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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

In next issue of TRUTH a very interesting paper will appear from Rev. E. A. Stafford, M. A., of Winnipeg, President of the Manitoba Methodist Conference, entitled, "From Winnipeg to the Rockies," describing a trip the writer has recently made over "the great lone land." As Mr. Stafford has been invited to become the pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, next year, many of his prospective hearers will be glad to hear from him now through the columns of TRUTH.

A statement, by a doctor who ought to know, to the effect that the habit of using smelling-salts is sure to result in red noses for those who indulge in it, should be a comfort for many of our brethren whose rubicund noses would seem to hint at a habit of using bottles other than smelling-bottles. When a man's nasal organ begins to display that rosy tint which looks very well in the eastern sky at early morning, but seems somewhat out of place on the human face, its owner can invest in a vinaigrette or bottle of smelling salts, and, by an ostentatious display thereof, induce others to believe that it is to the use of those stimulants alone that the rubicundity of his "head-scenter" is due.

The Hamilton Times remarks: "Surely we will have enough of doctors in Canada soon. Of the 506 students now in McGill University, Montreal, 233 are being educated for the medical profession." There are doctors and doctors. If every man who obtains a diploma were as skillful as a doctor ought to be, then we certainly should have enough of them to look after our bodily welfare. Ideally clever physicians are rare enough. Many members of the medical profession justify Dr. Samuel Johnson's remark about the whole brotherhood, namely, "A doctor is a man who puts drugs, of which he understands little, into a human body, of which he understands less."

Louis Riel is reported to be cutting up his capers in the Northwest again and inciting another rebellion. Little as he is to be feared, the fact that he is aided and abetted by the Fenians is much in favor of those against whom he "declares war." If he had any chance of success by creating a rebellion "on his own hook," his alliance with the Fenians would put all those chances to flight—and Louis Riel, too.

Stockton, California, has revived a very old English custom in the ringing of the carfew bell (erroneously so called, however, as its ringing is not the signal for putting out lights) at 9 p.m., at which time all children and young people must go home or be arrested. If we are to believe some people, immorality lurks wherever a number of young folks of both sexes congregate together after nightfall; and if such be the case, it would be an excellent idea to toll a bell at nine p.m. in Toronto and other large

cities, and so clear the streets of the large crowds of young people who assemble thereon, especially on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Rumors concerning the Afghan difficulty are so contradictory that it is very hard to make out what really is transpiring or to foretell what is yet to come to pass. One thing is very certain, and that is that the Russians are gradually encroaching more and more on territory where the British don't want to see them, and the Czar is all the time protesting that he feels very amicably disposed towards England and is not thinking of war. Herat is the spot that both Russia and England covet, and the ill-feeling which doubtless exists between the two countries, in spite of the Czar's protestations, arises out of a dread on the part of each lest the other should possess this place, which is important on account of its extraordinary natural advantages as a stronghold; moreover, it is the meeting place of the great high roads from Teheran, Cabul, Bokhara, Balkh, Meshed, Khiva, and Kandahar. It is the capital of the most westerly of the three divisions of Afghanistan, standing on the river Heri, at a height of 2,500 feet above sea-level, latitude 34° 50' N., longitude 63° 30' E., and, being situated near the boundaries of Afghanistan, Persia, and Independent Tartary, it is one of the principal marts of Central Asia. Herat has acquired a kind of European importance, being, towards Persia, the key of Afghanistan, which again, in turn, affords the only approach by land to Western India.

Should the Russians once get into Herat it would be an extremely difficult matter for the British to turn them out, as the place is strongly fortified, surrounded by a wall eighteen feet in height and nine feet thick at its base, this in turn being surrounded by a ditch fifteen feet in depth and fifty in width. It is not to be wondered at, then, that both England and Russia should look askance at each other when either makes a move in the direction of this coveted spot, which has been the subject of various treaties and the occasion of wars between Great Britain, as mistress of Hindoostan, and Persia, as virtually a vassal of Russia.

New diseases seem to be making their appearance at a great rate, though a perusal of the names which are applied to them rather leads one to the belief that they are only old complaints with new names. It is very fashionable, nowadays, to suffer from nerve disorders, and fashionable physicians are bound to keep pace with the demand, and supply names for the various diseases that crop up. Some of the comparatively recent terms for neurological conditions are: "anthrophobia," being afraid to meet anyone about the house, "polyphobia," afraid of everything, sometimes: "phobophobia," being afraid something is going to happen to frighten him. Anthrophobia seems to be as old as the hills, or, at any

rate, as old as the practice of running in debt, for all of us must be acquainted with debtors who seem afraid to meet anyone about the house or anywhere else: at any rate they act very much as if they were, for they manage to disappear very rapidly whenever anyone looking at all like a creditor looms in sight. Polyphobia and phobophobia are only new fangled names for old complaints which are fairly common, as everybody knows.

It is a vulgar superstition that we owe our personal liberties in this country to free institutions, *habeas corpus*, respect for the liberty of the subject and what not, but we are apparently grievously mistaken: each one owes his freedom simply and solely to the forbearance of his neighbors, and the inability of his enemies to deprive him of it. There is not one of us who may not be shut up in a lunatic asylum any day if two or three are gathered together to ordain that it should be so. An hearing out the truth of these remarks, take the case of a certain Mr. Hillman (this occurred in England, but similar affairs are not infrequent in Canada), the facts in which are as follows: A policeman conceived the idea that Mr. Hillman was insane; a doctor went and had a look at him through a glass door; the policeman drove him off in custody to the pauper lunatic asylum, the vehicle being stopped on the way to allow two magistrates to certify the victim as insane, on the ground, (gracious heavens, that any of us escapes!) that his talk was not quite consequential. The judges, it is true, are now going to quash the order for Mr. Hillman's incarceration; but there was no suggestion of anything improper or unusual in the magistrates' way of conducting "a personal examination with the assistance of a medical man sitting with them." On the contrary, the clerk to the magistrates said that this was "the usual course which had been followed for seventeen years." If the fact that a man's talk is not consequential is to consign him to an asylum, one need not to look very far to find victims for incarceration.

The Revd. Dr. De Costa's sermon from a New York pulpit a Sunday or two ago would bear repeating from some of our own, or rather the sentiments contained in it would. Amongst other things the doctor said, in urging his hearers,—many of whom are wealthy men and large labor employers—to do what they could to shorten the hours of labor, especially of Sunday labor: "You rigorously exact of labor all you can. Men are forced to labor as if they had no souls. If the horse-car companies owned their men, they would not venture to make them work fifteen hours on a cold winter day. The men are worse off than the horses, and the stockholders don't care a sixpence for their souls or bodies." The people who really need talking to are those who employ poor girls for twelve, fifteen and eighteen hours at a stretch, in doing sewing work for which the rate of wages is scandalously small. There are many such.

A large number of Canadians and Americans, the latter especially, seem to take great delight in poking fun at London Punch and its lack of wit (according to their way of thinking). Now, considering that the English are by no means a witty people and their ideas of fun are of a sober kind,—the national gloominess causing such lights as Sydney Smith, Douglas Jerrold, and a few more, to shine all the more brightly by contrast,—the wonder is not that Punch is so dull as it is but that it is so lively. As a nation the English are slow to see a joke; second in this respect, probably, only to the Scotch, though the Germans are not far behind them; but the humor of Punch suits them exactly, though of late the effervescent kind of wit that emanates from the American brain is finding considerable favor on the other side of the Atlantic. A man who persistently fails to see the point of a joke is a most aggravating character to have any dealings with, but such men are to be freely encountered in England. If a competition were to come off between the nations of the world to discover which of them was entitled to the doubtful honor of being considered the most sluggish-witted and tardy at seeing the point of a joke, there would be a hard tussle for the supremacy between the Scotch, Germans and English. George Eliot declares that during the whole seven months of her stay in Germany she never heard one witticism or even one felicitous idea or expression from a German.

Mahomedans are most particular about excluding Christians from their mosques even at the present day, and at the beginning of this century it was well-nigh impossible for one to gain admittance to these places of worship. Christians are now, however, permitted to enter, but are compelled to observe certain rules and regulations, the removal of the "infidel" boots being one of them. A story is related of a Christian workman who was sent to repair the clock of the mosque at Tunis. A difficulty arose concerning the advisability of admitting him, which was finally settled by the Sheikh who thus spake to his co-religionists:—"In case of repairs, is it not true, O true believers, that a donkey enters this holy place carrying stones on his back? and is it not true that one who does not believe in the true religion is an ass and the son of an ass? Therefore, O brothers, let this man go in as a donkey." Accordingly the clock-mender was permitted to pass in as an ass. Cynical people might feel disposed to say that a few church-goers in our own country enter their places of worship in the same guise, judging from their actions when they are there.

The Dublin corporation rejected the proposal to present an address of welcome to the Prince of Wales by a vote of 41 to 17. Though His Royal Highness may think it a little strange, he will doubtless be devoutly thankful for escaping one infliction at least of the civic address order.

Truth's Contributors.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

TROPICAL HOSPITALITY—A MEXICAN CASA—LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

("Truth's" Special Correspondence.)

MONTREY, Mexico, March 1st.

I wish I could present this queer city—capital of the state of Nuevo Leon—to your mind's eye as it really is! But we can judge of things only by comparison, you know—and as there is nothing else like it anywhere else in the world, I fear that my pen can convey but an imperfect idea. It is strange that so little is known of Mexico—a country whose authentic history dates back eight hundred years, which was old and weary before that lusty infant, the United States, was born, and which had poets and painters, art schools and conservatories of music more than three centuries ago! We have no end of information upon Syria, Hindostan, the source of the Nile—but this Lotus Land lying at our doors has been a veritable *terra incognita*, till within the last half-dozen years. Until the railroads have recently begun to lessen the difficulties and dangers of travel, it was almost impossible for the most venturesome tourist to visit more than its ancient capital, and the few unimportant ports which are all its enormous water-line can boast. Not only was there no means of getting about, except by leg or donkey transit, with here and there a robber-infested stage line over the worst roads it is possible to conceive—but the language offered a no less formidable barrier than the strange habits and customs of a totally different race; not to mention the incessant revolutions which for two hundred years rendered human life of little value. But, although the outer world knew little and cared less about Mexico,—this unknown land of the Monterumas has no "pent-up Utica," so far as its own knowledge of other countries is concerned.

THE "GILDED YOUTH"

of Mexico are generally educated abroad, in the universities of France, Spain or Germany, to a degree which Anglo-Saxons seldom attain—especially in the languages, all Latin people being natural linguists; and education is not considered complete until it has embraced extensive travel.

Unlike other countries, there is no middle class in Mexico—only the rich and educated, and the poor and densely ignorant, the former class, though in an infinitesimal minority as to numbers, rules the swarming serf population with an iron hand.

The wealthy and cultured Mexican, representing centuries of refinement and good breeding, is a most charming creature—but reserved, proud and suspicious to a degree. Every trace of the home-life of the higher class is religiously hidden from the public gaze; and it is as impossible for a stranger to penetrate this reserve in a spirit of idle curiosity, as to gain admission to a Turkish harem.

The Mexicans have other reasons than their pride, however, for extreme reserve toward foreigners, and especially—I regret to a id—toward Americans. Perhaps it is the case with all countries that the men and women who drift over the border are generally the scum of society—the failures, cranks, and disappointed ones, or if not those whose actual misdeeds have exiled them for their country's good. The arrogant and aggressive

SONS OF UNCLE SAMUEL

have been proverbial for their abuse of hospitality, ever since the days when King Philip saved the Puritan Fathers from starvation, and was repaid by fire and sword.

Mexicans are by nature extremely hospitable, but again and again has their generosity been abused, their trust betrayed by foreigners whom they have received into their homes, till they have been forced to the wise determination to admit none unless vouched for beyond question. It is not surprising, therefore, that this feeling of distrust has grown to undue proportions, and as—

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all—"

the innocent are forced to suffer for the sins of the guilty. Should I undertake to tell you, ever so delicately, the doings of some Americans (of both sexes) in this city, our good editor would refuse to print, and you to read, the recital.

Having once gained the confidence of Mexican aristocrats, and the *entree* to their homes, one finds them delightful friends—social, sympathetic and generous to a fault. But one must always remember to allow a wide margin for the

EXTRAVAGANT GALLANTRY

of Southern races, and the exuberant politeness which says far more than it means. For example, when you visit a family for the first time, your host is sure to say (in musical Castilian, which loses its fine shades of meaning when translated to our colder tongue)—"My house is yours—I am your guest—all here is at your disposal;" you are not expected to take my lord at his word, however, but must have some equally polite reply at your tongue's end. Frequently, on being introduced to a stranger, he says impressively, over the prolonged hand-shake at parting—"Remember that your house is number—, street so-and-so," giving you his own address. But you are by no means expected to move over to "number —," and the chances are (if you are a man) that should you take advantage of his invitation to make a friendly call, you would be received by the master of the house with every expression of courtesy, but never permitted one glimpse of the female members of his family. If you chance to express admiration for a Mexican's horse, his watch, the garment he wears—anything but his wife or daughter—he immediately says,

"TAKE IT, IT IS YOURS,"

and the situation is sometimes very embarrassing. But when—through mutual friends or by rare good fortune—you become possessed of their confidence, they love to wine and dine you and load you with gifts—always, however, expecting an equal return. And then they will pet and coddle you to an unprecedented extent, and open their hearts so entirely that you may read the innermost secrets of Mexican character like an open book. And vastly interesting reading it is—but be careful that the fur is never "smoothed the wrong way!" The sharpest of claws are hidden under that velvet exterior, and those same manners cover depths of passion, pride, anger, jealousy, revenge past all sounding—as cruel and relentless as the grave.

The streets of Mexican cities are as exactly alike as so many peas in a pod—one-story houses of plastered adobe, with flat roofs stretching in unbroken rows from end to end, the side of each house forming a partition for the next. The outside fronts—which are often as smooth and beautiful as polished marble, are generally inlaid sky-blue, pale yellow or strawberry pink, with painted patterns at top and bottom, like our inside "dado" decorations; while others are painted in striped, plaided, or figured patterns, precisely like printed calico. The roads are the worst in the world, paved with sharp, irregular stones piled in pell-mell. The side-walks being thus all "ups and downs" no two houses are ever exactly

the same height, and the effect of interminable lines of flat roofs so "out of plumb" would drive a Yankee mason crazy. But however much

MEXICAN TASTE

may run to decorated adobe, they have no fancy for painted wood-work. Each house has but one outer door, an enormous one which serves also as gate to the court, the corral and the garden. It opens in the center, both ways, like that of a barn—but is generally such a very shabby door that a Northern farmer would scorn it for his stable. Sometimes—especially in the ancient houses of interior towns—the doors are elaborately carved, but are always guiltless of paint or varnish. They are necessarily very wide, because serving alike for the ingress of guests and donkeys, carts and carriages. Think of a load of hay, driving in at your front door, oh fastidious housewives of the North, or

A TRAIN OF DONKEYS

laden with sacks of charcoal! If the family possesses a carriage, it is kept just inside this great, barn-like door, and on entering, one is obliged to pick his way over the sharp stones and around a curious conglomeration of articles which, in Northern ideas, are least expected in the "front hall." If *pater familias* be a merchant, a tailor, a shoemaker, or engaged in any sort of trade, his business occupies the street side of the casa, and his family the rear. Or in those comparatively rare instances where the house is two-storied, the family invariably live above, and "the business" occupies the ground floor. In those few Mexican cities where two storied houses are general, it is considered in good form for the wealthiest people to live above, and to rent the despised first-floor to the meanest artisans or tradesmen, reserving only enough of it to stable their horses.

The windows also are immense, reaching from floor to ceiling, always with heavy iron or wooden bars before them, and unpainted barn-door like shutters inside. Outside of the few great cities, such modern frivolity as window-glass is seldom indulged in, except in the brand new houses of upstart "veneerings." The walls being of great thickness, the adobe window-ledge forms deep, commodious recesses, wherein the mistress of the manse and her daughters are wont to squat in the cool of the day. Pardon the inelegant word, expressive of sitting on one's heels—I use it advisedly, for chairs are considered a luxury as superfluous, almost, as window-glass.

As you may imagine, all this looks gloomy and desolate enough when viewed from without, and one can only guess at bloom and verdure and human happiness within these solid walls, by the broad-banana and giant fig-trees that tower above the house tops, the scent of roses and orange-flowers in the air, and

TANTALIZING GLIMPSES

of dark-eyed señoritas imprisoned behind the bars. Despite the forbidding aspect of the entrance, a Mexican interior is most delightful, each casa having a wide, square, unroofed-court in its centre, with its fruits and flowers and murmuring fountain. All the rooms open into it, and under the bright-hued awnings of its surrounding corridors, the family sip their morning coffee and evening chocolate, and loiter away many hours of the day.

We took a long drive into the country this morning—and oh! for the pencil of a Nast, to make you see the queer scenes en route! For miles we were overshadowed by the giant Sierra de la Silla (Saddle Mountain) a peak of the Sierra Madre, which stands guard over this quaint old

city, while the bare, hot fields on the side of the high road are dotted with the castanet stalk, palm-thatched huts of the Mexican poor. There are not many large trees in this part of the Republic, and few of any kind inside the well-irrigated haciendas (landed estates) except palms and Spanish daggers. The meadows bear no grass worth mentioning, but grow an endless variety of cactus and wild-flowers. The waysides are lined with a luxuriant growth of flowering bushes, planted for hedges, over which wild climatic plants in rank profusion, mixed with purple heliotrope, agrotatum, mignonette, nasturtiums, and other floral favorites which require careful cultivation in our colder climate. There are no fences in Mexico, but

VINE-DRAPE WALLS OF DRY ADOBE, upon which "the insidious tooth of time" makes small impression. Each little hut—which has only mother earth for a floor, and neither headstead, stove, chair nor table among its furnishings, is hedged with tall magney (the "century plant,") and set in the midst of roses and magnificent oleanders in perpetual bloom; while a few fruitful bananas also shade his humble roof, and a fig-tree spreads its protecting branches over all. These *jacals* (pronounced hoek-ala) line the outskirts of every Mexican city. They are huts which a respectable jackal would disdain to enter, too low to permit a grown person to stand upright, and certainly not large enough to "swing a cat" in. They have never any windows, and seldom anything in the shape of a door. Sometimes an old blanket partially conceals the inmates from the public gaze, and anon a board, or a few branches of chapparral affords them a slight sense of privacy, if not of security.

BESIDES THE HUMANS, (which are always numerous) the low-class Mexican reckons among his immediate family an astonishing number of dogs, and invariably the poorer he is, the greater the number; while if he is the proud possessor of a few pigs, goats or donkeys, these beasts range the premises at will—being rather accorded the posts of honor, as these four-footed inmates are of greater value than wives and babies who cost nothing.

The happy proprietor of this "Home, Sweet Home," never dreams of such a thing as snatching up a little of the unoccupied land lying all around him and planting therein a few potatoes and cabbages. Why should he humble himself? *Tortillas* (cakes made of pounded corn, mixed with water) and *frijoles* (red beans) suit him well enough for food—and for five cents he can buy enough to feed his whole family an entire day. If there are any unreasonable *Oliver Twists* in the household who clamor for more—why there is the never-failing fig-tree, and an occasional banana, while endless garlic and Chili-pepper grows wild in the hedges. If he is rich enough to own a goat, his wife makes a tiny cheese now and then (something like Swiss case, and not to be eaten till you can smell it a mile); and he can imagine no greater delicacy than that curdled goat's milk mixed with his garlic and beans. What more could a well-regulated Mexican desire?

FANNIE BRIGHAM WADE.

TROPICAL TRIPS.

3. "UP-COUNTRY" IN CEYLON.—(Continued)

BY "ALBATROSS," TORONTO.

In crop-time the lines of a Ceylon coffee-planter are not cast in pleasant places. The rain pours incessantly, and the planter must be out of doors from day-break, or soon after, till night-fall, for if he be not dodging about from one gang of pickers to another, the coolies will skip bushes on which are but few berries in order to get at those which are heavily laden, for they are paid by the amount picked, a good gatherer being able to pick two bushels a day, at sixpence a bushel. Each coolie is allotted a line of coffee-bushes to pick, and from this line he or she must not stray. The pickers carry a small bag at their waist—and this sack is about all the clothing a good many of them wear!—which they fill, and as fast as it is

filled the contents are transferred to a large sack holding about a bushel and a half. At ten o'clock the first measuring takes place, and as the estate of which I was superintendent was a very large one there were ten receiving houses for measuring the coffee, which was conveyed thence through spouts flushed with water, and very much resembling stove-pipes, to the pulping machine at the store, the ripe coffee, or "cherry" as it is termed, being divested of its outer pulp and skin in its passage through the pulper, the leaves being separated from it and thrown into vats, and the husk, or "pallam," being cast into other receptacles, to be afterwards utilized for manuring purposes. As fast as a coolie has his load measured he is given a brass ticket indicating the amount he has picked, and off he goes to his work again, till the final measurement at five o'clock. All hands are paid monthly.

There are many difficulties to be contended with during crop-time. Firstly, the weather, which pours with rain all day and all night long; this makes it very difficult to get the coffee-beans dried for transportation to Colombo, where it is finally cured and thence shipped to England and elsewhere. When the sun positively refuses to show himself for days together, hot-air chambers must be resorted to for drying purposes, but this process is not so thorough as sun-drying. Next, the pipes through which the "cherry" is conducted from the receiving houses to the pulper (often a mile in length) are liable to become stuffed up; they burst and the coffee is scattered far and wide. Another trouble is the too simultaneous ripening of the crop; it sometimes all seems to ripen at once, and the consequence is it cannot be picked fast enough, and drops from the trees and decays. Coolies must be borrowed from some estate where crop is not so far advanced, for be it known, owing to the hilly nature of Ceylon, all the estates do not have crop-time simultaneously, and one plantation may be fully ripe whilst on another, three miles off and at a higher elevation, the berries may be only changing from green to red.

A coffee-plantation in full bloom is a beautiful sight. The blossom is a pure white, star-shaped flower, of a strong, sweet, though somewhat sickly odor, and, when very thick, gives to an estate the appearance of having been visited by a heavy snow storm. The blossom falls off in a few days.

Crop-time lasts for about a month, though on some plantations it drags along for several, the coffee ripening by slow degrees.

The ordinary pay of estate coolies, who are imported from the Malabar coast, is eightpence a day for men, sixpence for women, and fourpence for children. From this is deducted the value of a bushel of rice per month per adult coolie, this being about from seven to ten shillings.

Crop-time is by far the busiest season in the year, and as soon as it is over the planter is devoutly thankful. If all has gone well, and his crops have not been much spoiled in the pulping, and the drying process has been successful, he thanks his stars, and does his best to get it off his hands to Colombo, where are large curing establishments, at which it is subjected to another process before shipment abroad. It is thoroughly dried and winnowed, the winnowing having the effect of peeling off a thin, filmy skin adhering to the bean; the beans are then carefully picked over by hand, (females being mostly employed for this purpose), and it is barrelled up and sent on board ship.

After crop, on the plantation, comes pruning, and at this only men and boys are

employed; it is an important branch of coffee-cultivation, and needs much care on the part of the superintendent, who must be careful neither to over-prune or under-prune, both being equally injurious. The estate is parcelled out in contracts to responsible coolies to be weeded, other hands are set to cutting and filling holes for manure, making manure, and to the multifarious duties of a large and flourishing plantation. When pruning is over, then come the planter's halcyon days, of which I will speak in a future paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORRY.

BY A BARRISTER, LONDON, ONT.

In the present day civilisation has reached, in the opinion of many, its culminating point. It is gravely asserted that the human race is capable of bearing only a certain amount of civilization. Up to a certain point the race steadily improves. That point passed the race as steadily deteriorates, until at last it sinks into oblivion or becomes extinct. While this is probably an incorrect theory, it is beyond doubt that in savage, or at all events in bucolic life, are found elements necessary to human happiness and the well-being of the race which are entirely wanting in the high pressure existence of modern civilization. That the absence of these elements is detrimental cannot be denied.

In the aboriginal or pastoral state of existence, the savage or the peasant derives material benefit from two necessary conditions of his existence. They keep his mind and body strong, vigorous, and active; they ward off disease and lengthen life. These conditions are outdoor life and labor and contentment.

How many of the ills that modern flesh is heir to are due solely to sedentary occupations and habits in both sexes must be left to the doctors to differ about. This prejudicial effect may be gathered from one example. In former days, when outdoor life and exercise made the vigorous machoed of the good old times what it was, a nervous arm dealt blows of oxen-felling power. Now nervous has changed its meaning. Our men of business and professions are all nervous, but no oxen dread them.

But even modern sedentary life would not be so dire in its results were it not for the habit of worrying that seems to have become a not-to-be-avoided part of the struggle for existence. Worry is sapping the foundations of civilization!

The thought is startling. To those who look beyond the present, and who, while not accepting the creed which makes humanity a God, believe that we owe a duty to posterity which we dare not deny, though we may, and do, criminally neglect it, the outlook is the reverse of cheerful. The higher life we live is not all due to our own exertions. We were made capable of living it through the inherited vigor of our forefathers. We are fast losing this capability, and are becoming nervous and dyspeptic. Succeeding generations will inherit our nervousness and stomachic incapability. Why? Because we worry and continue to worry, and ruin our nerves and spoil our digestion.

It is perfectly evident then that we should not worry. Now, there are, roughly speaking, three classes of persons in this world. Christians (real, not nominal), philosophers, and fools. Let us take each in turn, premising that rich and poor, young and old, are to be found in each class.

Now, if any class or order of persons ought to be easy on the score not only of the present but also of the future, that class would be the religious class. You will un-

derstand, of course, that throughout I am speaking of really religious people, people to whom Christianity is a living reality, to whom the Bible and the promises of God therein contained should be beyond doubt or question. To such persons worry should be impossible. They have the promise of an Almighty God that they shall not want. Their future life will be one of unutterable bliss. Should any trouble or distress of mind or body befall them, they have the promise of Heavenly support and comfort. So why should they worry? Accordingly, if you find a real Christian you find a man to whom worry is practically a sin, and therefore to be anxiously shunned and avoided and fought against, though, so weak is human nature even at the best, not entirely to be evaded.

Philosophers do not, as a class, worry much. Their motto is, "Don't meet trouble half way." They say if trouble is inevitably impending you may worry yourself to the brink of the grave, but you cannot in that way avert disaster. The only result will be that you die a thousand deaths while dreading one. If the trouble is impending but not inevitable, worry is equally useless. Besides, the trouble may threaten but not come, and then your worrying will be quite thrown away. Philosophers may rise to the rank of Christians. They then equally decline to worry themselves, but from different motives.

Then there are the fools. Now, it is sometimes suggested that we should let fools worry (for they will worry) and kill themselves. But the trouble is that fools do not kill themselves with worrying—they only shorten their days. Thus they have time to perpetuate their race. A fool, in the classification we have adopted, has neither the courage of a Christian nor the calmness of a philosopher. His worrying is pernicious not only to himself (which would not matter) but to others. Fools (that is, people who habitually worry), are responsible for the rush and the scramble, the nervousness and the dyspepsia, and most of the wear and tear of the present day and generation.

Is there, then, no remedy? Must we, if Christians, be shocked and distressed, and if philosophers, be amazed and disgusted by worrying fools? Must our civilization be destroyed, and must our race deteriorate, and can we do nothing to avoid it?

It has been suggested that the fools should be exterminated. But this is a drastic remedy, and likely to be unpopular. In fact it might be impossible, because the fools are numerous, and some of them occupy good positions.

Communism has boldly asserted itself as a remedy. But communism is not well spoken of. Christians are opposed to it (as proposed), philosophers condemn it as impracticable, and a great many fools, being property holders, are prejudiced against it.

There is only one true remedy—we must return to a more natural mode of life. Our present existence is too artificial. Let us consider the matter in individual cases. A farmer's son detests the farm, goes into town, gets a profession, and worries through many a weary year when clients or patients are not. He should have remained content with his farm. It being presumed that trade itself is an easy avenue to wealth, so great a competition results that merchants and shopkeepers worry themselves into a fever trying to meet their bills. The moneyed man, instead of employing his money in legitimate methods, rushes into speculations and corners and stocks and shares until his brain reels from the worry of his risks. The broker bulls and

bears, and puts and calls, until he arrives through worry in a state of shrieking frenzy. The politician, not with a single eye to his country's good, but with an anxious longing for the sweets of power and the fat jobs of office, schemes and plans, and lies and juggles, so that if in he may keep in, and if out, that he may get in. Result—premature baldness, not from early piety (a quality lost to office holders or seekers since the lamented death of the late G. Washington, Esq.) but from unnecessary worry.

Here, then, lies the remedy. Let the farmer stick to his farm, and the tradesman to his trade. Explode the fallacy that commerce is an easy avenue to wealth and displace the theory that the professions alone are respectable. Let the moneyed man use his wealth for the encouragement of proper enterprises, and let the broker discard his "ticker" and cease to howl deliriously at the stock exchange. Let the politician think not of himself but of his country (if that be possible), let the fools and philosophers become trusting Christians, and worry will cease to trouble us, and nervousness and dyspepsia will flee away.

COMPENSATION TO LIQUEUR TRAFFIC

BY A. HOOD, BARRISTER, ONT.

Mr. Burgess, in last week's TRUTH, was bold enough to offer a challenge to meet all and sundry on platform, or through the press, to prove that there is no precedent for such a proposal as that made by Mr. Kranz in the Dominion Parliament, for compensating brewers and distillers in the event of prohibition.

Let me say that a man would only be wasting his time if he did prove it, for before such proof would have any bearing on the point in discussion, he would have to prove, also, that no proposal is either just, proper, or admissible unless supported by precedent.

When compensation is discussed it is usually cast in the teeth of the liquor interest that the law gives them no right but such as are conferred on them by license, and as that is only granted from year to year they have no claim whatever for compensation in the event of license being withheld.

Supposing I lived in a wine-producing country, and invest my capital in that business; I buy, say from 100 to 200 acres of land, and spend from ten to twenty years of my life in planting and cultivating my vines; I erect buildings and cellars and buy presses, vats, and machinery; and in doing all this I am as free as the farmer who grows wheat and corn, and fattens cattle and hogs. I pay taxes, of course, the same as he does, and nothing more. Would it be right at six months' notice to pass a prohibitory law that would prevent me selling the produce of my vineyard, without compensation?

Suppose, instead of passing a prohibitory law at once it should be determined to check the production of intoxicants by degrees. Excise duties and a higher license on all engaged in the business would accomplish this; the license would kill off all the small growers and give the large ones a monopoly, just as liquor licenses do here. Let this continue for a few years, it may be only one, or it may be a hundred, (the principle is the same) it would then place the prohibitionists in the position of being able to say to the producers—as prohibitionists say here—"You have no rights but such as your licenses give you; you were aware when you obtained them that they were only good for one year; those who had power to grant have power to withhold,

the case of Mexico, trees, row of hacienda, Spain, grass, variety, sides, flowering, which wild, ion, mignone, favorite, on in, ces in Mex.

ADONE, of time, little hut, a floor, and nor table, with tall, and set in, olcandery, w fruitful, roof, and a, anches over, (k-als) line, ty. The, kal would, it a grown, rtainly not, in. They, ldom ar-, metimes an, the inmates, board, or s, is them a, f security.

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Home, uch a thing, unoccupied, iting there, Why should, akes made, er) and (re-, ough for, ny enough, 'day. If, ver Twist, or more-, y-tree, and, fless girls, the hedges, ut, his wife, (something, eaten till, an imagine, dled goat's, and beas, d Mexican, d WAER.

EXYLON.-

ro.

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and you have no claim either in law or in equity for compensation."

Now what does this show? Why, that Government in issuing licenses, instead of granting a right, actually takes that right away, actually robs the seller of a liberty he possessed and exercised without let or hindrance, as his fathers had done before him, and compels him to pay for it as a privilege. And now prohibitionists take the position that because the seller or the manufacturer has been made for years to pay for this privilege, they deny his possession of the right altogether, and refuse his claim for compensation.

Do prohibitionists know that in England a gentleman may not ride in his carriage without paying license, in the shape of an annual tax to the Government? Will they go so far as to say that as the Government has the power to tax they also have the power to prohibit his riding altogether? If so, where is our liberty?

Mr. Burgess says: "The vote of twenty millions to the West India slave holders was a vote of money to purchase property in order to liberate it." It was more than that; he may put it in that way if he likes, but it extinguished at the same time the right of the property-owners in that kind of property for all time to come. Will prohibitionists agree to pay brewers and distillers for their property, and for the extinguishing of their rights?

PARLIAMENTARY POINTS.—NO. 2

BY J. E. COLLINS.*

"THE DIGNITY OF PARLIAMENT."

The hour of meeting is about three o'clock, when, if you stand in the lobbies, you see a general flutter occasioned by the movement of a procession consisting of the Mace-bearer, a rough, rude, unkempt licitor, without the rods and axe, and Mr. Speaker, in long black gown and three-cocked hat. Should any one by chance happen not to see the majestic bronze type of sovereignty borne aloft, and not uncover his head, he is generally brought to his senses by a rude thrust and a surly growl from the rough licitor. The dignity of Parliament must be preserved at all hazards, but it is going, I think rather far in this direction to be obliged to uncover, stand straight and look awe-struck at the approach of a thing cast in brass in the image and likeness of a very ugly crown. I thought, as I saw the burly licitor give a rude look to an absent-minded man the other day, and say "Take off your cap," that I heard faintly come to my ears from out of the far barbaric past, "Bow down ye slaves, bow down."

IN THE COMMONS CHAMBER.

In the Commons chamber, however, as you sit in the gallery, the feeling of resentment disappears. The brass sovereign is stretched on the table like another armless Dagon, and the people are supreme. Whenever a message comes from the Viceroy, however, the metal king is straightened up, and an atmosphere of majesty and awe fills the chamber. Mr. Speaker Kirkpatrick, who says the prayers and is the tongue of the House, has a rich, deep manly voice, and to this good quality he adds that of a tall, well-built substantial presence. He does not seem to be as quick to detect disorder, or to settle questions that arise, as his predecessor. Usually, indeed, he is fortified or deterred by a wink or a nod from one of the Ministers, and should a sturdy Oppositionist develop a sudden spirit of contention as to whether a Ministerialist is out of order or not, he shows his confusion for a period by a "masterly inactivity." But left to himself, and given time, he can arrive

generally at sound conclusions. He should endeavor though to master his charts. It does not look well to see the Clerk of the House, who is a very poor authority on such matters, wriggle nervously around in his chair and sharply whisper out a correction or a piece of advice.

WASTED TIME.

If some wealthy man, whose affairs were so numerous that he could not attend to them himself, were to appoint a number of men to discuss and arrange his business for him, and if the persons so selected were to conduct their duties as our members do, with so much unnecessary delay and formality, so many quibbles and squabbles, with such an innumerable number of words and so many repetitions of the same statement, I am satisfied that he would at once turn them all about their business. Whole days are spent, sometimes, on a matter that should not occupy five minutes. For example, Sir Richard Cartwright made a bitter, scolding speech, showing that Opposition members were not provided with their fair share of rooms. A general acrimonious discussion followed, eating up the greater part of the day. It turned out afterwards that Sir Richard Cartwright was incorrect. But whether it was true or not, the question should not have been brought up in the House at all till the Speaker, who attends to the apportionment of rooms, had been appealed to. Five minutes of conversation would have settled the matter; but Sir Richard's method, considering the time wasted, must have cost the country nearly a thousand dollars, without accomplishing anything further than to evoke some bitter and unbrotherly remarks. It seems to be the notion of nearly every member in the House that if he does not make a speech his constituents will be displeased with him; consequently, after a discussion has dragged itself along for many weary hours, some dull, dreary member will arise and treat the House to "points" that have been already stated over and over again. I have sometimes heard one point repeated in an elaborate word setting as many as a dozen times. As a rule the more dull and unoriginal a member is the more long-winded and elaborate is he. One of Mr. Cameron's speeches is enough to make a small volume, and it is as dry as the crackling wind that sweeps its parching way across the Saharan desert. Mr. John White, whom many look upon as the successor-apparent to Sir Leonard Tilley, is the most voluminous speaker on the Ministerial side; but in great part he reproduces his speeches from year to year, always presenting the same varnish, never succeeding in eliminating the hollow ring. There are a hundred other defective points about the procedure of the House of Commons that I shall point out as circumstances arise during the session to give them emphasis. I shall also take a look in upon the Senators, by and by, delighted in their employment of divorcing husband and wife, and listening to the indelicate *morceaux* related by witnesses for the litigants.

*Author of "Canada Under the Administration of Lord Lorne," &c., &c.

The man who considers that home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of man must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, sister or an elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of the children in her care. Heroic patience, a vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end, a careful study of individual traits, keen psychological insight may find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even an humble home.

AN OLD JOURNALIST IN OTTAWA.

BY COL. D. WYLIE.

DEAR TRUTH,—My long service as a reporter and journalist naturally led me to the transcribing room occupied by the Parliamentary reporters, where I received a most cordial reception, and an invitation to take a seat in the reporters' gallery, which invitation was most willingly accepted "for auld langsyne."

On looking round the House memory went back for a period of thirty-six years, when their Ministerial benches were filled by Messrs. Hincks Baldwin, Lafontaine, Price, Malcolm Cameron, and other notable men of that day, while the Opposition seats were occupied by Sir Allan McNab, Sir John Macdonald, Col. Prince, and other well-known Conservatives. In these days the Rebellion Loss's Bill was the great subject of interest in the country, responsible government being then a settled question. The Bill was warmly contested. Col. Prince was fierce. His order to shoot those he deemed rebels and his reply, "they were shot accordingly," was not forgotten either by the colonel or the country. Col. Prince was a good speaker, but his most finished speeches were generally delivered after having "dined and wined," his firm hold on his seat as he addressed the House being proof positive of the latter fact. All now know how the agitation culminated—the riot and burning of the Parliament buildings in Montreal in 1849.

In scanning the faces of the members Sir John was the only man recognized as holding a seat at the period spoken of. In place of the senior Mr. Blake, his honorable son now takes the father's place, whose great ability is inherited by his glorious predecessor. In place of Mr. Malcolm Cameron, may be placed Mr. McKenzie, and Mr. Cartwright takes the place of Sir Francis Hincks as a financier. All, with the exception of Sir John Macdonald, were men of a later age, and the lucky knight, as he addresses the speaker, showed that "there was life in the old dog yet." This brings to remembrance a true story connected with Sir John, which took place last summer at Frazerville, where Sir John was located at the time. The worthy knight was in conversation with an old political friend when he saw one of his life long opponents on the street, whom he called over to where the knight and his friend were standing. After a few remarks of a friendly nature, Sir John addressed his political opponent by asking how old he was. "I am older than you, Sir John," was the reply. "You will be the nearer Heaven, then," said the gallant knight. The gentleman thus addressed laid his hand upon Sir John's shoulder, and replied, "Sir John, if all the tales that are told about you be true, I am afraid you will never get there." Sir John immediately made reply, "Blessed are they who are reviled." The reply was so ready, that all joined in a hearty laugh. The story is true, as the writer of this was one of the parties concerned. By such flights of presence of mind in repartee Sir John draws his political friends around him, while his opponents cannot help admiring his tact.

The press has its representatives in the House. Mr. Thomas White, now a most zealous Tory, was at one time Parliamentary correspondent of the Brockville *Recorder*, one of the best known Reform papers in the Dominion and the oldest living paper in Ontario, having been started in 1830, and published continuously ever since, without suspension. Wonder if political exigencies could bring Mr. White back again to his early home. Whether or not, he now sits as a member of the House, whose proceed-

ings it was his privilege to report for public benefit, and is now one of Sir John's ablest lieutenants. Then, on the Opposition benches, there are Mr. Somerville, of the *Dundas Banner*, and Mr. James Innes, of the *Quebec Mercury*, who are doing good work in searching out the corruption abounding in the printing jobs scattered among the organs supporting the present Government. While it is perfectly just that newspapers ought to receive the support of their friends in power, yet there is a limit beyond which support ought not to go. In this respect the Mowat Government is most miserly, while that of Sir John is the most opposite character.

While on this subject I may state that the fracas between a French member of the House and a French press representative occurred at the time of my visit to the press gallery, and caused no little flurry among members. The member had attacked the family of the pressman. The latter replied with interest, through the columns of his paper. The subject was discussed among the member's friends, when it appeared that a conclusion was come to that a whip should be provided and the heavy end used in an attack on the pressman. On his appearing in the gallery a message was sent that a gentleman wished to see him in the lobby. On arriving there, he was met by the member, who struck him several blows on the head and face with the whip, to the effusion of blood. For this vicious and unprovoked assault the member and an accomplice were summoned before a magistrate and fined. Such ripples are scarce, but still there is generally some life in the House caused by loud words, if not by hard blows, as there is little love lost between Tory and Reformer.

DIED IN THE DESERT.

BY H. H.

The fierce African sun beat pitilessly down as they bore him to the rear. A small red rivulet trickled across his forehead, and from a wound in the breast there welled out a stream of the red life.

Tenderly they placed him on the burning sand, and two comrades watched and listened to the mutterings and ravings of the dying soldier. For twenty-four hours he had tramped the dreary waste without tasting water. Now as the life-blood ebbed away, the terrible pangs of thirst became more and more intense.

One moment he would be laying his fevered brow in the sparkling streams by the side of which he had sported when a boy. The next moment he would call out piteously for "just one drop of water!" In his delirium he muttered:—

"See! there's the bubbling spring on the hill. Please don't hold me. I'm nearly there now. Oh, water, water; beautiful, delicious water. But—why—see, it's stopped running! Oh, the hillside spring has gone dry and I must die of thirst!"

A comrade bent over and whispered in the rapidly-dulling ear.

"Yes," murmured the dying man, "the fountain of life is flowing, flowing, flow—"

They pulled off his heavy soldier's boots; the weary, blistered feet were already cold, and as the death-chill crept slowly upward the delirium increased, and he talked on incessantly:—

"Now I'm in the little stream behind the school house. How clear and cool is the water. But I cannot drink! My throat is burning. Yes, I will wade out. Deeper, deeper, deeper!"

And now, greedy death is grappling at the vitals. There was one quiver of the half-closed eyelids, a smile of exceeding sweetness lit up the bronzed face as the lips whispered:—

"Mother—home—Heaven!" Then a sigh like that of a slumbering child—a little gasp—and all was over.

Think you that nameless grave in the desert holds naught but the body of that soldier? Yes; with the inanimate clay of her boy there also lies buried a fond mother's heart.

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

—WILL BE—

GIVEN EACH WEEK,

For the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

THE AWARD.

Quite a large number of excellent poems, original and selected, have been sent in for competition in this page from, which those now appearing have been selected. "My Child" has been awarded the prize. It was sent by Frank P. Beynon, St. Catharines, Ont., to whom the prize will be paid on application.

My Child.

BY REV. JOHN TIERFORT, D.D.

I cannot make him dead:
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er him prayer I kneel;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes—that he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To him who gave me my boy—
Then comes the sad thought—that he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
What'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd—*he is not there!*

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dream I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflict'd ones, to bear,
That, in the Spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

Poor, Tired Mother.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throng;
"And," said father, leaning lazily back in his easy chair,
(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere),
"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed, shining shore!"
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the red
She was painting on a water-jug, and murmured,
"Yes, indeed,"
And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,
And "Yes, indeed!" repeated with a most ecstatic look.
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—
And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."

A Loving Heart.

Strangers may cast a glance of scorn;
For that we are not to blame,
And foes deride us or berate,
Can we not do the same?
But when there falls from lips we love
The taunt that leaves a smart,
Oh! how unkind the hasty word
That pains a loving heart.

All-fortune is a willful dame;
She tries us many ways,
Strips us of riches and of fame,
And brings us gloomy days,
No hurt is that to what we feel
When our dearest stands apart!
Oh! then be chary of the slight
That pains a loving heart.

Only a Drunkard.

Give me a little corner
Where the sun shines in all day,
And eyes that beam with love for me,
And a heart that's true always.
A brighter jewel does not shine
In all the world's great mart.
Now this, and only this I ask
To claim one loving heart.

—For Truth.

Only a drunkard, the proud world said,
Nor even turned her haughty head
To glance at the besotted grief and woe,
Half hidden by the drifting snow.

Only a drunkard—each tone a sinner,
As she turned aside from the scene so drear,
Scorning to heed the dying man,
Of one whose heart was turning to stone.

Scorning to reach out a hand to save
One e'en now at the brink of the grave;
Too selfish to yield one moment up
To a fated prey of the deadly cup.

Too heartless to hear the widow's wail,
Or to list the cry of the infant pale;
Too heartless to pause, as the blast swept by,
To see a fallen human die.

I cannot stop in reckless glee,
And a drunkard's soul is naught to me;
Such work as this, I verily ween,
Belongs to the church so-politose and clean.

Only a drunkard, the church replica,
As she dashes a tear-drop from her eyes,
Then draws her mantle of saltly grace
About and with pious face.

Returns to her self-appointed task
Of answering idle queries asked,
Of teaching doctrines most abstruse,
And collecting cash for varied use.

'Tis harvest time, and with laborers few,
In the whitening fields there is much to do;
To the world belongs such work as this—
Strange! she such a duty plain will miss.

I have work to do in foreign lands,
In tropic forests on golden strands;
Beside, many houses I'm pledged to raise,
To fill with prayer thanksgiving and praise.

The Shadow on the Wall.

My home a humble cottage is,
The ceiling low and poor;
The furniture the meanest kind,
No carpet on the floor.
No pleasant scenes around it spread,
No woodlands cool and sweet,
No brooks with sparkling water bright,
Naught but the dusty street.
But a happier home is near it,
A mansion large and tall,
And out its shadow reaches,
E'en to my cottage wall.

The mistress of that Eden bright,
A lady rich and fair,
With eyes as black as darkest night,
And long and raven hair.
Oh, oft she walks at even,
And seems beneath the tree,
An angel dropped from heaven,
From all life's sorrow free.
But I turn from twinkling gas-jets
That light the brilliant hall,
With heavy heart to watch the play
Of a shadow on the wall.

I have no pretty gems of art,
No books nor time to learn;
The bible rests upon the stand,
But seldom its leaves I turn.
For from daylight unto darkness,
My weary round I go,
From summer's blazing sunshine,
To winter's cold and snow.
No music books or pictures,
Like the lady at the hall,
Naught but the weary shadow
Facing up and down the wall!

The Shadow on the Wall.

(The Widow's Story.)
BY MARK L. DOUGHERTY.

When the light of day departing
Draws the curtain of the skies,
And the gloomy clouds of autumn
Hide the star-light from our eyes;
Then, in sympathy with creature
Oft our hearts grow gloomy too,
Till some angel lifts the curtain,
And the light comes pouring through.

So, in times of deep bereavement,
When our household sun has set,
Oft our spirits mourn in darkness
O'er the joys we can't forget,
Till an angel lifts the curtain
That enshrouds our hearts in gloom;
Then we raise our eyes in wonder,
For there's light above the tomb.

Yes, O yes, there's light above us,
And the clouds that check our view
Shall be yill with golden edges
When that glorious light comes through;
And the bright and radiant faces
Of the "loved ones gone before,"
Will be sweetly smiling on us
From the banks of yonder shore.

Upward, therefore, ever upward
Let us lift our hopeful eyes,
And we oft shall catch sweet glimpses
Of the upper paradise:
And our dear ones, looking downward
From the fragrant fields above,
Oft shall drop us flowers of Eden
As mementoes of their love.

Yes, and when our pilgrim footsteps
Shall approach the final goal:
And the shades of death shall gather
Like a mist around the soul;
Then, on angel-plumets flying,
They shall meet us on our way,
And conduct us safely homeward
To the blessed realms of day.

Whitby, Ont.

There's Light Above Us.

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Whitby, Ont.

Expected Letters.

How the heavy moments drag, and old time appears to lag;
And the shortest days in winter seem as though they ne'er would end.
Even sunshine seems less dear, moonlight evenings, too, seem drear,
When we fall to get a letter we're expecting from a friend.

How we think the coming mail travels slow as a y snail,
And arrives, at last, to cheat us of the joy we hoped 'twould send,
Postmaster, smiling grim, says—so very kind in him,
"Very sorry that I haven't got that letter from your friend."

But at length the day does dawn, perhaps a very cloudy morning,
And the heart-ache, "blues," and other ills around us do descend!
Then with sad, desponding heart, we on hopeless errand start,
And feel blissful ecstasy indeed—there's the letter from our friend.

Eager then we break the seal, ah! what bliss it does reveal;
How much hope and love and sympathy gives raptures without end;
O, few know the hope to live that so small a thing will give,
Awaiting and getting a long letter from a friend.
Cobourg, Ont.

Sleep, Old Pioneer.

When the spring-time touch is lightest,
When the summer's eyes are brightest,
Or the autumn slugs most drear;
When the winter's hair is whitest,
Sleep, old Pioneer!
Safe beneath the sheltered eave,
Late enough you crept;
You were weary of the toil
Long before you slept.
Well you paid for every blessing,
Bought with grief each day of cheer;
Nature's arms around you pressing,
Nature's lips your brow caressing,
Sleep, old Pioneer.

When the hill of toll was steepest,
When the forest frown was deepest,
Poor, but young, you hastened here;
Came where sold hope was cast—
Came—a pioneer.
Made the western jungles view
Civilization's charms;
Grasped a home for yours and you,
From this less tree arms,
Till had never cause to doubt you—
Progress' path you helped to clear;
But to-day forgets about you,
And the world rides on without you—
Sleep, old Pioneer.

Careless crowds go daily past you,
Where their future fate has cast you,
Leaving not a sigh or tear,
And your wonder works outlast you,
Drive, old Pioneer!
Little care the selfish throng,
Where your heart is hid;
Though they thrive upon the strong,
Heedless work he did.
But our memory-eyes have found you,
And we hold you grandly dear;
With no work-day woes to wound you—
With the peace of God around you—
Sleep, old Pioneer.

Winterbourne, Ont.

A Transfigured Guest.

Dark sorrow came and stood beside my hearth,
With veiled face and sable-shrouded form;
At her approach gay health and buoyant mirth,
Fled trembling, and my household embers warm
Grew ashy white and chill; without a storm
Began to blow, and clouds across the sky
Swept heavily; the sunlight seemed to die.

In silence sat the veiled intruder down,
And gazed upon me; I could feel the gaze,
Through the dark folds I thought I saw a frown
Upon her brow. As through the gathering haze
The storm-worn mariner sees, with dread amaze,
The cliffs rise dark and threatening in his way,
So did I look at Sorrow's face that day.

And yet, "Draw not thy veil away," I cried;
"I can not bear to meet thine awful eyes;
If henceforth at my hearth thou must abide,
And in the lore of suffering make me wise,
At least be merciful; keep thy disguise!
So dread the pangs thy hidden features give,
I cannot see thy face unveiled, and live!"

Day waned, and slowly waned the dreary night,
And still I sat beside my shrouded guest.
Her gaze restless held my shrinking sight;
Her voiceless lips woke terror in my breast.
A trembling seized me, and my heart, oppressed,
Broke the dread silence with a shuddering cry,
"Oh, let me see thine awful face, and die!"

Then Sorrow rose, her sable garment fell
About her feet, and slowly, fold on fold,
She put away her veil; I could not quell
The fear that made my very heart grow cold.
At length unveiled, she faced me, and, behold!
No grisly phantoma was my silent guest,
No shape of terror, but an angel blest.

The light of peace was in her steadfast eyes;
Celestial love and pity made a blaze
Of glory all about her. Rapt surprise
Possessed my soul, and strength for feeble days
Was in me born beneath her tender gaze.
I cried, "Henceforth we will not dwell apart!"
And clasped the Angel Sorrow to my heart.

Georgetown, Ont. —Harper's Monthly.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER LV.

"Weep, foolish heart,
And, weeping, live,
For death is dry as dust; yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins express, melt into dew."
—G. HERBERT.

Blyth and Joy looked all round, but only the wheat-field and the waving branches of the elms were to be seen, or had described them. Nevertheless, with a sober and demure air they proceeded along the narrow footpath; Joy feeling specially guilty because the no in her heart had not yet been uttered with which she must have frozen the kiss that was so warm on her lips.

At the corner of the field was a stile, the path leading to which ran at right angles with theirs, so that the thickness of the tangled hedgerow had completely hid the lovers from any indiscreet eyes approaching.

A young man was trying to get over the stile as they came up. Or, rather, he seemed so ill that being taken with weakness in the very act, he was supporting himself on the top bar.

Joy almost gave a scream of surprise as she saw him.

It was Steenie Hawkshaw; but looking like a ghost in a living man's clothes. Deathly white, with cheeks so pallid that the skin seemed drawn over them with difficulty only his eyes being wonderfully brightened and larger, and his cheek-bones tinged with a round, red flush in deceptive appearance of health, the poor fellow was coughing again as if the fit would rack him to pieces.

"Oh, Blyth, help him; he may fall!" exclaimed Joy, with a woman's quick pity.

More slowly, man-like Blyth had come forward, not liking to seem forcing aid on anyone. But now, urged by that dear voice of divine sympathy, he held out his arm like a strong bar for support, saying simply, in an honest, kindly way,

"Just take hold of me till you get down, will you, Hawkshaw? That cough of yours would shake any man."

As Blyth thus stood quite close to the stile, Steenie collected himself. He had seemed ready to faint, and his brow was damp with bead-drops, but a faint flush now overspread his features, and, summoning all his remaining strength, he struck Blyth in the face with his wasted, nerveless fist.

"There! that's for you and your help," he gasped with excited, working features. "Take that in return for the day we met at Drewston."

Joy had grown crimson with fury at the insult, for her lover's sake. But Blyth, though he had stepped back a pace, forbore to show a sign of anger, after the first quick start. He said, very quietly,

"I will take that and another blow besides, Hawkshaw, if in your conscience you think it right for you to give and me to receive. God judge between us as regards the poor, hunted woman that caused our quarrel!"

There was a minute's silence. Steenie Hawkshaw had succeeded in getting down from the stile unaided, though he was so weak that he tottered. Then another fit of coughing came on so bad he had to hold his head, and it made them ache with pity to hear him. When it was over, Hawkshaw laid his head against the top bar and sobbed.

Blyth and Joy watched him, feeling quite stricken with pity, and, as it were, ashamed of being so well and strong themselves. Had Steenie died then and there in the field they would hardly have been surprised so near the end of his life did he seem. Bodily weakness had overpowered him, besides the reaction after the impulse of his anger against Blyth. Then the forgiving manliness of the latter, added to who knew what stings of his own conscience about Magdalen, that had long tortured him, increased on seeing Joy, had broken down the poor wretch's pride utterly.

Ashamed of himself, he stopped, with an effort to laugh.

"Well, you've the best of me, Berrington, I'm dying; and, if not, I'd have been disinherited, anyway, for a wretched, pining baby up there at the Barton. Ha, ha—that's how the world goes."

He could not stir yet; hardly speak. Joy pitifully bent over him and wiped the damp from his brow with her handkerchief.

Hawkshaw suffered her to do it, then spoke, with some relenting in his bitterness.

"You don't grudge me going through these fields, perhaps, Berrington. This path was sometimes said to be a public one, though we tried to stop its being used."

"You are welcome to it, at all events," answered Blyth, gravely. "But will you do either of two things? Let me give you my arm back to the Barton, for you are not strong enough to be left by yourself; or, if you can get as far as the Red House, I'll drive you back myself."

Without a word, Hawkshaw looked Blyth in the face awhile.

Then he slowly said,

"I'll do neither; but I believe you're a good sort, after all. And, if I could live the past time over again, we might have been friends. Well, no matter now! But still I may be able to do you both a good turn. Have you been to the fair at Moortown to-day?"

"No," said Blyth, wondering. He had sent his farm-bailiff, though, and his thoughts flashed at once to wondering what foolishness that individual could have been about; although supposed a very superior successor to old Dick, who was now bedridden and in a state of dotage.

"Go both of you, then, and see the travelling show. There's an evening performance. I went last night, and—though I couldn't be sure—I hardly slept afterwards thinking of what I saw there. You go especially!" (to Joy) "if you don't, you may regret it to your dying day."

His two listeners tried to make Hawkshaw speak more distinctly on the subject. He said, by natural queries, objections, surmises.

But Steenie would by no means say more than—

"Go, I tell you, go! I never supposed two fine, travelled people like you both would care the snuff of a candle for the show; but still you go. Wait for the waxworks to be opened—never mind the other performances, the puppet-show and the fat boy and Zulus, a lot of them—you watch for the music in the waxwork tent. Good-by. I make no promise, for I may be all wrong—I couldn't be sure. But just you go and see."

With which oracular words, and no more of explanation vouchsafed, Steenie left them slowly, leaning on a stick heavily, and every now and then stopping to rest and watch the yellow butterflies fluttering by, and the darting swallows in mid-air, with a sort of envy.

Blyth and Joy watched him a little, then, seeing he was better, and apparently able to take his own way back, both looked at each other.

"What does he mean?" asked Joy, her woman's curiosity all alive.

"I don't know," answered Blyth, musing. "But we had better go and see."

CHAPTER LVI.

"The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them go;
The next company that passes by,
Say na, and do right see;
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be one of thee.
First let pass the black, Janet,
And eyes let pass the brow—
But grip ye to the milk-white wood
And, pu', the rider down."
—The Young Tamian.

The sun was setting behind the Moortown hills as Blyth drove Joy up to the little town.

There was a small square in the middle of the town, in which stood an old market cross, raised on three tiers or steps. And round this central spot—a strange contrast—were pitched seven large yellow wagons.

These blocked up the little side-streets, one leading from the gray church with its low tower, and another from the almshouses, and another ending the road up from the valley. The traffic was choked, and the country crowd, wedged into narrow space, seemed multiplied. The tops of the great vans were on a level with the little bedroom windows above the butcher's and baker's and grocer's shops, and even obscured those of the "Three Crowns Inn."

The evening air was noisy with the braying of a brass band attached to the great show, and preluding one of the various perform-

ances which succeeded each other. Mingled with this came the baying of many sheep on the air, that were being driven away in different flocks; the good-humored and sleepy voices of fat farmer's standing about the inn door in groups broken by an occasional great laugh; the excited calls of the village gossips, noise of the children, and disregarded hoarse shouts of "Aunt Sally" and "abies-at-a-cocoa-nut" men, whose mean baits were altogether outdone by the big yellow caravan, which combined so many attractions in itself.

As Blyth Berrington, after putting up his dog-cart at the "Three Crowns," escorted Joy through the good-humored crowd of sight-seers, the business of the day was over, and the fun of the little fair in full swing.

Here was one yellow house on wheels, with the hideous fat lady, who resided squeezed therein, portrayed outside; resembling much, apparently a Yorkshire pig. If, by chance, she moved one of the blinds for air before the tiny windows of the carriage house in which she was boxed, or that, by chance, a glimpse of a stout bare arm could be seen, the excitement of the children outside, who could not afford to pay their pennies, knew no bounds. There was the popping of a shooting gallery also to be heard in a different direction; another wagon had disgorged a movable wooden stage, on which marionettes had lately been put through their puppet dance; while some last sounds of most hideous clamor in a tent signified that some "real Zulus" were just ending their native war-dance, hoarse with shouts, and no doubt leg-weary, to judge by the violent stamping that shook the protruding boards of their temporary hall-room.

Blyth and Joy passed all these attractions, and went towards the waxworks, as directed. The show was not yet open.

Feeling a little foolish, and still curious, yet prepared by their own anticipation for disappointment, they conversed together in whispers upon Steenie Hawkshaw and his mysterious words; tried to pretend interest in the scene around; and half thought of driving straight home again to the Red House.

"These good people are all looking at us, and wondering what we are here for." If I thought it was a hoax—"said Blyth, half-gruffly, feeling uncomfortable in the situation.

"Oh, no, no, one so ill as Steenie would not hoax. Having come so far, we must see what there is to be seen," pleaded Joy, whose curiosity, though mixed with doubts, had only grown with the delay.

At that moment the brass band struck up again. The evening show of the waxworks was about to open.

The largest yellow wagon, which had unroofed itself, now let down a row of flaps behind its sides, displaying behind these a striking portrait gallery of the queen and all her ministers, both in and out of office, with strict impartiality. The floor of the wagon became a platform, on which the effigies of six gilded knights apparently brayed from trumpets, while very real, untuned sounds came from a group of mortal musicians behind them.

"Waik up, waik up," cried a red-faced showman, with a tall hat stuck much on one side of his head, perceiving Joy's beautiful face under her shady gypsy bonnet. "Walk up, and the gen'l'man will be 'appy to pay for you, I'll be bound." Then, in a hoarse-whispered shout to another assistant at the back, "I say, Bill, make room there inside. Here's a couple of real hoppers coming."

Blyth and Joy found themselves mingling with a crowd of better-class sight-seers, all eager to partake of the atmosphere of art and refinement in this department of the "travelling exhibition," reported to be much superior in its elegance to the other more vulgar entertainments in its company. They stumbled up some wooden steps on to the platform, stumbled down more on the other side, and found themselves inside a dark tent, surrounded by mysterious curtains.

The showman now seized a long whip, and, as prelude, gave it a sharp flick over the heads of a group of Moortown children, whom he transixed with his eye.

"Do I hear a noise there; chattering and disturbing ladies and gents, besides all this assembled company? I'll turn you all out, every one, next minute—this instant—and return your money, at half-price. Money indeed! What do I care about money?"

Elegant behavior's the thing for these wax works."

The frightened children had been as mum as mice, huddled together; but flick! went the whip a second time over their innocent heads.

Joy was indignant, about to take their part, when a whisper from behind a curtain nearly thrilled her strangely.

"Be quiet yourself, stupid man, or I won't sieg! Do you hear—behave better at once."

The red-faced man, who had his arm sharply grasped from behind the curtain, looked nonplussed a minute. Then recovering himself (the little scene being perceived by few), he grew instantaneously milder, though placing his hat more rakishly than ever on one side of his head, by the way of self-assertion. He began now to draw back the curtains one by one from before various inauspiciously smiling waxwork figures. Then, turning the light from some strong reflecting lanterns, managed by his assistant, on each in turn, went on eloquently explaining their merits and meaning; rolling his r's as he declaimed with an unctious, r-r-representing superfluous education.

But Joy heeded not a clammy group, coting forth the story (recited at some length) of Amlet and the lovely, unfortunate Hophelia. She never gave a loyal glance at the Royal Family reading life-size in real though faded ball-dresses, and all wearing bigger or lesser gilded coronets. The ghastly horrors of the last celebrated murder were lost upon her; though the murderer's head was shown on one black-draped pedestal glaring at its pale victim's face on another (the latter being represented with a red gash on his forehead, "to give the company present a hexcellent idea of the suffering of this poor gentleman.")

Joy could heed nothing, fix her eyes on nothing, but the curtain from whence had come that sharp whisper.

"You are not well, I think; it is very hot and stuffy. Would you like to come away? There is nothing, after all, to be seen here," asked Blyth, in a low tone, in her ear.

"No, no! He said we were to wait for some music, didn't he? We'll not go just yet; at least, unless you wish it, Blyth."

So Blyth, marvelling, and having come to the disgusted conclusion in his own mind that he was a fool for his pains, waited of course patiently at his dear sovereign's bidding.

They had still to wait some time.

Once more Blyth asked Joy presently, if she would now like to come away. And—hesitating, with a sensation of faintness stealing over her, not so much from heat and closeness of the place as from an indescribable disappointment and heart-sinking, when yet—no, surely!—she had not allowed herself to think, except anything—she again answered,

"Shall we just wait to see it all ended? Unless you very much mind, dear Blyth."

At last the showman had gone round all the waxworks in their separately draped little stalls. The curtains had been drawn back from all but one side; that where Joy still kept her eyes fixed in a fascinated way, while her ears were strained to catch the slightest sound, though all behind there was now still.

"And now, ladies and gents, for the last and crowning attraction of this performance. The gifted Countess Maddalena, a Spanish lady of high descent, who has distinguished for a while to honor the boards of our Royal Travelling Theatre as a bright, particular star, will now sing a native song in the costume of an Indian princess."

With a sharp rattle the curtains were pulled back from the end. There was revealed a tiny, low stage, the interior draped as a tent, with bright, Eastern-looking colored stuff. And, on a low divan of cushions, the light thrown full upon her, sat—Magdalen!

CHAPTER LVII.

"While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay;
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing,
And meadows and meadows are pleasant and gay.
Oh, my home, dearest home,
It's home I fain would be!
Home, dearest home, in the North country,
For the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They grow best at home in the North country."

Joy had gripped Blyth's arm tight, and leaned heavily upon it for support. But she did not speak or move on seeing her mother. He, for his part, stood steady as a rock, though feeling most pitifully for the heart-beating painfully beside him. The semi-

darkness in which all were crowded together in the tent concealed them from observation: and both felt, without a word, that as yet they must not betray themselves.

Magdalen was dressed in a fantastic garb of crimson petticoat and black velvet bodice, that might have been supposed originally Italian, but for fringes of gilt, glittering sequins fastened here and there, which jingled and tinkled as she bent forward now—not rising, but bowing with a sort of careless grace in answer to the shufflings and murmurs of curiosity, and some encouraging hand-claps from her little audience in the twilight tent.

Then, with a weary air that she seemed at no trouble to disguise, she be-tinned countess took up a mandolin that lay on an old leopard-skin rug at her feet, and carelessly drawing out a prelude from the strings, began the song two listening there knew so well, "Taza be taza."

Moment by moment, the well-known air and her own voice seemed to excite the singer's feeling, however. The old artistic spirit, only dormant till then, broke forth again. Her eyes flashed; her voice grew clearer and stronger; her whole form took a momentary fire and grace of youth, it almost seemed, for a few fleeting moments, as striking her hand passionately now and again on the wood of the instrument, drawing out deep sounds, and then moving her fingers rapidly up and down the strings in a dreamy, sweet-tinkling, almost laughing accompaniment, Magdalen chanted the old, old, old love-song of Hafiz.

An honest burst of applause drowned the last notes as they lingeringly died away. Despite the shufflings, hoarse "Bravo's," violent stamping of umbrellas and thick sticks on the ground, and such-like marks of want of refinement in the criticism, it was good, genuine praise.

As such Magdalen felt it, with the quick magnetism of relations always established between true orator, actor, or singer and audience, who so greatly influence each other. She bowed and bowed again, and smiled with just such a delighted air as Blyth and Joy remembered so well seeing her wear in the glen—when, hidden in the bushes, they first saw her sing and dance to an imaginary crowd of spectators. For the moment she believed herself a star, a prima-donna, at the height of her triumph! The travelling tent was a great theatre ringing with acclamations!

A few moments of gratified silence. Magdalen sat smiling as in a dream. Then the noisy calls, clappings, and stamping burst forth again from the crowd, eager for another song; the red-faced manager anxiously moved as if to attract the singer's attention, but, thinking better of it, stopped himself.

"Best not, Bill," he muttered, replying to the urgings of his assistant, "this werry particular star of ours might fly out upon me, you know. A star, he, he! Humph, more like a sky-rocket. The countess is in one of her humors to-night and wants humoring, I can tell ye. My arm is sore yet."

Hush! Silence! She has begun again. But it is an old English ballad this time

"A north country maid up to London had strayed, Although with her nature it did not agree: She went and she sigh'd, and she bitterly cried I wish once again in the North I could be."

So in the simple, well-known words telling of home-sickness, longing, pining for the fresh air, the free life, the love left behind her, of the dear ones away up yonder. What is the matter? The singer's voice has begun to grow fainter, to falter; the sadness of the words is infecting her own heart. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

Except in very rare instances which involve actual wrong-doing or very serious injury, every promise should be rigidly kept and every resolution scrupulously carried out. Caution and reflection should precede every determination, but should never be suffered a subsequent freedom of interference. When we have once decided, once resolved, once promised, suspense should cease, and the action should be considered virtually done.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S CHATS.

PEOPLE WITH A GRIEVANCE WHO ARE NEVER HAPPY WITHOUT ONE—BORES—CHARLES DOESN'T WANT TO BE CLASSED AS ONE.

Did it ever strike you that many people seem to be absolutely miserable unless they have a grievance of some kind or another? It has me, and I'm sure that it is so. Was it Sydney Smith or Douglas Jerrold who said that women were really rather glad than otherwise when their husbands stayed out late at nights—because it gave them a grievance? It was one of the two, I feel pretty nearly sure and, at any rate, it is just such a speech as either one of them might have made.

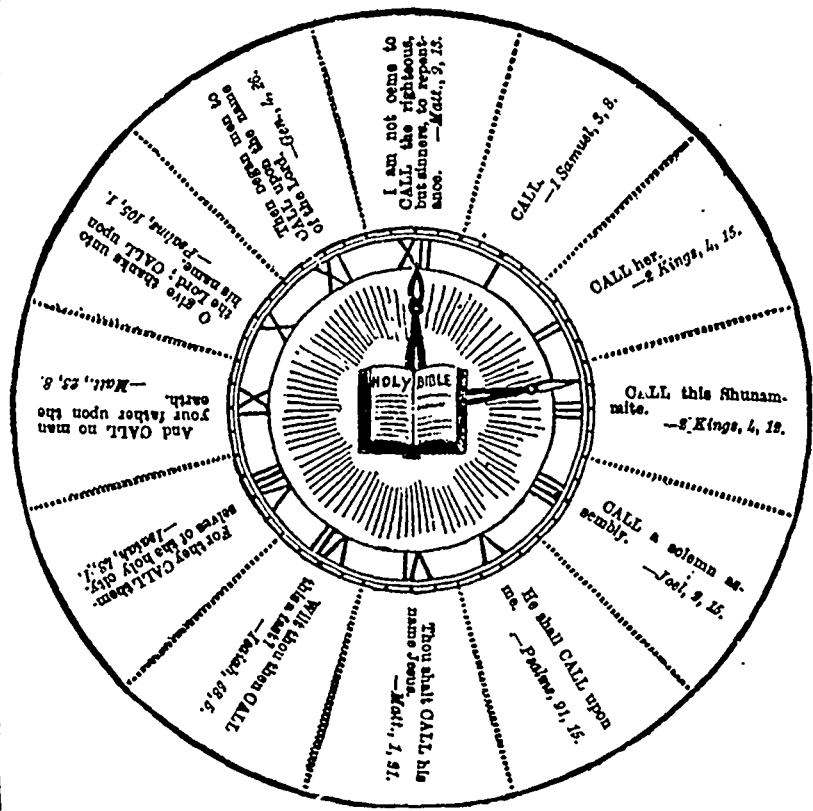
Now, all of us must have met, at some time or another, people who are constantly complaining, either because they are never well themselves or their relations are not, or because they are, or imagine themselves to be, the most unfortunate creatures under the sun, for this, that, or the other reason, and yet these people would feel completely wretched if they had nothing to complain of. It may be that they are so constituted that the sympathy of others is indispensable to them, and they are, on that account, compelled to pour the tale of their woes and misfortunes into the ears of their friends to obtain that sympathy; but they are none the less nuisances for all that.

If a man forms an appetite, say for strong liquor, and gives way to it to such an extent that it becomes second nature, and then insists on calling on us because he knows we happen to keep a little of the very best brandy (for medicinal purposes!) in the house and because, out of our good nature, we cannot bear to refuse him when he requests, "nip" thereof, we soon get tired of the visits of such a person, though we may relieve his wants for the time being; but he is no less a bore and a nuisance than those folks who are always ailing or sempiternally falling out with their servants, who persist in coming to us with faces a yard long and lugubrious tales six times that length, and look to us for sympathy. In nine cases out of ten their woes all arise from their own folly or bad temper, or some such thing. Possibly their troubles are only imaginary after all, but they must have a grievance, and if they can't be unhappy they are not happy at all, their greatest happiness being unhappiness, which sounds uncommonly Emerald Isilah, and is redolent of O's and Mees and praxies!

If you refuse such people your sympathy you only add fuel to the flames, for you then heap a fresh grievance on the already large pile, and make these unfortunate people fairly ecstatic with grief! I merely make mention of this class of folks in the, I fear, vain hope that my remarks may come under the notice of some of them, and be productive of good. I say I am afraid the hope is vain, for, even if this article is read by these people with a grievance, they will never allow that they can possibly belong to that class. Oh! dear no: your bore is always delightfully unconscious that he is a bore, though the fact may be as plain as a pikestaff to all who are so unlucky as to be his or her friends. Persons with a grievance are the worst kind of bores—that is, if they persist in unburdening themselves to others—and they mostly do. They, like all bores, are eminently selfish, and as it is a minor species of sin to be selfish, we must conclude that bores are minor sinners.

Another very objectionable kind of a bore is one who imagines that too much of his praising and grumbling, when put into print, can be of any interest to his readers, and who insists on going prating and aroning and rambling on till his readers begin to think he is not only a bore but a fool. So, to avoid being included in this class I think I had better come to a stop at once.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE.



ANSWER TO PRIZE CLOOK AND ENIGMA.

Out of the fifty-seven Scriptural Clocks and Solutions of the Enigma sent in in response to the questions in the issue of Truth for March 7th, the above have been selected as most deserving of the prize offered, the winner, Miss Baxter, of Thorold, having evidently bestowed great pains in the preparation of the prize clock which is given above.

"SINAI."

Sarah, Gen., xvii, 16; Ichabod, I Sam., iv, 21; Nahum, Nahum, i, 7; Alexander, Mark, xv, 21; Ishmael, Gen., xvi, 11-12.

Joking the Joker.

Sometimes it is rather a dangerous thing to teach a knowing bird, like a parrot, tricks that involve some other person's discomfort, for these lessons may conceal a boomerang which will hit back.

A lady in England had a parrot which she taught to wake up her sister, who enjoyed morning naps, by flying against her face and shouting, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up!" The parrot learned very quickly, and the lady enjoyed her sister's discomfort. One morning, however, when she was very sleepy, because she had been up so late the night before, this lady was awakened by a smarting sensation at her nose. She brushed her hand across her face two or three times, and then dezed off again, only to be fully awakened a minute later, to find the parrot pecking vigorously at her nose, which bled profusely, and screaming, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up, Maud!"

The laugh was turned, and this particular trick was henceforth discouraged in that parrot.

A gentleman owned one of those mischief-finders, a magpie. This bird was very fond of shell-fish, so that when his owner placed some pickled cockles in his larder he took special pains to tie parchment firmly over the top of each jar. It was not long, however, before the skin was torn off and some cockles eaten. Nobody could be found who would confess the deed, and the thefts were repeated, until the cook, hearing one day a crackling sound in the larder, hurried in to find Mr. Magpie, with the skin off a jar of cockles, eating away as fast as he could. This so exasperated the woman that she hurled at the bird a ladle of boiling fat, which she had in her hand, exclaiming, "So it's you, you rascal, that's been at the cockles!"

It was a hard punishment, for all the poor little fellow's feathers came off his scalded head, leaving him bald over the top; and he never forgot the cause of his misfortune, as appeared afterward. One night among some visitors at his master's house was a gentleman with a bald head. The magpie, which had been perched on the edge of a vase, suddenly flew to this gentleman's shoulder, and with his head tipped on one side in quizzical fashion, squeaked out, "So, you rascal, you've been at the cockles too, have you?"

Increased Duration of Life.

The stage to which we have at present attained may be stated thus: Compared with the period of 1838-1854 (the earliest for which there are trustworthy records) the average of a man's life is now 41.9 years instead of 39.9, and of a woman's 45.3 instead of 41.9 years, an addition of 8 per cent. to the female life and 5 per cent. to the male. Of each thousand males born at the present day, forty-four more will attain the age of 35 than used to be the case previous to 1871. For the whole of life the estimate now is that of 1,000 persons (one-half males and one-half females) thirty-five survive at the age of 45, twenty-six at 55, nine at 65, three at 75, and one at 85. To put the case in another way, every thousand persons born since 1870 will live about 2,700 years longer than before. In other words, the life of a thousand persons is now equal in duration to that of 1,070 persons previously; and 1,000 births will now keep up the growth of our population as well as 1,070 persons used to do. This is equivalent in result to an increase of our population, and in the best form, viz., not by more births but by fewer deaths, which means fewer maladies and better health. What is more, nearly 70 per cent. of the increase of life takes place (or is lived) in the "usual period," namely, between the ages of 20 and 60. Thus, of the 2,700 additional years lived by each thousand of our population, 70 per cent., or 1,890 years, will be a direct addition to the working power of our people. It is to be remembered that there might be a great addition to the births in a country with little addition to the national working power—nay, with an actual reduction of the national wealth and prosperity—seeing that, as regarded as "economic agents," children are simply a source of expense, and so also are a majority of the elderly who have passed the age of three score. On the other hand, as already said, only one quarter of the longer or additional life now enjoyed by our people is passed in the useless periods of childhood and old age, and more than one-third of it is lived at ages when life is in its highest vigor, and most productive alike of wealth and enjoyment.

Th ree things to cultivate—Good books good friends, and good humor.

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CASH, G. W. S., Editor, Naparoc, Ont.

More Victories.

On Thursday of last week four more votes were taken on the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act, and the result was three more victories for prohibition. In the County of Missisquoi, Province of Quebec,—there was a small majority—40—in favor of the continuance of the present license system. As there is quite a large French vote in the county the result is accounted for in that way.

In the votes in this Province the result was very significant. The city of St. Thomas adopted the Act by the slim majority of 11, giving a very significant hint to the temperance people of the cities to be pretty cautious about the matter of bringing on votes in the cities until there is a pretty strong indication in favor of success. The liquor interests are nearly all centred in the cities; the distillers and the wholesale dealers are all there, and so long as there are such large prospective gains in the business they will use such "persuasives" as will powerfully affect certain classes of electors.

Elgin County, lying beside the city of St. Thomas, gave a handsome majority of 1,863 for the adoption of the Act. A vote of this kind may tend to relieve the doubts of those whose fears have been expressed that the law will not prove efficient except where there is a considerable majority in its favor.

The grandest majority of the campaign is that of Lambton County. We have not the exact figures before us just now, but the majority is probably something over 3,000. This result has all the more significance from the fact that the present was the fourth vote that has taken place in Lambton in regard to local prohibition. Some years ago a vote took place under the provisions of the Dunkin Act, and it was set aside by some legal technicality. Twice previous to this time have votes taken place under the provisions of the Scott Act. It cannot therefore, be said that the present was "a mere catch verdict," or that "the people did not properly understand what they were voting for." Probably no question ever voted upon by the electors of the county was more thoroughly discussed and better understood, and probably on no other important question was there a larger majority recorded. It is evident enough that the merits of the Canada Temperance Act will bear the most careful examination, and that the better its merits are understood by the people the more probable it is that the people will vote in its favor.

Since the Scott Act campaign began in 1878, seventy-one votes have been taken, in the various Provinces and the result has been that there have been fifty-nine victories for the Act and twelve against it. In every one of the Provinces, we believe, the majority of the votes has been in its favor. Surely with an average of five majorities out of every six, for a space of years, on a question of such public importance no room can be left to doubt what is the public feeling in regard to it. The days of the licensed liquor traffic are evidently drawing to an end in Canada.

Punishment and Crime.

The annual report of the Inspector of Prisons for the Province of Ontario, has just been published, and it affords subject matter for good deal of careful study. The figures show without doubt a gradual growth in the criminal population of the Province. The total number of commitments for all crimes in 1870 was 6,379; in 1880 it had increased to 11,300, and last year it was no less than 12,081. This is a greater number than ever reported before with the single exception of 1878, when the number was 13,481.

Toronto leads off with the largest increase during the year, the number of commitments being 3,251, an increase of 618 over the previous year. London comes in with

the next largest number of commitments, having 1,004; and Hamilton third, with 954. Of the 12,081 committed, only 7,200 were found guilty and sentenced. The others were acquitted, or detained for some reason other than as criminals. About two-thirds of all those committed,—8,016, were unmarried, and 9,001 were of intemperate habits; the remaining 3,080 are put down as "temperate," but how many of them actually were total abstainers is not stated. Probably if the prisoners themselves were allowed to give their classification, a good many reported temperates were only occasionally so.

Of the total number, 10,316 were males and 1,765 females. Of the males, 458 were under 16 and 9,858 over that age. Of the females, 46 were girls under 16, and 1,719 women over that age.

There were 7,341 commitments in all for crimes against public order and peace, and of these nearly two-thirds, or 4,650 were drunk and disorderly. This is a larger number than is reported to have been committed in any year before. The talk in certain quarters of the liquor traffic becoming more respectable and less harmful "under a well enforced license law" is not verified by these authenticated figures. The report says:

"The commitments for drunkenness have again increased in number, but there is a decrease of one per cent. in their ratio to the total commitments. The increase commitments for this offence, and on those for larceny and vagrancy, constitutes the largest portion of the total increase."

Of course drunkenness was the prime cause of quite a large number of the other crimes, such as vagrancy, assaults, injuring property, manslaughter and murder. Just how large a portion of all the crime of the country is fairly attributed to alcoholic drinking it is impossible to state definitely, but it is evident enough that if effectual efforts are to be made to materially decrease the crime of the country those efforts must be largely directed towards putting an end to the terrible drink traffic. It seems hopeless to expect to suppress crime by merely punishing it, even at a vast expense to the country, without first drying up the sources. Any effectual remedy must deal more directly with the cause than with the mere effect.

Gen. Grant's Terrible Lesson.

Gen. Grant is reported to be now slowly dying of a cancer in the mouth, and public sympathy is everywhere being strongly expressed with the brave and patient sufferer. For some weeks past the pain he has endured has been something terrible. It is reported that all his teeth have been drawn out with a hope of giving some relief, but even that has not helped the matter to any great extent. In consequence of the terrible condition of his mouth no kind of food can be taken but something in a liquid form, and not much of even that without great pain. Very little sleep can be obtained, and nervous prostration is inevitable from these causes. The brave General is reported to be enduring all this agony with true fortitude but it must be evident that the time will soon arrive, if it has not come already, when he will welcome death as an end of his suffering.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that Gen. Grant's present condition has been brought about in consequence of many years' excessive tobacco smoking. During all the time that he was prominently in public life it was well known that he was an almost constant smoker, but as he was a man of splendid constitution no injurious effects appeared to come from it. The penalty is now being dearly paid, however.

Some time ago, when it became evident that the General's mouth was showing unmistakable evidences of disease because of the amount of nicotine absorbed from the cigars smoked, he quit smoking, but unfortunately it seems to have been too late, and now the dreadful disease is slowly and surely doing its deadly work.

Surely a terrible lesson like this ought not to be lost sight of. Every habitual tobacco smoker is exposed to similar dangers, and every one of them would do well to sit down and give a few minutes' careful consideration to the important question whether all the pleasures of tobacco using are a sufficient compensation for the terrible risks it is necessary to run in order to continue the habit, to say nothing of the loss of time

and loss of money in connection with the same unnecessary habit. Surely the whole subject is well worthy of careful thought.

Gen. Grant's unfortunate case is not by any means an isolated one. The tobacco habit has far more human victims every year than most persons are aware of. It is a well known fact that a very large proportion of the cases of that dreadful disease of cancer in the mouth or tongue come from tobacco using. It is well known, too, that a large number of other diseases,—nervous prostration, paralysis, dyspepsia and the like,—are either produced, or greatly hastened by the free use of tobacco. Hundreds of men die in Canada alone before their time each year from diseases induced by tobacco using. In view of these undoubted facts surely a warning voice should be raised by the pulpit, by the press, and by the medical profession. The wonder is that so important a matter is so little spoken of. Hundreds of young men would avoid tobacco using were they as well aware as they should be of the risks they run of indulging in the habit.

Unfortunately it too often occurs that the very men from whose mouths warning should come are too full of tobacco smoke, or possibly tobacco quids, to say anything on the subject.

Lord Napier on Temperance.

The name of the gallant Lord Napier of Magdala, Field Marshall in the British Army, is one of the best known names among the bravest of Britain's defenders. It may not be generally known that he is himself a total-abstainer and an earnest advocate of the total-abstinence movement in the army.

At a Church of England Temperance Society meeting not long ago Lord Napier made an earnest speech in which the following statements were made:—

"No one can read the daily journals without meeting with one of the most terrible crimes resulting from drunkenness, murders of wives by their husbands, of children by their parents. (Hear, hear.) If the records of crimes committed by the civil inhabitants of a country which we believe to be distinguished for religious and social order appeal solemnly for a remedy, how much more forcibly must the appeal touch those entrusted with supreme authority over the military and naval services which guard the safety and honor of the nation? It is in the solemn review by military commands of the courts-martial on soldiers for crimes committed through intoxication that the full and awful importance of the question stands before them. Men, often well disposed, who might have continued good soldiers but for this fatal vice, have paid the penalty of their lives, or have lost in imprisonment a large portion of their earthly existence. (Cheers.) During my command of the armies of India, and after a period when a temporary prevalence of crime has subsided the action of the Church Temperance Society came under my notice. The movements of the Society were, at first, to require consideration, as it had a kind of organization that might have militated with discipline, but I found, on the contrary, that it was the greatest supporter of good discipline and good conduct. (Loud cheers.) No one could fail to observe, on reviewing the records of soldiers' offenses, that practically, all had their origin in drunkenness. I caused the reprobation of a return of the offenses of about 18,000 men, rejecting all regiments whose records were imperfect owing to changes of service, and the result proved triumphantly that, if the Temperance movement could be maintained, it would prove the best preventive of crime. Of the records of these 18,000 men, the Total Abstainers had no crimes. The Temperance men had practically none. The whole body of crime was among the Non-Abstainers. (Hear, hear.) If the Temperance movement can continue to establish its hold over the Army, it will do more than all other restraints or rewards to banish offenses. You may shut up public houses, or restrain canteens, but if there are men who want it and can pay for it, liquor will find its way to them. The enemy is defeated if you can teach men to feel and enjoy their freedom from it.

The Power of a Word.

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son sixteen years old mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning she said,—

"Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

"And," said he (for he told me the story): "I gave her the promise, and I went the globe over, Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the gate did not rise up before me; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half.

"For," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years, and asked me,—

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was once brought into your presence on ship-board drunk; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your cabin, and kept me there till I slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York; and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word on the green hills of Vermont! Oh, God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!

How a Drunkard Reformed.

"I had noticed that men who made a business of buying and selling wines in large quantities sampled them and ascertained their quality and bouquet by taking two or three mouthfuls in succession, rolling it around their tongues, as one might say, bathing their palate in it—in short, subjecting it to the severest test by the organs of taste—and then ejecting it from the mouth without swallowing any. The remembrance of this came upon me one day when I was perfectly sober but terribly despondent. I resolved to try it. I did, and have met with the most gratifying success. You may laugh, but it is the solemn truth. I took a large drink of liquor, but instead of letting it pass into my stomach, I checked it in my throat and gargled it for a minute and then spat it out. To my joy I found my thirst for it almost as much appeased as though I had swallowed the liquor. I tried it again and again with the same effect. I was not made drunk. I have followed this plan ever since, and have not been drunk since, although I have gargled the liquor, never swallowing a drop, as many as a dozen or more times a day—the same number of drinks I used to take. The plan is a very simple one, and is, I believe, the only one for a slave to the cup."

"Has your appetite increased?"

"On the contrary, it has decreased. By the means I adopted my brain has become clear and strong again, and my will power is as good as it ever was before I became a hard drinker. In gargling the liquor I get all the benefit of the flavor and all the satisfaction to my appetite without losing my senses."

Temperance and Jingoism.

Ed. TRUTH.—I wish to correct an error into which the Mail's correspondent has fallen into when he calls Mr. W. T. Cairne not an abstainer and a Jingo. The above gentleman is a strong temperance man and has been from his youth. The speech proves his position clearly. Such sentiments are quite incompatible with moderate drinking, and I well know that Mr. Cairne is a strong peace man, though not peace at any price. There is nothing of the Jingo about him. His joining the ministry was considered to have strengthened the temperance element in the ministry. I have known Mr. C. from boyhood, and am related to him by marriage. He is one of the rising men of England, and a true philanthropist.

New Sarum, Ont.

Yours truly,
A. W. EMERY.

Our Young Folks.

TOM SLUG.

"This will never do, Tom," said Mr. Benjamin Slug, as he read his son's school-report for another term. "You must really rouse up, or you'll never make a man of yourself."

Mr. Slug had got on in the world by acting on the motto, "Labor conquers everything," and thus from an office-boy he had risen to the head of the firm. Justly proud of his own success, and knowing its secret, he was very anxious his son should follow in his steps. To this end he had put him to the best schools, and given him every chance of a good education. But the burden of every report was the same: "The lad has good natural abilities, and would make a splendid scholar had he application"—a polite way of saying that Tom was lazy.

There was a picture in his bedroom of a field in a wilderness state of briars and thorns. Part of it had been originally inclosed as a vineyard; but it was now covered with nettles, and the vines were overrun with foxes, finding ready entrance by the ruined wall. In one corner of the vineyard was a lodge, the latticed window showing the drowsy keeper within, murmuring now and again, as he turned from side to side: "Yet a little sleep and a little slumber, then will I arise and till my field and trim my vines." In the dim distance, the grim, gaunt, hungry-looking figure of Poverty was seen steadily approaching. Tom often looked at this picture, but hitherto had not fully learned its lesson.

He was a thoughtful boy in his way, and sometimes philosophized a bit about his lazy tendencies. Indeed, he was a philosopher in petticoats; for he would sometimes argue to himself in this way: "My name is Slug. Why, it's the name of that slimy, gliding thing on the garden walks! I wonder if the family got its name—as Edward Longshanks got his, from his long legs—from the slowness of some member, reminding people of a slug? If so, how can I help being sluggish?—it's in the blood."

He had yet to learn that men are born into the world like colts, and need breaking-in to be of full use.

The boy was quick with his eyes, however slow with his hands and feet. He had picked up a good deal, in this way, about beasts and birds and flies and creeping things. On this memorable afternoon he was fresh from a book about the Termites or "white ants," found in Africa, which build nests twelve feet high, some on the ground, shaped like pointed haycocks or huge mushroom; and some in trees, shaped like sugar-casks, with a covered-way to them, winding round the trunk, from the ground.

There was a seriousness in his father's tone as he begged Tom to free himself from the growing slavery of indolence by one grand effort, which made him feel very miserable and disgusted with himself. In this mood he wandered into the orchard, and threw himself down under a tree. It was a beautiful summer evening. The slanting sunlight barred the grass with long shafts of green and gold. Hard by, a little stream made music as it ran. The air was thronged with insects, dancing away their little day in the sunset hour. Tom could not help feeling the beauty of the scene. And some sense of sweetness would mingle with the bitterness that found vent in his tears. When these had ceased, his eye chanced to fall on a nest of ants, the inmates of which were very busy around him, some repairing the nest, others guarding it, and others carrying stores into it.

As he watched them, the nest began to grow sensibly bigger, until it seemed as if he could walk up and down in it. Tom thought this was a splendid chance of exploring an ant-hill, and making up to the nest, was about to enter, when two of the guards rushed out clashing their jaws so fiercely that he felt quite frightened. He was still more startled, however, when one of them asked him what he wanted. On recovering himself, he made bold to ask if he might be allowed to see over the nest. The guards conversed for a moment, and then one of them went inside, and presently returned with a kindly, motherly-looking aunt, who said: "The Queen has been pleased to grant your request, and appointed me your guide. Please stop this way."

The entrance opened into a kind of hall, which again narrowed into a lobby, having

a pillar at the entrance, midway between the walls. Seeing Tom look wonderingly at this pillar, the guide told him it was to make the nest easier of defence when attacked. "You see," she said, "a couple of ants could keep a whole army at bay here."

Tom thought it a most skillful device. Passing through this lobby, they came to another hall, much larger than the first, with pillars here and there, to support the roof. "This is the grand assembly-room," said the guide.

Then she led him into another lobby, having a row of cells on each side. Thence they mounted a staircase, and passed through a gallery, which also had rows of cells on each side. There was something, or somebody, in every cell.

Now and again, they met a long string of ants bearing burdens. The leader of one of these—a big jaw ant—seized Tom with his nippers as they were passing, and would have made them meet in his flesh, had not the guide signalled that he was a friend.

Tom might have grown weary with his long tramp, but for some entertaining accounts of other ant-nests by the guide. She described one hollowed out of the branches and twigs of a thorn-tree for the sake of honey hidden there; another purse-shaped, made by gluing leaves together while on the tree; and another, stranger still, made by dried cakes of refuse, arranged like tiles on the branches of a tree, one large cake forming the roof.

As they came to one cell, a joyous company passed out, having among them a large ant of very stately bearing.

"The Queen! the Queen!" cried the guide. "Isn't she a right noble lady?"

Tom took note how very devoted and attentive the ants were to their Queen. Her bodyguard lifted her gently over all rough places; and when the royal party met a troop of working-ants, the latter divided and saluted the former as it passed along.

Turning into the cell the Queen had just left, they saw the floor covered with the smallest eggs Tom had ever seen. They were scarcely bigger than a pin-point. "But come this way," said the guide, "and I'll show you the nursery."

This was one of the costliest cells in the whole nest. Here, ranged against the walls, like classes in a school, were rows upon rows of small, white, legless grubs. They looked like tiny sugar-loaves, and were made up of eleven or twelve rings. Every little creature had its nurse, who was either feeding it or washing it, or just taking it out for an airing, or briefting it in.

"What in the world are these funny little things?" asked Tom.

"Why, they have come out of eggs like those you saw just now; and if spared, will be full-grown ants some day.—Now you must see the spinning-room." So saying, the guide led Tom across a passage into another cell.

Here a number of fine fat grubs were spinning gauze dresses for themselves, which were to shroud their bodies from top to toe. A few were spinning an additional coat of silk to put over the gauze dress.

"These are their night-gowns," said the guide. "And the moment they are covered from head to foot, they will go to sleep for a month or six weeks without waking."

Tom thought that would be nice.

The spinning room led to the dormitory. Here Tom saw what at first looked like piles of broken twigs and tiny balls of silk; but when he examined the bits of stick more closely, he could trace the face and limbs of an insect through the gauze-covering. They looked, for all the world, like the pictured mummies he had seen in books. The guards in the room looked rather savagely at Tom when he entered; but a glance from the guide made all right.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Persevering Boy.

The month of December in the year 1807 was unusually cold and blustering. In some instances, cattle and swine poorly sheltered were found badly frozen; winter had come on so suddenly that many were unprepared for it, while the effect of such severity in the weather so early in the season was disastrous in young and old.

There was one exception, however, and this was a youth of fifteen summers, tall and gaunt, who sat one stormy evening in the old fashioned chimney corner of his father's humble dwelling reflecting upon his

own situation, and planning what he would do to improve it. There was one fixed purpose in his mind, and that was, to get an education. How to accomplish it he could not imagine, for though his will was as inflexible as iron, his power of conception was not yet developed. He had been to a school in the neighborhood the previous winter, but this avenue to learning was now closed to him. As he sat on the old fashioned stool amid the noise and confusion of the family around him, and the hoarse sighing of the tempest without, his thoughts were something of this nature: "Winter has commenced, I long to be at my studies. The best part of the year, and the only time I can call my own, is passing away; what shall I do?"

As if in answer to this question, there was a knock at the door, and presently a neighbor walked in covered with snow. He had been to a village beyond, and was returning to his home, when the light of the pine knots attracted his attention.

Our youth in the corner nodded good evening to the guest, but his mind was too deeply absorbed to listen to the chit-chat which followed. The great question, "What next?" was still undecided, and his brow knit more and more, as he reflected on the difficulties in his path, which, however, not for one moment deterred him from pursuing it.

Presently he was roused by a voice. "Jo, did you hear Jo? There is a school in Plainfield. Neighbor G—— says it's a good one, taught by Master Maynard."

Jo rose slowly from his seat, a look of cool resolve stamped on every feature.

"I shall go to Plainfield in the morning," he said quietly.

"But how can you get there? It'll be awfully drifted, the snow is a foot deep now, and the wind blows a gale."

"I'll get there somehow, I reckon."

"But, restrained his father, "I don't see the way for you to go to Plainfield. I can't pay for your board or schooling, much as I'd like to do it."

"I know that, father, but I'm determined to have an education."

Bidding the family good night he mounted to his humble chamber in the loft, saying to himself "Yes that's the next step. I'll go to Plainfield, and I'll go to-morrow. What's a few drifts of snow to me, when I'm determined to get where I can be at my books? Perhaps this Master Maynard will help me to contrive a way to get an education."

The next morning the thermometer was down to zero, and the banks in front of the house covered the stone walls; but not one whit daunted, our friend started off as soon as it was light, a small package of clothes and books along over his shoulder with a stick, in search of "Larkin," as his father called it.

On entering the schoolroom in season to see that the fires were sufficient for the severity of the day, Master Maynard observed sitting on a bench, and warming himself by the blazing logs, a youth whom he had never seen before. There was an expression on his brown face which fixed the attention of the teacher, and the following conversation took place.

"Have you come to join the school?"

"Yes sir, I have walked seven miles this morning to do it."

"Are you acquainted with any one in Plainfield?"

"No sir, but I mean to get an education. I heard last night that you were teaching a school here; and I came to get you to help me contrive a plan."

"Cannot your parents assist you?"

"No sir."

"Have you no friends to lend you a helping hand?"

"No."

"How then do you expect to get along?"

"Don't know. I thought I'd come and see you about it—I'm determined to get learning before I'm much older."

There was something in the resolute manner in which he undertook to conquer difficulties that interested the teacher. He told the stranger to remain through the day; and he would see what could be done. Before night he had made arrangements in the fam-

ily where he was boarding, that the young man should remain, paying his expenses by labor out of school hours.

Our friend now gave himself diligently to study, and soon convinced his teacher that, though not possessed of brilliant talents, his will to acquire knowledge was indomitable. Through the winter he made good but not rapid progress, and so much interested his teacher by his perseverance that at the close of the term that gentleman made arrangements with a clergyman who resided four miles from his father's house to hear his recitations.

At last he was prepared for college and the theological school, being one of the earliest members of the Seminary in Andover, from which place he went to Greece as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

I scarcely need say that I have given the early history of Dr. Jonas King, whose indomitable perseverance amidst discouragements and persecutions has done so much for the redemption and Christianization of Greece, and has excited the admiration of the whole Christian world.

The Little Housekeeper.

I suppose you know that nearly all kinds of birds take their flight to a warmer part of the country in the far distant South, upon the approach of cold weather, and come back to us again with the opening days of spring. Among these are the blackbirds. But one winter, not many years ago, in a lodging camp away up in the Minnesota Pineries, where the weather is very cold in midwinter, two blackbirds remained all winter, making their home in the building used as a stable for the oxen. The rough lumbermen, who had never known of a case like this before, were pleased and were kind to the little birds; the man who had charge of the camp and cooked for the stalwart choppers scattered crumbs for them in generous quantities near the camp door, and the birds soon learned to expect their food at regular times each day.

When the weather was extremely cold the little birds kept in the stable (or, as the men call it, "hovel") all through the day. That is, they would "sit in the barn to keep themselves warm and hide their heads under their wings—poor things." And when the oxen were driven home from their work in the evening, the birds would hail them with cries of welcome, and alight on the warm backs of the oxen and nestle down in the thick bushy hair, probably to warm their toes. And every night they slept on their chosen perch, nestled down snugly on the backs of the good-natured beasts, who either did not care or were unaware of their presence. In sunny days they flew about alighting in the tall pines and on the big log building—which the men call the "camp"—but never, during all that long winter, did they go far away from their chosen home.

What Shall a Boy Read?

There are one or two boy papers of good moral tone. The heroes are not exaggerated, and the adventures are not improbable. If the story is of mining, the author gives some valuable information in regard to minerals and how to mine. If it is of hunting you are taught how to make snares and traps, and are given the principles of taxidermy. If it is of boating you are taught the principles of sailing and rowing. If it is of the sea you are given the correct names of ropes and yards and sails, and the habits and traits of the people of other countries are correctly stated.

There are few boy books which are true to every-day life. Read these, and if you have further time take history, or something else which is certain to return some benefit—a daily paper—with its news from every foreign country—its home happenings—its discussions of all matters of interest—its incidents and accidents, its geography, history, grammar and orthography combined.

Man may realize that the wickedness of his heart is always exposed to God, without a shudder, but if any little fault becomes exposed to his neighbor, he is cast down into the bottomless depths of despair.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 18.

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

A STORY OF MARSEILLES.

SENT BY MARY M. LUXTON, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

I. THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

It was a rough winter's night. A slight sou-wester had been blowing all day long; but since the sun had gone down and it had grown dark, heavy gusts fled boisterously up and down the old streets of Marseilles, as though they had lost their way. Many of the principal thoroughfares appeared comparatively deserted, as if the storm had driven most people home.

a moment, and returned the stranger's salute, and then continued their game. At the further end of the cafe was an open hearth, with a fire burning brightly in the grate; near this hearth, engaged in some culinary operations, stood a young girl. She turned when the door opened; and an expression of surprise, mixed with curiosity, gathered in her face as the stranger advanced and raised his hat.

"Nina," said Prosper Cornillon, looking from the girl towards the customer, "this gentleman has hired the boat; but he wishes for a little supper before starting."

The stranger nodded approvingly. "Before sunrise, I must be on board."

"The name of the ship, monsieur?" asked Prosper, stroking his dark beard and looking with keen eyes into the stranger's face.

"The *Livadia*."

The girl looked up with a distant, dreamy expression in her eyes. "That ship," said she, as though speaking her thoughts aloud, rather than addressing herself to any one—"that ship is bound for some Greek port."

"For Syria," said the stranger promptly, while at the same time he removed his cloak and sat down at a table near the hearth.

Prosper Cornillon turned away and joined the fishermen at the other end of the cafe. Like a true *cafetier*, he was soon laughing with the customers, taking a hand at dominos, and calling to his sister Nina to serve him, as though he were a customer too.

Meanwhile the stranger sat in silence, waiting for his supper, with his back leaning against the wall and his legs stretched out towards the fire. He was dressed in the uniform of a French colonel, though only a man of twenty-eight or thirty at the utmost. He had a handsome expressive face, his eyes frequently brightening with some passing thought. But when he turned his glance upon Nina, his look grew serious and sympathetic.

Few would have resisted studying the face of Nina Cornillon, not merely on account of its beauty, but because some trouble sustained with brave resolution, was portrayed in every feature. That dreaminess in the eye already referred to, which seemed to indicate that her thoughts were wandering far beyond the port of Marseilles, was seldom suppressed except when she was spoken to; and when the conversation ceased, her look appeared to sink away again into the distance, while a smile would break pensively upon her lips, and tears glisten upon her long, black lashes.

Scarcely a word passed between the stranger and Nina Cornillon until the supper was cleared away, when "monsieur" lit his cigar, and drew his chair closer to the hearth. But when the girl had served the customary cup of coffee, and was pouring out the *petit verre*, the gentleman remarked: "Shall I tell you, mademoiselle, where your thoughts are travelling?"

The girl looked with a puzzled expression into the stranger's face.

"You would indeed be a magician," said she, "if you could."

"Your thoughts," said he, "are travelling along the shores of Greece."

Nina started and changed color. For a while she seemed too troubled to speak. Seating herself in front of the hearth, she looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"If mademoiselle will trust me," the

stranger presently remarked in a soft tone, "even though she might wish a message taken to a lover, I will promise to execute any errand faithfully."

The girl glanced up with a touch of indignation in her face. But suddenly dropping her eyes, she said, with a deep blush on her cheeks: "I have no lover."

The stranger looked grave; and as though conscious of having made a blunder, he hastened to change the subject. "I will not try any further to read your thoughts.—But tell me," he added, "why does your brother keep a boat for hire in the harbor when he has such an excellent litt'e cafe to attend to? It seems to me that the work is too severe for you all by yourself."

"Ah, monsieur, you would not say that," exclaimed Nina, "if you only knew how anxious we both are to make money."

The stranger could not conceal a look of surprise. Such sentiments, uttered in such an araucious tone by a comely girl like Nina, appeared inconsistent. "You mean, perhaps," he hinted, "that you do not find it congenial work to keep a cafe, and that you will be glad when you can retire from business?"

"O, no, monsieur! That is not what I meant. When we have accumulated ten thousand francs, we shall part with the money; and then—"

"Then, mademoiselle?"

"We shall begin again," continued Nina, "with light hearts; for if we ever save that sum, we can purchase our father's liberty."

"What!" cried the stranger, greatly moved. "Is it possible that—"

"Hush!" Nina whispered, with her finger on her lip, as she glanced around at the table where her brother and his companions were seated over their game. "Whenever Prosper hears this subject mentioned, he is like a madman. If it interests you, monsieur, this terrible disaster which has befallen us, draw your chair closer, and I will tell you, in a few words, how it all happened."

The stranger came nearer to Nina's side, and leaned forward in a listening attitude. His face assumed an expression of intense concern as she proceeded.

In a low voice, frequently choked by tears, the girl confided to the sympathetic stranger her sad story. "Always anxious to assist his family," Nina began, "it one day occurred to father to buy a vessel, for the purpose of trading along the coast of the Adriatic. So he collected together all that he was worth, made a capital bargain, and set sail in his little ship, confident that his venture would be successful. He had traded in the Adriatic for others for many years, and was well known as a brave and honest captain in those seas. But not many weeks passed before news reached us that all was lost." Her utterance became thick with sobs. But speedily overcoming her emotion she continued: "A letter came from father; it told us only too plainly what misfortune had overtaken him. One morning, when least expecting such a mishap, he was attacked by pirates. He made a desperate resistance, but was eventually overpowered and taken prisoner. They carried him to Tripoli. The sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it. In his letter, he adds that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him again."

The girl's eyes were blinded with tears, and for some moments she could not speak; but by a painful effort she succeeded at last. "We are striving by every honest means in our power to collect the money. It is a hard fight. This is only a very modest little cafe, and our profits are very small. Prosper gains a few extra francs every week in the harbor. But many more years must pass before we can hope to accomplish this trying task."

"How long," the stranger asked, "has your father been a prisoner?"

"Ten years."

"Is it possible?"

"It was fifteen when he went away. At parting, he kissed me on both cheeks," continued Nina, smiling thoughtfully.

"Now, I am twenty-five."

"Poor child!" said the stranger, with great tenderness.

"During those years, we have managed to save nearly three thousand francs. Perhaps, in ten more years, if we are very fortunate, we shall be able to complete the sum; and father will be sitting in the old corner, where you are seated now, as I remember seeing him when I was a child."

While she was still speaking, that dreamy

look which the stranger had observed already began to reappear in her dark eyes, and she seemed gradually to locate herself in thought.

The stranger, who felt that his presence at her side was forgotten, rose from his seat with a suppressed sigh, and crossing to where Nina's brother and the fishermen still played at dominos, he placed his hand upon the boatman's shoulder. "Monsieur Prosper," said he, "it is time we started. But before we go, let us drink a glass together.—If," he added, looking round—"if your friends will join us so much the better."

The fishermen expressed themselves agreeable. So Prosper filled glasses all round. Every one rose and "clinked" with the stranger, at the same time wishing him *bon voyage*.

Then Prosper Cornillon assisted "monsieur" to envelop himself once more in his cloak; while Nina came timidly forward to take his proffered hand and to bid him adieu. And then out they stepped into the wind and rain, followed by the fishermen, leaving Nina all alone in the cafe, with her hands clasped, and a wistful look in her eyes.

II. THE OLD SAILOR.

It was still stormy at Marseilles. For some weeks, owing to the gales which had visited the Mediterranean, the port had been crowded with vessels, driven in by stress of weather. In times like these, Prosper Cornillon reaped a harvest; for his boat was in demand from morning till night. It was tiring work; but a generous impulse gave him energy. He was toiling with the direct object of obtaining his father's freedom.

One evening, worn out with his unremitting labors, Prosper had thrown himself down, with his elbows on the table, in a corner of the cafe near the hearth; and on his head stood up in his arms, and he had fallen asleep. In front of the fire sat his sister Nina, with a weary look upon her face; but her great, dreamy eyes were wide open; for although late in the evening, yet it was not yet the hour for closing the Cafe Cornillon. At any moment a customer might enter; and some customers, if Nina was not very wakeful and attentive, were apt to be impatient; indeed, she had scarcely less peace and quietness during the twenty-four hours than her brother Prosper. At the moment when it became so late that Nina was on the point of rising to turn out the lamps and lock up for the night, the door was slowly opened. An old sailor in a rough coat, the collar of which was turned up about his neck, mysteriously entered the cafe. He touched his slouching hat with his sunburnt, horny hand in a feeble, bristling manner; then choosing a table near the hearth, opposite to the one upon which Prosper's head was resting, he sat down and began to stroke his long white beard thoughtfully without raising his eyes.

"With what, monsieur, can I serve you?" The old man answered in a low voice, with his head still bent: "Cafe noir."

Nina hastened to place a cup of coffee before him; and when she had filled a little glass with cognac, she resumed her seat before the hearth. The girl's chair was placed with the back towards the door. On one side of her was the table at which the old man sat sipping his coffee; and on the other side was Prosper, still fast asleep. Looking dreamily into the fire, Nina seemed to have forgotten the presence of both these men, so deeply was she absorbed in her thoughts.

"This is the Cafe Cornillon—is it not?" asked the old man.

Nina started as though the voice had awakened her. "Yes, monsieur," answered the girl, recollecting herself and looking up quickly—"the Cafe Cornillon."

"Kept by Prosper Cornillon?"

"Sleeping there," continued Nina, with a little jerk of her head.

"Ah," said the old sailor, "I am the bearer of a message."

"To him?"

"Yes—to Prosper Cornillon."

"Shall I rouse him?"

"No. I will deliver the message to you. It is the same thing," said the girl, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I am his sister."

"Nina Cornillon?"

"Yes; that is my name."

The old man leaned forward, and with a distinct voice: "You may remember, perhaps, a few weeks ago, entertaining a young soldier who passed through this port on his

to Greece. Your brother conveyed him in a boat on board the *Livadia*, a ship built for Syria."

"Remember the gentleman well," said Nina, in a faltering voice. "He gave Prosper a box of gold before parting, to sustain us in our efforts to collect the large sum of money which was demanded by a Greek pirate as a ransom for our father's liberty."

"It is from this young soldier, Colonel Lafont," continued the old sailor, "that I bring the message."

Nina looked round quickly, with sparkling, eager eyes. "What is the message, monsieur?"

"Well," answered the old man, speaking slowly, "his words to you—I mean, to Prosper Cornillon—were words of encouragement. 'You must never despair!' That was how the young colonel expressed it."

"But," continued the old man, "I have not finished yet."

"What more, monsieur?"

The old sailor lowered his tone, and speaking as though he had difficulty in not betraying some agitation, continued: "It was the colonel's hope that neither of you would be despondent—that you would rather indulge the fancy that you had heard that the ransom demanded by this Greek pirate had been paid—that your father had regained his liberty—that he had even started on his voyage home, and was nearing the port of Marseilles."

Nina clasped her hands, and cried in a trembling voice: "That is what I dream of, night and day!"

Imagine, then, even imagine that the ship has reached Marseilles—that it has entered the harbor. Nay! figure to yourself—though it may make your heart beat painfully—figure to yourself a weather-beaten sailor entering your case late one evening—a man with a gray beard and a shaggy voice."

But at this point the old sailor was interrupted. Looking round, Nina uttered a cry of joy, and sprang up with outstretched arms, and with the word "Father!" upon her lips.

It was Captain Cornillon who had come thus as a terrible trying surprise. Yet he was so charged that even Nina had not recognized him. But the recognition was complete now. So, taking his daughter in his arms, the old sailor kissed her as he had kissed her at their parting ten long years ago.

Not many weeks elapsed before Colonel Lafont again made his appearance at Marseilles. Prosper, who happened to be in the harbor at the moment of his arrival, accompanied him in triumph to the Cafe Cornillon as soon as he landed.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude which was shown by the captain and his two children towards this young soldier, who, on reaching Greece, had taken active steps to obtain the old sailor's release. Years passed before Nina learned under what difficulties Colonel Lafont formed the resolution of restoring Captain Cornillon to his family.

For he was not a rich man; he had gained promotion from the ranks as a reward for bravery; and when he had paid the ransom, he had parted with nearly all the money he possessed in the world. But he loved Nina Cornillon. From the moment when, upon that stormy winter's night, Colonel Lafont entered the cafe and saw the girl standing by the hearth, he had never ceased to think of the dreamy face, nor of the low, passionate voice in which she had told to him the sad episode in her life.

Three events happened many years ago; and Nina and her husband, Colonel Alphonse Lafont—who became a general before he was forty—should be old people now if they are still living. But one thing is certain on the quay at Marseilles there still stands the little cafe, in appearance unchanged, except that it is called the Cafe Cornillon no longer.

THE SPHINX.

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

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourne, Leiciston, Maine, U. S.

NO. 66.—A PARADOXICAL PASTORAL.

As happy one was sporting free
Close by the busy one-two-three,
An awful, bellicose two three
Disturbed his equanimity!
Now one did jump and swiftly flee,
Pursued by this expert two three.
So much alarmed, one scarce could see,
And fell right in the one-two-three!
No harm was done; for quickly he
Came out and looked—but that two three,
Though noted for agacuity,
Overtwitted was by one-two-three,
And lost by much intrepidity.

Now blame not one that he should be
Affrighted at this bold two three.
The three was two—and so you see
As one was not, then how could he
Expect to face this desperate three!
One was not two, but thought that he
In course of time would get to three.
The three was two—now need all ye—
One was not two—how can this be?
Yet one was much more two than the three,
The same is true of one-two-three.
It was not two—yet list to me,
It was more two than one or three.
Now solvers all, how could this be?

BELLE BURDETT.

NO. 67.—A RIDDLE OF NATURE.

I dwell in the lichen that sticks to the
rock,
In the oak that withstands the hurricane's
shock;
I'm owned by the fowls, the birds of the
air,
Yet the fish in the ocean still cherish me
there.
The highest, the lowest in all nature's
scale,
Are blessed with their portion to win with
or fall;
To many who own me I bring woe un-
told,
Yet still I am dearer than silver or gold;
And, though often wasted, I'm cherished
by all
As a boon which, when lost, one cannot re-
call

CLEN V. W.

NO. 68.—FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

Five hundred and one hundred, sir,
And then one thousand more;
All these, if you please,
You may divide with ease:
Then six and eight you add,
Divided by one fourth of a brad.
The result of all this computation
Should be the name or designation
Of a body of men of ancient day,
And the term of office which gave them
pay.

MELVIA MAT.

NO. 69.—AN IMMORTALIZED NAME.

Within my whole my first may be,
My second is defined as food,
My first is sometime revelry,
My second made of wood;
My whole a structure that may claim
In nursery song immortal fame.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 70.—ETERNAL FITNESS.

In form I'm tall and slender,
Though my feet are quite robust;
My movements quick and sprightly,
Though I grovel in the dust.
Quite active when on duty,
Though as harmless as you please;
When at my daily labor
Always kicking up a breeze.
In every house I'm found;
In fact there's this about me—
Wherever Christian people dwell
They will not be without me.
By fair and gentle hands
Most frequently I'm used;
Sometimes a weapon of defence
When propriety's abused.
If you decapitate me once,
You will find in my remains
What every well-built house

In the universe contains.
Boon companions we have been
Through all the ages past;
And this will be our destiny
While revolving cycles last.
Now tell me what we two can be
That so nicely, fitly blend;
That with the end of time alone
Our joint commissions end.

KNAPPER TANDY, JR.

NO. 71.—AN ANAGRAM.

Consumption's ravages are seen
In features pale and body lean,
In haggard looks and panting breath,
The harbingers of coming death;
And such far-runners, grim and grave,
Suggest the thought of our sad case.

NELSONIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of prize No. 1.

ANSWERS.

- 52.—Waah.
53.—Peach, each, ache.
54.—1. Passerine (pass lcr in). 2. Passer parrot (pass pr too).
55.—Light-house.
56.—E-g-g.
57.—Sensationalism.

A Fatherly Cat.

About two months ago, while staying in the Rocky Mountains in Northern Colorado I witnessed an example of fatherly affection in a tom-cat, which I feel sure you will be interested to hear of. This cat had adopted two motherless kittens; he slept with them at night, guarded them in daytime, and always superintended their meals in which latter he showed great unsiftiness. For the hostess of the ranch was in the habit of feeding the kittens out of a small bowl of milk laid on the floor, into which they at once would plunge their heads; meanwhile "Kitty Gray," the old tom cat—quite aware that there was not room for his own great head in it, two—would sit by, complacently watching them, nor move till they had finished, except, when his hunger was very keen, and then he would dip his paw in now and again and lick it.

This was the case when I saw him; and I shall not readily forget the sight of that large gray-and-white cat walking demurely round the bowl to see where he could best insert his paw without disturbing the kittens, and then, with his head much on one side, dipping it delicately in and out, until they had quite fini hed, when he at once fell to and drank up the remainder.

Power of Man to Endure Cold.

One who took part in a telegraphic expedition in Siberia writes as follows: "I didn't believe that it would be possible for me to lie out in the snow, without shelter, in a temperature of even 20 degrees below zero, but I have done it once in 50 degrees below, and repeatedly in 45 degrees. One of Banke's parties, in February of last year, passed the night in the open steppe, with their spirit thermometer standing 75 degrees below zero, or 100 below freezing point. Quicksilver they mould into solid bullets with four minute's exposure to the air. It is true they dared not go to sleep that night, but I believe that, had they been properly fitted out with heavy furs, and wolf-skin sleeping bags to cover the head, they might have done it with perfect safety. I'm afraid you would think I was availing myself of a traveler's privilege, and relating a very large yarn, if I told you how comfortably I have slept on the snow in a temperature of 30, 40 and 45 degrees below. We are obliged to sleep in fur bags, of course, with our faces entirely covered, to take the utmost care to have our feet stockings perfectly dry; but I have slept in that way through the long Arctic nights as comfortably as ever I did in a bed at home."

Colossal Statues.

Quite lately fresh attention has been directed to the extraordinary remains which are found on Easter island, which lies about twenty-three hundred miles west of the coast of Peru, within easy sail of San Francisco. Everybody remembered the colossal statues which are found in profusion on his island, monoliths representing men forty feet high, and nine feet across the shoulders. They are made of the country rock of the island, but it is quite evident that they are not the work of the natives, who are a low race of savages, without tools capable of carving in stone, or machinery suitable for moving heavy weights. The question is, how did they come there? It has been suggested that Easter island is the remains of a submerged continent which was inhabited by a civilized race. But Sclater, whose theories are regarded with respect, makes Easter island the terminus of the southern migration of mankind from his fancied continent of Lemuria.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with his studies, it may be explained that Sclater was a believer in the hypothesis which ascribes to mankind a single origin from a single race, according to the Bible. He held that Paradise, from which all men originally came, was a continent lying south of Ceylon; to this continent he gave the name of Lemuria, from which lemur, which means a ghost, but which name Linnaeus gave to a race of monkeys. Sclater believed that from Lemuria man migrated into Africa, into Asia, thence into Europe and America, and likewise into Polynesia, one stream of emigrants pushing their way as far east as Easter island. It is evidently worth while to study these Easter island statues and see what light they can shed, if any, on the early history of our race, and nowhere can that study be prosecuted to such advantage as in San Francisco. The navy department would probably be quite willing to direct one of our ships of war to collect two or three of the colossal statues and bring them here, if we provide a place for their reception. This exhibit alone would draw swarms of visitors to San Francisco.

How to Make Candy.

CREAM CANDY.—One pound of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; add a little water to moisten. Boil until brittle, put in extract of lemon then turn quickly out on buttered plates. When cool pull until white and cut in squares.

HICKORY-NUT CANDY.—One cupful of hickory-nut meats; two cupfuls of sugar one-half cupful of water. Boil sugar and water, without stirring, till thick enough to spin a thread; filter with extract of lemon or vanilla; set off into cold water and stir quickly until white; then stir in the nuts. Turn into flat buttered tins, and when cold cut in small squares.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of cream or milk, one-half pound of chocolate, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Beat all together. Boil until it thickens in water, then turn in flat tins well buttered. When nearly cold cut in small squares.

HONEY CANDY.—One pint of white sugar, with water enough to dissolve it, and four tablespoonfuls of honey. Boil until it becomes brittle on being dropped into cold water. Pull while cooling.

Who Invented Chess?

The Hindoos say that chess was the invention of an astronomer who flourished several thousand years ago, and who was possessed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. The Greeks claim that it was the invention of Palamedes to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arab legend is that it was devised by the instruction of a young despot by his tutor, a learned Brahmin, to teach the youth how a king was dependent upon his subjects for his safety. Oriental chess is of two kinds, Chinese and Indian chess. The Chinese game is played generally in Eastern Asia, but in India and the adjacent islands, and with some slight modifications all over the civilized world, Indian chess is played.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. FRANCIS J. MOORE, 554 Dundas St., Leiceton, Ont., writes:—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the gold watch awarded to me for prize story, "He Was Jealous." It is a very neat one.

(227) —Selected. Ideal of Womanhood.

More human, more divine than we, in truth, half human, if divine, in woman when angels agree...

(228) —Selected. Father Hubbards.

The other day, when old Maj. Solman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of the church, his wife appeared, wearing a Mother Hubbard dress...

(229) —Selected. Enlisting A Lawyer.

Well, mind now, for this is true as Gospel. It was on the 11th of May, 1820, I listed a recruit in Dublin, and put the question to him, gave him the shilling, and walked him off to the barracks as fine as a fiddle...

—Selected. "Were these the same questions you put to the prisoner?" says he.

"Yes, they are," says I. "Well, here's your half crown back for ye," says he. "I can't take it, sir," says I. "Why not?" says he. "Why not?" says I; "why, sure I can't take it back till ye go before a magistrate and pay the 'Smart money.'"

(230) —Selected. A Late Eclipse.

On the morning of the late eclipse, Captain Von S— of the Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his sergeant-major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade.

(231) —Selected. A Literary Biter Bit.

Mr. Fields is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of English literature. One day at a dinner party a would-be wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for the company, announced, prior to Mr. Field's arrival, that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began:

(232) —Selected. Remarkable Answers.

GIVEN BY A PUPIL OF THE ABBE SICORD. What is gratitude? The memory of the heart. What is hope? The blossom of happiness. What is the difference between hope and desire? Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower; enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

(233) —Original. The Supply Exhausted.

There was once an old minister who was always deploring deeply the want of proper judgment in the members of Parliament in the selection they made in appointing magistrates.

(234) —Selected. Put on Pretty Thick.

A conductor on the Boston and Providence road tells the story of a young lady who entered a train for Boston the other day. She seated herself opposite a gentleman, who, from the first, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her.

(235) —Selected. Family Teeth.

The Boston Globe prints the following as a "true story":—A toothless couple in one of our rural districts concluded, after much jaw, that they would gum it no longer; that, in fact the family must be provided with a new set of teeth.

the little round table ready for dinner. First the old lady picks up the teth, and makes a good use of her privileges while father is laying up a very generous stock of provisions on his plate.

(236) —Selected. An Artist's Work.

An artist employed in repairing the properties of an old church in Belgium, being refused payment in a lump and asked for details, sent in his bill containing the following, among other items:—

(237) —Selected. Seeing Him Off.

A man jumped off a tramcar the other day, and went running down the street at a mad pace, muttering: "Confound the 'uck!" and "The villain if I only catch him this time!"

(238) —Selected. A Fable.

Once upon a time a hog drank from a trough into which a barrel of beer had been emptied. He became very much intoxicated. When he came to himself, he was very much ashamed of his conduct.

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

The Jersey is yet to be worn. While it has had a big run for the last three or four seasons yet the prospects are now that it has become a necessity in the matter of dress, and this season it is being used in every style, from the light make waist Jersey to the heavy mantle cloth Jersey. Our stock of light makes is not quite complete yet, but we are showing a nice sample of these goods, mostly black, some brown, blue and grenates, with pleated skirt; plain and braided. Prices, in all wool, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.00. Union goods not to hand yet.

In heavy makes of Jerseys, for outside wear, we can show some fifty different patterns, mostly plain and braided, some fur-trimmed, with lace and fringe. These goods will be found in the mantle department, on second floor. Prices range from \$7.00 to \$18.

Our Mantle Department

Is becoming the centre of attraction for this month. Ladies looking for, and ladies buying their spring mantles, we never showed the variety we have this season. The stock includes almost every style in cloth dolmans, and a splendid range of silk Dolmans. Ottoman cord Dolmans trimmed with Spanish lace, Ottoman cord trimmed with Chenille fringe, brocade cloth dolmans trimmed with lace or fringe.

Next to the Mantle Department will be found the Cloth Department including a large variety of 6 4 Tweed, in small checks, 55, 63, 65, 75, 90, \$1 and \$1.25 a yard. Fine finish for Spring Mantles.

In Black Ottoman Cord the variety comprises about thirty kinds, 54 inches wide, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 up.

Ottoman silks for mantles, heavy, single and triple cords, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 a yard. In connection with the Mantle and Cloth Departments we have a full and competent staff of mantle cutters and makers.

On Time.

Our first shipment of Spring Kid Gloves are on time, mostly in black and tan colors, dark, medium and light tans, not too light and not too dark, simply tan. They comprise best French goods, medium prices. Ladies' 4 button Kid Gloves, in dark colors, tans and black, 50c. a pair; 6-button do., 75c. a pair; 6 button Mousquetaire Gloves, same colors, 75c. a pair; 4-button undressed Kids, in two greys and brown, 50c. a pair; and a hundred of other styles.

Ahead of Time.

Our Parasols are ahead of time, but they are worthy of timely attention. Not many lace trimmed, mostly plain silk, satin, satinette, shot silk. We have opened a Parasol and Umbrella Department in the place occupied by corsets; corsets and hoop-skirts will now be found at back of store on the north-west side.

In the Nick of Time.

There is to be five per cent. extra duty on carpets. Our carpets are just now coming forward in the nick of time, minus the five per cent. Our display of Brussels and Kidderminster Carpets is going to exceed anything we ever had before; we are showing now some good patterns in tapestry, 30, 35, 38 and 40 cents. Some few new patterns, say twenty, Union Carpets, 40, 45, 50, 55c. a yard.

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190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

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- Prices of Wools and Fancy Goods:
- Berlin wools, single and double, all colors... 12 1/2c. per oz.
 - Sutherland wools, all colors... 12 1/2c. "
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 - Peacock fingering wool, all colors... 12 1/2c. "
 - Saxony wool, best quality, all colors... 12 1/2c. "
 - Ice wools, sunce balls, all colors... 12 1/2c. per ball.
 - Pompadour wool, large balls, all colors... 25c. "
 - Knitting silk, best imported on balls, all colors... 30c. "
 - Knitting silk, Florence make, all colors... 50c. "
 - Tinsel, best quality, very thick, all colors... 10c. "
 - Felt, extra quality, two yards wide, all colors, \$1.75 per yard.
 - Plush, superior quality, 24 in. wide, all colors \$2.50 "
 - Roman satin, 34 in. wide, all colors... \$2.50 "
 - Plush crescent tassels, small size, all colors... 40c. per dozen.
 - Plush crescent tassels, large size, all colors... \$1.00 "
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 - Plush round tassels, all colors... 40c. "
 - Woolen Java canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors... 50c. per yard.
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A. DORENWEND.



SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

MRS. E. H. GATES.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun - beams Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us keep the wheat and
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mn - sie Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange that we should slight the

ro - ses, Cust - ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweet - est com - fort In the
 vio - lets Till the love - ly flowers are gone! Strange, that sum - mer skies and sun - shine Nov - er

bles - ings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way.
 seem one half so fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pin ions Shake the white down in the air!

CHORUS.

Then scat - ter seeds of kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of kindness For our reaping by and by.

3

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?
 Then scatter seeds, &c.

4

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by-and-by!
 Then scatter seeds, &c.

Health Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondents on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words "Health Department" written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—Ed.]

Quacks and Patent Medicines.

The extent to which the use of patent medicines has attained since the beginning of the present century is enormous but whether the result has been good or bad there is a large diversity of opinion. In many cases, without a doubt, much harm has been done by the use of some of these quack medicines. The quacks give out that they can cure all diseases under the sun by the use of one or two medicines, or they have a certain remedy for a particular disease. That their first pretence is absurd and vain, every man of sense will allow, and that the second is dangerous we will endeavor to demonstrate. Supposing that they are (though the odds are they are not) proprietors of a good medicine, for some one particular disease; well, it is left to every man's judgment that makes use of it whether he have that disease, and how easy and frequent it is for men to mistake. They judge by their own feelings and symptoms, and if these, to their own way of thinking, correspond with those which they read are indicative of a particular disease, then they immediately jump to the conclusion that they are afflicted with that complaint, and proceed to treat themselves accordingly. They find that their symptoms are precisely the same as those described on the wrapper of their bottle of patent medicine, and even if one has not these symptoms it is a very easy matter, by reading about them and comparing one's own feelings, to fancy one has. Probably many people have experienced this and have found, in perusing descriptions of the symptoms of various diseases, that they are suffering from all these complaints!

No man for a man, entirely ignorant of the science of medicine and almost equally so of the anatomy of the human frame, diagnosing his own complaint.

Now, supposing a man has that very disease for which the medicine is proper (granting that a quack medicine can be proper for anything) yet how seldom is a disease alone or how seldom accompanied with precisely the same symptoms? Leaving out of the question the age, sex, variety of causes, late invasion or long standing of the complaint; and which circumstances it is next to impossible if not absolutely so that one medicine should be suited to. A man may have the very disease for which his quack medicine may be suited, but he probably has others to which it would prove an aggravation, and whilst the unfortunate victim is curing one minor distemper he is making two more ten-fold worse. He trusts implicitly (and if faith is worth anything in these cases he should certainly get well) in the cure-all properties of his wonderful medicines and finds too late that they are cure-nothings.

The man who is too stingy or too confident in his own wisdom to consult a competent physician and would rather pay twenty five cents or so for a bottle of one of these quack remedies than hand over a dollar or two dollars for the prescription of an experienced medical man, very often has to pay for his patent medicine first and for the services of a regular physician afterwards.

As there are no specifics for one disease

or for all diseases, there would be no hardship in suppressing secret medicines and in making it necessary that the ingredients of all quack nostrums should be made known on demand; and there should not only be a government office for labelling empirical nostrums but the law should also prevent the propagation of compounds as good for this or for that or all diseases, as one of the most flagrant kinds of the illicit practice of medicine.

Advice to Dyspeptics.

Dyspeptics should avoid anything which they (not others) cannot digest. There are so many causes for and forms of dyspepsia that it is impossible to prescribe one and the same diet for all. Nothing is more disagreeable or useless than to be cautioned against eating this or that because your neighbor "So-and-so" cannot eat such things. If we would all study the nature and digestion of food, and remember that air and exercise are as essential as food in promoting good health, we could easily decide upon the diet best suited to our individual needs. The diabetical should abstain from sugar and anything which is converted into sugar in digestion, such as all starchy foods, fine wheat flour, rice, macaroni, tapioca, yam, potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, peas, beans, very old cheese, sweet omelets, custards, jellies, starchy nuts and sweet sauces. He may eat oysters, all kinds of fish, meat, poultry and game, soups without any starchy thickening, lettuce, cucumbers, watercresses, dandelions, young onions, cold slaw, olives, cauliflower, spinach, cabbage, string beans, ripe fruit of all kinds without sugar, cream butter, milk sparingly, gluten, flour, oily nuts freely salted, eggs, coffee and cocoa. The corpulent should abstain from fat as well as sugar and starch. A diet of whole-wheat, milk, vegetables, fruits and lean meat will produce only a normal amount of fatness; while an excess of sweets, acidic spices and shortening keeps the system in an unhealthy condition. Those who can digest fine flour, pastry, sugar and fats become loaded with fat, but are neither strong nor vigorous. Thin people with weak digestion should also avoid such food; for thin people are often kept thin by the same food which makes others fat. If they cannot digest the starch, butter, and fine flour, the system is kept in a feverish, dyspeptic state; they become nervous or go into consumption for no other reason than that the life is burned out by a diet that only feeds the fire and does not renew the tissues.

Curing a Cold in the Head.

The best way to treat this troublesome complaint is to take a "hot drink." An orange sliced and put into a large cup with a little sugar sprinkled over it, and boiling water poured upon it, and then drank as hot as possible, is both pleasant and beneficial. The feet should be put into hot water, with or without a little mustard. This foot bath should be taken at the bedside; the patient should be well wrapped up, and a blanket placed across his knees should be drawn outside the bath, so as to confine the steam. After keeping the feet in the water for from five to ten minutes, the patient should lose no time in getting into bed, where he will probably derive great benefit from the general feeling of warmth, and from the flow of perspiration which has been induced. If possible, at this stage, the patient should remain in bed for two days, with a fire in his room, which should be well made up at night, so as to keep alight till morning. But keeping in bed will do little good if the patient persists in holding a newspaper or a book to read, for thereby he is more dangerously exposed to cold than if he were up, dressed and going about as usual. The main point is to keep thoroughly wrapped up and contently warm. Even an uncomfortable degree of heat may be beneficial.

A small piece of camphor chewed and sucked is very good. So is the inhalation of sulphuric acid. Buy two ounces of sulphuric acid (dilute) from a chemist, and

then take out the cork and inhale—through the nostrils only, of course—the pungent gas which is given off. To avoid an unpleasant excoriation of the nose and upper lip during the course of a cold in the head, they should be often washed thoroughly with soap and lukewarm water, and a little vaseline should be applied.

Predisposition to Disease.

Many persons are predisposed to some particular ailment. This predisposition may have come down from remote ancestors, perhaps, a generation now and then; or it may have originated in the immediate parents. On the other hand, it may have begun within the life of the individual. In either case, however late in life the attack of the actual disease, the person may show no sign of the tendency in that direction, though frequently such tendencies are clearly indicated. But to bring about the attack, there must also be an exciting cause—a condition of things favoring its development.

This fact is of great practical worth. It puts one's health, after all, in his own keeping. A bad inheritance does not necessarily doom one to premature death. He may, notwithstanding, die with old age. He may, too, through carelessness or recklessness, precipitate a fatal attack. It is desirable, therefore, that each person should know his particular predisposition.

Suppose one has inherited a consumptive tendency. He need not necessarily die of the disease. His life should be as far as possible an outdoor one. His sleep should be in well-ventilated, sun-disinfected rooms. His food should include a good portion of fat, and be especially nourishing. His life should be active rather than sedentary. He should avoid occupations that involve much dust. Neither his home nor his place of business should be in a low, damp locality.

If the person tends to gout and apoplexy, his safety will lie in avoiding a luxurious life. If to acute rheumatism, in guarding against violent atmospheric changes and all chills after prolonged exertion. If to asthma, in rendering the system as far as possible unexposed to "colds" (bronchitis), since, in a large majority of cases, these start the attacks.

The predisposing cause of many infectious diseases is a lowered vitality, or a temporarily exhausted condition. The general health must be looked after.

How to Keep Well and Live Long.

Don't sleep in a draught. Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't stand over hot-air registers. Don't eat what you do not need, just to save it. Don't try to get cool too quick after exercising. Don't sleep with insecure false teeth in your mouth. Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast. Don't sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind. Don't stuff a cold lest you be next obliged to starve a fever. Don't try to get along without flannel underclothing in winter. Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse. Don't try to get along with less than eight or nine hour's sleep. Don't sleep in the same undergarment you wear during the day. Don't toast your feet by the fire, but try sunlight friction instead. Don't try to keep up on coffee and alcohol when you ought to go to bed. Don't eat snow to quench thirst; it brings on inflammation of the throat. Don't strain your eyes by reading or working with insufficient or flickering light. Don't use the eyes for reading or fine work in the twilight or evening or early morn. Don't wear close, heavy fur or rubber caps or hats if your hair is thin or falls out easily. Don't eat anything between meals excepting fruits or a glass of hot milk if you feel faint. Don't take some other person's medicine because you are troubled somewhat as they were.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

TO CURE THE STING OF A WASP.—Apply oil of tartar, or solution of potash, to the part affected, and it will give you instant ease.

A VALUABLE RECEIPT FOR TIC DOLOROUS.—Take half a pint of rose water, add two teaspoonfuls of white vinegar, to form a lotion. Apply it to the part affected three or four times a day. It requires fresh linen

and lotion each application; this will, in two or three days, gradually take the pain away.

TO PREVENT INFECTION FROM TYPHUS FEVER.—Six drachms of powdered saltpetre, six ounces oil of vitrol; mix them in a teacup by adding one drachm of the oil at a time. The cup to be placed during the preparation on the hearth, and to be stirred with a tobacco-pipe. The cup to be placed in different parts of the room.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR SPRAINS.—Put the white of an egg into a saucer, keep stirring it with a piece of alum about the size of a walnut until it becomes a thick jelly; apply a portion of it on a piece of lint or tow large enough to cover the sprain, changing it for a fresh one as often as it feels warm or dry; the limb is to be kept in a horizontal position by placing it on a chair.

Medicinal Value of Lemons.

The way to get the better of the bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two, or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effect of calomel. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

Queries.—Persons wishing to have medical questions answered in these pages should address their correspondence to the Editor, Health Department of TRUTH; if this is not done their questions will not be attended to.

Persons sending us questions to be answered will confer a great favor by stating their age and general habits.

JACK McLEAN, Toronto.—Go to a doctor, even if you don't want to. Yours is not an out-of-the-way case; too common altogether.

G. A. P., Georgetown, writes:—"I have been advised to bathe my eyes, which are inflamed, with warm water; please tell me what the temperature should be?" **Ans.**—The temperature should be that most agreeable to the sensation of the part affected.

"JOHN," Milton, says:—"I am a young man with a sandy beard; ought I to shave or not?" **Ans.**—Certainly, if your beard is so sandy that impolite people would call it carrotty; but please yourself; we don't care much whether you shave or not.

D. B. HAYNES (no address given) asks:—"Is it good for the eyes to sit as far as possible away from the lamp when reading?" **Ans.**—No. Have the lamp at the distance most agreeable to the eyes, and, if possible, let it shine from behind you. Proper care of the eyes consists in using without abusing them—a principle applicable to all living organs and structures.

J. W., Alvinston, writes:—"I have been deaf in one of my ears for the last 16 years but have never tried anything for it; if came on with a ringing in the ear when I was eight years old; can anything be done for it?" **Ans.**—Soak a piece of cotton batting in sweet oil and keep constantly in the ear, except at such times as you remove it to syringe the ear thoroughly with warm water. If this does not relieve you, have the ear examined by a medical man.

GEORGE E. R., Amherstburg, says:—"I am, and have been for two years, troubled with salt-rheum in the palms of the hands and inside of the instep; also on my chest. I have tried many lotions and ointments, but don't get any better. Can you suggest anything?" **Ans.**—To begin with avoid alcoholic liquors; keep the skin perfectly clean. Take a tablespoonful of the following mixture three times a day: Liquor arsenicalis, 30 minims; iodide of potash, one drachm; fluid extract of saesaparilla, one ounce; water, eight ounces. Take this steadily for a fortnight, then cease taking for two weeks, when commence again for another two weeks, and so on. Apply to the skin, where the disease appears, either zinc or diachylon ointment, and use castile soap when washing.

Ladies' Department.

Feminine Beauty.

Those who are accustomed to enlightened views on the subject of female beauty, will be perfectly well aware, that there are different kinds of personal beauty, amongst which that of form and coloring holds a very inferior rank.

Amongst these various kinds are to be found beauty of expression, of intellectual refinement, of nobility, of sweetness, of feeling, of animation, of meekness, of resignation, all of which, with many other kinds of beauty, may be allied to the plainest features and yet may remain to give pleasure long after the roses on the once blooming cheek have faded and streaks of silver have mingled with the once glossy tresses of auburn, brown or black.

The effects of these different kinds of beauty upon others are as varied as the beauty that produces those effects, the influence of some of them being far more powerful than others; for, after all, beauty really depends more upon the movements of the face than upon the form of the features in repose; a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the cause of the movements which stamp their character upon it.

On the contrary, have we not all, in the course of our lives, at some time met with a female face which, when its features were in repose, appeared to us to approach as nearly as possible to our ideal of feminine beauty? And yet how suddenly were those features actually distorted and rendered almost hideous by the effect of some inward passion, whose outward expression quite obliterated the favorable impression produced on our mind by the classical features we had so much admired.

A simple movement of the loveliest lips, in speaking or smiling, may reveal a mind which is almost a blank, and our feelings of interest in the possessor of so charming a countenance are turned to those of unconcern when we discover that the mind is unworthy of so fair a casket.

The language of poetry describes the loud laugh as indicative of the vacant mind, and there are expressions, conveyed even through the medium of a smile, which may be interpreted by us as showing that refinement or elevation of soul is absent from the possessor of the countenance on which they are impressed, even though we have never heard of Lavater and his theories. And again we meet with women whose features are absolutely plain, but every movement of which displays intelligence and amiability, and who, from the genuine heart-warm smiles that play about the mouth and the refined and gentle expression of the countenance, seem perfectly beautiful to those with whom they come in contact whose ideal of a perfect female face is not the insipid and expressionless pink and white beauty to be found in many women who pass as belles in society.

And, after all, what is beauty? A thing liable to be snatched away from its possessor in a few hours by disease or accident, and which must give way, in a greater or lesser degree, to age, though we have seen some old ladies who seemed to grow more lovely as the years sped by, but you may be very sure that cosmetics and "beauty washes" played no part in this seemingly perennial bloom. To women whose youth and beauty sometimes form their only distinction, it is doubly difficult to grow old with a good grace, especially as they ap-

proach that semi-centenarian bourn beyond which, unless they possess the Median secret of Ninon de l'Enclos, they cannot hope to retain that freshness and bloom which are absolutely inseparable from youth. It is true that some women are enabled to retain them longer than others, and this is, in the majority of cases, owing to the greater attention they may have paid to the rules of health and to the avoidance of all cosmetics and "beauty preparations"—which latter are all, without exception, snares and delusions, and should never be mentioned in the same breath with pure soap and soft water liberally used.

Nothing is more ghastly, in our opinion, than the endeavors of an old woman to appear young, and her assumption of the graces of juvenility and the skittishness of youth ever seems to us as much out of place as a death's head at a feast, and render her, instead of being an object for respectful homage on our part, one for contempt and pity.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TAPIOCA CUP PUDDING.—One even teaspoonful of tapioca soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk; stir into this one egg beaten very light, a little salt, and sugar to the taste. Bake in cups fifteen minutes.

SPONGE DROPS.—Beat to a froth three eggs and one cup of sugar. Stir into this one heaping cup of sifted flour, in which one teaspoonful of cream of tartar has been mixed. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a very little hot water and add last, after beating well. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or vanilla. Butter tin sheets with washed butter, free from salt, and drop the mixture in teaspoonfuls upon them, about three inches apart. Bake in a quick oven. Serve with ice cream.

ALMOND JUMBLES.—One pound of sugar, one half-pound of butter, one pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine, two eggs beaten light, and flour enough to roll out. Roll thin, moisten the top of each one with the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake quickly.

FEDERAL CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of raisins, one small teacup of rich milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of cloves, five eggs beaten light. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk and eggs gradually; then the spices and scented raisins, mixing thoroughly and beating until very light; the last thing stir in the soda, dissolved in a little hot water. Bake in a moderate oven, and if it is as good as one I received from a friend last Christmas you will wish it would last forever!

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, the whites of seven eggs, two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pound each of scented raisins, figs, dates and blanched almonds, and one-quarter of a pound of citron, all chopped fine. Mix all thoroughly before adding the fruit. Put baking powder in the flour and mix well before adding it to the other ingredients. Sift a little flour over the fruit before stirring it in. Bake slowly, and try with a splint to see when it is done.

CORN MEAL PANCAKES.—Two eggs, three cups of buttermilk, and one and a half teaspoons of saleratus, half pint of meal, of more, if not thick enough to bake well.

CORN BISCUIT.—Scald two cups of corn meal in one pint of sweet milk. Then stir together three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar and a little salt, and add to it. Then add to it three eggs well beaten, a little flour, and half a cup of hop yeast. Let it rise the second time; then roll out, and let rise the third time. Bake and send to the table hot. This amount makes about twenty-five biscuits.

UNION SAUCE.—Union sauce is made by boiling three or four white unions until they are tender, then mince them fine. Boil half a pint of milk, add butter half the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Stir the union into it, and a teaspoonful of

flour rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. Let it come to a boil, then serve.

WELSH RABBIT.—An English lady vouches for the goodness of the Welsh rabbit. Grate some cheese and pepper it with Cayenne pepper. Fry some slices of bread on one side with a little butter, until quite yellow, then spread the grated cheese thickly on the fried side of the bread; place the slices in a hot oven, taking out as soon as the cheese melts and serve hot.

DOUGHNUTS.—The following rule is as nearly perfect as anything can be in this world: Three pints of flour, butter the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one egg, a small bowlful of milk or water, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon. The dough made in this way will be thin, and you will need to sprinkle flour enough over it and on the kneading board to roll it out nicely; do not handle it any more than is necessary. Cut the cakes out with a biscuit cutter, then take a knife and insert it at the edge of the cake until the point of the knife is at the centre; then take out the knife and press a raisin into the centre of the cake; press and flatten the cake, and cut it out again with the biscuit cutter. This operation prevents the raisin from bursting out when the cake rises. Fry in perfectly clear hot lard. When the cakes are ready for the table, sift powdered sugar over them. The bowl used to measure the milk or water in holds a little more than a coffee cup does.

REQUESTED RECIPES.

"FANNY FERN," Mount Forest, is anxious to know what a feather cake is, and how it is made. Answer: Two cups of flour, one cup of milk, one egg, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon.

MRS. A. M. asks for a good recipe for bean or pea soup. The following has always met with much favor where it has been tried:—Soak the beans, if dry, overnight, and boil until soft. Press them through a colander. For each quart of liquid allow one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and a small saltspoonful of pepper. Add a beaten egg, a cup of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Some like to add a little lemon juice on taking up. Canned sweet corn added, is said to make good succotash for winter.

LINA requests a recipe for making a nice jelly for invalids other than calf's foot. The following is a favorite:—Half a raw chicken pounded with a mallet, bones and meat together; cover with cold water and heat very slowly in a covered vessel. Let it simmer until the meat is in rags and the water reduced one-half. Strain and press through a collander or coarse cloth. Season to taste, and return to the fire for five minutes. Skim when cool. Keep it on ice, and give it to the patient cold. For a change the jelly can be made into a sandwich with thin slices of bread and butter and will be found very nourishing.

"YOUNG HOUSEWIFE" would like to know what are the proper accompaniments for different kinds of meat. Here is a list: Roast beef—grated horseradish; roast pork—apple sauce; roast veal—tomato or mushroom sauce; roast mutton, hare, venison, and various kinds of game—red currant jelly; boiled mutton—caper sauce; boiled chicken—bread sauce; roast lamb—mint sauce; roast turkey—cranberry sauce; boiled turkey—oyster sauce; broiled fresh mackerel—gooseberry sauce; boiled bluefish—white or cream sauce; broiled shad—boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons—mushroom sauce; fresh salmon—green peas, fennel or cream sauce; roast goose—apple sauce; curry—grated cocoa nut.

Woman's Physical Inferiority.

Men can work more hours in bad air and all manner of discomfort without any protest from nerves or muscles than is possible for women. Whether the office is high up or low down, clean or dirty, hot or cold, convenient or otherwise, are not matters much taken into account by men when at work, and employers are not apt to be harassed by an uneasy sense of injustice toward them on such accounts. But it is almost impossible for women to do thorough-

ly good work in similar conditions, and one of the preliminary steps to employing women is or ought to be, arrangements for the comfortable performance of their task. The moment this is necessary the market value of their work has declined. Inquiry was made of a prominent book seller in this city as to the relative value of young men and women as clerks in his business. "Girls are quicker and more pleasing," he said, "but they are a great bother. If I had a son of the Governor in here to learn the business I should not hesitate to set him to wash the windows if it suited my convenience; but I can't ask a girl to climb to the top of that step-ladder. I should regard it as a rudeness which I could not offer a woman." Here is one of the disabilities of sex, where the value of wage-workers is impaired from the instinctive feeling for her delicacy and weakness. In all such positions it is evident that a woman is less valuable than a man because small duties incidental to her position must be delegated to others at the cost of some annoyance and trouble. This deference to womanhood is a national characteristic; we are proud of it, and should dread to see it decline, even though it reacts unfavorably on the industrial interests of women.

Ways to Become Attractive.

A Parisian newspaper has been teaching its lady readers "how to be attractive." Surely the readers of the *Vie Parisienne* ought to be in no need of advice such as the following:

"Look confident and indifferent; express yourself simply and with a voice as sweet as possible. Be keenly alive to everything that passes, yet appear absent-minded; know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions. Having read everything, quote nothing; seen everything, appear ignorant; heard all, always express surprise; desiring everything, ask for nothing. Be light-hearted to preserve your beauty; be indulgent to attract sympathy"—and so on.

These laws—some evidently anti blue-stocking laws—are laid down as absolute, with one exception. "Blush neither for shame nor for pleasure," to which is added: "if you can help it." Verily, the good old saying holds good still: "Il faut souffrir pour etre belle." There are, however, some clauses which might with equal advantage be applied to both sexes. For instance: "Do not force wit; always listen attentively; be charitable for your own satisfaction; be frank and you need never be afraid of the truth; see things at a glance; judge quickly, and think more quickly still, in order to keep a cool head."

But wise as these saws are, and however much the world might be benefited by a more general application of them, they belong decidedly to the category of precepts more easily preached than practiced.

This Explains It.

I asked a physician if there really were any structural difference between the tongue of woman and man. "Certainly," he replied; "the organ is attached to the floor of the mouth at one extremity, and it is a fact that in the females the controlling muscles are much more pliable than in males. Those muscles which control the acts of taste, prehension, and articulation are not appreciably diverse in the sexes, but those relating to articulation are enormously developed in woman as compared with man." I told him that he was a real mean old thing, and that I didn't believe a word of it; but, privately, I shouldn't wonder if it were the gospel truth.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Strange Reporter.

Miss Middy Morgan, who does the cattle market reporting for the *New York Times*, is considered one of the sharpest of Gotham. She is 50 years of age and gets \$100 a week out of her business. Her business compels her to use a gun, but she carries a revolver, and she has shown that she knows how to use it. This queer woman has accumulated a fortune of \$60,000. She is very much respected and very much let alone. The young journalists who are thrown into her company have never had the audacity to make love to her, and it is more than likely that she will always remain single.

Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can they see in a kiss? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions of souls have been plunged into misery and despair, by this kissing; and yet, when you come to look at the character of this thing, it is simply a pouting and parting of the lips!"

"Alas! alas! I think if the misery and happiness caused by 'this kissing' were placed in the balance, the misery would weigh right down to earth, while the happiness would mount beyond our ken, so light would be!"

"Verily you can never forget this," says she, still very pale, just before they return once more to the glitter and stir within.

"Forgot it! why should I?" asks she, with a serenity utterly unruffled. "I shall like to remember it. Now I am sure you are very fond of me. When Doris loves me very much, she kisses me. I like to be kissed."

The smile that accompanies this speech is positively divine. It lights up all her perfect face, that is like nothing so much as a just-awakened flower. "Ah! there is poor old Watkyn waiting for me," she says, and, smiling still, glides away from him, and, with her hand upon the old baronet's arm, disappears into the crowd.

A sense of isolation falls upon Burke as he gazes from his gaze, and with it, too, a strange, strange sadness. Has he won? Does she know? Is she his as he is hers? Is it that she is as far from him now as she was yesterday and last week, or in that dark time when her baby face had never been seen by him? Then, with a thrill of passionate hope, he remembers she has kissed him!—has lain in his arms!—has in fact, if not in word, confessed herself his! Is such a child that perhaps she has found it difficult to speak aloud all that her heart would say, but happy time will wear away that most sweet and innocent reticence. He cannot doubt her truth; he will see it! Those large and wistful eyes, of a heaven's own blue, can hide no smallest trace of deceit; those mobile lips could never utter a falsehood. To disbelieve in that smiling face, crowned by its soft rings of golden hair, would be to sneer at all that is true and honest in life. It must be that she loves him! And yet—

The bidding is still going on; the ball is in its height. Matrons are growing secretly peevy, maidens are growing wary about catching the eyes of their elders, and skirt carefully round such spots as may hold away mamas or heavy-lidded papas. Doris—who has been dancing with a certain Colonel Bouverie, a whilom acquaintance of hers during her last season in town—has dropped into a low cushioned seat in one of the open windows. Her eyes are sparkling; a little color has crept into her cheeks; she is laughing at something her companion has just said to her, and is indeed a totally different Doris from the pale straggling girl who had been receiving the guests some hours ago.

She is waving a huge fan indolently to ward off, in a fond endeavor to woo in-doors a light breeze without, while listening attentively to her companion's chatter. A post, who is leaning against the railings beside, being for the present moment off duty, wonders at her unusual animation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sixth of the Land and All the Water.

England has sixty-five square miles of colony to the square mile of her own area. The area of the British colonies is nearly 100,000 of square miles—rather less than the area of the Russian Empire, including Siberia and Central Asia; but if the area of the native feudatory States in India, amounting to 509,284 square miles, be added, over which England exercises as much control as Russia does over much of her territory under its sway, together with that of the United Kingdom itself, 120,757 square miles, then the area of the British Empire exceeds that of the Russian by about 200,000 square miles.

The unselfish can never be really vulgar. They may be uncounted, but they cannot be numbered; while the best "top-dressing" of the soil to be found in the whole world cannot make the substance refined where the foul canker of egotism and indifference to others lies at the heart of things.

A Great Canadian Industry.

As it is of so much importance to the farming interest, and through them to every other business interest of our country, to be well supplied with the best farm labor-saving machinery of every class, some notes in regard to the largest manufacturing establishment of the kind in the Dominion will, no doubt, prove of interest to your many readers. While visiting Toronto recently I spent part of a day going through the Massey Manufacturing Company's Works, located at the west end of the city, and was much surprised at their extent and importance. It is only after visiting some such establishment that one gets an idea to what extent labor-saving machinery has been introduced in connection with Canadian agriculture, and to what a fine state of perfection many of these labor-saving machines have been brought.

Mr. Massey, the head of this prosperous and enterprising Company, has been for nearly forty years in this line of business, and the results prove that few men have been so successful in it. He is a native Canadian—a farmer's son—spending his early days on a farm where, no doubt, he often had reason to feel the importance of good harvesting machinery. Many years ago he began business in the village of Newcastle, where he became so successful that larger machine shops were found necessary to meet the growing demands of the business. A Joint Stock Company was formed there, and a few years ago six acres of ground were purchased adjoining the railways at the west end of Toronto, where the present extensive works were erected.

THE PRESENT BUILDINGS.

The premises now occupied by the company are certainly very complete and extensive. There looms up a vast building, or series of buildings, of brick, with a single frontage of 750 feet and four stories in height. It would require too much space to undertake to give here any detailed description of these fine buildings. As they were erected for this express purpose and planned by practical men with many years of business experience, they are models of convenience and adaptation to the business. To give some idea of their extent it may be here stated that the floor space alone of these buildings amounts to nearly 200,000 square feet, or nearly four and a-half acres, and would be equal to one vast floor of one mile in length and thirty-seven feet in width. In these buildings the entire work is carried on in all its departments—foundry, blacksmithing, iron-fitting, wood-working, painting and storage.

The buildings are located alongside of the principal railway lines running through Toronto, and there are sidings directly through the premises, so that car-loads of raw material, such as iron, steel, lumber, paint-stuffs, and the like, are delivered at the doors, and carloads of completed machines are loaded directly on the premises for the places of transhipment.

THE LABOR EMPLOYED.

From 350 to 450 hands are constantly employed in these works. As a large proportion of the men are skilled artisans, and nearly all of them strong, able men, in their full prime, it will be at once seen that a large number of families—enough to make a thriving village of themselves—are directly dependent on the success of this enterprise. The men are of more than ordinary intelligence, and of temperate habits, and the fact that, as a whole, they take such a deep interest in the business is one of the important factors of success. It may be here mentioned that a fine library and reading room was opened a few months ago for the benefit of the employees. There is a large, well-lighted, well-furnished, cheerful room, supplied with the leading representative papers and magazines in the various departments of literature, to which every man has access without charge. The officers feel encouraged to

note the interest of the men in this fine hall. At noon and during certain evening hours a large number of the men may be found assembled here, enjoying the rich intellectual repast so freely laid before them.

A fine Hall has also been provided for meetings, concerts, lectures, and the like, for the immediate benefit of the men and their families, and also another large meeting hall, capable of holding from six to seven hundred people, for still larger gatherings. It is quite probable that in this, regular religious services will soon be established by some of the city churches,—the Company freely furnishing the room, lighted and heated for the purpose, but not dealing, as a company, to take special control of the religious services. Probably no other industrial firm in Toronto is giving better tangible evidence of its interest in the intellectual and social well being of the men associated with it.

THE IMPLEMENTS MANUFACTURED.

The entire attention of the establishment is given to the manufacture of harvesting implements. A few kinds of the best machines have been singled out and the best men and the best machinery have been provided for making them in the very best manner. Nearly everything in connection with the machines is manufactured directly in the works, care being taken that everything is the best of its class, and in this way a high reputation for reliability has been obtained. Every machine is not only put carefully together in the works, but is also submitted to several tests more severe than the ordinary field tests, so that any defect is sure to be found out and remedied before leaving the workshop at all.

The mowing machines—The "Toronto Mower," fitted with the new and celebrated mechanical gear, and the "Massey Mower" are made, and these have now an immense sale, some thousands of them being made each year and sent to every Province in the Dominion. Of their peculiar excellence I cannot speak. The fact, however, that they have a well-established reputation for good work is good evidence in their favor.

A good deal of attention is now being given to the manufacture of the "Toronto Light Binder," also equipped with a novel shaft carrier. It is only quite recently that the practicability of a self-binding machine was established, and in some localities they have not yet been introduced. There can be no longer doubt, however, in regard to their success. A few years hence, and no farmer will think to do binding by manual labor no more than he now thinks of mowing or reaping "by hand." Every binder here made is put to a severe test before it is declared completed, and I am informed that the demand for them is becoming very great. About fifteen each day are being completed and it is doubtful if the demand of the coming season will not be in excess of the supply.

The "Massey Harvester," a self-raking machine is also being extensively manufactured, and it has enjoyed a large sale for many years. Probably no other reaper is more extensively in use in the harvest fields of Canada, and the Company have long staked their reputation on its excellence.

It may be here stated that all the knives for the various machines are manufactured on the premises. It is claimed that this is the only firm in Canada manufacturing its own section knives. They look small, but in the process of cutting, shaping, tempering, polishing and sharpening every section passes through the hands of nine experienced workmen, and a considerable machinery specially adapted to the purpose is used. There are many elaborate and expensive iron working machines specially made for these works.

HORSE RAKES.

Probably no where else in Canada is there anything like as large a number of steel tooth horse rakes manufactured as

here. The "Sharp's Horse Rake" is the only kind made. Everything in connection with the rake is manufactured on the premises. The machines by which the wheels are made are such as would well repay a long journey of any carriage-maker to see. The process of making and tempering the steel teeth is also very ingenious and elaborate. How so many thousands of these rakes can find yearly sale is a matter of wonder, and yet the demand has grown from year to year.

FOR REPAIRS.

The great drawback to many a valuable harvest machine is its danger of breaking just when the hurry is greatest. Where machines are severely tested before being pronounced finished the danger is not so great but "accidents will happen" even to the best tried machinery. Arrangements have been made to supply any desired piece of any machine with the least possible delay. A large room is stored with completed parts, piled up in large stalls and ready for shipment at a moment's notice. During the busy season a man is always ready for a call, and telegraph and telephone offices are on the premises, besides several express services a day, so that not a moment is allowed to be lost.

HOW SOLD.

Comparatively few machines, I am told, are ever sold at the works. A show room is fitted up with facilities to show every machine in actual motion, but its demand is not very great. The agents of the company are scattered abroad in every one of the Provinces, and through these the sales are being made. There is a branch house in Winnipeg and in Manitoba the sales are very large. At one time last year a special train of twenty-one car loads was shipped direct to Winnipeg, and almost every day during the season some car loads are being sent. Shipments by the car load from April till the end of the season are of daily occurrence.

I am informed that an agent is also employed purchasing lumber expressly for the company, and, being an experienced man at such business, they are always fortunate in getting a good quality. The samples of paints, oils, and the like, are also put to severe practical tests before quantities are ordered, and then they are mixed and ground by machinery on the premises.

Though nothing is done in the way of newspaper advertising, yet some thousands of dollars are being expended each year in reaching the public. A very neatly printed paper of sixteen pages,—"Massey's Illustrated," is issued in immense editions and sent to every available farmer in the Dominion. Any man dropping a postal card with his name and address to the company will be gratuitously supplied with a copy.

There are many other features of importance in connection with this large establishment of which I would like to write, but I fear I have already trespassed too much on your space.

A VISITOR.

To See the Wind.

Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more with a straight edge; a large hand-saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day—whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy—only let it not rain or the air be murky; in other words, let the air be dry or clear. Hold your metallic surface a right angles to the direction of the wind i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west; but instead of holding the surface vertical, incline it about forty-five degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge, keeping it straight, as water over a dam. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply defined object, and you will see the air flow over as water flows over a dam. Make your observations carefully, and you will hardly fail to see the air, no matter how cold; the result is even better when the sun is obscured.

PROGRESS! "LADIES' JOURNAL" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the Competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before.

1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

Rewards will be given the senders of correct answers in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office as follows:-- THE REWARDS.

FIRST SERIES. 1.—Fifty dollars in gold. 2 to 5.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold Watches. 5 to 12. Eight Ladies' Coin Silver Watches, very neat. 13 to 499.—Three hundred and eighty-seven Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings.

SECOND SERIES. 500.—A Fine Grand Square Rosewood Piano. 501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold. 502, 3, and 4.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches. 505. and up to the Middle correct answer of the whole Competition, will be given a Fine German Oeigraph Picture, 14x20.

THIRD SERIES. For the middle correct answer will be given ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN. From and after the middle, and up to number 999 will be given a volume of fiction, very interesting, bound in paper.

FOURTH SERIES. 498 to 990.—A volume of Poems richly bound in cloth and gilt, worth at retail about \$2.25. 901.—A Fine Cabinet Organ, 10 Stops. 902, and up to LAST CORRECT ANSWER received, another of those Beautiful German Oeigraph Pictures, an exact copy of a famous oil painting.

CONSOLATION REWARD. To the last correct answer received in this Competition (which closes on July 15th) will be given \$50 in Gold Coin. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES JOURNAL Office from distant points. The letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for this consolation reward. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY cents, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

OUR PLAN. As fast as answers are received they are numbered in the order they come to hand. A letter containing one dollar will be given two numbers—for instance, numbers 498 and 500. The sender will therefore have a double opportunity to gain a reward. If in doubt about one answer being correct, send a dollar may give two answers, and their letter will be given two numbers as above stated, and will therefore have a double opportunity of gaining a handsome reward.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE. The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but especially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size), large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c. &c., and is well worth double the subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large (52,000) and well established circulation that we can afford to place the subscription at this low

price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year and one of those elegant volumes of poems, or one of those beautiful olographs, or an interesting volume of fiction, or an elegant solid gold gem ring, as well as a chance of securing one of the other still more valuable and costly rewards referred to above. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the proprietor of it has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

The Bible, A Testing Book.

The Bible is a book for man, for universal man, adapted for all characters and all circumstances. It is full of "words in season," and although the speculative and self-sufficient sceptic, "wise in his own conceits," may imagine the Bible, as a revelation, capable of improvement and amendment by the omission of this, or the insertion of that, we may be quite sure that the all-wise God has done wisely: The man who would frame, as it were, a Bible for himself, agreeing with his own notions of what the Bible should be, is not unlike the man who, in perfect ignorance of the harmony and arrangement of the heavenly bodies, should look up and imagine that he could have guarded against what, to his contracted vision, seems confused, by placing the stars in the mathematical order of square and circle. His ignorance of astronomy would account for his folly, whereas the ignorance of the sceptic respecting God's moral government accounts for his blind presumption. When the volume of human experience—universal human experience—is open on the great day, it will be manifest to all that every text in the Bible has conveyed its message, and not conveyed it in vain. The sceptic may then find that he has made "stumbling-blocks" to his soul's ruin, of texts, which were allowed by God to exist in His Word, in order that it might be clearly seen "what spirit" the reader of that Word "was of." There are no difficulties to hinder the faith and obedience of the man who "will do the will of God;" but the presumptuous and self-willed, who will not be taught of God, who refuse to ask for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, may have the Bible in their hands, and not be compelled to receive it as the Word of God. Yes! the Bible is a testing book. It contains "words in season" to bring out and make clear the true character of a man. It is God's message to man so communicated as to make each man responsible, morally responsible to God for his faith or his unbelief.

There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. We shall be obliged at last to confess that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace. It does a man no harm to go sometimes slow, for his glory is not at all in going, but in being.

A Plant of Rare Virtues

Is the common and well-known Burdock. It is one of the best blood purifiers and kidney regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters possesses wonderful power in diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys and stomach.

The affection and trust that should be the corner-stone of every marriage are not sullied by a discussion of ways and means. The time has passed when the whole responsibility and authority of pecuniary matters was thought to be vested in the husband. The wife who fulfils her duty at home as truly earns her share of the common fund as the man who fulfils his duties abroad, and bears an equal responsibility in its use, and any lack of confidence on either side, or any sense of inequality, is disastrous to both.

A Decided Hit.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil touches the right spot every time when applied for rheumatism, neuralgia, pain, soreness or lameness, and internally for colds, sore throat, etc., it is equally infallible.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

When they throw these some beneficial bone, snap at the favor; if not, sleep on and never answer to good fortune and preferment when they knock at thy door.

No Matter.

No matter where pain, lameness or soreness exists, Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken or applied will give immediate relief, and a positive cure quickly follows its use.

We should endeavor to purchase the good will of men, and quarrel with no man needlessly; since any man's love may be useful, and every man's hatred is dangerous.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—I will send a Recipe, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured hundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffee, or even in the drunkard's much-loved whiskey, and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Enclose stamp for particulars. Address M. V. LUBON, 128 State street, Albany, N. Y.

Knowledge, economy, and labor are the shining virtues of civilized man. They form the most enduring basis of society and the surest source of national and individual welfare.

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, before retiring, will soothe the cough to quiet, allay the inflammation, and allow the needed repose. It will, moreover, speedily heal the pulmonary organs, and give you health.

Pride, like laudanum and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man who is not pleased with himself, even in a personal sense, can easily please others.

The Question of the Day.

"What is good for a cold?" is a question often asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. We can answer to the satisfaction of all, if they will follow our advice and try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain throat and lung healer. Sold by all druggists.

Habit, if wisely and skillfully formed, becomes truly a second nature, as the common saying is; but unskillful, and unmethodically directed, it will be as it were the ape of nature, which imitates nothing to the life, but only clumsily and awkwardly.

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ont., writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure." Unprincipled persons are selling imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Do not be deceived.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of other duties.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fullness after each meal."

Work of hand or head is not an end in itself, but a means to the development, progress, and happiness of man. So far as it fulfils that it is successful, so far as it sacrifices that it is a bubble which bursts and is seen no more. This is its mission in the world; and a grand mission it is—one on which every true worker must fix his eye and to which he must direct his steps.

"Maryland, My Maryland." "Pretty Wives, Lovely daughters and noble men." "My farm lies in a rather low and misanthropic situation, and "My wife!" "Who?" "Was a very pretty blonde!" Twenty years ago, became "Sallow!" "Hollow-eyed!" "Withered and aged!" Before her time, from "Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness." "A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had "Lost!" "Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it. "The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done." Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain. C. L. JAMES. BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 36th, 1893.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hope" in their name.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

A Valuable Patent.

The most valuable discovery patented in modern times is that of the best blood purifier and liver and kidney regulator known. We refer to Burdock Blood Bitters, which is making so many wonderful cures and bringing the blessed boon of health to so many people.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.

ERRS'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 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 ERRS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

There is on earth no greater treasure or more desirable possession for man than a woman who truly loves him.

A Hearty Recommendation.

Jacob A. Empey, of Cannamore, states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all.

There are some critics who change everything that comes under their hand to gold, but to this privilege of Midas they join sometimes his ears!

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure. It is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Purifying Water by Motion.

Dr. Pehl, of St. Petersburg, claims to have made the important discovery that motion destroys the impurities of water.

Many people are not aware that it is the wrapper of tobacco which gives the color to the plug, and are, therefore, often deceived by a handsome outside appearance.

A Western calf has four ears. This is fortunate for the calf as he will not be mistaken for a dude.

Catarrah-A New Treatment. Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrah.

That which makes all women equally pretty-Patting out the light.

Its Virtues. The only cure for Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, Vagina, etc., which is guaranteed to cure in every case.

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Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Kingston Works," will be received until THURSDAY, the 2nd day of April next, inclusive, for strengthening the East Pier at Kingston, Essex County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to the Collector of Customs, Kingston, from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 10th March, 1885.

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SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mount d Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Hon. the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon, Friday, 27th March, '85.

Printed forms of Tender, containing all information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No Tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of all articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited. If the party making the tender declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE, Comptroller, N. W. M. Police. Ottawa, March 6th, 1885.

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