

loved—yes, loved, in spite of my cruelty to her—married and had one child. That child now is a girl of some twenty or twenty-one years, and her name is Priscilla Egremont—for that was the name of the man—Egremont. The mother is dead. Oh, God, that she were alive, that I might beg her forgiveness. The girl, I wish you to seek out and marry; such a wish I have specified in my will."

My tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. "But what if she is already married?" I stammered.

"Then, in that case, or should she refuse to marry you, the whole of the money will go to you. What makes you look so strange? You surely are not married, or pledged on your honor to another? No, say you are not, Harry!"

The old man almost groaned, as he pleaded.

"For, oh, my boy, I have set my heart on atoning to the mother through her child, and I have specified in my will—that if you—will not—marry her—the money goes—entirely—to—her."

And with a sigh and slight tremor of the body the old man finished brokenly, and I knew that the end had come.

"Oh, God," I groaned, as I fell on my knees by the bedside. "I cannot marry her, even if I become a beggar by refusing; I would prefer the life of a hard-working clerk all my days, than submit to the dishonorable way of obtaining money by marriage with a woman I could not love," and in my misery, I bent my head down to crush from my haunted vision the sight of a pure, lovely, girlish face shaded by its mass of golden curls and brightened by the wonderful pansy-like eyes.

The funeral was over, and the will had been read; of the three persons connected in it, the old housekeeper was to receive £400, and Miss Priscilla Egremont and myself the remainder, quite a round sum £50,000, but subject to the conditions already explained.

"Confound it all," I said indignantly. "I suppose this girl, Miss Priscilla—yo goths, what a name—Egremont has got red hair, a turned up nose and a squint; in fact just such a woman a lawyer would find a perfect treasure, for he would be able to argue in any case with her over his own dinner table."

"Well, my dear sir," replied the solicitor, laughing, "That I cannot tell you; but I have ascertained that her parents being dead, and finding that she would have to earn her own living, she has emigrated with in the last three months, to Canada, and is now residing at Montreal."

"Canada," I ejaculated unpleasantly. "That is my country, and where I am shortly returning, so I will seek for this charming damsel, and inform her she is welcome to the whole of the £50,000, for no doubt she is just what I picture her."

"Pray do not decide too rashly. What if she should be all your fancy pictures her; red hair, turned-up nose, squint! Why, my dear Barnstone, that's absolutely nothing when it is balanced by £50,000."

After spending six weeks at the Langham Hotel, I once more took my passage across the Atlantic, my dreams still haunted by the sweet face I had left on Jarvis street. Ah, I would hasten to that house, No. 271, cheerfully forfeiting the £50,000 if she would consent to be my wife.

Great indeed was my grief on landing at Point Levi, Quebec, to receive a letter awaiting me, acquainting me with the sad news of the sudden death, a week before, of my kind benefactor, Mr. Amos Collier. The letter was from his nephew, Bernard Collier, who, though deeply lamenting his uncle's death, welcomed me cordially into the firm, for Mr. Collier according to his promise, had remembered me as munificently as if I had indeed been his own son, so that now the firm would, as he wished it to be henceforth recognized as Collier, Bishop & Barnstone.

I hastened on to Montreal, to get over the trying ordeal of an interview with Miss Priscilla Egremont.

The loss of my kind old friend was a sad blow to me, and totally unaverted me. An unhappy, wistful feeling came over me, as I rang the bell at the address of Miss Priscilla Egremont, where I was told by the hired girl of the lodging-house—for such it appeared to be—that Miss Egremont had left Montreal with her aunt Mrs. Egremont, two months ago, to reside in Toronto, and they had left no address behind them.

"Oh, ye gods," I ejaculated, as I again took the Grand Trunk cars. "The woman I love and the woman fate wishes me to

marry, in the same city; what a strange coincidence!"

I grow feverish and restless; the one face was ever before me, the dark velvety, blue eyes still seemed to say, "We shall meet again!" and I resolved that I would at once seek for the unknown woman I loved while I, at the same time advertised for the whereabouts of Miss Priscilla Egremont.

After a hurried breakfast on the morning after I arrived home, I hastened to the well remembered house, 271 Jarvis street.

My heart beat like a trip-hammer as I again rang the bell, once more feeling the spell of those marvelous, dark eyes upon me, almost healing the ripe, red lips again softly murmur "good-bye, and bon voyage."

I was however, sadly doomed to disappointment, the house was unoccupied; the woman in charge informed me that its owners, by name Smith, were gone to the States, for the summer. She could not give me their address, neither could she remember the particular ladies referred to; but upon my promise of a \$5.00 bill for some more information, she at last told me that about the week in March I referred to—she was there choring and doing odd work about the house—the family had advertised for a governess and engaged one, a tall young lady, with fair hair, who accompanied them to the States. The woman still declared her utter ignorance of their whereabouts, even when I promised her a hundred dollars for that information; she could only tell me the head of the household was John Smith, and that he had a wife and three children, and had just arrived from Europe.

Of course I went to the post office and all other likely places; but my search was fruitless, and at last I determined to wait patiently until the Smith family returned to the city, getting the woman's ready promise of acquainting me of it at once, for to search all through the States for one particular John Smith, I felt would be extremely like hunting for a needle in a load of hay. Still, I did not give up hope of finding my fair unknown. I had at once on my arrival inserted advertisements in all the best Canadian papers, and dailies in the city, offering a hundred dollars reward for the present address of Miss Priscilla Egremont. But three weeks passed, and no tidings of that lady had been received. I was almost growing discouraged, when one morning the office boy tapped at my door.

"If you please, sir, a lady wishes to speak to you," said he, as he handed me a card bearing the name,

Miss Priscilla Egremont.

The words seemed to burn into my soul. "At last," I said breathing nervously, as I poured a glass of water, and drank it eagerly. "There she comes, red hair, turn up nose, squint, life-like picture."

Aloud I said in the steadiest tone I could assume:

"Show the lady in, Davis." A tall, slight figure draped in deep mourning, gracefully entered the office, and throwing back the black veil, revealed to me, not the life-like (!) picture red hair, turned up nose, squint, I had in my foolish imagination just drawn, but once more the sweetest face I had ever beheld, framed with aureole of golden glossy hair, from underneath which shone the marvelous well remembered dark, blue eyes, looking lovelier than ever, in their frightened gazelle-like expression, as the rich crimson of her cheek deepened when she recognized me.

I hastened to set her at her ease, by acquainting her of who, and what I was, and after giving one earnest child-like look in my face which I felt to be one of trust, she went on to tell me, that the evening we met on Jarvis street, she was going to the house, No. 271, in answer to an advertisement for a governess, accompanied by her aunt, and melting into tears, the poor child told me of her aunt's sudden death from heart disease two days afterwards, and how she had then at once accepted the situation offered her in the Smith family, to go with them to St. Paul, Minnesota; and then one day—when there—seeing an advertisement in a Canadian paper, for the address Miss Priscilla Egremont, she had, according to Mrs. Smith's advice, travelled night and day to Toronto, to see the solicitors about it.

Lawyer-like of course I straightway proceeded to business, and as you no doubt guess, Priscilla—or rather Pansy—did not say "no!" but "Yes!" and I must confess I took the "Yes!" in anything but a professional manner, i. e., with her two white, dimpled arms clasped round my neck, her

golden head resting on my breast and the sweet, dark, blue eyes slyly meeting mine, while the ripe red lips acknowledged with my ugly, brown bearded ones, the wisdom and goodness of my cousin's will, and that we should always bless the illegibly written number 271, by which the fates brought us to meet on Jarvis street.

THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."—Dryden.

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

NO. 126.—AN ANAGRAM.

(Entered for Prize.)

One moonlit summer night,
Upon Toronto Bay
Two lovers in a boat
Were resting on the way.
They talked of love with hope and fear,
Of life, its joys and sorrow;
But what he longed to say to her
He put off till the morrow.
The beauty of the scene did then
Engage their observation,
And looking to the sky they saw
The subject of this narration.
Her lover's name was plainly seen;
Ye powers good at solving,
Will see it too, unless you're blind,
In her name, sweet "Sarah Seelwin."

Toronto, S. J. B.

NO. 127.—A RIDDLE.

It is like the wings of a raven,
And the banners of the skies;
It is like the eyes of a maiden
When the love-light in them lies;
It is like the dim recesses
Of woods where the mosses grow;
It thrills with terror many a heart
As its voices come and go.
It is found in the midst of the desert,
And on the mountain side,
And in the murky midnight
Hangs o'er old ocean's tide;
And over many nations
Its banners are unfurled;
Its footstep leaves no traces
As it travels round the world.
While even before creation
It held an ample sway,
So I fall as a glistening dewdrop,
It dies at the dawn of day.
It reigns a grim old monarch,
And ever from death revives;
With dim and spectral mystery
It shadows half our lives.

ASPIRANT.

NO. 128.—A COMPLICATION.

(Entered for Prize.)

I am a combination,
And produce much admiration,
As well as observation.
All have seen my scintillation,
Whilst my usual occupation
Is to deal in imitation.
I'm to be used in transportation.
To some I'm aggravation,
And much provocation,
Which causes great vexation.
I've produced much agitation,
And shameful stimulation,
Or quiet contemplation,
Creating inspiration,
Whilst gross intoxication,
With noisy altercation,
And perhaps incarceration,
Have my co-operation.
Now, by decapitation
I cause transformation
And a theme for adoration,
Whose great commiseration
Has been felt throughout creation.
Gives an synecopation
Another abomination,
Which excels in every nation.
Now, by way of explanation,
And lucid demonstration,
Keep from my contamination,
Or you may get inoculation

Toronto, S. J. B.

NO. 129.—AN ACROSTIC SELECTION.

The goddess who presides o'er fields of corn;
The greatest blessing that can life adorn;
The most industrious of the insect kind;

The pledge of marriage, for the hand do signed;
The place where travellers at night reside;
The sailor's dread when on the ocean wide;
The happiest time that mortal's e'er can know;
From whence the springs of fairest beauty flow.
Join these initials right, and you will find
The noblest virtue of the Christian mind.
MRS. LAYLAND.

NO. 130.—WHAT AM I?

In a shadowy nook by the side of the hill,
My silvery bubbles flow;
And at my side the long green fern
And wee white violets grow.

The shy wild birdies love me well,
And the little forest fawn;
And I catch the tints of the eastern sky,
Like a pearl at early morn.
J. A.

NO. 131.—BEGINNING AND END.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space;
The beginning of every end,
And end of every place.

NO. 132.—WATCHES.

A pint and a half, if rightly read,
Will watches be—not Elgin made.
Q. BREV.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from the competition.

TIME FOR ANSWERS.

Answers in competition for the monthly prize should be mailed each week within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 112.—Pantheon.
113.—A soap-bubble.
114.—A window, because it is a frame full of pains (pains).
115.—Tag.
116.—Sixty.
117.—The servant merely put the letter S before the two Roman numerals LX. The direction then read as follows:
"To Alderman Gobbie with SIX ducks."
118.—Dray-horse.

The Shops in Japan.

The villages are full of shops. There is scarcely a house which does not sell something. Where the buyers come from, and how a profit can be made is a mystery. Many of the things are eatables, such as dried fishes, one and a half inch long, impaled on sticks; cakes, sweetmeats composed of rice, flour, and very little sugar; circular lumps of rice dough, called *mochi*; roots boiled in brine; a white jelly made from beans; and ropes, straw shoes for men and horses, straw cloaks, paper umbrellas, paper waterproofs, hairpins, tooth picks, tobacco pipes, paper *mei choirs*, and numbers of other trifles made of bamboo, straw, grass and wood. These goods are on stands, and in the room behind, open to the street, all the domestic avocations are going on, and the housewife is usually to be seen boiling water or sewing, with a baby tucked into the back of her dress. A lucifer factory has recently been put up, and in many house-fronts men are cutting up wood into lengths for matches. In others they are husking rice, a very laborious process, in which the grain is pounded in a mortar sunk in the floor by a flat ended wooden pestle attached to a long horizontal lever, which is worked by the feet of a man, in variably naked, who stands at the other extremity.

In civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one.