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A STARTLING ENCOUNTER.

BY S. S.

They told me when I got home that I looked pale; and my wife declared she had known all along that I should suffer from so much wading of that cold river after trout. Let me tell you what it was that had frightened me, together with one or two peculiar accompanying circumstances:

It was on a bright morning in early June that John Mitchell ("Old Morgan") and I went down to the river. I had prepared the lunch, or, rather, told the women how to prepare it. I had a pair of stout corduroy pants, made on purpose for forest and river wear, and in setting the pockets the maker had cut and inserted them that they hung low down upon the thighs, causing a chafing sensation from their contents anything but agreeable.

"Hallo! how is this?" I cried, as I put my hand into the left pocket. (Said lines were compactly wound upon a carefully prepared section of a pine shingle.) "I thought you promised to alter those pockets before I had occasion to use them again."

"Who knows?" asked a lady present, but the depth of those pockets may be the means of saving to you something of value, which you might have lost had I cut them off."

"All ready!" shouted John at that moment for which I was thankful. I turned and saw "Morgan's" intelligent face peering at the window, John holding him by the bit, and without further remark I packed up and made off, only stopping to do what I have never yet learned to forego—to kiss my loved ones as a parting blessing is whispered. It dissipates mist and makes sunshine.

Into the wagon, and away we went. Up Swift river, in the town of Albany, N. H. (we started from Concord), under old "Mote mountain," taking the shadow of "Haystack" and Eagle Ledge—these on our right, the swiftly rolling and dashing river low down on the left—on under the grim side of Chocoma, thence over the river, and now through a region as wild and romantic as the most devoted lover of the sublime in forest compass could desire, up to the "falls," where we unhesitatingly where we caught five beautiful trout. After this we ate our lunch and then took about a hundred of the speckled fellows from the river. We quit fishing a little earlier than we might otherwise have done, in order that we might keep a promise made to some of the boys. We had inadvertently let them into knowledge of the fact that on the way to and from our fishing ground we passed a spruce wood, where we had observed signs of a bear, and the result of which was that we were placed under a solemn promise to take a long-handled axe with us the very next time we went up the river, and get them a "good lot of spruce gum."

On this afternoon we started on our return three-quarters of an hour earlier than for the purpose of fulfilling our promise. The spruce wood was within three or four miles of home, and, arrived there, we secured the horses, took our long-handled axes, and set forth. We had gone but a short distance when we discovered a large rattlesnake in the path ahead of us, with its head raised as though it were about to strike. John succeeded in killing it. He measured, as nearly as I could judge, from five-and-a-half to six feet in length—a large one with eight rattles; but we could see that some of the rattles had been broken off. His full number would probably have been ten or eleven, and perhaps more. It was as though a stone had fallen upon it, as the last remaining vertebrae was broken.

On how I shudder when I see one of these monsters. Talk of your cobras and moccasins, and your stinging vipers! I believe there is nothing of the reptile kind more deadly than our own English rattlesnake. I know they give taken of their presence in a shrill, piercing alarm—half to six feet in length—a large one with eight rattles; but we could see that some of the rattles had been broken off. His full number would probably have been ten or eleven, and perhaps more. It was as though a stone had fallen upon it, as the last remaining vertebrae was broken.

"Of course," said John, who holds himself an oracle in such matters, "there are other snakes that make not far away. They always travel in pairs."

And he was not the first who had declared the same thing in my hearing. However, we were after spruce gum, not snakes, and we made a strike for it. I had a tree in my mind's eye. It was a stately spruce which had been blown over by a gale during the previous March, the top of which had been lodged among a clump of alders, and was now upon an abrupt elevation—an elevation which must once have been a bank of Swift river; but the trunk of the tree was so far from the ground that no one had been able to reach the section where a long rich line of goodly lumps of pure amber gum had exuded from a seam about half way between the roots and the top. I found the spot, and eagerly jammed my way in among the thick, growing shrub that extended down the whole face of the bank; for I saw that I could reach the big, bright tears of gum with my shafted chisel.

This bank faced the west, and as I observed how the rays of the declining sun were pouring their golden sheen upon it, I thought, what a place for a lurking snake! I thought so, and the thought thrilled me as I approached the bank; but when I saw my prize, I forgot all but how I should best secure it.

As I have said, I jammed my way into the shrub thicket, where there was about breast-high, never looking down, for the cloth of my garments had been coated with withered all such contact, only looking up to where the gum was within reach of my chisel. I had secured twenty or thirty pure lumps, and was pushing recklessly ahead against the intervening shrub, when I stopped as though a thunderbolt had burst upon me from the clear sky above.

Reader, did you ever hear that alarm? If not, you may have heard of common locust—the rough-barked, gray-backed flying grasshopper, that sings with such sharp, ear-piercing note. Well, strengthen and intensify that sharp, ringing vibration tenfold, and then add to it a hiss just as sharp and penetrating, and you have the alarm note of the rattlesnake. And this was what I heard, and what arrested my steps! In starting to spring backward my heel caught against a stone, and in order to save myself from falling I was obliged to grasp a branch of the fallen spruce, the only thing at hand stout enough to support me, and in doing this I made a slight bounce to the left.

Merciful Power! my left foot came down on something that moved beneath it—and I felt a shock as though ten thousand galvanic batteries had sent their united currents surging through my frame!

I cast my eyes down and I saw a bright bow, formed of two fine threads of light, clearly defined amid the deep shade of the shrub. I knew 'twas the monster's eyes, flaming mad fire, drawing that curve of light as the ugly triangular head swept to and fro—but swept so only for a moment. My foot was upon its body not more than a third of the distance from its tail, so that full two-thirds from the head was free—and it was a large snake.

What did I do? What could I do? Within one second after I looked down, the deadly reptile was ready to strike. The head was thrown far back; the upper jaw raised until it fairly lay over toward the crest, and I knew the blow was coming. I could only throw up my hands, start backward once more, and think of the wife and two precious children at home. Ay, more than that—much more; I thought of the old home where my parents and my brothers and sister were, and I thought of that other home where blood and spirits are gathered.

The blow came quick and strong, striking me upon the left thigh, and yet I forced my way backward without stopping; but I looked down and saw the venomous reptile was clinging to the fabric of my pants, the hooked fangs protruding, his letting go while I was in motion. In an instant however, the prehensile tail or the lower part of the body (the tail cannot be very prehensile) caught among the shrub, and the fangs were torn away.

Backward I staggered to the path, faint and dizzy, knowing that I had been struck, and expecting every moment to feel the touch of the poison upon my vitals. As I ran, the path John was by my side. He had noticed the fallen spruce and was making for it.

"Good gracious! What ails you?" he cried, as he caught sight of my face.

"Bitten!" I gasped.

"A rattlesnake?" was his instant query.

"Yes," said I.

"Where?"

I laid my hand upon my thigh, where I still felt the force of the blow.

"Let's look. We'll cut into it with a piece of the fat of the dead one, and then put for the hotel Quick—where is it?"

My thigh was exposed, fair and ruddy, but not a mark of poison fangs—no scratch or puncture of any kind.

"There's no bite here, Vaney—not a sign of one."

Johnny's happy, thankful smile of assurance gave me strength, and my thoughts came to my aid.

I looked where the threads of the corduroy had been started up into loops by the tearing away of the snake's fangs, and saw that it was directly over the objectionable pocket. I put my hand into the receptacle, and drew forth the only thing it contained—the broad flat piece of shingle with the trout line wound upon it.

The line was new, and of the finest white silk, and we saw upon the silken surface the stain of the snake's deadly virus; but we saw it more plainly upon the smooth wood. The fangs had struck through pants, pocket and trousers of the line to the wood; and we could follow the yellowish green line where the subtle poison had crept along the grain of the wood as plainly as though they had been drawn with pen and ink.

Do you wonder that I was weak, and that I let John drive home? And do you wonder that I told him my story and feeling when I entered the house? At all events, there was no more wonder or marvel at that hour after my story had been told. But you can imagine that the pocket so condemned in the morning furnished food for a very curious and interesting discussion; and in the end we were all inclined to admit that man is so far a creature of circumstance, that he hath much to do with the result of his own power higher than his own!

"No Physis, Sir, in Mine!"

A good story comes from a boy's boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned principal decided to introduce some old-style physics in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and, with his plate, shouted to the pedagogues, "No Physis, Sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Peppets,' and they are doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

At the Stage Door.

Although I enter not, yet round about that spot Each night I hover; And near the keeper's gate, With cigarette I wait, Expectant of a cue.

The theatre is out. I hear the gallery's rout, And noise and humming; They've dropped and rolled down, The orchestra has gone—She's coming, coming.

My lady comes at last, With step not over fast, But bending forward, Knows she is then I pray, She got my last bouquet—Fold the call-boy give her.

Be not disturbed, fair queen, I'll stand all serene, You'll not worry, And not a word of mine—Will put that heart of thine—Into a hurry.

Yet suffer me to pace, And feast upon your face, Tho' I've not spoke, The reason why I look In solitude, and shrink, Is simply—your face, —The Judge.

Within the past ten years not a dollar has been lost in purchasing lots in Toronto or its suburbs. On the contrary every dollar so invested has doubled itself in five years, some in three. West Toronto Junction is the rising suburb of the city and a few dollars invested in a lot there will soon double itself. Geo. Clarke of the Li-Quor Tea Co. is offering a few on terms that are acceptable to all. An entrance fee of \$10, and \$2 a week for 182 weeks will purchase a fine lot 60x150 at the Junction, including interest and taxes.

Deafness, it is said, can be cured by a being suddenly surprised. A New York physician, after treating a patient for several months, effected a positive cure when he announced his price for services.

Baldness may be avoided by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, which prevents the falling out of the hair, and stimulates it to renewed growth and luxuriance. It also restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and radically cures nearly every disease of the scalp.

The crop of young doctors this year promises to be unusually large. But what will the harvest be?

Anybody who has examined a doctor's handwriting on a prescription will not wonder that a drug clerk frequently puts up morphine when the recipe calls for caraway-seed or some such harmless drug.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has such concentrated, curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and surest blood-purifier known.

A young physician of this city is doctoring potatoes for weak eyes and says he has a growing practice.—Paris Beacon.

A CHANGE.

THE LAST COMPETITION!

\$7,500.00

In "Truth" Bible Competition, Closing June 10.

NUMBER TEN.

The New Medical Bible Questions.

1.—Is there a single verse in the Bible in which consumption and ague are both mentioned?

2.—Is there another verse in the Bible in which consumption and ague are both mentioned?

3.—Mention some of the passages in the Bible in which a lump of figs is ordered as a good plaster for boils?

The publisher of Toronto Truth this time far surpasses any of his many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible Questions. It is a marvel how we can do it, for we know he gives the awards exactly as we have stated in previous notices of his plan. Long lists of prize-winners' names and addresses (even to the street and number when in cities) are given in every alternate issue of TRUTH. We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the one hundred and twenty-five persons who send according to the conditions stated below, correct answers to these Bible Questions given by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, all of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered. Here are

THE REWARDS.

1.—Elegant Rosewood Piano..... \$500.00

2.—Twenty-Stop Cabinet Organ..... 350.00

3.—And 1.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting, box case, elegantly engraved. 220.00

5 to 7.—Magnificent Waterbury Patent Tea Service, 6 pieces..... 330.00

8 to 10.—Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Eight Watches..... 200.00

10 and 11.—2 Celebrated Sewing Machines..... 120.00

12 to 15.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches 125.00

16 to 18.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches 125.00

19 to 21.—Solid Nickel Silver open-face, heavy bevelled crystal, watches 135.00

22 to 24.—Aluminum Gold Hunting-case, say that it was directly over the objectionable pocket. I put my hand into the receptacle, and drew forth the only thing it contained—the broad flat piece of shingle with the trout line wound upon it.

The line was new, and of the finest white silk, and we saw upon the silken surface the stain of the snake's deadly virus; but we saw it more plainly upon the smooth wood. The fangs had struck through pants, pocket and trousers of the line to the wood; and we could follow the yellowish green line where the subtle poison had crept along the grain of the wood as plainly as though they had been drawn with pen and ink.

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MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.—Gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and setting box case. 110.00

2 and 3.—2 Beautiful Triple-Plated Tea sets..... 220.00

4.—1 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting-case Watch..... 125.00

5 and 6.—2 Waver Sewing Machines..... 125.00

7 to 11.—5 Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches..... 250.00

12 to 14.—3 Open Face Sewing Machines..... 220.00

15 to 17.—3 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-case Watches..... 240.00

18 to 21.—4 Solid Nickel, heavy bevelled crystal, watches..... 200.00

22 to 24.—3 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting-case Watches..... 225.00

25 to 27.—21 Solid Gold sets triple-plated tea spoons..... 140.00

28 to 30.—3 Celebrated Waterbury Watches..... 45.00

31 to 33.—30 Copies beautifully bound Tennyson's poems..... 75.00

34 to 36.—27 Triple silver-plated Butternut Knives..... 27.00

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

And the last names are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting-case Watch..... \$110.00

2.—Lady's Solid Gold Hunting-case Watch..... 100.00

3.—Elegant Triple Silver-plated Tea Service..... 100.00

4 to 6.—3 Double-barrelled Breach-loading Shot Guns, Pigeon and Game, including lock, all latest improvements, House, Toronto..... 200.00

7 to 15.—15 Double-barrelled Breach-loading Shot Guns, and so high..... 210.00

16 to 18.—3 Fine Silver Cross Watches..... 150.00

19 to 21.—10 Fine Black Cashmere dresses..... 150.00

22 to 24.—21 Elegant new Saten print dresses..... 210.00

25 to 27.—10 Triple silver-plated Crystal stands..... 120.00

28 to 30.—30 Half-dozen gentlemen's vest linen pocket handkerchiefs..... 150.00

31 to 33.—20 Half-dozen ladies' fancy bordered pocket handkerchiefs..... 140.00

34 to 36.—30 Half-dozen ladies' fancy bordered pocket handkerchiefs..... 140.00

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

The sender of the last correct answer will get number one reward, the next two reward and so on, till the whole of these last or consolation rewards are given out. Don't overlook the fact that the letters must all be postmarked at office where mailed, not later than the closing day of this competition, which is June 10. The further you live away from Toronto the better your chances are for any of these consolation rewards. It will therefore not be possible to announce the successful ones, in these consolation rewards, till thirteen days after the close of the competition, so as to give letters, even from the most remote points, time to reach Toronto office. The full list of the prize winners in the first and middle competitions will appear in TRUTH of 14 June. Postoffice address, street and number, when in the city, will be given of all the prize winners in order that all may be satisfied as to the genuineness of the whole affair.

It is the aim of the proprietor of TRUTH to increase the study of the good old Book, somewhat out of fashion nowadays, and we are certain that he is accomplishing what he set out to do. TRUTH is a still greater measure of success than it has even yet enjoyed. It is one of

the brightest and best weekly magazines that come to our attention. Every issue consists of 28 pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains something to interest every member of the family. The music, the fashions, the household, the health, temperance, farmers', young folks', and ladies' departments, the stories, short and serial, the Bible enigmas propounded every week (and prizes of valuable books offered), the short, sharp, pointed editorial articles on current events, make TRUTH altogether one of the best investments that can be made for a six months' or a year's subscription. Address S. FLANK WILSON, 33 and 35, Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada, and don't delay after reading this, but send in the answers and dollar at once; and whether you get a prize or not you will be well pleased with your investment. You will certainly get a reward if your answers are correct and they arrive in time.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

As a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

Thousands of testimonials testify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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"While we are not enthusiastically partial to religious novels, yet we admit that from the high tone and the practical truths which are taught in all that we have read of Mrs. Warboise's tales, our objections to this description of literature are greatly modified. Indeed, they contain all the qualities of modern literature, without their evil features."

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A Woman's Patience. The Heirs of Errington. Joan Carisbroke. Nobly Born. Married Life. Margaret Torrington. The Gray House at Edlestone. Lady Clarissa. Oliver Westwood. St. Beethas. Husbands and Wives. Grey and Gold. Mr. Montmorency's Money. Father Fabian. Emily's Experience. The Fortunes of Cyril Denham. Etc., Etc., Etc.

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(Dominion Patent.)

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With Steel Axles, second grade wheels—the best buggy ever offered for the price.

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PEDIGREE:

TUBMAN is a bright bay, 16 hands, sired by War Dance, dam Lass of Sydney, by imported (English) Knight of Gages; by Laner, cost; 3rd dam, The Nun, by Catton; 4th dam, by Paymaster; 5th dam, Sister of Gages, by St. George; 6th dam, Fireball, by Eclipse (see American Stud Book, vol. 1, pp. 63, 100, 31).

War Dance, by Lexington, dam Reel, by imported (English) Gleaner, American Stud Book, vol. 1, page 240. His dam's sire, Knight of Gages, was by Irish Bird-Catcher, dam Matilda, by Metman Plator; 2nd dam, Water Witch, by Sir Hercules; 3rd dam, Mary Ann, by Waxy Pope, etc., etc.

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NOTICE.

Having leased the shop lately occupied by Mr. James Thompson (Toronto) on McGill Street, and prepared to carry on as usual.

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