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OLD SERIES-17TH YEAR.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

In next issue of TRUTH a very interesting parer 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 amelling salts is sure to result in red noses for those who indulge in it, should be a comfort for many of our brethren whose rebicund probosces would seem to hint at a babit of using bottles other than smellingbottles. When a man's nasal organ begins to display that rosy tint which looks very well in the eastern sky at carly morning, bet 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 oon. 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 skilful as a doctor ought to be, then we certainly should have enough of them to look after our bodily welfare. Iteally 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 copers in the Northwest again and inati g another rebellion. Little as he is to e 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 cariew bell (erroneously so called, however, a 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 alter nightfall; and if such be the case, it would be an excellent idea to toll a bell stains p.m. in Toronto and other large

cities, and so clear the atrects 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 amicabl f disposed towards England and is not thinking of war. Herat is the spot that both Russia and England covet, and the illfeeling 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 fest above gea-level, . a 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 In-

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, aurrounded by a wall eighteen feet in height and nine feet thick at its base, this in turn being surrounded by a ditch fifteen leet 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 Hindostan, and Persia, as virtually a vassal of

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 and supply names for the various diseases that crop up. Some of the comparatively men are worse off than the horses, and the resent terms for neurological conditions happen to frighten him. Anthrophobia rate of wages is scandalously small. There seems to be as old as the hills, or, at any are many such.

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 anyrate they act very much as if they were, for they manage to disappear very rapidly whenever anyone looking at all like acreditor 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 own 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: e-ch one owes his freedom simply and solely to the forbcarance of his neighbors, and the inability of his enemics 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 .ould be so. As bearing 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 1) 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 fellowed 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 incar-

The Revd. Dr. De Costa's sermon from a Yow York pulpit a Sundayor 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, are bound to keep pace with the demand, they would not venture to make them work fifteen hours on a cold winter day. The atockholders don't care a sixpence for their are: "anthrophobia," being afraid to meet souls or bodies." The people who really need anyone about the house, "polyphobia," talking to are those who employ poor girls afraid of everything, sometimes: "phobop. for twelve, fifteen and eighteen hours at a

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 gloomliness 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 mun 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 sluggishwitted and tardy at seeing the point of 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.

Mahommedans are most particular about excluding Christians from their mosques even at the present day, and at the beginning of this co-tury it was well-nigh impossible for one to gain admittance to those 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. difficulty arose concerning the advisability of admitting him, which was finally settled by the Sheik who thus spake to his coreligionists :- "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 hobia," being afraid something is going to stretch, in doing sewing work for which the 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 HOPPITALITY-A MEXICAN CASA-LIFA AMONG THE LOWLY.

("Truth's" 5, "ial Correspondence,)

MONTERRY, Idexico, March 1st. I wish I could present this queer citycapital of the state of Neuvo Loon-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 Mexicoa 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 Nilebut 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 ventursome tourist to visit more than its ancient capital, and thefew unimportant ports which are all its enormous water-line can boast. Not only was there no means of getting about, except by log or donkey transit, with here and there a robber-infested stage line over the worst roads it is possible to conceivebut the language offered a no less formidable barrier than the strange habits and customs of a totally different race; not to mention the increase trevolutions 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 Montexumas 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 sel. dom 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

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 once, if not those whose actual misdeeds have exiled them for their country's good. The arrogant and aggres-

BOXE OF TINGUE SAMILED.

have been proverbial for their abuse of hospitality, ever since the days when King Philip saved the Puritan Fathers from stary.

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 however much their homes, till they have been forced to the wise determination to admit none un- may run to decorated adobe, they have no less vouched for beyond question. It is not surprising, therefore, that this feeling of dis. has but one outer door, an enormous, one trust has grown to undue proportions, and

"In Adam's fall We sinned all—"

the innocent are forced to suffer for the sins of the guilty. Should I undertake to tell Northern farmer would soom it for his stayou, ever so delicately, the doings of some Americans (of both sexes) in this city, our good editor would refuse to print, and orately carved, but are always guiltiess of you to read, the recital.

Having once gained the confidence of Mexican aristocrats, and the entree to their homes, one finds them delightful friendssocial, 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 may (in musical Cocalian, 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 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 stable ther horses. the master of the house with every expression of courtesy, but never permitted one glimpse of the female members of hisfamily. If you chance to express admiration for a Mexican's horse, his watch, the garment he wears-anything but his wife or daughterhe immediately says,

"TAKE IT, IT IS YOURS," and the situation is sometimes very embar rassing. But when-through mutual friends or by rare good fortune-you become sed 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 relentions as the grave.

The streets of Mexican cities are as exactly alike as so many peas in a pod—one atory houses of plastered adobe, with flat roofs stretching in unbroken rows from end to end, the side of each house forming a par. tition for the next. The outside frontswhich are often as smooth and beautiful as polished marble, are generally inlaid akyblue, 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 calloo. The roads are the worst in the world, paved with sharp, irregular stones piled in pell-by the giant Sierra de la Sille (Saddle mell. The side-walks being thus all "upe Mountain) a peak of the Sierra Madres,

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

MEXICAN TASTE

fancy for painted wood-work. Each house which serves also as gate to the court, the corral and the garden. It opens in the centor, both ways, like that of a barn-but is generally such a very shabby door that a ble. Sometimes—especially in the ancient houses of interior towns—the doors are elabpaint 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 houswives 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 easa, and his family the rear. Or in those comparatively rave 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

The windows also are immeuse, reaching from floor to cailing, 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-ledges form deep, commodious recesses, wherein the mistrees 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 broadbanana 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 senoritas imprisioned behind the bars. Despite the forbidding aspect of the entrance, a Mexican interior is most delightful, each case 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 brighthued 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 on route! For miles we were overshad swed by the giant Sièrra de la Sille (Saddle

city, while the bare, hot fields on the k of the high road are dotted with the cu stalk, palm-thatched huts of the Mexic poor. There are not many large trees this part of the Republic, and few of u kind inside the well-irrigated hacierd (landed estates) except palms and Spanial daggers. The meadows bear no grass worth mentioning, but grow an endless variety cactus and wild-flowers. The waysides u lined with a luxuriant growth of flowering bushes, planted for hedges, over which will clematis climbs in rank profusion, mini with purple heliotrope, ageratum, mignon ette, nasturtims, and other floral favorite which require careful cultivation in ca colder climate. There are no fonces in Mer. ico, but

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VINE-DRAPED WALLS OF DRY ADOBE, upon which "the insidious tooth of time makes small impression. Each little butwhich has only mother earth for a floor, and neither beadstead, stove, chair nor take among its furnishing, is hedged with the maguey (the "century plant,") and set in the midst of roses and magniticent oleander in perpetual bloom; while a few fruitful beanans also shade his humble roof, and a fig-tree spreads is protecting branches over all. These jacals (pronounced hoek-als) line the outskirts of every Mexican city. The 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 a old blanket partially conceals the inmutation the public gaze, and anon a board, or a few branches of chapperal affords them a slight sense of privacy, if not of security.

BESIDES THE HUMANS, (which are always numerous) the low-class Magnitude for the product of the security. which has only mother earth for a floor, and

(which are always numerous) the low-class dexican reckons among his immediate fam-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 possess of a few pigs, goats or denkeys, these beats range the premises at will—being rather accorded the posts of honor, as these four-footed inmates are of greater value that wives and babies who cost nothing.

The happy proprietor of this fillers, Smart Home?

The happy proprietor of this fillome, Sweet Home," never dreams of such a thig as snatching up a little of the unoccupied land lying all around him and planting there are the statement of the s ian a few potatoes and cabbages. Why should be himself? Tortillas (cakes made of pounded corn. mixed with water) and frajoles (red beams) suit him well enough for jour (red beams) sait him well enough to food—and for five cents he can buy enough to feed his whole family an entire day. If there are any unreasonable Oliver Twist in the household who clamor for more why there is the nover-failing fig-tree, and an occasional banana, while endless gail: why there is the never-failing fig-tree, and an occasional banana, while endless garlic and Chilli-pepper grows wild in the hedge. If he is rich enough to own a goat, his wite makes a tiny cheesenow and then (something like Switzer kase, and not to be eaten till you can smell it a mile); and he can imagine no greater delicacy than that curdled gots milk mixed with his garlic and beant. What more could a well-regulated Mexican desire?

FANNIE BRIGHAM WAED.

TROPICAL TRIPS.

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

BY "ALBATROSS," TORONTO.

In crop-time the lines of a Ceylon coffeplanter are not cast in pleasant places. The rain pours incessantly, and the planter must be out of doors from day-break, or som 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 sixpences 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's small bag at their waist-and this sack is about all the clothing a good many of them ation, and was repaid by fire and sword, and downs" no two houses are ever exactly which stands guard over this quaint old wear !- which they fill, and as fast as it is

n the le the cu o Mexic o trees ow of m haciend d Spania TRES WOOD variety rysides w f flowering which wil ion, mire 1, mignos . favorite on in es es in Mer

ADOBE, of time ittle hata floor, and nor take with tall und set in t oleander w fruitfel anches ore ck-als) line ity. They ity. They rtainly not in. Then metimes the inmates board, or a

in them f security. low-class ediate famgs, and in ceater the possessor ing rather these fourvalue the g. t. Home, uch a thing unoccupied sting there Vhv shock

akes made er) and fre mough for my enough oday. If yer Twist or morer-tree, and iless garli: the hedges. (something an imagine died goat's and bears. & WARD.

EYLON.-

ylon coffee laces. The lantermus ak. or som not dodeins to another. nich areba those which paid by the being able : sixpence a I a line of this line be kers carry s this sack is uny of them nat 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 in, 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 contend ed 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 clavation, the berries may be only changing from green to red.

A coffce-plantation in full bloom is a beautiful sight. The blossom is a pure white, star-shapedflower, of alstrong, 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 essen in the year, and as soon as it is over the planter is devoutly thankful. If all has gone well, and his crophasnot been much spolled 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 theroughly dried and winnowed, the winnowing having the effect of peeling off a thin, filmy akin 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

After crop, on the plantation, comes

employed; it is an important branch of coffee-cultivation, and needs much care on be careful neither to over-prune or underestate is parcelled out in contracts to reare 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 haloyon days, of which I will speak in a future paper.
(10 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 become extinct. While this is probably an incorrect theory, it is beyond doubt that in savage, or at all events in bucolio 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

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 projudicial effect may be gathered from one example. In former days, when outdoor life and exercise made the vigorous marhood 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 nerrous, 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-evaded part of the atruggle 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 u duty to posterity which we dare not deny, though we may, and do, criminally neglect it, the ontlook is the reverse of cheerful. The higher life we live is not all due to our own it through the inherited vigor of our forefathers. We are fast losing this capability, and are becoming nervous and dyspeptic. Succeeding generations will inhorit our noryousness and atomachic 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 speak ing, 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 o persons the present but also of the future, that class

derstand, of course, that throughout I am apeaking of really religious people, people the part of the superintendent, who must to whom Christianity is a living reality, to whom the Bible and the promises of God prune, both being equally injurious. The therein contained should be beyond doubt or question. To such persons worry should sponsible coolies to be weeded, other hands 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 befal 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 ahunned 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 nuch. 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 some times 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, peonle who habitually worry), are responsible for the rush and the scramble, the nervousness and the dyspepsis, and most of the wear and tear of the present day and gencration.

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. spoken of. Christians are opposed to it (as proposed), philosophers condemn it as impracticable, and a great many fools, being exertions. We were made capable of living property holders, are prejudiced against it. of my vineyard, without compensation?

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 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 selves into a fever trying to meet their bills. his money in legitima's methods, rushes and shares until his brain reels from the

bears, and puts and calls, until he arrives through worry at a state of shricking frenzy. The politician, not with a single eye to his country's good, but with an anxious aching 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 WOTTY.

Here, then, lice 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 coase to trouble us, and nervousness and dyspepsia will flee away.

COMPENSATION TO LIQUOR TRAFFIC

BY A. MOOD, BARRIE, 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 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 10 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 investmy capital in that business; I buy, say from 100 to 200 scres of land, and spend from ten to twenty years of my life in planting and cultivating my vines; I erect buildings and collars 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. But communism is not well 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

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 town, gets a profession, and worries this; the license would kill off all the small growers and give the large ones a monopoly, just as liquer licenses do hero. 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 promerchants and shopkeepers worry them. hibitionists in the position of being able to say to the producers—as prohibitionists say The moneyed man, instead of employing here-" You have no rights but such as your licenses give you; you were aware ought to be easy on the score not only of into speculations and corners and stocks when you obtained them that they were only good for one year; those who had pruning, and at this only men and boys are would be the religious class. You will un- worry of his risks. The broker bulls and power to grant have power to withhold,

and you have no claim either in law or in generally at sound conclusions. He should 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 dony 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 lobbics, you see a general flutter occasioned by the movement of a procession consisting of the Macebearer, a rough, rude, unkempt lictor, 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 lictor. 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 lictor 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 cars 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 straigtened 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,

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 TIMB.

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, scourging 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 min. utes 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 claborate 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, nover succeeding in climinating the hollow ring. There are a hundred other defective points about the procedure of the House of Communa 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, bye and bye, 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 Adminstration of Lord Lorne," &C., &c.

The man who considers that home duties of a woman are inferior to the politice work of man must be either a bachelor a not seem to be as quick to detect disorder, or to settle questions that arise, as his prodecessor. Usually, indeed, he is fortified or deterred by a wink or a nod from one of the Ministers, and should a sturdy Oppositional 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.

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 was most willingly accepted for auld lang syno."

Onlooking round the House memory went back for a period of thirty-six years, when thein Misterial benches were filled by Messrs. Hincks Baldwin, Lafontzine, Prico, Malcolm Cameron, and other notable mea of that day, while the Opposition scats were occupied by Sir Allan McNab, Sir John Macdonald, Col. Prince, and other wellknown 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 waswarmly contested. Col. Prince was fierce. His order to shoot those he deemed rebels: and hisreply, "they were shot accordingly, was not forgotten either by the colonel o the country. Col. Prince was a good speak er, 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 sgitation culminated—the riot and burning of the Parliament buildings in Montreal in 1849.

In scanning the faces of the members Sir John wasthe only man recognized as holding a scat 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 ho 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 partics concerned. By such flights of presence of mind in repattee 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 Deminion 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 Guelph 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 of 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 a conclusion was come to that a whipshould 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 chusion of blood. For this visious and naneworked of blood. For this vicious and unprovoked astault the member and an accomplice were summoned before a magistrate and fined. summoned periors 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 bere him to the rear. A small red rivulet trickled across his forehead, and from 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 chbed away, the terrible pangs of thirst became more and more intense.

One moment he would be laving 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 pitcously 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, its stopped running! Oh, the hillside spring has gone dry and I must die of thirst!"

A company hand on any and whispersel in the

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 inces-

santly:-"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

water. But I cannot draw? By 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 of exceeding sweetness lit up the bronzed face as the lips

whispord:
"Mother-home-Heaven I' 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? Yea; with the inanimate clay of her boy there also lies buried a fond mother's

The Boet's Buge.

FIVE DOLLARS

-WILL DE-

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 ending 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 l'age, 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. Baynon, St. Catharines, Ont., to whom the prize will be paid on application.

My Ohild.

BY REV. JOHN PIREFORT, D.D. ı.

I cannot make him dead:
ilis fair suoshiny 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

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 !

m.

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

IV.

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 itin prayer I knelt;
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,
Ik fore 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 tilm who gave me my boy,—
Then comes the sad thought—that he is not there!

T11.

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

VIII.

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

He lives? In all the past
lie 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 shall see me there?"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine shilled ones, to bear,
That, in the Spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
Taili be our heaven to find that - he is there;

Poor, Tired Mother.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skice, Of the light and of the gladness to be found in paraof the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing sorgs,
the wand rings through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throng;
"And," said father, leaning certify back in his easychair. (Father always was a master-hand for comfort every-(Father niws)s was a masses where),
"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 leabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the reed
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 centation 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 notto blame,
And focs deride us or herate,
Can we not do thus amo?
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.

Mi-fortune is a wilful 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 i then be chary of the slight
That pains a loving heart.

Give me a little corner
Where the sun shines in all cay,
And eyes that beam with love for me,
And a heart that's true alway,
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.

Only a Drankard. BT MRS. PHILIP HAMER.

1.

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

Only a drunkard—each tone a sucer, As she turned saids from the scene so drear, Ecoming 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 wall, Or to list the ery of the infant pale; Too heartless to pause, as the blast swept by, To see a fallen human die.

I cannot stop in reckless give, And a daunkard's soul is naught to me; Such work as this, I verliv ween, Delongs to the church so spoiloss and clean.

Only a drunkard, the church replies, As she dashes a teardrop from her eyes, Then draws her mantle of saintly grace About and with pious face.

VII.

Leturns to her solf-appointed task Of answering idle queries asked, Of teaching doctrines most abstruct 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— Strangel she such a duty plain will miss.

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

The thought of stooping to such as these, is one that fails my laney to please. And more, the Bible has plainly said, I' No room in heaven for a drunkard dead.

Only a drunkard - the scraphs repeat, As they haver about the mercy seat; While the heavenly host with heads bowed low Silence their harps in pitying woe.

TII.

Only a drunkard—twas the voice of One, The Father's well beloved son; What though his sins be red like blood, I cleanse them in the atoning flood, Till, white as snow his soul shall be, And he shall reign henceforth with me.

XIII.

The flat passed the hosts above, Harped forth their gladsome song of love; While far and wide the scraphs cried,— For such as this the Savior died. Kingwood.

-For Truth.

The Shadow on the Wall. (The Widow's Story.)

BY MARK L. DOUGHERTY.

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 largo and tall,
And oft its shadow reaches,
Even to my cottage wall.

Fen to my cottage wall.

The mistress of that Eden bright,
A lady vich and fair,
With cycs as black as darkest night,
And long and raven hair.
Oh, oft she walks at eien,
And seems beneath thetree,
An angel dropped from heaven,
From all life's sorrow free.
But I turn from twinkling ras-jets
That light the brilliant hail,
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,
list 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
Pacing up and down the wall !

There's Light Above Us. BY OSWALD ROSS JOHNSON.

When the light of day departing
Draws the curtain of the skies,
And the gloomy clouds of autumn
life the star-light from our eyes;
Then, in sympathy with creature
Oit 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; That enshrouds our hearts in gloo Then we talse our eyes in wonder, For there, slight above the tomb.

Yes, o yes, there's light above us,
And the clouds that check our view
Shall be gilt with golden edges
When that plottous 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 youder 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-pinions flying,
Thoy shall meet us on our way,
And conduct us safely homeward
To the blessed realms of day.

Whiter, Oak

-For Truth Expected Letters. BY MRS. J. L. PETHERSTON.

How the heavy moments drag, and old time appears

How the neary moments are a though to log;
And the shortest days in winter seem as though they note would and.
Even sunshine seems less dear, moonlight evenings, too, seem drar,
When we fall to get a letter we'er expecting from a friend.

How we think the coming mail travels slow as a. y

anall,
And arrives, at last, to cheat us of the joy we hoped twould send,
Postmaster, smilling 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, despending heart, we on hopeless errand start.
And sel blisful costacy indeed—there's the letter from our friend.

Eager then we break the seal, ab! what bliss it doe reveal; hope and love and sympathy gives roughly experies without end; O, few know the hope to live that so small a thing will give,

Awaiting and getting 2 long letter from a friend.

Cobourg, Ont.

Sleep, Old Pioneer.

BY MRS. WM. MACRIE, BY MRS. WM. MACRIE.
When the spring-time touch is lightest,
When the summer's eyes are brightest.
Or the autumn sings most drear;
When the winter's hair is whitest,
Sieep, old Pioneer is
Safe beneath the sheltered soil.
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 preesing,
Nature's lips your brow careasing,
Sleep, old Pioneer.

Sleep, old Pioneer.

When the hill of toll was steepest,
When the forest frown was deepest,
Poor, but young, you havened here;
Came where solid hope was expest—
Came—a pioneer.

Made the western jungles view
Civilization's charms;
Grasped a home for yours and you,
From the leta tree arms.

Toll 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.

Carless compide on daily not you.

Carless crowds go daily past you,
Whore their future fato has cast you,
Leaving not a sigh or tear.
And your wonder works outlast you,
Brave, old Ploneer!
Little care the selfish throng,
Where your heart is hid;
Though they thrive upon the strong,
Resolute work it did.
But our memory-eyes have found you. Resolute work it did.
But our memory-cyce 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-DY MRS. BREMNER,

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 einhers warm Grew ash white and cill; without, astorm Began to blow, and clouds across the sky Swept heavily; the sunlight second to die.

In allence 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 acce, with dread amage,
The cliffs rise dark end threatening in his way,
So did I look at Sorrow's face that day.

And yet, "Draw not thy vell "ray," I cried; "I can not bear to meet thine awful eyes; If henceforth at my hearth thou must abide, And in the lore of auffering make me wiso, At least be merciful; keep thy disguiso! So dread the paugs thy bidden foatures give, I cannot see thy face unveiled, and live."

Day wance, and showly wanced the dreary night, and still I sat beside my shrouded guest. Her gaze restless held my shrinking sight; lier volceless lips woke terror in my breast. A trembling selatt me, and my heart, oppresses. Broke, the dread silence with a shuddering cry, "Oh, let me see thine awful face, and die!"

Thou 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 phantom was my silent guest. No shape of terror, but an angel blest.

The light of peace was in her steadfast eyes;
Celestral love and pity made a blaze
Of glory all about her. Rapt surprise
Possersed my soul, and strength for feeble days
Was in une born leneath her tender gaze.
I cried, "Henceforth we will bed dwell apart!"
And clarged the Angel Sorrow to my heart. Georgetown, Ont. -Harrer's Monthly.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER LV.

Weep, foolish beart. And, weeping, live,
Fordeath is dry as dust; yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose cable hus
Your sins express, melt into dew,"

Blyth and Joy looked all round, but only the wheat-field and the waving branches of the elms were to be seen, or had descried 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 -O. HERRERY uttered with which she must have frozen

the kim that was so warm on her lips.

At the corner of the field was a stile, the path fleading 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 scruam of surprise as she saw him.

ahe saw him.

It was Steeenie Hawkshaw; but looking like's ghoat in a living man's clothes. Deathly white, with cheeks so 'llow that the skin seemed drawn over them with difficulty only his eyes being wonderfully brightened and larger, and his cheek-boses 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 forwar i, not liking to seem forcing aid on any one.

More slowly, man-like Blyth had come forwar!, not liking to seem forcing aid on any one. But now, urged by that dear voice of divine sympathy, he held out his arm like a atrong 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 atood 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,"

"Take that in return for the day we met at

Drewston. Joy had grown crimson with fury at the

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 stard. In said, very quietly, "I will take that and another blow besides, Hawkahaw, if in your conscience you think it right for you to give and me to receive. Godjudge between us as regards the poor, hunted woman that caused our constraint."

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 his head against the top bar and

sobbed.

Blyth and Joy watched him, feeling quite stricken with pity, and, as it were, ashamed of heing so well and atrong 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 hun, 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 tertured him, increased on seeing Joy, had broken down the poor wretch's pride utterly. Magdaien, sust new roug increased on seeing Joy, had broken down the poor wretch's pride utterly. Ashamed of himself, he stopped, with an

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, puling baby up there at the Barton. Ha, hathat's how the world goes."

He could not stir yet; hardly speak. Joy pitifully bent over him and wiped the damps 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 .t, 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 odrive you back myself."

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

Then he slowly said

"I'll do neither; but !1 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 Moor-

town to day?"
"No," said Blyth, wondering. He had sent his farm-beiliff, though, and his thoughts flashed at once to wondering what thoughts fisshed at once to wondering winst focilahness that individual could have been about; although supposed a very superior successor to old Dick, who was now bed-ridden and in a state of dotage.

ridden 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—taough 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 Hawk-shaw speak more distinctly on the subject:—L. wind, by natural queries, objections, surmises.

surmises

But Steenie would by no means say more

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 Zulas, a lot of them—you watch for the mutic in the waxwork tent. Goodby. I make no promise, for I may be all 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 explantion vouchsafed, Steenie left them alowly, leaning on a stick heavily, and every now and then stopping to rost and watch the yellow butterfiles 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?" caked Joy, her woman's curiosity all alive.
"I don't know," answered Blyth, musing
"But we had better go and see."

CHAPTER LVI.

CHAPTER LVI.

"The first company that passed by, Say na, and let them gas; The next company that passes by, Say na, and do right sas; The third company that passes by, Then 171 be anne o' that.

First let pass the black, Janet, And syne let pass the brow."

But grip ye to the milk-white stood And, pu', the rider down."

—The Found Tamb

-The Young Tamlan.c The aug was setting behind the Moortown hills as Blyth drove Joy up to the little

There was a small square in the middle of the town, in which stood an old market cross, raised on three tiers or stops. And

cross, raised on three tiers or steps. And round this contral 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 almahouse, and another ending the road up ifrom the valley. The traffic was cheaked, 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 these of the "Three Crowns Ins."

The evening air was noisey with the bray-

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

ances which succeeded each other. Mingled with this came the basing 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 "shies at a coccanut" 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 instantaneously milder, over, and the fun of the little fair in full

over, and the fun of the little fair in full

swing

wing.

Here was one yellow house on wheels, with the hideous at lady, who resided squeezed therein, portrayed outside; re-resembling much, apparently a Yorkshire pig. If, by chance, she moved one of the blinds for air before the tiny windows of the carriers house in which she was boyed or 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 n movable wooden stage, on which marionettes had lately bean put through their puppet dance; while some last sounds of most hideous clamor in in a tent signified that some "real Zulus" were just ending their native war-dance. m a cent aighined that some Year Zillus, hoarse with shouts, and no doubt leg-weary, to judge by the violent stamping that shook the protruding boards of their temporary

Blyth and Joy passed all these attrac-tions, and went towards the waxworks, as directed. The abow 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 R d

House.
"These good people are all looking at us "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 hoar. 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 ovening show of the waxworks

was about to open.

The largest yellow wagon, which had unroofed itself, now let down a row of flap. shutters from its sides, displaying behind these a striking portrait gallery of the queen and all her ministers, both in and cut 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 mort-al musicians behind them.

"Waik up, walk up," cried a red-faced

al musicians behind them.

"Waik up, walk up," cried a red-faced showman, with a tall hat stuck much on one side of his head, perceiving Joy's boautiful 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 huppers coming."

Blyth and Joy found themselves mingling with a crowd of better-class sight seers, all cager to partake of the atmosphere of art and refinement in this department of the "travelling exhibition," reported to be much apperior in its elegance to the other more vulgar entertainments in its company.

more vulgar entertainments in its company.

They stumbled up some wooden ateps on to the platform, stumbled down more on the other side, and found themselves inside a dark tent, surrounded by mysterious

The showman now seized a long whip, and, as prelude, gave it a sharp flick over the heads of a group of Moortown children,

the heads of a group of morrown children, whom he transfixed 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?

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 aide of his head, by the way of self-assertion. He began now to draw back the curtains one by one from before variety insaely smiling warwork foures. Then. the curtains one by one from before various inasely smiling waxwork figures. Then, turning the light from some strong reflecting lantens, 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 unction, r-representing superious adjustion.

he decialmed with an unction, re-representing superfine education.
But Joy heeded not a clammy group, cotting forth the story (recited at some length) of 'Amlet and the lovely, unfortunate Hophelis. She never gave a loyal glance at the Royal Family rending 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 murders' were lost upon her; though the murders' shead 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 forch-id, "to give the company present a hexcelent idea of the suffering of this poor gentleman.")

on his forestal, "Byte 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.

biddiag

bidding.

They had still to wait some time.

Once more Blyth asked Joy presently, if she would now like to come away. And—heaitating, with a sensation of faintness stealing over her, not so much from heat and closeness of the place as from an in-describable disappointment and heart-sink-ing, 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?

"Shall we just wait to see it all ended? Unless you very much mind, dear Blyth."
At last the showman had generound all the waxworks in their separately draped little stalls. The curtains had been drawn bock 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

ing test sound, though an bening there was now still.

"And now, ladies and gents, for the last and crowning attraction of this performance. The gifted Countess Maddal.", a Coanish lady of high descent, who has concerned for a while to onor the boards of our Royal lady Travelling Theatre as a bright, par-tic-ular 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, eat—Magdalen!

CHAPTER LVII.

CHAPTER LVII.

"While saily roam, I regret my dear home
Where lads and young leases are making the bay;
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing.
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.
Oh, its home, dearest home,
It's home I fain would be!
Home, dearest home, in the North country.
For the cak, and the sain, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They grow best at home is 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 hermother. He, for his part, stood stoady as a rock, though feeling most pitifully for the heart bearing paintally 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.

they must not betray themselvos.

Magdalen was dressed in a fantastic garb of crimson petticoat and black velvet bodico. that might have been supposed originally Italian, but for fringes of gilt, glittering sequins fastened here and there, which jingled and tinkled as she bont forward now led and tinkled as she bont forward now— not rising, but bowing with a sort of care-less grace in answer to the shufflings and murmurs of curiosity, and some encouraging hand-claps from her little audience in the hand-claps from her little addiction in the twilight tent. Her eyes gleamed so keenly from under a white head-dress, adorned with false jewels, as she gazed forward, that Blyth and Joy felt as if she must see them / And yet she did not; her gaze wandered restlessly on all around.

Then, with a weary air that she seemed

at no trouble to disguise, the be-tinselled countess took up a mandolin that lay on an old leopard-skin rug at her feet, and carelessly drawing out a prelude from the atrings, began the song two listening there knew so well. "Tara he tara."

"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 spirt, 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 Hafaz.

An honest burst of applause drowned the lat notes as they lingeringly died away. Despite the shufflings, hoarse "Brayvo's," violent stamping of umbrellas and thick sticks on the ground, and sucn-like marks of want of refinement in the criticism, it was good, genuine praise. Moment by moment, the well-known air

good, genuine praise.

As such Magdalen felt it, with the quick 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 Blythand Joy remembered so well seeing her wear in the glen—when, hidden in the ner wear in the glen—when, nidden in the bushes, they first saw her sing and dance to an imaginary crowd of spectators. For the moment she belived herself a star, a prima-donna, at the height of her triumphs? The travelling tent was a great theatre ringing with acclamations !

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

"Best not, Bill," he muttered, replying to the urgings of his assistant, "this werry particlar 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 straye'd, Although with her nature it did not agree; She wept 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 bethe 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.

(70 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 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.

OHARLES OHEERYBLE'S OHATS.

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 eem 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 staved 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 hava mada

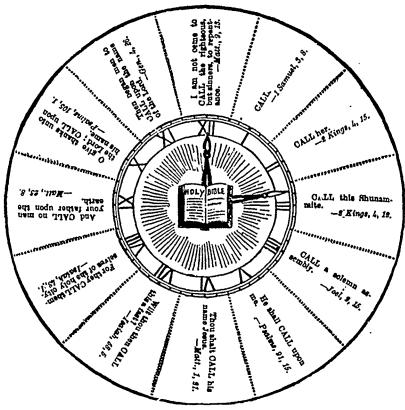
Now, all of us must have met, at some time or another, people who are constantly complaining, either because they are never well themselves or their relations are not, or because they are, or imagine themselves to be, the most unfortunate creatures under the sun, for this, that, or the other reason, and yet these people would feel completely wretched if they had nothing to complain 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 tales of their woes and misfortunes into the cars 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 beat 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 peraist 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 Isliah, and is redolent of O's and Macs and praytics!

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 unfortunato 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 be-long to that class. Oh! dear no: your bore is always delightfully, proportions that he long 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 to be his or her friends. Ferrons with a grievance are the worst kind of bores—thatis, 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 proxing and grumbling, when put into print, can be of any interest to his readers, and who insists on going prosing and droning 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 botter come to a stop at case.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE.



ANSWER TO PRIZE OLOOK AND ENIGMA.

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

Sarah, Gen., xvii, 16; Ichabod, i Sam., iv, 21; Nahum, Nahum, i, 7; Alexander, Mark, xv, 21 Iahmael, 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 concent a comerang which will hit back.

A lady in England had a parrot which she taught to wake up her sister, who enshe 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 discomfiture. 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 semation at 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 again, only to no runy 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 particu-lar trick was henceforth discouraged in that

parrot.

A gentleman owned one of those mischief-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 cockies in his larder he took special pains to tie parchment firmly over the top of each jar. It was not long, how-ever, before the skin was torn off and some cockles eaten. Nobody could be found who would confess the deed, and the theits 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 and Air. Magne, with the skin on a jar of cockles, cating 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 rareal, that's been at the cockles!"

twas a hard punishment, for all the poor little fellow's feathers came of his scalded head, leaving him bald over ter; and he never forgot the cause of his misfortune, as appeared afterward. In night among some visitors at his ma ster's house was a gentleman with a bald head. The magpie, which had been perches on the edge of a vase, suddenly flew to this gentleman's shoulder, and with his head tipped on one side in quizzical fashion, agreaked 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 pre-vious to 1871 For the whole of life the es-timate now is that of 1,000 persons (one-half males and one-half females) thirty-five aurvive at the age of 45, twenty six at 55, nine at 65, three at 75, and one at 85. To 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 more, nearly 70 per cent. of the increase of life takes place (or is lived) in the "usual his 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 "conomic agents," children are simply a source of expense, and so also are a majority of the elderly who have pasted the age of three score. On the other bind, as alor three score. On the other hand, as al-ready said, only one quarter of the longer or additional life now enjoyed by our peo ple is passed in the useless periods of child-hood and old age, and mure than ene-third of it is lived at ages when life is in its high-est 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 infor-mation gladly received "Advess T. W. Cash, G. W. S., Editor, Napazee, 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 prohib tion. In the County of Missesquoi, Province of Quebeo,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 protty cautions about the matter of bringing on votes in the cities until there is a pretty stronp 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 offect 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 considerabl 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 previsions 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 visions 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 wis more thoroughly discussed and better understood, and urolubly on no other important ones. the the control of the control of the careful examination, and 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 1678, 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. jority 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 liquing traffic are evidently drawing to an end in Canada.

Pani hment and Orime.

The annual report of the Inspector of Prisons for the Province of Ontario, has just been published, and it affords subject mat ter for good deal of careful atudy. The figures show without doubt a gradual growth in the criminal population of the Province. The total number of commitments for all crimes in 1970 was 0,379; in 1880 it had increased to 11,300, and last year it was no cless than 12,081. This is a greater number than over reported before with the single exception of 1878, when the number was

the next largest number of commitments, having 1,004; and Hamilton third, with 954. Off the 12,081 committed, only 7,260 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,—8,015, 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

under 16 and 9,858 over that age. Of the females, 46 were girls under 16, and, 1,719 woman over that age.

There were 7,341 committents in all for crimes against public orders 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 contain country.

and disorderly. This is a larger number than is reported to have been committed in any year before. The talk in writin quarters of the liquor traffic becoming more respectable and less harmful "under a well enforced license 'aw" is not verified by these athenticated figures. The report says:

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

Of course drunkenness was the prime call 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 mercly punishing it, even at a vast expense to the less to expect to suppress crime by merely punishing it, even at a vast expense to the country, without first drying up the sources. Anyeffectual 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 orti-tude 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 aboutin 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 aplendid constitution no injurious effects ap-peared to come from it. The penalty is now

being dearly paid, however.

Some time age, when it became evident that the General's mouth was showing unmistakable evidences of disease because of the amount of nicotine absorbed from the

the amount of nicotine absorbed from the cigars amoked, 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 amoked is exposed to similar dangers, and overy 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 risk.

and loss of money in connection with the same unnecessary habit. Surely the whole subject is well worthy of careful th. 1ght. Gen. Grant's unfortunate case is not by any means an isolated one. The tobacco habit has far more human victims every habit has far more human victime every year than most persons are awar. of. It is a well known fact that a very large proportion of the cases of *hat 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, dyspopsis 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. their time each year from diseases induced by tobacco using. In view of these undeod 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 bravests 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 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 weared, at first, to require considera. In, the had a kind of organization that migh 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. the records of soldiers' offenses, that practically, all had their origin in drunkenness. I caused the repreation 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 Temperence 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 perance 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 oxception 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 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

as ne 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."

never drink."

"And," said he (for he told me the atory): "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 liquer that my mother's form by the gate did not rise up before me; and to-day I am innocent of the tasts of liquer."

before me; and to-day I am innecent 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 saide; you took me to your "", and kept me there till I slept off the actorication; you then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never known a word from her line. You teld me of your at the restriction. 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." business of buying and selling wines in large quantities sampled them and ascertained

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. Caine 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 incompatable with moderate drinkquite incompatable with moderate drinking, and I well know that Mr. Caine 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 strongthened the temperance element in the ministry. I have known Mr. C. from boyhood, and am related thim by marriage. He is one of the rising men of England, and a true philanthropist.

Yours truly,

New Sarum, Ont. A. W. EMERY.

Our Young Kolks.

TOM BLUG.

"This will never do, Tom," taid 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, 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 colite way of saying that Tom was laye.

polite way of saying that Tom was lazy.

There was a picture in his bedroom of a field in a wilderness state of briers and thorns. Part of it had been originally inclosed as a vineyard; but it was now covered with nottles, 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 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 leason. fully learned its lesson

He was a thoughtful boy in his way, sometimes philosophised a bit about his lazy tendencies. Indood, he was a philosopher in potticoats; for he would sometimes argue in potticoats; for he would sometimes argue to himself in this way. * My name is Slug. Why, it's the name of thet 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 for the slowness. of a slug? If so, how can I help being slug-gish?—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 bot of titl use.

The boy was quick with his eyes, how ever, if slow with his bands 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 things. On this memorable alternoon ne-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 mushrooms; 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 dieguated with humself. In this mood he wangered into the orchard, and mood he wandered into the orchard, and throw 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 mane music as itran. The air was thronged with inacces, 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 scase of sweetness would mingle with the biterness that found vent in his tears. When these had ceased, his eye chanced to fall on a nest of ante, 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 upsaid down in it. Tom thought this was a spler did chance of exploring an ant-hill, and making up to the nest. was ant-hill, and making up to the nest, was about to enter, when two of the guards rished out clashing their javes so fiercely that he felt quite frightened. He was still more startled, however, when one of them asked him what he wanted. On recovering him-self, 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 with a kindly, motherly-looking aunt, who said: "The Queen has been reased to grant your request, and appointed 'no your guide. Please stop this way."

a pillar at the entrance, midway between the walls. Seeing Tom look wonderingly at this pillow, 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 hay here.'

Tom thought it a most skilful device.

Passing through this lobby, they came to nother hall, much larger than the first, with pillars here and there, to support the "The is the grand assembly-room,"

roof. "The 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 starcase, 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 anter-seized Tom with his

these—a big jaw ant—seized Tom with his nippers as they were passing, and would have made them meet in his ilesh, 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. Sue 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 root.

ing the root.

As they came to one cell, a jayous 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

bodygard litted 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 smallest eggs Tom had ever soen. 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 cosiest cells in the whole nest. Here, ranged against the walls, like classes in a school, were rows upon row 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 bring vit 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." To saying, the guide led Tom across a passage into an other cell.

other cell.

Here a number of fine fat grubs were apinning gause dresses for themselves, which were to shroud their bodies from top t. toe. A few were spinning an additional coat of silk to putover the gaure dress.

"These are their nightgowns," said the gnide. "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 looke I 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 lo-ked rather savagely at Tom when he entered; but a glance from the guide made alt right.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Persevering Boy.

The month of December in the year 1807 was neusually cold and blustering. In some in stances, 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 soverity in the weather so carly in the season was disassissing in young and old.

Itiu. . was one exception, however, and this was a youth of fifteen summers, tall Please stop this way."

and gaunt, who sat one stormy evening in the stranger to remainthrough the day; and The entrance opcued into a kind of hall, the old fashicued chimney corner of his which again narrowed into a lobby, having father's humble dwelling reflecting upon his night he had made arrangements in the famand gaunt, who sat one stormy evening in

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 'he guest, but his mind was too deeply abarbed 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——say's its 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,"

"I shall go to Plainfield in the morning, he said quietly.
"But how can you get there? It'll be awfully drifted, the anow is a foot deep now, and the wind blows a gale."

"Il get there somehow, I reckon."
"But, remonstrated 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 ed to his humble chamber in the loft, saying to hims-if "Yes that a the nort 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 down to zero, and the banks in front of the house covered the atono walls; but not one whit daunted, our friend started off as soon as it was light, a small package of clothes and books alung over his shoulder with a stick, in search of "larnin," as his father called it. called it.

On entering the schoolroom in season to see that the fires were sufficient for the sa-verity of the day, Master Maynard observed atting 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 "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 diffi-culties that interested the teacher. He told

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 postessed 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 ar-rangements 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 earfrom which place he went to Greece as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

missioners for Foreign Missions.

I scarcely need say that I have giren 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 Housekeepers.

I suppose you know that nearly all kinds of birds toke 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 al winter, ma' ny 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 littl birds; the man who had charge of the camp and cooked for the stalwart chor pers 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 themsel es warm and hide their heads under their wisgs—poor thugs." 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 neatle down in the thick bushy bair, 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 presonce. 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 liosen 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. Road these, and it you have further time takehistory, or something olse which is certain to return some banchis
—a daily paper—with its news from every
foreign country—its home happenings—its
discussions of all matters of incerest—its incidents and accidents, it's geography, history, grammar and or hography combined.

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

PRIZE STORY. THE

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$15, is offered every useck as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—lst. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be select—from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or—stall matter, as long as it is legible. Incl. The sender must begame a subscriber for Tatrii for at ——low resouts, and must, therefore, and one dollar along with the story, together with the name and at an aleasity given. Freezen subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar solt. If two person shoppen to send in the same story the first one received at Tatrii office will have the preference. The pu - aher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fail to obtain a princ. The sum of three dollars (23) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Eurou's Paus Storay, "Tatrii" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watc 1 offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and iteg istration.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

A STORY OF MARSEILLES.

SENT BY MARY M. LUXTON, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

I. THE TOURG SOLDIER.

It was a rough winter's night. A slight son-wester had been blowing all day long; but since the sun had gone down and it had grown dark, heavy gust-fied boisterously up and down the old streets of Marseilles, as though they had lost their way. Many of the principal thoroughfares appeared of the principal thoroughlares appeared comparatively deserted, as if the storm had driven most people home. Those who yet remained out of doors seemed to be bent upon reaching their domiciles with all possible speed. There was one solitary exception—a tall, powerfully built man; and upon him a gust of wind had little more effect than upon a solid rock. Enveloped in a thick black cloak, with a military cap drawn down tightly over his forehand, he in a thick black cloak, with a military cap drawn down tightly over his forehead, he walked along at a alow, measured step. He never once turned his head, even when the wind cast a stinging splash of rain full in his face. He was so erect, and atrode forward in such a steady manner, that one would have supposed the weather absent from his thoughts. When he reached the quay, he crossed the road and stepped along the gangway, so close to the edge of the basin that by stretching out his hand he could have touched the rigging of large vessels as he passed. The danger, even in broad daylight, when walking so close to the edge, would have been great; but upon this pitch-dark, windy night, a false step meant certain death in the dock below.

Presently a small boat, dimly visible by

Presently a small boat, dimly visible by the light of a lantern attached to the bow, came slowly towards a landing-place several yards abead. When the beat touched the wall of the basin, the man quickened his pace, and on reaching the spot, looked down and demanded:

"Who goes there?"
"Prosper Cornillon," replied a voice. The voice appeared to come from a figure in the boat which resembled a black shadow in the dukness.

"Is your boat for hire?"
"Yes, muni-ur."

There was a short panse. Then the stran-ger, with a suppose of command in his tone,

said:

"i shall want you to night; but not yet The boatman, having meanwhile made fast his boat, took the lantorn out of the bow and climbed slowly up the steep wood-

en ateps:
"Does the Cafe Cornillen, on this quay

belong to you!"
"It is mine and my sister's," Prosper re-

plict.
"That is locky," said the stranger, in a more cheerial voice. "I will sup at your cafe before we start."

Brogger Corollon led the way, holding the lanters so that he light was thrown distributed in their rath.

rectly in their jath. The rais Cornillon at sed in the centra of The case "Jornition arroad in the Gentis of a row of houses facing the quary. The fronting was one large window with small panes of glass, like a conservatory. Through the dran, white mustin curtains a light was white, which illuminated a limited space of the readway. Stepping forward, Prosper bell open the door of the case for the strandard. rent of the table of the same, apprehending, sittle cuter long, serrow, and low pitcholi, the a calin on board ship, with small wooden tables and chairs arranged scalnet. the wall. Some half-down persons, who looked like Schermen, were souled near the wisdow, drinking codes and cogose, and playing at dominous. They glanced up for

A slight a moment, and returned the stranger's day long; salute, and then continued their game. At and it had the further end of the case was an open hearth, with a fire burning brightly in the coatre; 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 resided his hat.

"Kina," said Prosper Cornillon, looking from the girl towards the customer, "this gentleman has bired 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, monitor?" asked Prosper, stroking his dark beard and looking with keen eyes into the strangers face. face. "The Livadia."

"The Litudia."

Thegirl looked up with a distant, dreamy expression in her eyes. "That ship," said she, as though speaking her thoughts alond, rather than addressing herself to any one—"that ship is bound for some Greek port." "For Syra," said the stranger prom, tly, while at the same time he removed his cloak and sat down at a table near the hearth Pressure Cornilles samed account in the control of the cont

Prosper Cornillon turned away and join-d the fishermen at the other end of the ed the fishermen at the other end of the case. Like a true custility, he was soon laughing with the customers, taking a hand at dominoes, and calling to his mater Kina to serve him, as though he were a customer

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

Few would have resisted studying the

hisglamos upon Nina, his look grew serious and sympathetic.

Few would have resisted studying the face of Nina Cornillon, not merely on account of its heavty, but becausesome trouble sustained with brave resolution, was portrayed in every feature. That dreaminess in the eye arready referred to, which seemed to indicate that her thou has were wandering far beyond the port of Marzeilles, was spoken to; and when the converzation coased, her look appeared to zink away again into the distance, while a smile would hreak pensively upon her lips, and tears clisten upon her long black lashes.

Scarcely a word passed between the atranger and Nina Cornillon until the supper was cleared away, when "monsiour" lit his eigar, and drew his chair closer to the hearth. But when the girl had served the customary cup of coffee, and was pouring out the publicary, 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.

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 loved graves and as though

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 road your thoughts.—But tell me," he added, "why does your brother keep a boat for hire in the harbor when he has reached. when he has such an excellent little 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 avaricious tone by a comely girl like Nina, appeared inconsistent. "You mean, perhaps," he histed, "that you do not find it congenial work to keep a case, and that you will be glad when you can retire from history." business Y

"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?"

"Then, manemoisene:
"We shall begin again, continued Nina,
"with light hearta; for if we ever save that
sum, we can purchase our father's liberty."
"What?" cried the stranger, greatly

"What!" cried the stranger, greatly moved. "Is it possible that"— "Hush!" Nina whispered, with her finger on her lip, as she glant around at the table where her brother and his companions were scated over their game. "Whenever were seated over their game. "Whenever Prospor hears this subject mentioned, he is like a nadman. 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 atranger came nearer to Nina's side, and leaned forword in a listening altitude, this face assumed an expression of intense concern as she proceeded.

concern as she proceeded.

In a low voice, frequently choked by tears, the girl confided to the sympathetic stranger her ead story. "Always anxious to assist hie family," Ninx hegan, "it one day occurred to father to buy a wassel, 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 asil in his little ship, confident that his venture would be successful. He had traded in the Adriatic for others for many years. in the Adrianic for others for many years, and was well known as a brave and honset captain in those seas. But not many weeks passed before nows reach d us that all was lost." Her utterance became thick with sobs. But speedily overcoming her emotion the certified. sobs. But speedily overcoming her emotion ahe continued: "Aletter 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 Tripoll. The sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant that it will be impossible for him ever to raisait. In his 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 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 yeary modest little cafe, and our profits are very small. Prosper gains a few extra france every week in the harbor. But many more years must pass before we can hope to accomplish this trying task."

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

"Ten years."

"I is t possible?"

"I was fifteen when he went away. At parting, he kissed me on both checks," continued Nina, smilling thoughtfully. "Now, I am twenty-tre."

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

"I but now the company we have managed to see meanly the stranger, we have managed to see meanly the action.

your thoughts are travelling?"

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

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

"Your thoughts," said the stranger, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I mring these years, we have managed to save nearly three thousand francs. I'ering along the abours of Greece."

Nine statted and changed color. For a while she secured too troubled to speak. sum; and father will be sitting in the old without raising his eyes, and in a hearen, incomed him?"

"You I will deliver the message to; "No. I will deliver the message to; "No. I will deliver the message to; "I will am he save thing," said the girl with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I will am his sister."

"Nine Cornillen?"

"You; that is my name."

The old man leaned forward, but also while ahe secured in front of the hearth, she corner, where you are scaled now, as I related throughtfally into the fire.

"It is the same thing," said the girl with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I will am his sister."

"No. I will deliver the message to; "

"It is the same thing," said the girl with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I will same his sister."

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It is the same thing," said the girl with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I will same his sister."

"No. I will deliver the message to a will am his sister."

"It is the same thing."

"You thoughtfally."

"It is the same thing."

"You thoughtfally

look which the atranger had observed already began to reappear in her dark eyes, and she seemed gradually to locse 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 where Alba's brother and the histermen still played at dominoes, 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.—It," he added, looking round—"if your friends will join us so much the lutter." 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

lon royage.
Then Prosper Cornillon assisted "mon. Then Proper Cornillon assisted "mon-sleur" to envelop himself once more inhis clock; while Nina came timicily forward to take his proferred hand and to hid him adien. And then out they stepped into the wind and rain, followed by the fishermen, leaving Nina all alone in the cafe, with her hands classed, and a mistral look in her hands clasped, and a wistrul look in her

IL THE OLD SATIOR.

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 murning till night. It was tiring work; but a generous im-pulse gave him energy. He was tolling with the direct object of obtaining his father's freedom.

One evening, worn out with his unre-mitting labors. Pro-per had thrown himself down, with his elbows on the table, in a porner of the cole near the hearth: and som blis head suck up in his arms, and he had fallen saleep. In trent of the fire sat his siter Nina, with a weary look upon her face; but her great, drowny eyes were wide open; for although late in the evenirg, yet it was not yet the hour for closing the Cafe Cornillon. At any moment a customer might enter; and some consumers, if Nina was not years was sind and attention. enter; and some characters, it Aina was not very wakeful and attentive, were apt to be impatient; indeed, she had scarcely hus peace and quietness during the twenty-feur hours than her brother Prosper. At the moment when it became so late that Nina was on the point of riving to turn out the lamps and lock up for the night, the door was slowly opened. An old railer in a rough coat, the collar of which was turned up about his neck, mystoriously entered the case. He touched his alonching hat with his sunburnt, horny hand in a feeble, brihis sunburnt, horny hand in a feelile, hesitating 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, monsione, 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
class with course, she resumed herest he

fore him; and when are ned nice a nue glass with cognac, she resumed her seat before the hearth. The girl's chair was pleed with the back towards the door. (In our side of her was the table at which the old and of her was the table at which the old man sat sipping his coffee; and on the other side was Prosper, still fast-saleep. Looking dreamily into the fire, Nina seemed to have forgotten the presence of both these men, so deeply was be almorbed in her thoughts. "This is the Cafe Cornillon—is it not?"

maked the old man. asked the did man.

Nina started as though the voice isl
awakened her. "Yes, monsieur," answind
the girl, recollecting herself and looking sp
quickly—"the Cafe Cornillon."

quickly—"the Cafe Cornillon."

"Kept by Presper Cornillon?"

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

"Ab," said the old sallor, "I am the
bearer of a message."

"To him?"

"You have Cornillon!"

"Yes-to Prosper Carallon."

"Yes—to Presper Cornillon."
"Shall I rouse him?"
"No. I will deliver the message to; "
"It is the same thing," said the girl
with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I
am his sister,"
"Nins Cornillon?"

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Indiana Indian

w to Greece. Your brother conveyed him in a boat on board the Livadia, a ship bous for Syra."

"I remember the gentleman well," said Nina, n a faltering voice. "He gave Prosper a foce of gold before parting, to sustain us no our citogs to collect the large sum of money which a demanded by a Greek pirate as a ransof for our father's liberty."

"It is from his young soldier, Colonel Latent," continued the old sailor, "that I bring the measige."

Nina looked round quickly, with spark ling, cager eyes. "What is the measage, monsiour?"

"Well," answered the old man, appaking

"West," answered the old man, speaking slowly, "this words to you—I mean, to Prosper Cornillon—were words of encouragement. 'You must never despair!' That

was how the young colonel expressed it. "houses," as he argued, 'the day would not be far distant when your father would

not be far distant when your father would be act free."

With her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the fire, Nins raid: "A very kind message. How good of him to think of me!"

"To think, I should say, of my brother lyosper. Bat"—

"Out," continued the old man, "I have

not finished yet."
"What more, monelour?"

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"What more, monelour!"

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 despendent—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 hearry that he had even started on his was a home, and was nearing the port of mage home, and was nearing the port of Meracil'es'

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

of, night and day!"

'Imagine, there, even imagine that the ship has reached Marreilles—that it has entered the harbor. Nay! figure to yourself—though it may make your heart beat paintully—figure to yourself a weather-beaten sailor entering your cafe late one erening—a man with a gray beard and a shaky voice '——

Hat at this point the old sailor was inter-mpt.d. Looking round, Nins uttered a cry of joy, and spring up with outstretched arise, and with the word "Father?" upon

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

Not many weeks clapsed before Colonel Lifont again made his appearance at Mar-silles. Prosper, who happened to be in the har or at the moment of his arrival, accompanied him in triumph to the Cafe

accompanied him in triumph to the Cafe Cernillon assoon 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 by re Nina learned under what difficulties Colonel Lafont formed the resolution of retening Cernillo to his famile. storing Captain Comillon to his family. For he was not a rich man; he had gained promotion from the ranks as a roward for brevery; and when he had promotion from the ranks as a roward for bravery; and when he had paid the ransom, he had parted with nearly all the money he presented in the world. But he leved Nina C-railen. From the moment when, upon that stormy winter's night, Colonel Laiont miered 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 veree in which she had teld to him the and exiced in her life. and episode in her life.

Three events happened many years a and Nina and hushand, Colonel and Nina and husband, Colonel Alphonse Lafont—who became a general before he was forty—abould 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 Corallon no longer.

VOENOMFERGMENT.

Mrs. Frances J. Moore, 334 Dundas St., London. One, writes :- I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the gold watch awarded to me for prime story, "We Was Jealone." It is a very meat one.

THE SPHINX.

"Illiddle me this and guess him if you cau."

Address all communications for this de-partment to B. It. Chadbourn, Lewiston, 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 angacity, Ontwitted 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 Ino three was two—and no you see As one was not, then how could be 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-new need all ve One was not two—how can this bo?

Yet one was much more two than the three, The same is true of one-two-thres. It was not two—yet list to me, It was more two than one or three. Now solvers all, how could this be?

Belle Burdert.

NO. 67 -- A RIDDLE OF NATURE I dwell in the lichen that sticks to the

In the oak that withstands the hurricane's shock :

I'm owned by the fowls, the birds of the Yet the fish in the ocean stil cherish me

The highest, the lowest in all nature's scale.

Are blessed with their portion to win with

or fail: To many who own me I bring woe un told,

Yet atill 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-

CLEU V. W.

NO. 63.—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 arms or designation. Should be the name or designation Of a body of men of ancient day, And the term of office which gave them

NO. 69.—AN IMMORTALIZED NAME.

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

NO. 70.—ETERNAL FITNESS.

In form I'm tall and slender,

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 withent me.
By fair and gentle hands
Most frequently I m used;
Sometimes a weapon of defence

Sometimes a weapon of defonce
When propriety a abased.
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 forerunners, grim and grave. Suggest the thought of our sad care. NEISONIAN.

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 for nished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of prize No. 1.

ANSWERS.

52 -- Wash.

53.—Peach, each, ache.
54.—1. Passerine (pass Ler in). 2. Pasce
partout (pass p. too).
55.—Light-house.

56.— E·g·g.
57.—Separationalism.

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 aure 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 unssifishness. 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 once would plunge their heads; meanwhile
"Kitty Gray," the old tem cat—quite
aware that there was not room for his own
great head in it, too—would sit by, complacently watching them, nor move till they
had finished, except, when his hunger
was rery 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
simil not readily force the sight of that large

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, dip-ping it delicately in and out, until they had quite fini hed, when he at once feil to and drank up the remainder.

Power of Man to Endure Gold.

One who took part in a telegraphic exposition in Siberia writes as follows: "1 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. The of Bushe's parties, in February of less y r, passed the night in the open steppe, w their spirit thermometer standing 75 green below zero, or 100 below freezi point. Quicksilver they mould into so, builets with four minutes a exposure to limit. It is true they dared not go to along that right, but I believe that, had they been that right, but I believe that, had they been properly fitted out with heavy furs, and wolf-akin aleeping bags to theorer the head, they might have done it with perfect asfety. I'm afraid you would think I was availing myself of a traveler's privilege, and relating a very large yern, if I told you how comfortally I have tlept on the snow in a temperature of 10, 40 and 45 degrees below. We are obliged to aloop in fur bags, of sourse, with our faces entirely covered, to take the utmost care to have our fer stockings perfectly dry; but I have alept in that way through the long Arctic nights as comfortably as aver 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 colussal statues which are found in profesion on his island, monoliths representing men torty teet 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 capable of carving in stone, or machinery suitable for moving heavy weights. The question is, how did they come tuere? 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 Lemuina.

For the benefit of these who are not familiar with his southers, it may be explained

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with his sadies, it may be explained that Schater 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, frem 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 Linnaus gave to a race of monkeys. Schater believed and from Lemuria man migrated into Africa, into Asia, thence into Europa and that from Lemuris man migrated into Africa, into Asia, thence into Europe and America, and likewise into Polynesia, one atream of emigrants pushing their way as far east as Easter island. It is etidently 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 ravy department would probably be quite willing to direct one of our ships of war to collect two directions of our ships of war to collect two or three of the colosist statues and bring them here, if we provide a place for their reception. This exhibit alone would reception. draw swarms of visitors to ban Francisco.

How to Make Candy.

CREAM CASDY .- One pound of white augar, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; add a little water to meisten. Boil unt l 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 HIGKORY-NOT CANDY.—One cupiul of hickory-nut means? two cupiuls of sugar one-haif cupiul of water. Itoil aggar and water, without stirring, till thick enough to spin a thread; hiltor with extract of kemon or vanilla; set off into cold water and stir quickly until white; f'en stir in the nuts. Turn into flat huttered tins, and when cold cut in small squares.

CHOCOLATE CARAMEIS.-Two cupfuls of Checolate Garantes.—Two cupiels of molasses, one cupful of brown argar, one cupful of cream or milk, one-half pound of checolate, a piece of autter the size of an egg. Beat all tegether. Boil until it thickens in water, then turn in flat tius well buttered. When nearly cold cut in small squares.

HONEY CANDY.—One pint of white angar, 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 Invested Chees?

The Hindoos say that chess was the invention of an autronomer who flourished reveral thousand years ago, and who was possed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. The Greeks claim that it was the invention of Palamedes to beguine the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arablegend is that it was devised for the instruction of a young deeped 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 alight meditications all over the civilized world, Indian chess is played. reversal thousand years ago, and who was civilised world, Indian shees is played,

Tia-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

DE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of Tauru is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He coherfully shares with them the profits of the publication of Payris.

and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of Taurii.

Every week a prise of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subcenter sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. But is from any paper, copy it from any paper in the sent regularly for that time; !! already a subscriptor your ince will be extended. It any case you get "full worth of your investment in Taurin itself.

The best of these Tid-bits will be published in this page every week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number of the week is his or her favorite. The number receiving the largest yous will be awarded the prennum. A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Cut this out, fill up your favorite number and pasts it on a post-card, or put it in an unsealed envelope and send to Tauris office at once. It will only cut you one cent of portage in either case.

To prevent either than subscribers from voling the coupons early will count.

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-litte and subscriptions. Ploses also in vite your friends to try their skill. This page is the subscriber's page, and it ought to be the most interesting of all.

The Award.

There was an unusually close competition among the voters for the most popular Tidbit published in TEUM of the 7th instant. The largest number of votes, however, was given to No. 142-"An Unsanctified Smell" -sent in by Miss Kate Watson, Temperance St., Toronto, to whom the prize will be paid. No. 123, contributed by Isabella Robertson, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, came in a good second, being only a couple of votes

Every attnal subscriber to Thurn is invited to take part in these friendly ballots. Please look carefully over the tid-bits published this week and then send in your coupon for your favorite.

Acknowledgment.

NETTIE COLE, Feola, Kansas, writes:—
"Please accept thanks for the \$20 prize just received for my tid-bit published in TRUTH of Feb. 7th. I prize TRUTH very highly. It is a very welcome guest each Monday.

Lean not on Earth.

Lean not on earth,
'Zwill pierce thee to the hearl,
A broken reed at best, and oft a spear;
On its sharp point, Poace bleeds, and Hope
erriers. expires. Mus. M. C. Blackmons.

(21 t) "Buy the Truth."

Come all ye kind people, subscribe for the Taura,
Person in fair pages in the days of thy youth;
Give up the dime novels and cheap literaure,
For Taura it will seach you what is been and purs.
In penning those lines I've but spoken my mind,
Cominced that in Taura rich pearls you'll find.
Fest Gore, N.S.

Mag. Mart Mclarm. West Gors, N.S.

-Selidid Kan and Woman.

HAM.

If he wears a good cost,
Dit him up, lift him up;
Though to be lort a Most,
Lift him up,
If he has seen wearmed seems,

If he has sor common sche And can house a few pence, Life him up.

TOXAT.

If women once erro,

Kick her down, kick her down;

If micf rises in herro,

Kick her down:

Though her hear tail like rain,

And she mere smiles again,

Kick her down.

MIX.

If his face shows no charge,
Lift him up;
Though crime is his name,
Lift him up.
Though diagrace be his spect,
Let your faughters him court,
Lift him up.

If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down;
And redouble the amart—
Kick her down;
And if low in condition,
Ou, on to perdition,
Eick her down.

Bixville, P.Q.

SCHAY EXXXESOR.

Oneen of Home.

Queen of Home.

I am queen of my husband's heart and home;
As proud a queen as ever reigned,
My subjects, too, are loyal and time,
And worship me with love unleigned.
I know you will find, wherever you roam,
The happlest woman's the queen of home.
Be her ream as broad as an empire grand,
Or only the span of a narrow room;
Be her castles fair as art can plan,
Or only a simple well-kept home,
She's the happlest woman who holds the crown
Of her husban's love beyond renown;
Whether drosse d in velvets, jew-le and furs,
Or sumple garments meat and plain;
Whether dainties of every clims be hors,
in the frugal fare from labor's pain—
Sho's the happlest woman who's queen alone
Of her husband's heart and home, her throne;
When love is prime minister and faith and truth
Are couns-liors who never fail;
Before whose rule all discords quall,
Controls the household, why should not the queen
Be the happlest woman that wer was seen?
And such a kingsom as this is mine.
Proud queen of my husband's faithful heart;
No Washih or honor or power or fame,
Ceuld uurs me from his aids apart.
And I'm sure you'll find wherever you roam,
The happlest woman is the queen of Home.
Prahody, Kansa,
Mas. William Ball.

Peabody, Kanma, Mrs. William Ball.

Woman's Sphere.

Wollan S Spicers.
They talk about woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a beak, of mankind given,
There's not a blessing, or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a wite or death or high,
That has a feather's weight at worth,
Without a woman in it.

Without a woman in it.

Bulder, strength, and hope of nations,
Whose name has decked all history's pages,
Minth voice so full, of musice's cadence,
And cye that beams with Heaven's radiance,
And decch that souths, when pain around it
Throws her closk, and death confounds use
So gentla, loving, sweet, forgiving;
Made to love, in love believing.
So strong in others' trivination—
Ta the 1 bow in scientane—
Thou blending of divise and human—
Noble woman?
Ion, Elgin Co.

NER, T. EICHARDOOK.

Luion, Elgin Co.

MER. T. RICHARDSON.

The Cute Farmer Boy.

One of the parish sent one morn— A farmer kind as d able— A nice lat surkey, raised on corn, To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad trent with the fewl, And thus addressed the paster; "Rlame me if I ain't tired I liere is A gobbler from my master."

The paster said: "Thou should'st not thus Freent the fowl to me; Come; sake my chair, and for me act, And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The towl the pastor took —
Went out wisn is and then came in,
With a pleasant smile and look.

And to this young man, proton, he said:
"Deer sit, my bonored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
liospoots to you his pastor."

"Good," sa'd the boy; "your master is A gratieman and scholar! Ly thanks to blue, and for yoursel! live is a hair a dollar."

The pastor icit around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching;
And so the gobbler holding fast,
lie "tolled" for the kitchen.

He gave the turker to the cook,
And came back in a minute,
Then took the youngster's han,' and lets
A half -- dollar in it.

N.TL Oak.

M. R. MORTOR.

(Ci2)

An aid to the Memory. [Some one has put in verse the order of succession among the sovereigns of England.] First, William the Normen; then William his son; If ny, Siepber, and Henry; then Richard and John. Next. Henry the Third; Edwares, one, two and

Hart, course the Third; seemen, three; three; three; three; three; three; three Hearre we see, I no Einstein, thinh Elekard, if rightly I guess; Two Hearth, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen ness; Then Jamie the Stotchman, then Charles, whom hearth and the Charles, then the stotchman is the charles of the stotchman is the

Then Jamie the community another Charles, ton.
Yet received, after Cremwell, another Charles, ton.
Next James the second secreded the throne;
This good William and Mary together ranse on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all pas
Then came Victoria—may the long he the last? All M. Monamor.

—Selected. The Tale of a Tin-

Lord Erskine, in a mixed company after dinner, was one day disparaging woman, and to Ledy Erskine's annoyance he comto a tin kettle tied to the pared a wife of a dog. Sheridan, a few moments afterwards, slipped the following lines into Lady Erksine's hand:

"Lord Ethaine, at woman presuming to rail, Calls a wife a tincamiter tief to one a tail. And the fair Lady Ann, whilst the subject he carries

Seems burt at his lordship's degrading comparison

But wherefore degrading? consider aright? A cannister's useful, and polished, and bright? And should dist its regional purity hide. Tis the fault of the puppy to which it is tied. A. A. HUMBERSTONE. York Mills.

On the War in Egypt.

Hark I the voice of weeping Throughout the British lands, For those who left old England To fight on Egypt's sands,

The hardships and the suffering
of the river jours or past,
Aud Stewart beads his army
Across the desert wast.

But lo ! a host of rebels Entrenched at Ahn Elos, Assail the Briti-h samy & ith a wild, a fearful cry.

They charge the British ranks; They break the British square; They fight but for a moment, Then fly in wild despair.

Short, decisive, was the lattle! Uktr-five men find a grave, And amid nine galant officers Lay Burnaby the brave.

Oh! how costly this to England; Yet they did not fall in vain, For the ground was heaper around them With the rebels they had slain.

Onward march the gallant army, Fighting, conquering as they go, And the rebels fly before them, Fly tefore the British foe.

And now they reach the city.

Ah I what angulah fills their breast,
For they learn, Oh I hale of horror,
Gordon's butchered with the rest.

What! the minted hero Gordon, Sacrificed to rebel bate; He who fought and bled for England? Alse! we feer that was his fate.

Oh I what angulah fills the bosoms Riding from the funeral knell, Over all the lands of Britain, General Gordon, "Fare thee well;

Oh I what we gring of the mothers, Wives and doughters of the skiln; In the homes they left in England, They will never come tack again. Man. W. C. Ozanax.

-Original

1222) Trathis Strong.

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The above can be reed several hundred ways. Box 837, Peterboro, Ont. R. lawix.

Keeping Bis Word.

The following touching little poem is by Mr. Pres ion, of Livingston, Verginia.

"Only a p-mny a box," he said:
Rot the gratteman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the equalid sight
Of the boy who stood in the falling light.

"Oh, sit," he viammered, "you cannot know," (And he brighted from his metals e the fisher of m That the sudgen is ar might have chance to fall), "Or I think—I toink you would buy them all,

"Hungry and cold at our garret pane. Ruby will watch till I come again, Bringing the loaf. The con has set, And he hear't a crumb of breakiset yet.

"One prenty, and then I can but the bread"
The gradienan stopped. "And you," he said,
"I—I can sutup with them—hunger and cold—
Dat Ruly is only fire years old.

"I promised our mother before she west... She knew I would do it, and died consent... I promised her, sir, through best, threegh wood, I always westel think of Endy Stys."

The rentieman paused at the oper door, Such tales he hat dituu heard bebre; But he fumbled his pures in the tallight drear, "I have nothing less than a shillig here."

',Oh, sir, if you will only take the jack,
I'll bring you the change in a my must back,
Indeed you may trust me!" 'Trust ou ?—!
But there is the shilling, take it and go.

The anstleman lolled in his casy chat, and watched his cigar wreath me't ino air And smilled on his children, and rue a see The baby asleep on it a mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he sail,
Those that my da lings wore all abed;
Eise me good night," and each beaure
When you're easing your prayers, remumber the

but then came a message-."A boy at the door." Before it was uttered he stood on the floor. Halt brathless bewildered, and rugged and strance. "I'm Ruby Mikes brother I'm trought you the change?"

"Mike's hurt, sir, "Twas dark, the snowmade him blind blind
And don't take notice the train was behind.
Till he slipped on the track, and the it whizzed by—
And he's home in the garret. I think he will die,

"Yet nothing would do bim, sir—nothing would do But out through the snow I must hurry to you; Of his burs be was ortain you wouldn't have been And so you might think he had broken his word?

When the garret they hastily entered they saw Two arms mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
"You did it, dear Ruby—God birss you "'he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back, and was
dead,
Gordon, Ont.

Annie Cunsumma.

K'Importe.

She loved me when my father held liank stock, and cash, and cattle. When as her door my spl-ndid grays, At two o clock would rattle; Ah. how in some romantler pot, As rolled the rashloued 'arriage. She blushed whene'er I spoke of love, Of hope, and then of marriage.

At all the rouse and all the balls,
I was er constant sultor,
And Torn and Ned stood back, because
They had not got the prewer.
And though Miss Brown and M.a. Smith,
Twas seal afelt rather nettled,
Yet all the goesips in the town.
Declared the thing was actiled.

So there the sun, until one day, So theme the sun, until one day, My faith; a mane and dutted, She only sighed and wept at first, And bit her lin and pouted. But when the bank went down, the sky Portended cloudy weather, And sext day week 'be stock and I Stepped off the stage together I

I stremed from twelve to one o'clock, At two was bardly righted, And up to three I must confess, I felt a little suighted. Trace very hard for one so young To good the truth in minion, That gold is the specific part Of lose's resplendent pinion.

No matter I let it pass—tis true
I norst with boyleh passion,
And trimmed my bat and wore my coat
Exactly in he fashlen:
Sone livie pains I vook to please
Her mbter and her mother,
Disoussed her father's Saxonies,
Drank soda with her prother.

I wrote some letters which were warm, Some somets which were tender, And glit-edged notes and billet-dux, I would each mail to send her. I went so church, if she was there, Three times a day on Sunday, And saked her motions how she liked The sermon every Monday.

Will have lived to bless the good
My early leasons taught me.
To quietly early leasons taught me.
That time and lark have brought me;
A bu-; band has filed my purse
With many a golden clinker.
And she, I bear, on Ripton's Flats
Le stopping with a tinker I
Lima, I'ann.
M. M. CROWN.

Pat's Reply.

Pat Marphy, my footman, desires to suit, And is anxious on ernade to go; He walked shout till be wore in his book A lib-le round hele in the sos.

Next morning I may him intently at work, (I carrely orthin sak aim for laughter.) In the test he was boring a hole with a fork, "Why Pat," says I, "what are you atte?"

"Falth master," says he, "you the reason shall heed,"
The truth I don't wish to conceal,
The to let all the wet that course in at the toe
Run launcdistely out at the beel." J. B. Vallertike, Sunderland, Ont.

O. P. R. Construction. The grand old "Rookles" now are passed. The "Selvine" are in view, And if the millione bean but less, The C. P. R. Il soon be through. Moberly Bouse, C.P.R. A.E. A. Leves,

In to Is To te Th The I True True What Of I Euli L II Goo And Then And cl Soan I

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And I work And Whom O. wo The Ihy b With Thom So fro I ca For w And Shall Reinbor (228)Theo

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Wearing man inte and sake 43127 that ?" "It's "Air "Wb Hubbar "We replied. we'll go The took a

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"Fat No you with ye there : bran sa iri" Ila" and to Only is by a fur the mighty Stra

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Ideal of Wanhood.

More human, more dine then we, in truth, half human, if divine, is weman when grotters agree To temper with the indeast conign The hour of her agrits. The fair at flower sigtreen earth bears, light with the depend light of heaven-

True sister of the An. Sen of True sister of 19 Sou of Grd, What marvel that he leafs the van Of these who if the path he trod, Ellii bear the cree and wear the ban.

II God be in the sty and sea,
And lies in icht and ride the storm,
Theu God is God, although lie be
Finshinder sithin a woman's form,
And claims glad reverence from me.

Sous Linouship llim in Christ, and is the forms of earth and air, I worship titu imparted and air, I worship titu imparted and the chosed within her becom fair, whom vanity hath not enticed.

O. woman—mother, woman, wife I The swretcet many or that language knows!
Thy breast with boly motives rife, with holiest affection glows.—
Thou queen, thou angel of my life I

So from the lovely Pagan dream
I call no more the tuneful nine;
For women is my muse supreme,
And the with fire and light divine
Shall light and lead me to my theme.

Reinbook, lows. J. L. POWERS, M. D.

(225) _Koloctod Father Hubbards.

The other day, when old Maj. Solman an pounced his readiness to proceed in the direction of the church, his wife appeared, wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that ?"

"It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you goin' to wear it to church?" "Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now.

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bot toms out, sewed the tope together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of attendament and exclaimed:

"Grost goodness, Jeems, what's that?"
"Father Hubbard," the old man replied.
"You're not a goin' to wear them sacks,

are you?"
"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear you have to go in that there meal bags as you have to go in that

bran sack."
"I'll take it off" "All take it off"
"All right; off goes the Father Hubbard,"
and turning away, he added to himself:
"Only one way to beat a woman, and that
is by agreein' with her. If it hadn't been
fur the daddy Hu bard Id a been in a
mighty had nix."

Stratford. MRS. A. E. L. EASSON.

Enlisting A Lawyer.

Well, mind now, for this is true as Gosrel. It was on the 11th of May, 1820, I listed a recruit in Dublin, and put the queation to him, gave him theshilling, and walked him off to the barracks as fine as a fiddle. Well, in a few days no was claimed as a prestice, and so he was had up before the Mayor, and he committed him for trial.

At the following 'sizes I was called as a witness, and the lawyer that defended him told me that I did not list him.

"I did," saya I.

"Did you put the question to him rightly? says ho.

"I did," says I.

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"By the virtue of your oath, now," says he, "just ax me the question, for I don't beliere you axed him."

"Were these the same questions you put

to the prisoner?" says he.
"Yos, they are," says I.
"Well, here's your half crown back for ye," says he.
I can't take it, sir," says I.

"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."
"You be harged," says he, and he put the money in his pocket, and I called to his lordship on the bench for a witness that I

And oh, holy biddy, but there was a roar in the court! Begorra, the judge laughed till the tears ran down his face.

The decision of the court being in my favor, I axed the judge if I might take away my new recruit.

But they all roared again, and the counsellor got as red as a turkey cock, and as mad as a bull with the colic; at last he made the best he could av it, and says I to the councillor, "Don't list in the Line next

time, sir."
"Want then," says he snappishly.
"Oh yer 'oner," says I, "stick to the

"Oh yer 'oner," says I, "stick to the Rifies; that's more in your way."
Well, begorra, when I told the Major, I thought he'd die, and when he'd done laughing he bid me keep the "Smart Money" for myself.

Horton, Ont. VICKERY PHILLIPS.

(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 menafter forenoon parade.

"This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At 3 o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain, they will assemble in the drill shed."

The sergeant-major, having set down his commanding officer's instructions in writing, an he had understood them, formed the as he had understood them, formed one com-pany into hollow square, at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them, thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the bar-rack yard, by order of the captain, and will be attended by the whole company in fatigue

jackots and cars.

The captain will conduct the solar eclipse Should it rain, the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

Newmarket, Ont.

(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 wouldbe wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make aport for the company, announced, prior to Mr. Field's arrival, that he had himself written some postry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began:

"Friend Fields, I have been a great deal exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poem his well-known lines running thus, (repeating the lines he had composed), can you tell about what time he wrote

them?"
"I do not remember to have met them before," replied Mr. Fields; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."
"When were those?" gleefully asked the

witty questioner.
"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about

that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his "How do you know?" says I, "for by this brin had softened, and he had fallen into and by that you weren't by."
"None of your business," says he; and he held out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out half a crown and clapped it in his fiet, and then I axed him the questions, and he mid "Yes" to them all.

"To mear the close of his life, when his brin had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the mean held on this hand, and accordingly I pulled out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out half a crown and clapped it in his fiet, and then I axed him the questions, and he dornously round.

Jermany its Contract of the life, when his brin had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the mean his brin had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the mean his brin had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the mean his brin had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the mean had out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out half a crown and clapped it in his fiet, and the crown are constant of the contract of the

-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 lesf; hope is a tree in flower; enjoyment is a tree in fruit. What is eternity? A day without yesterday or to morrow—a line that has no end. What is time? A line that hath two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb. What is God? The no casary being; the aum of eternity; the machinest of nature; the eye of justice; the watchmaker of the Universe; the soul of the world. Does God reason? Man reasons because he doubts : he de ilerates : he decides. God is omniscient; Honever doubts, He therefore never reasons.

Riverbank, Ont. Mrs. M. Hollis.

(233) 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.

He thought they should be intelligent, Christian men, when in most cases the reverse was the case. Very soon after a number of men throughout the country had been appointed to this office, the old minister was riding out in a nice covered buggy, and was met by one of these newly-appointed magistrates, who addressed the old minister

"Indeed, Mr. —, you are out in style to-day, why don't you do as your Master did?"

How was that?" said the minister.

"How was that I" said the minister.
"He rode on an axa."
"O. I cannot do that," was the reply.
"Why can't you?" asked the magistrate.
"O, I cannot get one, because the Gov. proment has just made magistrates of them

MARIA ANDERSON. Box 43, Amherst, N. S.

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 scated herself opposite a gentle; man, who, from the first, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant at length, and inquired, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madame, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his tinger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madame, that eye won't only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it But I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a w compliment combined to put the lady into a good hu

Nashamuck, Penn. J. HALLINBANK.

Family Teeth-

The Boston Globe prints the following as a true story:"-A toothless couple in one of our tural 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. These worthy people were not given to estentatious display; they believed in having something for a rainy day; they also firmly believed the dectrine that the twain were one fical, and since one pair of spectacles, brass bound, had long sufficed for their united eyes, why not one set of teeth work equally well? Accordingly, those aged menths repaired to a neighboring dentiat, and lo I the triumph of mind over matter—a set of teeth that would him of a plant of these for that would bit off a plug of tobacco for that would bit off a plug of tobacco for "father" or nibble Sunday caraway for slip, and I promise mother," with equal precision.

It is levely and beautiful to see them at Schuyler, Neb.

the little round table ready for dinner. the little round table ready for dinner. First the old lady picks up the treth, and makes a good use of her privileges while fatter is laying up a very generous stock of provisions on his plate. Presently he leans tack in his ch-ir, puts down his knite and fork and eays, cheerfully, "Come, mother, give me the treth!" Then the old lady, with true coujugal alacrity, touching to behold, catches them out, hands them across the table to the old gentleman, who dexterously claps them into his own mouth, and the family eating goes complagently on, till. the family eating goes complacently on, till, perhaps, mother comes to a hard spot and demands the molers. So back and forth like a weaver's shuttle, busily ply the teeth, till the equare meat is ended.

St. Thomas, Out. MRS. P. G. VARNEY.

An Artist's Work.

An artist employed in repairing the proporties of an old church in Belgiam, being refused payment in a lump and asked for details, sent in his bill containing the fol-

lowing, among other items:-Corrected and renewed the Ten Com. 3 20 Replumed and gilded the left wing of and cleaned the moon. hoof, and did several jobs for the wicked. 7 17 Cleaned the cars of Balaam' ass and 3 00 and cleaned his ears.....

Mrs. Joseph Allen

2433 Notre Dame at., Montreal.

Seeing Him Off.

A man jumped off a tramear the other day, and went running down the street at a mad pare, muttering:

'Confound the luck I' and "The villain 1 if I only catch him this time "

Small boys began to follow, men stopped and questioned him, but he only said: "Just wait until I catch him-the villain !" until everyone was fairly excited, and men and boys begon to run out of their shops, and started in pursuit of this unknown ras

By the time they reached the railway station they were two hundred strong. The man galloped on to the platform, and, seeing the guard of the London train, pounced

upon him, saying:
upon him, saying:
'Oh, here you are! Then the train
hasn't gone? I've caught you this time."
"No, we don't start for twenty-five min-

utes," returned the guard,
"These gentlemen have kindly come to
see me off," said the man indicating the me off, -and the man indicating the ting crowd with an affable smile.

But no one stopped to with him good-R. W. AITERS.

Si La Salle st., Chicago.

(235) -Selected A Fable

Once upon a time a hog drank from a trough into which a harrel of heer had been emptiod. He became very much intoxicatel. When he came to himself, he was very much ashained of his conduct. He was truly pentinent, and said to his frienda, "I have always been a beast until this unlucky slip, and I promise you I'll never make a man of myself again."

M. McPreson.

T. EATON &

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 | single and triple cords, \$1 50, \$1.75, \$2.00 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 browns, blues and grenates, with pleated akirt; 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 depart. ment, on second floor. Prices range from Ahead of Time. \$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, brocede cloth dolmans trimmed with lace or fringe.

Next to the Mantle Department wil be found the Cloth Department including a large variety of 64 Tweed, in small checks, 55, 69, 65, 75, 90, \$1 and \$1.25 a yard. Fine finish for Spring Mantles.

In Black Ottoman Cords the variety wide, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 up. | yard.

Ottoman silks for mandes, heavy, a yard. In connection with the Mant's and Oloth Departments we have a full and competent staff of mantle cutters and

On Time.

Our first ahipment 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. Laules' 4 button Kid Gloves, in dark colors, tans and black, 50s. a pair; 6-button do., 753, a pair; 6 button Mousquetaire Gloves, same colors, 75s. a pair; 4-button undressed Kids, in two greys and brown, 50s. a pair; and a hundred of other styles.

Our Parasols are ahead of time, but they are worthy of timely attention. Not many lace trimmed, mostly plain silk, catin, satinette, shot silk. We have opened a Parasol and Umbrella Department in the place occupied by corrects; 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 tapeatry, 30, 35, 38 and 40 cents. Some few new patterns, say comprises about thirty kinds, 54 inches twenty, Union Carpete, 40, 45, 50, 55c. a

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

WATSON, THORNE & SMELLIE ANGLOSS, York

MADILL 80 HOAR Dispensing Chemists see Tongs at. Have a large assortment of French and American Bottles suitable for coverings.

PIANO TUNING!

R. H. Dalton, 211 Queen St. West All Leave orders personally or by post card.

Rey. J. Edgar, M.D., Echacted Physician. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. A ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO

JAS. HICKEY, Merchant Tailor & Clothier. SO CHURCH ST., TOBORTO.

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER,

ed this by haying your of sed by Matchesont & Oc. d Hirdry

Berlin Wools, single and double, all colors... 12jo. Shetland wools, all colors... 12jo. Andalusian Wools, all colors 12jo. Beldwin's best finguring wools, all colors

Baldwin's best ficeoy wools,
all colors

Baldwin's best merino wools 10c. per akain. all colors Berlin fingering wools, all Poscock fingering wool, all colors 134e.

Saxony wool, best quality, all colors 124e.

Ice wools, eunce balls, all colors 25c.

Pompadourwool, largeballs, all colors 25c.

Knitting silk, best imported cs. balls, all colors 25c.

Knitting ailk, Florance make, all colors 50c.

Tiasel, best quality, very . 19le. Tiasel, best quality, very thick, all colors 104 Felt, extra quality, two yards wide, all colors, \$1.75 per gast. Plush, superior quality, 24 in. wide, all colors \$2.50 ""
Roman satin, 54 in. wide, all colors \$2.50 "
Plush crescent tessels, small zize, all colors 40e. per dosen h crescent tassels, large Plush cresos sizes, all colors Plush opike tassels, 2 in-long, all colors \$1.00 " g, all colors round tassels, all

wide, all colors 50e. per yard. We have constantly on hand every neces sary for fancy, work. Letter orders receive eareful and promp

ttention.
Oan send goods to any part of Canada.

HENRY DAVIS

DIRECT IMPORTER, 232 YONGE ST., TORONTO,

No Two Alike. Posinge Prepaid.

Cash must always accompany order. Addition, MATTHEWS SECO., St Co., St R. 20 street, Toronto, Ont.

LADIES!





\$12.00 Watch for \$6.00

Biggest Bargain Ever Offered

On receipt of price, \$6 we will send, por registered mail, \$6; a Silver Key-Wind Watch, Jewelled thronometer balance, with dank hand in Hen's aire, dust proof all the cases, amost or oughaved.

Same Watch, in 4 Dust Proof Cases for

88.00.

Send for our 110-page Catalogue, Illustrating more goods than can be found in a dezon ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK. 22 Church Street, Near King, Toronto.



A QUIOK SHAVE.

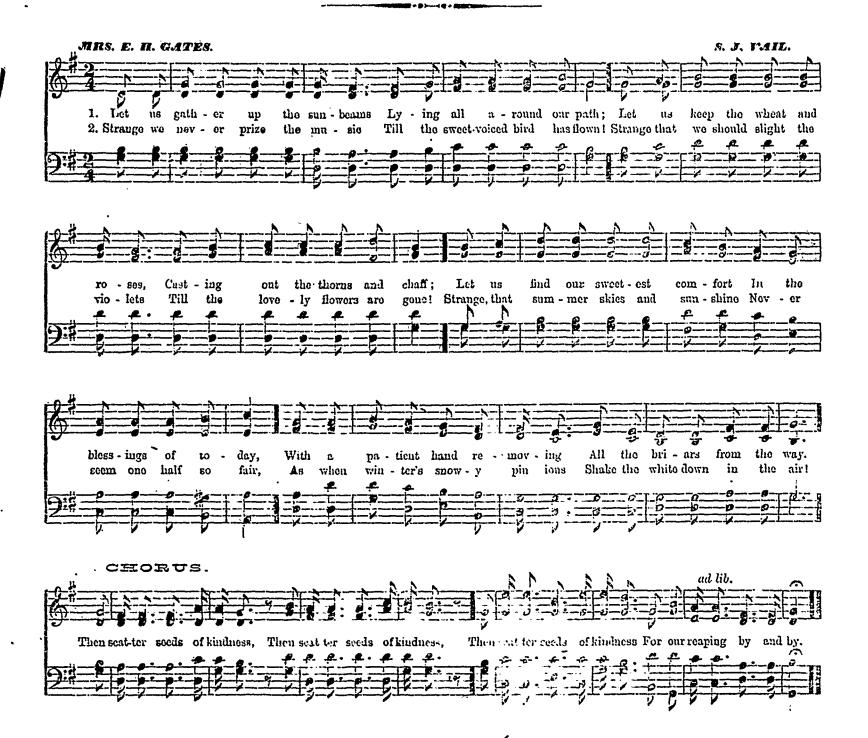
A Death Bow to SuperSuous Halz,

DORENWENDS,

"EUREKA" HAIRD ESTROYER.

tion in bevolution, for it not only reason y careful observance of directions d

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.



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.

Ą

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,

How they point our memories back
To the lasty 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.

Mealth Department.

(A nertain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondents on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiess. This department is now in change of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is helieved that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be so brief as possible and clear in supression. 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.—En.)

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 dene 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 disassa. That their first pretence is abourd 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, the feelings and symptoms and if these, to their own way of thinking, correspond with those which they read are indicative of a particular disease, will salving the symptoms of the feelings and symptoms of the feelings and symptoms. The salving symptoms of the feelings and symptoms of the feelings and symptoms of the feelings and symptoms. The salving symptoms of the feelings and symptoms. The salving of the feelings and symptoms of the feelings of and frequent it is for men to mistake. then they immediately jump to the conclusion that they are afflicted with that complaint, and proceed to treat themselves aceordingly. They find that their symptoms are precisely the ame as these described on the wrapper of their bottle of patent medicine, and even if one has not these symp toms 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 t

So much for a man, entirely ignorant of the science of medicine and almost equally so of the anatomy of the human frame, di-Jaisiqmes awo sid galengs

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 discase alone or how seldom accompanied with precisely the same symptoms? Leaving out of the question the ago, sex, variety of causes, late invasion or long standing of the complaint; al 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 quick medicite 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.

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 dyspensia 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 de-cide upon the dict best suited to our indi-vidual needs. The diabetic should abstain from sugar and anything which is converted into sugar in digestion, such as all starchy foods, fire wheat flour, rice, macastarchy 1000s, nor wheat nour, rice, maca-roni, taploce, aver, notatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, peas, beans, very old cheese, aweet omelets, custards, joilies, starchy nuts and aweet sauces. He may eat oysters, all kinds of fish, meat, pobuster, milk sparingly, gluten, flour, oily nuts freely saited, eggs, coffee and cocca. The corpulent should abstain from fat as The corpulent should abstain from fat as well as sugar and starch. A diet of whole-what, milk, vegetables, fruits and lean meat will produce only a normal amount of fatness; while an excess of sweets, acidn spices and shortening keeps the system is, an unhealthful con 'ition. These who can digest fine flour, pastry, sugar and fats he come loaded with fat, but are neither strong nor vigorous. Thin people with weak dige tion should also avoid such food; but this 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 faverism, dyspeptic state; they become nervous or go peptic state; they become nervous or go into consumption for ne other reason than that the life is burned out by a diet that only feeds the fire and does not renew the

Curing a Cold in the Head.

The best way to treat this troublesome complant is to take a "hot drink." An orange sliced and put into a large sup with a little sugar sprinkled over it, and boiling water poured upon it, and then drank as in the water for from five to ten minutes, the patient should lose no time in getting into bed, where he will probably derive the eyes for reading or working with 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 k cp alight till morning. But keeping in bed will do little good if the patient probable in holding a newspaper or a book to read.

STEEDLE BYSTER WORKINGS in holding a newspaper or a book to read, for thereby he is more dangerously expored to cold than if he were up, drossed and going about as usual. The main point is to keep thoroughly wrapped up and const ntly

then take out the cork and inhale—through then take out the cora and annual the neaths only, of course—the pungent gas which is given off. To avoid an unperpleasant excertation of the ness and upper the during the course of a cold in the head, pleasant executation of the ness and upper ip during the course of a cold in the head, they should be often washed thoroughly with soap and lukewarm water, and a litt e vaseline should be applied.

Predisposition to Discase.

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 clear

though frequently such tendencies are clearly indicated. But to bring about the attack, there must also be an exciting cause—a cendition 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, not withstanding, die with old age. He may, too, through carelesaness or reckleseness, precipitate a fatal attack. It is desirable, therefore, that each person abould know his particular predictions.

sirable, therefore, that each person abould 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 specially 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

Noither his home nor his place of business should be in 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 asthms, in rendering the system as far as pessible unsusceptible to "colds" (bronchitis), since, in a large majority of cases, these start the attacks.

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

. How to Keep Well and Live Lorg.

Don't sleep in a draught Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't stand over hot-air registers. Don't est what you do not need, just to save it Don't try to get cool ton 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 ventil ation of some kind. Don't stuff a cold lest 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 bed-side; the patient should be well wrapped up, and a blanket placed across his knees should be drawn outside the kath, so as to confine the steam. After keeping the feet in the water for from five to ten minuter, the patient should less up time in a confine the steam. you be next obliged to starve a fever. Don't

CIMPLE REMEDIES.

To CURE THE STINE OF A WASE.—Apply oil of tartar, or solution of petash, to she part affected, and it will give you instant

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

away.

To Prevent Infection from Typhus Favan.—Six drachms of powdered sultietre, aix ounces oil of vitrol; mix them in a tea. cup 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 tobacconing. The cup to be with a tobacco-pipe. The cur in different parts of the room. The cup to be placed

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR SPRAINS. An EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR SPRAINS—Put the white of an egg into a saucer, keep atirring it with a piece of alum about the suse 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 vresh one as often as it feels warm or dry; the limb is to be kept is a horisontal 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 kinous, as apportie craves, in as much water as makes it pleasant to drink without augar, 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. invariable 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 OUERIES.

Kerren.—Persons wishing to have medical ene-tions answered in these yarse also ld address thir correspondence to the 'Edisor, Health Department of Thorn; "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.

JACE 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., Georgeton, writes:—"I have been advised to hathe my eyes, which are infl-med, with warm water; please tell me what the temperature should be?" ANS.—The temperature should be that most agreeable to the sensution of the part affected.

"John,' Mi ton, says;—"I am a young man with a sandy heard; ought I to shave or not?' As.—Certainly, if your heard 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 pos-sible away from the lamp when reading?" ANS—No. Have the lamp at the distance ANS—NC. Have the lamp at the distance most agreeable to the eyes, and, it 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

J. W., Alvinsten, writes:—"I have been deaf in one of my ears for the last 16 years but have never tried anything for it; it 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 latting in sweet oil and keep constantly in the ear, except at such times as you remove it to springe the ear thoroughly with warm water. If this does not relieve you, have the ear examined by a medical man Geologe E. R., Amhers'burg, 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 chist.

with salt-rhoum in the palms of the hands and inside of the instep; also on my chest. I have tried many lotions and oluments, but don's 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: Lequor arsenicalis, 30 mixims; iodide of potesh, one drachm; fluid extract of savenarilla, ore we cents or so for a bottle of one of these guarders and the prescription of an experiment of the prescription of an experiment of the property of the pattern medicine first and for the ervices of a regular physician afterwards.

As mall piece of complor chewed and such the services of a regular physician afterwards.

As there are no specifics for one disease phuric acid (dilute) from a chemist, and or four times a day. It requires fresh lines soap when washing.

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Zadies' Department.

Feminine Beauty.

Those who are accustomed to enlightened views on the subject of female beauty, will be perfectly well aware that there are differentkinds of personal beauty, amongst which that of form and coloring holds a very in-

Amongst these various kinds are to be found beauty of expression, of intellectual refinement, of nobility, of sweetness, of feeling, of animation, of meckness, 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 countenancé 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 ropose, 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 sc charming a countenance are turned to those of nuconcorn when we discover that the mind is unworthy of so fair a casket.

The language of poetry describes the lond laugh as indicative of the vacant mind, and there are capressions, 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 rass as belies in society.

And, after all, what is beauty? A thing liable to be snatched away from its posses. sor in a few hours by discase 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 scemingly percential bloom. To women whose youth

proach that semi-centenarian bourne beyond which, unless they possess the Medean secret of Ninon de l'Enclos, they cannot hope to retain that freshness and bloom which are absolutely inseparable from youth. It is crue 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 taa-spoonful of taploca soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk; atir into this one egg beaten very light, a little salt, and sugar to the taste. Bake in cups lifteen minutes.

SPONGE DROPS -Best to a froth three eggs and one cnp of sugar. Stir into this one heaping cup of sifted flour, in which one test poinful of cream of tartar has been mixed. Dissolve half a test poinful 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 or vanilla. Butter un anects with wanted butter, free from salt, and drop the mixture in teaspoonfuls upon them, about three inches apart. Bake in a quick oven. Serve

ALMOND JUNBLES.—One pound of sugar, one half-pound of butter, one pound ot 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 forth, and arried to the sugar t and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake

FEDERAL CARE. - 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 the milk and eggs gradually; then the spices and sceded raisins, mixing thoroughly and beating until very light; the last thing stir in the sods, 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

WHITE FRUIT CAKE .- One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-balf cups of flour, the whites of seven eggs, two even teaspoonfuls of baking powker, one pound each of seeded raisins, igs, dates and blanched almonds. raisins, ngs, 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. Sit a little flour over the fruit before stirring it in. Bake slowly, and try with a splint to see when it is done. is done

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

Conn Biscuir.—Scald two cups of corn meal in one pint of sweet milk. Then stir 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 blauit.

Union SAUCE.—Union sauce is made by boiling three or four white unions until flour rubbed smooth in a little colu milk. Let it come to a boil, then serve

Welsh Rarent. An English lady vouches for the goodness of the Welsh rarebit. Grate some choese 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 alices in a hot oven, taking out as zoon as the cheese melts and serve hot.

DOUGHNUTS .- The following rule is as 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 then take a knife and insert it at the edge 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 raise. when the cake rises. Fry in perfectly clear hot lard. When the cakes are ready for hot lard. When the cases 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

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 or milk, one egg, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of sods, one of cream of tartar. Flavor with larger

MRS. A. M. asks for a good recipe for bean or pea soup. The following has al-ways met with much favor where it has ways not with much lavor where that been tried:—Soak the beans, if dry, over-night, and boil until soft. Press them through a colander. For each quart of liquid allow one teaspoonful of sugar, one nquin anow one teaspoontar 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 The following is a favorito:—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 mest is in rags and the water reduced one-half. Strain and press through a collander or coarse cloth. Season to tasto, 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 then slices of bread and butter and will be found very nowishing. and will be found very nourishing.

"Young Housewife" would like to know what are the proper accompaniments for different kinds of most. Here is a list: Roast beef-grated horseradish; roast pork -apple sauce; roast veal-tomatto or mush room sauce; roast mutton, hare, venison, and various kinds of gamo-red currant jelly; boiled mutton-caper sauce; boiled jelly; boiled mutton—caper sauce; boiled chicken—bread sauce; roast lamb—mint sauce; roast turkey—cramberry seuce; boiled turkey—oyster sauce; broiled fresh mackerel—gooseberry sauce; boiled blue-fish—white or cream sauce; broiled shad—boiled rice and salsd; compote of pigeons—murhroom sauce; fresh salmon—green peas, fennel or cream sauce; roa.t goose—apple sauce; curry—grated cocoa mit.

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 \$60,000. Sho is very much respected and 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:

| queer woman has accumulated a fortine of \$60,000. Sho is very much respected and wery much let alone. The young journalists who rec thrown into her company have never had to audacity to make leve to her, and it is mentioned in the proposal before women to do thorough. and beauty sometimes form their only distinction, it is doubly difficult to grow old with a good graze, especially as they ap
Stir the union into it, and a seaspoonful of almost impossible for women to do thorough. The sometimes form their only distinction, it is doubly difficult to grow old size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste.

Stir the union into it, and a seaspoonful of almost impossible for women to do thorough.

ly good work in similar conditions, and one of the proliminary steps to ememing 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. vas made of a prominent book seller in this was made of a prominent book senior in concity 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 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 a woman." Here is one of the disabilities of sex, where the value of wage-workers is impaired from the instinctive feeling for impaired from the instinctive feeling for her delicacy and weakness. In all such po-sitions 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 trouble. This deference to womanhood is a national character stie; 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, yot appear absent minded; know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions. Having read everything, quote nothing; seen overything, appear ignerant; heard all, always express surprise; ouote

ignerant; heardall, 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 e-idently 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 clauses which might with equal advantage clauses which might with equal advantage be applied to both sexes. For instance: "Do not force wit; always listen attentively; be chartable 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 wicht he handitted by a

much the world might be benefitted by a more general application of them, they be-long decidedly to the category of precepts more easily preached than practised.

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 musfact that in the females the controlling nus-cles are much more pliable than in males. Those muscles which control the acts of taste, prehension, an control the acts of taste, prehension, and controlling are not ap-preciably diverse in a controlling devel-oped 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 Beporter.

Miss Middy Morgan, who does the cattle market reporting for the New York Times, is considered one of the cottle sharps of Gotham. Sho is 50 years e and gets Her busi-\$100 a week nut of her bus ness compels her to its out a ght, but sho carries a revolver, and o than once has shown that she knows how to use it. This meer woman has accumulated a fortune of

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OVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now, look ye, is not this an high folly? Who may not be a fool, if but he love?"

The music of the last new waitz is sobbing and sighing through the rooms; lightly hearts, as well as feet (and heads) are dancing. The marquis, bland, and a trifle more juvenile than ever, is still greeting his greats with all the fervor that distinguished him an hour agone. Lady Clontarf, standing heads him is out to every haddowed how ing beside him, is quite overshadowed by his magnanimous smile. "Truly, he is a graud old man" says Mr.

"Truly, he is a graud old man" says Mr. Browne, regarding him with unatinted admiration from afar. "Still,"—recollecting himself, and letting his ardor cool with a rapidity quite startling—"what is he when placed in comparison with our graud old woman? She" (Mrs. Costello, to wit) "is a poet's dream."

"A poet'e nightmare, if you like," says

a poet's dream."

"A poet'e nightmare, if you like," says
Clontarf, with feeling.
"She's been on the champ all day," says
Dicky. "I called over to Kilmalooda in
the morning, and chanced to see her; such
a happy chance!" All this he says to Mrs.
Desmond, who, with her partner, Lord
Clontarf, is standing near him. "Rather
overcome at finding myself suddenly in so
noble a presence, I confess I felt nervous,
and a strange longing to cut and run almost and a strange longing to cut and run almost overcame me. Odd, wasn't it? I rallied, however, sufficiently to address her by her idustrious title, and to pay her as neat a little compliment as any flurried young man ever produced before at a moment's notice. I suppose her mind was filled with worthier matters, because she declined to see it. In fact, she sort of told me-well-to-to get out," says Mr. Browne, with a burst of-no, not indignation—mirth!

The rooms are growing crowded, though

not to the agony-pressure of a town crowd, and programmes have been brought to that stage that if not filled now they will never

be filled.

Lady Clontarf, in pale-green satin literally covered with Brussels lace, and with diamonds on throat and head and arms, is diamonds on throat and head and arms, is looking lovely—and calm as lovely—but amileless. The marquis, regarding her critically though furtively, tells himself he would gladly see her more mirthful. "In spite of the herrings, or the whisky, or whatever it was," he says to himself, "she might allow herself even a laugh. So few of them can! Nothing betrays them like a lapse into nature."

Mrs. Desmond is in maize; Miss Priscilla

Mrs. Desmond is in maize; Miss Priscills Mrs. Desmond is in maile; and sirrishing and Miss Penelopo Blake, who came with her, in pearl-gray satin; Kit is in the highest spirits. I don't mean to insinuate by this that the mantle of "high jollity" that has fallen upon her is her only covering, because her gown has come straight from Worth, and is a marvel of its kind.

Vera is

"Clad all in white, that seems a virgin bost; So well it her-bessems that ye would ween Some angel she had been."

In truth, with her soft smile and rapt eves In truth, with her soft smile and rapt eyes, ahe seems almost angelic. She is standing beside an old and withered man, dressed artificially in youthful clothing with a view of decliving the public into the belief that the allotter 'breescore years and ten have not been ye' attained by him. Vera, with her pretty head uplifted, is 'latening whis imane twarldle with a flattering attention. What swester thing can we behold than the delicate humage of youth to sgo?

"Vera is very good to that old man—

delicate h image of youth to age?

"Ver is very good to that old man—
wonderfully good," says Min Desniend,
looking across at her. "I don't think I
care about old men myself, but apparently
he is not so dull as most of them; I dare

he in better than he looks."

say he in better than he looks."

"He is not. He is worse,' says Clontarf, gloomily. Once he starts a subject, nothing will stop him. We have all tried nothing will stop him. We have all tried to do it—taking it in turns for the last week—but without success. He carries out his argument to its dreary end. He is a shocking old man. He has got a voice like a corn-crake.

"To malign the absent is an evil deed, says Dicky, solemnly. "I at least will not be a party to it. Sir Watkyn is not to be despised. "A good old man, air, he will be despised. 'A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out;' but what of that? the age is in at all events. That is the principal thing. He has get the pull of us there: very few of us can date back to the Ark."

The music is growing fainter, sadder, fading, as it draws toward death. The drip, drip of many fountains is growing clearer. From conservatories and halfs and passages comes the cooler air, laden with the perfumed breath of flowers.

In a tiny flowered nest (that in daylight to morrow will probably be called an anteroom), Vera, who has permitted herself to be dragged away from Sir Watkyn's side, is sitting with Gerald Burke, idly tapping the programme in her hand against her dainty

"You will give me every second dance to night?" asks Gerald, in a tone that admits of small delay in the answering. His melancholy eyes, deep and dark and full of mournful possibilities, are burning into

hers.
"Will Doris like that?" saks she, letting her pretty fragile fingers fall clasped into her lap, and raising questioning eyes to his.
"If you will like it, that will be everything."

"Oh, that !" she says. Her lips part in a heavenly smile, she moves her graceful childish figure in a neetling fashion a degree closer to him, and looks at him again, still smiling, and lays her golden head, helf ceressingly, half laughisgly, against his arm. I should like it,—yes,—and for the sake of it would risk even Doris's anger. aske of it would risk even borns anger.

But—" She hesitates nervously, and looks
at him again with brows uplifted and forlorn. "But would it be kind of me? She
said to me, just before we came, that I was not to make myself remarkable with any body, because people are always unkind, and might say I was—was flirting. They might say "—Innocently—"I was flirting with you, perhaps."

"No," says Burke, frowningly; then his mood changes, and the most grovous de-jection takes the place of his short-lived anger. "If they did, it would not be true, would it?" he says, closing his fingers over hers, and gazing at her as if he would read

her very soul.

her very soul.

"Dear Gerald, what a question!" A wistful expression desolates her lovely eyes. She sighs, and turns a little away from him.

"Must you ask me that?" she says, reproachfully. "Oh, no! do not think it! But why make Doris unhappy? Should I not give up even the greatest joy I know to save her a moment's uneasiness?"

"You are an angel," says Burke, with amotion

emotion

"I'm not. I haven't any wings," replies ahe, childishly shaking her pretty head until all her short loose yellow curls seem to

laugh with her.

"I think you are. See how good you are to that old man, Sir Watkyn Wylde. Who would listen to his twaddle so sweetly as vou?

"He is very good to me," says Vera, open ing her large eyes to their fullest, and tri-fling absently with her fan.

1 That, of course. But your manner to

"That, of course. But your manner to him"—with loving appreciation of its gentle-ness—"is the prettiest thing I ever saw. It is more than kind of you."

"What is?" asks Vera, vaguely.

"To spend so much time humori vagaries of an uninteresting old man."

Is he so old?"

"Is he so old?"
"Can't you see it?"—iaughing.
"No," says Vera. As she says it she laughs, however, but more as one might through sympathy with the mirth of another than from any appreciation of the joke itself.

Some people entering the room at this moment, Barke rises and gives his arm to Vera. "The balcony is cooler than this," he says to her, in a low tone, leading her thither.

As they step on to it, both, looking back, see Doris in the doorway beyond, talking to

see Doris in the doorway beyond, talking to Lork Frederick Grayle.

"How very pretty your sister is looking to-night?" says Burke, involuntarily.

"I always think it is saying so little to say Doris is pretty," says Vera. "To my mind she is as beautiful in form as she is at heart, and what more can be said?"

Surprised by a sort of passion in her tone hitherto unheard, Burke glances at her hastily. Her eyes are fixed upon Lady Clontarf, who, calm, and stately in the distant door-way, is listening with polite

interest to the usual complainings about the non-payment of rents.

Vera's face is full of a wondering tender-

ness. It occurs to the young man watching her that whother she be "bond or free" to Cupid, there lies within her a depth of love for this elder sister that few other affections could coust.

could equal.

They are standing out in the light now, with the gardens below them, and the rearing of the distant occan sounding sadly in their cars. Undaunted by its greater majesty, a little stream near by crooms loudly as it tumbles over its rocks and stones. Above them the "wandering moon" is sitting in silent state, with all her twinkling satellites around her. A baby wind, sweet with cool delights, is rushing gayly hither and thither, now reveling in the tremulous greetings of the leafy shrubs, now playing amorously with the rictous yellow locks on Vera's dainty head. Vera's dainty head.

Burke, with his dark melancholy eyes fastened upon her face, is blind to the beauty of all around him. Of late one great overmatering passion has filled his soul to the acclusion of all lesser emotions. To this childish thing standing beside him he has given himself with a terrible absoluteness, to have and to hold at her good pleasure.

"To his eye There is but one beloved face on earth."

She is his very life, his best beloved, his all! Into the little hands now resting clasped before her in a pretty langorous attitude, he has given the richest treasures of his heart, to be expended how? All the intense passion of which his passionate nature is capable is hors, to no with as she will.

"She was his life, The occan to the river of his thoughts Which terminated all."

And, yet, does she love him? This is the thought that at times paralyzes all his hopes. The intensity of his affection is in a direct ratio to the intensity of his doubt. She smiles upon him; there is no reason why he should believe her anything but happy when alone with her; as now, her fingers have lain in his, and shown no desire for freedom, many a time and oft, and yet "the old, old pain of earth" is tormenting him now: so keen is its torture that involuntarily he stretches out his hands to her, as though beseeching grace.

"My darling," he says, brokenly, "make me sure; give me life."

"Of what shall I make you sure?" asks

she with a smile that makes all her white teeth gleam in the moenlight. The tender glow that a moment since had beautified her face as she looked at Doris is gone. She is now again the seemingly thoughtless, loveable, mirthful child.

"Of your love," says he, with a touching

"In truth, I do not think I know wha love means," roturns she, with an enchanting little grimace. "What is it, then, this love? A fever?—an unrest? So they tell me, those unfortunates who have given in to it. But I feel no fever. At night I sleep like a very dormouse. No; ask me some-thing clse."

thing clse."
"There is nothing clse. Your love is my

"There is nothing else. Your love is my all. The lesser things have fallen from me. I have only my choice of life or death."
"One would think you were on your trial for murder," says Vers, idly. "Is my glove a "lesser thing'? If so, I am afraid I shouldn't dare ask you to button this top button for me. But it will come undone."

She has drawn quite close to him, and has laid her bare arm within his hand to get the glove arranged. She is smiling up into his face with a witchery all her own. His

hand tightens on the snowy flesh.
"Vern, answer me," he says, in a low tone that vibrates with emotion.

The small room outsideris now descried; they are virtually alone beneath the silent

"What am I to say !"
"Say at least that I am more to you than any one clse."
"I don't know how much you are to any one clse." There is nothing in her gently There is nothing in her gently one cise." After is nothing in her gently puzzled face to show whether she has wilfully misunderstood him, or whether her mistake is genuine.

"Are other men less to you than I am?"

"Are other men less to you than I am?"
asks Burke, steadily.
"Oh, that!" she says. Then she laughs.
'What a silly question! But you are very
silly, you know: you are almost as silly as
I am."
"That is no answer.'
"No! Isn't it? Well, yes, then; of

No one is so kind as you. But then thoughtfully—"I know so few. Sir Watkyn might be; but he is so old. It isn't good to be old, is it!" course you are more to me than other men,

"Give me proof that you like me best."
"Proof!" She shakes her head, and looks vaguely all round her as if seeking for inspiration to satisfy this difficult demand. en at last her eyes come back to his. Vill this do?" she says, softly. "You Will this do ?"

may kiss my hand !"
She holds out to him one of those pretty members as she says this, drawing herself, however, a little away from him as she does

so. With quick delight he stoops his head, and kisses not only the little hand he holds, but the soft naked arm above the glove. A hundred times he kisses it, nor ever seems

Laying her hand upon his bent head, she pushes him gently back from her.

"Don't cat me," she says, in a soft, co-quettish whisper. "I have given my proof:

"Don't cat me," she says, in a soit, co-quettish whisper. "I have given my proof: are you not satisfied?"

"No,"—boldly. "Many a ono—that simpering old idiot inside, Sir Watkyn—might dare to kiss your hand; I would be more blessed than they. Darling, until you tell me you love me I cannot be happy."

"Be happy, then. I do love you," says Vors, calrely. "Why should I not? Are you not my friend?"

"No, that! Your lover! Friendship is a word ton poor for the expression of my thoughts toward you. My beloved! my aweet sweetheart! what language could convey to you the full meaning of the love that burns within me for you?"—drawing her nearer to him, and trying vainly to read her charming ingenous face,—"you will learn to love me in return, will you not?"

"I love you now. Have I not said it?" she murmurs, equably. "And you are my friend, no matter what you say. That is what I feel you are to me; that is what I feel you are to me; that is what I

friend, no matter what you say. That is what I feel you are to me; that is what I feel I am to you." There is perhaps the faintest possible atress upon the latter assertion. "But we have been here a long time, have we not? Come," alipping her fingers with childish grace into his,—"take me back to-Doris."

The first slow bars of a square dance are coming to them slowly through the open

"Not yet," says Gerald, detaining her. "Grant me one little moment yet, before I resign you to those within. Vera, do not leave me thus coldly. I have laid bare my very soul to you: does that count for noth-

ing "
With a movement as gentle as it is tender, his arms and holds her fondly to his

beating heart.

"Some day I know I shall win you," he sys, glad certainty in his voice. "Say you says, glad certainty in his voice. think so too." think so too."
"At your command?" saks she, with a

pretty archness. Sho whispers her question softly, slowly, with her face dangerously close to his. Her voice is at all times full of music, low and thrilling; but now there is a suspicion of tenderness in it that enhances its charm a hundred-fold. We are told

"The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

And certainly Vera's is tipped with subtle poison. "At your command?" she asks again, seeing he does not answer, her manner meaning so much, her words when sifted so little.

so intile.

"At your command, then," asserts he, feeling a strange delight in even this mock mastery over so priceless a possession.

"Yery well; then I say 'I think so, too," murmurs she, playfully. "And now—come."

"Before you go, Vera, Liss me once," says
Burke, detaining her by ever so slight an
effort, and growing deadly pale neneath the
tell tale rays of the moon.
For a moment she healtates; then, car-

ried away perhaps by the elequence of his look and tone, she yields.

"If it will make you happier, my friend,"

she says, tranquilly.

"Happier!"

Lifting her arms, he lays them round his neck, and then he kisses her. Perhaps his heaven is then! Who can tell? It is at least, I think, the dearest approach to it he

ever knows.

And yet what is it, after all, this trivial action, that has suddenly transmited his spirit to the glorious heights of Olympus. "What's a kiss?" asks some old writer.

rould be "Vera i , still ve ce more " Forgot ith a sare te to rer re very fo ery much wed." The smil ct face, t Launko e Watkyz niling sti ith her he мрреата А еспае O VANISA strange, was she k is it tha ie was ye kak time t been so passions seed him et, if not te is sucl and it dis art woul ray that oce He aven's o ame no fi alling fac iden hair st and he The fidd its heigh epy, ma tching th refully oway ma Doris—u in Colone m Colone
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The unsi ey may re; wh wher to make : c foul ca others 1

Really, when prople come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can they see in a ties? Millions upon millions of souls have em male happy, while millions of souls have em male happy, while millions upon miltons of souls have been plunged into misery and despair, by this kissing; and yet, when on come to look at the character of the hing, it is simply a pouting and parting of he lips!"

he lips!"
Alas! alas! I think if the misery and appiness caused by "this kissing" were laced in the balance, the misery would right lown to earth, while the happiess would mount beyond our ken, so light

Veral you can never forget this, e, still very pale, just before they return nee more to the glitter and stir within. "Forget it! why should I?" asks she,

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l his npus. riter. "Forgot it! why should I?" asks she, ith a sarenity utterly unrufiled. "I shall to remember it. Now I am sure you revery fond of me. When Doris loves me ery much, she kisses me. I like to be bred."

yed."
The smile that accompanies this speech is selively divine. It lights up all her perciface, that is like nothing so much as a utawakened flower. "Ah i there is poor it watkened nower. "An I there is poor ir Watkyn waiting for me," ahe says, and, miling still, glides away from him, and, jih her hand upon the old baronet's arm, impears into the crowd.

A sense of isolation falls upon Burke as A sense of isolation raus upon narao es vanal, s from his gaze, and with it, too, strange, i trange sadness. Has he won? tes she know? Is she his as he is hers? is it that she is as far from him now as it it that the is as far from him now as the same of the is it that she is as far from him now as it was yesterday and last week, or in that ink time when her haby face had never it been seen by him? Then, with a thrill passionate hope, he remembers she has issed him!—has lain in his arms!—has in the interpretable in the seed has a seed of the seed te is such a child that perhaps she has and it difficult to speak aloud all that her art would say, but happy time will wear ray that most sweet and innocent reti-nce. He cannot doubt her truth; he will of! Those large and wistful eyes, of aren's own blue, can hide no smallest arch of deceit; those mobile lips could ameno falsehood. To disbelieve in that alling face, crowned by its soft rings of iden hair, would be to sneer at all that is at and holiest in life. It must be that she

res him! And yet—
The fiddling is still going on; the ball is
its height. Matrons are growing secretly
epy, maidens are growing wary about
tching the eyes of their elders, and skirl

scally round such spots as may hold own mammas or heavy-lidded papes.

Deris—who has been dancing with a cer-in Colonel Bouverie, a whilom acquaintoo of hers during her last season in town has dropped into a low cushiond seat in e of the open windows. Her eyes are arking; a little color has crept into her arking; a little color has crept into her ecks; sho is laughing at something her mpanion has just said to her, and is in-ed a totally different. Doris from the pale trusce girl who had been receiving the

stage gri who had been receiving the estasome hours ago.
She is waving a huge fan indelently to dire, in a fond endeavor to woo in-doors a light breeze without, while listening ntentedly to her companion's chatter. onterf, who is leaning against the railings taide, being for the present moment off ty, wonders at her unusual animation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

e-Sixth of the Land and All the Water-Cogland has sixty-five square miles of colto the square mile of her own area area of the British colonies is nearly 00,000 of square miles—rather less than area of the Russian Empire, including cris and Central Asis; but if the area of native foundatory States in India, conting to 509,234 square miles, be led, over which England exercises as at control as Russia does over much of territory under its sway, together with tof the United Kingdom itself, 120,757 cs, then the area of the British Empire ceds that of the Russian by about 200,

the unselfish can never be really vulgar. or may be uncouth, but they cannot be be; while the best "top-dressing" of uner to be found in the whole world canmake the substance refined where the foul canker of egotism and indifference 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 Manufac-turing Company's Works, located at the west end of the city, and was much aurprised 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 busi-ness, 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 de-mands of the business. A Joint Stock Company was formed there, and a few years ago six acres of ground were pur-chased adjoining the railways at the west end of Toronto, where the present ex-tensive 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 brish, with a single frontage of 750 fee, 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 ex-perience, they are models of convenience perience, 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 saces, and would be equal to one vast floor, of one rule in least the state of the state o of one mile in length and thirtyseven feet in width. In these buildings the entire work is carried on in all its departments—foundry, blacksmithing, iron-ninishing, 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, lumbor, 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 tranship-

THE LABOR EMPLOYED.

From 350 to 450 hands, are constantly employed in these works. Asa large proportion of the men are skilled artizans, 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 thomselves are directly dependent on the success of this enterprise. The men are of more than ordinary intelligence, and of tem-perate habits, and the fact that, as a whole, they take such a deep interest in the business is one of the important fac-tors 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 employes. There is a large, well-lighted, well-furnished, cheor-ful room, supplied with the leading re-presentative papers and magazines in the various departments of literature, to which every man has access without

hall. At noon and during certain even-ing hours a large number of the men may be found assembled here, enjoying the rich intellectual repast so freely laid be-

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 unother large meeting hall, capable of holding from aix meeting hall, capable of notding from all to seven hundred people, for atill larger gatherings. It is quite probable that in this, regular religious services will soon be established by some of the dty churches,—the Company freely furnishing the room, lighted and heated for the purpose, but not desiring, 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 Probably no other industrial and social well being of the men associated with it.

THE IMPLEMENTS MANUPACTURED.

The entire attention of the establishment is given to the manufacture of har-vosting 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 severethan the ordinary field tests, so that any defect is sure to be found out and remedled 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 impose a selection. 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 wellestablished reputation for good work is good evidence in their favor.

A good deal of attention is now being given to the manufacture of the "To-routo Light Binder," also equipped with a novel sheaf carrier. It is only quite re-cently 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 auc-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 ful 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 ex-

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, temporing, polishing and sharponing 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 those works.

HORSE RAKES.

note the interest of the men in this fine 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 auch as would well repsy 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. Arrange-ments have been made to supply any de-aired 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 com-pany are scattered abroad in every one of the Provinces, and through these the sales are being made. There is a branch 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 occurrance.

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 fore 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 is 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 trespossed too much on your space.

A VISITOR.

To See the Wind.

Take a posished 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 windt i. c., if the wind is north, hold your surface cast 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 shurply 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 various departments of literature, to Probably no where else in Canada is fully, and you will hardly fail to see the which every man has access without there anything like as large a number of air, no matter how cold; the result is even charge. The efficers feel encouraged to steel tooth horse rakes manufactured as better when the sun is obscured.

Zublisher's Department.

YRUIH, WEERLY, 23 PAOPS, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.00 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line.
FRUIH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisherter its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.

and an payment of artisting when send by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Rogistered Letter. All postmarters are required to register letters whonever requested to do so.

DISCONTRIVIANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be notified.

paid.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

THE DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on the address label shows to what time your subscription is

paid.

SHE COURTS have decides that all subscriber, tonewspapers are held responsible until arrearages
are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each mouth, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 188 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per single line; one month, \$1.85per line; three mothes, \$6.25 per line; twelve months, \$5.25 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

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S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 35 Adelaids St. Wort, Toronto, Ont.

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237 Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENOT.

Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and othe large-wavertisers will advance their own interests by getting our ortimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send their papers for fyling regularly.

Populariy.
Populariy.
Do not advertise till you get our quotations.
E. FRANE WILSON,

Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 88 & 85 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

ABOUT RENEWALS.

SPECIAL PRESENT INDUCEMENTS.

TRUTH subscribers whose terms have expired, or are about to expire, are respectfully requested to renew at once. We do not like any such cut off the list. Don't part company with TRUTH.

As a special inducement for immediate renewals, the Publisher has resolved to make the following special offer, which is the best he has ever made :-

To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a years' renewal, a FREE GIFT will be made of Canada Under Lord Lorne, a splendid Canadian volume of 700 pages, well printed and well bound; or Shakespear's Complet Works, neatly printed and well bound.

Lo all subscribers sending \$1.50 for six months' renewal, a free gift of Elihu Buritt's great work Chips from Muny Blocks, 300 pages, or Poems and Songs by Alexander McLachlan, a favorite Canadian poet.

These books will be delivered free at TRUTH office, or sent by mail if the extra postage is sent, viz:—12 cents on the present to yearly subscribers, and 9 cents on that to half yearly.

half yearly.

This offer holds good for one month only Please send in at once, therefore. Subscribers whose terms have not yet expired, may also avail themselves now of this offer, and full credit will be extended to them. Don't

THE WINNERS

OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION.

NUMBER 13.

BUTTER KNIVES-(CONTINUED.)

BUTTER KNIVES—(CONTINUED.)

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Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and the nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and tropble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—Pianos, \$10.00; cabinet organs, \$5.00 full credit will be extended to them. Don't it necessary to remind them that money let the chanceslip. It is seldom such a liberal offer is made, and it may not be made again. It is seldom such a liberal lows:—Pianos, \$10.00; cabinet organs, \$5.00 The genuin a renewal. Renewals may also be made by the Bibla Competition scheme, in another column, but those competing will not also competing will

"TRUTH" PREVAILS NO. 14. BIBLE COMPETITION.

About two years ago we resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of TRUTH to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions. As the effort mot with fair encouragement we have ever since continued, from time to time similar offers, determined to carry out every pro-mise to the very letter, and promptly pay every prize offered. As our publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and we have staked our all in its success, we are fully alive to the fact that the scheme must be carried out fairly and honorably without favor or partiality to any one.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years we have among other rewards, given outabout \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles to on years to a numerate here. cles to onumerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively adver-

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, bosides having a large circulation across the

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions, have appeared and are still appearing each week in Thurn. Any of those names may be referred to in regard to what has been done. Among former competitors are the leading

A GOOD GUARANTER.
Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. We have been in business for nine years as a publisher, and we have always honorably met everylengagement and fulfilled all our promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet are not dissatisfied with the result, our journal has been splendidly established, and our own business reputation well built up. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that we cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out our promises, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

The following Bible Questions are pro-

pounded:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

I. Give first reference to the word

A. Give first reference to the word Divorce in the Bible.

Correct answers to these questions must

be sent in not later than first day of July, 1885, (inclusive) accompanied by one dollar for four months' subscription to TRUTH.

months' subscription to TRUTH.

THE REWARDS.

In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in four sets as follows:

FIRST SERIES.—All correct answers from

one to six hundred.

SECOND SERIES.—Correct answers from six hundred to the middle answer. THIRD SERIES.—From middle answer of

e whole lot.
FOURTH SERIES. - Consolation awards

to the last two hundred received.

WHAT IS NOW OFFERED.

The first reward in each of above series will be \$100 in gold.

\$50 in gold.

The third reward in each series will be a

genuine solid gold watch, positively from

series a beautifully bound volume of Shakespeare's complete works, or one of the great posts.

For all other correct answers in Second Serios a beautiful German oleograph ple-

For all other correct answers in Third and Fourth Series a volume of fiction, averaging about 200 pages each.
HOW AWARDS ARE MADE.

In every instance when an answer is re-ceived it is at once numbered in the order it came in, booked and filed, and at the close the correct answers are carefully selected and rewards are given, no matter to whom or to where they go. There is positively no deviation from this rule. All may be assured of this. The Prime Minister or the President must take his chances equally with the school boy, or the Miss of ten years.

HOW TO SEND

Don't lose a day about looking up the questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytume between now and lat July. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the means endered a with the letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clear and plainly, with your full name and correct address. bear in mind every one must send a dollar, for which Thurn will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent toary other desired address.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

A valuable reward will be given to ereryes correctly answering the Bible questions. Thomson, the Besides this you are sure to get Thurn for four months for the dollar sent and that alone is well worth the money. Hundred nests were assuring the publisher that they would not be without Thurn for many times the subscription price. Thurn is a Weekly Magazine of current literature, containing 28 large and well-printed pages each week, d such original and select matter as will sail every taste, and not in the slightest degree of week, and the degree of the subscription be without the subscription of a concept were the subscription price. There is a Weekly Magazine of current literature, containing 28 large and well-printed pages each week, d such original and select matter as will sail over since two a concept was to any one since two a concept was to any one since two a concept was to any one of the subscription objectionable to any, but of a high moral time him tone. Address, plainly, S. Frank Wilson, Lirs in the him any of the literature of the literature

AOKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following persons acknowledge receipt of prizes in TRUTH and LADIES JOIL NAL competitions:

PRIZE-Set silver spoons :- Mrs. R. C.

PRIZE—Set silver spoons:—Mrs. R. C. Davis, Napance; Minuo Atkins, Napance; Geo. Curry, Fredericksburg.
PRIZE—Tennyson's poems:—Ella Alle, 716 Queen street, Toronto; Mrs. W. Dacan, Yorkville; P. E. McPherson, Woolstock; Roderick O'Brien, Coloconk; C. R. Whyte, Hamilton; Wm. Lockwood, India Head; Geo. F. Bell, Hamilton.
PRIZE—World's Cyclopæiia:—Minnie J. Lang, Elgin; Mrs. E. H. McEachen, Corneville; Mrs. George Hawkins, Straford.

PRIZE-Cruet stand :- Ernest Waterman,

PRIZE—Cruet stand:—Estates viscous in things are to Prize—Butter-knife:—Louie Coxwell, the to the com Nisgara; Mary A. McDonald, Ennotville: the to the cown Nisgara; Mary A. McDonald, Ennotville: the to the cown Nisgara; Mary A. McDonald, Ennotville: the to the cown Nisgara; Mary A. McDonald, Ennotville: the trible of the cown of the control of the company of the

BOOK NOTIOE.

Wide Awale; D. Lathrop & Co. Pabel Stradwaring to lishers, Boston.—The April number of this it. In refer excellent periodical is redolent of spins im that the ol and full of good things; the frontispiece, massecial by illustrative of the poem "The Scason that Canada and Coming," by Mrs. M. F. Butts, conjuning in his lay up to up sweet recollections of last year's sping. The Balsami with its apple blessoms and scent-lader on, but has diverphyrs. The short stories in this number the climate. with its apple blessoms and security the climate. zephyrs. The short stories in this number the climate. are particularly good, and the cerials chizing an experiment of declining interest, whilst it is for a mare the illustrations are as charming as it be shall made ever. An outlay of \$3.00 per annum is an many this like Areake will assuredly be many ich he alone e well spent, and those making such a that if we a investment need not fear that they will be done to the prevent a state over a second and the source of the prevent a transfer over a second and the sum of the prevent a transfer over a second and the sum of the prevent and the prevent and the sum of the prevent and the p

will be \$100 in gold.

The second reward in each series will be \$50 in gold.

The second reward in each series will be a fenuine solid gold watch, positively from he very best makers.

The fourth reward in each series will be a fenuine solid gold watch, positively from he very best makers.

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The return

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cessful. Tho I bit of comedy, ly original. I the niece is cor talented artists the several chi natural and life laughter and t dows of a Grea success, is rum Montford's lo the attraction l This troupe is ed the city for provided is exce tionable. This Company.

TWO STARS. the American q litatington, ti gained such a during the pas encert in Toro loth, supported punist, and t Buffalo l'iniha nor the Lier obiason, and it ney the Gover owne will be pr

Edwin Booth

Germany and

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s, Napane; Ella Aller rs. W. Dmrson, Wood rson, Wood conk; C. R. vood, India

:-Minnie J. McEachem, rkins, Strat-

t Waterman

Coxwell Ennotville: ord Co., Ill.; loboit: Mr. Vm. Mackie,

& Co. Pab imber of thi nt of spring frontispicce cason that's te, conjunt

acern. RUTH who de

Music and Drama.

The return engagement of "Bunch of Keys "at the Grand last week was very successful. The play is an exceedingly clover bit of comedy, intensely funny and strikingly original. The company which presented the piece is composed of some of the most talented artistes on the American stage, and the several characters represented were se natural and life-like as to evoke roars of laughter and unbounded applause. "Shadows of a Great City," the latest New York necess, is running this week.

Montford's last week was crowded nightly. the attraction being the Georgia Ministrels. This troupe is one of the best that has visited the city for years, and the entertainment provided is exceedingly chasto and unobjectionable. This week the Osborne Comedy Company.

Two STARS .- Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the American queen of song, and Miss Agnes lianungton, the young control who has gamed such a deservedly high reputation during the past season, appear together in encert in Toronto on Friday evening, April 10th, supported by Miss Edile Huntington, which apply the string quartette of the inch supported by Miss Eilis Huntington, planist, and the string quartette of the Safislo l'hilbarmonic Society. Mr. J. F. Thomson, the enterprising manager under shose direction Mine. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Emity La Blacha, Gilmore's Regimental Band and Dr. Damrosch's Orchestra Concerts were given in Toronto, has the matter in charge, and its brilliant success is herefore assured Special railroad rates are been arranged on all roads, and may be tad at the different depots upon presention of a concert ticket. It is many years ow since two such brilliantstars have been eard at one timo in Canada, and the concert rill no doubt be one of the brilliant musical fairs in the history of the Queen City. It announced as under the patronage of Histoniaton, and it is expected that his Exceltobiason, and it is expected that his Excel-ncy the Governor General and Lady Lans-owne will be present.

Edwin Booth denies the report that he network retiring from the stage.

Germany and Austria togother boast as my as ninety special opera-houses.

Mr. Cowen, the leading English composer the period, remarked the other day to a porter that "Italian opera in a few years, thaps from five to ten, will be a thing of epast; its downfall will be hastened if a best singers would only sing in English." One of the most important musical publi-tions of the year is a new method of teach-g singing by the famous Professor Stock-usen. In it he not only shows how perusen. In it he not only snows now ler-in things are to be done, but uchy. He ob-its to the common method of practicing the one vowel only. His method of prac-ing the trill insures a pure and even ex-ution, which so few singers have acquired. Sapeur-Obrist-Lieutenant N. Radivanowof St. Petersburg, writes to the Leipzig male that he has discovered the art of anulacturing the varnish used by Amati distradivarius, as proved by chemical ta. In reference to Herr Schradick's im that the old Italian violins were made maspecial balsam pine which now grows Canada and Virginia, he atates that in 1th Italy up to the middle of the last centre in the Balsamtanne (Abies bulsamea) did we but has disappeared not heige quited by the manulacture of the second ta, conjunctive to the Balsamtanne (Abies baisamea) and car's spring by the Balsamtanne (Abies baisamea) and securities by, but has disappeared, not being suited this number the climate.

terials child the for a man to decide for himself how harming is lie he shall make his circle. It depends it annum has many things and circumstances of the many tich he alone can be judge. The common ing such is that, if we attend to many things, no hat they will be done well has enough justice it to prevent us from frittering away our ters ever a multitude of unnecessary has but it has no weight in relieving us pgs, but it has no weight in relieving us masingly well-defined duty, bo it ever small. Our individual life and happiness form the property of the property of the property, yellow welf are of our families, the prosperity, yellow for what certain the property our friends, the very success of our incessare all wrapt up in the well-being as whole community, and can never be expectation of the property of the property, and the property of t

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. T. L., Kingston.—Thanks for contribution sent, but it is hardly up to the mark.

D. J. B., Orillia.—Mr. J. Oliver, foot of Bay St., Toronto, is a dealer in fancy wood and frot work.

J. M. G., Portage la Prairie.—Sir Walter Scott died on the 21st September, 1832; Charles Dickens, in 1870.

LEFT.—A pair of gentleman's kid gloves were left in Thurn office some days ago. Will the owner call for thou?

S. R.—Only where the words "marriage and "divorce" are given are considered in and "divorce" are given are considered in the present Bible competition answers.

H. Baken, Hamilton—No, "pheasant" and "nephew" are never spelt with an "f." The man who told you so was very phoolish.

HEMRY V. AILES.—A bed 4 by 225 feet will take 1,000 asparagus roots to plant it. One ounce of radish seed will be sufficient for 100 feet of ground.

A. J., Hogersville.—Certainly, the New Testament is a part of the Bi le, and the most important part, too. Answers from that are always in order if correct.

R. S. SMITH, Norcliffe P. O.—The only Canadian importer of wild animals we know of in Canada is Harry Piper, Esq., of To-ronto Zoo. The leading American importers are P. T. Barnum, and Forepaugh.

E. CLIPS.-The children of such parents as you mention are certainly more liable to be deformed, idiotic and so forth, than those of peren's not related by consanguinity, though it does not necessarily follow that all will be.

"ALTA," Mimico. —The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest in the Himalayas in Thibet; its altitude is 29,002 feet, or 53 miles. Mont Blanc, in the Alps, is only 15,766 feet, or 3 miles, though it is the highest mountain in Europe.

H. H. H., Collingwood.—The number of major-generals in the American army is limited by law to three, and they are Winfield S. Hancock, who entered the army in 1844, John M. Schofield, 1853, and John Pope, 1842. The number of brigadier-generals is limited to six.

Young Canuck.—(1) You can get Blai-kie's "How to get Strong," &c., at P. C. Allen's bookstore, No. 35, King St. "est, Toronto. (2) The best time to use .mb-bells is mid way between meals if possible; before breakfast is better than last thing at night, but you should take a glass of milk and a cracker first.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER, Collingwood.-(1) A New Subschiber, Collingwood.—(1) The periodicals you enquire about are published in the following cities: Argosy, London, Eng.; The Current, Edgar L. Wakeham, editor and publisher, Chicago; Harper's Magazine, Harper & Brothers, publishers, Franklin Square, New York; The Century, Century Publishing Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York. (2) The nature of each is literary. each is literary.

Worth Knowing,

A friendly reader of THUTH sends the fol lowing. Others may confer a favor on fellow readers by similar contributions, but be sure and send only such suggestions as are known to be of value:

To RESTORE CANE CHAIR BOTTOMS.— Turn the chair bottom upward and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane work well, so that it is well soaked; should it be dirty, use soap. Let it dry in the air, and it will be as light and firm as new, provided none of the canes are broken.

SKIRT FOR A CHILD.—A good way to utilize ribbed socks when the feet are past utilize ribbed socks when the feet are past wearing is to cut the legs off straight above the heel, open up the back, sew or crochet enough of them together to give width for a child's shirt, making shell trimming for the bottom, and sew into a band at the waist. These are warm and pretty and little trouble to make.

A REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE. - If the tooth is hollow drop four drops of laudanum in the ear on the side affected. If not relieved in filteen minutes repeat the dose, and it will remove the pain immediately.

I am sure this will cure If properly applied
It's not hard to endure,
It's been frequently tried.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to Taurii may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions, effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappolatment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending the articles called for.

A small press, chaso 4x3, for sale or exchange, with font of type. All new at Xinas. Thorough outill What offers? R.D., Box 2630, City P.O.

Eggs from high-scoring, prise-winning, white Leghorns. Send stamp for circular C. E. Bissaku, Proprietor I. X. L. Poultry Yards, Lovilla, Monroe Co., lows.

S. G. Smith, St. Catharines, Ont., wishes to exchange a nickel watch, value 37 59; good timekeepel, won in Taurin competition, for chickens, pigeons, or best offer.

For 15 conts in silver I will send a price list of the values of old U.S. gold, silver, and copper coins, as given me by a dealer in coins of all kinds Address:

—R. D. Suzzman, 170 Ind. St., Chicago, Ill.

—It. D. SURRMAN, 176 Ind. St., Chicago, Ill.
To any person sending me 10 cents I will send them
to elegant chrome cards, no two alike, with their
name printed neatly on them. When sending stamps
please send one cent stamps. O. Il Hodden, 135
liver street, Torouto, Ont.

A good violin and how (Stainer) and a new "Excolstor" printing press, with two fonts of fancy type,
in exchange for a good magic lantern, with suides, (no
toy) suitable for small entertainments. Value of
violin, press, and type, \$17. Fran Srirks, Box Ss,
Fergus, Ont.

rergus, Ont.

Mr. H. McLaughlin,. Atheriev P.O., Ont., has one double barrelled, breech loading shot gun, valued at \$20; and one double barrelled, muzzle loading shot gun, valued at \$16, one of which he wishes to sell or exchange. Both are genuine twist barrels and in good order. Nearly new.

I have for exchange a pentagraph, new, and in per fect order, cost \$1.33, and a dollar edition of Shakes pears's Works, of about equal value; poems of Camp bell, Robt. Browning, or Goethe, preferred. Offer sollected. Write first. O. A. Hauen, Highgat Centro, Vt.

The following old coins for sale or exchange. Best offer for four weeks: 1 copper coin. George 3rd, 1775; silver coin, William 4th; East india half ruper, 1835; copper coin, Copolo, 107; copper coin, Phillipas 3rd, 1018; silver coin, Napoleon, 128, silling, 1774; Japanese coin, gilver, 1710. G. F. Thomson, Box 347, Ushawa, Ont.

THOUSON, BOX 347, Oshawa, Ont.

Anybody sending me the largest number of stamps before the Soth of April, will receive a new copy of the Union Jack; it more stamps are received than expected, 3 or 4 prises will be added. Only Canadian 2 and 5 cent register, law, bill, ic. and United States interior, justice, state, and navy stamps to count. Address:—A. F. Boyes, Drawer 42, Woodstock, Ont.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. Honor makes a great part of the reward of all honorable professions.

It is very unfair in any writer to employ ignorance and malice together; because it gives his answer double work.

Human nature is pliable; and perhaps the pleasantest surprises of life are found in dis covering the things we can do when forced

Parents should modify their methods according to the temper of their children; no two are alike or require exactly the same treatment.

Sincerity is an openness of heart; found in a very few people, and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people to live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humanity and benevolence prevail and discord and disagreement would be banished from the house-

The philosopher and lover of man have much harm to sayfofftrade; but the historian will see that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps neace.

"What she could," not what she could "What she could," not what she could not do, now what she thought might be done, not what she would like to do, not what she would do if she had more time, not what somebody also thought she ought

sorvices. We have some power for good over all with whom we mingle, and our benevolent desires will multiply and strengthen in proportion as they culminate in wise action.

Real forgiveness is that which we accord to a child who has been naughty and now is penitent. Forgiveness is the right thing from us all to each other. Full of faults and shortcomings as we know ourselves to be, cannot we forgive the like frailities in others?

Moral beauty cannot co-exist with radical defects of principle. The character that is unable to resist temptation, or unwilling to cling faithfully to duty is no more beautiful, whatever be its generous impulses or amiable traits, than a figure which cannot amano traits, than a figure which cannot support its own weight. Parts of it may be admirable; but as a whole, as a unity, it cannot be rightly called a beautiful character, it lacks for the foundation.

Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain even a briar or thorn which nature could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thusand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from exertions which repay the laborer.

important

When you visit or leave Now York City, save Buggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Orano Union Horse, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant come fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, -1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator Restaurant supplied with the best Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way we do things.

If you are suffering from a sense of extreme meariness, try one bottle of Aver's Sarsaparilla. It will cost you but one dollar, and will do you incalculable good. It will do away with that tired feeling, and give you now life and energy.

Of course the snows of winter fall on the youthful as well as the heads of the midaleaged people, but the fires of youth melt them away, while the cooling blood of advancing years allows them to remain as indelible marks of approaching age.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

The University of Caire, in Egypt, said to be nine hundred years older than Oxford, has ten thousand students who are being educated as Mohammedan missionaries.

The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of rhoumatism, as well as relieves the pains of tractures and dislocations, external injuries, corns, bunious piles, and other maladies.

The character of a wise man consists in

three things—to do himself what he tells others to do, to act on no occasion contrary to justice, and to bear with the weaknesses of those about him.

Wo do not believe there is any force in Wo do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith: "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins.

what she would do if she had more time, not what somebody alse thought she ought to do, but "but what she could do."

When we are in company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, least we less two good things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

We must never imagine that it is only the poor and unfortunate who need our basic and female Complaints.

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI

AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

These rapscallions wanted to try the Nonesuch again, because there was so much moneyiti, but they judgedit wouldn't bessee, lecause may be the news might 'a' worked live. He most desperately wanted to see along down by this time. They couldn't litt no project that suited, exactly; so at last the duke said he reckoned he'd lay off and work his brains an hour or two and see if he couldn't put up something on the Arkansaw village; and the king he allowed he would drop over to t'other village, without any plan, but just trust in Providence to lead him the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought in the profitable way—meaning the devil of little boats come along his title boats come along his they didn't seem to care much to see them to care much to see that matt.

Abouthemidde of the aftornoon a couple of little boats come along, but they didn't come from high enough up the river; but at last there was a big one, and they halled her. She sent out her yawl, and we went aboard, and she was from Cincinnati; and when they found we only wanted to go four or five mile, thoy was booming mad, and when they found we only wanted to go four or five mile, thoy was booming mad, and when they found we only wanted to see them to see them to see the matter.

W moneyitit, but they judged it wouldn't besafe, because may be the news might 'a' worked along down by this time. They couldn't hit no project that suited, exactly; so at last the duke said he reckened he'd lay off and work his brains an hour or two and see if he couldn't put up something on the Arkansaw village; and the king he allowed he would drop over to t'other village, withou, any plan, but just trust in Providence to lead him the profitable way—meaning the devil, I recken. We had all bought store clothes where we stopped last; and now the king put his'n on, and he told me to put mine on. I done it, of course. The king's dud's was all black, and he did look real well and starchy. I never knowed how king's dud's was all black, and he did look real well and starchy. I never knowed how clothes could change a body b-fore. Why, before, he looked like the orneriest old rip that ever was: but now, when he'd take off his new white beaver and make a bow and do a smile, he looked that grand and good and pious that you'd say he had walked right out of the ark, and may be was old Leviticus himself. Jim cleaned up the cance, and I got my paddle ready. There was a big steamboat laying at the shore away up under the point, about three mile above town—been there a couple of hours, taking on freight. Says the king:
"Secin' how I'm dressed, I reckon may be I better farrive down from St. Louis or Cir...mati, or some other big place. Go

Cir-unati, or some other big place. Go for the steamboat, Huckleberry; we'll come

for the stamboat, Huckleberry; we'll come down to the village on her."

I didn't have to be ordered twice, to go and take a stamboat ride. I fetched the shore a half-mile above the village, and then went scooting along the bluff bank in the easy water. Pretty soon we come to a nice innocent-looking country jake setting on a log swabbing the sweat off his face, for it was powerful warm weather; and he had a couple of big carpot bags by him.

"Run her nose in shore," says the king. I done it. "Wher' you bound for, young man?"

"For the steamboat; going to New Or-

leans.

Git aboard," says the king. "Hold on

"Git aboard," says the king. "Hold on a minut, my servant'll he'p you with them bags. Jump out and he'p the gentleman, Adolphus"—meaning me, I see.

I done so, and then we all three started on again. The young chap was mighty thankful; said it was tough work toting his baggage such weather. He saked the king where he was going, and the king told him he'd come down the river and landed at the other village this morning, and now he was going up a few mile to see an old friend on

going up a low inite to see an out mean on a farm up there. The young fellow says:
"When I first see you, I says to myself,
'It's Mr. Wilks, sure, and he come mighty near getting here in time.' But then I says again, "No, I reckon it ain't him, or else he wouldn't be paddling up the river.' You ain't him, are you?"

"Why do you reckon Harvey don't come! Wher' does he live!"
"Oh, he lives in England-Sheffield-

preaches there—hasn't ever been in this country. He hasn't had any too much time—and beaides he mighth' 'a' got the letter at all, you know."

"Too bad, too bad he co' 'ln't 'a' lived to see his brothers, poor sou You going to

"Too bad, too bad he co' in't 'a' lived to see his brothers, poor sou You going to Orleans, you say?"
"Yes, but that ain't only a part of it. I'm going in a ship, next Wednesday, for Ryo Janeero, where my uncle lives."
"It's a pretty long journey. But it'll be lovely; I wisht I was a-going. Is Mary Jane the oldest? How old is the others?"
"Mary Jane's nineteen, Susan's fifteen, and Joanna's about fourteen—that's the one that gives herself to good works and has a hare-lip."

hare-lip.

"Poor things ! to be left alone in the cold

world so."
"Well, they could be worse off. Old Peter had friends, and they ain't going to let them come to no harm. There's Hobson, the Baptis' preacher; and Deacon Lot Hovey, and Ben Rucker, and Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, the lawyer, and Dr. Robinson, and their wives, and the widow Bartley, and—well, there's a lot of them; but these are the ones that Peter was thickest with and need to write about cometives est with, and used to write about sometimes, when he wrote home; so Harvey'll know where to look for friends when he gots

Well, the old man he went on asking ques tions till he just fairly emptied that young fellow. Blamed if he didn't inquire about everybody and everything in that blessed town, and all about all the Wilkses; and about Peter's business—which was a tanne;

about Peter's business—which was a tanner; and about George's—which was a carpento., and about Harvey's—which was a diss. ____ ing minister; and so on. Then he says. ___ "What did you want to walk all the way up to the steamboat for?"
"Because she's a big Orleans boat, dl I was afeard she mightn't stop there. I hen they're deep they won't stop for a hail. A Cincinnati boat will, but this is a St. Louis ______."

one."

"Was Peter Wilks well off!"

"Oh, yos, protty well off. He had houses and land, and it's reckened he left three or four thousand in cash hid up som'ers."

"When did you say he died?"

"I didn't say, but it was last night."

"Funeral to-morrow, likely!"

"Yes, 'bout the middle of the day."

"Well, it's all terrible sad; but we've all got to go, one timeor another. So what we

so I ain't a going to try to; but he really done it pretty good. Then he says:
"How are you on the deef and dumb,
Bilgewater?"

The duke said, leave him alone for that

The duke said, leave him alone for that; said he had played a deef and dumb person on the histrionic boards. So then they waited for a steamboat.

About the middle of the afternoon a couple of little boats come along, but they didn't come from high enough up the river; but at last there was a big one, and they hailed her. She sent out her yawl, and we went aboard, and she was from Cincinnati; and when they found we only wanted to go four

So they softened down and said it was all So they softened down and said it was all right; and when we got to the village, they yawled us ashere. About two dozen men ilocked down, when they see the yawl acoming; and when the king says: "Kin any of 'you gentlemen tell me wher' Mr. Pet r Wilks lives?" they give a glance at one another, and nodded their heads, as much as to say, "What d' I tell you?" Then one of them says, kind of soft and gentle:

"I'm sorry, sir, but the best we can do is to tell you where he did live yesterday

evening."
Sudden as winking, the ornery old cretur went all to smash, and fell up against the man, and put his chin on his shoulder, and cried down his back, and said:
"Alas, alas, our poor brother—gone, and we never got to see him; ch, it's too, too hard!"

Then he turns around, blubbering, and make a lot of idiotic signs to the duke on his hands, and blamed if he didn't drop a carpet bag and bust out a crying. If they warn't the bestenest lot, them two frauds,

warn't the bestenest lot, them two frauds, that I ever struck.

Well, the men gathered around, and sympathized with them, and said all sorts of kind things to them, and carried their carpet-bags up the hill for them, and let them lean on them and cry, and told the king all about his brother's last moments, and the king he told it all over again on his hands to the duke. It was enough to make a body ashumed of the human race.

The news was all over town in two minutes and you could see the people tearing down

The news was all over town in two minutes and you could see the people tearing down on the ren, from every way, some of, them putting on their coats as they come. Pretty soon we was in the middle of a crowd, and the noise of the tramping was like a soldier march. The windows and door-yards was full; and every minute somebody would say, over a sence:

"Is it them?"

And somebody trotting along with the

And somebody trotting along with the gang would answer back and say:
"You bet it is."

When we got to the house, the street in front of it was packed, and the three girls was standing in the door. Mary Jane was red-headed, but that don't make no difference, she was most awful beautiful, and her orce, she was most awid beautiful, and her face and her eyes was all lit up like glory, she was so glad her uncle was come. The king he spread his arms, and Mary Jane she jumped for them, and the harelip jumped for the duke, and there they had it! Everybody most, leastways women, cried for joy to see them meet again at last and have such good times.

again, "No, I reckon it aim't him, or eise he wouldn't be paddling up the river." You will not have the wouldn't be paddling up the river." You have the wouldn't be paddling up the river." You will have a poor servant. But still I'm jatas able to be sorry for Mr. Wilks for not arriving in time, all the same, if ho's missed anything by it—which I hope he hasn't!" "Wen, but the middle of the day." "Well, he don't missany property by it, because he'll get that all right; but he's missed seeing his brother Pete die—which he mayn't mind, nobedy can tell as to that—but his brother would's pive anything in this world to see him before he died; never talked about nothing class all those three weeks; hadn't seen him since they was boys together—and hadn't ever seen his brother will and a tall—that's the doof and dumb one—William ain't more than thirty or married brother; him and his wise both ided last year. Harrey and William's the only one's that's left now; and, as I was a significant to the come on there; George was the only one's that's left now; and, as I was a long then have a significant to married brother; him and his wife both ided last year. Harrey and William's the only one's that's left now; and, as I was a long then have a significant to the come on the received one of the day."

"One of the day." "Well, he beat was gone, the king made me paddie to their into chair; so then, him and the dake, the king had a pin fall. And when they got there, they are the heart will be and the proposed one of the day."

"Well, it's all terrible sad; hut we've all got to go, one time or another. So what we all got to go, one time or another. So what we all got to go, one time or another. So what we've, all got to go, one time or another. So what we've, all got to go, one time or another. So what we've, all got to go, one time or another. So what we've, all got to go, one time or another. So what we've, all got to go, one time or another. So what we've, all got to go, one time or another. So what we've, all got to go, one tim

their foreheads on the coffin, and let one pray all to theirselves. Well, when it con to that, it worked the crowd like you ner see anything like it, and so everybody brid down and went to acbbing right out load the poor girls, too; and every women nearly, went up to the girls, without sayin a word, and kissed them, aclema, on the forehead, and then put their hand on the head, and looked up toward the sky with the tears running down, and then but out and went off sobbing and swabbing, and give the next woman a show.

Well, by and by the king he gets up u comes forward a little, and works him up and slobbers out a speech, all full of the and flapdoodle about its being a sore the for him and his poor brother to lose it diseased, and to miss seeing diseased alire after the long journey of four thousand misself at the lattle sweetened and are

after the long journey of four thousand min but it's a trial that's sweetened and sand fied to us by this dear sympathy and the holy tears; and so he thanks them only heart and out of his brother's heart, heart out of their mouths they can't, words be too weak and cold, and all that kind slush, till it was just sickening; and the blubbers out a pious goody goody And and turns himself loose and goes to cris fit to bust.

And the minute the words was out of mouth somebody over in the crowd sin up the doxologer, and everybody joined with all their might, and it just wars you up and made you feel as good as chu letting up. Music is a good thing; a after all that soul-butter, I never as freshen up things so and sound so has and bulle and bully

Then the king begins to work his again, and says how him and his me would be glad if a few of the m principal friends of the family would to supper here with them this evening help set up with the ashes of the dises and says if his poor brother laying you could speak, he knows who he would no for they was names that was very der for they was names that was very der him, and mentioned often in his letter and so he will name the same, to wit, follows, v.z.: Rev. Mr. Hobson, and Decon Lot Hovey, and Mr. Ben Rucker, a Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, and Robinson, and their wives, and the wi

Bartley. Rev. Hobson and Dr. Robinson was a to the end of the town, a hunting tood that is, I mean the doctor was ship sick man to tood... world, and the pres was p'inting him right, Lawyer lell way up to Louisville on some bain But the rest was on hand, and so they come and shook hands with the king thanked him and talked to him; and they shook hands with the duke and they shook hands with the duke and the said of the thanked him and talked to him; and they shook hands with the duke, and do say nothing, but just kept a smiling bobbing their heads like a passel of sape whilst he made all sorts of signs with hands, and said, "Goo-goo-goo-goo-goo all the time, like a baby that can't talk. So the king he blatted along, and a sged to inquire about pretty much on body and dog in town by his name, a mentioned all sorts of little things that peaced on; time or another in the tow, to Goorge's family, or to Peter: and is

to George's family, or to Peter; and is ways let on that Peter wrote him thethi but that was a lie. He got every he one of them out of that young flathes! we canced up to the steamboat

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dangers of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the furr. and see the fatal consequences the low a neglected cold, how differently a our course be; could we realize our duhow speedily we would seek a cur; with many it is only when the mouster ease has fastened its fangs upon our hat that we awaken to our folly. What is a neglected cold? Is it not diseased throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthmi urv. and see the fatal consequences the throat and lungs, bronchitis, astima, sumption, and many other diseases a nature? It is worse than madness gleet a cold, and it is folly not to have good remedy available for this freq complaint. One of the most efficie medicines for all diseases of the throat lungs, is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive S This medicine is composed of several cinal herts, which exert a most work influence in ouring consumption and diseases of the lungs and chest. It motes a free and easy expectoration, and irritation and drives the disease in

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PROGRESS!

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"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

This time the proprieter 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. In fact there is a valuable reward Fon EVERNBODY correctly answering the following BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word Lara in the Bible

2. Give first reference to the word DEATH

in the Bible.

Provards 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,

13 to 499.—Three hundred and eighby-seven Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings.

SKOOND SERIES.

Pisno.
501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold.

501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold.
502, 3, and 4.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold
Hunting Case Watches.
605. and up to the Middle correct answer of
the whole Competition, will be given a
Fine German Oleograph Picture, 14x20.
THIND SERIES.

For the middle correct answer will be given one numbered dollars in Gold Colv. From and after the middle, and up to number

100 will be given a volume of fiction, very interesting, bound in paper.

FOURTH SERIES.

to 999.—A volume of Poems richly bound in cloth and gilt, worth at retail atoms \$2.25. 401 to 990.-

901. -A Fine Cabinet Organ, 10 Stopa.

602, and up to LAST CORRECT ANSWER recolv-ed, another of those Beautiful German

co, snother of those beautiful German Congraph Pictures, an exact copy of a famous oil painting.

CONSOLATION REWARD.

To the last correct answer received in this Competition (which closes on July loss) will be given \$50 in Gold Coin. Fifteen days after data of closers. loth will be given \$50 in Gold Coin. Fif-teen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the La-pies Journal Office from distant points. The letters must not be post-marked where manoil 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 come lation 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 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 dellar 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.

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 488 and 500. The sender will therefore have a double opportunity to gain a reward. If in doubt about one answer being correct, times sending 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 handtomo reward.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.
The Ladies' Journal contains 20 large and well filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new muto the lautes. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions. Review of Fashions for the Menth, Stort and Serial Stories, Household Hints, to &c., and is well worth double the such subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large (52,000) and well established circulation that we can af-

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 volumer of poems, or one of those beautiful eleographs, 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 coathy rewards referred to above. Every and costly rowardsreferred to above. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. The Ladries' Journal has been 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 does no in the pest, and cannot afford to do aught elso in the future. Address, RDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Causda.

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 selfsufficient 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 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 masses and not conveyed it in year. The 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 tests, 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 presumptions and self-willed, who will not be sumptuous and self-willed, who will no sumptuous 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 I 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 re-sponsible 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. is one of the best blood purifiers and kindey regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Eurdock 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 sul lied by a discussion of ways and means. The time has passed when the whole re-spensibility and authority of pecuniary mat-ters was thought to be vested in the hus-band. The wife who fulfils her duty at home as truly earns her share of the com-mon 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-

Consumption Cared An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an Keast India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permacent 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 fellows. 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, Wish. Norse, 189 Powni's Elock, Roomerra, N. Y.

When they throw these some heastfield.

When they throw thee some beneficial bone, snap at the favor; if not, sleep on and never answer to good fortune and preforment 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 Recipo, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured lundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffice, 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. Lucon, 128 State street, Albany, N. Y.

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

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. The use of Ayer's Cherry Rectoral, 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 ing 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 Belsam, a safe, pleacant and certain throat and lung healer. Sold by all druggists.

Habit, if wisely and skilfully formed, becomes truly a second nature, as the com-mon saying is; but unskilful, and unmeth-odically 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' Eclectric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any medicine I have eversold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure." Unprincipled persons are selling imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Do not be

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love an 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 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 fares it fulfils that it is successful, so far as it sacrifices that it is a bubble which bursts and is seen And Scrial Stories, Household History, and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large (52,000) and well established circulation that we can after the place the subscription at this law. Hagyard's Yollow Oil touches the right spot overy time when applied for rhounatism, neuralgia, pain, soroness or lameness, and a grand mission it is—one on which sand internally for colds, soro throat, etc., it will be with he must direct his steps. "Maryland, My Maryland." * * * "Protty Wives, Lovely daughters and noble man."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife 1" "Who?"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow I"

"Hollow-eyed 1"

"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 uneasi-

"A short time ago I purchased your remody for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of billiousness, and it occured to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had

"Lost 1"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her oldtimed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matton (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 can fintter equal shoulder, and says of can inches 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 apared to do good, I thankfully remain.

C. L. JAMES.

BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 36th, 1883.

ar None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the viic, 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 mak-

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 ne perceptions. Elegance comes of no fine perceptions. El breeding, but of birth.

breeding, but of birth.

Effect Scocoa.—Geateful 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 proporties of wellsolected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our
breakfast tables with a delicate.y flavoured
bevorage which may save us many heavy
dostors bills. It is by the judicious use of
such articles of diet that a constitution may
be gradually built up until strong enough 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 neurished frame."—Givil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labelled—"JAMES EFFS & Co., Homeopathic 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

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

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

Parifying Water by Motion.

Dr. Pehl, of St. Petersburg, claims to have made the important discovery that motion destroys the impurities of vater. At a test when water was brought into rapid motion for an hour by means of a conrapid motion for an hour by means of a centrifugal machine the number of developing germs was reduced by ninety per cent. Further experiments will show if this destruction of germs is due to the motion of the mass of water or to molecular motion. If this discovery of Dr. Pehl's be confirmed, it will become possible to dearroy bacteria. and render water comparatively pure simply by passing it through a centrifugal ma-chine.

Many people are not aware that it is the wrapper of tobacco which gives the color to the plug, and are, therefore, often deceived the plug, and are, therefore, often deceived by a handsome outside appearance. The wrapper is a single film of leaf wrapped round the plug, and is never good smoking tobacco. It is costly only because of its fine color. In the "Myrtle Navy" brand the chief attentionis paid to the "filler," that is, the inside of the plug. It is this which de-termines the smoking tobacco. A tobacco can be made to look as well as the "Myrtle Navy" without much trouble or expense, but at the same time be a very inferior arbut at the same time be a very inferior ar-

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

miscaken for a dude.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary snooses that has been schleved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 1,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ainesty per cent, have been cured of this stabborn malady. This is more the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitionar are benedited, while the patent modicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the mest scientific man that the disease is due to the presence of living granking in the disease. Mr. Lix on at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the estarth is practiculy cured, and the permenency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four past sexual at once adapted his cure to their stremination; this accomplished the externite transment has ever actempted to cure catarrhin this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured extern. The application of the remedy is struck and can be do ent home, and the present reason of the year is the most favorable for a spoody and por anoth circle for any fity of cases being cured at one presence? A fit of that whe had a construct of the property of the structure of the property of the property of their received of the solution of the remedy is struck a solution of the present of the property of the proper

That which makes all women equally pretty- Patring our tailight.

The Verne De Con of the Land offer to all the self-con a ball, have offer to all the self-con a Ball, have offer to all the self-con a Ball of the dephases on all the control of the self-control of the self in g relyer, anfor their matter . Centile ever namy to health, vig ra wonz ord guaranteed. No risk in the riel as therey days trial is a lowed. With them at once for Illa trated pumpilet free.

Beau: "Why do you prefer a wood re?" She: "Cause it pops."

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic. Polson's Nerviline is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal. The most active remedy or local pains. hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal uso. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bettles 25 cents, at all druggists.

Mrs. A.: "I do love to hear Mrs. Alto sing; her swell is very fine.' Mrs. B.: "What are you talking about? That is no swell; ho's her husband."

The Sting Within.

It is said that there is a rankling thorn in every hear, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real mough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. PUTMAN'S PAINLESS CORN RACTOR is a never falling remedy for this kind of headache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, aure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

"I Love Her Better than Life."

Well, then, why don't you do some thing to bring back the roses to her chooks and the light to her cyca! Don't you see she is suffering from nervous do bility, the result of female weaknots? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale checks and send new life through that waiting form. If you love her, take heed.

Why is there nothing like leather? Because it is the sole support of man.

How Pale You Are!

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