration in the dear familiar housefly. I select a single chart out of many written after observations made through a microscope of two hundred diameters. The extracts from the chart will be followed by a narration of some remarkable incidents in the career of the fly referred to. The whole will establish the claim of Insect Phrenology to recognition among the noble sisterhood of sciences.

Some enterprising minds will, doubtless, wish to verify and enlarge the discovery I have had the honor to make. For their guidance I will say, in passing, that the restlessness of the fly, while under examination, perplexed me greatly, for a time. Imagine me just ready to estimate the relative prominence of a set of bumbs, preparatory to entering the result on the chart. At that moment, of all others, the fly would begin to scratch his ear! or to smooth down a wing with one of his legs! or would move to a new place in the field of the microscope—and present his posterior parts to the line of vision! Sometimes he would fly away and mix up with other flies, and persist in looking so much like them that I could not be sure of recapturing the subject of my unfinished study. At last—as if by inspiration—I thought of some cocaine lozenges I had. I laid one on the table. In a little time it was covered with flies, intent on packing their trunks with sweetened paralysis. I soon had all the quiet subjects I wanted, and was enabled to pursue my investigations at leisure.

In quoting from the chart referred to above I shall confine myself to the organs which were remarkable either for their great size, or because they were abnormally small. I find that I marked the fly as follows:—viz., veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7; inhabitiveness, 9. The highest marking of this latter organ on any former chart—whether of man, beast or insect, was 7.

The day after writing the chart I was lecturing to my class. Let me say, in explanation, that I conduct a school of phrenology. I turn out many bright young men who devote themselves to lecturing on the noble science for a silver collection at the door. They also write up charts of the human head for the small sum of one dollar each—when they cannot get two dollars.

It was a muggy afternoon in September, one of those heavy hot times when all living things get into a state of semi-hypnotism. As I labored on in the discourse my sluggish blood was quickened to a livelier pulse by the sight of a fly that alighted on the manuscript. I knew him, by his bumps, as my subject of the day before. That phenomenal organ of inhabitiveness could not be mistaken. Of course I could not have distinguished him from other flies by the naked eye, I use a large round reading-glass with a handle to it. When he marched into the field of the glass I recognized him instantly.

As in many another sad case that fly was to become the victim of the master-propensities of his nature. But in this instance there was compensation. He became historic in connection with the discovery and corroboration of a great science.

I had reached a part of the lecture with which I was so familiar that I could look away from the manuscript. The fire of eloquence was kindling towards a brilliant climax when the fly rose from the paper and settled on my upper lip—at a point southwest by south from my left nostril. He was no sooner settled than he began to excavate with a view to putting up a four-storey brown-stone residence.

His action disturbed me not a little. It was impossible to break off the lecture to execute a deed of the building-lot he had selected. As a matter of fact the ground had not yet been surveyed by a competent engineer, and it had been—for a long time—a settled thing with me that I would not allow any irregular squatting. For who could tell what litigation and endless confusion might arise from it, even a thousand years afterwards. My dissatisfaction with his course was further heightened by the fact that the process of excavating hurt me.

The cumulative force of the foregoing considerations moved me to, hustle the intruder off. I did it in a firm but quiet and respectful manner.

Finding himself afloat he sailed out, on a level with my mouth, to a distance of about two feet, and hove to facing me. Then it was that I saw the first confirmation of my scientific hopes in regard to insect phrenology. Let it be borne in mind, from this on, that I had marked that fly veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7; inhabitiveness, 9.

As I proceeded with the lecture the evicted insect hung on pensive wing at about the same distance and level. He looked homesick. His tears dropped like rain on the pages of my manuscript. In what some would have taken to be a mere buzz of wings, I could catch the tender, tremulant cadences of "Home! home! sweet, sweet home!"

A moment thus, and then—or ever I was aware—he darted back to the old spot on my upper lip, a point south-west by south, from my left nostril. As he renewed the work of excavating he went on to sing in a more cheerful voice, "There's no place like home!"

My feelings were touched. It delighted me to observe so triumphant a confirmation of Insect Phrenology. I was also conscious of a thrill of sympathy with his love of home. But when the work he was doing laid bare and lacerated the network of sensitory nerves which underlie the epidermis I was touched in another way. Delight and sympathy were suddenly obscured by the intolerable pain of violated nerves. Whereupon I brushed my tormentor off a second time, and, it must be confessed, I did it in a somewhat peremptory and forceful manner.

Since the tragedy which followed I have gone, many times and very carefully, over the whole matter—sitting in judgment on myself, as it were. Upon every such review I have been able to acquit myself of all blame. I was preoccupied at the time. To have allowed him to acquire a squatter's right would have been an injustice to him, to myself, and to generations unborn. To break off what I was doing and attend to surveying and conveyancing was impossible. Besides, he was torturing me, I am quite clear that I was justified in brushing him off, and that it being the second time—some degree of rudeness in the manner of doing it was pardonable. I flatter myself that a discerning public will take the same view of it.

This time the fly did not move away in sorrow, but in a passion of anger. He darted out on furious wing some five or six feet and then dashed round and round, and zigzag like chain lightning, as if possessed by some raging demon.

I had often seen men and mules fly into a passion and act in an alarming way, but this was new and terrible. May I never again see a fly fly into a passion and fly as I saw that fly fly! The terror with which he inspired me was in inverse ratio to his size. He revealed more malignant wrath to the pennyweight than I could have believed possible had I not seen it. I was ready to faint when the question arose, so naturally, in my mind, "What if my wife, who weighs three hundred pounds, should ever get up as much wrath to the pennyweight as there is in that fly, and become as much madder as she is heavier!" Shade of Socrates! Let me be discreet!

When he had worked his excitement down to the speaking point he poised himself in the air at about ten inches from my nose and began to describe me in a way of his own. It would be difficult to crowd more profanity and vituperation into the time, and all offensively personal to me. His eyes blazed like coals of fire, being lighted up from within by an infernal malice.

The brimstone element in his language must be suppressed in the interest of the young. It seems necessary, however, in self-defence, to give publicity to some of the blistering remarks to which I was compelled to listen. In that hour I learned something of the possible meaning of "rubefacients" and "counter-irritants." And the worst of it was that, just then, I did not need a fly-blister. My health was good. Besides, my wife is a little uncertain and peculiar in her temper—peppery, so to speak—and I never need anything in that line beyond what she supplies.

The winged fury began with a weak attempt to revile my ancestry by calling me a "son of a gun," coupling the remark with some very rugged and offensive epithets. I cared very little for this attack. All the civilized and most of the savage world have heard the report of the Gunne family. My name is Qunne—spelled with two n's and an e. He then went on to miscall me personally—me, Professor Gulliver Gunne! The torrent of his words was so vehement and so wicked with unreportable imprecations that, at first, I caught only such broken remarks as these—"You baldheaded old bumpsizer! toothless, ten cent rot-talker! hen-clawed old chart-scratcher!"

At this point my accuser became more coherent and raged consecutively thus: "You enormous great coward, to drive a poor little fly from his home! And you—overgrown strong brute that you are—more than ten thousand times bigger than I am! Why don't you take some one of your size? Don't fool yourself, you hairless old Tyrant! You think you can crush me! Don't you, now? But I have located my claim, and, by the big booming bumble bee I will build on it or bust! I will, so help me Gad-fly!!!"

With that he made his third and fatal dash for home—a point on my upper lip, southwest by south from my left nostril.

As you will readily believe my breath was quite taken away. Alas for that insect! At the very moment when he was making his last rush I was replenishing my empty lungs. The air was pouring into the greedy vacuum like Niagara, and that doomed fly—his heart full of malice and his tongue yet hissing with falsehoods and profanity was caught as in a cyclone and swept out of his course into my open mouth! On and on he was hurried past lips and teeth and tongue and tonsils and uvula, touching nowhere until he stuck fast in the epiglottis!

I could have coughed him up, and would, had not my imagination, with the speed and vividness of lightning, presented some probabilities of the case which decided me to take another course. Being composed of very frail textures the fly would come up dead! and so multiplied that his own mother would be unable to recognize him! There were other considerations presented—but I forbear.

In less than a hundredth part of the time it takes to tell it I saw what must be done and did it. The alternative to coughing him up was to coffin him down; and it was less disagreeable to my feelings. My courage and will-power never forsake me. With one convulsive gulp I swallowed him alive and went on with my discourse!

No—I didn't go to a magistrate and accuse myself of Insecticide. At first it seemed that nothing else could restore peace to my conscience. But to the end of life I shall be glad that I took time to consider the whole situation. When I weighed every circumstance connected with the tragedy I saw that instead of shortening I had prolonged the life of that fly by swallowing him. He must have lived from thirty to forty seconds longer than he would have done if I had coughed him up. I had internal evidence of this which was perfectly satisfactory to me, whatever value a jury might have attached to it. It was, beyond all doubt, a case of Insect-in-side. But that differs from Insect-i-cide by the full value of the letter "n"! That exoneration of the ethical problem encouraged me to be silent, but it was a narrow escape.

My judicious silence kept me out of a number of difficulties. Think of the awkwardness of the postmortem, the coroner's inquest and the funeral of a corpse which was known to be hid away somewhere among my vitals! Silence is golden!

The moral to be drawn from the whole subject is this; if you have any bumps that are either very large or very small don't neglect them.

Take any means necessary to enlarge the under-sized organs. If nothing else will do get some one to assault and batter you on the defective place. If it be done with sufficient energy the bump will rise. I knew a man whose head was flat where veneration should have been. He was a carpenter. One day the boss found fault with some of the work he was doing. The carpenter showed his utter lack of veneration by swearing at his boss and making toward him with clenched fists and saying something about "punchin' of 'is 'ed." In self-defence the boss caught up a claw-hammer and gave him one blow on the right spot. It stunned the man but it was the making of the bump. He was never known to be irreverent toward that boss afterwards.

The exaggerated bumps cannot be treated in the surgical way. It would not do. If some of you, beloved, were to get the bump of selfesteem reduced to the normal size by amputation, life would no longer be worth living. The greater part of the brain mass would be gone! You will have to control your master-organs from within or get into trouble.

Begin at once and persevere in that way of peace and good fortune. Veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7, make a bad, a perilous combination, when any other organ ranks as high as 9. Let a single additional example suffice. Say that over-sized bump is benevolence. In that case you grow exigent, persistent, belligerent. You presume to lecture all mankind on the subject of the moral virtues. You set up as instructor and leader of your seniors and superiors. You dub yourself "Expert Moral Reformer." You leave the impression on observing minds that you have a patent right on pretty much all the wisdom and goodness in the earth beneath, with pre-emptions elsewhere. When other people differ from your pet opinions and you don't get your way, you shake your fist in their faces. You buttonhole the same persons every day and every other day. You bore into their sensibilities as ruthlessly as that late lamented insect bored into my nerves.

Beware! A longsuffering public will bear with your teasing for a season. But some day you will find that public pre-occupied and, mayhap, impatient. On that day another tragedy in the insect-world will be enacted. You will be the victim. Don't count on historic fame as a compensation for being swallowed alive. Some of the grandest things can be done only once. Of all the apples that ever did, and ever will fall to the earth only one can claim the proud distinction of having suggested to the beholding eye of science the existence of the silent and invisible but almost omnipotent force of attraction which holds together the physical compact of the world and of the universe. In like manner, but one of all the insects in the world could become historic in revealing to science the fact that the Laws of Phrenology apply all along the line of animated nature down to the ephemeron fly whose natural lifetime is six hours.

There is nothing left for you to reveal. You may exemplify the mischievous effect upon conduct of overgrown and undergrown bumps when they are neglected. You may exasperate the public and perish. It you do it will not be as a celebrated and useful first subject whose eccentricities contributed to the discovery of a great truth, but as a fool who was deaf to the voice of Instruction and warning.

GULLIVER GUNNE, Prof. Phren.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

A Horrible Incident in Connection with the Franco-Prussian War.

"I had just sold my commission in the British army when the Franco-Prussian war opened," said an Englishman a few days ago to some friends at the bar of the Hoffman House, New York. "I had still some pretty strong hankerings after an active military career, and as I had been disappointed in the business project that had induced me to relinquish the hope of seeing further service with the red coats, I joined the Foreign Legion of the French army, and in the following year any craving I might have had for fighting was amply gratified. I had many adventures, some of them startling enough, but one, to which no personal danger was attached, stands out at times with unpleasant distinctness in my memory.

"A few weeks before all French hopes of final success were buried at Sedan a portion of my corps was detached to engage a party of Prussians that had been harrassing some villages near Metz. We found the enemy readily enough, but they had been strongly reinforced, and though we drove them back after several hours of very hard fighting, we suffered severely.

"Night had fallen before the firing ceased, and I was sent with an order to an officer on a distant part of the field. The moon was shining as I returned, and I was walking my horse, as the animal was very tired, when I reined him in quickly, because a feeble voice called to me.

"'Sir,' it said, in very good English 'I recognize you as an officer of the Foreign Legion. You are an Englishman, I think. Will you do me a great favor, and a last favor?'

"I dismounted and found a young French officer lying at my feet. His sword and pistols were gone and he was desperately wounded. His eyes were almost closed, the death damp lay cold and heavy on his forehead, and little specks of foam and blood were on his lips. One bullet had passed completely through his body, tearing the lungs in its passage, and he was gashed and perforated in half a dozen other places.

"'What can I do for you?' I asked.

"'I am suffering horribly,' he gasped, 'and I may live for an hour yet. Will you have the great kindness to blow out my brains and end my agony?'

"I looked very closely at the poor fellow. I knew something about gunshot wounds, and it was as clear to me as is the sun at noon that he had no earthly chance of living until the dawn.

"'I cannot take your life,' I said, 'but if you desire it I will lend you my pistol and turn my head away.'

"'Thank you,' he muttered gratefully; 'that will do just as well. I have still enough strength to pull a trigger. You will find a flask of eau de vie and a bundle cigars in the pocket of my cloak. They are yours, mon ami. Take them, I entreat you. Adieu!'

"Silently I handed him the weapon and turned away. A sharp report rang out. When I looked again at the Frenchman he had ceased to suffer. I took the pistol from his hand and rode away quickly.

"I have been condemned for the part I played in this tragedy, but I have never blamed myself."

Census Troubles in India.

In one of the wilder districts of Bengal, during the census of 1881, a curious rumor got about among the Dravidian tribes that the numbering of the people was merely the preliminary to the wholesale deportation of the men to serve as camp followers in Afghanistan and of the women to work as leaf pickers in the tea gardens of Assam. This silly fable, embellished with characteristic but highly indelicate details, created a general panic. Many thousands deserted their villages and hid themselves in a range of forest-clad hills, where they hoped to escape the official enumerators. The number of the fugitives was large enough to vitiate the census statistics for that area, and the day fixed for the final enumeration was perilously near. Something had to be done, but any attempt to compel the tribes to come in would only have increased the panic. The district official used his personal acquaintance with some of the tribal headmen or elders to induce them to meet him and talk matters over. By explaining to them in simple language the real object of the census, and laying stress on the necessity of knowing, for the purpose of relieving famine, the exact population of a district which had within living memory suffered from two severe famines, he succeeded in inducing them to exert their influence to get the people back. So effective was their action and so readily were their orders obeyed that within three days the villages were again occupied and whatever may have been the defects of the census in that part of the country they certainly did not lie on the side of omission.

The same thing was done, only in a more humorous fashion, by a district officer in the central provinces. Some of his tribes took fright and ran away, and he induced their headmen to listen to explanations. Relying on the fact that wagers of various kinds figure extensively in Indian folk lore, he solemnly assured them that the Queen of England and the Emperor of Russia, having quarrelled as to which ruled over the most subjects, had laid a big bet on the point. He went on to explain that the census was being taken in order to settle the bet, and he warned his hearers in a spirited peroration that if they staid in the jungle and refused to be counted, the Queen would lose her money and they would be disgraced forever, as *nimak-haram*, or traitors to their salt. The story served its purpose, and the tribes came in.

I Love Her.

Why do the birds sing so softly
As they flutter to and fro?
Why is nature so hushed and still?
Because I love her so.

The brook as it flows at my feet,
The whispering winds above
Are murmuring, murmuring gently—
I love her, I love her, my love.

The zephyrs kiss the grasses,
And as they gently move
They bend their heads and whisper:
I love her, I love her, my love.

The sparrows perched around me,
The robins chirping above,
The humming bees, the whispering winds
Are telling of my love.

Who, then, will bear my message?
O, spread thy white wings, Dove,
And fly with speed and tell her
I love her, I love her, my love.

—[*M. G. Hall.*

Army Suicides in Russia.

Another of those mysterious suicides of army and navy officers which have been causing such sensation of late in the Russian capital took place the other day in the public baths on the Puschkin street, near the Nevsky Prospect. A well-known Captain of the Imperial Horse Guards, M. L——, engaged two rooms there, as if for the purpose of indulging in a Russian bath, but when the attendant offered his services, as is usual in such cases, he refused them and locked himself in. This aroused suspicion, but no further notice was taken of the matter. Ten minutes later a pistol shot was heard and several of the employees rushed up and tried the door, but were unable to effect an entrance. The police were then sent for, and, after breaking into the apartment, M. L——was found dead in a pool of blood. No papers were found on his person. It is not yet known what documents were found at his lodgings, but the belief is current that this is another political suicide, although it is right to say that this is only a rumor—a very probable one, no doubt, but of which there are no positive proofs. The suicide will be announced in the papers.

How to Wash Windows.

Two servants employed in adjoining houses were talking recently about their methods of cleaning windows. The one whose windows always looked the brightest said she selected a dull day for the work, or a day when the sun was not shining on them because when the sun shines it causes them to be dry-streaked, no matter how much one rubs. The painter's brush is the best article for this purpose; then wash all the woodwork before the glass is touched. To cleanse the glass simply use warm water diluted with ammonia; don't use soap. A small stick will get the dust out of the corners, then wipe dry with a piece of cloth—do not use linen, as the lint sticks to the glass. The best way to polish is with tissue paper or newspaper. To clean windows in this way takes much less time than when soap is used.

Without a revelation of what God is, no man can know what he himself is.

What Should She Do?

I print verbatim the letter of a girl whose sentiments, I fear, express those of many other young women.

"I am 19 years of age. By the death of father, mamma is left with three children, of which I am the oldest. I should help to support the family, yet it is a severe trial to go out into business and incur the criticism of all the wealthy girl-friends with whom I associated when papa was alive. What shall I do? Can I not get some private employment which would bring me the revenue but not the unpleasant taunts and remarks of the girls I know?"

My correspondent in this case will excuse me if I speak to her plainly and frankly:

What shall you do? First of all, my girl, learn that nobody but a fool or a coward ever made unpleasant remarks about the girl who honestly and honorably earns her living. Believe me, those who would taunt and criticize you are unworthy either of your, or any good girl's friendship.

What shall you do? Get over the unwomanly cowardice which makes you want to hide from the world at large the fact that it is your duty to help in the household that lost its protector. The world has grown in these years, and the self-supporting self-respecting woman receives her meed of respect and applause. The woman who works is the power in the land—if she does her work well.

The woman who wants to sit at home and do her work secretly, because she feels she can not face her friends (what poor friends they must be) is not apt to do good work and is not apt to get good pay.

You may do some fancy-work that your friends, for sweet charity's sake, will buy for a while, but this isn't working; and if you are young, healthy, and have ability, as you say, you don't want to be an object of charity.

What shall you do? Go out into the world, my girl, let the sunshine of honest work clear away the clouds in your brain. Do whatsoever your hand find for you to do with all your heart and all your strength, and as surely as you and I are living you will succeed.

There is always in this world a place for a good worker; there is always proper payment for good work; but for poor work, for shiftless labor, for work about which so little pride is felt that anybody wants to hide it from the public view, there is nothing but contempt.

The woman who works need never be anything but womanly, but she must be as exact as a man. She must recognize the value of punctuality, and, above all else, if she does nothing more than sweep an office, she must conclude to sweep that office so well that she will get better wages for it than any one ever got before, and in this way make her first step toward success.

Success must be sought; it dosen't come uninvited nowadays. The leave you get to work, which Elizabeth Barrett Browning says is the best you can get, is yours. Having it, keep always going ahead, each day making your work better and better, not only because your employer has a right to demand it, but for your own honor's sake.

You will learn to like it because you do it well, and when the day ... around that your wages are handed to you there will be a great throb of thankfulness in your heart, not only because you are helping those at home, but because you can stand in the sight of your God and feel that "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

That is what you should do. Be honest, be good, be courageous, and you will make of yourself a woman in the truest sense of the word.

A Poem by Courtesy.

"Please read my verse!" the poet said
Unto a heartless editor.
He acquiesced with nod of head,
And took the verse and read it o'er.

"You've failed to give a title to
This—work—of yours," the reader said.
"I meant to do it, but to you,
Kind sir, I leave the task instead."

"Now, please, what would you call it, sir?"
Beseeched the poet, pleadingly.
"I'd call it," said the editor,
"Well—anything but poetry."

Laughter to Match.

Dumpsey—"What called out that hoarse laugh from Blobson, I should like to know?"

Popinjay—"Oh, I suppose it was a horse-chestnut that Ponsonby was getting off to him."

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

The thirty-fourth annual general meeting of this institution was held at its Banking House in Toronto on Wednesday, 18th June, 1890.

The report briefly referred to the unfavorable condition of trade and agriculture during the last year, and the Banking legislation of the past session of the Dominion Parliament.

The net profits of the year, amounting to $281,845.68, have enabled the directors to pay dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and to add $100,000 to the Rest.

The Rest Account now amounts to $1,500,000, a sum equal to 75 per cent. of the capital.

The figures of the Report give the results of the year's operations, and also show the position of the Bank as on 31st May last.

Statement of Profit and Loss Account

The net profits of the year, after deducting interest due depositors, allowing rebate on current notes discounted, and providing for all bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to the sum of		$281,845 68
Add balance from last year		41,962 99
		$323,808 67
This sum has been appropriated as follows:		
Dividend No. 67, 5	$100,000 00	
Dividend No. 68, 5	100,000 00	$200,000 00
Added to Rest Account	$100,000 00	
Carried forward to next year	23,808 67	123,808 67
		$323,808 67

General Statement, 31st May, 1890.

LIABILITIES.

Notes in circulation		$1,261,539 00
Deposits		6,376,950 91
Dividends payable 1st June		100,117 00
Balance due to other banks		38,007 30
Total liabilities to the public		$7,776,614 21
Capital paid up	$2,000,000 00	
Rest account	1,500,000 00	
Rebate and int's. reserv'd	124,454 00	
Profits carried forward	23,808 67	
Total Surplus		$3,648,272 67
		$11,424,886 91

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin and Dominion Notes	$839,909 85	
Notes and Cheques on other Banks, balance due from other banks and other assets immediately available	966,135 87	
Total Assets immediately available		$1,806,105 72
Loans and Bills discounted		9,491,727 56
Real estate and mortgages		7,053 63
Bank premises		120,000 00
		$11,424,886 91

The report was adopted, and general satisfaction was expressed with the progress of the Bank. The former Board of Directors was re-elected, and at their subsequent meeting, George Gooderham, Esq., was elected President, and W. H. Beatty, Esq., Vice-President.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send you, address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Arabs and Their Children.

The Arabs are, as a race, very ignorant and childish. None of them know how old they are, nor can they tell how long ago it may have been since any event in their history occurred, unless they chance to remember the number of harvests between then and now. As we rode slowly on I enjoyed some stories about them, gathered from the wide experience of my friend. A Bedouin, who lived with him in Gaza for a time, came one morning, radiant of countenance. "What has happened?" "Oh, my wife has a son!" By night, however, his happiness had turned into sadness. "What has happened?" "Ah, the boy has turned out to be a girl!" His wife's mother had been so frightened lest he should divorce her daughter for having a girl that she had pretended it was a son. In another case a husband anxious to be the father of a son, solemnly vowed that he would divorce his wife if she had a girl. Unfortunately she had twin daughters. The poor fellow, however, really loved his wife, and racked his brains to get out of his oath. At last he solved the difficulty. "I said I would divorce her if she had a daughter, but not if she had two;" and so he kept her. How forcibly such incidents remind one of the words of Jeremiah—"Cursed be the man who brought tidings to thy father, saying—A man child is born unto thee; making him very glad;" or those of our Lord—"A woman hath sorrow, but as soon as she is delivered of the child she remembereth the sorrow no more, for joy that a man is born into the world." Indeed, so proud is a husband of a son, that he is henceforth as "the father of Mahomet," or whatever be the name given to the child. We may from this imagine the eagerness with which Abraham and Sarah longed for an heir to their great possessions, and how great the trial to the Patriarch's faith must have been when he was asked to offer as a sacrifice, with his own hand, the child at last given to him.

A correspondent wants to know "how long girls should be courted." On stilts, of course.

508.

SCOTT'S EMULSION DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In its First Stages. Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S. and Foreign Countries. W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

MISS STACKHOUSE, 427 Yonge St., Toronto, is making a specialty of Parsian Plaiting. Skirts, 40c. a yard; children's skirts, or capes, 25c. a yard. Only place in Canada where this class of work is done.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Scientific and reliable systems taught, whereby stylish, perfect-fitting garments are produced. Send for circular. S. CORRIGAN, Prop., 4 Adelaide St. West.

BIZ Bookkeeping, Banking, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc. at Canadian Business University & Shorthand Institute Public Library Bldg., Toronto. Circulars free. Thos. Bengough, Manager.

CANCER and Tumor Specialist. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. G. H. McMichael, M.D., No. 63 Niagara street Buffalo, N.Y.

FENCE—The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farm, Garden, Orchard, or Town Lots. Prices from 45c per rod (16½ ft) Send for price list.—Toronto Picket Wire Fence Co., 221 River St., Toronto.

COOKS, HOUSEMAIDS, NURSES, GENERAL SERVANTS. Good places, highest wages. Canadian Domestic Employment Agency, 94½ King West, Toronto. Write for circular.

$10.00 A DAY.—Easy and respectable work for men and women. Address T. M. ..., 6 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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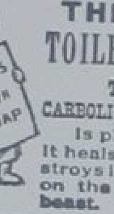
THE Cheapest and BEST PLACE in America to buy Band and Musical Instruments, Music, &c. Address WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 158 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.



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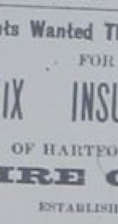

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Agents Wanted Throughout Canada FOR THE PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN. FIRE ONLY. ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital	$2,000,000.00
Assets	5,305,004.00
Net Surplus	1,301,235.39

Estd.—CANADA BRANCH—1890. Head office, 114 St. James St., Montreal GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

COMPLETELY CURED. Thousands declare it so. GENTS,—It gives me pleasure beyond expression to certify that your ST. LEON WATER has completely cured me of Rheumatism, Headache and Indigestion, from which I suffered for many years, a cure which no other medicine or drug could effect. Publish this if you desire. MADAME LEGER, Montreal. The Palace Hotel is open at Springs in Province Quebec for the reception of visitors. For particulars address the St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Limited, Toronto, to St. Leon Springs, Que.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS. Sailing weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets $40, $50 and $60. Return Tickets, $80, $90 and $110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate $25, Steerage $20. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager Canadian Shipping Co., 4 Custom House Square, Montreal, or to Local Agents in all Towns and Cities.

DR. NICHOLS' -: Food of Health :- For Children and Adults. Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation. FRANKS & CO., London, England, Proprietor. MONTREAL OFFICE, 17 St. John Street. Dr. T. R. Allinson, L.R.C.P., London, says:—"I like Dr. Nichols' 'Food of Health' very much and find it of great dietetic value in many diseases. As a breakfast dish I prefer it to oatmeal. For the regulation of the bowels it can not be surpassed." Send for sample FREE.

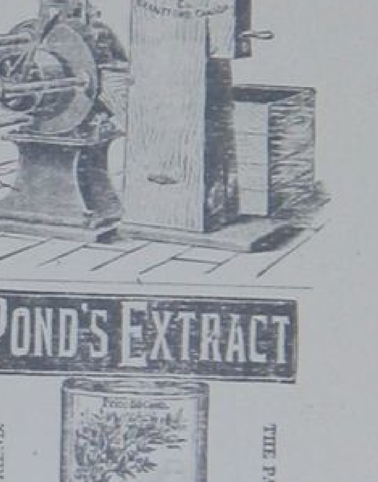
THE COMET

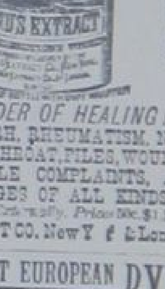
Is the best. All Machines guaranteed. Machines sold on the GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM. Liberal discount for cash. T. FANE & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto.

A. R. Williams, SOHO MACHINE WORKS, TORONTO. CANADIAN AGENTS FOR Barnes' Foot Power Machinery

The demand for Foot Power Machinery is increasing every year. No Carpenter can afford to be without Foot Power Rip and Cross Cut Saws, Former, Tenon Machines, etc., etc. Send for catalogue.

Retail Price 75 Cents COMPLETE WITH CLOTH It saves labor, Time and Clothing. As the hands do not come in contact with the water, chapped, scalded and sore hands are avoided. The mop being wrung at arm's length there is no stooping or straining of the back or shoulders. The hands are not soiled or disfigured by the wringing of ... the clothing is not drenched or disfigured as in ordinary mopping, no special preparation is required. The use of scalding water is another important advantage impossible with the ordinary hand wringing mop. The floor washes easier, cleaner and quicker, and dries quicker. Agents write for prices. Tarbox Bros., 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.





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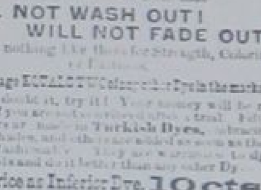

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Deloraine and Return	$28
Moosomin,	28
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SPECIAL COLONIST EXCURSIONS will leave all points in Ontario, Sharbot Lake, Kingston and West thereof, on JUNE 17th Return until July 27th, 1890. JUNE 24th Return until August 4th, 1890. JULY 8th Return until August 18th, 1890. For full particulars apply to nearest Station or Ticket Agent.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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One column	$70	$4...
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One quarter col	25	
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Transient Advertisements ... &c., 8 cents per line first insertion ... per line each subsequent insertion.

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Transient Advertisements must be ... later than Thursday noon. Notice ... standing advertisements must be given ... than Monday noon, and copy must be ... later than noon on Wednesday.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, ... accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing and sent to the publisher ...

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We have also a first-class Jobbing ... in connection, and are prepared to do ... that line at prices that cannot be beaten ... Cash.

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BUSINESS CA[RDS]

PROFESSIONAL.

FRED W. HILL, B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICIT[OR] Formerly with Murphy & Miller, T... Office—Sanders' Block, formerly ... the late Mr. McLean, Stouffville, Ont.

TAYLOR & SANGSTE[R] BARRISTERS. A. M. TAYLOR B.C.L. F. H. SANGSTER ... Barrister, ...

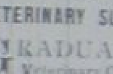
MONEY TO LOAN. OFFICE, Daley's Block, Stouffville.

GEO. H. STEPHENSO[N] BARRISTER, &c. 15 and 16 Manning Arcade, - To[ronto] At Tremont House, Markham, on M... from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at Unionville ... to 8 p.m. February 20th, 1890.

W. B. GREGORY ... G. W. ... HOLMES & GREGORY Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, ... OFFICES—No. 10 King St., West, To... and Town Hall, upstairs, Markham ... Money to Loan at Six per cent. Mr. Gregory or Mr. Holmes will be at M... office every Saturday from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. ... Webber's Hotel, Unionville, from 5 to 8.

Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson & Patte[rson] BARRISTERS, SOLICITO[RS] NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC. Offices—Masonic Buildings, Toronto ... Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville. J. K. KERR, Q.C. W. MACDONALD ... W. DAVIDSON JNO. A. PATERSON R. A. GRANT.

DENTAL.



A. ROBINSON DENTIST. Will be at Miller's Hotel, Stouffville, on the 1st, ... and at the ... House, Markham, on the ... each month. Bowman's Hotel, ... Albert, on the 11th; Victoria Square, on the ... When these dates fall on Sunday the following Monday will be understood.

VETERINARY.

TODD & VANZANT. VETERINARY SURGEONS AND DENTIS[TS] GRADUATES OF ONTAR[IO] Veterinary College, Honorary Members ... Ontario Veterinary Medical Society. Treat ... diseases of domesticated animals by the ... and best system known. All calls day or ... promptly attended to. Charges moderate ... opposite Burkholder's, Stouffville.

JAS. G. CLARKE VETERINARY SURGEON. GRADUATE IN HONOR[S] of the Ontario Veterinary College, ... Honorary Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Society. Treats all diseases of domestic animals by the latest scientific methods ... by telegraph or otherwise, night or day ... attended to. Charges moderate. Office and residence, corner Main and ... Streets, Stouffville.

TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

THE PARIS HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING PARLO[R] Stand—One door west of Sanders' block, Ma[in] Street, Stouffville. Complete ladies' and gents' hair dressing parlor ... Hair cutting, singeing, shampooing, curling ... etc. Hair dressing for balls, parties, theatres, etc., in the most fashionable styles. J. W. SHANKEL - Proprietor.

CENTENNIAL SHAVING PARLOR. FASHIONABLE HAI[R] Dressing, Shampooing, Seafoaming, &c. Ladies and children's hair dressing a specialty. All work attended to promptly ... latest style. Stand Burkholder's block, Ma[in] Street, Stouffville. H. HANDBEREN. - Proprietor.

AUCTIONEERS.

N. J. ARMSTRONG LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of York. Sales of Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to, and at moderate rates. Residence, East End, Stouffville.

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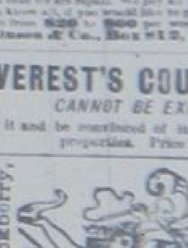

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