

Ladies' Tailors



By Appointment To
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

West's
Safety



A SPECIAL

STOVEL & CO
LADIES' TAILORS

73 King West, Toronto, Canada,
and 23 Condu

Johnston's Fluid

Johnston's
Fluid Beef,



The most perfect form
Nourishment

Stimulating, Strengthening

altered and "improved" out of ancient shape and countenance. A stout policeman asks us if we ever read Dickens, and then tells us that he used to dine at the George "every day as he 'ad writin' to do," which information fills us with unbelief, so we turn off and get out on to Cornhill and make our way to Aidgeat, where to this day you will see the three inns, the Bull, the Black Bear, and the Blue Horse, all prancing madly as they did the day the Commercial Traveller passed by on his way to Wapping workhouse.

You must not go any further this way, but come with me to see the Little Midshipman in the Minories. You won't find him as 157 Leadenhall street now. There indeed stands a grand new shop, silver-smith on one side and trunk and bag maker on the other. Old Sol Gills never lived in such a glaring, staring, pretentious place. Nor will you find him at 99 Minories either, where Mr. Penzance located him, and which is now a dark little shop devoted to gent's furnishings in a small way; but if you go to 104 Minories you will see the Midshipman taking eternal observations over the door, and you will find as many chronometers, barometers, telescopes, charts, maps, sextants, and quadrants, as ever were there in old Sol Gills' time. There are but two midshipmen in the Minories, but the real one is nearest the arch which you pass under to come out by Tower Hill. We didn't want to buy anything, so we went in to ask for a yachting catalogue, which we had great difficulty in procuring from a suspicious individual in a brown leather apron, who asked us if we wanted our "yacht fitted up." Of course we didn't, we only wanted to see the tight-



Woman's Kingdom.

KIT'S GOSPEL AND CHIT-CHAT.
HINTS WITH THE GENIUS OF LONDON.—III.



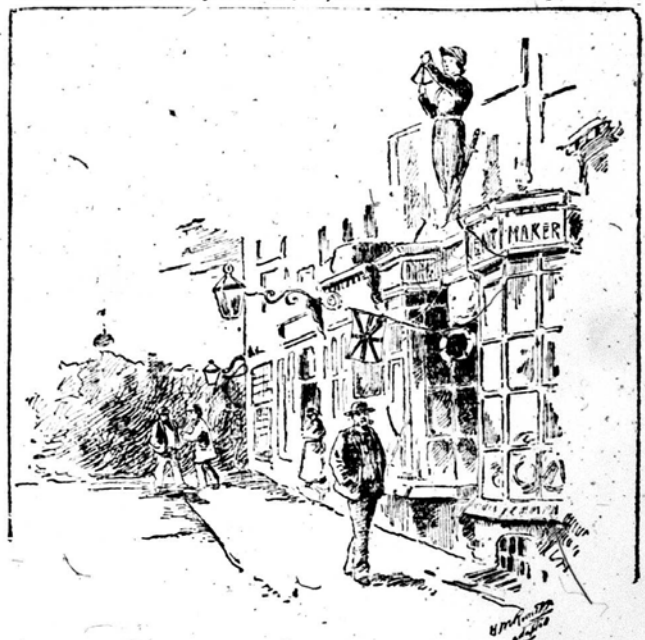
If you want to find landmarks of Dickens (many of which are fast disappearing), you will have to take a good many long walks, and cross and recross many bridges, and squares, and courts. Sunday is by far the best day to do the famous old inns of court in the very heart of the city, of which Dickens was peculiarly fond, and which he invested with so much youth and beauty in the persons of Ada, Ruth, Pinner, Rosebud, and others, and with, too, a great deal of sorrow and mystery. Wonderful places are those old inns—the very oldest being the Temple, where, in the King's Bench Walk and Paper Buildings, Sidney Carton, Stryver's jockey, paced to and fro to revive his memory about his two bottles of wine with himself at the little tavern "up a covered way of Fleet street" the day Charles Darnay was acquitted. Poor Sidney Carton, going straight home in the early morning "like a dumplings cat." He, with many others, will haunt the Temple courts for many and many a year to come!

As you go up Chancery Lane and get out to Holborn on your way to Staple Inn, it is curious to see on the shop windows of No. 77 Samuel Weiler's show rooms. There are indeed three Dombey's & Son in the city, all tallies, and sometimes you will come across such names as Landless, Grengious, and even Gamp, all of which help the wanderer in Dickensland to realize, as it were, the people of those names that appear in the great novelist's works; indeed more, one feels a frantic inclination to go up and knock double knocks at the hall doors close by the shops, and ask if Sam Weiler is at home, or would Sairey Gamp be good enough to get her things on and come with us to pay a visit to Mrs. Harris!

But, first of all, let us go to the very oldest part of Holborn, and enter, under the queer looking houses, old and gabled, some three hundred years old indeed, into the odd little nook of Staple Inn. The "countrified" sparrows will twitter there as they used in Mr. Snagsby's time, when he loved in the summer

cause a gleam of sunlight is streaming down on the little plot of grass, and they think spring has come, and most surely here are dry and wet rot—a lovely place—suggestive indeed of one other thing, and that a lonely death in every top and bottom set in the old inn.

Nowhere could we find Symonds' Inn, to



which Richard Carstone took pretty golden-haired Ada, and where he died. "The little pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone inn, like a large dust bin of two compartments and a sifter," has been swept and sifted away; so we go down Chancery Lane again and come out into Fleet street, and turn citywards. No, first blacksmith's shop beneath is kept by C. Cooper, not the one next the corner, and if you go there and look at the two houses you will say so, too. We looked for the public house in Parliament street where little David Copperfield—really little Charles Dickens—demanded, of the landlady "a glass of his best—his very best—genuine stunning ale, with a good head to it," and where the landlady stooped over to look at him, but we could not find it: 33 Parliament street is said to be the place, but I can hardly think so, as No. 33 is now a great empty house, with stone porch and steps to it, looking too like a private house, and an old one, too, ever to have been a tavern. The Red Lion, 50 Parliament street, looks more like the place, but it is modernized and done up, and is altogether unlike the spot described by Dickens.

And now citywards—a long walk, but a delightful one, along the Strand and down Fleet street until you get to St. Dunstan's church, where you must stop a moment to look at the little modern drinking fountain which replaces the old wooden pump, where Missyone Hunch, with Dennis the hangman and Midge, the Sun Tappertit, is pumping the water over his snags; need to sober himself in some little way before he crosses the road and clatters up the staircase of Paper Buildings in the Temple, to Sir John Chester's rooms.

At the bottom of Fleet street, where it joins Farringdon street, stand for a moment and look over at the Congregational hall and the printing house of Messrs. Barclay & Co., and you will see where the old Fleet prison stood, and where Mr. Pickwick, and Jingle, and Sam Weiler sojourned for a time—where Sam loved the rusty bedstead in the corner suspiciously, although Mr. Baker assured



THE OLDEST PART OF HOLBORN (the dark entry near the centre of the picture is the gateway of Staple Inn).

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SHIPMAN, 104 MINORIES.

blacksmith's shop beneath is kept by C. Cooper, not the one next the corner, and if you go there and look at the two houses you will say so, too. We looked for the public house in Parliament street where little David Copperfield—really little Charles Dickens—demanded of the landlady "a glass of his best—his very best—genuine stunning ale, with a good head to it," and where the landlady stooped over to look at him, but we could not find it: 53 Parliament street is said to be the place, but I can hardly think so, as No. 53 is now a great empty house, with a stone porch and steps to it, looking too like a private house, and an old one, too, ever to have been a tavern. The Red Lion, 50 Parliament street, looks more like the place, but it is modernized and done up, and is altogether unlike the spot described by Dickens.

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Sarsaparilla

r blood is impure and moves hly. That Tired Feeling General Debility manifest lves in every movement you A SPRING MEDICINE ed. Don't fancy that these feel-ill pass off in a few days. Don't or your nervous system to be-disordered, your heart to lose or your stomach, liver, kidneys, wels to fail in properly perform-AYER'S Sarsaparilla and take of all medicines for purifying, the blood. It restores the eks which have become pallid and invigorates every organ of ursaparilla does more than give kes at the root of the trouble, which make disease possible, to speedily repair her losses, s composed of the best, most ex- alternative and tonic ingredients ernity and to pharmacy. The rtracting and concentrating the l curative value of each ingre- antific, and comprehensive which ever devised, and is more expen- rners find it profitable to adopt. s always the same in strength, and in the effect produced. It ARCH, APRIL, MAY. d Will Cure You.

Nourishment, Stimulating, Strengthening, Invigorating.

altered and "improved" out of ancient shape and countenance. A stout policeman asks us if we ever read Dickens, and then tells us that he used to dine at the George "every day as he ad writin' to do," which information fills us with unbelief, so we turn off and get out on to Cornhill and make our way to Aldgate, where to this day you will see the three Inns, the Bull, the Black Boar, and the Blue Horse, all prancing madly as they did the day the Uncommercial Traveller passed by on his way to Wapping workhouse.

You must not go any further this way, but come with me to see the Little Midshipman in the Minories. You won't find him as 157 Leadenhall street now. There indeed stands a grand new shop, silversmith on one side and trunk and bag maker on the other. Old Sol Gillis never lived in such a glaring, staring, pretentious place. Nor will you find him at 99 Minories either, where Mr. Penckettle located him, and which is now a dark little shop devoted to gents' furnishings in a small way; but if you go to 104 Minories you will see the Midshipman taking eternal observations over the door, and you will find as many chronometers, barometers, telescopes, charts, maps, sextants, and quadrants, as ever were there in old Sol Gillis' time. There are but two midshipmen in the Minories, but the real one is nearest the arch which you pass under to come out by Tower Hill. We didn't want to buy anything, so we went in to ask for a yachting catalogue, which we had great difficulty in procuring from a suspicious individual in a brown leather apron, who asked us if we wanted our "yacht fitted up." Of course we didn't, we only wanted to see the tight little snog, fitted up as if for a voyage, a "snug, sea-going, ship shape concern," with Cap'n Cuttle as sailing master, and Sol Gillis "chockful of science," as repairer of quadrants and compasses and sextants, an' Wal'r as midshipmite. Dear, dear! you can peep into the little back parlour where that glorious old sailor set out dinner for his "heart's delight," and carried her up the crooked little staircase the day she fled from her father's house with that cruel, cruel mark upon her innocent breast.

Turning back upon the Minories we come at last to Bevis Marks, and there indeed is the "small dark house," No. 13, where the fair Sally Brass so wrought upon the feelings of Dick Swiveller, that it was only by "flourishing his ruler within an inch of the brown gauze scarf," like the wing of the faded vampire" with which that enstomped maiden adorned her head, that he could in anyway relieve his feelings. The parlour window is just the same, with the threadbare green curtain hanging "away and slack" upon it, and we peep in and see the high office stools inside just as Quilp used to do, and we peep too down the area railings, but there is no marchioness there now, for a middle aged virgin of Bevis Marks is scraping carrots with such a rasping and grating and knocking of her knife upon the table, that she might be

small servant, who had dived into the coal hole in an access of terror. Poor Dick, who, yielded to circumstances and destiny, and saving whatever came uppermost, applied for extra payment for extra sleep! The policeman at the corner is watching us curiously. He evidently thinks this peering in through dingy windows and down the narrowest of areas, where none but a marchioness could possibly get by, and this laughter at first floor windows that haven't been washed since the single gentleman's time, is both suspicious and unseemly, so as he comes marching stolidly along we dive down the Minories again and turn up on Tower Hill, where we mean to have high tea with Mrs. Quilp and Mrs. Jiniwin in the bower, and to partake of "fresh butter and bread, shrimps and watercresses," in spite of a lurking fear that Daniel Quilp will pounce down upon us in the middle of it and send old Mrs. Jiniwin off to bed in her closet, and make his timid, suffering, little, blue-eyed wife sit up all night with him while he drinks raw rum and looks out of window "with the dog smile always on his face," and having, of course, first turned us out close by Mark Lane station, where we take the underground, and soon are at Charing Cross again, and out amid the lights and music and jostling of the crowded streets.



POT-POURRI.

This is the ninth of March, girls, and the snow is falling as thickly as ever I saw it fall in Toronto (unless when a blizzard had the flure), and the cold is awful. How we do love having a personal grievance! Nothing gives man or woman keener delight, and we growl at the weather, and shudder under our wraps when the east wind scuttles round a street corner and nips our "noses and our toeses." Out upon Kingsley and his ode to the east wind! What a desperately uncomfortable man he must have been to meet, say, on such a day as this. He did not mean a word of that praise of the east wind,

Continued on Sixth Page.

Medical.

ALASKA CREAM

A most delightful preparation for soothing and softening the skin. Everybody should use it in cold weather. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by

STUART W. JOHNSTON
257 KING WEST. 6

"Superfluous Hair." Moles, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis
DR. G. B. FOSTER, 6
Room 21 Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard St.

Tooth Paste.

ATKINSON'S
Parisian
Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH.

Millinery.

MISS MORRISON, 41 KING ST. WEST, invites inspection of her stock, which is complete with a choice assortment of French and American milliners' creations. A full line of fancy trimmings now on hand. Special attention is called to the dressmaking department, which is also complete with choice patterns in brocade, embroideries, crepe, etc. Ostrich and fancy fans will be sold at reduced rates.



ARE THE BEST FOR ALL MATERIALS

THEY DO NOT CLING THEY DO NOT SPLIT THEY DO NOT SHRINK

THEY DO NOT SLIP ON AND IN USE ARE EASY TO BE HAD OF THE BEST

See our Name and Trade Mark

J. N. RICHARDSON, SONS, & OWEN,
AGENTS FOR CANADA:
Messrs. HUTCHINSON, BIGNUM, & HIBBET, 66

is better (sometimes) than especially so in the

LADIES VAN-DAL-INE

SMOOTH

FACE NO (Arsenic irritation emollient humbug.

PRICE 50 CTS. AGENTS WANTED.

LESSONS FREE.

The inventor of a new method of Dressmaking has opened a school at No. 4 King street east, Toronto, a branch of her New York, Boston, and Montreal establishments. Ladies can learn to cut, make, trim, and drape, in all styles, Ball Party, and Reception Dresses. The entire method taught by Miss J. PENLEY, the inventor of the finest dress system in the world. Hundreds of dollars saved to every housewife. It will cost you nothing to call and examine this famous system. Dresses drafted in three minutes. Also a rare chance for a few ladies to get into a money-making business and earn from \$5 to \$10 a day. Mothers, now is the time to give your daughters this valuable trade. Open evenings also.

THI Mrs. Gerva for making T dark, and g receipt of p FACE HIR IN A FEW l Ladies, the facts of her book "How Mrs. Gerva east, Toronto



CLIFFORD'S INN (showing windows of the "top set").

the gentlemanly Sarah herself doing the housework because she could get no poor small, lean parish-child to do it for her. Step back into the road and look up at the first floor window and you can almost see the single gentleman leaning half-way out, looking delightedly for the Punch and Judy show, the first squeak of which can be heard as it turns round the corner. Gracious! How droll it all is when one thinks of the awakening of the single gentleman by the ringing of bells, hammering of rulers, and deep repairs of Mr. Brass' and too of poor Dick's conversation with the single gentleman; who stood growling and cursing, with his boots in his hands, ready to send them flying after the

Sally tramp or come to me to pay a visit to Mrs. Harris."

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blacksmith's shop beneath is kept by C. Cooper, not the one next the corner, and if you go there and look at the two houses you will say so, too. We looked for the public house in Parliament street where little David's mother—really little "harlot Dickens"—demanded of the landlady "a glass of his best—his very best—genuine stunning ale, with a good head to it," and where the landlady stooped over to look at him, but we could not find it; 53 Parliament street is said to be the place, but I can hardly think so, as No. 53 is now a great empty house, with a stone porch and steps to it, looking too like a private house, and an old one, too, ever to have been a tavern. The Red Lion, 50 Parliament street, looks more like the place, but it is modernized and done up, and is altogether unlike the spot described by Dickens.

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Continued on

ALASIA C

A most delightful pre softening the skin. E cold weather. For sa pared by

STUART W. 257 KIN

"Superfluous" blemishes, porman 13 DR. G. B. Room 21 Arcade, cor.

Patki Parisia To

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH 30 YEAR

Miss Morrison. invites inspection complete with a choice and American miller fancy veillings now on called to the dressmaker also complements with ambeddered crepe, etc will be sold at reduced!



THE OLDEST PART OF HOLBORN (the dark entry near the centre of the picture is the gateway of Staple Inn).

to walk about the court thinking "how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are." The little old hall with the "little leaders in the roof," and the queer old sundial on the wall are still there, save that they are greyer, dimmer, more mysterious and odd-looking than ever.

We go a little further down on the same side of Holborn and come on another narrow way leading to Barnard's inn, where Pip lodged, and which he thought was a grand hotel kept by one Mr. Barnard. As you go along the sagged court this quiet Sunday afternoon you hear your footsteps echoing at first before you, and then alongside, and then clapping behind, like the solemn, ghostly footings of the men who had lived and died there.

An old American gentleman with his old wife is standing in the little quadrangle. "Pip lived up there, my dear," he tells her, and indeed one comes to the same conclusion on looking up the narrow, winding stairs, with doors in every nook and corner, on landings, beside landings, under landings. The old lady looks highly interested, but presently these two go away, their steps echoing before and behind them as ours did, and we are quite alone, and stand staring at the flower pots with mosses and snowdrops "all grown and a-blown" in them—the snow-



THE NOOK IN STAPLE INN WHERE MR. SNAGSBY LOVED TO WALK.

drops tinged with London smoke and smut, and hanging their grey-white heads as though they knew their faces wanted washing and they were ashamed of themselves. We wonder, too, how so many harpists come to be lying about in these lonely back-door quarters, and having loitered around a while, reading the names on the door plates, and watching country youths—they are too new and strapping and sturdy to belong to London—coming down stairs trying to get their honest red hands into their Sunday gloves, and wandering off into Clifford's Inn where the "tenant of a top-set—bad character—shut himself up in his bedroom closet and took a dose of arsenic." We can see the windows of the "top-set" from where we stand, and we think too of the quiet walk when Mr. Boffin and John Rokeemith had here, plantation or cat-preserve. Sparrows were there, cats were there, dry rot and wet-rot were there, but not otherwise a suggestive spot.

The cats are here to-day, creeping stealthily along ledges and by railings, and the sparrows are here, twisting joyously be-

AYER'S Sarsaparilla FOR 50 YEARS THE BEST

Your blood is impure and moves sluggishly. That Tired Feeling and General Debility manifest themselves in every movement you make. A SPRING MEDICINE is needed. Don't fancy that these feelings will pass off in a few days. Don't wait for your nervous system to become disordered, your heart to lose force, or your stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels to fail in properly performing their duty, but take **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** and take it **NOW**. It is the best of all medicines for purifying, vitalizing, and enriching the blood. It restores the bloom of youth to cheeks which have become pallid and thin, and it vitalizes and invigorates every organ of the body. • **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** does more than give temporary relief, it strikes at the root of the trouble, removing the conditions which make disease possible, and thus enables nature to speedily repair her losses. **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** is composed of the best, most expensive, and highest grade alterative and tonic ingredients known to the medical fraternity and to pharmacy. • The method employed for extracting and concentrating the full medicinal power and curative value of each ingredient, is the best, most scientific, and comprehensive which human ingenuity and skill ever devised, and is more expensive than other manufacturers find it profitable to adopt. **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** is always the same in strength, in appearance, in flavor, and in the effect produced. It is • the medicine for **MARCH, APRIL, MAY.** **It Cures Others, and Will Cure You.**



CLIFFORD'S INN (showing windows of the "top set").

the gentlemanly Sarah herself-doing the housework because she could get no poor small, lean parish-child to do it for her. Step back into the road and look up at the first floor window and you can almost see the single gentleman leaning half-way out, looking delightedly for the Punch and Judy show, the first squeak of which can be heard as it turns round the corner. Gracious! How droil it all is when one thinks of the awakening of the single gentleman by the ringing of bells, hammering of rulers, and deep roars of Mr. Brass; and too of poor Dick's conversation with the single gentleman, who stood growling and cursing, with his boots in his hands, ready to send them flying after the

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THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN, 101 MINORIES.

which Richard Carstone took pretty golden-haired Ada and where he died. "The little pale, walk-eyed, wee begone inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter, has been swept and sifted away; so we go down Chancery lane again and come out into Fleet street, and turn citywards. No, first



ark entry near the centre of the picture is the gateway of Staple Inn. We enter Lincoln's Inn Fields and pass once more by Mr. Tulkinghorn's house, and the Old Curiosity Shop, and, standing opposite, the original, as it is said, of the "Magpie and Stamp" in Pickwick. A very old and very dirty Black Jack it is, with a great iron stanchion projecting from the doorway and supporting one of the ancient huge lanterns, of which you will find but a few in London now. An old man in a tattered coat, and a hat that might have been battered in twenty Irish fairs, is wheeling a barrow before him, and crying "creases"

blacksmith's shop beneath is kept by C. Cooper, not the one next the corner, and if you go there and look at the two houses you will say so, too. We looked for the public house in Parliament street where little David Copperfield—really little Charles Dickens—demanded of the landlady "a glass of his best—his very best—genuine stunning ale, with a good head to it," and where the landlady stooped over to look at him, but we could not find it; 73 Parliament street is said to be the place, but I can hardly think so, as No. 73 is now a great empty house, with a stone porch and steps to it, looking too like a private house, and an old one, too, ever to have been a tavern. The Red Lion, 50 Parliament street, looks more like the place, but it is modernized and done up, and is altogether unlike the spot described by Dickens.

And now citywards—a long walk, but a delightful one, along the Strand and down Fleet street until you get to St. Dunstan's church, where you must stop a moment to look at the little modern drinking fountain which replaces the old wooden pump, where Maypole Hugh, with Dennis the hawgman and Biggs Jim Tappertit, is pumping the water over his shaggy head to sober himself in some little way before he crosses the road and clatters up the staircase of Paper Buildings in the Temple, to Sir John Chester's rooms.

At the bottom of Fleet street, where it joins Farringdon street, stand for a moment and look over at the Congregational hall and the printing house of Messrs. Barclay & Co., and you will see where the old Fleet prison stood, and where Mr. Pickwick, and Jingle, and Sam Weller sojourned for a time—where Sam went the rusty bedstead in the corner suspiciously, although Mr. Baker assured him "it would make anyone go to sleep, that bedstead would, whether they wanted to or not." "I should think," says Sam, "poppies was 'otbin to it." Where, too, all the inmates were gentlemen, because "one of em takes his two-pints of ale a day, and never leaves off smoking even at meals." Going by Ludgate Hill you will pass Belle Sauvage yard—the inn is gone now—where old Mr. Weller first introduced himself to Mr. Pickwick. If you go up Lombard street you can turn up George yard and you will come to the George and culture tavern, in no sense a Pickwickian tavern now, for it is

LADIES' TAILORS,
73 King West, Toronto, Canada,
and 23 Conduit Street, London, Eng.

Johnston's Fluid Beef.

Johnston's Fluid Beef,



The Great Strength-giver

The most perfect form of concentrated Nourishment,

Stimulating, Strengthening, Invigorating.

altered and "improved" out of ancient ashks and countenance. A stout policeman asks us if we ever read Dickens, and then tells us that he used to dine at the George "every day as he 'ad writin' to do," which information fills us with unbelief, so we turn off and get out on to Cornhill and make our way to 'Aldgate, where to this day you will see the three inns, the Bull, the Black Boar, and the Blue Horse, all prancing madly as they did the day the Uncommercial Traveller passed by on his way to Wapping workhouse.

You must not go any further this way, but come with me to see the Little Midshipman in the Minories. You won't find him at 157 Leadenhall street, now, for there indeed stands a crane new shop, allersmith on one side and trunk and bag maker on the other. Old Sol Gills never lived in such a glaring, staring, pretentious place. Nor will you find him at 91 Minories either, where Mr. Pemberton located him, and which is now a dark little shop devoted to gents' furnishings in a small way; but if you go to 101 Minories you will see the Midshipman taking eternal observations over the door, and you will find as many chronometers, barometers, telescopes, charts, maps, sextants, and quadrants, as ever were there in old Sol Gills' time. There are but two midshipmen in the Minories, but the real one is nearest the arch which you pass under to come out by Tower Hill. We didn't want to buy anything, so we went in to ask for a yachting catalogue, which we had great difficulty in procuring from a suspicious individual in a brown leather apron, who asked us if we wanted our "yacht fitted up." Of course we didn't, we only wanted to see the tight little snop, fitted up as if for a voyage, a "saug, sea going, ship shape concern," with Cap'n Cuttle as sailing master, and Sol Gills' "chockful of science," as repairer of quadrants and compasses and sextants, an "Wal's as midshipmite. Dear, dear! you can peep into the little back parlour where that glorious old sailor set out dinner for his "heart's delight," and carried her up the crooked little staircase the day she fled from her father's house with that cruel, cruel mark upon her innocent breast.

Turning back upon the Minories we come at last to Lewis Marks, and there indeed is the "small dark house," No. 13, where the fair Sally Brass so wrought upon the feelings of Dick Swiveller, that it was only by flourishing his ruler within an inch of the brown gauze scarf, "like the wing of the faded vampire" with which that chaste maiden adorned her head, that he could in any way relieve his feelings. The parlour window is just the same, with the threshold green curtain hanging "away and slack" upon it, and we peep in and see the high other stools inside just as Quilp used to do, and we peep too down the area railings, but there is no marchioness there now, for a middle aged virgin of Beryl Marks is scraping carrots with such a rasping and grating and knocking of her knife upon the table, that she might be

small servant, who had dived into the coal hole in an access of terror. Poor Dick, who, yielding to circumstances and destiny, and saved whatever came uppermost, applied for extra payment for extra sleep! The policeman at the corner is watching us curiously. He evidently thinks this peering in through dingy windows and down the narrowest of areas, where none but a marchioness could possibly get by, and this laughter at first floor windows that haven't been washed since the single gentleman's time, is both suspicious and unseemly, so as he comes marching stolidly along we dive down the Minories again and turn up on Tower Hill, where we mean to have high tea with Mrs. Quilp and Mrs. Jiniwin in the bower, and to partake of "fresh butter and bread, shrimps and watercresses," in spite of a lurking fear that Daniel Quilp will pounce down upon us in the middle of it and send old Mrs. Jiniwin off to bed in her closet, and make his timid, suffering, little blue-eyed wife sit up all night with him while he drinks raw rum and looks out of window "with the dog smile always on his face," and having, of course, first turned us out close by the station, where we take the underground, and soon are at Charing Cross again, and out amid the lights and music and jostling of the crowded streets.



POT-POURRI.

This is the ninth of March, girls, and the snow is falling as thickly as ever I saw it fall in Toronto (unless when a blizzard had the flure), and the cold is awful. How we do love having a personal grievance! Nothing gives man or woman keener delight, and we growl at the weather, and shudder under our wraps when the east wind scuttles round a street corner and nips our noses and our toeses." (But upon Kingsley and his ode to the east wind! What a desperately uncomfortable man he must have been to meet, say, on such a day as this is. He did not mean a word of that praise of the east wind,

Continued on Sixth Page.

Medical.

ALASKA CREAM

A most delightful preparation for soothing and softening the skin. Everybody should use it in cold weather. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by

STUART W. JOHNSTON
237 KING WEST.

"Superfluous Hair." Mole's, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis.
DR. G. B. FOSTER.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
FOR
50 YEARS THE BEST

Your blood is impure and moves sluggishly. That Tired Feeling and General Debility manifest themselves in every movement you make. A SPRING MEDICINE is needed. Don't fancy that these feelings will pass off in a few days. Don't wait for your nervous system to become disordered, your heart to lose force, or your stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels to fail in properly performing their duty, but take **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** and take it **NOW**. It is the best of all medicines for purifying, vitalizing, and enriching the blood. It restores the bloom of youth to cheeks which have become pallid and thin, and it vitalizes and invigorates every organ of the body. **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** does more than give temporary relief, it strikes at the root of the trouble,



HERE MR.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Continued from Fifth Page.

or, if he did, he wasn't out late at night when a fierce cruel wind was blowing on the poor, the very poor of London, who are homeless and in at night huddled up on the seats along the embankment in the parks, and in the bridge nooses, the wind playing with their tattered rags, and killing all feeling—mortal—what is left of it, which is sometimes a good deal more than these outcasts get credit for and physical. Who can have a personal grievance against the horrible weather—such a different kind to the Canadian cold when one sees the homeless poor shivering in the streets, or all heart-breaking sights in London and I don't know there are many—there is nothing quite so awful and so sad as the state of the very poor when the east winds are raging, and the snow is falling, and the price of coal double just now because of the weather and the miners' strike—more than they can manage. Indeed, dear girls, there is not one of you, from the highest to the lowest, but would go home with a sore heart if you could see how the very poor are suffering in London at present; now you are to think that amongst all these millions one poor unit—even if one tried—can do a little!

But you will want to read something gay and brighter, won't you? Something about those fashions that are for ever changing. The new spring coat is out. Ye gods! I followed a girl down Piccadilly one day last week, who had one. The street boys were gazing her. "Who's yer tailor, miss?" "Old on, Charlie, yes, that's her young man's coat as she is tasin' a walk in." It was an awful coat. Loose in the back and beautifully wrinkle about the shoulders, and going into queer little creases about her slender waist, and defying the grand sweeping lines of her hips. I would like to remark in the select language of the boy at Tailor's, girls, "Don't have none on 'im."

As for trained gowns, you really must have one if you want to be in the fashion. At present all the skirts are edged either with sable, feathers, or passementerie. Bonnets for matronly women are caps with strings. Have you got the long strings that come to the knees in yet—in Toronto? We are all wearing them here. They are inconvenient, very. Last week three naughty caps were twisted mine round the neck of a dear old clergyman who was ambling up Regent street, and he had to prod them three times on the pavement before he could unwind himself. I did feel sorry for him. Bonnets for younger women are mere scraps—costly scraps of lace and feathers, and some of the latter stand up before and behind with a frantic effect. It is awfully funny to see these upright feathers nodding to and fro in church and theatre. Will you be glad to hear, I wonder, that hats crowns are high again? The men won't, because these "confessions" interfere with their view at the matinee. You must wear your spring hat as far back on the head as you have been wearing your fall and winter headgear forward, and if your hair is thin, why, you must go to your hairdresser and see what he can do for you, and don't tell your husband—nor your sisters, nor your cousins, nor your aunts—if you tell them, all is lost.

Did you ever have "Mangnall's Questions" in Canada? She, Mrs. Mangnall in London, has just burst upon London in cap, curls, and ruff as aforetime, and she audaciously collars the small boy and asks him to "name some of the ancient kingdoms." "England, when it was Saxon, not German, ma'am," he tremulously answers. She glares at him through her spectacles, and answers in a hollow voice, "England forthwith! Boy, know that Babylon, Assyria, and Chaldea are the ancient places." Dear old Mangnall! Innocent old lady! She believes in no evolution, no progression, no philosophy, or science. Her punctuation consists of full stops. "Dost your fin de siècle," says Mangnall, or would say if she knew French and came from Goswell street. Arrant old tarradiddle that she is, she tells us that "Pio Nono is the present Pope." She tells it unblushingly, taking a pinch of snuff the while. "What is gum arabic?" asks Mangnall of the small boy. "What is Pounce?" He doesn't know. She does. She is great on snuff and tobacco and Chaqua. She is a native of the agile order. She skips playfully from Romulus to Napoleon. She jumps from Amphictyons to Cardinals. She is a matter of chaos, and she leads you hither, and then when you are in the Hegira she basely deserts you, and you wander around hopelessly till you happen on the buckle of Argos and wonder why and when the Romans bled. Beloved in the fifties, taught and learned in the fifties, laughed at in the sixties, relegated to the garret in the seventies and eighties, she bobs up all assembly in the nineties and faces the fine de siècle youth with her artless old questions. Who was her husband? No one seems to know. He must have been a weak little man of feeble intellect whose brain was overwhelmed with questions he could never

and I've lost my bet. I live away up under the roof of an old high house, and I can see over the roof of the house opposite. The snow goes shooting and sliding down into the court below, and there is a little demon of a wind that doesn't touch me, but whistles and whistles and sprinkles round me, but whistles and whistles a furious dance on the stairs where a few snowflakes are held together, trying to get shelter from him. I have seen the devil. I left in Toronto on my way to B. B. and he has come shrieking and whistling across the Atlantic, and has found me out in my London attic.

MARY: I don't, so you thought of me when you were ill? That was good of you. I hope you are better by this time. Indeed, I hope how long you must be. I have hardly time for anything, what with my long walks and writing letters. Yes, there is real pathos in the thought of one's life, and easily one is forgotten when one is ill. You are right, the low people know the difference between pathos and sentimentality pure and simple. I have seen girls who thought they knew all about life, as though they were to show us the way, and then they die, and what they touched one turns up their noses at what they called "sentiment," etc. But I don't care for the world, and I don't care for what was pathos in my life, I don't care for it, when it is always the rough, life-hard, you may hear very. The "sacred life," as you



JENNY WREN'S HOUSE.

put it, is especially hard to bear—the tears which must not fall. I have read and been delighted with the work in the papers you mention. I would not say this if I did not mean it. I will gladly give the little piece next week. I have not read the work you mention, but will find out for you as soon as I can. With again, and joy me up if I forget.

MARY:—Friend, how can I tell? You know more about it than I do. As you have heard, one who affects to regard a title as a family misfortune correctly I should say if the possessor had not whereon to keep the distinction. They might raise money on it that is one way of looking at it, of course. A Socialist, I take it, is a cooperative man, and an individualist is not very far from a socialist. All are for the suppression of capitalism, etc. Yet, suppose there are two socialists, one a saving man, the other a happy-go-lucky who spends as he earns, and has nothing left on Monday morning of what he got on Saturday night. Well, the saving man can hardly help amassing wealth, more or less, while his fellow Socialist is always in the gutter. Where do you see the equality and cooperation come in? The saving man must invest his money; he can't keep it fore and in his hands, but he can not sure the equality and cooperation come in? The saving man who might have had as much as he has? Of course, he can't do anything, and is not able to speak on these present questions, but here the outst you can, will you?

J. C. GALT:—Any bookeller will procure for you Mr. Pantalone's book, "The Budget of Garret to Cedar." It is not a book book. The best you can do in that line is "Mar on Harland's House and Home." Price of Miss Harland's book is only a couple of shillings, and the book itself will be about \$2.50, perhaps less. Your bookeller will get you one if you order it. I think, but am not sure, that the publisher is Sampson, Low & Co., Chancery Lane, London. Any book seller will tell you.

HENRY:—Why? I am truly sorry that I cannot help you. I know you are a busy man, and over here I have no time to send out. If you write to my friend the "Labour," MAIL OFFICE, I will be sure to help you, for he knows a good deal about most things.

HELEN:—Please don't think that I appeal in this column for thanks from my correspondents. There was nothing in it, and I am quite sure that called for the comment. I am only too pleased to help whenever I can, and I am very glad to see you in such a good way, and encouraging letter. I like to think that I am in touch as it were, with my Canadian children, merely. I'm afraid, for the personal pleasure and interest of knowing that I am not quite forgotten. It doesn't matter at all. It is only a selfish little whim of the very foolish old person, I'm afraid, whom you all know as

Kew

Medical Skill Demonstrated.

In order to prove the superiority of their skill, the staff of eminent physicians, surgeons, non-permanently located at No. 271 Jarvis street, will, until further notice, treat all curable complaints for \$3 per month, and furnish medicines free of cost. A more liberal offer it would be difficult to make. No extra charge for anything; \$5 per month and medicines free.

These eminent doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity, and perform all surgical operations. The removal of cancers, tumours, catarrhs, polyp, etc. All diseases of the eye, ear, throat, lung, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, and all female diseases arising from whatever cause, all nervous prostrations, failing vitality, and diseases originating from impure blood, are treated with the greatest success. (Startle in all its various forms cured by their method, which is not a secret.)

THE LAW COURTS.

RECORD OF FRIDAY'S BUSINESS AT OSGOODE HALL.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. CHAMBERS.

Before Winchester, Official Referee. Powell v. Ontario Bank.—C. W. Kerr, for the defendant, moved for an order for security for costs. G. G. Mills, for the plaintiff, contra. Enlarged till to-morrow.

Townsend v. Urth.—Appellee (Oakville), for the plaintiff, asked for the appointment of a next friend to represent the defendant in this action, she being a married woman. R. A. Dickson, for the defendant, contra. Reserved.

Longton v. Sullivan.—Enlarged till Tuesday.

Feuchen v. Niagara Casket and Coffin Co.—Enlarged till Monday.

McNeill v. McDonnell.—F. Denton, for the defendant Robinson, moved for an order that the Surrogate's proceedings on the will in question herein, may be given in evidence at the trial of this action. Masten for the plaintiff, Johnston (Heichington & Johnston), for other defendants, contra. Referred to the trial judge.

Dominion Bank v. McDonnell.—Morphy (Brampton), for the plaintiff, obtained an order allowing service of process on a defendant residing out of the jurisdiction.

McGill v. McDonnell.—Masten, for the plaintiff, moved to strike out a jury notice on the ground that the issues are of an equitable nature, and to set aside notice of trial for the Toronto Assizes served by the defendant Robinson, the plaintiff having served notice of trial for the Toronto chancery sittings. F. Denton for the defendant Robinson, Johnston (Heichington & Johnston) for other defendants. The notice of trial by Robinson had not been served on two defendants, who had not appeared, and on this ground it was contended that this notice was irregular. Reserved.

Trigg v. Cameron.—A. McNab, for the plaintiff, obtained an order for leave to amend a writ of summons.

Scott v. County of Grey.—R. A. Widdowson, for the defendants, obtained an order for the examination of the plaintiff for discovery.

Dertinger v. Dertinger.—Enlarged for one week.

Herdman v. Nixon.—Eagen (Delamere & Co.), for the defendant, obtained on consent an order for payment of money out of court.

Hogaboom v. McDonald; Hogaboom v. Lunt. Judgment of the defendant's assize notices of trial served by the defendant for the Toronto Chancery Sittings, and directing the actions to be tried in accordance with the notice of trial served by the plaintiff for the Toronto Assizes. The ground of decision is that rule 654 means that the action shall be tried at the next approaching sittings of the court, and where there are two notices the notice for that sittings should stand. Costs to the plaintiffs in the cause. C. Millar for the plaintiff, W. H. Blake for the defendants.

Before Galt, C. J.

McLeod v. Murray.—F. W. Harcourt, for the defendant, moved to set aside an order for the arrest of the defendant made by the local judge at Woodstock on 4th inst. W. Read, for the plaintiff, contra. Order made rescinding order of local judge and discharging the defendant from custody. No costs.

Before Boyd, C.

Vansickle v. Boyd.—Judgment on appeal by the defendant appealed from an order of the local judge at Hamilton refusing to discharge the defendant from custody under a ca. re. The local judge having found on the disputed facts in the plaintiff's favour, the Chancellor declines to interfere, especially as he is himself of opinion that the chances were in favour of the defendant's disappearance. Order made affirming the order of the learned local judge, with costs in the cause to the plaintiff. Furlong (Hamilton) for the appeal. F. Fitzgerald (Hamilton) for the plaintiff, contra.

Q. B. AND C. P. DIVISIONS.

Before a contributor, J.

C. J. Smith v. City of Toronto.—Moss, Q.C., and John Greer, for the plaintiff, renewed motion for an injunction to restrain the defendants from maintaining a small shop hospital within 150 yards of dwelling houses in the eastern part of the city. Bigger, Q.C., for the defendants, contra. Perpetual injunction granted as prayed with costs.

Before Galt, C. J.

Wheatley v. Ostrom.—Sawers (Peterborough), for the plaintiff, moved for immediate judgment in the action. No one contra. Order made as asked.

Marshall v. Town of Simcoe. Wiggins v. Moore. Wiggins v. Imperial Loan Co., Douglas v. Blackley.—Enlarged till Tuesday.

Simon v. Mackay.—Enlarged a week. Crawford v. Deuham.—Enlarged preemp-

Coak v. Cook, Clark v. Mann, Arnold v. Ottawa, Vansickle v. Boyd.

Chancery Divisional Court.—Judgments will be delivered on Tuesday, 26th March, at 2 p.m., in the following cases.—Scanlon v. Scanlon, French v. Lake Superior Mineral Co., Thompson v. Wright, Mills v. Holliday v. Macdonald, O'Brien v. Smith, McRae v. Hoan, Langstaff v. McRae, Forwood v. City of Toronto, re Marriott, Marriott v. McKay, Brove v. Kinnes, Latour v. La Banque Nationale, La Banque Nationale v. Latour, Haxton v. Wood.

THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

To the Editor of The Mail.

SIR,—In my last letter it was pointed out that the figures quoted by the deputation which waited on the Hon. Mr. Mowat afford the strongest possible evidence of the antagonism towards the council which pervades the profession at large; that its contention that only 365 medical men are in favour while 1,778 are opposed to repeal is simply an artful misstatement of the case; that the petitions for repeal had only very partially circulated, but that wherever they had been submitted to the electorates they were all but universally signed; that the Medical Council is no longer in rapport with the profession in the province, but has degenerated into the mere creature and mousetrap of the medical schools, whose interests are not in unison with those of the general public, and are diametrically opposed to those of the great body of medical practitioners; that it is consequently expected that Mr. Mowat and the Legislature will repeal the Medical Council's monopoly and sham involved in the council's opposition to any increase in the elective element of its membership on the score of expense; that possibly, in view of this sudden outbreak of economy, the preferable way to restore the balance of power in the council would be to dock it of its school men entirely, or at least to restrict them to a single representative for each bona fide medical school, as was originally designed; that notwithstanding the deputation's disingenuous avowal to the contrary, outside the Medical Council, its medical dependents, agents and employers, and a large section of the profession in Toronto more or less intimately connected with the medical schools, the medical electorate is practically a unit in its condemnation of its sessions medical legislation; that although the council, through its registrar, now seeks to minimize the force of its damnable policy of wholesale disfranchisement of the electorate by denying the fact, that not the slightest protest has been made, nor allowed to vote, and no man who was in arrears of the fee received a voting paper or was allowed to vote, and that, if the same system of discrimination prevailed elsewhere, as was doubtless the case, the statement in the petition that two-thirds of the electorate were disfranchised is essentially correct; that in view of these facts, it is incumbent upon our medical territorial representatives who were thus elected, not to be whole but by only a moiety of the electorate, to consider whether it is consistent with honour and self-respect to continue to hold their seats in the council irrespective of the well-known wishes of their constituents; and finally, that if the Council desires to prove its assertion that a majority of the medical men in the province are prepared to condone its action, it is in order for it to declare the latest elections null and void, and to allow the whole electorate to pronounce upon its policy.

The subpoenaed letter, which I received yesterday, speaks for itself:—

“LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, ONTARIO, TORONTO, March, 1892.

“MY DEAR DR.,—I see your name is attached to a petition asking for changes in the Medical Act. The petition contains in clause 3 a statement entirely contrary to the facts of the case (as I am assured by the registrar, viz., that the said council disfranchised all in arrears of the annual fee, who constitute about two-thirds of the profession,” etc., etc. Did you sign without enquiring into the facts of the case? “Yours cordially,

“A. M. KAY.”

It is matter of surprise that Dr. McKay, who, I am credibly informed, was mainly instrumental in securing last session's medical legislation on behalf of the council, and who, with the Hon. G. W. Hoan, received that body's special thanks for their services in engineering section 41 A through the House, should care to covertly insult his medical brethren by the insinuation contained in his letter. I would not let Dr. McKay himself keep up the insinuation that he had attached his signature by an important petition without due consideration, and without knowing that the statements contained therein were in all essential respects correct; if so, by what right does he not only make such imputations against the gentlemen who have signed these petitions, but actually ask them to stultify themselves by confessing their shame? The whole thing may be

oil o exact indig Ma FAR Sir, taken tions to ti the etics farm with at p mers looko impu it w super strat ducti sly t the e which never The tion c brings trodu receiv of the t for t these other median testat Division these troy fe one v nine impur of fou each grow in sev confid variat and which many nities outar the of twelve and a year e jurisdi chent correct same varied The s ready be but have and o their Who introd by the introd improv a wor lect be station variat to fall true t sorts (into bound each. I The i fits of sideral improv rious t the yie increas at but ly not creps in 189 follows Whittier Spring Barley Oats— Please Value being col outa five bot crease Winter Spring Barley Oats— Please

matine. You must wear your spring hat far back on the head as you have been wearing your fall and winter headgear forward, and if your hair is thin, why, you must go to your hairdresser and see what he can do for you, and don't tell your husband—nor your sisters, nor your cousins, nor your aunts—if you tell them, all is lost.

Did you ever have "Mangnall's Questions" in Canada? She, Mrs. Mangnall I mean, has just burst upon London in cap, curls, and ruff as of yore, and she audaciously collared the small boy and asks him to "name some of the ancient kingdoms." "England, when it was Saxon, not German, ma'am," he tremblingly answers. She glares at him through her spectacles, and answers in a hollow voice, "England tosooth! Boy, know that Babylon, Assyria, and Chaldea are the ancient places." "Dear old Mangnall! Innocent old lady! She believes in no evolution, no progression, no philosophy or science. Her pronunciation contains Londonisms. "What your fin de siècle," says Mangnall, or would say if she knew French and came from Goswell street. Arrast old taradiddle that she is, she tells us that "Pio Nono is the present Popp." She tells it unblushingly, taking a pinch of snuff the while. "What is gum arabic?" asks Mangnall of the small boy. "What is Pounce?" He doesn't know. She does. She is great on snuff and tobacco and Cheops. Her intellect is of the agile order. She skips playfully from Romulus to Napoleon. She jumps from Amphitryon to Cardinalia. She is a matter of chaos, and she leads you hither, and then when you are in the Hagira she basely deserts you, and you wander around hopelessly till you happen on the buckle of Argos and wonder why and when the Romans bled. Beloved in the forties, taught and learned in the fifties, laughed at in the sixties, relegated to the garret in the seventies and eighties, she bobs up suddenly in the nineties and faces the fin de siècle youth with a series of old questions. Who was her husband? No one needs to know. He must have been a very little man of feeble intellect whose brain was over-weighted with questions he could never answer. She had heard of photography, and also of telegraphy, and the dear old woman turns up in 1892 to tell us so. Mrs. Mangnall is not in it, I fear, in the modern schoolroom.

What shall we talk about next? Art, literature, music? The music of London contains particularities in "Ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ay," and "Whacky, whack, whack," just now. By the way, that music I told you of last week. Was it last week?—is only easy music—nothing at all worthy the consideration of clever pianistes. A few of "my girls" had asked me to tell them of something "easy and catchy," and I did so, that's all. I'm promised a ticket for the next Covent Garden bal masque, and if I go I'll tell you about it. It comes off on the 16th of March. I have a dear little red crepe masque all ready. So I hope I can manage to go.

There is a story going the rounds about Mr. Townsend Trend, the well-known Irish land agent, and as I happen to know him it seemed to me worth repeating here. So much more interest is attached to a story when one happens to know the person about whom it is told. But there! What will any of you care about it? Anyhow, as I've got so far I may as well go on, as the Irishman said when he'd got the widow as far as the church door. A speaker at a Land League meeting was making various uncomplimentary remarks on land agents in general, and on Mr. Trend (who is a capital "meddler" in particular) when one of the crowd interrupted him with the remark—"An' why the devil do ye find fault wid Mr. Trend? Doesn't all the world know that if he kills wan half of us sure he cures the other: I vote for lavin' him alone."

After all gratitude is a strong characteristic of the Irish people. Pity they haven't more to be grateful for. Virtue should be cultivated, especially so rare a one as gratitude. Good-bye, girls. There's a fog and a bizzard tryin' to get the best of it outside. I bet on the fog. It is so dark I cannot see unless I light the gas, and it is only one o'clock in the afternoon. Gracious! How the wind is howling, shrieking, over the housetops:



MERRY SMITHING—I love to hear from you, because, in spite of your trouble, your letters are always so full of sunshine—so like your name. I cannot tell you how glad I am to hear you will soon be all right. Indeed, though life is very hard for some of us, and it is difficult to say "thy will be done," and be brave and patient when one is so troubled, and one is still it is pleasant to hear that others are sunning themselves in a wealth of happy love, and that clouds which seem to hang about them and whose measure hope is appearing somewhere. It is not so difficult as one is living in a fog, to pop out at the pleasant side of other people. In fact it is a hope and comfort to see the beloved folk in only they will think so. That last verse of the poem you sent me completely knocked me over. I have the best of you. I have the best of you. Well, the snow's got the best of it.

For Mrs. Pantin's excellent book "From Parrot to Pear," I have a "cook-book." The best you can do that time is "Marion Harland's House and Home." Price of Mrs. Pantin's is only a few cents, and the contents of furnishing book will be about \$2.50, perhaps less. Your bookseller will get you one if you order it, but I am not sure that the publisher's name, Low & Co., is correct. London. Any book seller will tell you. HENRY WHITE—I am truly sorry that I cannot help you. I know nothing of salaries, and over here I have no way of finding out. If you write to my friend the "Labour" MAIL Office, he will be sure to help you, for he knows a good deal about most things.

HELEN—Please don't think that I appeal in this column for thanks from my correspondents. There was something in that particular letter that called for the comment. I am only very pleased to help whenever I can, and I am very thankful to you indeed for your kind and encouraging letter. I like to think that I am in touch as it were, with my Canadian children, merely. I'm afraid, for the personal pleasure and comfort of knowing that I am not forgotten. It doesn't matter at all. It is only a trifling whim of the very foolish old person, I'm afraid, whom you all know as

Medical Skill Demonstrated.

In order to prove the superiority of their skill, the staff of eminent physicians and surgeons, now permanently located at No. 271 Jarvis street, will, until further notice, treat all curable complaints for \$5 per month, and furnish medicines free of cost. A more liberal offer it would be difficult to make. No extra charge for anything; \$5 per month and medicines free. These eminent doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity, and perform all surgical operations, viz: The removal of cancers, tumours, kidneys, polyp, etc. All diseases of the eye, ear, throat, lung, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, and all male difficulties arising from whatever cause, all nervous prostrations, failing vitality, and diseases originating from impure blood, are treated with the greatest success. Catarrh in all its various forms cured by their new method, which consists in breaking up the cold-catching tendency to which every person suffering from catarrh is susceptible. Invalids will please not take offence if they are rejected as incurable. The physicians will examine you thoroughly free of charge, and if incurable they will positively tell you so. Also caution you against spending more money for useless medicine. Invalids who cannot visit these eminent doctors in person can write and be treated by mail, but at least one personal interview is preferable. All correspondence should be addressed to Mr. John Murray, manager, 271 Jarvis street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 5, and 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays, 2 to 4 p.m.

A favorite food fish in Japan is the tai. It contains two bones, which the Japanese call, from their shape, the hoe and sickle. When eating the fish a mother will tell her children, "Now wait until I get you the hoe and sickle," and the children use them as playthings.

EPH'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Poisoning by mussels is a well-known fact. Such poisoning appears in chronic form in Terra del Fuego, mussels being abundant on the shores and other kinds of food rare, so that the natives eat large quantities of the former daily, both of bad and of good quality.

Some Foolish People
Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam they would see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free. At all druggists. 2346

Easily answered.—"What answer do you do if you were in my shoes?" asked Mr. Liveway, of Chicago. "Get a pair about seven sizes smaller," replied Miss Blecker, of New York.

Several Good Things.
Anxiety about their health at spring time or any other season is not felt by habitual users of the celebrated Caledonia Springs Waters; having their system thus kept in perfect order, other matters have to be found to worry over. Michie & Co. and Hooper & Co., King street.

two notices the notice for that sittings should stand. Costs to the plaintiffs in the cause. C. Millar for the plaintiff. W. H. Blake for the defendants.

Before Galt, C.J.
McLeod v. Murray.—F. W. Harcourt, for the defendant, moved to set aside an order for the arrest of the defendant made by the local judge at Woodstock on 4th March inst. W. Reed, for the plaintiff, contra. Order made rescinding order of local judge and discharging the defendant from custody. No costs.

Before Boyd, C.
Vasickie v. Boyd.—Judgment on appeal by the defendant appealed from an order of the local judge at Hamilton refusing to discharge the defendant from custody under a ca. re. The local judge having found on the disputed facts in the plaintiff's favour, the Chancellor declines to interfere, especially as he is himself of opinion that the chances were in favour of the defendant's disappearance. Order made affirming the order of the local judge, with costs in the cause to the plaintiff, Farling (Hamilton) for the appeal. F. Fitzgerald (Hamilton) for the plaintiff, contra.

Q. B. AND C. P. DIVISIONS.
Before Paconbridge, J.
C. J. Smith v. City of Toronto.—Moss, Q.C., and John Greer, for the plaintiff, moved motion for an injunction to restrain the defendants from maintaining a mailbox hospital within 150 yards of dwelling houses in the eastern part of the city. Biggar, Q.C., for the defendants, contra. Perpetual injunction granted as prayed with costs.

Before Galt, C.J.
Wheatley v. Ostrom.—Sawara (Peterborough), for the plaintiff, moved for immediate judgment in the action. No one contra. Order made as asked.

Marshall v. Town of Simcoe, Wiggins v. Moore, Wiggins v. Imperial Loan Co., Douglas v. Blackley.—Enlarged till Tuesday.

Simon v. Marsh.—Enlarged the week. Crawford v. Deubam.—Enlarged pre-emptorily for a week.

Lee v. Barker.—A. Hoskin, Q.C., for the plaintiff, moved for an order to authorize the executors of the will of the late John Lays, jr., deceased, to carry out certain agreements entered into by the testator. Laah, Q.C., for the executors. J. Hoskin, Q.C., for the infant John Lays for the other beneficiaries under the will and for remaindermen. Order made as asked. Costs as between solicitor and client out of the estate.

CHANCERY DIVISION.
Before Boyd, C.
Harrison v. Harrison.—Judgment on motion by the plaintiff (a judgment creditor of the defendant) for the appointment of a Receiver of the defendant's interest in the Victoria Stained Glass Works, and for an order for payment of the amount due to the plaintiff within a certain time, and in default for a foreclosure. The Chancellor holds that no change in the practice has arisen since the Judicature Act in enforcing execution in respect of the interest of one partner who is a judgment debtor, that the sheriff can proceed to seize the partner's share and sell the execution debtor's share whatever may be the difficulties that arise thereafter; referring to Lindley on Partnership, p. 261, and Helmore v. Smith, 35 Chy., D. 438. No order made. W. R. Smyth for the motion.

COURT OF APPEAL.
Before Hoagarty, C.J.O., Burton, Oster, and Maclean, J.J.
Wright v. Collier.—C. J. Holman and John English (Nasene) for the appellants. Alcorn, Q.C., for the respondent. Argument concluded from yesterday. Judgment reserved.

Greary Brothers, Canadian Stock Brokers' and Importers' Association, v. Ontario Investment Association.—W. R. Meredith, Q.C., for the defendants, appealed from the judgment of MacMahon, J., the trial judge, in favour of the plaintiffs in an action to compel the defendants to pay off and discharge certain mortgages to the Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company, or in default thereof for the delivery up and cancellation of a mortgage and bond made by the plaintiffs in favour of the defendants, the plaintiffs alleging that when the defendants made them a loan of \$10,000 upon the security of a mortgage and bond for \$2,821.48 therefor for the purpose of paying off the prior mortgage, but had never done so, the appellants consented that the sum of \$10,000 was advanced by them, but that the amount required to pay off the prior mortgage was retained by Crony & Greenlee, as solicitors for the plaintiffs, and the plaintiffs acquiesced in that mode of dealing with the money, and treated Crony & Greenlee as their debtors for the amount, and that it was not until after it came to light that the solicitors were insolvent that the plaintiffs repudiated the position so taken, and sought to throw the risk of loss upon the appellants, Q.C., for the plaintiffs, contra. Reserved.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.
Q. B. and C. P. Divisions.—Appeals set down for argument before a judge in Chambers on Saturday, 26th March, at 11 a.m. —

representatives who were thus elected not by the whole but by only a minority of the electorate, to consider whether it is consistent with honour and self-respect to continue to hold their seats in the council irrespective of the well-known wishes of their constituents; and finally that if the council desires to prove its assertion that a majority of the medical men in the province are prepared to condone its action, it is in order for it to declare the last elections null and void and to allow the whole electorate to pronounce upon its policy.

The subpoenaed letter, which I received yesterday, speaks for itself:—

"LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, ONTARIO,
"TORONTO, March, 1892.
"MY DEAR DR.—I see your name is attached to a petition asking for changes in the Medical Act. The petition contains in clause 3 a statement entirely contrary to the facts of the case (as I am assured by the registrar, viz., "that the said council disfranchised all in arrears of the annual fee, who constitute about two-thirds of the profession, etc., etc. Did I sign without enquiring into the facts of the case?" Yours cordially,
"A. Mc Kay."

It is matter of surprise that Dr. McKay, who, I am credibly informed, was mainly instrumental in securing last session's medical legislation on behalf of the council, and who, with the Hon. G. W. Ross, received that body's special thanks for their services in engineering section 41 A through the House, should care to covertly insult his medical confreres by the insinuation contained in this letter. Would not Dr. McKay himself rather resent the imputation that he had attached his signature to an important petition without due consideration, and without knowing that the statements contained therein were in all essential respects correct? If so, by what right does he not only make such imputations against the gentlemen who have signed these petitions, but actually ask them to stultify themselves by confessing their shame? The whole thing may be regarded as an exceedingly puerile and ill-considered attempt to bolster a bad cause even by very questionable Expedients.

There is one phase of the question at issue which may be commended to Mr. McKay's consideration by a medical electorate consists essentially of three classes of practitioners: 1. Those who have derived their legal right to practise in Ontario directly from the Medical Council by having successfully passed its several examinations and fulfilled its requirements. 2. Those who prior to the establishment of the council had graduated in medicine in a Canadian university, and received and paid for an unconditional and unrestricted license, issued by the Governor-General of the Dominion, to practise physic, surgery, and midwifery in Upper Canada. 3. Those who are entitled to the passage of second Imperial legislation respecting the rights conferred by British diplomas to Great Britain and Ireland, obtained in the British Isles diploma which our Superior Courts hold confer the full rights to practise without let or hindrance on the part of the council in Canada or any other British dependency. While the first class embraces the bulk of our medical men, there are, nevertheless, large numbers who fall into the other two sections. Now assuming what is the case, I do not dispute the right of the council or the Legislature here, the right of the council the first class out of professional existence unless certain conditions are complied with, has either the council or the Legislature power to interfere with vested rights so far as to legislate those of the second and third classes also out of existence? In other words, is section 41 A ultra or intra vires of the Medical Council or of the Ontario Legislature? The Hon. Oliver Mowat's evidence as a constitutional lawyer qualifies him to pronounce authoritatively on this point, and it is to be hoped he will give it his attention.

Probably the organic error in the Father Act, by which the Medical Council received legal status, was the omission of any positive enactment forbidding that body to levy any fee or fee whatever on the profession other than for the one original registration, and limiting, within reasonable bounds, the fees to be paid by students. Had these restrictions been made the council would have remained content to act, as it did originally use, university accommodation for its examinations, and its accounts paid to its members, its expenses paid for by executive officers would not have grown to the present proportions; nor would it ever have entered on its extravagant course of expenditure for real estate. Even now drastic measures would be a blessing. The Legislature could not do a greater service to the council—could not more truly serve its best interests—than by legislating so as to clip its wings by way of reducing its membership, abolishing all annual imposts, and lessening by one-half the fees it requires from students. Palatial buildings, whose rents do not cover the current expenses, and an extravagant salary to the council in an additional annual output of some six or seven thousand dollars for interest on a \$60,000 mortgage and \$40,000 original investment, are more ambitious than profitable, more ornamental than useful, and unless appropriated without delay will continue to absorb into their insatiable maw all the resources of the province.

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WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Continued from Fifth Page.

or, if he did, he wasn't out late at night when a fierce cruel wind was blowing on the poor, the very poor of London, who are homeless and lie at night huddled up on the seats along the embankment in the parks, and in the frigid niches, the wretches playing with their tummy bags, and killing all feeling—moral, what is left of it, which is sometimes a good deal more than these outcasts get credit for—and physical. Who can have a personal grievance against the horrible weather—such a different cold to the Canadian cold when one sees the homeless poor silently suffering. Oh all the heart-breaking sights in London and God knows there are many—there is nothing quite so awful and so sad as the state of the very poor when the east winds are raging, and the snow is falling, and the price of coals double just now because of the weather and the miners' strike—is more than they can manage. Indeed, dear girls, there is not one of you, from the highest to the lowest, but would go home with a sore heart if you could see how the very poor are suffering in London just now; and then to think that amongst all these millions one poor unit—even if one tried—can do so little!

But you will want to read something gayer and brighter, won't you? Something about these fashions that are for ever changing. The new spring coat is out. Ye gods! I followed a girl down Piccadilly one day last week, who had one on. The street boys were gazing her. "Who's yer tailor, miss?" "Old on, Charlie, vy, that's er young man's coat as she is takin' a walk in." It was an awful coat. Loose in the back and beautifully wrinkled about the shoulders, and going into queer little creases about her

and I've lost my bet. I live away up under the roof of an old high house, and I can see over most of the housetops. The snow goes shooting and starting down into the court below, and there is a little eddym of a wind that doesn't touch the lower windows, whistling and shrieking round in the windows and dancing a furious dance on the roofs where a few sparrows are huddled together trying to get shelter from him. I have been the devil I left in Toronto on my W. P. B., and he has come shrieking and whistling across the Atlantic, and has found me out in my London attic.

MARY'S LITTLE. So you thought of me when you were lit. That was good of you. I hope you are better by this time. Indeed, I know how busy you must be. I have hardly time for anything, what with my long walks and writing hours. Yes, there is real pathos in the thought of a young lady and easily one is forgotten when one is far away. You are right, yet few people know the difference between pathos and sentimentality pure and simple. I have seen girls who thought they knew all about life, as though one never did know anything until suffering and sorrow had touched one. I turn up the roses at what they called "sentiment," etc., but what really came from the soul and brain of the writer—what was pathos in its finest, truest form, which is not always the rough, life-hard. Yes, my dear, very. The "silent life," as you



THE LAW COURTS.

RECORD OF FRIDAY'S BUSINESS AT GOODE HALL.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHAMBERS.

Before Winchester, Official Referee.

Powell v. Ontario Bank.—C. W. Kerr, for the defendant, moved for an order for security for costs. G. G. Mills, for the plaintiff, contra. Enlarged till to-morrow.

Townsend v. Orth & Appelle (Oakville), for the plaintiff, asked for the appointment of a next friend to represent the defendant in this action, she being a married woman. R. A. Dickson, for the defendant, contra. Reserved.

Longton v. Sullivan.—Enlarged till Tuesday.

Peuchen v. Niagara Casket and Coffin Co.—Enlarged till Monday.

McGill v. McDonnell.—F. Denton, for the defendant Robinson, moved for an order that the evidence of a witness, who is now dead, given in the Surrogate Court proceedings on the will in question herein, may be given in evidence at the trial of this action. Masten for the plaintiff, Johnston (Heighington & Johnston), for other defendants, contra. Referred to the trial judge.

Dominion Bank v. McLougall.—Morphy (Brampton), for the plaintiff, obtained an order allowing service of process on a defendant residing out of the jurisdiction.

McGill v. McDonnell.—Masten, for the plaintiff, moved to strike out a jury notice on the ground that the issues are of an equitable nature, and to set aside notice of trial for the Toronto sittings served by the defendant Robinson, the plaintiff having served notice of trial for the Toronto chancery sittings.

Cook v. Cook, Clark v. Mann, Arnold v. Ottawa, Vansickle v. Boyd.

Chancery Divisional Court.—Judgments will be delivered on Tuesday, 29th March, at 2 p.m. in the following cases:—Scanlon v. Scanlon, French v. Lake Superior Mineral Co., Thompson v. Wright, Millar v. Macdonald, O'Brien v. Sanford, Holliday v. Hogan, Langstaff v. McRae, Forwood v. City of Toronto, re Marriott, Marriott v. McKay, Bryce v. Kinnes, Latour v. La Banque Nationale, La Banque Nationale v. Latour, Haason v. Wood.

THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

To the Editor of The Mail.

SIR,—In my last letter it was pointed out that the figures quoted by the deputation which waited on the Hon. Mr. Mowat afford the strongest possible evidence of the antagonism towards the council which pervades the profession at large; that its contention that only 365 medical men are in favour while 1,783 are opposed to repeal is simply an artful misstatement of the case; that the petitions for repeal had been only very partially circulated, but that wherever they had been submitted to the electorate they were all but universally signed; that the Medical Council is no longer in rapport with the profession in the province, but has degenerated into the mere creature and mouthpiece of the medical schools, whose interests are not in unison with those of the general public, and are diametrically opposed to those of the great body of medical practitioners; that it is confidently expected that Mr. Mowat and the Legislature will easily perceive the hollow mockery and sham involved in the council's opposition to any increase in the elective element of its membership on the score of expense; that possibly, in view of this sudden outbreak of economy, the preferable way to restore the balance of power in the council would be to dock it of its school men entirely, or at least to restrict them to a

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