

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting, box cases, Elgin Watch.....\$110 00
- 2 Beautiful Triple Silver-Plated Tea Sets..... 200 00
- 3 Lady's Solid Gold Watch..... 100 00
- 4 2 Wanzel Sewing Machines..... 120 00
- 5 Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 125 00
- 6 Open Face Solid Gold Silver Watches..... 60 00
- 7 13 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 217 00
- 8 17 Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches..... 300 00
- 9 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 225 00
- 10 21 Half dozen sets triple plated Tea Spoons..... 147 00
- 11 9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches..... 45 00
- 12 39 Copies, beautifully bound, Tennyson's Poems..... 97 50
- 13 27 Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives..... 27 00

The number one of these rewards will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, and the senders of the next one hundred and fifty-four correct answers following the middle one, will be awarded the remaining prizes.

And the last comers are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting Case (beautifully engraved), Genuine Elgin Watch.....\$110 00
- 2 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch..... 100 00
- 3 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Tea Service..... 100 00
- 4 3 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, pistol grip, rebounding Locks, all latest improvements, from Chas. Stark's Great Gun House, Toronto..... 300 00
- 5 9 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, not so highly finished..... 810 00
- 6 4 Fine Silk Dress Patterns..... 200 00
- 7 15 Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 150 00
- 8 21 Elegant New Satteen Print Dresses..... 315 00
- 9 15 Triple Silver-Plated Cruet Stands..... 120 00
- 10 31 Half-Dozen Gentlemen's best linen Pocket Handkerchiefs..... 153 00
- 11 29 Half-Dozen Ladies' Fancy Bordered Pocket Handkerchiefs..... 145 00

Making in all over SIX HUNDRED of the most costly and beautiful premium rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world.

In these consolation rewards the further you live from Toronto the better your chances are for obtaining a reward, as it is the last correct answer received at this office gets number one reward, and the next to the last correct answer, number two, and so on, till all the last or consolation rewards are given out. But bear in mind that the letters must all bear the postmark of office where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition, which is June 10th. You can, therefore, compete if you live in British Columbia, the States or England, or anywhere else, where a letter will reach here say in thirteen or fifteen days after the close of the competition, as long as it bears the postmark of the 10th June, in the place where mailed. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 120 Bay Street, Toronto, and don't delay after reading this, but send in the answers and dollar at once; and whether you got a prize or not you will be well pleased with your investment. You will certainly get a prize if your answers are correct and they arrive in time.

The weather prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

See! See!! See!!!

If there is Something for You Here. If your Subscription Expires during the Current Month you ought to read the following Offer.

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The Physical Life of Women, by Dr. Napheyr. The Home Cook Book, by the Ladies of Toronto. Old Lieutenant, by Norman Macleod. Common Sense in the Household. Infelice, by Augusta Evans Wilson. St. Elmo. Farm Legends, by Will. Carleton. Farm Hailings. Farm Festivals. Lacrosse and How to Play It.

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A Gentleman of Leisure, by Edgar Fawcett. A Mad World, by Julius Chambers. An Earnest Trader, by Mary Sprague. At His Gates, by Mrs. Oliphant. A Tramp Abroad, by Mark Twain. Canolles, by J. E. Cook. Children of Nature, by the Earl of Ossart. Common Sense in the Household, by Marion Dysart, by W. W. Hall. Edith Lyle, by Mary J. Holmes. Footsteps of the Master, by Harriet B. Stowe. Hawthorne, by F. H. Burnett. Janet Doncaster, by M. G. Fawcett. Kate Danton, by Mary Agnes Fleming. Mildred, by Mary J. Holmes. Ocean to Ocean, by Prof. Grant. On Time, by Oliver Optic. Pausanias the Spartan, by Lord Lytton. Peck's Bad Boy and His Pals, by Geo. W. Peck. Peck's Fun, by Geo. W. Peck. (paper cover). Pogonius People, by Harriet B. Stowe. Second Thoughts, by Rhoda Broughton. Sketches by Mark Twain. Sweet Nellie, My Heart's Delight, by Beasant Swinburne's Poems. (and Rice). Ten Years of My Life, by the Princess Felix Salm-Salm.

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Any three (3) of the above books given with each yearly subscriber at \$2, or the whole for a club of thirteen (13) yearly subscribers and \$26.

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Given for a club of four (4) yearly subscribers and \$8.

Address all orders to S. FRANK WILSON, 120 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

A Submarine Engine of Destruction.

A submarine boat which ought to be able to destroy the navies of the world has been made at Stockholm. It was tried on the Malar Lake, and will shortly be brought over to France. The boat has the shape of a cigar, is 61 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, and has an engine of 30-horse power. It is said that it can be navigated under water, goes at the speed of 10 nautical miles an hour, and that four persons can without any danger remain in it for six hours running. The funnel shaped cylinder is the only part of the boat which is visible. A winding stair leads to the boat, which is steered from the top of the cylinder, where a glass roof enables the man at the wheel to see the surface of the water, and direct the course of his strange submarine engine of destruction.

There comes a time when men feel that they are born into a new earth, under a new heaven. They see God's presence as they did not before; they behold the sublimity of duty; they feel themselves heirs of immortality; they long to make the earth better than it is; they rejoice with exulting great joy in the privilege of being co-workers with God. Then they can say, yes, we are indeed born again.

—Written for Truth.

Home Pictures

The sunset's effulgence fell over the landscape, Atlant o'er the world, and fields far away; it burnished the panes of the old-fashioned windows. That look from the homestead so quiet and grey. O'er the far stretching meadow the zephyr came strolling, To breathe in the branches of the trees overhead, The dew drops descending kissed even the pale violet That timidly peeped from its low grassy bed.

Far off in the distance the blue hill's slope gently. The village beneath them lay deep in the shade; While in the calm air all brightly reflected, The cloud tinted glory of evening's fall. The barn doors were closed on the care-garnered harvest. The reapers came home when the sun sank to rest; The swallows that sang by the caves in the day-time Were songless and still, in their clay-moulded nest.

The cattle all thirsting came down to the river, To drink from the depths of its floods pure and clear; The sheep flocking homeward were pent in the sheepfold, And all things gave token when night's fall drew near. The low winds rustled the leaves of the sumach, Although the tall aspens were shivering by; The whip-poor-will sang on the edge of the forest, That far in its wild depth re-echoed the cry.

The clear purring rattle beneath shading branches, Came down from its upland fountain afar, The cricket's cheer chirp rose in a low and mellow, Where the fire fly shone through the dusk like a star. From the far distant village came faintly the music, Like oiled and chimed of the sweet vespers bell, The white church gleamed ghostly amid its tall tombstones, Where the village lay hid in the shade of the dell.

My mother sat still on the porch overgrown With ivy that clambered above the pale rose, With hands calmly folded in unusual quiet, Enjoying the peace of the twilight repose. My father leaned carelessly over the gate bar, To talk with a neighbor the news of the day; The song of the boat man that plied on the river, Came back o'er the waters that bore him away.

We strayed with slow foot steps down the well-beaten pathway, And stood a gay group on the fair scene to gaze; We had gathered treasures of moss from the forest, Arcadian haunt of our halcyon days. When echoes of day time were hushed into stillness, The landscape lay bathed in the harvest moon-light; The last merry words were exchanged and we parted, How kindly was spoken the final good night.

How oft I recall in its own native beauty, The home that was mine and is mine now no more. As a mariner leaving some haven beloved, Looks wistfully back to the fast parting shore. The day's lowly toil brought its meed of contentment, Beneath the dear roof where our forefathers dwelt; Nor dreamt we of splendour while almost forgetting, Beyond lay the world in its sorrow and guilt.

Long years have gone by since I last looked upon it, But dauntedly deep on heart and on brain; Aro the scenes of my childhood; through changes and sorrow, Those pictures of home life will ever remain. I know that the scene is as fair to the stranger, The day's bright and pure, the night-fall its rest; Yet, I would not return, for they have departed Whose smile I loved, whose home, whom my heart loved the best.

Wait a Minute

And read this. You may be troubled with corns, and if not at present they may take root in the near future. Therefore we want to tell you what to use in order to make a perfect cure, and especially what to avoid. Of course like the majority of people you will want to use the best that is to be had. That is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, safe, painless. Avoid, then, the article "just as good" or the something else "a good deal better." You will regret using anything else than Putnam's for it don't burn, and you can't tell what the others will do until you try. Don't live to be sorry when you can so easily prevent it. Folson & Co., props.

The multiplication table—The registry of birth

Will buy 12 assortments of Dishes, Bells or Scotch Fir Trees. JAMES RENNIE, Seedman, Toronto.