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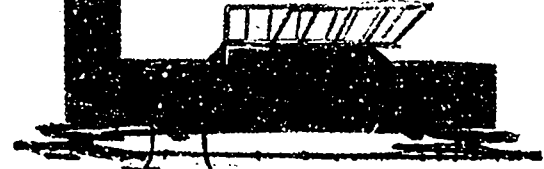
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TORONTO, ONT., MAY 31, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 191.

—Written for Truth.

Spinning.

BY NORA LAUGHER, TORONTO.

"Love leads the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."—Scott.

A pretty maid
Sat 'neath the shade,
Spinning her silks together,
There was no breeze
To stir the trees,
'Twas lovely July weather!

There chanced that way
A man to stray,
Who knew and loved this maiden,
So fair, so lithe,
Bonnie and blythe.

His heart with love was laden.
The maiden blush'd,
And gently hush'd
The wheel going round and round,
While to her side
Her lover hid,
Sitting near her on the ground.

Without the red
And silken thread,
Love spun the hearts together,
Without the wheels,
Without the reels,
Stronger than they could tether.

Sweet birds listening
Forgot to sing,
Brows bent to hear their story
The sun peep'd down,
But no'er a frown
Shone in his golden glory.

Oh! happy maid,
Life's sun and shade
Will mingle in love's spinning:
Oh! fond lover
Be true to her
When wedding bells cease ringing!

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

They have civil damage laws in a number of the States, under the provisions of which the wives or other members of a drunkard's family, can sue for and recover damages of the liquor seller for loss of time or support sustained through drunkenness. Recently a Mrs. Bixley, of Burlington, Vermont, sued a liquor seller, under the civil damage law of that State. Her husband bought liquor of him, became intoxicated, and was drowned while in that condition. She was awarded \$380 by the court.

A local paper ventures the remark that it seems like a ridiculously small sum for a husband, but no doubt it was more than he was worth. There is a painful sarcasm in a remark like that. It may be quite true enough that Bixley, if a confirmed drunkard, was intrinsically worth little to his wife as a bread winner, and worth less yet on the score of companionship. There are thousands of women today with drunken husbands who would be well rid of them on any terms, and from an actual business point of view a court would be hardly justified in awarding ten cents actual damages for their loss. But would it have been so but for the results of the drink traffic? In many, many, cases it certainly would not. Heaven only knows the actual loss in all that makes the home desirable sustained by many a wife because of the tipping habits of the husband.

The Germans are in very large numbers in Ohio as well, and there the "German Sunday" is fast taking the place of the orthodox Christian Sunday. Only last Sunday it was announced that a grand base ball match would take place at Columbus, and over two thousand visitors pour-

ed in from the surrounding country during the day to witness the sport. It appears to have been about the first of the kind, and some citizens wishing to nip the evil in the bud, appealed to the Mayor to use his authority to stop it. The Mayor declared himself powerless, as the law stands, and if he is of the average stamp of the politician mayor class it is quite likely he would not have used his power anyway. Probably the Mayor who would undertake to do so would find himself far behind in the next election contest. The system of universal suffrage, and of elective officers to administer the law, may sound very fair and very well, but to say the least of it, it has its serious disadvantages in the great cities where the uneducated foreign citizens often outnumber the more educated, and more moral citizens of native birth. The future of the great American cities, with their large proportion of foreign voters, does not present a very cheerful prospect.

The financial panic in New York is over again and business is going on about as before. It is said that the losses were nearly all among the "wild cat" stock gamblers and jobbers. Stock dealing with many, both at New York and Chicago, has become little else than gambling on a large scale, with stakes so high that somebody must lose so heavily that ruin is sure to follow at some time. Speculators stake their entire fortunes in purchases, hoping by a happy hit to create a "corner" and thus raise or lower the price of stocks so as to make large gain. Of course it frequently happens that the biter is bitten. It is said that the official financial statements go to show that the banks and broker's firms that recently failed in New York had a combined capital of about seven million dollars, while their liabilities amounted to something like fifty-seven millions. Such figures show, on the very face of them, what recklessness there must have been in their business transactions.

In reference to the English cotton trade it is said that of the goods manufactured there 1,131,240 bales went into home consumption in the country, and 2,534,760 bales were exported. The average quantity consumed by each person, of the entire population was about twelve pounds. The average quantity sent from England to the West Indies was equal to one and three-quarters pounds per head of the population, and to China and Japan about one quarter of a pound. The quantity estimated consumed in Europe averaged six pounds per head, and in the United States it was about the same. The average in Canada has always been considerably less, as in this country woollen goods are much more generally used for clothing, because of the greater severity of our climate.

In regard to the sources of future supply of the great article of general use

there is now a good deal of speculation. Time was when the Southern States were the great fields for a very large proportion of the whole cotton production of the world, and that very fact led the people to much over rate their importance, and had something to do with the considerations bringing about the Great Rebellion. "Cotton is King," was a popular saying among them; "the British people must have our cotton and their self interest will prompt them to throw their influence with us in the great contest." But that day is past. India now supplies the cotton mills of England with much of its raw material and as it takes in payment so much of the manufactured article, it is a very desirable customer to deal with. The Soudan is said to have one of the finest climates in the world for cotton raising and a good soil for the purpose. It does not produce much now, for expert because of the want of a better and more stable government for the country, and for want of better transportation facilities. It may turn out, in the order of Providence, that both these wants will be met as the necessary outcome of the present "Egyptian difficulty," and that an All Wise Hand may so order it that English possession and rule of the country will be the inevitable. If this proves the case Central Africa may soon become one of the grandest cotton fields of the world.

The recent revolutions in connection with the crime of Newbold, alias Neville is additional painful evidence of how lightly many women are inclined to rush into matrimony. The criminal is evidently a worthless fascinating rascal, without character and without property, and yet he managed to get at least nine respectable young women to marry him in a few years. Of course not one of them had taken very much pains to enquire into the man's character or antecedents, and in most cases the confiding girls had been acquainted with him but a few weeks at most. The man's penitentiary and gaol record could have been easily ascertained had much enquiry been made, but not one of the unfortunate victims appears to have attempted such an enquiry as any female should who is about to place her happiness for life in a man's keeping. It is the old story of woman's over-confidence and want of caution in the most important event in life, and the old story, too, of the willingness of too many rascals in male form to blight for life the happiness of others to satisfy their own momentary passion. Surely the many instances of bigamy brought to light during the past few weeks ought to be a warning to all interested. Truth wonders that the pulpit does not more frequently raise a warning voice to parents and to children against the dangers there appear to be of becoming victims to misplaced confidence.

The frightful situation in which the young girls were placed during the fire in

the Mail building on Saturday last directs attention again to the urgent importance of good efficient fire escapes in connection with every large building. It is a mercy that six or seven young girls did not perish before the eyes of thousands of people anxious to afford them relief but unable to do so. Such a fate would have been a disgrace and a horror to our city. Thanks to the good luck of an available adjoining roof, and to the pluck of a few gallant men, that it did not occur. Thanks, too, to the presence of mind of the girls themselves. Little thanks to the architects and the owners of the great building. The lesson should not be lost. A single day should not be allowed to pass unnecessarily before the large buildings in Toronto, and elsewhere in the country, should be amply supplied with fire escapes. No one can predict where or when the next accident may occur, but every laudable effort should be made to be prepared for it.

Sir Richard Cartwright is a high authority on matters of finance and has a reputation for finding out, for himself personally, much more about details and figures in connection with his particular Department than probably any other gentleman who has filled the office of Finance Minister since the Dominion had an existence, as such. He is pretty careful of his reputation, too, in regard to the correctness of the figures he usually gives. In his Opera House speech last week Sir Richard stated that since Confederation the people of this country have paid in customs and excise taxes the enormous sum of three hundred and thirty million dollars, and to have incurred debts to the amount of two hundred and twenty two million dollars besides. These figures look enormous for a mere handful of people—four and a half millions including the aborigines. We certainly have a good deal to show for it all, in the way of canals, railways, and other public works and public buildings. It is just possible that it may yet appear better for the interests of the country had the people showed a good deal more disposition to kick pretty vigorously against increase of taxation, and increase of debt at the same time. There are worse evils in a country than large debts and high taxation but yet these are evils to be avoided if practicable. According to Sir Richard we commenced at Confederation, in 1867 with a population of 3,375,000 and a yearly expenditure of \$13,500,000, and in 1881 with a population of something less than four and a half millions the yearly expenditure having reached \$31,000,000, being over seven dollars per head of the population. There are, however, very satisfactory explanations for a very considerable part, at least, of all this increase. Sir Richard must not forget that there was no small increase in his time, though he is stout in the denial that he was responsible for it.

There is a constant demand for female domestic servants, and a constant outcry because of their scarcity. All this time there are thousands of girls and women who are in want of employment but the fact is they are not willing to accept employment of the class that is needed. Many are much inclined to complain about this state of things and a good many lectures are given to females of this class to show how much better, and healthier, and wiser it would be for them to look for employment where it can always be found, rather than to seek it in those lines of industry nearly always overcrowded. There are a good many things to be said on both sides of this question. The average servant girl may be well fed and well paid, but her position in by far too many cases is about as undesirable a one as there is in our whole social system. Long hours are hers, both early and late. She is not expected to weary when all others are tired and seek rest. She is not expected to have a will or desire of her own, and above all things not a temper, the heritage of all woman-kind. She is not expected to have any social longings. Usually she is but the one of her class in the house and is expected to find all her enjoyment in the kitchen, generally the most unpleasant and out-of-the-way apartment in the whole house, or else in her own small room, frequently the most bare and dingy room in the whole house. Where and how can girls, with all the feelings and desires of the rest of us, find the means of making life pleasant and happy under such circumstances? How would we enjoy ourselves if situated in exactly the same way? How endurable would life be to us, if without much education, and without time and opportunities to read, without any pleasant home associations, without any home companions, without any hours at your own command, we found our unceasing round of duty, year in and year out, around a hot stove, in the stuffy atmosphere of the kitchen, or in the task of cleaning disordered rooms and such like things? The lives of those so much needed to make our own comfortable, ought to be made as comfortable and as pleasant as they well can be. Dear reader, there is a pretty fine scope for some real Christian work for all of us in this particular matter. The Christians who aspire to do something towards adding to the happiness of mankind can often find a finer mission field among the inhabitants of the back kitchen than among those of heathendom. But then, it is not near so inspiring to most of us to think of a mission so near our own back doors, and among those with whom we are so familiar, or it may be among those with whom we don't want to be familiar.

The Chinese have a good many singular notions of their own, but in some of them they show a vast amount of good sense. It is said to be the custom, with some at least, in China to pay their doctors stated amounts per week so long as they remain well but to cut off all payment for such times as they may be sick. The effect of all this is, of course, to encourage doctors to try all their skill in applying the ounce of preventive rather than the pound of cure. Medical science is of great value to the human race in curing the many diseases which flesh is

heir to, but its greatest advantage ought to be in searching out the hidden causes of diseases and applying the remedies just there. Too many medical men pay, apparently, little attention to removing the cause of sickness; they deal rather with its effects. It can hardly be because the latter method pays much the best.

Gen. Grant is evidently still one of the most popular men in the United States. Ever since the days when he led on the Northern soldiers to the victories that crushed out the Great Rebellion Gen. Grant has been the pet of the nation. It was on the wave of that popularity that he was so triumphantly elected President. He had never given any previous knowledge or skill of statesmanship, nor has he ever done so since. He was as President, probably one of the most pliable tools in the hands of scheming and designing politicians that ever occupied that prominent position, and yet how he continued to retain his popularity with the people! There are still thousands and thousands who would gladly work hard for his election for a third term. Now that he has fallen into financial misfortunes how public sympathy again manifests itself in his favour! Within a few days a measure was rushed through Congress without hardly a dissenting voice placing him on the "retired list" of officers, with an allowance of \$19,000 a year. There was scarcely a voice raised against it, and if it had been, it would not have been listened to with a moment's patience. Many men of wealth and influence are urging that even this is not enough—that half a million dollars, or so, ought to be raised at once among his friends, by personal contributions, and invested for his benefit. There is already a fund of \$200,000 for that purpose, raised years ago. Why it is felt that he must be so munificently provided for it is hard to see. There is nothing whatever of the "Republican simplicity" about it, such as that of Cincinnatus returning to his plough again after having served well his nation. As a matter of fact the "Republican simplicity" ideas have been about abandoned in regard to all official affairs and all officials in the Great Republic.

In England the idea that "a man must drink something" other than what may be required at his meals, is more prevalent than with us. One of the great problems the temperance men desire to solve is to substitute some popular drink to supply the place of beer, brandy and other alcoholic. Coffee houses have done a good deal as "counter attractions" but something more is still a felt want. So great is the desire to meet this case that two prizes of \$3,500 and \$1,500 respectively have been offered in England to the inventor of the two most popular temperance drinks which will take the place of intoxicating beverages. Surely such liberal offers will stimulate men to provide a popular substitute for stimulants.

With the coming of warm weather people will begin to betake themselves to the water, both in pursuit of pleasure and health. Bathing should not be neglected as a habit, and every young person should learn to swim. Many a valuable life is lost every year for want of having learned to swim. There are certainly

times to bathe and times not to bathe. The *Sanitary Journal*, a good authority on such subjects, has just been giving some reasonable hints in this matter which ought to be kept in remembrance. It says:—"Be not too ready to go into cold water out of doors. Better to bathe at home until the weather and water get decidedly warm. Go not into cold water when overheated, nor when cooling off, nor when cold, nor remain in too long at first. Fatal cramps are caused by such indiscretions. Dry off quickly, and dress as soon as possible, on leaving the water." Experience will teach almost anyone that it is quite safe to go into pretty cold water if you only remain in a very short time and dry off and rub very briskly immediately after.

The constant complaint about the unsightliness and nuisance of overhead telegraph and similar wires, in the cities and large towns is almost sure to bring about a good deal of trouble and annoyance in the end. In New York it has already been decided that all electric lighting wires must be buried underground before May next year; they are considered more dangerous than telegraph and other wires carrying less powerful electric currents. The State Legislature has decided that all electric light and telephone wires shall be buried within a year in all cities of 50,000 inhabitants, and the agitation is going on for still other requirements in that direction. It may yet turn out that this wholesale burial of all wires may be attended with far more trouble and annoyance than is now expected. How are they to be constantly reached and kept in order unless the surface of the streets is to be constantly torn up? The frequent tearing up of the streets now in connection with the drains and the gas pipes is a source of very serious annoyance, and often much lost too, and when a large increase is made to all this trouble in connection with wires the thing may become unbearable.

In the large cities probably a tunnel will be needed, large enough to hold all the wires, and large enough for the men to work in with ease. But may not this arrangement prove very dangerous to the men, and may not the whole of the wires be rendered useless, at times, because of the inevitable flooding of such tunnels with water, at some point? The *Scientific American* points out that all these changes must be attended with a good deal of expense, and in consequence the hope of cheaper telegraph, telephone, and lighting service to the public will be more remote than ever. The enquiry is made whether the unsightliness and annoyance attendant upon the continuance and repair of wires, as they now are, is of more importance to the general public than the additional expense of their general use? It then remarks:—"If no one is willing to be the least inconvenienced for the sake of the general welfare, if no one is willing to have a wire pass his door or cross his roof, he may not reasonably expect at the same time to have cheap service." As the question of the "wire nuisance" is now being a good deal agitated in Toronto and other Canadian localities it may be well to look carefully into

all the various phases of the question before more decisive and final steps are taken.

Certain paid agents of the liquor interests are just now at work in opposition to the adoption of the Scott Act, avowedly because "It is against the interests of temperance." It is seldom argued by these clever advocates that the drink traffic ought to be continued, or that effectual Prohibition ought not to be applied. Such arguments would not be generally received, as the popular feeling is now against anything of the sort. It is therefore necessary to change the tactics and cry out in opposition to the adoption of the law we have mainly because the law is not more efficient and more stringent. Of course it is pretty well known that the real source of the most of the opposition lies in the fact that the law is much too stringent and much too efficient for those contributing large opposition funds. The zeal of some of these men about the "interests of temperance" comes rather unexpectedly to those who do not know all the circumstances; and it comes only about such times as there are available funds to make such zeal a merchantable commodity. The ideas of the same men in regards to what constitutes "true temperance," at times where there is no Scott Act excitement on, are well worth looking into. Of course these men practice their own principles, and their every day practices are worth a little enquiring after, in view of their prominent position respecting the Scott Act agitation.

How differently men take their luck. The *Telegram* say:—"One of the speculators who lost heavily owing to the recent collapse in the stock market in New York was so grieved that he went and drowned himself. This is one form of foolishness. A defeated candidate for a commissionership in a Pennsylvania county was so disappointed at not being elected that he went crazy and had to be taken to the asylum. This is another form. People have only to go through this world once, and there is really no sense in anybody taking his reverses, no matter what they may be, so terribly to heart as to either drown himself or go crazy. It is not worth while. There are other things worth living for than the greed for riches and the ambition for place. The world is not of much account to a man when his wife is a widow."

A Model Presentment.

At the recent sessions here the Grand Jury made a practical and sensible presentment containing a number of facts and suggestions very favorably commented on by the Judge, and by the Press since. In view of the information it contains and of the suggestions to other Grand Juries in regard to similar presentments, here has been a desire to have it published entire, and it is now given for the first time in complete form. Readers of TRUTH will find it well worth reading.

TORONTO, May 17th, 1884.
To His Honor, Judge Boyd, Chairman of the General Sessions of the Peace.

The Grand Jury beg to present, that they have given careful consideration to the cases brought before them, and are

pleased that the number was so small, and the cases not serious.

From the evidence submitted to us we regret to find that there are bands of boys and young men formed to pilfer and steal from the dwellings and stores, and who co-operate in effecting this by watching outside to give timely warning to those committing the crime, and whose vagrant habits require to be repressed.

In connection with this we suggest that the laudable efforts of W. H. Howland Esq., and others of Toronto be sustained to provide labor for juveniles, and learn them industrial trades, at the building erected in the gaol farm, known as the House of Refuge. The same plan, we are informed, is being successfully carried out in Great Britain and Ireland. "Prevention is better than cure," and less costly to the community, and we trust that the City and County Councils will give due attention to this very important matter.

We visited the various

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS,

as follows, and beg to report that we found

1. THE GAOL in perfect order, clean and tidy, and as far as the arrangement of the building will allow advantage is taken to give prisoners employment and correction. We recommend (with former Juries) that classification and isolation from each other be carried on as much as possible in the buildings. We had pleasure in visiting.

2. THE HOSPITAL, and being shown around it very thoroughly by Dr. O'Rielly, who explained to us the numerous wards and the appliances for treating the sick and wounded. We found these in perfect order. We desire to call special attention to the new Fire Escape erected outside of the building, which in case of fire will give perfect security in the removal of the inmates. We are of opinion that no institution on this continent is better equipped in this respect. The Hospital should be liberally supported. The entire square adjoining has been recently secured, by the enterprise of some of our citizens, and the grounds so laid out and beautified that they have a cheering influence upon the patients.

4. THE CENTRAL PRISON we found, under the genial Warden "Massio" in perfect order. He explained to us the proposed change of location for the baking and cooking apartments. That work is now done in the basement, and during the winter the exhalations from the kitchen are offensive. By taking advantage of rebuilding the recently burnt portion of the premises, by convict labor, for the improvements, a saving is effected to the Province, and the Warden superintends the whole work himself.

4. THE MERCER INSTITUTE for the reformation of females we found admirably adapted for the purpose, and under the efficient superintendence of Mrs. O'Rielly and Mrs. Laird, with Miss Elliot as their Assistant we trust that the best results will be secured. We would recommend that an additional building, close to this, be erected as soon as possible which may serve as a home for discharged inmates, and where sewing and washing may be done, under the advice of the Matron and the Assistant Lady Directors.

5. THE ORPHANS' HOME was visited, and Miss Wheelright with her assistant, Miss Armstrong, gave the Grand Jury a great treat in getting the children to sing one of their beautiful songs in the Kindergarten style. Their efficiency was highly appreciated by us, and it reflects credit on those in charge. The building is charmingly situated and is light and cheerful on all sides, and the rooms are in neat and tidy state. This Institution deserves the liberal support of all classes, and it is calculated to save many poor orphan who might otherwise be lost to the world.

6. THE LUNATIC ASYLUM was next visited and Dr. Clarke, the Superintendent, and his Assistants took us over the entire buildings, and we found them so efficiently conducted in every department as to give confidence in this valuable institution for the restoration of the mental and physical health of those committed to its charge.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Respecting the Court House, we unite, with the presentment of the Grand Jury in March, in our condemnation of the present building, it being most unhealthy for the officials whose duties require them there. The sanitary conditions, both outside and inside are unworthy of the Capital city and Metropolitan county of our Province. They ought not to be allowed to remain in their present state, and we are glad to learn that a new structure will, probably, soon be erected. The site bounded by Church, Richmond, Victoria and Queen streets is admirably adapted for such public buildings, being upon an open square north ward for fresh air, and light, and having the street railways all around it, making it conveniently accessible to our citizens.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC to which you directed attention, in your charge, is a difficult question, and we respectfully recommend that the Dominion and Provincial authorities unite, as far as they can, in regulating the same. We would suggest that all spirituous liquors should be sold in retail by measure, and to prevent illicit traffic in private dwellings that the Inspectors of police should have the power to summarily arrest in their various wards all who may be breaking the law.

In regard to *Second Hand Shops* we unite with former Juries in recommending that they be required to keep a record of the names of those selling or buying old goods in order to more effectually detect and punish larceny, &c.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN LAIDLAW
Foreman.

Cotton Supply.

Cotton is becoming more and more an article of every day necessity, both as regards clothing and for hundreds of other uses. The purposes for which it is used continue to increase every year. It is quite impossible to tell to what uses it may be applied within the next few years, or the quantity required to meet the increased demand. A gentleman has been lately making extensive enquiries in regard to the quantity used and the result of his enquiries is that last year the total production was nearly ten million bales.

England is said to have consumed over one third of the entire quantity, the European continent less than one third and America the balance, or in exact figures 2,238,000 bales. What may have been spun and consumed in India and the adjacent localities, as well as some parts of Africa is not known, but it amounts to considerable.

Canadian Railway Statistics.

Few countries in the world, if any, have done as much as Canada, in proportion to its population and ability, in aid of railway construction in its territory. When the Canadian Pacific is completed Canada will have the longest continuous railway in the world, but it yet remains to be seen whether the enterprise does not prove to be beyond the actual requirements and the ability of the people. The Official Blue book of the Minister of Railways, laid before the last session of Parliament, shows that up to June last year there were in Canada 8,805 miles of railway under traffic, and 1,275 miles were completed during the year. The total aggregate paid up capital of the railways was reported at nearly \$500,000,000, or in exact figures at \$494,271,264. Since that time a good many additional miles of railway have been completed, and the entire railway votes of last session made. At the end of the last fiscal year the total amount of railway freight carried during the twelve months was about thirteen and a quarter million tons, and the gross freight receipts \$21,320,208. The amount of passengers carried during the year is reported at 9,579,948, and the gross receipts for passengers, mails, and sundries is put down at nearly \$12,000,000,—\$11,924,377. The gross railway revenue from all sources was in round figures \$33,250,000, being an increase of over \$4,000,000 over the preceding year. This year, however, there will probably be a serious decrease to report in consequence of the dullness of business. The net earnings of the fiscal year is reported to have been \$8,552,918.

Up to June last the total amount of public aid granted to railways in Canada, including Dominion, Provincial and municipal, was no less than \$154,000,000, and of this sum \$122,753,642 had been paid up to that time. About \$40,000,000 more was voted in railway aid or loan during last session of Parliament, but just how much may yet turn out to have been practically for bonus, and how much for loan remains yet to be seen. No one can tell.

The Commutation of Sentences.

The plan of commuting the sentences of men condemned to be hanged ought not to be encouraged. As it is a man is seldom convicted and sentenced for murder but an effort is made by some parties to have the sentence commuted. During the last few days the friends of Phipps, the Detroit wife murderer, have tried hard to have his sentence relaxed, but it appears the Minister of Justice has refused. The crime was an audacious and cold blooded one, and if there is any value in punishment as a warning against crime this case is surely one to the point. In re-

gard to the Bloomfield murderer of Mr. Lazier an attempt is also being made to prevent the prisoner going to the gallows. Unless there are the gravest doubts about the guilt of Tompaett it is difficult to see on what grounds any claim for mercy can be set up. Seldom has a quiet respectable man been more cruelly shot. Of course robbery was the only motive that took the prisoner to the house, and he shot his victim rather than be arrested and take his chances of a short imprisonment.

The Revised Old Testament.

It is now understood that the long looked for new revision of the Old Testament will soon be published. It is the companion of the New Revision of the New Testament, published some time ago. The same able and learned men have done the work and have doubtless done it with great care, as they did their former work, but it is very doubtful if the Revised Old Testament will meet with any more popular approval than did the new. It now appears pretty evident that the New Revision will not take the popular place of the "King James' Bible," or if it does, many years will first transpire and some new movement will have to be started up in order to call renewed attention to it. As it now stands the lately published work appears to have almost entirely dropped out of sight so far as the great body of ordinary readers is concerned, and the demand for it of the book sellers is not near as large as the "old fashion" edition.

The New York Tribune recently published an able article on the subject in which it was remarked that the Revised "may not take the place of the authorized version in popular estimation, but it may be fairly expected to clear up many infelicities and obscurities in that version which puzzle the ordinary reader."

The Tribune then gives a number of the alterations that will appear, some of which are as follows:—

The "unicorn" which never existed outside the English Bible, will at last be killed, and the "wild ox" substituted in its place. "The Book of Jasher" will be changed to the "Book of the Upright." Sunday-school children will be no longer troubled by the doubtful ethics of the Israelites in "borrowing" jewellery from the Egyptians and then running away with it. The revised translation will rightly state that they asked for gifts, not loans. Joseph's many-colored "coat" will be "tunic." The celebrated passage in the Book of Job, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God," will be changed to "Yet out of my flesh," etc. "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," will read:—"I will make judgment for a line, and righteousness for a plumb line." In Psalm vii. the passage, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," will be:—"Thou hast made him a little lower than God." In Psalm xxxvii the passage, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil," will be changed to "Fret not thyself; it tendeth to evil." And in Psalm lxxviii. the passage "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it," will be made to read "The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host."

JACOB FAITHFUL.

A Somewhat Brief Epistle from the Old Man—What he Thinks of Cartwright—and Chinese Gordon—and Other Men of Prominence.

I know that last week I was rather lengthy in my remarks, but I did not really think I was so bad till I saw myself in print. It is awful to be long winded, and I shall try my best this week to be short, though I am all but sure to fail. I don't believe that shortness is everything, but it is often a good deal. The popularity of a good number of ministers depends upon it, and of writers and newspaper men as well. Still when there is really something to be said, it is wonderful how long people can stand the agony of it. I was at Cartwright's meeting the other evening, in the Grand Opera, and without exception as far as I could see, the people did not weary under the more than two hours harangue. There is no use in saying the hearers on that occasion were not interested, for they were. And it is a little use in affirming that it was a poor meeting for every one who was there knows the reverse. As reasonably might it be said that the moon is made of cheese.

Cartwright is a first rate speaker. There is no mistake about that. A man who could keep the fixed attention of that audience for more than two hours, must be that. His "independent" talk I don't take any stock in. I'm too old. I shall live and die an upholder of British connection with all which that implies. But at the same time, as I am always perfectly honest and truthful, there is not the slightest use in denying that

ANY REFERENCE TO INDEPENDENCE was received with more vehement cheers than any point on which the orator touched. If that meeting is to be taken as a representative one, then connection to the States has scarcely a show and enthusiasm for British connection is dying. Young Canada knows no country but this, its own, its native land, and as in duty bound it cares specially for this. With the average Young Canadian, loyalty is a very feeble emotion and it is getting weaker all the time. This may be right or it may be wrong. With that JACOB does not meddle but it is a fact all the same. As to the federation of the British Empire, or of all the English speaking people, with all respect to Sir Richard, JACOB takes the liberty of calling the whole thing a dream. Still one is nothing the worse of sometimes dreaming dreams. They give exercise. They waken discussion. They stimulate speculation and occasionally they come true. It is curious to notice how both political parties seem to fight shy of such questions, though they will have to be faced in the not far off future.

It is a fact that I did not take much stock in the Toronto semi-centennial, but seeing it is to be, why the only thing to be done is for every one to try to make it a success. All the firing and fanfaring is not much to my mind, but it is would seem to be necessary sometimes, so let us go in and win. I am going to buy a medal sure, and may, perhaps, have a bit of ribbon in my button hole.

There has not occurred any thing so startling in the local way as to keep JACOB fully employed during the week, so what could be done but go into the foreign field? The old Spectator, I think, tells of a decent shoemaker in London who lost all his business and the most of his wits, by bothering, continually trying to know where at any particular moment the English troops in Flanders might be. Some might fancy that it would be equally ruinous to my business prospects and mental quiet for me to try to settle what would be the best policy for England to pursue about Egypt and places thereunto adjacent. But it would not. I have the whole thing in my head. I know exactly

WHAT GORDON OUGHT TO DO and if he were not a bit of a crank he would do it. Of one thing in any case, I am absolutely convinced, and that is that England is in Egypt to stay and all the talk about evacuation is just so much talk, sure. In fact England cannot afford to get out of the land of the Pharaohs, and also won't. It is possible that Gladstone's ministry may be knocked to pieces before all is settled, but whether or so, England in the end will be found to have a firmer grip than over of Egypt, or England's sun will be pretty nearly set, if not altogether. It seems a pity by the way, that these things could not be settled by some more reasonable and less expensive means than are usually employed. What is the particular use in people cutting each others throats in order to clear up some international difficulty?

There is another thing I am not clear upon, or rather I am clear in the way of disapproval. What right has the Italian Government to seize a large portion of the property of the Propaganda at Rome? I can think of none but the right of brute force. No doubt the secular power has often seized property that was originally devoted to religious purposes. Henry Eighth took away the church lands and gave them to his favorites. So they did in Scotland and elsewhere. But the examples are not so encouraging as one could wish to have.

Oh, I forgot! TRUTH owes Dr. Wild a word of thanks for his kindly advertisement a few Sundays ago. He is not a bad fellow—is not Wild. He is a bit of a crank, like JACOB himself, and thinks all the English are Israelites. If it please him and his hearers, it will do nobody any harm that I can see, so I vote he go on "demonstrating" to the end of the chapter.

The Queen's Birthday was a quiet one, though the Mail building was burnt. Could that have been the work of dynamiters? Scarcely, thinks

JACOB.

"Every young man nowadays should begin where his father leaves off," said Blobson to young Popinjay. "Well," replied the latter, "I began where my father left off." "You did, eh? I didn't know as your father had left off!" "Yes, he did; he left off drinking."

It is estimated from a statistical point of view that loss of appetite among young people on account of love annually saves to the country \$100,000,000. Perhaps so; but the expense of extra light and fuel and caramels and ice cream, on the same account, it is estimated, more than balances this amount.

Music and the Drama.

The Trebelli Concert.

It is not often so large, so fashionable, or so entirely representative an audience is gathered together in Toronto as that which greeted the recent first appearance in this city of the world famous contralto singer M^{me}. Trebelli-Bettini; nor is it often that a Toronto audience is provided with so rich a musical treat as that with which they were favored on the occasion in question by the energy and enterprise of Messrs. Suckling & Sons, who are to be congratulated upon the success which uniformly crowns their efforts to place before the public first class attractions, musical or otherwise. The name of Trebelli-Bettini is so well known that it was but natural that much interest should have been taken in her visit here, and the very large audience that greeted her was only a tribute to the high reputation she has enjoyed in Europe and elsewhere; while her reception here was certainly one of which any artist might well be proud. Her first appearance on the stage, to sing "God Save the Queen" was the signal for a burst of applause which was reproduced, in an intensified form, after her magnificent rendering of the well-known cavatina "Di Tanti Palpiti." The recitative which precedes the aria was given with most dramatic expression and effect; and the aria itself was a rich treat, being sung in a graceful and finished style, which her grand, sonorous voice, and perfect method and phrasing rendered additionally attractive. The delighted audience insisted on an encore, to which she responded with Gounod's "Chantez, Riez, Dormez," in a manner that was thoroughly appreciated. Cowen's charming little song "Regret," in the second part, was exquisitely sung, and The Chopin "Mazurka" was rapturously received, — a double encore being responded to with the "Gavotte" from "Mignon," and the "Habanera" from "Carmen," — selections well calculated to exhibit the versatility of the artist's talents.

Of the artists accompanying her some were already known to Toronto audiences; others, like the star herself, made their first bow to a Toronto audience. Ivan E. Morawski, who made his first appearance here, scored an instantaneous success by his singing of the "Sorgeto" solo, and deepened the impression by his rendering of the characteristic Swedish Drinking Song. His voice is a fine, well-cultivated, mellow bass, and he uses it with excellent effect. Mr. Mollenhauer is not altogether a stranger to Toronto audiences, although it is some time now since his previous visit. He is a thoroughly artistic violinist, and was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Werner, the cellist, we have heard to better advantage, his selections being not altogether calculated to exhibit his talents to the best advantage; but he has made himself popular here, and is always sure to please. Herr Luckstone, the pianist, made his first appearance here, and proved himself at once a capable and careful accompanist, and a brilliant and cultivated pianist, and contributed materially to the success of one of the most successful concerts it has been our lot to attend in Toronto. We are glad to know that the Messrs.

Suckling have secured M^{me}. Trebelli for another concert in October next on her return from Europe.

Messrs. Sims and Pettitt have already been familiarised to our theatre goers as the authors of strongly marked and telling melodramas; and in the work which is now receiving its first presentation here—"In the Rank"—they certainly appear to very great advantage. It is cleanly and healthy in moral, brilliant and sparkling in dialogue, effective in its scenes, dramatic in its tableaux, and interesting to a degree in its story—the old story of woman's trust and constancy, the triumph of virtue, and the downfall of vice. Moreover it affords admirable scope for the display of some exquisite scenery, and some capital mechanical effects, which are made the most of, and were deservedly greeted by loud applause. The company presenting the play is not a particular strong or brilliant one, but it is a good all-round, evenly balanced one, and gives much more satisfaction than one star and a dozen sticks would. Miss Grace Henderson, as *Ruth Herrick*, won her audience's favor at once by her easy, natural, and effective impersonation. Mr. Frank Weston made a good hero; and Mr. Frank Kilday so excellent a villain that he was frequently greeted with hisses and groans; Mr. Fitzpatrick as the choleric colonel was most satisfactory, and Mr. Rainforth's comedy as *Joe Buzzard*, while entirely free from coarseness, was highly amusing. If we fail to mention the other members of the company it is because the cast of characters is a very long one, and our space somewhat limited. They all did well, and gave a performance which was eminently satisfactory from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

The Joseffy concerts take place on Thursday and Friday next, the 5th and 6th of June, and, no doubt, large audiences will greet his appearance here. For the first recital, the following exceedingly fine and attractive programme has been prepared:—

Allegro and variations on a Passacaille..... G. F. Haendel.
Gavotte..... Padre Martini.
Toccata and Fugue..... Bach-Tausig.
Aria..... Pergolesi.
Arietta Di Balletto..... Gluck-Joseffy.
Two Musical Moments..... Franz Schubert.
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57..... L. Van Beethoven.
1. Allegro a. a. l. Più allegro. 2. Andante con moto. 3. Allegro ma non troppo. Presto.
Three selections from "Kriegsliedern"..... Robert Schumann.
Vocal Air Prophet (Prophetic Bird)..... Volcanar Bargiel.
March Fantasia..... Carl Heyman.
Kives at Play (Kifonspiel)..... Carl Heyman.
Andante Spianato a. l. Polonaise.....
Nocturns—D flat..... Fred Chopin.
Serenade.....
At the Spring.....
Spinno's Song from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman"..... Rafael Joseffy.
Consolation, No. 6.....
Ithapodie Hongroise, No. 12..... Franz Liszt.

A concert in aid of St. Andrew's Episcopal (Island) Church will take place at St. James' School House on the 4th prox. Claxton's Orchestra has been engaged, and will give four fine selections; Mr. Schuch has arranged an attractive programme, all the solos in which will be supported by varied accompaniments by violin, violoncello, and organ, one number, Mrs. Torrance's song "Laddie," having full orchestral accompaniment. In addition to this lady, some of those assisting will be Miss Morgan, Mrs. Sweetman, and Mrs. Jarvis, who will play a "Grand duo" on two pianos, Mr. J. W. Fraser, Mr. J. F. Thomson, Mr. Schuch, and Mr. Hurst. "Three Jolly Little Sailor Boys" will be sung in costume by Masters O'Reilly, Corlett, and Blackburn.

Mr. Edward Fisher's pupils will give a concert at Messrs. Newcombe & Co's rooms, Church street, on Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock.

The perronial and popular Tony Pastor and his company of variety stars will pay us a visit here next week.

Temperance Department.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

LANARK COUNTY.—A convention of the temperance workers of Carlton County will be held at Carlton Place on June 30th to consider the propriety of having the Scott Act submitted for adoption in the county. Lanark carried the Dunkin Act years ago, and there is a strong temperance sentiment among the people.

STANSTEAD CO.—It has been decided to take steps to submit the Scott Act for adoption in the counties of Stanstead and Shefford, in the Province of Quebec. Conventions have been held with a view to that and the preliminary work of circulating the petitions will be carried on at once. Stanstead and Shefford are counties with a larger proportion of English speaking people than in most counties in the Province, and the temperance sentiment is strong among them. Very much depends on the position taken by the French electors and the Roman Catholic priests.

CUMBERLAND, N. S.—It is reported that the hotel keepers of Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, are determined to test the validity of the Scott Act, now in force there. They have put up \$2,000 towards paying the legal expenses of such a test. It seems most unfortunate that the judges, both in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have not appeared to have any sympathy with the Act, and have given decisions against it on doubtful points which have afterwards been reversed by the higher legal authorities. This fact has done a good deal towards encouraging constant litigation and suspense in regard to the law, and towards marring its success.

HALTON COUNTY.—The following resolution was adopted by a standing vote at a mass meeting of temperance men held in Oakville, Halton County, recently. The mover is a well known business man in that town, and stipendiary magistrate, and from many years residence in the County he is in a good position to judge. Those present were all, or nearly all, residents of the county and they are therefore, well acquainted with the facts. Moved by W. H. Young, Esq., seconded by Mr. Dyer:—Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the operation of the Scott Act in Halton County during the last two years has diminished the drinking of intoxicating liquors; has decreased crime, destroyed the open sale and treating system, and not injured business, and we will to the utmost of our ability sustain the Act if a repeal vote be taken."

ONTARIO COUNTY.—The following we clip from the *Whitby Chronicle*:—The convention of temperance workers for Ontario county, held at Port Perry on Friday last, was a great success. An executive for the entire county, with Mr. McMurry, manager of the Ontario Bank, as President, and N. F. Paterson, Q. C., Port Perry, Secretary, was appointed. Independent of the executive for the whole county, there is also the two separate executives for each riding, as well as town and township associations in each municipality, making organization very complete. —At the United District Methodist meeting in the Methodist Tabernacle on Thursday, a deputation from the South Ontario executive was heard on behalf of the Scott Act movement, following which a strong resolution was passed by a unanimous standing vote, endorsing the step and pledging hearty clerical and lay support in the campaign in the several counties embraced in the district. —Delegates from York and Durham reported that the petitions in these counties are being most unanimously signed, in some places not one in ten refusing. —The first anti-Scott meeting in this county is announced for Tuesday next in the Town Hall, Whitby, when E. King Dodds, Esq., will be the speaker. Mr. Dodds, as one who some years since did business in this town, is not unknown to our readers.

Of late years he has been largely interested in sporting matters, publishing at the present time a sporting journal in Toronto. During the Dunkin contest he was employed by the License Victuallers to stump the Province generally against the Act. It is thought that Mr. Boll, of the Dundas Standard, will also speak against the Act. In reply to a communication from the Scott Act executive, asking what arrangements could be made in the way of mapping out the speeches, so as to give Scott Act advocates an opportunity to state their case, word has been received that no definite information can be given on this point until the night of meeting. The proper plan at all these meetings, on either side, would be to arrange for a fair apportioning of the time to both sides, and made sufficiently long enough before each meeting, so that speakers would know just about what ground they could get over.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

ANOTHER WRECK.—The Massachusetts papers state that Jed. L. Morse, at one time a large comb manufacturer and property holder in that State, was recently found dead in a wretched hovel in Leominster. When in business he fell into intemperate habits, lost his fortune and his friends, and lived in obscurity and poverty to the end of his days.

ANOTHER SUICIDE.—A farmer named John McGill, residing near Picton, got on a spree last winter and had his hands and feet so badly frozen as to cripple him for life. The poor man felt his misfortune so keenly that life became a burden to him, and he became temporarily insane in consequence. A few days ago he committed suicide by hanging himself to an apple tree on the farm.

THE DRUNKARDS' FAMILY.—What a burden of grief and anxiety has to be carried by the drunkard's wife! Henry Moots, of Camden st., Toronto, has been drinking for some time past and of course his family have been unprovided for. His wife had to send one of the children last week to a friend's house to be cared for, and on Sunday the baby died. A friend gave money to provide for the child's burial and this Moots took and bought whiskey with it. He came home "fighting drunk," and made dangerous threats towards his afflicted wife. The Police came to her protection and the drunken husband and father locked himself up in the room with the dead child and was so ugly that none cared to enter until he was arrested some hours after.

MORE INNOCENT VICTIMS.—On Queen's Birthday a Toronto family suffered severely from a savage attack from an intoxicated member of it. William Reid became intoxicated, and savage in consequence. He went to the house of the father-in-law, Mr. Spence, on Elizabeth street and brutally struck his wife, blackening her eyes. Mr. Spence tried to interfere for the protection of his daughter and was knocked down and injured by a large piece of wood, in the hands of the drunken man. Mrs. Spence was next assaulted in a terrible manner, knocked down and both legs broken. The drunken brute jumped on the form of his aged mother-in-law and the wonder is that she was not killed outright. As it is her injuries are of the most serious character and they will probably disable her for the remainder of her life.

NEARLY ANOTHER MURDER.—At Lambton Mills, a few miles distant from this city, in a miserable shanty two men and a woman celebrated the Twenty-fourth by getting "gloriously drunk." The result was that John Howard was so terribly stabbed and cut by Josh Glover, a negro, that his life is in great jeopardy. Two gentlemen from the city were out that direction and heard the cries of the intoxicated woman and had a doctor sent for. Glover was found by the constable in the woods near by sleeping off his debauch and appeared to have but an imperfect idea of what had occurred. The

Telegram says: "It would seem that the law was the result of an overdose of whiskey." More hospital patients, more gaol inmates, more criminal trials and punishment, more burdens of taxes for the people, more of the results of the legalized drink traffic!

THE CROW GATHERED IN.—At the Toronto Police Court on Monday morning there were twenty-six prisoners up to be dealt with because of their drunken or disorderly conduct. Part were discharged with a warning, part were fined, part were imprisoned. During a part of the day there were engaged at the Court the Police Magistrate, a number of court officials, a number of news men, a score of policemen, a number of witnesses and some hundreds of spectators, all of which represented loss of time to many people and loss of money to many tax-payers, besides the sadder losses still to the prisoners themselves. The object of all these arrests, trials and punishments is to warn such men never to drink again, and to warn others not to fall into similar dangers. Who expects that these "horrid examples" will put a stop to drinking and drunkenness? The legalized liquor shops are open as before, the same temptations and allurements are in the way, and next Monday morning, and every Monday morning while the licensed drink traffic goes on the criminal crop is sure to be gathered in to the Police Court. All this kind of effort to stop drunkenness by pains and penalties, while the traffic continues to be legalized, is merely dealing with the effects while the great cause is left undisturbed.

ONE MORE MURDER.—On Tuesday morning a man named Samuel Curran was found lying on the plank walk in Edward Street, of this city, with a wound in his neck from which the life blood was fast flowing. Before a doctor could reach him the unfortunate man was dead. Curran was a strong healthy young fellow, but given to drinking and bad company. At the time these lines are written much light has not been given in regard to who the murderer may be or just how the murder was brought about. It is evident enough, however that drink had to do with it. The enquiries go to show that he left his boarding house after tea on Monday evening and visited several saloons, drinking pretty freely. After midnight he awoke the proprietor of a tavern for more drink, but he was found "pretty full" then, and the hour being so late he was refused. He then went to a house enquiring for a woman of loose reputation, and not much more is known of him until the sad end. He is said, by the woman with whom he boarded for years, to have been a man of rather quiet disposition, "but when he had liquor in him he had a ticklish temper." There can be little doubt but his death wound was received in some fray with some one in the vicinity of a drinking or a bawdy house. Still another victim of bad habits!

NEWS AND NOTES.

WELL PUT.—The *Chicago Letter* says that some of their leading politicians take delight in calling the tea-total prohibitionists "cranks," but the same men will yet learn to realize more truly than ever before that "the crank turns the machine."

HIGH LICENSE.—The high license advocates have scored a victory in Winnipeg. This year the license fee in that city for saloons or taverns is \$500; for hotel, \$300; for shops and wholesale dealer, \$250. This is in accordance with a by-law of the city council. An amendment was offered to reduce the rate but it was voted down.

THEY ARE COMING.—Some years ago Father Hogan, a zealous Priest, said:—"Give me but one generation of sober, educated and religious Irishmen and I will defy the world." An exchange remarks: "A few years ago we would have thought Father Hogan was asking a good deal, but

at the rate that total abstinence is progressing among the Irish nowadays we are not so sure that his suggestion is a all visionary."

GOOD RESULTS.—The Toronto Temperance Reformation Society is doing an excellent work this season. Every Sunday afternoon a large out-door meeting is being held in the Park and already over three hundred persons have signed the pledge and taken the ribbon at those meetings. The interest continues to grow.

A GOOD SIGN.—President Arthur has brought a good deal of scandal to some of his supporters by again introducing the habit of drinking himself at the White House and giving liquors freely to his guests. In this respect he has been but an indifferent successor to such noble abstainers as Abraham Lincoln, Rutherford Hayes and Garfield. The *Official Organ* now says that it has it on reliable authority that President Arthur has become a total abstainer, and has not tasted any kind of intoxicating liquor for more than four months. Gen. Grant also became a total abstainer recently after practising different habits for years.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.—In regard to the drinking customs, especially of public men and at public occasions there has been a decided improvement made on "the good old days" of half a century ago. The *Chicago Signal* says:—"Whatever may be the outcome of this year's presidential contest let us be thankful that the scenes of Andrew Jackson's inauguration cannot be repeated at this day and age of the world. Then the drunken carousal at the executive mansion was so disgraceful that it was necessary to have the furniture upholstered anew and the carpets changed. Public sentiment grinds slowly but it grinds out no such grist as that to-day."

AN AWKWARD FIX.—Dr. Howard Crosby is a gentleman of high standing because of his scholastic attainments and his ability as a minister. He is, however, a decided opponent of prohibition and favorable to moderate drinking. He has had some hard things to say about the tea-total prohibitionists. Recently, it is said, a man has spent about ten thousand dollars in fitting up a saloon in grand style in the vicinity of Dr. Crosby's New York residence, and the doctor moved so decidedly in opposition to it that a license could not be obtained. The *Retailer*, an organ of the liquor selling interests explains that the doctor said he had no objection to the man, whom he understood to be respectable, but "he did not want a saloon in that place." The doctor is in rather an awkward fix. He is like a number of other anti-prohibition ministers in Canada and the States. He does not so much object to the existence of nicely got up saloons, but he does not want them near his residence. It would suit better if they were—well, nearer the residence of somebody else, for example.

QUITE A MISTAKE.—Not long since, the *London Punch* published a picture illustrating, without naming, as an adventure of the Rev. Ernest Wilberforce, the hard working bishop of Newcastle, an eloquent advocate of total abstinence. The adventure is thus described:

Now and then, from a sense of duty, he arrays himself in well worn clothes and goes about incognito among the poor and criminal classes on tours of observation.

On one such occasion he was riding in a third-class railway carriage, of which the only other occupant was a pitman. The latter, viewing the bishop's clerical but "seedy" garments, remarked,—

"I've warn't ye're a poor curate noo, travellin' i' the likes o' huz!"

"Once was, my friend," replied the bishop; "but—"

"O, ay! I sool!" cried the other in all good faith. "That wretched drink! Ay, ay! Too bad!"

The pitman had evidently learned from the school of observation or experience the marked change that drink makes in one's clothing.

THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

MY LADY'S DIARY.

There were some women washing at the *lavoir*. I asked them if they knew where I should find the English fishermen belonging to the boat which lay in the harbor. They all ceased beating their linen to look at my dress and hear what I had to say; and one of them, leaving her work, conducted me to the end of the little street, and pointing along the sea-wall to the angle where a man was seated upon a piece of timber, said that he was one of them. I thanked her and walked along the wall, which was sheltered from the wind by a row of houses, so that one could look about and enjoy the strange and beautiful scene, which was strange indeed to me, who had never before seen the sea. The wind seemed to have swept away all impurity from the air, the sun made nothing of the white clouds that crossed his path; everything was surprisingly brilliant, and stood out, clear and bold before the eye—the cliffs, the great rocks detached from them, the birds skimming over the water, and some boats with yellow and brown sails. The line where the sea met the sky looked quite near, so that it perplexed me for a while to see the surface there so blue and still, while, but a little nearer, it was all of a blustering hurly-burly and yellow with the sand torn up from the shore. It made me giddy to peep over the breastwork at the great waves that bounced inward and raced along by the wall, curling over in a lengthening streak of white foam as they ran, until their strength was exhausted, and they swirled back to meet others and be licked in and dashed up in feathery spray. But I did not pay much attention to the sea just then, except to keep closer by the houses when a wave stronger than the rest came spluttering up the wall and leapt over the breastwork into the road, for my thoughts were chiefly concerned with the Englishman and my business with him. First of all, I was astonished by the great size of him, and next by his hardihood in choosing to sit upon the most exposed point there was, for no particular reason that I could perceive, except to be swept by the violent wind and the spray from the waves that dashed against the angle of the wall. It was unreasonable to suppose that a fisherman would resemble my dear father, who was a scholar and a suffering invalid; yet, through seeing no Englishman but him—except the artist who came to Neufbourg a long time ago, who was thin, miserable-looking creature, and afraid to cross the stream for fear of slipping off the rocks into the water—I had come to think that all Englishmen must be delicate of complexion and feature, slight of form, and subject to take cold. My preconceptions are nearly always wrong; but this was stupidly wrong, because I myself, although neither so stout nor so robust as many girls in Neufbourg, am not puny or feeble, and I have read in many books of my countrymen's great strength and endurance.

When I reached the end house, the noise of the waves and the violence of the wind so terrified me that I dared not venture to leave the shelter of the building and stood there calling to the man as loudly as I could and gesticulating with my arms; but he took no notice of me, for the noise of the waters was far louder than my voice, and though his profile was partly towards me, he did not catch sight of my arms, for his eyes were half closed and his gaze was fixed stolidly upon the horizon. He was not an ill-looking man; his features were large, but nicely proportioned, his eyes were deeply sunk, his nose was straight, his skin was fair where the sun and wind had not tanned it, and he had a short beard and moustache of the color of straw, and fringed with beads of water

that sparkled in the sunlight. He wore a yellow oilskin cap and coat, and a pair of great rough leather boots that came up over his trousers. I had plenty of time to notice these peculiarities as I stood at the corner screaming at him and waving my handkerchief. He had not an unpleasant expression on his face, but he exasperated me by sitting there smoking his empty pipe, with his arms folded on his chest, and seeming to enjoy the wind and the noise, while I was making myself hoarse and doing my utmost to attract his attention. This made me forget my danger, and I presently stepped out of the shelter and made towards him; but a gust caught me with such force that I nearly lost my footing, and, when I opened my mouth to cry out, the wind got in and stopped my breathing. I threw my whole weight forward, yet I could not advance for a minute; then, the gust suddenly subsiding I dashed forward and came upon the man with a bounce as the pent-up sound burst from my mouth.

"Fisherman!" I cried.

"Well, what do you want with the fisherman?" he asked, having looked at me with some surprise as I clasped my bonnet with my hands.

"If you'll come out of the wind, I'll tell you," I attempted to shout; but the gust had returned, and, before the sentence was half over, my voice was silenced; and then, as I stooped down to gather my petticoats together—for they were twirling about my legs horribly—the wind caught hold of my bonnet and carried it off my head, first upwards towards the roof of the houses, and then away out to sea. It might have carried me away also if the man had not laid hold of me. He rose from his seat and led me away, holding my arm so firmly that I could move neither to the right nor the left, but went on in a straight line to the shelter of the houses—just as if I were being guided by a great piece of machinery.

"What on earth did you go out there for?" he asked savagely, as he let go of my arm. "Don't you know that you might have been swept into the sea like the thing you had on your head?"

"Then why on earth do you sit out there?" I retorted viciously, for I was enraged by the loss of my bonnet and with being scolded for my misfortunes by him. "As for the thing I had on my head," I added, choking with impatience, "it cost me fifteen francs at Bayeux this morning."

He began to laugh; but, seeing the tears come into my eyes—for I could not restrain them, my temper having got the best of me—he became grave, and said, in a low voice—

"I am so sorry you lost your bonnet. Let me tie this handkerchief over your head."

"No thank you," said I very coldly, though feeling at the same time that it was very kind of him to make the offer; "I can do quite well without it;"—which was true, for, except on *fete-days*, I never wore any covering upon my head after putting my winter *capeline* aside.

"So much the better," said he; "you look better without it;" and he put the handkerchief back into his pocket.

I took no notice of this compliment—indeed I do not think he intended to compliment me, for he spoke in a plain matter-of-fact manner, without any of the polite accent and grace a Frenchman would have employed.

"Do you belong to the English ship—I don't know what its name is—that is swimming in the harbor?"

"Yes, I do. It's a 'she,' and her name is the *Tub*."

He spoke now in a tone of playful

familiarity which might have been excusable had I been a child or he an old man, but which—as he was less than forty and I was in my twentieth year—seemed to me an importunance only attributable to that want of good manners for which, abroad, Englishmen are famous.

"Are you the master of the *Tub*?" I asked, looking as severe as I could.

He nodded, keeping his blue eyes fixed upon my face.

"When do you leave here?"

"As soon as my crew return from Bayeux, whither they have gone to get fresh meat for their captain's table. They should be back now. Shall we walk that way and see? It may gratify your curiosity to examine the *Tub's* internal economy."

"I want to go in your ship," I said, taking that side of the path nearest the houses, as he stepped into the road and turned towards the harbor; "but first I must know how much you will charge to take me and my *bonne* to England, and bring my *bonne* back here."

He stopped abruptly, and, looking at me in amazement, said—

"Good Heaven, what do you mean?"

"I have told you," I replied with some impatience. "I want to know how much you will charge to take me to England?"

"I'm not a steam-navigation-company," said he, laughing.

"My *bonne* will not go in a steam-vessel; that is why we came here. However, if you don't chose to take us, we can find another fisherman who will, no doubt."

I heartily wished I had not sought this man, for I saw that Mere Lucas's prejudice made us appear ridiculous even to this common fisherman. I made a stiff little bow, and was turning away, when he said—

"Don't be impatient. I haven't refused to take you. The *Tub's* a better boat than any in this precious hole, and I think I am as good as any other fisherman you may find here."

"That's why I asked you to take us."

"Thank you. I should like to know something more about you. Where's your *bonne*?"

"In the first of those little houses over there, beyond the harbor."

"Is that your residence?"

"Oh, no! We have come from Neufbourg—that is over so far away. We have been two days coming from there."

"By train?"

"No. There is no railway near Neufbourg—not for fifteen leagues; and Mere Lucas is afraid of steam-engines."

"Who is Mere Lucas?"—"My *bonne*."

"She is not a young thing like you then?"—"No; she is an old woman."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear it! I was afraid you were a pair of harum-scarum young runaways who had escaped from a school or a religious house, or something of that kind."

He glanced at me sidelong in a suspicious manner, as if to see whether this had made any effect on me.

"You made a great mistake," I said sharply.

"You are English, of course?"

"My father and mother were English; but I was born at Neufbourg, and have lived there all my life."

"Have you never been to England?"

"I have never been more than ten leagues from Neufbourg. This is the first time I have spoken English to any one except my father. My mother died before I could speak."

"Good heaven! And has your father suffered you—that is"—he corrected himself quickly, seeing perhaps a sign in my face of the pain in my heart, and connecting that with my mourning-dress—"have your friends in Neufbourg suffered you to make this journey with no protection but your *bonne*?"

"They are very good, my friends Madame Piquois and Monsieur l'Abbe; but Madame Piquois has Joanne to attend to, and her husband and her house; and Monsieur l'Abbe has his church; and, after all, there is no very great need of protection in France; and I shall have to do without it in England."

"Have you no friends [there?]"—"Not one."

"Then you are absolutely alone?"

"I shall be when Mere Lucas leaves me."

"What are you going to do in England?"

"I am going to London to sell my father's book."

"Your father was a literary man. What was his name?"

"Graham. He wrote for the *Anthropologist*."

"I don't think I have ever seen that work."

"Very likely not. It has nothing to do with fish. It is a philosophical magazine."

"That is not exactly in my way to be sure," he said, smiling a little. "Is the book you are going to sell of an anthropological kind?"

"It is a cosmographical dictionary. It is a very great work. My dear father has spent years and years upon it; and he died the very day it was finished. 'Twas for me he wrote it, poor dear, and the thought of providing for me sustained him."

He asked no further questions; and we walked along, side by side, in silence. I do not know quite how it was I had come to tell him so much, he being a stranger and a fisherman. I fancy the tone of equality and authority he assumed had something to do with it.

We had come to the harbor. A man was on board, doing something with the ropes.

"After all," said the captain, as we drew near his ship, speaking as if in reply to some argument that had been going on in his mind, "I don't think you can do better than to cross the Channel in the *Tub*."

"You have not answered my inquiry as to the price," said I.

"Oh, we'll arrange that presently!" he replied; and then he called out to the man on board, who touched his hat in response; and a dialogue ensued which concerned the stores in the ship, and the tide, and the wind, and matters which I did not understand—made more difficult to guess at even by the curious dialect and nasal intonation of the man, which differed entirely from the master's. But this I was not surprised at, for there must be in England different dialects as there are in France. At the fair of St. Denis I have listened, without understanding one word, to the conversation of peasants who have brought horses from Brittany; and indeed these fishermen of Colvados spoke quite another patois from our peasants of La Manche.

"Come," said the master, turning to me quickly, when the dialogue with his man was finished, "we must settle matters with your *bonne* at once. The tide is on the turn, and, if we are not off in an hour, we sha'n't start to-day."

I now felt quite anxious not to lose the chance of going in the English ship; for, while the master and man were talking, I had been comparing the *Tub* and her crew with the French boats and their fishermen; and the latter appeared by contrast so unpleasant and dirty that I dreaded the possibility of journeying with them. And so we hurried along the cottages—that is to say, I hurried, for John Brown—which was, I found afterwards, the name of the *Tub's* captain—was such a giant that he had but to saunter along to keep pace with my quickest steps.

"How is it, *je bonne* let you come in search of me alone? That's rather contrary to French etiquette, isn't it?" he asked.

"I dare say she thinks I am in the little garden behind the cottage. She was

too deeply engaged in quarrelling with her sister to pay much attention to me."

"There's a family quarrel going forward—oh?"

"Mero Lucas wanted her brother-in-law to scrub his boat clean for us, and he wouldn't."

"It would be a long job, and a troublesome one, if his boat is in the same condition as the majority of the boats here."

"And he made all kinds of excuses to get us to go by steamer from Havre or Cherbourg."

"That's not an unreasonable suggestion."

"But Mero Lucas had made up her mind that we shouldn't go by steamer, which she says is neither safe nor respectable; and, when she makes up her mind not to do a thing, I don't know any argument that could induce her to do it."

"Oh, that's the sort of old lady she is!"

"Most old people at Noubourg are like that. But she has some reason to be angry, for her sister and brother-in-law came to see her last summer, and were so clean and nice that she lent them a hundred francs to buy sails with; and then they promised that, if ever she should have need of the *Marie*—that's the name of their ship—it should be at her disposal. Of course they didn't expect that Mero Lucas would ever want to make a voyage, but that makes no difference—they promised, and were very nice and pleasant when they wanted her money; and, now that she wants their boat, they're very sullen and dirty and disagreeable."

"I suppose he suggested that my boat would be more suitable?"

"He did—that is why I came to see about you. I only hope that Mero Lucas has not not made up her mind not to go in your boat."

"I don't see why you should be guided by your servant."

"You don't know what a friend she has been to me. I think our peasant-women look upon it as a kind of disgrace to leave their villages; and I'm sure Mero Lucas would have undertaken such a formidable voyage as this for no one on earth but me. She has prided herself on having brought me up from my infancy without reproach, and it has pleased her to think that she has made a sacrifice to save me from expense and to conduct me in safety to England, as being the utmost it is in her power to do. If, after all, she is compelled to take me by the steamer, as Monsieur l'Abbe advised, she will never forgive herself."

"Then perhaps she will not decline a berth in the *Tub*."

By this time we had come to the door of the cottage. The brother-in-law had left the cottage, and at some distance from it, was lounging against a post, with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth. Mero Lucas and her sister were still at high words; but their quarrel had arrived at the weeping-stage, and the invectives of both women were interspersed with sobs.

Mero Lucas was so exhausted with contention that she had but little strength to oppose my proposal that we should make the voyage in the English boat. Still, as it involved a great sacrifice of self-esteem not to have her own way, she did not consent without considerable demur. She would not understand John Brown, though he took great pains to speak distinctly and loudly, and his accent only was bad. She said she did not understand his *patois*, and made me translate all he had to say.

"Tell her," said John Brown impatiently, "that Hercules himself could not clean out one of those French smacks, nor she either."

I did not tell her that, for she would not have understood the reference to Hercules, and she could not believe anything impossible which she undertook. But I persuaded her to look at the *Tub* before declining John Brown's offer. She

insisted first on knowing the price to be paid.

"Oh, anything she likes! Ten francs," he said, roughly extending the fingers of both hands.

Even Mero Lucas could not think this price extortionate; but, as a good Norman, she accepted it with an air of protesting resignation, drawing down the corners of her lips and shrugging her shoulders as I had seen her do so often at market in purchasing butter a *sou* under the market-price. We went together to the boat, and, when she had nearly exhausted John Brown's patience by her many objections, she told him he might go up to her sister's house and fetch my boxes. Her decision was not made a moment too soon, for, by the time she had been to the church to say her prayers, and delivered herself of a few parting sentiments to her sister and brother-in-law, the *Tub* was on the point of starting, and the moment her foot touched the deck a rope was unfastened and we moved from the side of the quay.

"I think you'll be all right," said John Brown looking into my face; "but the old woman is pretty certain to be ill, so you'd better get her to lie down in the cabin before we leave the harbor."

We had no difficulty in making her lie down, for at the first movement of the boat, thought it was but slightly perceptible, the poor dear put her hand to her mouth and clutched at John Brown's arm for support. We took her down the narrow steps and laid her in the queer little bed. John Brown spread a rug over her and tucked her up kindly, and, when he told her that the best thing she could do was to shut her eyes and try to sleep, she closed them at once, and said "*Merci*" in a feeble voice, his *patois* being quite comprehensible to her now.

"I don't suppose you will be able to read until you get accustomed to the dip," said John Brown to me "but there's a comfortable chair in the next cabin, and a volume of *Purci* to look at."

"Oh, I'm going up-stairs! I want to see."

"You'll find it rough when we get out of this creek."

"I don't mind that, if I can hold on to something, and if—you won't be cross."

He laughed being reminded of the savage way in which he had spoken to me when I had stood in danger of being blown off the sea-wall.

"There's not so much danger of being blown away as of being wetted. You can't go on deck in that flimsy state. Do you mind looking rather like a Guy Fawkes?"

"Not greatly."

"Then you wait here a moment."

He left the cabin quickly. I turned to Mero Lucas and asked her if she felt more comfortable. She shook her head without unclosing her eyes, and made an angry sign with her hand for me to go away and leave her to sleep in peace. There was just the slightest movement to the right and left, and the sound of water rippling past the vessel's side, and a great deal of clattering of heavy feet overhead and calling out in strong voices. Presently John Brown came back with some things on his arm.

"If you look sharp," said he, "we shall be able to get on deck before the pitching begins. Put your arms in this."

He spoke so peremptorily that I did not wait to consider the subject, but put my arms as he bade me into the sleeves of a great oilskin coat, like the one he wore. It must have been his, for it came right down to my toes, and the sleeves had to be turned back to the elbow almost before my hands came into view. He tied a silk handkerchief round my throat to prevent the collar from hurting me, and buttoned the coat all down; then he gave me a *bonnet de nuit* of blue worsted to put on my head. I did no-

hesitate at that, but, looking down at my yellow oilskin costume, it struck me that nothing could be added to make my appearance more ludicrous; so, laughing heartily, I tucked my hair into the bonnet and drew it down over my forehead.

"Will that do?" I asked.

"Famously," he replied. "Now give me your hand and come along."

It was rather difficult to get up the little stairs with that rigid coat hampering the movement of my legs and arms; and I felt very red as I stepped upon deck, fearing the seaman would laugh at me. But they were all too busy to take any notice of me. We had just got out of the little river that formed the harbor, and were running along between the wooden piers and just passing the colored crucifix. Between the timbers I could see the white-crested waves tumbling over each other and breaking against the pier. Overhead a great sail was swelling out. The *Tub* was all up on one side and down on the other, and instead of rolling from side to side, dipped up and down as it met the waves that came in from the open part, which was just in front. I noticed these things from the corner where John Brown had placed me. I held tight hold of the woodwork, as he bade me, and he held my arm with his strong firm hand.

"We shall ship a little water in a minute," said he; "but have no fear—there is no danger."

And just after that we passed the end of the pier, and a wave, striking the front of the ship, lifted us right up; and then, as we sank down, another wave struck the side and fell with a mighty splash across the boat, wetting the decks and the great sail as well. I also was well sprinkled with the spray; and for a moment the shock took my breath away, and I was terrified by the rise and fall; for at one instant it seemed as though we were going to be thrown up to the clouds, and the next as if we were going right down to the bottom of the sea. But I felt John Brown's strong grasp on my arm, and saw him smiling at my terror; and then, I caught sight of the water in the distance dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, with two or three brown-sailed boats going along very safely, and my courage returned with a kind of reckless excitement, my heart seeming to dance with the waves. Then I thought of poor Mero Lucas, and told John Brown that I should like to go down-stairs and assure her that there was no danger.

He spoke without exhortation; but I had to shout, and then could scarcely hear my own voice when I replied.

"You must wait till you get your sea-legs before you try to go 'down-stairs,'" he said. "For the present, you can only stay where you are. The old woman's all right. I've sent one of the men down to her. His presence and jolly manner will give her a greater assurance of safety than your words and odd appearance could impart. Besides, I expect by this time your *bonne* has certain requirements which he is far better able to attend to than you."

"What requirements?" I cried.

"Basins and things," he said, with a laugh; and I own I laughed also.

I do not know why we should find the idea ludicrous; sea-sickness must have been anything but a joke to poor Mero Lucas, poor dear!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Short Talks With the Boys.

"Where's my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy! When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked 'em right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered

itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning. Who cut those shoostings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped and jumped out of your pants. Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place 'em in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it. I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah! me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over! Now, set your foot right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired. An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and better than a slovenly man can do with four. He can save an hour per day over the man who flings things helter skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter every joint will fit. If he is a turner his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant his books will show neither blots nor errors. An orderly man is most always an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer: "Be orderly—be accurate."

Now, about school. Nine boys out of ten look upon school something in the light of a juvenile prison. They are more than half right. The idea seems to be to command a boy to open his mouth and swallow as fast and as much as he can bite off, and many of the rules and regulations are too captious to have come from sensible men. But, hark, you; ignorance means vice—crime—degradation. The man without education must make his muscles earn him a dollar a day, where brains would earn him five. The more ignorant the man the more naturally he becomes a law-breaker. Education will enable you to compete with capital. It will make capital for you. Only, if you were my boy I'd educate you in particular and not in general. I mean by that, that if you wanted to be a lawyer I wouldn't let you fritter away two or three years in algebra, astronomy and the dead languages. If you wanted to become a doctor I wouldn't educate you for a lawyer. If you wanted to become a civil engineer I'd push you in algebra, instead of colonial history. As the case stands in our schools to-day every boy must study what one does. No two of them will probably follow the same pursuit in life, but all are thrown into the same hopper and the mill set going.

Now about recreation. A boy who attends school five days a week shouldn't be set to splitting wood and hoeing corn on the sixth. The labor of going to school is just as hard for a growing boy as shoving a jack-plane is for a man. Saturday ought to be his own day and so acknowledged. Twenty-five years ago the father who couldn't find other work for his boy would throw down a fence and set him to rebuilding. The idea was to work him. No thought was given to the anatomy of a boy. Nobody seemed to realize that his bones were soft, his joints easily put out of order, and his muscles in such condition that too much work must use him up. Find me a stiff-legged man, a bow-backed man, a lop-shouldered man, a man whose spinal column is out of plumb, and I'll prove to you nine times out of ten that he was overworked when a boy.

- A Mexican paper publishes a story about a "wild boy." We suppose the boy couldn't raise 50 cents to go to the circus. Nothing will make a boy wilder than to hear the band playing and the clowns singing from the outside of the tent.

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. O. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always than fully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

MORRISBURG.—Morrisburg Lodge reports a small decline in numbers, in consequence of losses of several kinds and some pruning out of delinquents. There are now 80 contributing members reported, with 9 initiations last quarter. W. C. T., A. A. Whittaker; W. V., Bella Morrison; W. S., G. L. Brown.

THESSELON, ALGOMA.—Forest Lodge, though situated in an isolated locality, is continuing to do a good work. There are about fifty members, a decrease in last quarter in consequence of a thinning out of delinquents. Bro. Benjamin Case has been elected L. Deputy, W. C. T., Robert Arnell, W. S., Miss W. Z. Miller; W. V., Emma Ansley.

NEWMARKET, YORK CO.—Arrangements are being made for a grand temperance demonstration at Newmarket on Wednesday June 18th, under the auspices of Blooming Rose Lodge, of Glenville. Among those invited to address the meeting are Hon. Senator Vidal, Prof. G. S. Foster, M.P., Hon. G. W. Ross and T. W. Casey, G. W. S. A large and successful meeting is expected.

MOOREFIELD, WELLINGTON, CO.—Star Lodge was organized in March last, and has a membership of 47. Bro. A. Malcolmson, W.T.C.; writes:—"We have a good lodge and are having good times in order. We are expecting to submit the Scott Act to the electors. We as a lodge will do all we can to favor it." Sister Kyle, W. V. T.; Bro. McConnell, W.S.; Alex. Allen, L.D.

HORTON, RENFREW CO.—No Surrender Lodge is a small country lodge a few miles distant from Renfrew village, where there is not much opportunity of a large membership. It has kept well on with its work for years. It reports fine increase in membership during the last quarter. Robert A. Jameison, W. C. T., Jessie Cole, W. V., Wm. B. Eady, W. S., John Johnson, L. D.

TORONTO EAST.—Some months ago a Juvenile Temple was instituted in the Baptist Church, in Riverside, East Toronto, the Pastor Rev. Mr. Robinson, acting as Superintendent. The Temple has been meeting with good success, having made slow and steady progress. There are now sixty-six members with a gradual increase in numbers. We hope that a Lodge may soon be organized in the same locality.

MERIVALE, CARLTON CO.—Merivale Lodge has not been long at work, but it now reports 70 members, with 16 initiations last quarter. Bro. Rev. R. Williams is again appointed L. D., and he writes encouragingly in regard to future prospects. He also expects to reorganize Nepean Enterprise Lodge soon, making the third revival through his efforts. E. Caldwell W. C. T.; Miss Shellington, W. V.; A. M. Payne, W. S.

THE R. W. G. LODGE.—The Annual session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge began in Washington on Tuesday morning, and it will probably continue in session all this week. We are not yet in possession of any important information yet respecting the session but hope to give pretty full reports for next issue. The Representatives from this Grand Lodge are Bro. J. H. Flagg, G. W. C. T., W. S. Williams, F. S. Cummer and Daniel Rose. There are all in attendance, we believe. Dr. Chas. Hyatt, being an elder in the assembly.

CHURCH, HURON CO.—Bro. A. W. Campbell writes:—"There was in connection with our Lodge, an open meeting last Friday evening, and I am happy to say that it was very successful. There was a full house, though the Salvation Army are in town. Rev. W. Craig, Church of England Minister, presided and

gave an eloquent address. In the course of his remarks he urged the people to join the order. There were also good music, readings, recitations, and dialogues by members of the Lodge and outside friends who kindly gave us their assistance.

NOBLETON, YORK CO.—The members of Excelsior Lodge celebrated the Queen's Birthday in a loyal manner by a fine public gathering in connection with the Lodge. During the day a large number were present, including members of Klineburg and other lodges, and out door amusements were indulged in. A bountiful tea was served in the Hall, and nearly three hundred took an active part in it. At a later hour an address was given by the Grand Secretary and in the evening there was an entertainment in the hall. Everything passed off very pleasantly. Excelsior Lodge has been doing a splendid work of late. There are now considerably over a hundred members, which is certainly very creditable for a small country village.

HURON CO. LONGE.—A Good Templars meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Clinton, on Monday 12th inst., for the purpose of forming a District Lodge for Huron County. The following Lodges were represented: Leeburn, Dunlop P.O., by Bros. D. Cumming, J. Linklater, John Horton, and Sister Horton and McManus; Maitland Lodge (Auburn P.O.) by Bro. John Jackson, F. Stalker and W. Douro; Huron Lodge, Seaford, by Bro. W. H. Kent, J. H. Pyper, and W. H. Prett; North Star Lodge, Landsboro, by Bro. A. Woodman; Maple Leaf, Blyth, by Bro. F. Metcalf, W. Pollock, R. Somers, T. P. Stuart, and Sister R. Witte, E. Duncan and J. McQuarrie.

A resolution was adopted in favour of an early submission of the Scott Act to the electors of the County, and a Delegation was appointed to attend an Alliance Convention to be held in Clinton, on Tuesday 27th inst. When the contest comes there is no fear but that the Temperance workers in Huron County will be found doing their duty, and a good result may be expected. The following officers were elected for the District Lodge:—W.C.T., W. H. Brett, Seaford; W. V., Miss McCall, Clinton; W.S. & T., Frank Metcalf, Blyth; W.M., W. Barr, Clinton; P.W., D. Cunningham, Leeburn. The next session will be held in Blyth, on Monday June 9th. A. W. C.

The Grand Lodge Meeting.

Remember that the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Canada will be held in Toronto, commencing Tuesday, June 24th, and it will probably continue two or three days. Arrangements are now being made with the leading railways for reduced fares to all members desiring to attend. Full information will be issued in a week or two and the necessary railway certificates will be sent. All members expecting to attend, whether representatives or not, will do well to send in their names and address to the G. W. Secretary at once.

Good Templars' Directory.

SOUTH WOODSLEE, ESSEX CO. HOPE of Rochester Lodge No. 117, meets Friday evenings. W. C. T., J. A. Smith; W. S., Frank Fair; L. D., E. J. Smith.

QUELUPH, ONT.—BEAVER LODGE, NO. 22, meets every Monday evening in Good Templars Hall. Visitors from other lodges always welcome. W. C. T., H. McDONALD; W. S., HENRY MULLER; L. D., J. J. MAHONEY.

HUMBERSTONE WELAND CO.—HUMBERSTONE LODGE, No. 112, meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Good Templars Visitors always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. V., HESTER SCHOFIELD; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

LONGFORD MILLS, SIMCOON CO. KINGSLEY LODGE, No. 112, meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Visitors from other lodges always welcome. W. C. T., Mrs. Ann Sandy; W. V., Frank Sandy; W. S., Sarah Sandy; W. F. S., Joseph Yellowhead; W. C., Chas. Joseph Brown; W. T., Julian Williams; W. M., John Wood; L. D., Mary Yellowhead; U. G., Sam Recker; L. D., Gilbert Williams.

Select Readings.

Canada's Plea for "The Waifs and Strays"

A voice has crossed the waters with a cheery ringing sound, that has stirred our spirit-pulses into swift and glad some bound. For it speaks a kindly message from a daughter's filial heart, Pleas'd among old England's children still to bear a faithful part.

"Dear old England! merry England! parent land beyond the sea. "Hearty, joyous, now year's greeting now we send across to thee. "From our homes of peace and plenty, where the fires are bright and warm, "And the lads and lassies frolic, heedless of the winter's storm.

"From the hunter's forest cabin, from the farmhouse on the plain, "Send we greeting in full chorus, answered by the hills' refrain. "Happy New Year! Happy New Year! shout we with united voice. "In a glad new year of blessing may our motherland rejoice!

"But our hearts are sorely troubled, in "Canadian homes so fair. "At the 'Cry of Outcast London's' bitter wailing of despair: "And we ponder o'er the question now about 'sobering good and great. "Must the outcast keep on crying, till their cry has roused the State?

"Not much prospect of their ceasing, say we 'here, across the sea: "Wheels of State roll ever slowly, though 'on highways of the free. "While the State debate its measures for 'the mad 'n' general' weal. "Poor wee waifs and strays by thousands 'learn to beg and lie and steal.

"Overcrowded' say the wise ones: 'how 'can lives be true and pure. "When from baby cot to coffin want and 'wee alone are sure? "Who dare talk of Reformation, while the 'dens in which they sleep "Are as foul and dark and dreadful as the 'krais the Caffirs keep?

"Overcrowded,' say the wise ones: Child- 'ren born and reared in sin, "Pinched and wretched, starved and tempted, 'learn to drink their woes in gin. "Thus in ever-widening circles grows the 'horror, year by year. "Till the outer rim of evil looks a thing of 'ghastly fear.

"Overcrowded! No her England, if be 'bomestead's grown too small. "And the servants' little children are too 'many for the hall. "If we have acres broad and fruitful, stretch- 'ing westward with the sun, "Prairie-lands and sunny hillsides from the 'forest to be won.

"And our hearts are large and kindly as the 'acres that we till: "Though we make no boast of grandeur, nor 'of ancient skill, "We have Nature's royal largesse of rich beauty, 'we'd and free, "Mountain, str-ax, and forest grandeur, lake 'and plain from sea to sea.

"You have homes and schools of training; take 'these children from the street: "Show them why God meant they should be; 'clear a pa' way for their feet. "Make them feel that work is noble; teach 'them what their lives may be. "Then we'll give them hearty welcome to our 'homes across the sea.

"Wailing, wailing! still we hear it: ye who 'bear the Saviour's name, "Strike from 'Christian England's pages such a 'tale of England's shame. "Ye who claim the nation's glory must be free 'from stain or spot. "Wipe from off her written history such a 'foal 'unsightly blot.

"Tarry not for tardy measures by the council 'of the wise. "While the Master's earnest message comes 'through plumes, hearns' cries. "Stay not for decrees of mandate, bearing 'alms of the throne: "While the King of kings command you, seek 'and bring me back my own."

"Seal from out the very centre of old London's 'moral slime. "Baby eyes and lips are pleading to be saved 'from vice and crime: "Pleading through the cherished darlings 'sheltered in your homes to day, "Pleading by the love and mercy of the God to 'whom ye pray.

"Hollow-eyed and weary-hearted, mid the 'horrors of the street, "Wee, starved, homeless wails, are watching 'for the coming of your feet. "Speed your way; let nothing hinder you. "Feed my lambs! Is'till the word "Falling daily, clear and earnest, from the lips 'of Christ the Lord.

"Mothers! ye who fed your wee ones in the 'heaven of your home, "Tis to you these eyes are turning; tis to you 'this wailing comes. "You, whose hearts, grown large by loving '—Godlike, pitiful and kind—

"Have the Master's own true spirit in the 'leader depths enshrined.

"Tis on you their hopes are resting; 'tis to you 'they look for aid. "Christian mothers, be ye foremost in the 'ranks of love's crusade. "Meeting with true woman's courage, toil, 'discomfort and delay, "Knowing that ere long the darkness shall 'dissolve in glorious day."

MILLIE SANDERSON, Mossford Lodge, Wford, Essex, England.

—For Truth.

"Mors Et Vitae"

"Hasten bar the portal, close the shutters tight, Death's dark angel cometh down, flying through the night, Nearer and nearer he cometh, in majesty of gloom. Closer, closer, still closer, soon will he enter the room, Where a group of anxious watchers around their mother's bed, Are we ching, waiting, fearing, in an agony of dread; Each sorrowful heart is rebelling against India its light, They feel that their dear one is going, passing with the night.

"Hasten, angels, listen," 'tis the loving Saviour's voice, Open wide the portal, ye countless hosts rejoice. A weary pilgrim cometh, to join our glad sweet song. Redeemed she enter Zion, redeemed who suffered long. Her poor tired feet are wounded, treading the stony road, Her long earth journey's ended now, she reaseth what she sowed. No more her heart will fail her, walking through shadowy way, Shadows can find no shelter in the light of Heaven's clear day. CARRIE BELL.

Trust in God and Do the Right.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Courage, brother! do not stumble, Though thy path is dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble— Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary, And its ending out of sight; Foot it bravely—strong or weary— Trust in God and do the right.

Perish jockey and cunning, Perish all that fears the light; Whether losing, whether winning, Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, church, or faction, Trust no leader in the fight; But in every word and action, Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no forms of gully passion— Friends can look like angels bright; Trust no custom, school, or fashion— Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will alight; Cease from man and look above thee— Trust in God and do the right.

Firmest rule, and safest guiding, Inward peace and inward light; Star upon our path abiding— Trust in God and do the right.

A Year's Weeing.

'Twas autumn when first they stood on the bridge; Ripe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the rig; The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue. And speeding still southward, were lost to the view. Said he: "Can you love me, as I can love you?" She said, quite demurely: "Already I do."

'Twas winter when next they met on the bridge; The pear trees were brown, and white was the rig; The swallows were feathering their nests in Al-giers. She looked in his face, and she burst into tears; His nose it was plucked, and his lips they were blue. Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he: "No! I do!"

'Twas Spring-time when next they stood on the bridge; And white was the pear tree and green was the rig; The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return; And the midgirs were dancing a-down the brown burn. He said: "Frosty maiden, let by gones go by— Can you love me again?" She said: "I can try."

'Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge; There were pears on the pear tree, tall corn on the rig; The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue. Then swooped down and snatched up a midglet or two. Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the way, And start me again will you mention the day?" She stood, looking down on the fast flowing rill. Then answered, demurely: "As soon as you will!"

Our Young Folks.

THE FOUR SILVERPENNYS.

BY ALICE GIRARD.

He proffered an invitation that Mr. Silverpenny should remain and accept from him some hospitality, but this his visitor declined—he had to get back to the station, and he did not wish to miss the next train, so, after a little more conversation as to the town, he was born in, the occupations he followed—questions answered with great reticence—the two parted; the minister, at his gate, watching Mr. Silverpenny out of sight.

Lost in thought, some half-way on, the old man found he had missed his turning, and standing a little perplexed as to when he should do, over the fence a boy sprang up, who Mr. Silverpenny felt at once must be Charlie.

"I have come out of my way," he began; "could you put me in the right track for the station young gentleman?"

"Yes; I've just come from there."

"Oh, what, that way over the fields can I go?"

"And by it you'll save a quarter of an hour. I ain't in much hurry, I'll go that far with you, because, if you took the wrong turn then, you'd go a mile out of your way."

"I suppose you know this place well?" said Mr. Silverpenny.

"Rather; my father's minister over there—Mr. Silverpenny."

"Silverpenny!"

"Yes; a very uncommon name ours is; some of our fellows laugh at me for it; but I think it's a capital name, don't you?"

"Yes, I think it is."

Mr. Silverpenny said this so slowly that Master Charlie was induced to look at him more observantly. "You're tired, ain't you?" he said. "Have you walked far?"

"Pretty well for an old man like me; I'm not so young, you see, as you are."

"No," said Charlie and then he added rather irreverently, as Mr. Silverpenny thought, "I've been to Pittsfield, and had some candy. I wish I hadn't now."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled. "I don't know about candy, but I fancy if I had a little more inside me I should manage to step out a little more nimbly."

"You're close by now. You've only to turn down this street—look, there's the station, you see," and coming to a standstill, Charlie eyed Mr. Silverpenny furtively, blushed furiously red, and catching a look of his hand, which he shook awkwardly, he ran as fast as he could away. Feeling something in his palm, Mr. Silverpenny looked down. Into it the boy had pressed a penny. His regret at having eaten the candy was because he had spent all but that of his money.

On the following day Mr. Silverpenny started on his return home; he reached his house in safety and was welcomed back by Martha, who, anxious as she was, made neither comment nor asked a question respecting the business of his journey.

That it had not been made without some result she guessed from the arrival of Mr. Stock, the lawyer, with whom Mr. Silverpenny was closeted for several days after at various times.

Clearing the table one evening as usual, her master detained her. "Martha," he said pouring out a glass of wine, "drink that to the health of Anthony Charles Silverpenny."

"Ah!" she held up her finger to him, "what did I say?"

"Why, what isn't true," he answered quickly—"that I should find in Boston scores of Silverpennys; whereas, search from end to end, there is only one."

"No matter," continued Martha stoutly; "for all you wants one's so good as twenty; and it's he, is it, whose wealth I'm to drink to?"

"No," answered her master stolidly, "it is not he."

Martha pushed the glass, which she had taken, away, from her. "Awh!" and she crossed her arms resignedly.

Mr. Silverpenny enjoyed the momentary satisfaction of her defeat and then in a more friendly tone he said, "Never be over hasty in jumping at conclusions, Martha; it's a woman's falling. Wait, and you shall hear the whole story." And thereupon he related his interview with the baker—his visit to the minister; and how he had fallen in with Charlie.

Martha listened attentively. "And 'tis he you've left your money to?" she said inquiringly. "Well! to think of his giving you a penny—have's got 't, master? Let me have a look at 'n, do."

Slowly the penny was drawn from out of Mr. Silverpenny's pocket, he unfolded it from the paper he had wrapped it in, and solemnly handed it to Martha, who held it in her hand, turning it over and over again.

"Take it, master," she said, handing it back to him, "and keep it so long as ever you live—I should if I was you."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled as if he had already arrived at that decision.

"And I'm very took with that baker, too," continued Martha reflectively; "he makes good bread, I'll warrant 'n, too."

Mr. Silverpenny did not dispel Martha's illusion by telling her that, judging by the roll he should pronounce the baker's bread to be heavy.

"I have not forgotten him," he said, "and I have not forgotten you, Martha."

"Oh, I ain't afraid," she said shortly; "I don't ask what you've done, or what you haven't; all I wants to know is, that the matter's settled so that your mind's at rest and you feel easy."

"Yes, quite, so far as others go."

"Well, and don't that satisfy you?"

For a moment Mr. Silverpenny did not reply. "I expect, he said reflectively, "that most of us, if we had our time to go over again, would act differently."

"Why, what now?" said Martha sharply.

"Nothing, Martha, nothing—only I can't remember that I ever held out a helping hand to anybody—give anything—did any good with my money."

"And suppose not," said Martha irately; "you ha'n't a done no evil; and if that's all you've got to lament over, you may lie down in your bed easy, and it's my opinion that you wouldn't be doing wrong in going there," and she surveyed him critically; "jaunting about and your time o' life don't overwell agree together, master."

"I think I'll take your advice," said Mr. Silverpenny, rising slowly; "and Martha, we'll turn over a new leaf, and you and I will try between us to do somebody a little good before we die."

"Oh, there's time enough yet to talk about dying," said Martha gruffly. "You ain't bound to do that the very minute you've made your will and settled your money."

"Mr. Silverpenny smiled cheerily. She had brought him over the candle, which, lighting, he took from her. "Now," he said, drink up your wine. Charles Anthony Silverpenny, health, wealth, and prosperity."

The next morning Mr. Silverpenny was long in coming down, and Martha, thinking it time to awaken him, tip-toed softly into his room. "Master," she called, but he did not answer. "Master," she repeated louder, drawing aside the curtain, "how sound you be sleeping," and then she bent down in terror—it was the sleep from which there is no awaking. Tranquil and calm, Mr. Silverpenny lay dead.

WHITE-SHOES.

"One morning during the Crusade, a drunkard's wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story. 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the

house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near me; he is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a tube in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?"

"Quick as a thought the question came to me, and I asked: 'Why not have that husband of yours converted?'"

"But she answered hopelessly, 'Oh, there's no hope for such a thing. He cares for nothing but strong drink.'"

"I'll come and see him this afternoon," said I.

"He'll insult you," she replied.

"No matter," said I; "my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord."

"That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message, 'My pa says he won't see any one.'"

"But I sent him a message proving that I was in earnest. I said, 'Go back and tell you-pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him if she has to stay till after supper.'"

"I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?" he demanded as he came shuffling into the room.

"Please be seated and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

"He read it slowly, and then, throwing it down upon the table, broke out violently:

"Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty."

"Do you think you can stop drinking?"

"Yes, I could if I wanted to."

"On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner."

"No, I ain't any such thing."

"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl."

"No, I don't either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes, and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I come here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she is, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare."

"That's so madam."

"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you love your own wife."

"Never; no, never!"

"When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I come here and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her own work; if she goes anywhere she must walk."

"You speak the truth, madam."

"You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking if you choose; but you helped the saloon-keeper build himself a fine brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself."

"I never saw it in that light before." Then, holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued, see that hand! I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it; but to-morrow if you'll call, I'll sign the pledge."

"That's a temptation of the devil; I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and cannot help it. But I want to tell you this: There is One who can break you chains and set you free."

"I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to Him, and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that binds you."

"It has been many a long year since I prayed."

"No matter; the sooner you begin the better for you."

"He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God."

"His wife knelt beside me and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple and broken with earnest sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy."

"O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul; Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me a sinner." And thus he cried to God, and He heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and lifted every burden; and he arose a free, redeemed man.

"When he arose from his knees he said: 'Now I will sign the pledge, and keep it.'"

"And he did. A family altar was established, the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday-school with white shoes and white dress and blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

"But what struck me most of all was, that it took less than two hours of my time thus to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty whereby a soul was saved from death, and a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace."

Music in Mexico.

Music is but harmony in the North. It is melody in Mexico. So says the Mexican. All Mexicans love music, and few there are who are not musicians.

None refuse to sing. If I were to be asked the name of the Mexican national song, I should reply, "Il Trovatore."

The words are upon every tongue. What "Home Sweet Home" was to the United States of North America eight or ten years ago, "Il Trovatore" is to Mexico to-day. Girls warble it, old women hum it, men shout it, boys whistle it, and dogs scamper when they hear it. It is better known than the alphabet; no house in Mexico, unless it be the temple of an Indian to the westward, is without it.

Besides singing it, the ladies play it on guitars and mandolins, harps and pianos, and the men strum it on every brass or string instrument known in the North, and a few more. One of these is a catgut strung bow about six feet long. The performer places his mouth over the middle of the bow, sticks his lips out, and twangs the string with his forefingers just about as one does a Jews harp. I can't speak very highly of the result.

There is a kind of harmonious succession of sound, but it is not of a very high order. The instrument, however, is used by some but pilladoes of the poorest class. Most of the musical instruments are imported from France. Only in the City of Mexico can many pianos be seen.

M. Gustave Trouve has successfully applied a system of incandescent electric lighting to brooches, bracelets, hairpins, gentlemen's breastpins, knobs of walking-sticks, etc., and the current, which can be turned off or on at will by means of a switch, is supplied by a small battery carried in the pocket, and it supplies a good light for half an hour at least.

THE MASTER OF NUTSGROVE.

CHAPTER I.

"Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, policeman, ploughboy, gentleman—' Adelaide Lefroy, lift your lovely head, my dear; you're to marry a gentleman."

Miss Adelaide, who is absorbed in the enjoyment of a ruddy ribstone puppin, turns her blooming freckled face to the speaker, and answers pleasantly, though a little indistinctly—

"I'm to marry a gentleman, brother Hal! Well, I guess I've no particular objection! Whenever he comes, he will find me ready to do him homage, and no mistake! Can't you tell me more about him? 'A gentleman' is rather vague. Is he to be rich, poor, or something between? Am I to share his gentility in a Belgravia mansion or a suburban villa?"

"The oracle does not say. I can't tell you any more, Addie. I've come nearer the point with the others though. Pauline is to be a soldier's bride, Goggles a policeman's!"

"Don't you believe him, Addie!" bursts in Goggles, a pale delicate-looking child of twelve, with large protruding eyes and a painfully inquiring turn of mind. "He cheated horribly; he ran the policeman in before the tailor the second time, and left out the sailor."

"I didn't miss—I did it quite fairly. You had four chances; you got the tinker once and the policeman three times. You're to marry a bobby—there's no hope for you!"

"I won't, I won't, I won't!" she retorts passionately, angry tears swelling in her big foolish eyes. "I won't marry a policeman, Hal! I'd rather die an old maid ten times over."

"First catch your policeman, my dear," chimes in Pauline languidly waving aside a swarm of guats dancing around her beautiful dusky head. "You'll not find many of that ilk snoaking around our larder, I can tell you!"

"I don't care whether I do or not. I won't marry a—"

"That will do, Lottie; we have had quite enough of this nonsense," interposes Addie, suddenly and unexpectedly assuming the tones of a reproving elder sister. "You came out here to study, and I don't think either you or Pauline have read that French exercise once, though you promised aunt Jo you would have it off by heart for her this afternoon. Give me the book; I'll hear you. Translate 'I am hungry; give me some cheese.'"

"*Je suis faim; donnez-moi du—du—*"

"No; wrong to begin with. It is *J'ai faim*, 'I have hunger.'"

"I have hunger!" grumbles Lottie. "That just shows what a useless humbugging language French is! Fancy any one but an idiot saying 'I have hunger,' instead of—"

"Don't talk so much. 'Have you my brother's penknife?'"

"*Arce-vous mon frere's plume-couteau?*" Miss Lefroy tosses back the tattered Ahn in speechless disgust.

"Never mind, Goggles; I'll give you a sentence to translate," whispers Hal teasingly. "Listen! *Esker le policeman est en amour—eh? That's better than anything in old Ahn or Ollendorff, isn't it? Esker le poli—*"

"Hal, do leave your sister alone, and attend to your own task. I don't believe you have got that wretched sum right yet though you have been at it all the morning."

"And such a toothsome sum too!" says Pauline, leaning forward and reading aloud the problem inscribed on the top of the cracked greasy plate in aunt Jo's straggling old-fashioned writing—

"Uncle Dick gave little Jemmie five shillings as a Christmas-box. He went to a pastrycook's, and bought seven mince pies at two pence-halfpenny each, a box of chocolate, nine oranges at one shilling and sixpence per dozen; he gave a tenpence to a poor boy, and had fourpence

left. What was the price of the chocolate?"

"It's a rotten old sum—that's what it is!" says Hal trenchantly. "What's the sense of annoying a fellow with mince-pies and things when he hasn't the faintest chance of getting outside one for—"

"Hal, don't be vulgar!"

"Besides, you can change the pies into potatoes or rhubarb powders if you like," puts in Goggles spitefully, "and work the sum all the same. I'll tell auntie you did nothing but draw the dogs all the morning."

"Yah! Tell-tale tit, your tongue shall be split!"

"Why did you say I'd marry a—"

"Charlotte, hold your tongue at once! There is a ring of authority in Miss Lefroy's fresh voice that ensures silence."

Pauline throws herself back upon the mossy sward, yawning heavily; Addie weaves herself a wreath of feathery grasses and tinted autumn-leaves, then picks a milky-petalled flower, which she stealthily and cautiously begins to fray.

"Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, policeman, ploughboy, gentleman—' Again! How very strange! There seems a fate in it! I wish I could find out more, though. I can't bring it to 'soldier'—heigh-ho!"

It is still slumberous noon in early October; a mellow sun trickles through "the umbrageous multitude of leaves," which still linger, vivid-hued, on the stately timber that shelters Nutsgrove, the family residence of the pauper Lefroys.

Nutsgrove is a low, rambling, brick manor-house, built in the time of the Tudors, surrounded by a stone terrace leading to a vast parterre, which, in the days of their opulence, the Lefroys were wont to maintain, vied in beauty and architectural display with the famous gardens of Nonsuch, in the reign of Henry VIII., sung by Spenser, but which now, alas, was a ragged wilderness, covered with overgrown, distorted shrubs, giant weeds, ruinous summer-houses, time-worn statues, and almy pools, in which once splashed fairy-mouthed fountains,

"So pure and almy that the silver floods Through every channel o'er might running"

to the bottom,

"All paved beneath with Jasper shining light." Beyond this acreage of desolation is the orchard, protected by crumbling walls, creeping into the famous nut-grove, the uncultured beauty of which the noisome hands of neglect and decay have not touched.

As the nut-grove was in the days of Tristan le Froi, when he established himself on Saxon soil, so it is now—a green-canopied retreat, carpeted with moss and fringed with fern; it is the chosen home of every woodlark, blackbird, thrush, and squirrel of taste in the shire—the nursery, schoolroom, El Dorado, of the five young Lefroys, children of Colonel Robert Lefroy, commonly known as "Robert the Devil" in the days of his reckless youth and unhonored prime, a gentleman who bade his family and his native land good-night in rather a hurried fashion about three years before.

"There goes Bob! I wonder did he get the ferret out of old Rogers?" exclaims Hal, breaking a drowsy silence. "I wish he'd come and tell us."

But the heir of the house of Lefroy, heedless of appealing cry and inviting whistle, stalks homewards steadily, a rank cigarette hanging from his beardless lips, a pair of bull-pups clinging to his heels. He is a tall shapely lad of eighteen, with a handsome gipsy face and eyes like his sister Pauline's—large, dark, full of naughty fire.

"How nasty of him not to come!" grumbles the younger brother. "I wonder what has put his back up? Perhaps old

Roger turned crusty, and wouldn't lend the ferret. Shouldn't wonder, because—"

"The gong, the gong at last!" cries Pauline, springing to her feet. "I didn't know I was so hungry until its welcome music smote my ears. Come along, family."

They need no second bidding. In two minutes the grove is free from their boisterous presence, and they are flying across the lawn, their mongrel but beloved kennel barking, yelping, and scampering enthusiastically around, making the autumn noon hideous.

* * * * *

"What's for dinner?"

"Rabbits!"

"Rabbits! Ye gods—again! Why, this is the fourth day this week that we've tared on their delectable flesh!" cries Robert, striding into the dining-room in grim disgust.

"At this rate we'll soon clear Higgin's warron for him!" chimes in Hal.

"Aunt Jo, let me say grace, to-day, will you?"

"Certainly, my dear," aunt Jo responds, somewhat surprised at the request. She is a mild, sheep-faced old gentwoman, with weary eyes that within the last two years have rained tears almost daily.

Pauline folds her slim, sunburnt hands, bows her head, and murmurs reverently—

Of rabbits young, of rabbits old,
Of rabbits hot, of rabbits cold,
Of rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
Heaven be praised, we've had enough!"

"Amen!" responded the family, in full lugubrious choir.

"I wonder if I shall know the flavour of butcher's meat if I ever taste it again?" says Robert presently, with exaggerated exertion hacking a cumbersome limb that covers his cracked plate—a plate which a china-collector would have treasured in a cabinet.

"You certainly won't taste butcher's meat again until the butcher's bill is paid," answers aunt Jo sharply. "Thirteen pounds eleven and sixpence—so he sent me word when Sarah tried to get a mutton-chop for Lottie the day she was so ill. Until his bill is paid, he won't trust me with another pound of flesh; that was the message he sent to me—to me—Josephine Darcy! Oh, that I should live to receive such a message from a tradesman! What would my dear uncle the bishop have felt if he could have heard it?"

"But he can't hear it, auntie dear," says Lottie consolingly. "He's dead, you know."

"Not dead, but gone before," reproves Miss Darcy, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Water-works again!" greans Robert, sotto voce. "Use the plug some one."

Addie obeys the elegant order by slipping her arm around the old lady's neck.

"There, there, dear; don't take on so. You fret too much about us; you'll make yourself ill in the end. Cheer up, auntie dear, cheer—"

"Cheer up!" she interrupts in a wailing voice. "Oh, child, it is easy for you to talk in that light way! Cheer up when poverty is at the door, starvation staring us in the face! Cheer up, when I look at you five neglected children growing up half fed, wholly uneducated, clothed as badly as the poorest labourer on the vast estates your grandfather owned—you, my poor dear sister's children! Oh, Addie, Addie, you talk like a child—a child of the summer, who has not the sense, the power to feel the chill breath of coming winter! How can you know? How can you understand? You heard your brothers and your sisters here grumbling and railing at me not five minutes ago because I had not legs of mutton and ribs of beef to feed you with, grumbling because this is the fourth time in one week you have had to dine off rabbit. Well—with a sudden burst of anguish—"do you know, if Steve Higgins, devoted retainer that he is, had not the kindness, the forethought to supply us, as he has been doing for the last month with the surplus of his warron,

you'd have had to dine off bread and vegetables altogether? For not a scrap of solid food will they supply us with, in Nutsgrove until my wretched dividends are due, and that is four months off yet. Oh, Addie dear, don't try to talk to me; I can bear up no longer! Sorrows have come to me too late in life. I—I can bear up no longer!"

Her voice dies away in hysterical sobs. By this time the family are grouped around the afflicted lady; even Robert's hard young arm encircles her heaving shoulder. He joins as vehemently as any in the sympathizing chorus.

"There, there; don't, auntie dear. Heaven will help us, you'll see."

"Every cloud has a silver lining, every thorn-bush a blossom."

"Something is sure to turn up, never fear."

"And we shouldn't mind a bit if you wouldn't take on so and fret so dreadfully."

"Don't heed our grumbings; they're only noise. We'd just as soon have rabbit as anything else—wouldn't you, boys, wouldn't you? There, auntie, you hear them. Boys must grumble at something; it wouldn't be natural if they didn't."

"Oh, auntie, auntie, can't you believe us? We're quite, quite happy as we are. As long as we are all together, as long as we have the dear old place to live in, what does anything else matter? We're quite happy. We never want to change or go away, or wear grand clothes, talk French, or thump the piano like other common people. We don't—we don't indeed! If you would only leave off fretting, we'd leave off grumbling, and be as happy as the day is long."

Somewhat cheered by this unanimous appeal, Miss Darcy wipes her eyes, though still protesting.

"I know that, I know that; as long as you're allowed to wander at your own sweet will, lie on haystacks, rifle bird's nests, strip the apple and cherry trees, hunt rats and rabbits, and, above all, do no lessons, and make no attempt to improve your minds in any way, you will be happy. But the question is, how long will these doubtful means of happiness be left to you? After after after, farm after farm, has slipped from the family within the last thirty years. You have now but nominal possession of the house, garden, orchard and part of the grove—only nominal possession, remember, for the place is mortgaged to the last farthing; the very pictures on the wall, the chairs you sit on, the china in the pantry, are all security, for borrowed money. And—and, children!—impossibly—"it is better for you to know the worst! If—if your—your father should cease to pay the interest on his money, why, his creditors could seize on his place and turn you out homeless on the roadside at an hour's notice!"

There is a deep silence; then comes a protesting outburst. Robert's dark face flushes wrathfully as he exclaims—

"But—but, aunt Jo, he—he will—he must pay the interest, and give me a chance to reclaim my birthright. He—he could not be so—so bad as to let that lapse under the circumstances."

"Circumstances may be too strong for him."

"In any case," says Pauline hopefully, "the creditors couldn't be so heartless, so devoid of all feelings of humanity, as to turn us out like that; they must wait till some of us are dead, or married, or something. Where could we go?"

"Your father's creditors are Jews, Pauline; they are not famed for humanity or forbearance. However, as you say, children, it is best to look at the bright side of things, and trust in the mercy of heaven."

"And in the mercy of a Jew too!" chimes in Addie.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian

is? If you prick him does he not bleed? If you tickle him does he not laugh? If you poison him does he not—"

"Bravo, Addie—bravo; well done!" "That was tall spouting, and no mistake! Where did you pick it all up?"

"That's Shakspeare," Addie answers, lifting her rosary proudly—"it is from the *Merchant of Venice*; I read the whole play through yesterday, and enjoyed it greatly."

"You imagined you did, my dear." "Nothing of the kind, Robert; I found it most interesting."

"Don't tell me, Addie," says Pauline, with a tantalizing laugh, "that you found it as interesting as *The Children of the Abbey*, *The Castle of Otranto*, or *The Heir of Redcliffe*, for I won't believe you."

"The styles are quite distinct; you could not possibly compare them," Addie retorts more grandly still. "I am going up to the grove now to read *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I believe it's beautiful."

"Don't you think, my dear niece, you had better mend that hole in your stocking, just above the heel, first?" interposes Miss Darcy, gently. "It has been in that yawning condition for the last two days; and, to say the least of it, it scarcely looks ladylike."

"I noticed it when I was dressing," assents Addie, placidly, "but quite forgot about it afterwards. Who'll lend me a thimble and a needle and some cotton?"

CHAPTER II.

"Three hundred years, isn't it, Addie, since the Lefroys first settled at Nutsgrove?"

"Three hundred years," repeats Addie automatically. "Since the year of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, A. D. 1572, when Tristan le Froi, Sieur de Beauheu, fled from his patrimonial estates in Anjou to England, where he settled at Nutsgrove, and married, in 1574, Adelaide Marion, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Tisdale of Flockton, by whom he had issue, three sons and two daughters—Stephen, Robert, Tristan, who—"

"Three hundred years!" repeats Robert, with fierce bitterness, a lurid light gleaming in his eyes. "What right had he to treat me like that? He got it from his father, who got it from his, and so on backwards from son to father for generations. Why should I be made to suffer for his iniquity? Why should I lose what he inherited in solemn trust for his son or next of kin? It is infamous, it is monstrous! I suppose it would be wrong to wish that one's own father—"

"Oh, hush, Robert—hush!" Addie's hand is placed over the boy's quivering mouth; he is silenced.

Eight months have gone by, and the great evil foreseen by poor Aunt Jo has come to pass.

Colonel Lefroy, out of reach of remonstrance or appeal, has let the old home of his forefathers pass out of his hands and his son's for ever. The Jews have seized on the estate, evicted its nominal possessors, sold by public auction the goods and chattels, the pictures, china, plate, mouldy tapestries, tattered carpets, curtains, scratched and time-stained Chippendale; even the worthless relics of their nursery-days, the homeless, wretched children have not been allowed to take with them. The house and immediately surrounding land, after some brisk competition, has been purchased by Tom Armstrong, the great manufacturer, owner of some half-dozen of the most unsavoury chimneys in Kelvick, which at times, when the wind is blowing due south, carry their noxious effluvia over the dowry acres of Nutsgrove and the surrounding estates, and most unpleasantly tickle the noses of aristocratic county proprietors, who have nothing in common with the busy plebeian heart of commerce and inventive industry throbbing in the very centre of their pastures.

And now Tom Armstrong of Kelvick, a man of the people, who has risen from the lowest rung of the social ladder, is

master of Nutsgrove. And the dark-eyed, blue-blooded Lefroys stand, some two months after his installation, leaning against a five-barrad gate in an upland meadow, gazing mournfully and, oh, how bitterly down on the beloved home they have lost forever!

"Three hundred years," repeats Robert, with a dreary laugh. "Well, at any rate, it will take some time to wash the stains of our tenancy out of the old house, to remove all traces of our footsteps from the well-worn paths! By Jove, the wretched snob is at work already! Yes, look at his people hacking away at the flower-beds, ripping up the avenue, hammering away at the venerable walls! It's enough to make one's blood boil in one's veins! He might at least have had the decency to wait until we had gone. I'd like to kick him from here to Kelvick."

"I don't think he'd let you, Bob," says matter-of-fact Hal. "He's a bigger man than you."

"Yes, but a ploughman can't fight a gentleman; they're out of it in the first round. Look at the way I polished off the butcher's boy the day he insulted you—and he's twice my weight. I shouldn't be afraid to tackle Armstrong if I only had the chance, and souse him in one of his vile vitriol-tanks too. That would stop his hacking and hammering until I was at least out of hearing."

"But, Bob," interposes Lottie, awed by her brother's lordly threats, "you're mistaken. That man on the ladder by the west wall is not hammering or hacking anything; he's only trying to clean the big lobby window outside the housekeeper's room, which, I heard Aunt Jo say one day hasn't been cleaned since the year poor mamma died, when I was a wee baby. It's so hard to reach, and doesn't open; and—and, Bob, you can hardly blame Mr. Armstrong for weeding those beds, for there were more dandelions and nettles in them last year than stocks or mignonette."

"You mark my words," continues Robert, with lowering impressiveness, heedless of his sister's explanation; "should any of us Lefroys stand in this meadow, say, this time five years, we shall not recognize the face of our old home. All its beloved landmarks will be swept away; the flickering foliage of the grove will have disappeared to make way for stunted shrubs, starveling pines, and prim Portuguese laurels; the iced walls, the mossy stonework, the straggling wealth of creeper, will have been carted away to display the gaudy rawness of modern landscape-gardening; the little river gurgling through the tangled fern and scented thorn-bushes will be treated like the canal of a people's park; the whole place will reek of vitriol, of chemical manures and commercial improvements. So say good-bye to Nutsgrove while you may, for you will never see it again—never again!"

"Oh, Robert, Robert, do you think it will be as bad as that?" cries Addie, turning her soft gray eyes to his wrathful face in wistful appeal.

"Of course I do! What chance has it against moneyed Vandalism? If a gentleman had bought it, no matter how poor— But what quarter can one expect from the hands of an illiterate vitriol-monger, a low-bred upstart, like that Armstrong?"

"Do you know, I think you are exaggerating his defects a little, Bob?" says Addie languidly. "He's a plain kind of man certainly, both in manner and appearance; but—but he would not give me the idea of being exactly ill-bred. He does not talk very loud nor drop his 'h's' for instance."

"No, that's just it. I'd respect him far more if he did; it's the painful veneer, the vague nameless vulgarity of the man that repels me so, that gives me the idea of his being perpetually on the watch in case an 'h' might slip from him unawares. If he were an honest horny-handed son of toil, not ashamed of his shop or his origin, not ashamed to talk of his 'orse and 'is 'ouse, like Higgins and Joe Smith, I should not dislike him so much; but he's

not that style of man—he belongs to the breed of the pompous upstart, the sort of man stockod with long caddish words that no gentleman uses, the man to call a house a domicile, a horse a quadruped, a trench an excavation, and so on. Talk of the— There goes the beggar, quadruped and all! I dare say he fancies himself a type of the genuine country squire. Ugh! Down, Hal—down, Goggles; he'd spot in you in a moment! I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of thinking we'd look at him."

They descend from the gate and stand together, the five abreast, taking their farewell look, with swelling hearts, at the home where they have spent their happy careless youth in sheltered union. They are not a demonstrative family, the Lefroys—not given to moments of "gushing" or caressing; they quarrel frequently among themselves, coming of a hot-blooded race; yet they are deeply attached to one another, having shared all the joys and sorrows of each other's lives, having no interests, no sympathies outside their immediate circle; and the thought of coming separation weighs heavily on their young hearts, as heavily as the pall of death.

"Well, we'd best make tracks," says Robert, turning away, his hand shading his eyes; "we'll not forget the 29th of May—your birthday, Hal, old chap. Last year you remember, we had tea in the grove, and old Sarah baked us a stunning cake; this year we have made our last pilgrimage together. Next year I wonder where we shall be? Scattered as far and as wide as the graves of a household I fear."

At this point, Addie, the most hot-tempered but the most tender-hearted member of the family, breaks down, and, flinging her arms round her brother's neck, sobs out pitiously—

"Oh, Bob, Bob, my own darling boy, I—I can't bear it—I can't bear to have you go away over that cruel cold sea! I shall never sleep at night thinking of you. Don't go away, don't go away; let's all stick together and—and—go—die—somewhere—together! Oh, Bob, Bob, my darling, my darling!"

There is a general break down; they all cling one to another, Hal and Lottie howling dismally, Robert's laughty eyes swimming too in tears, until the sound of voices in the neighboring field forces them to compose themselves, and they walk slowly across the upland meadow, at the farthest corner of which they separate, the boys, at the urgent invitation of their terriers, making for a rat-haunted ditch in the neighborhood, the girls strolling towards Nutford through the northern end of the grove.

Miss Lefroy stalks on moodily in front, Lottie, still battling with her emotion, clinging to her firm young arm. Pauline walks behind alone, full of bitter thought her straight brows painfully puckered. On the morrow a new, strange life is to begin for her, one that she knows will be ominously distasteful; her froo young spirit is to be "cribbed, cabled, confined" in the narrow path of conventionality at last, and the prospect dismays her. Look as far ahead as she can, she can see no break in the gathering gloom—can see only that at seventeen the summer of her life is over and the long winter about to begin. Hope tells her no flattering tale, she does not know that in herself she holds the key of a triumphant liberty, of a future of sunlight, of glory, of all that is sweet to and coveted by womanhood. Pauline does not know that she is beautiful, does not feel the shadow of her coming power, or guess that the litho willow grace of her straight young form, the glorious black of her eyes, the pure glow of her brunette skin, the chiseled outline of her small features, will purchase for her goods and pleasures of which her careless innocent girlhood has never dreamed. No lover has whispered in her ear "the music of his honey-vows," and the cracked, fly-stained mirrors at Nutsgrove have told her nothing; and she is sad and sorrow laden, and the burden of

dependence and uncongenial companionship looming before her seems to her almost more than she can bear.

In silence they pass out of the green gloom of the grove, where "fair enjewelled May" has touched with balmy breath each tiny bud, each tender leaf,

"Half pranked with spring, with summer half embowered."

Under a scented hawthorn-hedge, skirting the main road that leads into the High Street of Nutford, the Misses Lefroy pause for a moment to adjust the sylvan vagaries of their toilette.

Addie pulls a long, limp plume of harts-tongue and branch of "woodbine faintly streaked with red" from the battered leaf of her straw hat, which she pitches lightly over her straggling locks, then gives her pelorina a hasty unmeaning twitch that carries the centre hook from the right to the left shoulder, and feels perfectly satisfied with her appearance. Pauline steps in front of her sister, with a request to stand on a troublesome bramble caught in her skirt. Addie without hesitation puts forth a patched unlabeled boot, and the other moves forward with a brisk jerk, leaving not only the encumbrance well behind, but also a flounce of muddy lining hanging below her skirt, and thus the descendants of the Sieur de Beauheu saunter down the High Street, with heads erect, callous, haughtily indifferent to public opinion, looking as if the whole country belonged to them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why the Chinese Oppose Railroads.

Foreigners residing in China make a great outcry about the stupidity of the Chinese in holding out against railroads. Chinese do hold out against railroads, and they are quite right in doing so. They feel that to introduce railroads at present would be to flood the country with foreign engineers, contractors, managers, machine mechanics, engine-drivers, etc., and once there the Chinamen fear that they would never leave, but get a hold on the country, and that China would become a second India, and pass under foreign rule. Rather than have the foreigner, they go without the railroad and bide their time. Railroads and all the rest will come as soon as they can make and manage them without our help.

Coming up to Peking from Tientsin, I was surprised to look out of my boat and see telegraph posts stretching along the country, and learned that there had been a telegraph established between Tientsin and Tung Chou, a place fifteen miles from the capital. It was erected under foreign supervision, but it is said to be worked entirely by Chinamen. China feels herself competent to work a telegraph, and has it not only from near Peking to Tientsin, but from Tientsin onward to a river port near Shanghai. As soon as China feels that she can work a railway, the railway will come. A great deal that is said about China being ready for railways is premature. There is hardly a place in the north of the Empire where a railroad would pay.

What China wants first is good roads. After some ten or fifteen years of good roads, an intercommunication will spring up which will call for railways, but at present no such traffic, except, perhaps, on one route, has been developed, and a railway if built to-morrow would stand rusting in its rails in idleness. It is all very well for merchants and speculators to call for a rapid advance, and improvements, but any one taking a fair and dispassionate view of the matter, will, especially if he has any sympathy for the Chinese, feel that rapid advance, and the sudden introduction of railways would be anything but wise and patriotic on the part of China.—*Pekin letter to the Pall Mall Gazette.*

A war horse is always spoken of as a heavy charger, and yet we never hear of a tailor being called a war horse.

"My Little Cottage Home;"

—OR—

"HAPPY DAYS WHICH MEMORY BRINGS TO ME."

Words by DANIEL HIGGINS.

Music by CHARLIE BAKER.

Moderato.

Introduction.

1. There's an humble little cottage in the woodland by the sea, Where my youthful days were pass'd in joy and glee, And I'm
 2. Oh, how oft-en mem'ries rise of that peaceful lit-tle cot, And the hap-py days I nev-er have for-got, Of the
 3. I am growing sad and weary and my heart is filled with pain, And I long to see my cot-tage home a-gain, And

waiting for the hour that will free my heart from care, When my footsteps to that cottage will re - pair. There
 youthful friends whose footsteps cross'd sweet Canaan's radiant tide, Where be - yond for-ev - er hap-py they a - bide. How I
 when my spir - it passes to my home beyond the tide, I want to sleep with mother by my side, Oh! sweet

oft I lip'd a prayer at my kin-d-o'd mother's knee, When the sun had ceas'd to shine on land and sea, And
 long once more to linger round that pleasant spot so dear, And wander to the church-yard standing near, And be-
 mem'ries of my childhood how they free my heart from pain, When they take me back to earlier scenes again, Oh! they

- 2

since my mother died thro' this world I sad - ly roam, Far a-way with strangers from my cottago home.
 side my mother's grave breathe at eve a si-lent prayer, While her an - gel spir - it lingers near me there.
 make me feel so happy, and though far a - way I roam, In my mem'ry green I'll keep my cottago home.

CHORUS.

Sopr
 'Neath a tree be - side the cottago, with youthful friends in play, There many happy hours were passed a -
 Alto
 Tenor.
 'Neath a tree be - side the cottago, with youthful friends in play, There many happy hours were passed a -
 Bass
 Piano.

way; While from the lea-fy branches warblers sang so gay and free, Those were happy days which mem'ry brings to me.
 way; While from the lea-fy branches warblers sang so gay and free, Those were happy days which mem'ry brings to me.

EATON'S.

Mantle Department.

People buying Spring Mantles generally want something cheap as the season is short. T. Eaton & Co. meet this demand by putting the whole mantle stock at prices to meet the wants of everybody.

Eaton's Mantle Sale.

SEE—Ladies' black Ottoman Mantles reduced from \$8.50 to \$6, trimmed with braid \$10. Ottoman Jackets reduced to \$8. The full line of ladies' black and white check, all-wool, fine tweed Dolmans reduced from \$11 to \$8.

Eaton's Mantle Sale.

LOOK—150 ladies' spring, Tweed Jackets, close fitting, reduced from \$5 and \$6 to \$3.75. All goods marked in plain figures.

Eaton's Mantle Sale

Children's Mantles reduced away down; child's jacket with cape, 22 inches long, reduced from \$1.50 to \$1; 24 inch jacket from \$2 to \$1.50.

A better quality, 22 inches long, reduced from \$2.75 to \$1.95; 24 inches long, from \$3 to \$2.25; 27 inches long, from \$3.25 to \$2.45; 30 inches long, from \$3.50 to \$2.90.

Lace Curtains.

Two great essentials in buying lace curtains—

1st. A good selection to choose from. Eaton's show over 150 different patterns.

2nd. A good set of curtains for little money.

Eaton's sell a 2½ yd. long lace curtain for 50c.

Eaton's sell a 3 yd. long curtain for 85c.

Eaton's \$1.50 and \$2 sell at sight.

People are actually buying lace curtains at \$1.25 cash at Eaton's for which they used to pay \$1.60 at credit stores.

Eaton's white honeycomb quilts sell at 75, 90c. \$1 up.

Eaton's white Marseilles quilts, crib size, 90c. \$1. Full size, \$1.15, \$1.50 up.

Eaton's crumb cloths in grey and white linen, \$1.38, \$1.75 up.

Eaton sells English white bedstead \$5, \$6, \$7 up. The cheapest, nicest bed to be had for the money.

The important question now with the housewife is—Where can I buy the cheapest carpet when my house is cleaned? Remember, Eaton's carpet department has many superior advantages, having a beautifully lighted place to see the goods. Having an immense variety to select from.

Buying and selling for cash enables Eaton to far undersell credit stores, who have to credit goods for three and six months.

Gent's Furnishings.

Eaton is selling merino undershirts from 26c up, they are splendid value, it's a special line and gents wanting to invest will save money by purchasing their underwear at Eaton's.

You can buy a nice print Shirt with collar for 35c worth 50, better quality 50c, 75c and \$1 each.

In ties, Eaton has a very nice stock, you can buy a nice silk Tie for 25c, you can buy them in all the newest patterns from 35c to \$1 each.

Eaton keeps a very nice line of Hosiery in merino, cotton and wool from 5c to \$1 pair.

Eaton has a very nice stock of white Shirts. Just see the shirt you can buy for \$1. Best white cotton, the front and cuffs pure Irish linen. These Shirts are really cheap at \$1.25.

A special line of white Shirts selling now at 75c, regular price \$1.

Full lines of Cuffs and Collars in stock, braces, etc.

Millinery Department.

The prevailing style in ladies' hats this season is the high square crown, with straight and roll brims, a very pretty shape, easily and cheaply trimmed.

We show the above shape in all different makes.

Fine satin straw, 30, 36, and 40c.

Russets, 50, 75, 90.

Milan straw, 75, 90c, and \$1.

Fine tape, 90c and \$1, worth \$1.25.

Fine chip and straw, \$1 up to \$3.75.

The colors are:

Black, white, brown, blue,

Garnet, Beige, Fawn, drab.

T. EATON & CO.

Another pretty shape for a street hat is the military hat, to be had in same colors and prices.

Gloves.

For a handy glove, get the laced kid gloves, to be had in all shades, 75c, \$1; the mousquetaire glove has the long gauntlet wrist, very easily adjusted, fits the hand and arm to perfection, to be had in colored kid, \$1, \$1.25, and in silk, at 30, 35, and 40c, all other popular makes in kid, silk and thread.

Notion Department.

Ladies find it very difficult to get a good assortment of small goods, their attention is drawn to the fact that Eaton has a separate department for these goods, where you will find leather hand satchels, plush satchels, purses, gilt pens, brooches, jewellery, brushes, jet ornaments, for the neck, wrists, and ears, and a thousand and one things that every lady wants.

Energy and Contentment.

There are curious problems in human nature. Often contradictory qualities appear in the same person. There are individuals parsimonious along given lines and liberal in others. There are others who can spread sunshine or gloom, as one mood or the other controls. It has been questioned, however, whether qualities that reach down into the character can be of a contradictory nature. Yet there are such instances. As a rule, a perfectly contented spirit is allied to a negative, or at least unenergetic character. Energy, on the contrary, is usually regarded as restless and pushing. Thus it is supposed to be discontented, as to push after more is to evidence discontent with what we have. Yet this does not follow.

There are many instances where persons are entirely cheerful, and in this sense contented, who nevertheless energetically urge the plans of life. Nor is this inconsistent. Present satisfaction does not militate against the seeking after larger benefits in the future. Nor does energy in itself imply discontent. Healthful energy is simply force put into the duties of life, and represents a restless activity that finds pleasure in work. An energetic man is usually possessed of ideas. He is ready to grasp a problem or to compass a result, and is restless to reach it. All intervening toil is nothing compared with the desire to reach the end. And this result may only be the gratification of a sentiment, or the realization of an ideal. The inventor rarely thinks as much of the financial outcome of his invention as of the achievement of a result in mechanics. And this energy is consistent with contentment.

An Agreeable Royal Pair.

King Humbert is quite nervous in manner, and takes off his hat as though doubtful whether to toss it to the crowd, throw it on the floor of the carriage or keep it on his head. I think the last would suit him best. He smiles, of course; that he must do, but such a smile! It is the mere turning up of the corners of the mouth, and seems to say: "Confound the mob! I'm tired, if I am a king, and shall not break my neck nodding." The queen is simplicity itself. Her manners, however, approach nearer my idea of queenliness than I ever expected to find. I see her often. She is always simply dressed, generally in black silk or satin, with seal-skin sacque and seal-skin broad-rimmed hat. She makes no display of jewellery. So far as dress goes, she is just like every other woman in comfortable circumstances. Indeed she makes no effort to be different. Her manner says plainly: "Circumstances have made me a Queen, but, after all, I am

only a woman—no worse nor better than you."

A Big Tree.

In 1842 there stood, and there is every reason to believe still stands, at Vostiza, on the Gulf of Lepanto, Greece, an oriental plane tree, whose girth was, in 1842, at five feet from the ground, thirty-seven feet. This tree, situated in the middle of the village, on a gradual slope, standing on a raised platform of flat stones, evidently for protection to the roots, is a striking object on entering the village, and especially noteworthy as existing in the days of Pausanias, the Greek historian, who, living in the second century, makes mention of it in his travels; and the tree must have been of considerable size and age at that time to have made it worthy of remark, its age probably dating considerably before the Christian era, making it more than two thousand years old. It was in full vigor in 1842. The villagers hold it in high respect.

Iowa is said to be out of debt. She ought to change her name then.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated

OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES

And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc., No. 417 Queen St., West, Toronto, Ont

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For painless extraction of corns, use Gierle's Corn Solvent. Price 25 cents. Sole agents G. B. SMITH & CO., 336 Yonge St., Toronto

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"Lily White" Floating Soap,

"English Mottled,"

"Perfection,"

"Palace," and

"Queen's Own"

SIOAPIS

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Ask your Grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

RODGER, MAGLAY & CO.,

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INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY

"MAY DEW"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubbornly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crow's Feet, Itches, Face Grimaces, Sun Burn, Taps, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, Tetter, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. If its use all redness and roughness is prevented, it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness, producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

Address all letters to

THE MAY DEW AGENCY,

167 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.

For Ladies and Reception Rooms for Ladies.

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Letter orders promptly attended to. Sale for Cash or C. O. D.

T. EATON & CO., 190 to 196 Yonge Street

FASHION NOTES.

The full, ungored tucked skirt is a favorite style for white and printed lawn suits.

The overdress is more and more frequently made with downward pleats as the season advances.

None but slender and young women can wear the high-shouldered shoulder cape to advantage.

Etamine is the fabric used instead of Turkey red for serenade parasols on the other side of the water.

America sets the fashion for little girls' dresses on the other side, the "American frock" being the first favorite for little women.

The polonaise, or redingote or simulations of the garments are the popular style of dress for street costumes this season.

Some of the shot silks vie with the lustre and sheen of the wings of insects and the feathers of the most iridescent of birds.

Gold braud gold lace, gold beads, and a yellow flowers, from daffodils and buttercups to dandelions and yellow asters, occupy a large part in bonnet trimmings.

The favorite form for the popular white lawn suit is the Mother Hubbard yoke and belted waist, with a tucked skirt, not gored, but gathered or plaited to the waist band.

Sorrel green and rose and old gold and pheasant blue or bronzo are favorite color combinations in costumes, especially those of shot taffeta glazed with velvet and lace.

Silk and Lisle thread gloves and mitts with very long wrists, and, in all the new shades of gray, tan brown, black and ecru, are seen on glove counters and sold at very low prices.

The open loose redingote, worn over a full skirt, is frequently seen in the street. It opens loose in front, over a full plastron but defines the figure with glove-like fidelity in the back.

The blending of many colors in the same fabric gives an antique grace to many costumes, and also permits latitude of taste in the selection of the colors of the ribbons and other accessories of the toilet.

The cross rays of pink and blue, pink and red, pink and gold, and blue and gold as seen in the shot silks of this season present a rare luxury of color to the artistic eye, and afford scope for variety and harmony in the hues of the other parts of the dress.

Three dangerously bad special styles of this summer, against which a note of warning should be raised in time, are the shoulder cape, the large and eccentric parasol, and the profuse use of gold in braids, feathers, cords, nets, flowers, and accessories of the toilet.

Cats

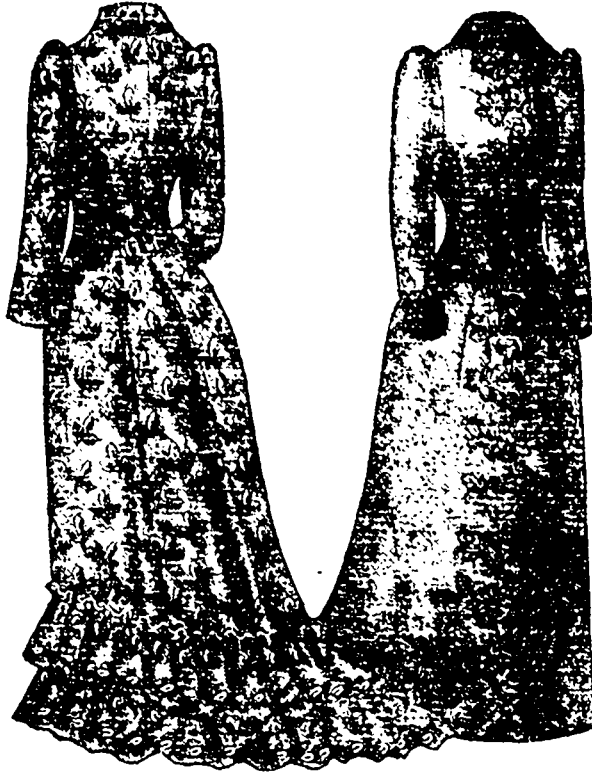
The mystery of the cat's character is probably the cause of a vulgar antipathy, but this is due to ignorance. The cat is not bound to furnish understandings in order to avoid prejudice. It is too high-minded to care. Many benevolent persons, fearful of the multiplication of the household cat drown kittens. So, from a limited trust in Providence, many suppress population. Some elegant families take a bag of kittens and distribute them in their drives. If they would let the mother cat alone she would provide for them without such cruelty. A cat blessed with a large litter does not settle in on the family. At a proper time she will place her kittens among the neighbors, showing great discernment by her choice of places and they show great intelligence by remaining as placed.

A society mother does not practice more discernment in finding husbands for her daughters than a mother does in

finding situations for her kittens. She will return to play with each, and then leave it without any movement on its part to go back with her. The mystery and supernatural part of the cat are very interesting, but its visible and domestic qualities are admirable. Its modesty is exceptional among animals. Its dignity, composure and courage are wonderful. It will repose on the sidewalk, where at any moment its enemy, the dog, may come along, serene in its confidence in its ability to take care of itself.

The assumption is that the dog and cat are natural enemies. The cat is too high-minded to be an enemy to any creature. Such game as it hunts it hunts for food, in which it shares the nobility of man; but it is contented to have its food without this trouble. The puppy and kitten brought up together will eat out of the same dish and will make a very jolly family party. Taking thought of their prolific habit, not yet repressed by fashion, the inquiry naturally put is, what becomes of the cats that they do not overrun? Judging by their character, it may be safely presumed that they go to the place provided for cats where all is well with them.

An inward sincerity will, of course, influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.



3021 Ladies' House Dress. 9 Sizes. 20 to 46 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 30 cents.



3030 Misses' Bodice. 6 Sizes. 10 to 16 years. Price, 15 cents.



2975 Misses' Suit. 6 Sizes. 10 to 16 years. Price, 25 cents.

AN ARAB WEDDING.—Next day we continued our journey to the southwest, and toward evening reached a valley covering perhaps a dozen of acres well supplied with bushes. Here we halted. The woman took the stuff off the camels and had the tents pitched in a few moments, the frames for the skins erected, the camels were turned out to browse and before a quarter of an hour elapsed everything was so quiet and orderly around that one might well have been excused for supposing that the camp had been in that location for weeks. There was some excitement about our tents that evening I noticed. The women were huddled together in a group, and occasionally came to the entrance of the tent and looked in the direction of the other tents pitched at some distance from us. Abdalla and his brothers were absent, and the boys were asleep. About two hours after sunset Abdalla and brothers appeared, accompanied by two Arabs whom I had not before seen and an Arab woman who was also a stranger. The woman went into the tent and the men remained outside talking earnestly. The youngest of the two strangers said little, but the elder, a fine looking, venerable Arab, spoke a great deal, and with much eloquence, I thought, his gestures being exceedingly graceful. Abdalla at length called the woman out of the tent, and they at once obeyed. I noticed that Fatima held Toroo by the hand. The women now began to gabble, while the men kept silence. In a short time the

strange woman took Toroo by the hand and led her over to the young stranger. She pushed Toroo toward him, and taking the girl's hand, he led her away into the darkness. The other strangers then took their tent. I asked Ben afterward where Toroo had gone, and he informed me that she had just been married and had gone to the tent of her husband's parents. I had witnessed a real Arab marriage. There was no ceremony of any kind. The parents and guardians of the contracting parties had arranged the matter among themselves after the bridegroom had signified his desire to have Toroo for his wife. Toroo's wishes were not consulted at all. She was quite a willing bride, nevertheless. The next night the women held a gossip feast among themselves in honor of the event. That is to say, a number of them came to our tent and gabbled half the night, and exhibited their finery to each other in the light of a large fire.

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are furnished by the celebrated New York Domestic Fashion Co., and are supplied by Mr. J. M. Night, the manager at Toronto. Any pattern will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of published price. Address S. Frank Wilson, Truth Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

A soreal story—The grain report.

Health Department.

FOOD AND HEALTH.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F. R. S. E.

From the point of view of the political economist, the idle man has no right to participate in the food-supply of the active worker. Whatever may be the correctness and force of the arguments which the economist may use by way of proving that the non-worker and non-producer has no right to participate in the ordinary nutritive supply of his fellows, the physiological stand-point assumes another and different aspect. The idle man grows hungry and thirsty with the regularity of the man who works. He demands food and drink as does his energetic companion; and the plea that idleness can need no food-support, may be met in a singularly happy and forcible fashion by a plain scientific consideration. In the first instance, the idle man might, by an appeal to science, show, that whilst he apparently spends life without exertion, his bodily functions really represented in their ordinary working an immense amount of labor. Sleeping or waking, that bodily pumping-engine the heart does not fail to discharge its work, in the circulation of the blood. The rise and fall of the chest in the sleeping man remind us that it is not death, but his, "twin-brother sleep," that we are observing. If we make a calculation respecting the work which the heart of a man, idle or active, performs in twenty-four hours, we may discover that it represents an amount of labour equal to one hundred and twenty foot-tons. That is to say; if we could gather all the force expended by the heart during its work of twenty-four hours into one huge lift, such force would be equal to that required to raise one hundred and twenty tons-weight one foot high. Similarly, the work of the muscles of breathing in twenty-four hours, represents a force equal to that required to lift twenty-one tons one foot high. These are only two examples out of many, which the ordinary work and labor of mere vegetative existence, without taking into consideration any work performed—in the popular sense of the term—involves.

We thus discover that, apart altogether from the every-day labour of life which brain and muscles engage, an immense amount of work is performed in the mere act of keeping ourselves alive. Nowhere in nature is work performed without proportionate waste, or wear and tear of the machine that works. The dictum holds quite as true of the human body as of the steam-engine. And as the engine or other machine requires to be supplied with the conditions necessary for the production of force, so the living body similarly demands a supply of material from which its energy (for the power of doing work) can be derived. As the engine obtains the necessary conditions from the fuel and water it consumes, so the living body derives its energy from the food upon which it subsists. Food in this light is therefore merely matter taken from the outside world, and from which our bodies derive the substance required for the repair of the waste which the continual work of life entails. In the young, food serves a double purpose—it supplies material for growth, and it also affords substance from which the supply of force is derived. In the adult, whilst no doubt, to a certain extent, the food supplies actual loss of substance, it is more especially devoted to the performance of work, and of maintaining that equilibrium or balance between work and repair, which, as we have seen constitutes health.

Viewed in this light, the first important rule for food-taking is founded on the plain fact, that in the food we must find the substances necessary for the repair of our bodies, and for the production of the energy through which work is performed. Food-substances in this light fall into two well-marked classes—namely, into Nitrogenous and Non-nitrogenous substances. Another classification of foods

divides them into organic and inorganic, the former being derived from animals and plants—that is from living beings—while the latter are derived from the world of non-living matter. Then, animal and plant substances represent organic foods; while water and minerals, both of which are absolutely essential for the support of the body, represents inorganic food materials. It would appear that from living matter alone, do we obtain the materials for generating force. The inorganic water and minerals, however, appear to be absolutely necessary for the chemical alterations and changes which are continually taking place within the body.

Adopting the classification of foods into the Nitrogenous and Non-nitrogenous groups, we discover examples of the first class in such substances as albumen, seen familiarly in white of egg and other substances; gluten, found in flour; gelatin, obtained from hoofs and horns; legumin, obtained from certain vegetables; casein, found in milk; and allied chemical substances. These substances possess a remarkable similarity or uniformity of composition. It would appear that in the process of digestion they are reduced to a nearly similar state, and on this account they can replace one another to a certain extent in the dietaries of mankind.

The nitrogenous foods have often been popularly termed "flesh-formers," and doubtless this name is well merited. For, as the result of experiment, it would seem that the chief duty performed by the nitrogenous parts of our food is that of building up and repairing the tissues of the body. They also produce heat, through being chemically changed in the blood, and thus aid in the production of force or energy. But it would also appear tolerably certain, that in a complex fashion the nitrogenous parts of our bodies assist and regulate in very exact manner the oxidation or chemical combustion of the tissues.

It should be noted that nitrogenous foods are composed chemically of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen; the presence of the last element giving the characteristic name and chemical features to the group. Most of these foods in addition contain small proportions of sulphur and phosphorous.

An interesting advance in our knowledge of the part played by nitrogenous foods in the work of the body was made, when an idea of Liebig was overthrown by later experimentation. Liebig supposed that the nitrogenous foods required first be actually converted into tissue—that is, into bodily substance—before their energy or work-producing power could be liberated. In this view muscular force, though which we move, was believed to be dependent on the changes, destructive or otherwise, which takes place in the muscles. The substance called urea, chiefly given off as a waste product by the kidneys and chemically representing nitrogenous waste, was in Liebig's view regarded as representing the results of muscular force which has been exerted. But two scientists, Fick and Wislicenus of Zurich, proved, by a laborious series of personal experiments in mountains ascents, that a non-nitrogenous diet will maintain the body for short time during the performance of severe work, no great increase in the amount of urea given off being noticed. The work in question was proved to have been performed on the carbon and hydrogen of the food consumed. These experiments have led to the now accepted view, that a muscle, instead of losing substance during the work and thus wasting, in reality consumes nitrogen, and grows. The exhaustion of the muscle is dependent not so much on chemical waste, as on the accumulation within it of the waste products of other foods. The muscle, in other words, is merely the agent whereby so much energy derived from the food, is converted into actual and applied force. Did muscle really waste, as Liebig supposed, the heart's substance would be entirely consumed by its work of one week!

Such being the functions and nature of nitrogenous foods, we may now glance at the non-nitrogenous division. Four groups of foods are included in this latter class—namely (1) Starches and sugars, or "amyloids" as they are often termed; (2) fats and oils; (3) minerals; (4) water. The starches and sugars include not merely starch and sugar, as ordinarily known, but various gums, and certain acids, such as lactic and acetic acids. Starch, in bread, is a most important food. These foods appear to go directly to maintain animal heat, and to give energy, or the power of doing work, to the animal frame. The heat-producing powers of starches and sugars are certainly inferior to those of the fats and oils. But starches and sugars can be converted into fat within the system; and hence persons who suffer from a tendency to obesity are warned to exclude these foods from their dietaries. Starches and sugars likewise appear to assist in some measure the digestion of nitrogenous foods. That fats and oils are heat-producing foods is a fact taught us by the common experience of mankind that northern nations consume the greatest proportion of fat. The heat-producing powers of fat have been set down at two and a half times as great as those of starch and sugar; and there is no doubt that, in addition to assisting in the conversion of food into body substances the fatty parts of our food also assist in the work of removing waste matters from the body. Fat, in addition, being chemically burned in the blood, gives rise to the force which we exert in ordinary muscular work.

The mineral parts of our food play an important part in the maintenance of the frame. We thus require iron for the brain and nerves, and lime for the bones; whilst a variety of other minerals is likewise found in the blood and other fluids of the frame. The uses of the mineral constituents of our body are still a matter of speculation. Small as may be the quantity of certain minerals required for the support of the body, serious health-derangement may result when we are deprived of these substances. Thus, scurvy appears to be a disease associated with the want of the mineral potash in the blood; and the cure of this disease is therefore accomplished when we supply to the blood those mineral elements which have previously been deficient. Common salt, or chloride of sodium, as it is chemically termed, although not entering into the composition of the body, appears to form an important part of all the secretions; and there can be little doubt that this mineral aids the formation and chemical integrity of the gastric juices of the stomach.

Water forms the last item in the list of non-nitrogenous foods. Of all foods, perhaps, water is the most important, seeing that it is a substance which, in the absence of all other nourishment, can sustain life for a period numbering many days. Thus, whilst a man dies in from six to seven days when deprived of solid food and water, life may be prolonged to as many as sixty days on water alone. The high importance of water as a food is abundantly proved, when we discover that it constitutes about two-thirds of the weight of the body, that it enters into the composition of the brain to the extent of eighty per cent; that the blood consists of nearly eighty per cent of water; and that even bone contains ten per cent of every fluid and tissue of the body, and being perpetually given off from lungs, skin, and kidneys in the ordinary work of life, there is little wonder that water assumes the first place amongst foods. Regarding the uses of water as a food, we see that it dissolves and conveys other foods throughout the system; that it assists in removing waste products; and that it also takes a share in regulating the temperature of the body through its evaporation on the skin.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The female giraffe has a tongue seven teen inches long, but she can't talk.

Laughter as a Medicine.

A short time since two individuals were lying in a room very sick, one with brain fever and the other with an aggravated case of the mumps. They wore so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever could recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved; said he never knew so sudden a turn for the better, and now both are up and well. Who says laughter is not the best of medicines? And this reminds the writer of another case. A gentleman was suffering from an ulceration of the throat, which at length became so swollen that his life was despaired of. His household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each individual shook hands with the dying man and then went away weeping. Last of all came a pet ape, and shaking the man's hand went away also with its hands over its eyes. It was so ludicrous a sight that the patient was forced to laugh so heartily that the ulcer broke and his life was saved.—Sanitarian.

How to Boil Water.

I must tell you the old story of how the late Charles Delmonico used to talk about the new hot water cure. He said the Delmonicos were the first to recommend it to guests, who complained of having no appetite. "Take a cup of hot water and lemon and you will feel better," was the formula adopted, and the cup of hot water and lemon was simply a little hot water with a drop of lemon juice in it to take away the insipidity. For this antibilious remedy the caterers charged the price of their best liquors—twenty-five cents or more—and it certainly was a wiser way to spend small change than in alcohol. "Few people know how to cook water." Charles used to affirm. "The secret is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee, or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all." Every lady who reads the recipe of a great and careful cook should never forget how to cook water.

Sunshine and Sleep.

Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They wear veils, parasols, and do all possible to keep off the potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.

An opera glass—The one taken between he acts.

Current Events.

Canadian

Peterboro was lighted with electric light this week, and so was Napanee.

The streets of Halifax, N. S. were lighted with electric light for the first time last week.

At Winnipeg stone cutters are now demanding four dollars per day and threaten to strike unless that is paid them.

An important discovery in the shape of a ledge of alum is reported to have been made at Holt, near Calgary, North-west Territory.

The people of Hamilton, Ont., are complaining that meat was never before so dear in that city. Good cuts are twenty cents per pound.

It is said that the Hon. Senator Skead, for years a leading business man, will be appointed Postmaster at Ottawa, with a salary of \$2,000 a year.

The Manitoba Provincial Legislature is at work again after several weeks adjournment to allow the Better Terms Delegation to go to Ottawa and return and report.

It is proposed to establish free industrial drawing classes in connection with the Ottawa school of Art. There ought to be some such opportunity for young people in every city.

There has been a lively debate in the Provincial Legislature at Quebec, over the resolution of Mr. Joly in favor of provincial anatomy. They were defeated by a vote of 34 to 13.

A family residing at Levis after partaking of peasoup a day or two were taken ill with symptoms of poisoning. Emotics were administered and they all recovered. The peas it seems had been kept in a copper vessel since last fall.

Telegraphic communication is now established between Toronto and Saskatoon, the capital of the Temperance Colonization lands, a message having been received at the head office, Toronto, from G. W. Grant, Assistant Commissioner.

Agriculture is making good progress in the North-west Territory. Cheese factories are being put into successful operation near Calgary. About Alberta, it is reported, that twenty-five thousand sheep will be introduced this year, for sheep raising, on a large scale.

A new steamer on the propeller model is to be built this summer to ply on the route formerly travelled by the celebrated Maid of the Mist on Niagara river, making landings on both the Canadian and American side. The vessel is expected to make her first trip this time next year.

The riot among the Irish and Italian railway navvies at St. Thomas turned out an expensive affair for the people as well as a bloody affair for the combatants. The trial has taken place and the cost to the country has been over \$1,500 besides the extra cost of long imprisonment of some of the ring leaders.

The Moncton, New Brunswick, sugar refinery is now in successful operation and large shipments are being made from it. Last week twenty car loads of refined sugar were shipped from there amounting in all to 1,347 barrels. Part was sent to Toronto and the balance to various points in the Maritime Provinces.

The *Mail* says: In consequence of the great influx of settlers into our North-west Territories and the increasing demand for land, the Dominion Government have found it necessary to sub-divide the land districts, originally three in number, into thirteen, at the same time making provision for a further sub-division that will doubtless be again required before many years have elapsed.

The mammoth Grand Trunk car ferry, the Lansdowne, was successfully launched at the Wyandotte (near Detroit) iron ship yard Saturday at 11.50 a. m. The Lans-

downe is 310 ft. 6 in. in length and 75 ft. beam on deck. She cost \$275,000. Her hull is entirely of iron, shallow and double spoon shape, to break through the ice on the river between Detroit and Windsor during the winter.

The Dominion Bolt and Iron Company, whose new and extensive premises on Humber Bay west of Toronto, were so recently occupied, and so many of whose employees lost their lives by the G. W. R. collision in January last, is in financial difficulties. The failure of the Exchange Bank, at which it had large discounts, was an unfortunate thing for the company. And now the Exchange Bank liquidators have deemed it necessary to make demands which the company cannot meet.

The *Mad* building, the finest structure of the kind in Canada, and one of the best buildings in Toronto, took fire on Queen's Birthday and the calamity of its total destruction was averted with great difficulty. As it was a great deal of damage was done, especially to the upper stories. Seven girls in the central telephone office, at the top of the building, had a narrow escape. They stood for some time on a ledge, outside of the window, eighty feet from the ground and were at last heroically rescued by four men getting a ladder to them from the roof of an adjoining building.

United States.

New York now makes boast of such a large number of benevolent societies that a list of them is said to make a volume of 300 pages.

The demand for crematories, for the burning of the dead is said to be considerably increasing in the United States. An institution of the kind is about to be built in Philadelphia.

In the neighboring State of Michigan there is reason to deplore the increase of insanity, as there is in Ontario. Last year there were 2,075 insane people in the asylums in Michigan, being an increase of 172 over the previous year.

The mineral wealth of California is yet far from being exhausted. There is not so much excitement about California mining as in bygone years, but the annual product of gold and silver bullion from its mines is said to be worth eighteen million dollars.

A good deal of indignation is expressed in many places towards the Chinese, because they have imported with them their common vices of gambling and opium using. On Sunday last, a Chinese opium and gambling den was raided in Philadelphia and twenty-eight "celestials" arrested.

Eighteen boys, after playing a game of baseball at Harrodsburg, recently, started to search for wild parsnips, but got hold of the deadly hemlock instead. The boys all ate freely, and all were taken violently sick. Two died almost immediately, five are in a critical condition and are not expected to live. The others are suffering severely.

A terrible destruction of petroleum at the Atlantic Oil Works, near Philadelphia, took place during the week. An immense tank containing twenty-five thousand barrels of oil, took fire, it is said, by lightning, and an immense conflagration began. A large number of other immense tanks were also burned. A cannon was brought and fired into a tank to empty it and the firemen narrowly escaped being burned. The total loss is estimated at about a million dollars.

A great many sheep have been driven from California to the Northwest within the last year or two, the entire journey being made on foot, and consuming several months. There is prospect that this business will continue as long as California sheep hold out, as it seems to be one of the best methods of getting rid of a kind of stock which in that country has seen its best days. It is customary to hold these sheep over a season for grazing in Wyoming, and then drive them down

into Nebraska to be fed and ripened for the market.

There is difficulty just now between the coal monopolists and the railways. The coal owners of Pennsylvania combined to put up the price of coal to a considerable extent, and the ring was broken by the fact that coal was being brought from the Illinois mines at cheap freight rates. The Gould line have been putting on exorbitant rates for switching cars so bringing coal, and threats have been made to tear up the tracks over which the cheap coal is coming. The monopolists are becoming audacious. They may succeed in bringing about their own speedy ruin.

Great Britain.

The report is that England has entered into an agreement with France to evacuate Egypt in three years.

Large reinforcements are about to be sent from England to Zululand, because of the disturbed state of affairs there.

Moody and Sankey have about closed their evangelistic services in England, and intend to sail for their homes early in July.

Sir Henry Gordon has said that the latest news received from his brother, Gen. Gordon, was that he had no fear as to his personal safety.

It is reported that a severe persecution has been commenced against the Jews resident in Limerick, Ireland, and they are fleeing to Cork and elsewhere for refuge.

The Egyptian conference will open with power to decide all questions in regard to the control of Egypt, reform of the present administration, and the term of English occupation.

Some British Government messengers were sent to the Soudan. They started for Khartoum this week. The latest advices from the last named place were quite satisfactory.

The request of the English Government for the Sultan of Turkey to send ten thousand soldiers to the Soudan to co-operate with the English has been refused by the "Sick Man."

A London telegram of the 27th says:—Public indignation is aroused over the brutality of Binns, the drunken public hangman, towards Mrs. Leffley, one of his victims, before her execution. The press representatives were excluded from the hanging, but it is stated on unimpeachable authority that the brutal executioner, when pinioning the doomed woman, knocked her down in the room and choked her until her face was livid, because she screamed at the horror of the situation. The London press is unanimous in demanding the dismissal of Binns from the office of official hangman. Mrs. Leffley was hanged for poisoning her husband last fall.

Religious

On Sunday evening of last week there were 45 members admitted into the Methodist Church at Cobourg, Ont. The total local accession of the year has been about one hundred.

A wealthy citizen of Chicago has undertaken to provide a theological college in that city for the Episcopal Church. He provides the site and erects the building at his own expense.

At the same session of the General Conference a resolution was adopted reaffirming the doctrine of the Fathers of the Methodist Church that "the Bishopric is not an Order, but an office in orders," a Bishop being merely a presbyter or elder.

At the session of the General Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now being held in Philadelphia, there was elected, on the 15th five new Bishops. The new men are, Rev. Dr. W. K. Nade, of the Detroit Conference, President Garrett, of the Biblical Institute; Dr. J. M. Walden, of the Concern; Willard F. Mallahan, and Dr. C. H. Fowler, well known in Canada as a popular lecturer.

Personal.

The King of Italy is reported to be showing unmistakable symptoms of consumption, and is now receiving medical treatment for that dreaded disease.

A Mrs. Armstrong, of Sparta, Wisconsin died recently having lived no less than fifty-four days without food. She had been ill for some time. Probably there are few instances on record of such a prolonged abstinence.

Mrs. McGillivray, M.D., one of the recent medical graduates of Queen's College, Kingston, is about to establish herself for practice in that city. She will be attached to the Woman's Medical College as one of its professors.

Geo. W. Smalley, London correspondent of the *Tribune*, is a son-in-law of Wendell Phillips. He graduated from Yale College, and won his journalistic spurs by writing in a baggage car a report of the battle of Antietam.

Charles O'Connor one of the most eminent lawyers in the United States, died a few days ago. He long stood at the head of the legal profession of his country. He was one of the few American lawyers who never aspired for political place or power.

Jay Gould, being now one of the wealthiest men in New York is fitting up a grand future home for himself and his family. He is building a family tomb, to cost about \$85,000. It is of polished granite and a miniature form of a Grecian temple.

M. Billequin has translated Malguttia's "Elementary Chemistry" into the Chinese language. It is published at the College of Peking under the auspices of the Chinese Government, the preface to the work having been written by the First Minister, his Excellency Tong Lung.

Mr. Robert Carter, the head of the eminent Presbyterian firm of publishers in New York, has been fifty years in business in that city, having opened his bookshop on April 1, 1834. The first book he published was "Symington on the Atonement." Nearly every Scottish religious writer of any eminence is included in the catalogue of the Carters.

Lord Aylesford has for some years been living in Texas, enjoying the wild life and habits of the cattle raisers of that State. He is now on a visit to England and enjoys a few weeks stay in his ancestral halls in Kent. He expects to return to his Texas cattle ranche in a few months and several young sons of nobility intend to accompany him, to satisfy their longing for wild adventure.

TEMPERANCE HOSPITALS.—The Duke of Westminster recently laid the foundation stone of a new wing to the London Temperance hospital. The characteristic feature of the institution is that alcoholic liquors, in every form, are excluded from the medicines and the dietary of the patients. This hospital has now been in existence ten years and the very satisfactory results have demonstrated the wisdom of the system adopted. It is becoming better understood every year that alcohol is not of real value, or needful either for food or for medicine.

GEO. ROGERS



is showing a very fine stock of Gentlemen's White Dress Shirts, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Silk Scarfs and Ties, Hosiery and Gloves, and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Boys' Jersey Suits in great variety at lower prices than elsewhere.

346 YONGE ST.,

COR. N.W.M.

Ladies' Department.

Economy in the Family.

A man must ask his wife's permission, if he wishes to become rich. He must have his wife's aid, if he is to practice those economies in the family which may lay the foundation of his subsequent wealth. The New York *Christian Advocate* makes the following suggestions to young men with families to support:

A hundred dollars a year saved in rent is worth the trouble, and may become the foundation of comfort at a time when it is needed.

He who saves one hundred a year on his rent is simply being paid that much for the little inconveniences he may have to endure.

Solid and plain furniture, with the ornaments such as a wife's taste can make with a very little expense, should be obtained in distinction from lumbering up the house with expensive articles.

Every article of furniture that is not necessary in a room diminishes its size and air capacity, and collects dust and makes work.

Economy can be practised upon the table, by the co-operation of husband and wife, so as to make a difference of one-half the expenses.

Dainties, preserves, fruits in advance of the season, too much meat, excess and profusion of all kinds, takes money.

Being in the habit, some years since, of visiting a young family whose table always had everything that was needed, and nothing more, but with freshness and sufficient variety, and knowing that the young man had a very small income, I asked him what his table expenses per annum amounted to.

Said he, "Guess" I put them at seven hundred dollars, which I thought was very low for the city in which he lived, and the way in which he appeared to live.

His reply was, "Last year my expenses were four hundred and eighty dollars for the table."

"How do you do it?" said I.

He replied, "My wife, and I apply the thought and study to our purchases for the table that a business man applies to the purchase of the goods that he deals in, and expects to make a living from."

This illustration is drawn from the life of a man whose income was perhaps one thousand eight hundred dollars per year, and who lived in a quite expensive part of a large city.

The same principle can be applied whether the income be more or less.

Presents and extras need to be narrowly watched. Superfluous gifts to children, expenditures for candy, and for trips that do not give pleasure in proportion to their cost, are leaks which keep many well-meaning families poor.

How She was Dowered.

Both the Packer boys, Robert and Harry, were treated like equals by their father and mother, says the *Pittsburg Post*. In the little village where this good old man lived was a summer hotel, which was patronized considerably during the season, young Harry Packer often taking his meals there. A young girl named Lockwood, the daughter of a respectable citizen living near the village, came in to assist waiting on the table. The frequency of Harry Packer's meals at the hotel attracted some attention, and his brother Robert or "Bob," as he was familiarly and affectionately called by almost all who ever knew him, said one day before the father and Harry at the breakfast table that Harry was sweet on a little girl down at the hotel, and that was the reason he did not come to his meals regularly. Harry colored up a little, and after they had finished their breakfast the old Judge seated himself on the front porch, which overlooks Mauch Chunk and gives such a magnificent view to the Lehigh Valley, the moving boats and trains which his own industry had created and brought

together. The old gentleman said "Harry, who is this girl Robert refers to?"

"Miss Lockwood, father, the daughter of a man you know very well."

"Are you going to marry her, Harry?" said the Judge.

"I have some notion of it, father," said Harry.

"Well, wait till I go down and see her," said the Judge; and picking up his old white hat and cane, the Judge quietly ambled down to the hotel and asked for Miss Lockwood. She innocently came into the office of the hotel, which her dining-room apron on, and seated herself beside the Judge. Just what he said to her, or she to him, will never be exactly known, unless she tells it, but when the Judge came out he was smiling, and appeared mighty well pleased. He went home and found Harry still seated on the porch where he had left him. By this time the Judge's face had resumed its usual grave but kind expression. "Well, Harry," he said, "that is a very nice girl down there, but she has no money. We must raise her some."

The old Judge put down his memoranda for \$50,000, the mother and others for \$25,000 each, and this \$150,000 was placed in the bank to the exclusive and immediate credit of Miss Lockwood; the engagement was announced, the wedding day fixed, the marriage took place, and Harry Packer got the girl he liked.

Preserved Meat.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, who objects to salt meat, and to fresh meats at butcher's prices, tells how he manages to have fresh meat every day, at his own first-cost price. "In the first place, we have as many lard or pork barrels as will be necessary to hold a supply of meat for the family. These barrels are clean, sweet, and tight, one end taken out. They are arranged on a bench in the cellar, open end up. The pigs are killed in the usual way. When the animal heat is all out, they are all cut up, cutting off the sausage and the lard, the lard cut up ready to be rendered out. The shoulders and sides are then cut up into such sized pieces as may be convenient for table use. These are washed cleanly, and boiled in large kettles, seasoned with salt and pepper to make palatable, and when sufficiently boiled for table use, they are placed in a barrel closely together, but not pressed or mashed, thus leaving each piece as near in the shape cut as possible. When the barrel is filled within two inches of the top, we then pour in warm lard, until all the crevices between the pieces of meat are filled up, covering the top with one or two inches of the warm lard. Next day we find that the lard has settled down; we fill up again to the top and keep filled until all has become a solid mass of meat and lard. This is the whole secret. You can fill any tight vessel, from a one gallon jar to a forty-five gallon barrel in like manner, and, if properly done, and kept in a cool place, the meat will keep fresh and sweet the year round."

We should be inclined to try the gallon jar before experimenting with the big cask.

Fashions for Children.

For little girls, guimpe dresses take the place of Mother Hubbards, and are really low in the neck with short-puffed sleeves worn over a high-necked waist of silesia, that is covered at the top in square yoke shape, with tucks of the cashmere, and have cashmere sleeves. The loose, full dress, fastens behind, is square in the neck, and its fulness is held in five box-pleats, each an inch wide, from the neck down nearly to the foot, like in front and back; some fine tucks and hem embroidery, are at the foot. These will be generally worn by girls from two to six years of age. The guimpe dresses will also be worn by little girls from eighteen months or two years of age, and will be made in pale blue, rose-colored or ruby cashmere.

In speaking of jackets for little girls, the *Bazar* says: Sacks, or walking-coats of cloth or velvet for little girls from two to five years old, have the broad-back forms that give a square, short-waisted look; these are double-pleated in the seam, and have only single pleats turned under next the side form. The French back of two pieces without side forms, is used on many of these little coats of dark velvet or cloth; the wide fronts being straight, are double-breasted, and extend very far back. A cord of satin or passomontorie is the only trimming needed for these coats, and the whole of the expense is put into the thick, warm, soft material, as that simple design requires but little labor in making. High-shouldered capes of the dress material, are added to the cloth and velvet princess dresses of the larger girls.

The long Newmarket coat with a pointed hood, will be the favorite wrap for girls from sixteen years of age. This is made of plain, or of checked, or of striped cloth of dark colors, and covers the wearers from the neck down to the foot of her dress skirt. It may be either single or double-breasted, and has all the fulness in two box pleats in the back. Dahlia red and seal brown seem to be the popular colors for these useful cloaks that are buttoned their entire length with figured metal buttons to match the cloth. Newer plaid cloth coats have full sleeves pleated to a cuff, a velvet cape that laps to the left shoulder are pointed with a bag of ceru leather, that is worn strapped over the right shoulder.

Jerseys are as much in favor with the children, as they are with the mothers, and are very much worn, especially in the dark wools, such as garnet, brown, and navy blue. They are worn either with white or colored skirts. They are very pretty with plaid or striped wool skirts, which have a sash drapery to match.

English walking hats of soft felt, trimmed with velvet bands, and a single bird or a group of wings, are worn by girls from eight to fourteen years of age. Cloth turbans like the cloth of which the costumes are made, are also worn a great deal. Little girls wear large hats of velvet or felt, with wide, or soft brims, irregularly indented, and turned up capriciously as suits the face. The nodding ostrich tips in Kate Greenaway styles, grouped near the front, are used on these large hats that are set far back on the head. The hair is still cut in the bang, which begins far back at the curve of the head, and is worn with little crimping and no ribbons.

Large collars are still in vogue for small children, made of linen, or scrimed-edge with embroidery, while for more dressy occasions the Irish point lace is used. Soft-colored stockings, with the preference given to the black, and buttoned shoes, without heels, are worn by little girls.

There is very little change in the fashions for boys. Knickerbocker trousers and sacks with wide belts are in great favor. Scotch cloths and mixed chevots are chosen for the every-day clothes, and for the best suits, brown blue and hunter's green tricot. The straight pantaloons have four buttons on the outside seam at the knee, or they are fitted therewith a strap and a buckle. They fit closely, and are worn with long, ribbed black stockings.

The Knickerbocker sashes are made with box-pleats from the neck down, and a wide belt worn very low to look long-waisted, and which may pass all around the body, or else begin next to the back pleats, and cross only the sides and front. Braid binding, a corded edge of braid, or rows of stitching, are the finish for these. The tricot suits are made with single-breasted pea-jackets, curved away below the waist in front, and worn with a rolling collar, or also with rounded corners. Boys from five to eight still wear kilt suits.

Destructive Moths.

This is one of the greatest vexations which careful housekeepers have to con-

tend with, and their depredations are not to be remedied after they have once made inroads. Houses heated by furnaces are especially predisposed to have moths, but every housekeeper must be on the watch for them, for, from the time that the windows begin to be left open, the trouble begins. Heavy carpets sometimes do not require taking up every year unless in constant use. Take out the tacks from these, fold the carpets back, wash the floor in strong suds, with a tablespoonful of borax dissolved in them. Dash with insect powder, or lay tobacco leaves along the edge, and rake. All moths can be kept away, and the eggs destroyed by this means.

Ingrain, or other, after shaking, are brightened by sprinkling a pound of salt over the surface and sweeping carefully and thoroughly. It is also an excellent plan to wipe off the carpet with borax water, using a thick flannel cloth wrung tightly, taking care not to wet it, but only to dampen it. Open the windows and dry the carpet before replacing the furniture.

Other woollens, including blankets and wearing apparel, must be beaten and brushed, and folded smoothly. Be careful to clean every grease spot with ammonia and water, not too strong, and a dark woollen cloth. Tie pieces of camphor into little bundles, and put one in each article. Wrap the articles in newspapers, as printer's ink is a great preventive of moths, and then sew them up in strong sheeting bags, labeled, so that it will not be necessary to open them during the summer, except for use. This is a good way for those who do not possess cedar boxes, and the articles need have no other card, if every spot is treated as directed, and the garments are not left hanging in the closet too long before putting away for the season.—*Providence Star*.

Kindling in Paper Bags, etc.

Calling one day by chance at the humble but pleasant cottage of a co-worker of bygone years, the writer was welcomed to the "Prophets' Chamber," which we almost feared to enter on a cold night, after many chilling experiences in "apartments." In this plainly but neatly furnished chamber is a small but ample stove, a box of pinewood behind it, a few hardy plants by the window, on an easily moved support; half a dozen inconspicuous but strong hooks or pins, very convenient for hanging up one's clothing on when retiring, and so on.

But the new thing to the writer was found inside the wood-box. The paper bags brought from the greasers had been preserved, and some of these, holding one to two quarts, were filled with shavings, bits of wood and chips, and the open ends twisted together, or tied with a bit of thread. So on this cold morning it was only necessary to spring out of bed, place one of these filled bags in the stove, throw in a few sticks of wood, touch a match to the end of the bag, and back to bed again—all done in less than a minute. In quick time a warm room was ready for dressing in entire comfort. A dark enameled kettle on the stove, found ready filled, soon changed the temperature of the half frozen water in pitcher and wash basin. Before leaving said room, we wrote this item, partly in gratitude, but more for the benefit of tidy house-keepers, who desire a convenient mode of keeping kindlings in a chamber, or elsewhere, without the usual litter.

HOW TO CLEAN OIL CLOTHS.—To ruin them—clean them with hot water or soap suds, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, and very dingy and dirty when dry, and will soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them, and have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and luke-warm water, and wipe thoroughly dry. If you wish them to look extra nice, after they are dry, drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them and rub with a small, dry cloth.

THE SPHINX.

"Name me this and guess him if you can."
Druden.

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

No. 86—EIGHTEEN HIDDEN POETS.

FIND THEM.

1. Look at that cow porambulating through the lake! At some time or other she will slip down ingloriously.
2. Don't let that child pop Ellen's corn. He is too young to understand, and invariably burns the shell, eye and all.
3. Come with us to the Exposition, dear. Put on your hat and sponcer and go. We return prior to dinner.
4. "To err is human, to forgive, divine." Words worth their weight in gold. Smith, my white-headed, gray-bearded, stern-eyed old butler does not agree thereunto, however. He is more of a philosopher than a poet, and believes in the logic of blows.
5. "How wet your horse is! Have you ridden hard?" "Oh! in an hour he'll be dry. Deny it if you will, but in half that time he'll be as gay as ever."
6. The immortal will is governed by the affections, according to Butler.

Nic-Nac.

No. 87.—A CHARADE.

A vine-clad farm house, early morn,
A song the silence breaking;
A sweet-voiced, rosy-fingored maid
My golden first is making.

Within the honeysuckle door
My second comes to play
Around my first; but gentle Sue
Does brush the thing away.

Sweet roses round the window twine,
And form a rustic bower;
My dainty whole has entered in
To kiss each blushing flower.

R.

BROOKS

NO. 88.—A PROBLEM.

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE.)

If from six months you take half, what sum must be put at interest for the remaining time at 4 per cent. to yield enough to purchase a year's subscription to the TRUTH, subscription price being \$2.00?

BEAU K.

NO. 89.—A RIDDLE.

The idea and form of words
Sometimes together change
With such a queer coincidence,
It seems extremely strange.

If "Royalty is but a name,"
That name is surely best
Which stripped of its exterior form
Will leave us but—a jest.

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 90.—A NARRATIVE.

CONTAINING A LESSON ONCE LEARNED BY EVERY WISE MAN.

Auntie brings Caroline down every February. Goes home in June. Knits lampmats quite nicely of patterns quite rare, square, triangular, uneven. Very wonderful xanthic yarn zephyr.

S. C.

F E

NO. 91.—AN ODDLY MADE TOWN.

I called my daughter to my side;
She smiled, and then her brother cried.
"Prefix your smile to your name, you pest,
And you'll have a city in the West."
Mrs. H. C.

THE PRIZES.

The sender of the best lot of answers to the May puzzles will receive a volume of Longfellow's Poems.

Each week's answers should be mailed within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles.

A prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to "The Sphinx" during 1884.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best variety of original puzzles contributed by any person during the year.

ANSWERS.

73.—An Enigma.

74.—Dante, Cooper, Scott, Hawthorne, Dickens, Pope, Keats, Cook, Burns, Moore, Goldsmith, Hood, Gray, Milton, Cowper, Browning, Arnold, Rogers, Lamb.

75.—The letter U.

76.—Mist rust.

77.—In a large pen he has three small pens, each containing three pige.

78.—Pharmacist—(farm-assist.)

The Singing of Birds

There is a beautiful propriety in the order in which singing-birds fill up the day with their pleasing harmony. The accordance between their songs and the aspect of nature at the successive period of the day at which they sing, is so remarkable, that one cannot but suppose it is to be the result of benevolent design.

First the robin (not the lark as has generally been imagined) as soon as twilight has drawn its imperceptible line between night and day, begins his artless song. How sweetly does this harmonize with the soft dawning of the day! He goes on till the twinkling of sunbeams begin to tell him that his notes no longer accord with the rising orb of day. Up starts the lark,

"Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,"

and with him a variety of brightly songster's, whose lively notes are in perfect correspondence with the gaiety of the morning. The general warbling continues with now and then an interruption by the transient croak of the raven, the scream of the jay, or the port chattering of the daw. The nightingale, unwearied by the vocal exertion of the night, joins his inferiors in sound in general harmony. The thrush is wisely placed on the summit of some lofty tree, that its piercing notes might be softened by distance before they reach the ear, while the mellow blackbird seeks the lower branches. Should the sun, having been eclipsed by a cloud, shine forth with fresh effulgence, the goldfinch, perched on bough pours forth its strain. As evening advances the performers gradually retire, and the concert gradually dies away. At sunset the robin again sends up his twilight song, the more serene hour of night sends him to his bower of rest. And now, in unison with the blackened earth and sky, no sooner is the voice of the robin hushed than the owl sends forth his slow and solemn tones, well adapted to the serious hour.

Every pupil received into the lycoums and colleges in Franco must give evidence that he had been vaccinated. Since the enforcement of the new law not a single case of variola or varioloid has appeared at the Lycee Louis le Grand where the utility of the restriction was fully tested.

An electric railway a mile in length is running at Brighton, Eng. A single car containing ten or twelve persons is run at a speed of eight miles an hour, though it can be run faster if permitted. The car runs almost noiselessly, and it is worked by a stationary engine, which sends a current along the metals.

The Floating Capital of Slam.

In many points Bangkok is more Venetian than Venice itself. In the Queen of the Adriatic—despite those "bright streamlet veins" about which modern poets make such a stir—one can walk through fully two-thirds of the town without being indebted to the traditional gondola at all. In the Siamese Venice it is far otherwise. The main street is the river, and there are no side streets at all. Your opposite neighbor lives upon the other bank, and before calling on him you have to call a boat. The native children play in the water as they would play on land elsewhere, and many of the houses, moored to posts by short cables of rattan, rise and fall with the tide like anchored vessels. Indeed, with the exception of one long straggling road running parallel with the river along its left bank, the land might just as well not be there at all. The approach to this singular place is as picturesque as itself. Far out at sea you describe along the eastern horizon a dim profile of impalpable shadows, which, as you near them, resolve themselves into bold rocky islets, with green clumps of wooding scattered broadcast over the dark red sternness of their gloomy cliffs and craggy ridge. One by one they are left behind, and now there begins to rise out of the smooth sea, far away in front of us, something that looks at first sight like an endless line of soldiers in battle array. These are the trees of the Siamese coast. Soon the water all around us turns thick and soup-like, wearing a deep dye of yellowish brown, which announces more plainly than words that we are approaching the mouth of the "beautiful, the pensoup colored river" that flows by the town of Bangkok. All in a moment the foul, bee-colored stream and the low, mud-banks on either side and the long, dark, leathery mangrov, leaves, which quiver like snakes' tongues in the rank, white fever-mist that curls up through them from the rotting depths below are transformed into a fairy land. The broad, smooth river, now bright with the silver sheen of the moonlight, now fading into ghostly shadow, forms a background worthy of Dante. Here and there amidst the black masses of forest twinkles a solitary point of fire, showing where some Siamese fisherman has built his little nest of bamboo and dried grass amid this strange wilderness, which is neither land nor water, but a weird chaos of both. But these lights, and the shadowy boats that flit past like phantoms ever and anon, are the sole tokens of human life in the depths of this grand and lonely stillness, unbroken save by the hollow rush of the swift, dark current speeding on towards the sea. By day this mighty jungle would be simply a foul and unwholesome swamp but by night it is transformed into a scene of enchantment through the magic of that friendly darkness which, like charity or a lawyer's wig covereth a multitude of sins.

Costumes in Athens

A traveller in the East writes: "One of the great attractions of a stroll through modern Athens is to note the variety of costumes. The most curious and the most striking is the Albanian, which the Greeks have adopted as their national dress. It consists of a blue or black jacket, cut away, with open sleeves, and rich embroidery; a red waistcoat, and a white embroidered shirt. The breeches are of blue, close fitting; stockings of white or blue; red gaiters, and red leather shoes without heels, pointed, upturned and long. Round the waist is a leather girdle, from which protrudes an alarming display of pistols and knives, such as are affected by the Bedawin; the head is covered with a high fez, or pointed red flannel cap, terminating with a long silk tassol, which sways about as the wearer walks. The principal part of the dress is the 'fustanella,' a kilted shirt of linen, starched and worn over the breeches.

Sometimes as many as sixty yards of white linen are used in a 'fustanella,' and the effect is rather that of a burlesque on a ballet-dancer's costume. It is a curious sight for foreigners to see a Highland regiment march out, but it is a more curious sight for an Englishman to see the Greek National corps parade in this feminine, but picturesque and extravagant costume. The Greek artisan wears a costume not unlike the Turkish, consisting of a short dark jacket, red waistcoat, very wide calico trousers, worn short, and generally blue, bare legs, and buckled shoes. This is also the dress of the Crotons, with the exception that instead of wearing shoes, they have high boots, which hide the bare legs and give a better appearance. Sometimes ladies may be seen wearing the national red cap, or the Thessalian headdress—a tiara of gold and a veil thrown back—but as a rule they dress in Parisian style. The peasant women almost invariably wear the Albanian costume; and striking it is, consisting of a long embroidered petticoat, and a white woollen dress over it, while on their heads and necks are chains of coins."

Husbands and Wives

Very few men seem to realize constant drudgery and the incessant vexation under which a wife untiringly and uncomplainingly performs her household duties, not perhaps from lack of kind feelings, but from an unpardonable want of sympathy and consideration. Some men never dream of the hourly irritations and annoyances to which their wives are subjected; they are so engrossed in the mad struggle for wealth, so absorbed in their own pleasures that they lose sight of such minor matters as home affairs that claim all of a woman's attention, seeming to think that a wife should be happy and contented if her purse be moderately well supplied. How little such men know of true womanhood, or of their duties and obligations to their wives! Yet they would feel outraged if classed with selfish and inconsiderate husbands. A man who can not appreciate and in some measure reciprocate his wife's loving sacrifices and unselfish devotion, is, in our opinion, no man. He should be more gentle, more loving, more scrupulously polite to his wife, more tenderly considerate of her, as such, than when she was only a sweetheart, for a sweetheart is still her own mistress, and holds the right to refuse his attentions, whilst a wife is, in this regard, wholly in his power, and true manhood will recognize that fact and act accordingly. If a wife makes a request of her husband, and he cheerfully replies, "Certainly, my dear, with pleasure," the kind words penetrate her heart and are treasured there; but if he harshly answers, "I suppose I must but you're forever wanting something," her heart, grieved and humiliated, shrinks within itself, bearing an ugly wound that time will scarcely heal.

Glove Customs.

Some very curious customs are connected with gloves. For instance, the ceremony of removing them when entering the stable of a prince or great man, or else forfeiting them or their value to the servant in charge. This is an odd survival of vassalage, for the removal of the glove was anciently a mark of submission. When lands or titles were bestowed gloves were given at the same time; and when for any reason the lands were forfeited the offender was deprived of the right to wear gloves. The same idea was prevalent in the bestowal of a lady's glove, to be worn in the helmet of her knight, and forfeited by him if her favor ceased. In hunting the gloves are to-day supposed to be removed at the death of the stag. It was a very ancient form of acknowledgement to present a pair of gloves to a benefactor; and white gloves are still presented to the judge at maiden assizes.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 28 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—12 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 30 cents per line; three months, 60 cents per line; six months, \$1.10 cents per line; twelve months, \$2 per line.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 100 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 line single insertion; one month, \$1.83 per line; three months, \$3.23 per line; six months, \$5.99 per line; twelve months, \$10.00 per line.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St. E. D. BIGGAR, Manager. WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 320 Main St. Wilson Bros., Managers.

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates 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.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING. 10, HANOVER STREET, MONTREAL, May 22nd, 1884. DEAR SIR,—I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Pitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated. Accept my sincere thanks for your valuable present.

CAMPBELLFORD, May 15th, 1884. S. F. WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it. TRUTH is a welcome visitor every week. We would not like to be without it now.

PETERBORO, May 16th, 1884. DEAR SIR,—We received our prizes today and are quite delighted with them, they more than meet our expectations, especially the dress, as it is the desired color. The butter knife is very nice. Will try and get you more subscribers, as I like your paper very well. Expressing many thanks we remain Yours &c., KATIE MOORE. A. V. GRAHAM.

KINGS BRIDGE, May 19th, 1884. S. FRANK WILSON. SIR,—Please rectify mistake, as I would sooner be without my meals than to lose my paper. I am trying all I can to get subscriptions for your paper, and you may hear from me again soon. It is the light of my house. Respectfully, JAMES H. CORNELL, Kings Bridge, Station S. New York City.

The following also acknowledge receipt of prizes.—Books—Jno. A. Greig,

Chaudiere Mills, P. Q., James Williams, Limhouse, Ont.; W. A. Allen, Toronto; R. Buchanan, St. Catharines; Lizzio Beach, Scottstown; L. C. Corbett, Arrprior; D. Forsyth, Berlin; Robt. Robertson, Portage LaPrairie.

Another Bible Alphabet.

In accordance with the announcement made in last week's issue of TRUTH, we now submit another Bible Alphabet for Competition among our young folk. The conditions to be observed are as follows: Each competitor must be under sixteen years of age. Each competitor must mention an illustrative or corroborative text must accompany each of the 26 answers. All the answers must be correct to secure the prizes offered. Each envelope must be endorsed on the outside "Bible Alphabet." This rule must be strictly observed, as it will save much trouble, as this competition has nothing to do with our Weekly Biblical Enigma or any other competition now in progress.

In adjudicating on the prizes, although priority of receipt, and correctness will have weight, neatness and care in penmanship will have their influence in the decision made.

The names of the winners will appear in our issue of July 5th. The prizes will be, for the successful boy a handsomely bound volume of "The Arabian Nights Entertainment." For the successful girl an equally handsome volume which includes "Paul and Virginia," "Rasselas," and the "Vicar of Wakefield."

THE ALPHABET.

- 1. A though he lived, yet he never was born.
2. B was a word by a man laughed to scorn.
3. C was a prophet, a priest and a judge.
4. D from his enemy would not once budge.
5. F we are told, though he lived, yet was not.
6. F from S. Paul a glad we come got.
7. G is the place where Saul was made king.
8. H to God children with happiness bring.
9. I was a wild man by God himself named.
10. J is a city in history famed.
11. K was a rebel and much mischief wrought.
12. L by his uncle to Canaan was brought.
13. M was a prophetic stricken of God.
14. N owned a vineyard he paid for with blood.
15. O among the Jews was a measure in use.
16. P when accused answered back with abuse.
17. Q to a manum ing people were sent.
18. R by her dead ones a long vigil spent.
19. S was a city for wickedness famed.
20. T is but twice in the whole Bible named.
21. U was the grandson and uncle of priests.
22. V was an instrument found at some feast.
23. W make the hearts of the captive Jews sad.
24. X made the hearts of the captive Jews sad.
25. Y is to-day as though it never had been.
26. Z of two miracles has been the scene.

Employment or Leisure Hours

Write direct to the author, Mrs. Clarke, 38 Pembroke St., Toronto, for all particulars of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book," neatly bound, systematically arranged; recipes numbered, intelligibly indexed; sells readily at \$1; liberal commission to agents; sample copy, post-paid, for \$1; \$10 to \$20 per week can be easily earned by selling this famous Cook Book, the best in the world.

To Contributors.

A. G. B., J. J. H., LOUIS CECIL.—We thank these correspondents for their contributions, which are not, however, up to the mark.

Bald men need not despair. An eastern patent-medicine man is advertising for bald-headed men who will allow the advertisement of his new self-asserting pills to be painted on the tops of their heads.

Among the recent inventions is a electric hand lamp, the illuminating principle of which is generated by some simple chemicals that are very cheap and easily manipulated. A small sliding drawer at the bottom of the lamp holds the electric spark in solution, while by simply touching a button a magnificent light is developed or extinguished, as required. The lamp is not materially different in appearance from the ordinary kerosene lamp, and, it is said, can be used in the same way, but with a complete absence of trouble, odor or danger.

\$7,500 REWARD.

IN 'TRUTH' BIBLE COMPETITION.

Number Ten, Closing June 10th.

We do think this time that we far surpass any of our many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible questions. Some say "it is a marvel how he can do it." We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in the past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the six hundred and twenty-five persons who send correct answers to the Bible Questions given below by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, all of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Is there a single verse in the Bible in which consumption and ague are both mentioned?
2.—Is there another verse in the Bible where consumption fever, and inflammation are all referred to?
3.—Mention a passage in the Bible in which a lump of figs is ordered as a good plaster for boils?

It is our aim to increase the study of the good old Book, somewhat out of fashion nowadays. The interest now taken in these Bible competitions is somewhat keener than at first. Here are

THE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Elegant Rosewood Piano.....\$5500
2 1 Twelve Stop Cabinet Organ..... 2500
3 2 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-setting, box cases, elegantly engraved Elgin Watches..... 2200
4 3 Magnificent Triple Silver-Plated Tea Services, 6 pieces..... 330 00
5 2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches..... 200 00
6 2 Celebrated Wanzor Sewing Machines..... 120 00
7 5 Gentlemen's Elegant Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches.....125 00
8 3 Gentlemen's Open-Face Solid Coin Silver Watches..... 72 00
9 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-Case Watches.....144 00
10 Solid Nickel Silver, open-face, heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches.....135 00
11 Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches.....126 00
12 Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings..... 55 00
13 Solid Gold Gem Rings..... 92 00
14 Renowned Waterbury Watches.. 60 00
15 Half-Dozen sets solid triple silver-plated dessert spoons..... 88 00
16 Half-Dozen sets of solid triple silver-plated Countess Tea spoons 66 00
17 109 Copies, sumptuously bound, of Shakespeare's Works..... 252 50
18 139 Elegant triple silver-plated butter knives.....139 00

Bear in mind that each competitor must send with their answers one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for six months. You, therefore, PAY NOTHING ADDITIONAL for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, getting full and big value for your dollar investment in receiving TRUTH for six months. The regular subscription price of TRUTH is two dollars per year. Remember, to the sender of the first correct answer to the questions proposed the piano will be sent. The second correct answer will take the organ, the third, one of those beautiful solid gold watches, and so on, until the two hundred and forty-seven rewards are disposed of. Then come the

'IDLE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting, box cases, Elgin Watch.....\$110 00
2 2 Beautiful Triple Silver-Plated Tea Sets..... 200 00
3 1 Lady's Solid Gold Watch..... 100 00
4 2 Wanzor Sewing Machines..... 120 00
5 5 Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 125 00
6 3 Open Face Solid Coin Silver Watches..... 69 00
7 13 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 247 00
8 17 Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches..... 306 00
9 15 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 223 00
10 21 Half dozen sets triple plated Tea Spoons..... 147 00
11 9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches.. 45 00
12 39 Copies, beautifully bound, Tennyson's Poems..... 97 60
13 27 Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives..... 27 00

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

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

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting-Case (beautifully engraved), Genuine Elgin Watch.....\$110 00
2 1 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch 100 00
3 1 Elegant Triple Silver Plated Tea Services..... 100 00
4 3 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, pistol grip, rebounding Looks all latest improvements, from Chas. Stark's Great Gun House, Toronto..... 300 00
5 9 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, not so highly finished..... 810 00
6 4 Fine Silk Dress Patterns..... 200 00
7 15 Fine Black Cashmere Docks Patterns..... 150 00
8 21 Elegant New Sateen Print Dresses..... 315 00
9 15 Triple Silver-Plated Cruet Stands..... 120 00
10 31 Half-Dozen Gentlemen's best linen Pocket Handkerchiefs..... 155 00
11 29 Half-Dozen Ladies' Fancy Border-ed Pocket Handkerchiefs..... 145 00

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

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

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Blood Purifier occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists &c. sell.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

NO. XV.

The request to write short notices of the individuals or incidents mentioned in the solution of the Enigmas has resulted in the most satisfactory manner. We have received in many cases whole pages of foolscap and these not simply copied from some book but evidently the result of careful reading and thought. The corrections or objections to any apparent or real ambiguity on the questions are also very satisfactory evidences of a great deal of care and attention and afford any desired reason for our continuing these enigmas as a feature of TRUTH at least for some time to come. We can with confidence affirm that the answers sent in to No. XII, have been the best we have yet received and we have been perplexed not a little in settling the relative merits of not a few of them. We should have found a great deal less difficulty in awarding a dozen prizes than three, but we have done our honest best in holding the scales absolutely even, and as it so happens that we have not the slightest knowledge of any of the answerers and in not a few cases are not sure whether they are ladies or gentlemen, we think there has not been any temptation to undue bias.

As usual, we have received a great many kind words of sympathy and commendation and not a few poking fun at us in a quiet, genial way for intimating in the second question to No. XII that Rhoda actually opened the door to Peter. Those who make the objection are quite correct and we thank them for setting us right in such a kindly fashion. All this shows that we are not infallible and also that we have a great many very careful and intelligent readers of the Scriptures to deal with.

The correct answers to No. XII are the following:—

1. Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 16—21.
2. Rhoda, Acts xii. 13, 14.
3. Barjesus, Acts xiii. 6.
4. Aranaah, 2 Sam. xxiv. 18—24.
5. Nicodemus, John. iii. 1.
- 6 Ed.—Joshua xxii. 34.
7. Making the word URBANE—Rom. xvi. 9.

The successful competitors are the following:—

- John Waddel, 231 Richmond street, West, Toronto.
- Lizzie Murray, 88 Main street, East, Hamilton.
- R. Martin Bateman, Port Perry.

We would also mention as specially worthy of "honorable mention," W. C. Ferguson, 640 Waterloo street, London; Sarah H. Frost, 104 Mansfield street, Montreal; Mrs. E. F. Fenwick, Millstream, Kings Co., N. B.; Herbert Bryson, Halls Glen P. O., Dunsmuir; A. Wilson, Halifax, N. S.; C. Moore, 645 Ontario street, Toronto; Mrs. John Ryan, 16 Kaye street, Halifax, N. S.; Charles Gilman, 415 Fulton street, Chicago; Nellie Snyder, 307 Spadina avenue, Toronto; and one, an exceedingly good one, without name or any hint as to whence it came. Unfortunately we have laid the envelope aside. Perhaps the writer may know from the remark in it "I know Urbane only by name. He may possibly have been distinguished for Urbanity." One writing from Chicago says: "I have only taken your paper for a few weeks, and I am greatly pleased with it. Being an invalid I was compelled to stay in the house last winter and spent a great deal of my time in puzzling, and I find the puzzle department of TRUTH more interesting than any I have ever seen." Another says; "I take great pleasure in the questions and am a subscriber to TRUTH, but as we have only post once a week I have very little chance of a prize. I like

TRUTH very much, and would not miss it from our family reading. I am thankful it advocates Temperance. Good luck to you." Another from Halifax says: "Our family like the paper, and consider it well worth the money, independently of the Scriptural exercise it affords."

Perhaps some may think that there is not much need for giving every week what some of our correspondents say. We are of a different opinion. None of our readers need imagine that we throw their letters aside unread. We read them all, and though it gives us many hours work we find it both pleasant and profitable. We send all our numerous correspondents a cordial greeting. Their missives come to us every week from all quarters, and whether from school girls or from octogenarians they are all and always welcome.

Letters intended for Mr. Wilson still sometimes come our way. We again warn those who send them that they are in danger of losing their labor. We may say in reply to one, though we really have nothing to do with the matter, that any one sending in money for any of the competitions of TRUTH or the Ladies Journal will always get the time of his subscription extended according to the amount forwarded on making request to that effect. Some are so pleased with TRUTH that when they send in a dollar they take two copies to give one to a neighbor, etc. But in all cases when so directed Mr. Wilson extends the time of subscription though it be two or three or even more years in advance.

It is fully time we were at No. XV. Number XIII has been thought specially difficult, so we shall not be so exacting this week. We like to suit all, both old and young, though we are rejoiced to see that there is another Enigma Alphabet given for the special benefit of the juveniles.

1. A teacher of the Church of Antioch who ministered to the Lord.
2. A man who is mentioned by one of the Apostles as being "subject to like passions as we are."
3. A wicked man who tried to prevent Paul from converting a deputy.
4. A man of Benjamin whose son was a choice young man and a goodly.
5. The time when it is good for a man to bear the yoke.
6. One who was said to be the first fruits of Achaia unto Christ.
7. One who acted as amanuensis to the Apostle Paul.
8. A hill where David once hid.
9. One of the boundaries of King Ahasuerus' kingdom.
10. One of three women who were fairer than any in the land.
11. A son of Amoz who wrote a book.
12. A woman whose name signified pleasant.
13. A man who received a visit from an angel while threshing wheat.
14. One of the Kings of Chaldea of the race of the Medes.
15. A Moabites who married an Ephrathite.
16. The name of a near relative of a leader of the Israelites.
17. A prophet whom the Lord sent a vision concerning Edon.
18. One of the Roman Procurators of Judea.
19. One of the chief cities of the Philistines.
20. A place where the children of Israel pitched their tents.
21. The wife of Felix.

The initial letters of the answers to the above questions give a Scripture exhortation of the highest importance.

We do not ask any explanatory remarks this week though if any are given on the more prominent individuals referred to we shall claim the right of allowing this according to excellence to count as an element in determining the prizes.

We still extend a cordial invitation to all to try what they can do. It is not necessary to send any money. It is not necessary even to be a subscriber to TRUTH,

though of course one who gets his copy early has the better chance in the competition.

Don't address to Mr. Wilson but to the "Editor of the Enigma Column," and don't put in any extraneous matter. We meddle not with business affairs either in one way or another, and can give no information as to the miscarriage of letters or the non-arrival of papers. In such an establishment every one must keep within his own special department.

Militia and Mobs.

In no triot's the neglect of a few simple principles by both civil and military authorities has caused most of the bloodshed. The militia should be assembled promptly. If this is delayed, their armories may be surrounded and their assemblage prevented. Besides, the knowledge that troops are in readiness strengthens the police and intimidates the mob. They should not be paraded until the last moment. The bayonet and rifle are deadly weapons, and not suited for police work. But as soon as there is danger of the police being overpowered the militia should march to their aid, and then all sentimentality should be dispensed with. A mob is a gang of law-breakers, with the criminal class coming to the top as it gains power; and the very existence of society depends upon its being promptly put down. Half-way measures are cruelty. Any militia officer who permits his men to be shot or stoned without resistance deserves a court-martial. A mob never appreciates forbearance. Blank cartridges simply inspire them to fresh assaults. Firing in the air has the same effect, besides killing innocent people at a distance. Volleys are seldom necessary. To detail a few sharpshooters to pick off the leading aggressors is far preferable. If the thrower of the first brick is shot, as a rule no more will be thrown. Four shots at Cincinnati which killed four leaders dispersed the mob that attacked Powell's gun-store. The same number fired with like effect would have scattered that which attacked the jail, if they had been the first which had been fired by the troops. It must be remembered that no troops will stand being stoned or being shot at without firing in return. If the officers wait too long (as was the case in the Orange riots in New York), some one is sure to fire without orders, bringing on a general fire which unnecessarily destroys many lives. The troops should not allow themselves to be besieged. Strong detach-

ments should traverse the streets, aiding the police in dispersing all crowds and in clearing the streets. The mob, when once broken, will never again collect. If the militia are strong and well disciplined, and it is understood distinctly that they will permit no trifling, their mere appearance is usually sufficient. If their condition is such that the mob do not fear them, many lives have to be sacrificed before peace can be restored.—June Century.

Chicago's Latest Frenk.

The great city of the lakes is noted for its novel and stupendous enterprises. Its elevators, railway depots, water-works, and "corners" are the "biggest things of the kind in the known world. But Chicago is not happy. It has plenty of flat prairie land, and a vast unutilized area to the east, but nowhere in sight is there an island. Now an island is, above all things, the pet delight of the average man and woman of Chicago, and so as nature has been niggardly in this respect, a no. 1 artificial island has been projected at a point about a mile distant in Lake Michigan from the Chicago shore. It is to be forty acres in extent, and will have a hill for a hotel in the centre, water will be at least 50 feet above the water line, and will afford a magnificent view of the lake and city. The land is to be formed of sand and clay, dredged from the lake. On the shore side is to be a land-locked harbor of seven acres to admit lake craft of any size. The island is to be guarded by a breakwater 17 feet in height. The lake at this point is eighteen feet deep. It is expected that this will be the great pleasure resort of the western country during the summer season. It will be another Coney Island, but without the clams, salt water, or the surf. The cost of this improvement will be over \$2,000,000. Now that it has an island, Chicago ought to have a chain of mountains, not so remote as the Rockies. If near enough to this enterprising city, the range would cut off the north-western storms that are so chilling, uncomfortable, and sometimes destructive. Seriously, this project for an island shows great enterprise on the part of the Chicago people, and will undoubtedly pay expenses.

A Mormon saint, the senior partner in a Salt Lake liquor store, was chosen on Saturday to preach the gospel in Great Britain, and the Mormon police, ignorant of the fact, within twenty-four hours arrested him for selling liquor on Sunday, for which he was fined \$50.

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST STYLISH HATS IN THE CITY

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THE OLD FAVORITE RESORT.

144, 146,

TORONTO.

THE NEW LADIES' PARLOR.

IMMENSE STOCK AT

Cash Prices Only.

SQUARE DEALING

Best Attention

Caste in India.

As I passed along the streets at first, I noticed that people would frequently turn aside and wait for me to pass. Accustomed to the obsequious courtesy of the oriental, I naturally supposed at first that this was a mark of respect, but I soon learned to my chagrin that it was because the people feared I would contaminate them. They were Brahmins, governed by laws of caste as in exorable as those of the Medes and Persians.

Caste has been greatly broken down in India by the advent of western civilization; but the remnants of the system impress the stranger most forcibly.

Down at the cremating ghats on the river I discovered a phase of it. When a man is to be burned, the fire must be brought from the house of some domra, the lowest and most despised caste in all India. During his lifetime the man would not take fire from a domra for anything in the world. If he did he would be banished from caste-fellowship, and only on the performance of some penance would he be admitted to his own cliques again. The system of caste-discipline is very rigid. The necessity of procuring the cremation fire from a domra affords a considerable revenue to the despised class, the members of which often charge fabulous sums. Baikunt, or heaven, has to be brought here by continual sacrificial rites. Even accidental contact with a lower caste man must be expiated.—Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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

Women swallow at one mouthful the lib that flatters and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.—[Diderot.

FIRST RELIEF ULTIMATELY A CURE. These are the successive effects of one of the most deservedly popular remedies in the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery as Dyspeptic Cure, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels and liver, invigorates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and torpid into a rapid, and fertilizing stream.

She is the most virtuous woman whom nature has made the most voluptuous and reason the coldest.—[La Beaumelle.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then I have had to attack. I would recommend it to all."

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

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

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

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists

HEALING POWERS OF TOBACCO.

Total Blindness From Accident Cured by a Poultice.

Gen. Clingman, of North Carolina, has an article in Health and Home in which he relates wonderful tales of cures effecting upon himself at divers times by the simple use of tobacco. His troubles were many, and ranged from gunshot wounds to corns. The following is one of his cures: In the summer of 1867, in the city of New York, as I was riding in an omnibus, while looking out of an open window I received a heavy blow on my right eye from the whip of the driver, who had aimed the blow at the head of a horse which seemed about to interfere with him. He missed the horse's head, and the full force of the end of the whip fell directly on the centre of my open eye. The pain was excessive, and the sight of my eye was entirely taken away—absolute blackness seemed before it. Passengers in the stage said to me: "You had better get out and seek relief, for you do not know how that eye looks." I soon reached my hotel, and, on getting into it, sent one servant for a piece of tobacco, and another for two physicians with whom I was acquainted. The tobacco came first, and just as I had placed it on and secured it with proper bandages, the doctors came in. I told them what had happened and that I had just put on the tobacco. They said tobacco would be ruinous. As soon as I got off the bandage and they saw the eye their countenances began to fall (for I could see them with the left eye of course). They said: "It will be very difficult to save that eye." I replied that if it could be saved the tobacco poultice would do it. They reiterated their objections, but I told them I should try it, and asked them to come back in the morning. After they left I restored the tobacco, and kept it well wet by putting my face from time to time in a bowl of water, so as to retain the moisture steadily. The night was the most painful of my life, but as it progressed the pain seem'd slightly to diminish; yet even in the morning I still suffered. About 10 o'clock one of the physicians came to see me, and I took off the bandage. As soon as I did so I knew that my eye was better, for I could see the outlines of the open window before me. The doctor immediately said: "I never was so astonished in all my life, for your eye, instead of being swollen and red, as I expected to see it, is shrunken and less than the other eye, and the lids are white." He insisted that he ought to be allowed to stimulate it by an application, but as I did not desire to have a premature reaction I refused. Though the eye was not very painful, I kept tobacco on it for the greater part of the day. The next day when he saw it, he said: "You will not lose your eye, but it will always be disfigured." On looking at it I saw the pupil seemed to extend across the iris, and my whole eye looked black. On the fifth day my eye had its natural appearance, and the sight was fully restored. I called at the office of my physicians and they both said they had never seen such a cure.

The height and velocity of clouds is to be determined by means of photography. Two cameras are placed 600 feet apart and provided with instantaneous shutters which are released at the same moment. The angle of inclination of the cameras and the position of the cloud as photographed are thus obtained, and simple trigonometrical operations give the height and distance from those data.

The Polyclinic states that the use of paper towels in cleaning wounds has been found very satisfactory. Sponges have always been regarded with suspicion by surgeons, as it is so difficult to keep them in a perfectly purified condition. But the paper towels are to be used once only, and, as they cost only \$6 to \$7.50 per 1,000, are available in the sick-room. They are from Japan, and the pale colors with which they are decorated are found to be unobjectionable.

The craze for painting houses all sorts of fancy colors in Atlanta has received a setback. A demented citizen had a painter imitate the pattern and colors of a crazy quilt on his house. After the first coat was finished the citizens rose as a man and compelled him to whitewash it over on pain of death. This was more than even a Georgia populace could stand.

Mr. T. C. Berohard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifty pounds in weight."

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.—[J. J. Rousseau.

The opinion of the general public in regard to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is confirmed by clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, and actors. All say it is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs.

We meet in society many attractive women whom we would fear to make our wives.—[D'Harleville.

A. M. Hamilton, Warkworth, writes:—"For weeks I was troubled with a swelled ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Maybee, of this place, recommended Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used, I was cured. It is an article of great value." Beware of Electric or Electron Oils, as they are imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Rascal! That word on the lip of a woman, addressed to a too daring man, often means—angels.

Insurance.

Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No less a blessing is anything that insures good health. Kidney-wort does this. It is nature's great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See advt.

An asp would render its sting more venomous by dipping it into the heart of a coquette.—[Poincelot.

IF YOU WILL BE HAPPY. Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dye, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c. at the druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Women deceived by men want to marry them; it is a kind of revenge as good as any other.—[Beaumanoir.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—[Lounsbury.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—[Balzac.

What is it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

What makes me laugh when others sigh? No tears can ever bedew mine eye It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Who takes an eel by the tail or a woman at her word, soon finds he holds nothing.—[Proverb.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

How many women would laugh at the fancies of their husbands if it were not the custom to weep?

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Itches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."

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The mistake of many women is to return sentiment for gallantry.—[Jouy.

For women in children, be sure and inquire for Sister's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—[Balzac.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough, which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five-cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

It is easier to make all Europe agree than two women.—[L'avis XIV.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

God created the coquette as soon as He had made the fool.—[Victor Hugo.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, stoves and porcelain stoves, plates, mirrors, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

A woman who has surrendered her lips has surrendered everything.—[Vard.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

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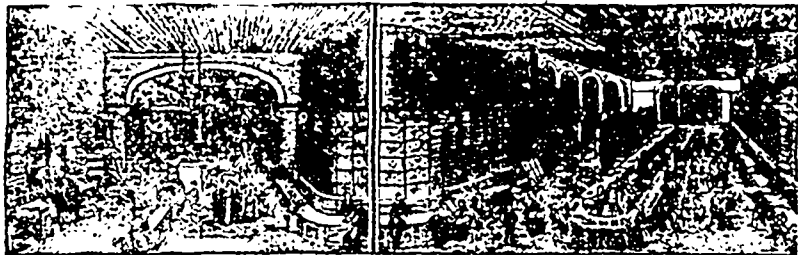
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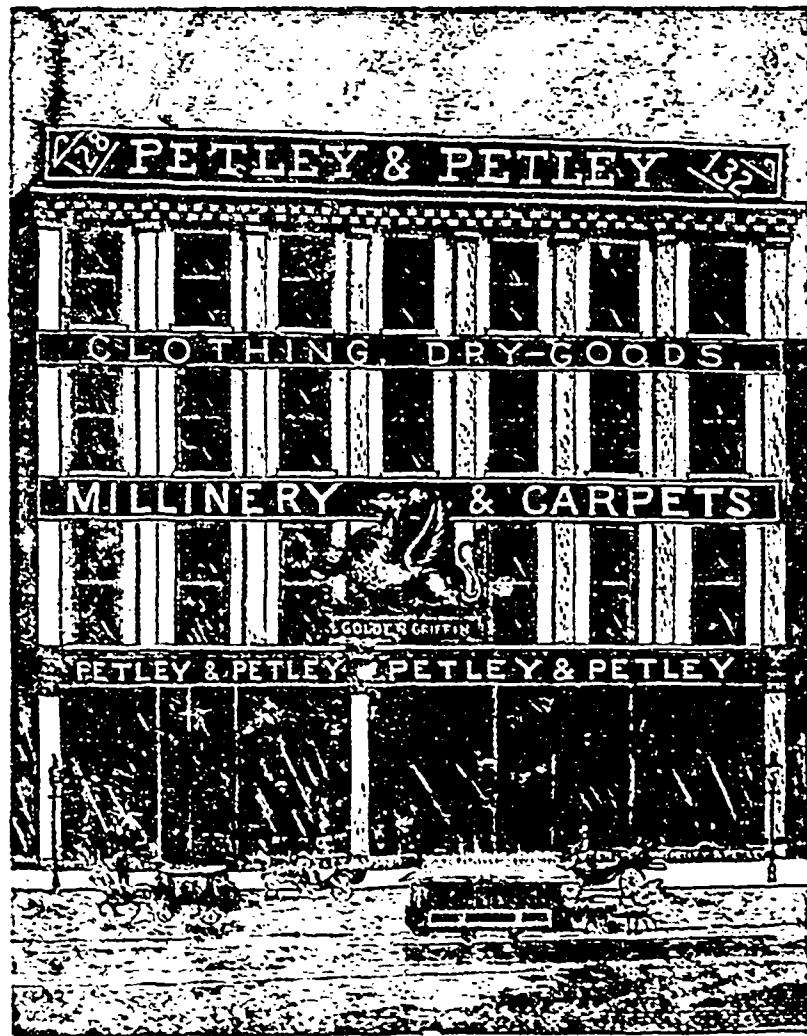


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