

Commencing with this Issue, Rider Haggard's New Story, "THE WORLD'S DESIRE," the Best Since "She."

TRUTH

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July 26th, 1890.

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 20, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 512.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

The announcement that the governors of McGill University have decided to present the University of Toronto with a collection of specimens for her museum will be received with thankfulness by every friend of the unfortunate institution. The gift will be exceedingly valuable, and will consist largely of geological specimens, in which McGill's museum is particularly rich. There will be specimens from the earliest geological periods all the way down to the modern age. Many of these have been collected by Sir Wm. Dawson himself, whom Canadians are proud to know is recognized, the world over, as an authority upon this stony subject. Beside the geological and fossil remains which represent every stage in the world's upward movement, there will be a number of specimens from the late Dr. Carpenter's collection of molluscs, said to be unrivalled in America in its extent, arrangement, and richness in varietal forms; also a special collection will be added of sea stars, sea urchins, crinoids, and sea slugs. The entire donation, it is expected, will number several thousand specimens. This valuable present at a time so opportune cannot fail to strengthen the cordial feelings now existing between the two institutions. But besides its intrinsic worth it is of value as serving to show that the authorities of that old and successful institution are above allowing any petty jealousy to influence their action. Having it in their power to aid the cause of education elsewhere they did not permit the consideration of future competition to check their generous resolve. Certainly this is only as it should be; nevertheless it is refreshing in these days to find the "is" harmonizing with the "ought." For her generous gift thousands of Ontario's citizens will wish McGill ever-increasing success, and will hope that the only rivalry that will ever exist between the sister institutions will be that healthy competition in which each will strive to excel in thoroughly furnishing the young men and young women of our young Dominion with an education that will better qualify them to serve their country and their race.

It may be presumed that the Toronto Vocal Society is quite equal to the task of settling their little trouble without the aid of outside help; nevertheless the spectacle of men, whose melodious voices have been wont to delight and entertain their fellow citizens, bandying words with each other that cut and sting and burn is highly suggestive. It tends to call up what the preachers have been dining in our ears, "Doth the fountain send forth from the same opening sweet water and bitter?" and that othersaying of profound wisdom, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." A little reflection upon this latter truth might have a wholesome effect in tending to settle the present unseemly quarrel.

The Prison Commission appointed by the Ontario Government last session have entered upon their work. This, as will be remembered, is to examine the best penal systems in other countries, and to inquire into and report upon the following, viz.: (1) the cause of crime, such as drink, over-crowding, immoral literature, Sabbath breaking, truants from school, etc. (2) The best means of rescuing destitute children from a criminal career. (3) The best means of providing and conducting in

dustrial schools. (4) The propriety of the Government assuming larger control of county jails. (5) Industrial employment of prisoners. (6) Indeterminate sentences. (7) The best method of dealing with tramps and drunkards. At Kingston the other day five gaolers and two sheriffs were asked to give their opinion touching the questions proposed by the Commission. With remarkable unanimity they pronounced in favor of county poor houses, classification of prisoners, governmental control of prisons, and industrial schools for the training of bad boys or the boys of bad parents. Concerning the employment of prisoners, the best method of dealing with tramps and habitual drunkards, considerable diversity of view prevailed. Mr. Appleby, Belleville, recommends that prisoners under certain conditions should be made to work on the streets. For the habitual drunkard he would have an asylum provided. In extreme cases he would have prisoners locked up for an indefinite period. Sheriff Hope would punish prisoners brought up a second time for being drunk by giving them a long sentence, together with hard work. Gaoler Carter, Kingston, would administer the lash to a married man who went to goal the third time for being drunk. The carelessness of parents in allowing their children to run upon the streets was condemned as a prolific source of crime. A significant statement was made concerning the boys who appeared as criminals in the institutions over which the witnesses had charge. Gaoler Appleby testified that most of the boys passing through his goal had been brought to Canada from the Old Country. A similar remark was made by Gaoler Patterson, of Picton. This view is also entertained by Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley, of Birmingham, who gave evidence before the Commission in Hamilton the other day. Mrs. Bradley attributes the wave of immorality which is sweeping over the United States and Canada largely to the immigration of boys and girls with the seeds of physical and moral disease inborn in them. Now, though it would be manifestly unjust to charge all the crime committed in our midst and by youthful criminals to these imported waifs, who in many cases are taken from the scum of London society, it will not be questioned by those who are familiar with the fact and laws of heredity that there is much truth in the contention that it is next to impossible to make good and worthy citizens out of such material. This bringing in of youths of vicious tendencies and practices and scattering them abroad through the country, in many instances to prove a moral pest, is one that is attended with serious difficulties. Calling themselves Christians Canadians do not wish to close their doors against these helpless little ones, whose tendency to vice is more their misfortune than their fault. At the same time a prudent regard for the best interests of the community seems to forbid the practice. Perhaps when the commission shall have finished its labors sufficient light will have been secured to enable our rulers to act more intelligently in this important matter.

Two weeks ago an article appeared in *Truth's* columns from the pen of Henry Lye, Esq., on, "The Flax Industry in Canada." In his paper Mr. Lye says: "For several years past efforts have been made to develop flax-growing in Manitoba, and the reports of the Department of Agriculture in that province contain yearly references to the crop. There appears at present to be

a desire to not only grow flax there but to manufacture it into binding twines, with the praiseworthy object of producing at home an article so largely used by the farmers of our North West. It is well to remember, however, that there are limitations of soil and climate which affect the staple. Some samples from Manitoba are pronounced, we are told, too short in straw or fibre to be suited for such manufacturing purposes."

Now, either Mr. Lye has been misinformed touching the possibilities of Manitoba and the culture of flax, or the new Anglo-Canadian Flax Company is doomed to disappointment. This company, it is said, propose to encourage the growth of flax in Canada by establishing working centres of industry in various parts of the Dominion suitable for its cultivation. Winnipeg is to be made the chief centre of operation, around which numerous working centres, each containing about five hundred acres will be established, where flax will be grown by the farmers, who after taking off the seed will deliver the straw at the company's works to be steeped and broken. In this state it will be hauled back to the grower under contract to return the fibre derived therefrom when properly treated. The Company estimate that a capital of £1,500 will be sufficient for starting and working each centre, and that a clear profit of £1,000 can be realized from each, annually, if treated in the way suggested, and as flax is in great demand in Canada for binding twine and other purposes, it is thought that five hundred centres will be required to meet the demand of the home market, to say nothing of the large quantities which they expect to export to England. It is to be hoped that these expectations may be fully realized and that soon the culture of flax will be one of the distinguishing industries of our rapidly developing Dominion.

Shall the decision of June 5th be revoked? is a question which, it may be presumed is being asked by a full score of those who on the evening of that eventful day found themselves among the chosen representatives of the people. From twenty constituencies come charges of fraud, bribery, corruption, intimidation, illegal treating, &c. Twenty petitions are now filed against as many members-elect of the Ontario legislature. In glancing over the list, which is unusually large, one is not surprised to find Lincoln C. Rykert, the notorious trafficker in parliamentary influence, might be expected to show up when things discreditable, corrupt and scandalous are taking place. But Haldimand is not among the number. Have the electors of that election-cursed constituency learned wisdom by costly and troublesome experience, or was it the salutary influence of our respected townsman that enables that constituency to hold up its head and stand among the innocent ones at this time of trial? The spectacle presented by these numerous petitions is not particularly creditable to us as a province, and does not say much for our political morality. That it is an evidence of increasing corruption and fraud does not necessarily follow, however, seeing that a quickening of the political conscience would be sure to show itself in this way, compelling the honest citizen, who is withal a lover of his country, to raise his voice in earnest protest against the corruption which attacks the free and popular government, and every cherished institution of a bosom. And it is to be hoped that the feeling has been kindled in the minds of the electors of that constituency, that they will not be content with the

and that partizan charge is not responsible for the whole?

The Minnesota Farmer's Alliance and the United Labor Party are not satisfied with the manner in which the present political parties are managing the affairs of their country. Convinced that their leaders care less for their constituents than they do for the success of their party, these sons of toil have given the old parties notice to quit. At a largely attended joint convention held in St. Paul last week, it was decided to place a State ticket in the field and take independent political action. A platform was adopted which demands that the "war tariff" be radically revised; denounces the McKinley Bill as "the crowning infamy of protection"; demands government control of railways, that discrimination may cease, reasonable rates be established, watered stock not receive the reward of honest capital, and pooling of rates be absolutely prohibited. For producers it demands free and open markets for grain and proper facilities for transportation, etc. It holds that mortgage indebtedness should be deducted from the tax on realty; demands lower interest; an increase in the volume of money and free coinage of silver; asks for the Australian ballot system; holds that United States senators and railway commissioners should be elected by ballot, and finally considers that recent Supreme Court decisions are fraught with danger to our form of Government.—There can be no question as to the justice and desirableness of many of these demands. The present tariff, passed with a view of wiping out the enormous indebtedness created during the Civil War, is found to take out of the pockets of the people many million dollars more than the Government can use for paying off maturing indebtednesses, so that a constantly increasing surplus is gathering at Washington which puzzles the honest representatives to know what to do with it, while to the unscrupulous politician it offers a powerful temptation to apply it in ways that will benefit his party, without respect to the righteousness of the arrangement. Every principle of justice, if well-remembered, and revision in the form which you were dead! as the Mr. McKim's home, my friends, is a slave and he is free! the burden is the one of bribery, intimidation, could give the never be put down until the day is introduced, and God you believe! honest expression. It is possible to see the policy of the Government of the railways, the which honest politician for, as also upon the open market, the directors, the refuses to do so, health, it will be the

as a great highway between the Occident and Orient. But, lo! when she came to Montreal, she found it written in the tables of our laws, 'No Chinese allowed to desecrate the soil and contaminate the air of our glorious country without paying \$50, to make amends for his unhallowed presence.' Little wonder that Mrs. Ahak refused. Only think of it. We advertise ourselves to the world as a Christian nation, as having respect for the teaching and example of Him, who to destroy all such hindering distinctions, called himself the Son of Man; our churches are incessant in their appeals for men and means to convert the heathen Chinese to Christianity, and then when a citizen of that pitied land comes to our shores we give them an exhibition of what Christianity has done for us. What an enigma Christians must appear to these followers of Confucius. One can understand how that with rank, beauty (for Mrs. Ahak is said to be prepossessing in appearance), and moral character in her favor, it should be stated that the Custom official "with some hesitation informed her of the rates *per capita*, and that according to law she would have to remain on the steamer until the Canadian Pacific railway should give the Customs house a bill of lading for her arrival in Vancouver, from which port she was going to sail for China." Though the character of the law is not altered by the social position which the person applying for admission to our territory may occupy, it is in instances like the present that its unreasonable and un-Christian nature is particularly felt. So long as it was Li Ching or Lu Chang, or Chu Lu, or some other inconsequential person who sought admission, little compunction was felt in closing our gates, even though it should result in one poor fellow taking refuge on the boundary line between the two great Christian nations, which, of all the nations in the world, are the only ones that treat their Chinese brethren so unbrotherly. But when a woman of noble blood, unusual intelligence, and unimpeachable moral character is in question, the case seems quite different in the eyes of those who have to administer the unrighteous law. What Mrs. Ahak thought about the law, our informant saith not, but tells us that "after some deliberation the Customs determined that it would not be breaking the law too much to take Mrs. Ahak around the city in a carriage along with an official. This they did, Mrs. Ahak stopping here and there to make a Canadian purchase. In the evening the bill of lading was secured, and Mrs. Ahak left Montreal for China, and the

portrait of the Empire." That much longer can hardly be said. It is a fact that our and abroad enter their of the of the upon an of the will

condition of the fatal bridge. This conclusion will be generally approved of by those who have watched the proceedings of the investigation. From testimony adduced at the trial, it is beyond question that Roche know of the danger, a farmer who had passed over or near the culvert telling him what he saw. "What do farmers know about such things?" seems to have been Roche's conclusion. Well had it been for him and his unfortunate victims if he had been less vain in his own conceit. The moral taught, in so far as this unhappy foreman is concerned, is one which many another may profitably ponder, viz.: Never scorn information even though it comes from a source whence little might naturally be expected; or what amounts to the same thing, be humble.

The ubiquitous Englishman, with his wallet of gold, having "done" the United States, Mexico and other countries, and having expended many million pounds in buying up various industries in these countries, is reported to be turning his attention to Canada with a view to investing among us a few millions of his surplus cash. Not that he has hitherto passed us by, for many of our industries have already felt the influence of British gold. This latest investment is by what is known as the Phosphate Corporation which contains among its promoters such names as the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Abercorn, the Earl of Ashburnham, Lord Stalbridge, Lord Brougham, Lord Brassey, Lord Wanlock, Lord Moreton; Hon. C. C. Colby, President of the Privy Council; Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Hon. Henry Parker, Hon. Cecil T. Eccleston Parker, Hon. W. E. B. Massey Mainwaring, Sir Jas. Whitehead, Sir Jacob Wilson, Sir George S. Baden-Powell, Sir Robert G. Head and a number of other English capitalists. The company has a capital of \$5,000,000 and proposes to buy up 50,000 acres of phosphate land in the region of Lake St. John, in the province of Quebec. Besides it is understood that the Local government are willing to grant the Company a large tract of phosphate land. It is the intention to bring to Canada a whole colony of phosphate miners and to establish a settlement in the Lake St. John region. Considering the fact that the conditions of phosphate mining in England and Canada will be practically the same, and that these capitalists may be supposed to know something of the best methods of conducting mining operations, there is little reason to doubt that the enterprise will prove a success and that the expectations concerning it will be fully realized. Canadians, who are jealous of the reputation of their country and its resources, will cordially wish that the venture may result satisfactorily to the promoters. Failure in any scheme of this kind when undertaken by foreigners proves a poor advertisement for the country.

Just now the Dominion and especially the North West is in danger of being misrepresented before the English farming community by the want of success of what is popularly known as the "Kaye Farming Company" of the North West. This company, organized a few years ago with the intention of carrying on farming and stock raising on an immense scale, bought out large tracts of land along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Regina and Calgary. Sir Lester Kaye was appointed manager, and with the intention that British methods and models should be successfully adopted in this country to convert the North-west into a successful farming community. The company, which reports the unsuccessful results of its operations, says that experiments were made and that the results were not satisfactory. It is hardly necessary to say that the company's failure is a disappointment to many to learn that Governor Hill, whose persistent refusal to interfere in such

manager became the talk and then the laughing stock of all Western Canada." The farms proved a veritable maelstrom. To the capital stock raised at the outset and supposed to be sufficient for all necessary investments for a number of years, \$40,000 were added about a year ago, while only the other day £50,200 additional were raised "in order to meet the pressing liabilities of the company, and enable the present season's crop to be harvested." Speaking of this unfortunate venture, the *Week* remarks that "while we sincerely hope that it is not too late for successful retrenchment, we can but regret the disregard of now conditions and of the experience of practical men, which leads to such unwise management, and tends to bring a country of marvellous resources into unmerited disrepute." This witness is true. Every such failure must react to our disadvantage. It is to be hoped therefore that this new Phosphate Company will have better success, and that in this respect our country will be advertised in a manner befitting the greatness and variety of our abundant resources.

Advices from Newfoundland state that a schooner owned by a Placentia Bay fisherman, and chartered by a West Newfoundland merchant to carry a cargo of dried cod to St. John's, was seized at St. Pierre, Miquelon, for violation of the bait act. It appears that the sailors in charge of the schooner had taken with them several barrels of cod roes, upon which are paid a bounty for the French catch and cure, of \$4 per barrel, and were in the act of landing them without meeting the requirements of the law, when caught by the Customs officer. Forthwith the vessel was seized and a French guard put on board. The crew were lodged ashore awaiting a trial. It is expected that the verdict when rendered will involve the forfeiture of the cargo, which is valued at \$35,000, and the vessel, which is said to be worth \$1,000. This may be law according to the interpretation of the treaty provisions, but it is certainly not justice. Equity demands that those who have sinned shall be punished for their crime, and that the unoffending merchant and vessel owner shall not suffer for a deed they know not of and could not prevent. It is to be hoped that the demands of the French merchants who are said to be pressing for conviction, will not be granted.

With a clear majority of thirty, which is now Mr. Mercier's position in Quebec, it may be presumed that he will feel perfectly safe in undertaking to carry out his bold policy in relation to that much discussed province. Recently he is said to have said that his purpose remains unchanged, to work along the lines of what he is pleased to call the policy of Nationalism, and which appears to outsiders to mean Quebec first, only and always. What the practical results of that policy will prove we can only wait and see. Meanwhile it does not seem to tend towards the consolidation of the Dominion.

The cable announces that considerable feeling is aroused in St. Petersburg by the statement ascribed to the king of Sweden, that, while in the event of war between Germany and any other power he would remain neutral as long as possible, he would fight, if compelled to take part, on the side of Germany. This is regarded as a declaration of hostility toward Russia, whom the Swedes have never forgiven for the annexation of Finland.

The commutation to imprisonment for life of the sentence of murderer Chapleau, whose execution was to have taken place in Albany during the present week, will probably disappoint the morbidly curious ones who were anxious to know how electricity would serve as a means of inflicting the death penalty. On the other hand it will come with some surprise to many to learn that Governor Hill, whose persistent refusal to interfere in such

cases, has made him appear unsympathetic in the extreme, has actually consented to exercise his prerogative of mercy and spare the guilty slayer of his fellowman. That the Governor realized the unusual character of his decision may be inferred from the manner in which he seeks to justify his act. "This application," says he, "for executive clemency is based upon a petition signed by many of the leading citizens of Clinton county, including nearly all the county officials. The county judge strongly favors the application. The district attorney does not oppose it; the twelve jurymen who rendered the verdict against the defendant unanimously unite in asking for a commutation."

Though the present relations between France and England can hardly be called strained, using the word in the sense in which it is commonly employed when speaking of nations, there is, nevertheless, an apparent disposition on the part of the former to act in a manner by no means cordial. This unusual stiffness, owing, it is generally supposed, to the mere than ordinary friendship existing between England and Germany, whom France has never forgiven for the loss of Alsace Lorraine, showed itself very plainly in the Chamber of Deputies the other day, when M. Ribout, speaking of the compensation to be demanded for the Anglo-German agreement with regard to the protectorate of Zanzibar, said:—"The Government are resolved on every occasion to defend the rights of the country, and exercise them to the length of their limits, but never beyond. We shall set other nations that example, and rest assured we shall obtain from them the respect which we have a right to obtain—namely, respect for engagements. Whenever we disagree with a foreign power on a document which seems to us to infringe in any degree our right, before speaking of exchange, compensation, or bargaining, I shall first of all ask for an acknowledgment of our right, because our country's dignity ought above all to be upheld, and we shall arrive at this without violence, without bitter words, and certainly with courtesy, but at the same time with the firmness which we should always show in handling the affairs of the country." In themselves there is nothing particularly objectionable in these remarks, if only they could be separated from the circumstances under which they were spoken, and freed from the suspicion that they mean a good deal more than appears on the surface. In demanding strict justice Mr. Ribout appears to forget, that he who Shylock-like insists upon the pound of flesh which others owe him, must himself expect to fully meet his obligations to others. To consistently condemn another for treachery one must one's self be faithful. Now, though it may happen when the public verdict is pronounced, that Lord Salisbury's action will be condemned as violating the spirit if not the letter of the Anglo-French treaty concerning the island of Zanzibar, it is morally certain that an unprejudiced public will condemn France for similar disregard of treaty arrangements with England respecting Madagascar, with the independence of which France pledged herself not to interfere. But notwithstanding her promise, she has established a protectorate over the island, even against the consent of the native rulers. To this fact English journals are now pointing, and advising their rulers to turn it to account. Says the *London Spectator*: "If Lord Salisbury is wise, it is there we shall seek a way out of our difficulties in both East Africa and Newfoundland." Probably when France perceives that the edge of her protest against the Zanzibar arrangement is greatly blunted by the fact that she herself has been guilty of a similar disregard of treaty provisions, she will be disposed to come down from her haughty position, and to manifest a greater willingness to treat in respect to the difficulties now existing between the two nations. As the *Mail* remarks: "It is possible that the troubles with regard to all three, Newfoundland, Zanzibar, and Madagascar, will be settled by a general shaft of treaty rights and privileges."

Mrs. McKay, wife of the California millionaire, now living in London, has again attracted public attention to herself by her attempt to run to earth those malicious gossips who, by the circulation of certain slanderous reports are throwing obstacles in the way of her social ambitions and plans. Just what the rumor is which has aroused her vengeful feelings is not stated; but is generally supposed to be the old story, that in her younger and less prosperous days, and before she married Mr. McKay, she performed the duties of washerwoman on the Pacific coast. Two hundred pounds is the amount of reward which is now offered to any person or persons who shall furnish within one calendar month, sufficient evidence to lead to the conviction in England of persons circulating these false statements. This action seems so inconsistent on the part of an American, thousands of the most influential and respected of whom have risen to their present position from humble surroundings, as to lead one of Mrs. McKay's fellow-citizens to remonstrate with her on the unreasonableness of her course. After expressing surprise that she should pay any attention to the malicious stories which advertise the envious spirit from which they proceed, he goes on to say: "Washing clothes is as honorable as digging gold, and the employment was one of the few in which a self-respecting woman could engage in California at that period. Women of the region who have since become the possessors of great fortunes, were once vigorous laborers at the washtub, if not for others, at least for their own families. Would it be charged against them as a reproach that they did the family cooking? In what respect is the family washing less creditable? It may be less agreeable, but it is necessary, and there is nothing low or degrading in keeping clean. If a housewife cannot hire servants for the labor because of the lack of supply or because of her lack of money, of course she must herself preside at the washtub. If she was a poor woman and had to earn money for her support, washing probably was the most remunerative business to which she could resort in the gold-digging days of old, especially if she knew no trade. Therefore, even if Mrs. Mackay had been a washerwoman, she would have no reason to blush over that episode in her career, and no one except a snob or a malicious gossip would seek to bring it up against her in her days of affluence. Everybody in the aristocratic society which she enjoys, knows very well that she is not of aristocratic birth herself. She could not be, for there is no aristocracy in this republic into which she could be born; and such social gradings as we have here are of no consequence in an aristocratic country. The distinctions are merely between wealth and poverty, breeding and vulgarity; and if the heredity of the most highly bred and the richest were traced back, it would be found in very many cases that the line led to the washtub."

In this opinion that Mrs. McKay (supposing the story true) is no less worthy of honor and respect because of her former humility, now that her financial condition has changed, many on both sides of the sea will heartily join. The conviction is growing, though truth to tell, the contrary view is far from being extinct, that the only basis of distinction that will stand the test of reason is that which is found in character, in the intrinsic quality of the individual himself. He is a member of the true nobility, and in the sight of heaven the heir of royal honors and possessions, who lives nobly, who practices justice and mercy and whose heart is free from deceit and guile. And this, whether his lot is humble or exalted according to mere human distinctions.

The signal failure of the Salisbury government, which ostensibly commands a major

ity of about one hundred, to carry out the programme set for itself at the beginning of the session will give the present parliament a unique place in the records of parliamentary experience. Not one of the leading measures announced at the outset will be carried through, though the Tithes Bill, according to the declaration of the Premier in the early part of the session, was considered indispensable. But this has been abandoned, as also the Land Purchase Bill of Mr. Balfour, and Lord Churchill's Local Taxation Bill, which contained the obnoxious clauses providing compensation for the liquor sellers unable to secure a renewal of their licenses. No doubt there is a cause for this terrible failure. It might be supposed that owing to the mixed character of the Government's following the source of the trouble, was to be found in a lukewarm support on the part of the dissident Liberals who forsook their old time leader because of his stand on the question of Home Rule. This, however, does not appear to be the true explanation, which is rather the silent, sullen dissatisfaction, of the Tory party itself. How strong their feeling of dissatisfaction really is, may be inferred from the stormy scenes that took place at the Carlton Club caucus which was held a few weeks ago, and where some of the principal supporters of the government threatened to withdraw their allegiance in case their leaders persisted in carrying out certain features of their programme. Naturally this fruitlessness has had its influence on the popular thought and feeling. The recent bye election of Barrow-in-Furness, in which the Gladstonian candidate was returned in the place of Mr. Cairns who had been a supporter of the government, has been interpreted as showing a feeling of dissatisfaction with the present administration. Nor are the members of the Government ignorant of the discredit into which they have come. It is an open secret that a reconstruction of the cabinet is being seriously discussed—a proposition which would never have been thought of, had everything been going on satisfactorily.

In proportion as the Government's difficulties have increased and the popular discontent has grown the hopes of the Opposition have been encouraged. They have made no attempt to conceal their belief that the days of the present ministry are nearly ended, and that the reins must soon pass into other hands. That this will actually transpire, however, is rendered less probable by the unexpected and unaccountable conduct of Mr. Parnell, the Irish Leader, who in his remarks before the House the other evening proposed a measure providing for the appointment of a board of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between landlords and tenants in Ireland. This proposal, made without consulting his followers, and practically giving their cause a ray, has filled the Irish members with consternation and disgust; while according to a London correspondent, the English Radicals were so furious at being thus hamstrung by the Irish leader, just at a critical time, when the Ministry were trembling on the point of being put to rout, that Mr. Labouchere could only with the greatest difficulty be restrained from a public denunciation of Mr. Parnell. On all sides it is regarded as a godsend to the Ministry which is now in a position to announce at early adjournment of the House, and to address the country during recess as relatively successful politicians instead of defeated and discredited hangers-on to the posts which their incompetency had justly forfeited. What this rash act will cost Mr. Parnell and the Irish cause, or to what extent it will actually condone the shortcomings of the present administration in the estimation of the English people, future events alone can prove.

The criticism by Marcus J. Wright of the prevailing custom of passing "eulogistic resolutions" is one that must commend itself

to thoughtful men who are in the habit of making their words harmonize with their thoughts and feelings. That there is nothing intrinsically wrong in counting the virtues and excellencies of a great and good man whose life has been to his fellows an inspiration and a blessing is too manifest to need any defence. It is the abuse of what in itself may be a very wise and proper thing to do that is condemned. So widespread has the custom grown that it would now seem a reflection on the deceased man's character if something complimentary was not said of him in this regular and formal way by the society, or club, or guild, etc., to which he had formerly belonged. If all the members of these organizations were distinguished for their virtues and goodness there would be no ground for complaint, but unfortunately, seeing that most men can claim some relation of this kind, this is not the case. Consequently when those who have known the deceased read the glowing tribute to his memory and find him credited with the possession of qualities of which in his life he was so economic as not to let others know of their existence, they will be ready to vote all complimentary resolutions an hypocritical form, no matter how worthily applied they may sometimes be. As Mr. Wright well remarks. "The fact that complimentary resolutions are expected in the death of every member of any society of which the deceased may have been a member, without regard to merit, makes them not only useless, but damaging to those who really deserve them. It is certain that in the course of events all members of the various organizations will die. We cannot conscientiously say that all of them came up to the conditions demanded by the rhetoric of the commendatory resolutions which are usually adopted, nor is it proper to draw the line strongly between those who do and those who do not deserve a great tribute." Therefore, his counsel is "to refrain from florid platitudes and undue praises, which are alike superfluous, meaningless and impertinent, and instead of seeking occasions for exhibiting our grief in public, determine to wait until a public demand requires it."

Sub-magistrate Baxter had a peculiar case to deal with the other day. Several women who had been using their tongues in a manner not recognized by Canadian law, were called upon to answer for their sin. In order to work upon the tender feelings of their judge and array his heart against his head, these users of Billingsgate each borrowed a baby, and thus armed, came into court. Suspecting the reality of the professed relation, the magistrate closely questioned them concerning the ownership of the babies and exposed the hollow and cruel sham. What the future of those babies will be, unless their surroundings are greatly changed, requires no gift of prophecy to foretell. It will be strange indeed if, in the coming time and in a more important character, they do not figure in the court whose acquaintance they made under circumstances so peculiar.

It may have been purely a mistake that in the returns brought down last session showing the amount of subsidies to the respective provinces for railroad purposes Confederation, a million dollars paid in Scotia should be charged in the returns Ontario. It is conceivable that it was intended, though many will have their own opinion. But whether unintentional otherwise the public will be interested knowing who got the money, and how. Following is the corrected table of subsidies to railways, etc., during the year Pacific main line, etc., etc. distributed as follows: Quebec, \$2,429,344; Nova Scotia, \$1,118,000; Ontario, \$1,000,000; New Brunswick, \$500,000; P. E. I., \$500,000.

but not the main line as originally constructed:—Quebec, including purchase of Riviere du Loup branch, \$5,420,323,26; New Brunswick, \$2,371,954,47; Nova Scotia, \$7,821,070,10.

The enlargement of the conditions upon which pensions will be granted to those who received in incapacitating injuries in the late American Civil War and to those widows and parents whose only support was slain, will go far towards preventing an accumulation of surplus in time to come. Last year the amount paid out for pensions was over one hundred and nine million dollars, an amount which will be greatly increased during the present year. In order to impress upon his fellow country men what this increased grant involves, the New York Herald compares this item of their expenditure with that of the first European powers. Great Britain, he says, pays for her army, her navy—the largest in the world—and her pensions \$160,000,000 annually. France, armed to the teeth, with a navy second to that of England, pays annually for army, navy and pensions \$183,000,000. Germany is mistress of the Continent, with an army that is the envy and the terror of modern civilization, and yet army, navy and pensions cost \$114,000,000 annually. Russia, for the same service, pays every year \$123,000,000. In the United States we have two or three divisions we call "an army," the merest germ of a navy; but our army, navy and pensions cost \$210,000,000 a year."

Not since the fatal 24th of May, when on the little Thames at London, two hundred and fourteen of our fellow-citizens met their death, has there occurred on this continent a calamity so appalling as that which happened on Lake Pepin, near St. Paul, Minn., on the 13th inst. Between two and three hundred excursionists were on their way home from Lake City, when a cyclone came down upon them, carrying destruction and death in its path. At this writing it has not been ascertained exactly how many were lost, though it is generally believed that not less than one hundred and twenty-five must have perished. Many pathetic incidents of the disaster are related. Several entire families were drowned. One of these went down wrapped in each others arms, and were picked up floating together in the embrace of death. Great indignation is felt for the captain who, in opposition to earnest remonstrances, put out to sea after the signs of the coming storm had appeared. This latest calamity foreshadows a terrible list of deaths throughout the valley of the elements. Well-butlered bread, A calamity that's a friend could give thee; In the dawn of the morning have thy chosen you till the eve, cyclone! world a proud morning, that in God you'll have a place. I saw your household, my wife as one voice of your own in the first dispensance with him. The child will soon be held in his arms, heavy man. Let us have well alone, my wife. I will help you by night. Do not mourn, my dear wife. Do not weep, my dear wife. What has come upon you? Be a man, my dear wife. Do not weep, my dear wife. You will find me here. You will find me here.

Truth's Contributors. QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

THE BATTLE OF 13th OCTOBER, 1812.

The Famous Battle Field described—A Visit to the Spot—The Death of General Brock.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

The battle of Queenston Heights and the name of General Brock are Canadian household words associated with the war of 1812 which will ever live and be held sacred by Canadians to the latest generation.

General Brock was at Fort George that morning, and mounted his horse on the first alarm and rode at full speed to the threatened point; on his arrival he found the Americans on the Heights above the village.

A RETROSPECT.

Come, young Canadian reader, and let us go back, in retrospect, nearly fifty years ago, to a Sunday morning in the month of June, 1845, when the writer took a seat high up on the top of Queenston Heights, close by where Brock's monument stands; come and be seated with us; let us, if you will permit, light our pipes, and enjoy our "calumet of peace," while we take a panoramic view of hill, mountainside, river, lake and the magnificent landscape spread out below us.

whole of the old Niagara District and rendered doubly interesting as embracing a "bird's eye view" of the WARRIPTH OF BOTH ARMIES during the war of 1812.

On our right hand, on the American side of the Niagara, stands the old town of Lewiston, nestling beneath the shades of its own heights; then about seven miles down, on the American side, stands Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, directly opposite to where Fort George stood during the war of 1812.

Truly, this is storied ground. On and around those heights and along the whole river bank of the Niagara, from Fort George up to the ruins of old Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, a distance of over thirty miles, every footstep recalls the bygone history of early Canadian days.

WAR WAS DECLARED

by the United States against Great Britain on the 18th day of June, 1812; as all Canadians know, or should know. General Brock was then in command of the British force in Upper Canada; General Hull was Governor of the State of Michigan, and had his headquarters at Detroit, from which place he issued flaming proclamations to the people of Canada to induce them to join the American cause or to remain neutral.

General Brock decided to surprise Hull by a rapid movement westwards, and for that end gathered what regulars and volunteers he could, with whom he started for Detroit, and reached Malden, opposite Detroit, on the 15th of August, 1812. The next day General Hull surrendered Detroit and the whole State of Michigan, with all his army, guns, stores, shipping, etc., without firing a shot, as recorded in the history of that date.

THE GUNS OF YORK-NIAGARA.

During the first week of October the Americans were prepared to attack, having a large force at the British, and the British with a large force at Fort Niagara.

they chose. General Brock had his headquarters at Fort George, seven miles below Queenston and he had to garrison a line of outlying posts for over thirty miles up to Fort Erie opposite Buffalo.

The Americans were acting on the offensive and they night invade Canada by way of Buffalo or Black Rock, or at the mouth of the Niagara at Fort Niagara. Brock thought the main attack would be on Fort George, his headquarters. Even on the 9th of October, for days before the battle of Queenston, early in the morning, a large body of marines from Buffalo crossed the Niagara and captured two armed vessels, the "Caledonia" and "Detroit," richly laden with furs, etc., moored under the guns of Fort Erie.

ATTACK WAS DELAYED TWO DAYS.

During the whole day and evening of the 12th, the Americans could be distinctly seen from the Canadian heights—battalion after battalion, concentrating in and around Lewiston and on the heights above, to the number of fully 5,000 men, and it was believed on the Canadian shore the crossing would be made during that night; but whether the landing would be made at Queenston or at Fort George was uncertain.

On this 13th day of October, 1812, a day never to be forgotten by Canadians, long before sunrise, the first of the American boats reached the Canadian shore. They were met by Captain Dennis' company, who poured several volleys into them with fatal effect.

THE BRITISH FORCE

at Queenston, being an outpost of Fort George, did not much exceed 200 men, composed of Dennis and Cameron's companies of the York militia, with the light company of the 29th and the Grenadiers stationed in the village—with two other companies of the York militia some three miles distant,

besides a few of the local militia and the gunners to man the gun on the slope and the gun at Brooman's point. This was the whole force at Queenston that morning to dispute the landing, while on the American side, right opposite, stood 4000 to 5000 men, prepared to cross to support their advance body; but their courage failed them on beholding the warm reception their vanguard met with, and in the afternoon of that day fully 3000 of them stood, panic-stricken, on their own Lewiston Heights, as they beheld right opposite on the Queenston Heights the wreck and ruin of their brave companions of the morning who had crossed the river, now being driven over the Heights into the Niagara or surrendering themselves as prisoners of war.

Brock reached Queenston before break of day, splashed all over with mud from his hard ride, and at once rode up to the one gun battery on the slope; but shortly after reaching it a loud shout or cheer came from the hillside above, followed by a volley of random bullets, whistling over their heads, while a body of the enemy came charging down the heights upon the battery.

LEFT AND REAR OF THE ENEMY.

Brock halted at the foot of the hill, behind a stone wall, and dismounted, saying to his men, "Take breath, boys; you will need it in a few moments." Shortly after, observing that his skirmishers on the right had reached the left and rear of the enemy, causing confusion in their ranks, around the battery, he sprang over the stone wall waving his sword and calling upon the Grenadiers of the 49th to follow him.

In the dull gray mists of that October morning, half way up the Heights could be seen the tall, portly form of General Isaac Brock, standing in front and far in advance of the Grenadiers of the 49th, a living target for the bullets of the unerring American rifle, waving his sword and calling on his men and encouraging them, both by word and gesture, to hasten their steps.

carrying the bodies of their General and McDonnell and most of their wounded with them. This closed the morning fight on the slope of the Heights, leaving the Americans in possession of

THE ONE GUN BATTERY.

By this time fully 1500 of the enemy had landed, and several hundreds of them made their way to the top of the Heights, increasing their force there to about 900 men. The arrival of Captain Doreny from Fort George, with four companies of the 41st Regiment, Holcroft's Battery of Royal Artillery of two six-pounders, and a few Indians and militia, forming a junction with the retreating force from the Heights, held the enemy in check, and with well-directed shots from Holcroft's guns, placed at first below the village and afterwards within the walls surrounding the "Hamilton homestead," played havoc among the boats and silenced the guns of the enemy at the Lewiston landing, so that from that time few boats attempted to cross the river. The British force around and below Queenston held possession of the roads leading to St. Davids and in rear and on the left of the Heights, thus keeping open their communication with Chippewa, above the Falls, and also with Fort George; the Americans holding possession of the Heights, while hundreds of them remained below at the landing, under protection of the river bank, ready to find their way back to their own shore when opportunity offered.

By noon all the men that could be spared from Fort George had assembled around Queenston. General Roger Sheaffe arrived and assumed command. The force there consisted of Holcroft's two guns (six pounders) of the Royal Artillery; Swayze's two guns, three pounders, Provincial Artillery; four companies of the 41st Regiment; James Crooke's and McEwen's companies of 1st Lincoln Militia; William Crooke's and Nellies' companies of the 4th Lincoln, Applegarth's, Hatt's and Durand's companies of the 5th Lincoln; a few of Merritt's Provincial Dragoons and the remnants of the two companies of the 49th and the three companies of the York militia engaged in the morning, in all about 800 men. The Indians in the woods on the Heights, on the left of the enemy, under John Norton and John Brant, made up about one hundred more. The Canadian reader will see and be proud to know that fully one-half of the British force on Queenston Heights was Canadian militia, composed chiefly of the brave

FIGHTING BOYS OF LINCOLN AND YORK.

General Sheaffe left Holcroft's battery, with a small body of militia in support, to guard the village of Queenston and to prevent the enemy landing more men, and then ascended the heights on the left flank of the enemy, in rear of the woods held by the Indians. The Americans had expected the British attack would be straight up the slope and prepared themselves accordingly. The force from Chippewa, consisting of the light company of the 41st regiment under Lieut. McIntyre, and Hamilton's and Rowe's companies of the 2nd Lincoln, with a few volunteers, formed a junction with the main body from Queenston at about two o'clock in the afternoon, increasing their numbers to about 950 men. The line of attack was formed, having the light company of the 41st and the two companies of the 49th, under Captain Dennis, on the left of the line, next to the Indians, supported by a battalion of militia under Colonel Butler. The centre and right were composed of the other companies of the 41st, supported by the rest of the militia under Colonel Thomas Clarke. Swayze's two "three pounders" drawn by men with ropes preceded the advance of the line.

The actual numbers of the enemy facing General Sheaffe's advancing column was between 900 and 1000, the rest of them being around the battery on the slope, while hun-

dreds of them remained below at the landing, under cover of the river bank. Therefore the actual numbers on both sides engaged on the heights were about equal. The battle was opened by the light company of the 41st on the left, by firing a single volley then charging with fixed bayonets upon the rifleman on the right of the American line, who gave way in great confusion, leaving that flank exposed. General Sheaffe then gave the signal for

A GENERAL ADVANCE.

The gun in front of the American position was carried almost without resistance, and the whole body of the Americans was forced steadily back upon the river to the very crest of the precipice in their rear. The fight was short, rapid and decisive! The advance of the British line, having assumed the form of a crescent, overlapping the enemy on both their flanks, General Wadsworth and Colonel Christie with over 500 men surrendered on the very verge of the cliff. Many of the fugitives scrambled down the sides of the Heights towards the landing, with the hope of escaping to their own shore but Holcroft's battery below, in rear of the village of Queenston, had rendered the passage of the river so dangerous that the boatmen refused to cross. Many plunged into the river and attempted to swim across. Half of them were drowned, while the remaining secreted themselves among the rocks and bushes along the shore. During this time our Indians lined the cliff or perched themselves high up in the trees above, firing at the fugitives whenever opportunity offered. The American General, Scott, to preserve the rest of the command from utter destruction, raised a white flag and surrendered his whole force of about 300 men. Some evaded by secreting themselves, but surrendered the next day—making the whole number of prisoners over 950 officers and men, thus closing a glorious victory and avenging the death of General Brock. The American loss in killed, wounded, drowned and missing has never been correctly ascertained, owing partly to the immediate dispersal of a large portion of their militia. Some accounts give their killed and drowned at one hundred and their wounded at two hundred; others placed the drowned alone at one hundred and three hundred killed and wounded.

Another American account stated that 1800 Americans were engaged, of whom 900 were regulars, and the number of killed and drowned were estimated at from 150 up to 400. Take it all in all—it was a great victory, the Americans losing nearly one thousand prisoners and from two to three hundred in killed, drowned and missing. The British loss was small, sixteen killed and sixty-nine wounded. The returns are missing, and this may not include the militia and the Indians. The total casualties, however, it is thought, in killed and wounded on the British side may be set down as under one hundred.

Our standpoint view on Queenston Heights of 1845 is still there. The monument erected to the memory of General Brock by a grateful people still stands. The waters of the Niagara still roll silently but swiftly by as of old. All is now quiet and peaceful around those Heights, and the dread conflict of the 13th of October, 1812, is almost forgotten by the people of Canada, except when aroused by the un-called-for braggadocio of the American press as to how they could "gobble up Canada." Then Canadians proudly point to those "Queenston Heights," and the glorious victory won by their little army of 1812. And so long as breathes a patriotic Canadian, or Canada remains a portion of the British Empire, the battle of Queenston Heights and the name of General Brock, associated with the war of 1812, will ever be held sacred as "Canadian household words."

If you want something delicious and healthful to chew try Adams' Tutti-Frutti Gum.

The Poet's Corner

Over the Starry Way.

Gone in her childish purity,
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Paving a way for her waxen foot,
Over the silent way.
Over the bosom tenderly,
The pearl-white hands are pressed,
The lashes lie on the cheek; so thin,
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been,
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed in rest.
Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair;
She was so frail that Love sent down
From his heavenly gems that soft, bright
Crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.
Gone to sleep, with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips,
By the farwell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
Like the last fair bud of a fading wreath
Whose bloom the white frost nips.
Rose bud, under your shady leaf,
Hid from the sunny day,
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright
Whose blue was heaven in your timid sight?
It's beaming now in the world of light
Over the starry way.
Hearts where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by love's shining ray,
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
O, she waits for us with the angel band,
Over the starry way.

The Deserted Home.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF THE ROSES.
The humble cot looks out upon the moor,
Now wrapped in silent darkness of the night;
A pall of glistering whiteness hangs around,
And partly hides from this world's vulgar gaze
The slumbering forms that lie upon its cold,
Crisp surface.
The trace of many footprints
Still exists, to mark the spot where contest
Keen and desperate has been waged, where
Armies face to face have met, and bravely
Fought and bled.
Whose noble lords and commons,
Sido by side have stood in that fierce conflict,
On the snow-clad field of Towton.
Stains still dye the trampled whiteness,
But all is hushed and still, and nought disturbs
The dreary stillness of the silent night,
Save over and anon the howling wind.
In peace the warriors rest, in peace they lie,
Dead to the wintry blasts, dead to the world;
Unmindful of the fleeting hours, they sleep,
'Tis not the slumber from fatigue or care;
Their eyes are closed, and to one no more
Upon this vain, dear earth; they calmly sleep
The long last sleep of death—a warrior's end,
A warrior's glorious death.
Hard have they fought
Throughout the cold, bleak wintry day, with
The valour of a nation's true-born sons;
In desperate struggle fighting hand to hand
Their brothers, friends, and fellow-country-
men.
In mangled heaps they lie upon the field,
Just as the fatal blow brought them to earth,
And took from them what man can never re-
call.
The sword by his faithful steed, with helmet crush-
ed,
And sword still firmly clasped in death's cold
vice.
The valiant knight is seen; whilst at his side,
As though struck low in vengeance for the
deed.
A sturdy warrior lies, his mace still grasped,
And on which linger yet the crimson stains.
On steel and mallet, prominently placed,
Is seen the warlike rose of Lancaster.
Whilst on the breast of him who lies beside,
The pure white rose, the Yorkist emblem, rests,
Though now 'tis crimson with his own heart's
blood.
On yonder fields of Saxton, too, the dead
In mangled heaps lie close and thick upon
The snow-clad earth.
Fierce has the struggle been,
And in its desperate strife the peasant and the
peer
Alike have met a glorious death, alike
Have gone before that Judge with hands steep-
ed in
A brother's blood, to answer at His throne
The errors of a sinful life, and this,
The gravest one of all.
Let mortal man
Not judge of such a deed, or seek to pass
Their verdict, for we, too, on that great day
Shall stand arraigned for follies of a life.
Let each look to himself, his conscience clear,
Ere he shall pass himself another's judge.

The night is far advanced, the clouds have passed,
And slowly from the rolling darkness glides
The pale, bright moon.
Now, with a burst of light
It creeps along, and casts its clear, soft
Glow upon the little cot, now calm and still.
At length the door is gently open, and on
The threshold stands a dark-clad form.
Descends upon his careworn face,
Upon his aged and silver hair, his white
And flowing beard.
Around the scene, then, is the lamp
Aro cast, while holy
Communing with the silent, saint,
Of honest
While
Is

The right is slowly raised, until his eyes
Rest on the object in its feeble clasp.
Then to his lips 'tis pressed, as once again
He casts his gaze above and cries:

Dear emblem of our holy faith—this cross—
Hail me to bear the worst, and from you miss
Of souls departed, and my boy, 'Tis I
My steps and lead me to his side, that I
May see his face but once, and say one prayer
Upon his lifeless clay.

Then with a sigh,
The father slowly winds his lonely steps
Towards the stone of death.

On each pale face
With searching gaze he looks, then passes on,
And on, amidst those cold and blood-stained
forms.

Again he stops, a warrior's visor lifts;
Then lots it gently fall, and onward wends
His way.

Then suddenly he stops and kneels
His search is o'er.

There at his feet he sees
A sight that shatters his frame with broken sobs,
And wrings his heart with anguish sore.

There, stretched
Upon the cold, crisp snow, he sees not one,
But both his well-loved boys, his warrior lads,
Clasped in the arms of death.

The throat of one
Is gashed and smeared with blood, whilst o'er
his breast
The brother lies, pierced through and through
the heart.

Calm, peaceful, is the face of each, where once
The happy smiles of youth were wont to play.
The father stoops and presses on the still,
Cold brows a kiss both passionate and warm;
His tears fall on the upturned face of one,
Whilst in his clasp he takes the other's hand,
And silent, anguish'd, looks down on the twin.

The dawn creeps on, the moon sinks in the
heavens.

The birds begin to wake and sink o'erhead,
But still he heeds them not.

His thoughts are with
Those two loved boys he no longer will see,
Whose voices no longer will greet his ears,
Whose souls have gone to join in that blessed
rest.

The mother who had left them to his care,
In silent prayer he kneels, and prays himself
For death.

Deep from his broken heart he speaks:
"Farwell, my warrior lads, thy race is run;
Glad is thy aged sire that thou didst meet
A glorious death."

Long will thy names go down
On memory's tide, and other lips in years
To come shall speak with pride of those who
fought.

And fell upon this field, and gave their life
In honor's cause.

Rent though thy father's heart,
E'en though I wish thee back, I would that this
Some day had been thy end.

I fain would wish
That Heav'n had called me first; but 'tis His
will.

And I must linger here alone, and wait
My call to peaceful rest. Then shall we meet
No more to part, whose sorrow is unknown.

Farwell, my noble sons; thy father's prayer,
Thy father's blessings, night and day shall rise,
That peace be thine.

Farwell, death is my wish
I can pray its speedy summons now;
But in His time we'll meet again—Farwell.
Again he silent kneels, but does not pray
For death; he knows that like a thief it comes,
But whilst in grief across those prostrate forms
He lays, death placed its hand upon his head,
And as he breathed farewell, his head sank
low.

The broken heart was hushed, the soul had
flown.

—Spare Moments.

Mortgaging the Homestead.

Composed on seeing an artistic painting on
the above subject, by G. A. Reid, F. R. S. A.;
Toronto, on exhibition in a shop-window on
Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Don't mortgage the homestead, my brother,
'Tis the greatest mistake of your life,
Take courage, and help one another,
For the sake of your children and wife;
Far better a crust in contentment
Than a mortgage and well-battered bread,
Don't risk a mortgagee's resentment,
Ho may yet make you wish you were dead!

Oh, don't mortgage the homestead, my friend,
Rather work like a slave and be free!
You will find the mortgage in the end
Is the best of all bargains could give thee;
Rise bright in the dawn of the morning,
And let hope cheer you till the day,
List not to the world's prodigious tales,
Let them see that in God you believe!

Don't mortgage your homestead, my brother,
Mark the voice of your own homestead,
"We now must dispense with bread,
Let us pull-well-together through
Our children will soon be a help,
We'll have no heavy mortgage,
Let us leave it well alone, my dear,
I will help you by night and day."

Don't mortgage your homestead, my brother,
Do not risk the mortgagee's spite,
And leave in the mortgagee's hand
What has God given thee;
He will see that in God you believe!

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The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

The Little Wife At Home.

The dear little wife at home, John, With ever so much to do Stitches to set and babies to pet, And so many thoughts of you; The beautiful household fairy, Filling your house with light, Whatever you meet to-day, John, Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary, You needn't be cross or curt; There are words like darts to gentle hearts, There are looks that wound and hurt: With the key in the latch at home, John, Drop the trouble out of sight; To the little wife who is waiting, Go cheerily home to-night.

—For Truth.

The Sitting-Room Window.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. JACK.

"And so the shutters fall apart, And so the wind winds play, And all the winnows of my heart I open to the day."

So I hum to myself this fair morning by the sitting-room windows, while the children go about their duties, and the sunshine gives life to everything where it can penetrate. Through the cool white curtains I see the garden where the roses bloom and the robins sing, but we are busy making up summer dresses, fair muslins and lawns that can be done so easily by amateur dressmakers now that dresses are simplified and patterns easily obtained. When the machine stops humming and they are busy basting I sometimes lean back in my easy chair and moralize on events of the day—of men and women, and of the mercies we enjoy and only half appreciate.

Patience sometimes takes a little time to paint, Ruth stitches bright fancies into her work, and bright haired Mercy attends to the domestic needs, comforts the children, and does the thousand and one things that fall to a willing woman's share of life's over burdens, now and then bringing her work with her to a chair by the pleasant window where we all congregate.

So this morning there is a little breathing spell, and we are talking of the best each can make of life. We talked, too, of the various avenues open to our six in the world of work, and I said that our many duties kept us from concentration, from doing one thing well. A wood engraver, for instance, being asked why he did not take girls as apprentices, said it was simply because they did not make it a life work as boys did. There is not always the thought of marriage, and they had not the ambition that inspired a woman's life work. It was said who endeavored to do it.

Mercy indignantly, "do I cannot do work well because of the thought of a possible marriage?" and she said, "Yes, I do blame the world for being so merciful." The time passed quickly, and the girls were all busy with their work.

easy to see them, and to be 'remembered for what I have done.' And then the sewing machine began to hum again, and each one went her separate way. So June comes to us, and waxes the promise of the glorious Summer, as the morning gives the promise of a fair day.

CHATEAUVAU, Que.

Choice Receipts.

BETHLEHEM APPLE PIE.—Line a deep pie dish with good light paste; cover the bottom with apples, pared, cored, and cut into halves; put the round side down, and crowd in as many as possible; sprinkle over four heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and place here and there a bit of butter; bake in a moderately quick oven until the apples are tender; serve warm with plain cream; the apples should be tart and of such kind as will cook quickly.

BRANAISER SAUCE.—Put four tablespoonfuls of water and four of olive oil into a small saucepan with the beaten yolks of four eggs; stir over boiling water until quite thick; beat until smooth; take from the fire and when cold add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and one of finely chopped parsley; season with salt and cayenne.

CREAM OF CARROTS.—Scrape four good-sized carrots and grate them; cook a half hour in one and a half quarts of good veal or chicken stock; rub together two teaspoonfuls of butter and two of flour; stir in the boiling soup constantly until it boils, add one pint of new milk or, better, half cream and half milk, a teaspoonful of grated onion, and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper.

DOUGHNUTS.—Beat two eggs without separating until very light; one and a half cups of sugar; beat again; add a half pint of milk and two cups (one pint) of flour, and beat until smooth; melt two ounces of butter until soft, not liquid; stir it into the mixture; add half teaspoonful of salt, half of a nutmeg, grated, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sufficient flour to make a soft dough; work lightly; roll out; cut into doughnuts and fry in hot fat; to have them very delicate handle as lightly as possible.

BREAD STICKS.—Scald one pint of milk and add while hot two ounces of butter; when lukewarm add a teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, and about one quart of sifted flour; beat vigorously for five minutes add a half compressed yeast cake dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, or half a cup of good yeast; mix, cover, and stand in a warm place over night; in the morning add the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and sufficient flour to make a soft dough; knead for five minutes, then pound until soft and velvety; put back in the bowl until very light; then take a very small piece of the dough, roll it out into a long strip about the size of a thick lead-pencil, and six inches long; place them in greased pans; when light brush them with a little white of egg and water mixed, and bake in a quick oven ten or fifteen minutes.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald and peel perfectly ripe tomatoes—the little, pear shaped are the best—prick with a small needle, add an equal weight of sugar and let stand over night. Pour off the juice and boil thick; add the tomatoes and cook until transparent. Flavor with lemon or ginger as may be desired.

BLACKBERRY OR RASPBERRY JAM.—Pick ripe, sweet berries, put in a little, mash with a large spoon; allow half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Cook slowly and carefully, stirring to prevent sticking, until very thick.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick ripe currants from the stems, and put them in a stone jar, wash them, and set the jar in a large iron pot and boil. Pour the fruit in a flannel jelly bag, and let drip without squeezing. To every six pints of juice add four pounds of sugar. Boil twenty minutes, skim. When thick put in glasses, let cool, and cover close.

GRAPE JELLY.—Stem ripe grapes and put in a preserve kettle, let come to a boil, mash and strain. Put the juice on to boil for twenty minutes, when add three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, skim while boiling, let cook fifteen minutes. Green grape jelly may be made the same way, but use a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

WASH AND WIPE.—Wash and wipe the oranges, peel and put the peeling in a kettle with a little water and boil until reduced to a pulp; run through a colander, add half a pound of sugar, and boil carefully until stiff.

quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; boil until it jellies.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Peel ripe peaches, remove the seeds, put the fruit in a kettle with a little water and boil until reduced to a pulp; run through a colander, add half a pound of sugar, and boil carefully until stiff.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare and quarter ripe quinces. Put them in a kettle, cook until soft, add half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit and boil until thick.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Wash and wipe the oranges, peel and put the peeling in a kettle with a little water, boil several hours; cut the oranges and squeeze the juice and pulp in a kettle; drain the water from the peel, and pound it fine, put with the juice, to which add a pound of sugar for every pint of juice; boil one hour, when it should be thick and solid. Put in little cups and cover with paper.

LEMON MARMALADE.—Peel lemons, and extract the seeds. Boil the peel until soft, add the juice and pulp with a pound of lemon. Boil until thick.

SUMMER SMILES.

Copper-faced types—Indians and Mongolians.

A man's face is against him when he has a gin phiz.

One is company and two is a crowd in a Summer hammock.

A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one's shoe—you can always find it in the dark.

There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.

The college graduate is now looking about him for a job. It is the saddest period of his life.

"Strange colt, this of yours, Jack?" "How's that?" "Well, he's young and fresh, and yet he's a chestnut."

"I hear you have fired your bookkeeper. Why did you do so?" "Because he came to the store loaded."

A sulky girl may sometimes be cured by taking her out in a buggy with a seat just large enough for two.

Elsie—"Did you know papa well before you married him, mamma?" Mother (sadly)—"No, dear, I didn't."

"How do you pay for snake bites, sir?" he asked, as he entered the sanctum. "By the lyin'," replied the editor.

"But, Mrs. Brown, there are flies baked in this cake!" "Oh, if you please, ma'am, the most of what you see are raisins."

Billings—"Well, my boy, are you satisfied with married life?" Benedict—"Satisfied? Why, I am perfectly satiated with it."

Interviewer—"You began life as a clerk, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby."

Here's a conundrum for this hot weather. "When a young man steals a kiss, does he take the same from the girl or give it to her?"

When a father is seen purchasing a pair of stout boots it is not always an evidence that he is on bad terms with his daughter's suitor.

"Johnson married well?" "He did. His wife foots the bills, I hear." "She's able to, is she?" "Oh, Yes; she's a Hamilton girl."

An Irishman seeing a Chinaman reading a Chinese book backward, as is their custom, exclaimed "Johnny, are ye left handed or only cross-eyed?"

People go to the mountains and the sea side to do nothing, and yet where young couples are congregated business is usually passing in the evenings.

She—"It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties." He—"But I haven't any." She—"Oh, you will have when we are married!"

"I am sober and steady. I was ten years in my last place and two in the one before that." "But where was the last place you worked?" "In the central prison."

She (reading the paper) "Another cyclone out West? It has swept dozens of farms clear of everything." He—"I'll bet the mortgages didn't bud, o an inch."

A Hopeless effort—"What is that on the bald man's crown?" "That is a fly." "Is the bald man going to kill it?" "He is going to try to kill it, but he won't."

Mr. Blazey—"That's Miss Rosebud, She's eighteen—an age I don't care for in women, neither hay nor grass, you know." Mr. Boy Blue (enthusiastically)—"No, it's clover."

Doctor—"What is your husband's com-

plaint, ma'am? It is chronic?" Wife—"Yes, sir. I have never known him to be satisfied with a meal for the last thirty-five years."

If brevity's the soul of wit, 'Tis easy, quite, to see How men whose fancies liveliest are So often "short" should be.

Sunday School Teacher—"What can you say about the moral condition of Sodom?" Pupil—"He was a thundering bad man, but not quite so bad as his wife, Gomorrah."

Fakir—"Nockties, suspenders—"Hamilton Man (haughtily)—"Do I look like a man who'd wear a twenty-cent necktie?" Fakir—"Vell, I haf some for ten cents, mister."

She (enthusiastically)—"Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?" He—"That's what I am here for."

Benevolent—"Well, Fritz, you got whipped in school to-day?" "Yes, but it did not hurt." "But you certainly have been crying?" "Oh, I wanted to let the teacher have a little pleasure out of it."

Retaliation: The schoolma'am seeks vacation's joys, Her labor being done, And she who tanned the little boys Is now tanned by the sun.

McMackin—"Didn't yez phromise me th' p'sition av dog-drowner if I supported yez?" Alderman O'Fenelly—"O' d'ed not." McMackin—"Hivin' bless th' phunograph! Listen t' th' wurruds yez said."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Valentine. I suppose—ha! ha!—you were borne on St. Valentine's Day." "That doesn't follow—any more than that you were born the first day of April, sir."

irate Youth—"See here, Drzenberry did you tell Sparrowgrass that I couldn't be counted on to pay my debts?" Duzanberry—"I did not. On the contrary, I told him you could be counted on not to."

Young Wife—"Do you love me as much as ever?" Young Husband—"I reckon so." Y. W.—"Will I always be the dearest thing in the world to you?" Y. H.—"I reckon so unless the landlord raises the rent."

Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between 'impelled' and 'compelled'?" Mr. Figg—"Why—er—it—I was impelled to marry your mother, and now I am compelled to live with her. Quite a difference!"

"Marriage is indeed a lottery," sighed Tomnoddy, after a tiff with his wife. "And we both drew prizes," returned the lady. "Ah!" said T., somewhat mollified. "Yes; you got a capital prize and I took the booby."

A.—"Did you hear that the thief and desperado, Buckshot Jack, had been killed?" B.—"No. Died with his boots on, I suppose." A.—"No, indeed. He died with another man's boots on. Robbed a shoe store."

Hayseed (taking his seat in a photographer's chair)—"Wait a minute. Don't you give nothing?" Photographer—"What do you mean, sir?" Hayseed—"I'd like to take gas or chloroform. I'm a blamed poor hand to stand sufferin'."

Do you consider marriage a failure?" asked the Summer boarder of a farmer who had taken him in. "Young feller," he replied impressively. "I've been married four times, an' every time to a woman who owned a farm j'inin' mine."

He—"Darling." She—"Yes, dearest." He—"Do you know, darling, I believe I have forgotten your real name through calling you darling so continually." She—"Well, never mind, dearest, just keep on calling me darling."

At the seaside: The maid in natty bathing dress Exhibits female loveliness— That is to say when so arrayed She shows she wasn't tailor-made.

Wiggins—"Wb. are those ladies in that left handed box?" Muggins—"Oh, that is a constellation of society stars." Wiggins—"Any particular constellation?" Muggins—"Well, judging from their docollette costumes, I should say the Great Bear."

Some industrious statistician has discovered that twenty per cent. of the men put the left leg into the trousers first. About seven per cent. start with the right leg, and the remaining three per cent. sit on a chair or the edge of the bed and ram both legs in at once.

Mrs. Watts—"Did you enjoy your summer trip very much?" Mrs. Potts—"Oh, just moderately. I might have enjoyed it better if the city papers had not come very day and made me realize that I was no hundred and fifty miles from a bargain counter."

called it. No; if ever she was again to live in luxury, it could only be through Nessa, and so with growing recklessness she at length resolved that, come what might, she would not lose sight of the girl.

"Chummy," she said, in the genial tone adopted in her most amiable moments, "I've made up my mind to stick to you. Don't mind what I said this morning. When we're upset we say anything. I have stuck to you from the beginning, and I'll stick to you to the end. I know how we'll do 'em to-night. You leave it to me. We've done 'em before and we'll do 'em again. I'm not going to abandon you. Why you'd be in the workhouse or the hospital before the end of the week. We can live cheaply—two chumming together, almost as cheaply as one. And we'll go on the Q. T."

"What is that?" asked Nessa, with a vague idea of ocean steamers.

"Why, the strict quiet, you little mug!" Mrs. Redmond had already abandoned Brighton in imagination and dropped instantly into the slang of that profession she began to see must be returned to for a time.

"Mr. Levy counselled that strongly." "Oh, you'll find me as fly as he is now. I'm up to the ropes. I know the very pitch for us: Shoreditch—that'll queer 'em."

Nessa said nothing, but she thought her friend had taken rather too much brandy, which was not improbable.

"What are you thinking about, Chummy? You look precious glum. Oh, I know—you think I must be a precious juggins to stick to you with the chance of being lagged for my pains. Well, I daresay I am a fool; but, hang it! I won't have it said that I turned my back on a chum in trouble."

Perhaps Nessa was thinking that her own life was jeopardised by this adherence, but she kept the reflection to herself; and in accepting this new lease of companionship made no boast of her own generosity.

When all the bells in Brighton were clanging in hideous discord and the streets were crowding with people on their way to church, Mrs. Redmond and Nessa left the hotel. At the last moment Mrs. Redmond had borrowed a Church Service, and this she carried ostensibly before her, to poor Nessa's shrinking shame. At the corner of the street they parted—Nessa going towards the pier and Mrs. Redmond to the nearest church. The spies, who had no reason to suspect anything, were completely thrown off their guard by this ruse, and gave up work for the day. At 10.15 Mrs. Redmond stepped out of the train at London Bridge and there met Nessa, who had arrived by the preceding train. Their dress in that part of the town was conspicuously lady-like; they had not a vestige of luggage, and very little money; of necessity, therefore, they had to seek refuge for the night in a place where no questions are asked. Close by the station they found a nondescript house of entertainment, something between a coffee shop and tavern, where a slatternly woman, without demur, led them up two flights of uncarpeted and dirty stairs, and, showing them into a double-bedded room, set down the candle with a yawn, and asked Mrs. Redmond for half a crown, as it was the custom of the house for lodgers to pay over night. Nessa had never been in such a room before, and looked round in shuddering disgust at the yellow lining of the beds, the greasy slips of carpet on the dark floor, the frowzy stuffed chairs, the chipped toilet service, and the walls that seemed to have imbibed yellow fog of many years from the river. The atmosphere was redolent of all the rancid smells of Tooley street, with a whiff of fried bacon and herring from below superadded. Mrs. Redmond seemed to take these discomforts as a matter of course, and even showed herself acquainted with damaged door fastenings by tilting a chair and wedging the back of it under the knob of the handle. Her indifference surprised Nessa, for hitherto she had shown herself distressingly particular in the proper appointment of her rooms, and would have her bed re-made if the sheets were not folded to her liking.

However, this experience prepared Nessa for what was to come, and she had less hesitation in agreeing that the lodgings they found the next morning in Spital Square would do when she thought of the horrible room in which she had passed that miserable sleepless night. The square was quiet; the house looked respectable. There was a silk warehouse on the ground floor; there three rooms were neatly furnished; the linen was fairly white and clean, though Nessa could never accustom herself to unconsciousness of the acrid, smoky smell peculiar to sheets and curtains and blinds in the City.

The housekeeper who let the rooms undertook to come in for an hour every morning to light the fire and to do the rough work, or the rest of the day the ladies had to wait upon themselves. On Monday evening, Mrs. Redmond declared herself so delighted with Nessa's performance as a housewife

that she should henceforth leave all the domestic arrangements to her. This gave Nessa plenty to do. But that did not displease her at all. She was glad of the occupation, not only as a mental distraction, but as a means of lessening her obligation to Mrs. Redmond. But she knew nothing of cooking, and some of her first experiments were terrible failures. These failures were the subject of much silly sarcasm on the part of Mrs. Redmond, but her banter was less hard to endure than the gloomy silence with which she regarded an underdone pudding or an overdone chop after a few days. That was trying! Besides cooking and washing up, Nessa found it necessary to provide herself with a change of clothes, and, with a view to economy, she bought some stuff with a few shillings grudgingly lent her by Mrs. Redmond, and did her best to cut it and make it up; though this was experimental work to her, thanks to our modern system of educating girls, she came in for plenty of ill-natured chaff over that poor girl!

Mrs. Redmond herself did nothing except read penny papers, and yawn at the window. She bought her things ready made, and when the last shilling was gone, hinted that Nessa's muddling extravagance would ruin them.

As credit was not to be got in Spitalfields, and food was an absolute necessity, Mrs. Redmond took a bus to Old Ford on Saturday morning, pawned some trinkets there, and returned jubilant with two pounds ten. She was always at her best when she had money to spend, and before she had drawn off her gloves, she said—

"Chummy, we'll go to a show to-night."

Nessa was human—that is to say, not over wise—and after being cooped up indoors for the best part of a week, and enduring a great many little miseries in silence, the idea of a long evening in a theatre set the blood dancing in her veins. Still, she made an effort to be reasonable, and suggested that they ought to save their money.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Mrs. Redmond, "What a wet blanket you are. Why can't you be jolly when you've got the chance? What's the good of meeting misfortunes half way. It's bound to come all right in the end."

Nessa yielded, and so, in the evening they went to Arcadia, where the International Hippodrome had just opened their season—Mrs. Redmond taking a hansom from Norton Folgate, after buying a new pair of gloves for the occasion.

In the entrance lobby Mrs. Redmond recognized a gentleman in evening dress as an old friend.

"Jimmus!" she said, laying her hand on his arm familiarly.

"Hallo, Totty!" he returned, recognising her, and shaking her hand warmly. "Shouldn't have known you in that wig."

Mrs. Redmond had profited by the hint of Mr. Levy, and changed her hair dye to the chestnut tint then just coming into fashion.

"What do you do here?" "Come to see the gee-gees. My friend, Miss Dancaster—Mr. James Fergus, she said, introducing Nessa, to whom she had given this new name.

Mr. Fergus raised his hat to Nessa and replaced it with the regulation tilt, and shook hands with a lengthened look of admiration.

"What are you doing here, Jimmus?" asked Mrs. Redmond.

"Bosung the show for Duprez."

"Delighted to hear it. Any opening for an old chum?"

"Well," said Mr. Fergus with deliberation, casting another admiring glance on Nessa, who clearly occupied his thought more than the old chum, "might find something. Are you in the line, Miss Dancaster?"

Mrs. Redmond answered for Nessa, who looked perplexed by the question.

"Oh, we're both on, said she. "No trunks, business. Hang 'em, you know."

"But busy in the front just now. But I'll come round and see you presently. Where will you go—stalls or a box?"

"A box, of course. You don't think we're going in with the cattle."

Mr. Fergus went to the pay place, and gave them a pass, "proving" assurance that he would come and look them up when the front was clear, and raising his hat again.

As they followed the attendant through the corridor, Mrs. Redmond whispered—

"It's all right, chummy. The show's done. We shall be in this show next week as safe as houses!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Used as an attraction, base-ball played bicyclists, etc., to keep the theatre. Adams Tott Frutt (um. So. by Druggists and Comic-mongers every here cents.

BRITISH NEWS.

Christy, the London hatter, died leaving assets of nearly a million and a half of dollars.

The cabriolet in use fifty or sixty years ago has reappeared in Hyde park, including the tiger at the back.

Six dollars and a quarter a month, "with the privilege of dining in the house," were the wages paid to a governess in Yorkshire, is an increase during 1889 of 113,005, or 3.10 per cent. The population of New Zealand is now 620,279, an increase during the year of 12,899.

An English plaintiff has received damages and costs for injuries done to his clothes by a barbed wire fence while walking along a public path after dark.

The Government Statistician of New South Wales, T. A. Coghlan, has estimated the population of Australia at the beginning of the current year to be 3,786,798. This

The invention of smokeless powder has been followed by a counter-invention in the shape of a "smoke rocket," to be used to screen the advance of a body of troops. It has been tried with success.

The Manchester Examiner says that such great ships as the City of Paris, that can enter but one dock in Liverpool, and then only with risk, will be able to come at least to Runcorn, easily and safely.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's Clergy Discipline bill will deprive a clergyman of ecclesiastical preferment on conviction of treason, felony, or any misdemeanor involving penal servitude, or for bastardy or adultery.

A new stumbling block for bigamists has been found by a determined young Miss Day, who was married by a Mr. Roberts, he having another wife at the time. When she had to leave him she sued him for breach of promise of marriage and has got a verdict of £2,560.

The newest and most select club about London is the Two Pins Club, composed chiefly of Punch's young men, with the addition of a few persons like Sir Charles Russell and Lord Rosbery. The two pins in question come from the names of Dick Turpin and John Gilpin.

According to the East Asiatic Lloyd there are 7,905 foreigners and 474 foreign business firms in Chinese ports. Great Britain has there 3,276 citizens and 290 firms; Germany 596 citizens and 72 firms; the United States 1,061 citizens and 27 firms. France 551 citizen and 20 firms.

The British Medical Journal, considering the danger of kissing the usually greasy Bible of the law courts, recommends that a clean wrapper of paper be put on from time to time. This was done recently for the benefit of the Duke of Fife, a recent witness, and it is approved as a desirable practice.

The Dutch General van Meulen in Harlem invited his surviving comrades on the field of Waterloo to celebrate with him the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle. Seven veterans responded. Their ages were respectively 97, 95, 94, 93, 92, 92, and 91 years. All save one are in the most straitened circumstances.

When Labouchere questioned the actual value of a Senior Wrangler's ability a list was submitted to him in their behalf containing "some of the Senior Wranglers during the present century." The list contained only five Judges, four Bishops and a Dean, and some six or eight eminent astronomers and mathematicians.

Mr. Walter Besant has been accused by an alleged author of having hypnotized him and extracted from him when in that condition the entire story, word for word, of the novelette entitled "The Doubts of Dives." "The Hell of St. Paul's," or "everything that is good" in it, was obtained, it is alleged, from the same source and by the same means.

A movement has at last started at the gates and bars which are still put the same London streets by the adjoining holders. The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the matter has passed the played with the wreck by the East offered little help, the third mouse next door, and the next of Street

no formation of a bachelor's society, sworn not to marry, as the London of the piano. The society numbered over 300, but it had many of them in the French

In a time of Russia, a relation

in Vienna is a little village community of itself. It consists of 411 persons—the director, twenty one male solo singers, a chorus director, fifty chorismen and sixty seven chorus girls, ten male solo dancers, sixteen female solo dancers, twenty-five male chorus dancers, seventy five ballet girls, three directors of the orchestra, one director of the ballet, 100 members of the orchestra, one stage musical director, and twenty-two stage musicians.

A butler in London brought an action against his former employer for the libel said to be in a reply to an inquiry about the butler's character, which said: "I discharged John Walsh for insolence." In consequence of this he had a subsequent engagement. The instance had been shown to the defendant's wife, and was not denied. The Judge said that it was for the plaintiff to show malicious misrepresentation on defendant's part, and the jury gave a verdict for the latter.

It may come to pass, said a British lecturer lately, "that some African may, in centuries to come, point out how a race of Englishmen once dominated the West Indies, and were improved off the face of the land." Such fears are real enough. In 1658 there were in those islands 4,550 Europeans and 1,500 Africans. In 1,800 the numbers were 30,000 Europeans and 300,000 Africans. In the last census the figures were 14,433 Europeans, 109,946 colored, or mulattos, 444,156 Africans, and 12,240 Asiatics.

The cigarette habit is flourishing tremendously in Austria. The number of cigars smoked in that country during the past year was 1,085,000,000, showing a reduction of 72,000,000 on the previous year. On the other hand the consumption of cigarettes rose to 895,000,000, or an increase of 174,000,000. The quantity of tobacco sold by the market, has neither increased nor diminished, though the consumption of snuff is steadily declining. Cigarette smokers in Austria take the ready-made article.

A monument to the lifeboat now stands at South Shields, said to be the lifeboat's birthplace. In 1789, the ship Adventure was wrecked off the Tyne and a committee was formed to consider the matter of providing a lifeboat. The models submitted by Henry Greathead, a boat builder, and by William Wouldhave, a journeyman painter, were selected by the committee for use. Whether Wouldhave or Greathead was the actual inventor is a moot point; but locally Wouldhave is looked upon as the author of the model. The names of both men are given on the memorial. The first occasion on which a shipwrecked crew was landed by means of a lifeboat was on June 30, 1790.

Two years ago three hundred whales were driven ashore on the estate of a Mr. Bruce at Sumburgh, in the north of Scotland, and they were killed and sold. Mr. Bruce at once demanded that a third of the value of the whales £100 should be paid to him, in accordance with an ancient custom, by which the "third" of this property was entitled to claim "thirds" of all salvage. The Sheriff approved the claim on the ground that Mr. Bruce had taken no part in the capturing of the whales, and the Court of Sessions has upheld the Sheriff. The Judge intimated that although the landowner's demand was justified by precedent, it was based on the upon principle nor upon justice, and it is time for a new rule.

Ball... the Baby

Checks that...

Twin roses...

Red lips full of...

Soft games that...

A world of sweet...

Waltz...

As the...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Waltz...

Now First Published.]

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

AUTHOR OF "SAPAR-HADJI, A STORY OF TURKISTAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

Jana had in the meantime returned to Irkutsk under the protection of Dr. Haas. She constantly reproached herself for not having remained in the hut, leaving Helen behind, and not interceding energetically enough in behalf of Palkin. She could tell Haas that she thought he ought to have permitted her to wait the end of the fearful scenes. He told her, however, that his first duty was to watch over her safety and to preserve her for her husband's sake. She finally offered him her hand and said most kindly to him:

"You are always right, my dear doctor." Now, only Dr. Haas could tell her how he had reached the hut at the critical moment. Ienar kus had at once carried him to Miller, and he had not hesitated a moment when he heard that Vladimir's safety was endangered. The countess, as well as Haas, agreed that the whole had been a trap to catch the count. Miller called such exiles together as were within immediate reach, regretting deeply that he could not arm them yet. Then Haas had handed him the money of the countess, and Miller had instantly handed it to Ienar kus, with the words: "This time we have no weapons, but this money will secure us the future, for from to-day I shall lay aside my mask." When they had all started, eight, as we have seen, reached the hut in time.

Jana became deeply anxious about Helen, whose non-appearance troubled her sorely. Dr. Haas also acknowledged that her prolonged absence made him fear some accident. Just then Lina entered and announced that an aid of the governor's had come to escort Jana to the palace.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Jana. "Can they have heard it already?"

Haas tried to calm her. "That is simply impossible. And even if they should approach trouble at the palace, they cannot interfere with you, countess, as you are not an exile. Be very cautious and weigh every word you say."

When Jana entered the governor's palace, she had already prepared her plan of defence, thinking that the governor might have heard of her nightly expeditions. She expected, on that account, to be received with frowning looks and scant courtesy. How great was, therefore, her surprise when the governor received her in the most friendly manner, offering her a chair, and saying:

"You will be kind enough to pardon me, countess, that I took the liberty of troubling you to come here instead of going to your house, but time is passing, and what I have to say brooks no delay."

The ceremony with which these friendly words were uttered removed Jana's fears. She bowed in silence. The governor continued:

"It is absolutely necessary that you should leave Irkutsk immediately."

Jana trembled. "I am not to interrupt you?"

"No, my dear countess, I am not to interrupt you and my wife. I shall wish for you to be kind and be kind to all the best of your best friend."

"I am not to interrupt you?"

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"But general," replied Jana, trembling, "I swear my husband is innocent!"

"I begin myself to believe in his innocence," said the governor with almost paternal kindness, "for this bitter persecution makes me doubt the crime for which the count was condemned."

"Oh, general!"

"Very well, countess—but just now I can do nothing for you. As soon as the revisor arrives—and that may be to-day or to-morrow—my power here ceases. Believe me, leave Irkutsk. Of course this is not an order, I give only friendly advice. You ought to start to-day."

"And leave my husband. That I cannot do."

The governor sadly shook his head.

"And yet you cannot remain with him here. Day before yesterday the count was caught, being absent from his assigned place of residence. He was at once arrested, and will have to endure the three months' imprisonment which follow such a crime. During this time you will not be able to see him. And besides, I shall not be able to serve you in any way. I have told you distinctly that they are bent upon separating you and him."

"I shall at least be near him in this town!"

"What are you thinking of, countess? They may send him 500 miles farther on, and prohibit you even to write to him. Countess, listen to me! The arrival of this revisor is a grievous insult to me, and I shall soon go to Petersburg to justify myself before the Emperor. I give you my word that I shall then do for your husband all that my best efforts may enable me to do."

She bowed, full of gratitude.

"We shall be very, very grateful to your excellency."

"But you must facilitate my task, and not put impediments in my way. When you came here, countess, you had an unlimited passport, which allowed you to go where you chose. As usual, you gave me this passport, and I return it now to you, after having taken the liberty of adding: 'With permission to return to St. Petersburg.'"

Jana repeated with great decision: "I do not think of leaving Irkutsk."

The governor tried to master the emotion which he could not quite control. He continued more sternly:

"That is simply womanly obstinacy. I now declare to you that my successor may consider you also an exile, and may send you to work in the mines, hundreds of miles from the place to which he may order your husband, and I shall be powerless. For God's sake, be prudent! You only ruin your husband and yourself! In St. Petersburg you might in the meantime use your influence."

"No, your excellency," said Jana, offering him her hand, "I thank you most heartily for all the kindness you have shown me, and I shall ever be grateful to you! I have learned to know you as a noble, high-toned man, and, therefore, fully appreciate the advice you so kindly give. But the nobler you are, the better you will understand me; I am not a heroine, and yet I am capable of remaining where my sense of duty bids me stay."

The governor seemed to be hardly able to repress a tear. After a pause, he continued:

"Assure you most solemnly that my successor will not overlook anything. Believe me, I try to enable you to take measures which may bear fruit in the far future."

"At least, permit me to reflect," begged Jana.

"I repeat again, I give you no friendly advice. For your husband's sake, as well as for your own, countess, I am glad if you would return at once to your home, and if you should refuse I fear you will be forced."

"I will whisper into her ear."

"I mean to save your husband."

"I mean to save your husband."

"I mean to save your husband."

"I mean to save your husband."

"I mean to save your husband."

"I mean to save your husband."

"I mean to save your husband."

"I mean to save your husband."

last night were known to him, and that they not only endangered the countess, but might seriously affect her husband's position. The revisor's arrival only increased the danger. The doctor might, in the meantime, stay on the spot and keep an eye on the count. All these arguments, however, made no impression upon the countess, who insisted upon remaining. Jana at last said impatiently:

"I feel I cannot help him, but he will at least know that I am watching near by."

"Even that he cannot know, because he is not allowed to communicate with any one."

"Then it will be enough that I know it," replied Jana, proudly.

Soon however, she hung her head, and began to shed tears.

"If they make gendarmes take me and carry me to Petersburg, who will then stay here? Who will watch over him?"

With these words she reached her house. Lina was waiting for her at the door.

"Your excellency, there is a man in the salon, an unknown man, who insists upon seeing you. I do not know why, but it seems to me I have seen that man somewhere. Perhaps he'll bring us news about my son."

Jana had not yet been able to tell the poor woman of her son's sad end. She could now not postpone it any longer.

"At once, my dear! Afterwards come to me, I must speak to you."

"Has your excellency heard anything?"

Jana left her without an answer, only saying:

"Lina, pray!"

At these words the poor old woman sank down fainting. Dr. Haas at once hastening to her assistance.

As soon as Jana entered the stranger who had been waiting for her, threw back his hood and revealed his features.

"I come to pay my debt!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Miller! how reckless you are!"

There nobody will recognize me. Besides, I have friends watching over me. Whether reckless or not, my coming here was necessary. I have caused your misfortune—in return I bring you the certainty of Vladimir's speedy liberation. Only you must at once start for Petersburg."

The fact that Miller and the governor both gave her the same advice made some impression upon Jana.

"You also advise me the same?" she exclaimed, almost unconsciously.

"I do not know who has suggested to you to leave Siberia, but he was right. You will from henceforth have to go to work in Petersburg. Your longer residence here in Irkutsk has no purpose to serve any longer, and is even dangerous."

Miller thereupon told Jana all the events of the past night and showed her how, from this moment, she would be looked upon as being in open rebellion against the government. If Palkin was still alive, he told her, he would of course prosecute her at once. Then there was the captain of the gendarmes, who had also seen her. He repeated his advice to start at once for Petersburg.

"For," he continued, "I have sworn to atone for my crime, and now I can do it. I have the proof in my hands of your husband's innocence. I should have risked my life to bring it to you."

With these words he drew forth the carefully concealed receipts of Schelm, written and signed in his own handwriting, and gave it to Jana.

"Upon the strength of this document," he said, "you can at any time demand an investigation as soon as you can see the head of all the gendarmes or the Czar himself. Your excellency, Providence itself comes to our assistance! This piece of paper proves clearly Schelm's guilt. Mind the date, Oct. 26, 1821. You will easily be able to prove that at that time there could be no conspiracy in existence. That he ran only three months later. Vladimir was called because he was the Ace of Hearts. Even this name did not exist on that day. Furthermore, I hand you this paper signed by myself. I swear it by the Holy Gospels though I have ceased to believe in them, those who will read it, still do believe—that I was employed by Schelm as agent provocateur. With these two documents your excellency must start to-night."

Jana's face had undergone a great change as Miller proceeded in his statement.

"You are right," she said, "I must start to-night! I must not be reckless now, when Vladimir's liberty is at stake. I thank you for having come to me, to-day otherwise I should never have agreed to undertake this journey, and who knows but to-morrow it may be too late."

"And now, your excellency, if my evidence should at any time be necessary, I will appear at your bidding, should it cost me my life. Do not hesitate to resort to extreme measures! In a few months my evidence will be of great weight. We have arms,

now, and in a short time my name will be so well known that it will reach even the Czar's ears!"

"You frighten me! What are your plans?"

"You have assisted us in procuring arms, and we shall make a good use of them! I repeat, if you ever want me, summon me and I shall come! I mean, above all things, to atone for my crime."

Jana offered him her hand.

"If your life should have to be imperiled in order to prove Vladimir's innocence, how shall I ever be able to accept such a sacrifice?"

He knelt down before her and kissed the hem of her dress.

"You know how to inspire even criminals with lofty feelings, countess. I bless you! Leave here. Do not fear; I shall watch over him!"

now, and in a short time my name will be so well known that it will reach even the Czar's ears!"

"You frighten me! What are your plans?"

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Jana next called Dr. Haas.

"Doctor," she said to him, "I shall leave here to-night, following your advice. Will you accompany me or wait for me here?"

"When will you cease asking my opinion, countess? I do what you order me and what you think right or proper."

This perfect devotion, so unselfish and so modest, moved Jana to tears.

"I will obey you, doctor, and ask you: 'Where do you think you can serve me better, here or in Petersburg?'"

"Here I cannot do much. Mr. Miller is perfectly able to watch over the count. There might be fighting, and he is born for fighting, while I would be useless in such a case. Permit me to accompany you, countess!"

Miller here walked up to Dr. Haas and said:

"You know my past. The countess has just shaken hands with me; will you also have the kindness to take my hand in yours?"

Haas hesitated a moment and Miller noticed this, although it was but a moment.

"There is my hand!" said the doctor in his usual mild voice.

Miller was on the threshold. In a muffled voice he said, "Till we meet again," and disappeared.

That same evening Jana left Irkutsk with Dr. Haas. Lina remained behind in charge of the house.

"I want to die in Siberia," she said, "and not leave my son's grave. Why should I return to Petersburg? I was not allowed ever to see my son; I shall at least be able to visit his grave!"

On the third day after these events, during the gloaming, when Jana's carriage was stopping before the tollgate of a little village, it suddenly opened to let a sleigh pass through that was on its way to Irkutsk. The revisor was just leaving the city. Neither Jana nor Haas could see his face.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the third day after Jana's departure, Count Palkin presented himself at the palace of the governor general of Irkutsk. He had come in a coach, and found it difficult to mount the stairs. His sharply marked features had become still more angular in consequence of his sufferings; his eyes glowed with fierce but subdued excitement; his face was pale, and his whole form bowed. He had had to spend several days in bed, partly from the chastisement he had received and partly from the effect of his fury. Still sick and trembling, he slowly crept along the passage in the palace and told the adjutant on duty that he wished to see the governor on very important business. The governor admitted him at once.

"Your excellency," exclaimed Palkin, as soon as he stood before him. "I have been the victim of an incredible outrage. Count Lanin and his wife have formed a conspiracy with a number of rebels and caught me in a trap. An exile, whom I imprudently employed as my secretary, his retrothred and an officer of the police are all involved in the same plot. The whole affair looks like a rising against the Czar. I therefore come to ask your excellency to punish the guilty. The matter is this—"

The governor had so far patiently listened to Palkin, who had spoken in a threatening tone and almost lost his breath, but when he began his narrative he interrupted him coolly, saying:

"I know all, colonel, and I hope the criminals will not escape their well-deserved punishment. It seems, however, as if you also were somewhat to blame—but this will appear in the investigation. The killing of Popoff is a crime, the cruelty of which I shall never approve of. As to the guilt of Count Lanin, I think you must be in error!"

"Your excellency," cried Palkin, turning pale with wrath, "will surely not shelter that rebel!"

The governor looked sternly at him.

"I have no intention to shelter any one. If it depended on me, I should let justice be administered, and the guilty ones be our"

"I have no intention to shelter any one. If it depended on me, I should let justice be administered, and the guilty ones be our"

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"I have no intention to shelter any one. If it depended on me, I should let justice be administered, and the guilty ones be our"

FOREIGN NEWS.

oved to their most secret hiding-places. But from this day I have nothing more to say here. A revisor has just arrived from Petersburg with most ample powers. At present he is engaged in my bureau. You can have your name sent in to him—I believe he is alone just now."

The governor moved aside haughtily, pointing to the door that led into his private office.

"You insolent aristocrat," murmured Palkin; "we shall see if I cannot drive you away from here! So, the revisor has already come. I must see what he says."

With a groan of pain he entered the room. The revisor was sitting in an arm-chair examining a pile of numbered documents. When the door opened thus unexpectedly, he looked up.

"Schelm!" cried Palkin, drawing back a step.

The former head of division rose.

"Baron Schelmenberg, if you please, senator and revisor, who, at your urgent request, has come as far as Siberia. Ha! ha! Capt. Palkin! You desire perhaps to challenge me? At present my power extends also over you, since the gendarmes are subject to my revision. I may degrade you or send you to the mines to do forced labor, and I give you my word I shall make good use of my rights and privileges."

Palkin, who at first had been frightened by this sudden encounter with Schelm, soon overcame his confusion. He possessed, as he had shown more than once as much real courage as cunning. He drew nearer, and not minding his pain for the moment, he took a chair to impose on Schelm.

"No!" he exclaimed, boldly, "You will make no use of such rights and privileges."

Schelm's character remained true to itself; Palkin's cold self-possession made him furious.

"Who will prevent me? You, colonel, who have at this moment nothing more to say here, for I herewith direct you of your rank and whatever power may have been given you! Away with you! You are under arrest! By what right do you dare sit down in my presence?"

"Cautious! my dear Mr. Schelm!" replied Palkin, ironically. "You can, of course, destroy me if you should in a moment of madness forget yourself so far. Consider; I shall perish with you, not alone!"

"What does that mean? I have been warned to be considerate with the gendarmes, but this surpasses all I have ever seen. One word more and I shall send for the police!"

"You wish to force me, then, to surrender a certain receipt for 100,000 roubles?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First Method of Producing Electricity.

If a piece of amber or resin and a piece of glass be rubbed together and then separated they are no longer indifferent to each other as before, but each attracts the other. In this condition the bodies are both said to be electrified or charged with electricity. Evidence of this condition is easily secured by suspending one of the charged bodies, so that it can move freely, and then presenting the other. An electric charge may be communicated to bodies which have not been rubbed on merely bringing them in contact with one which is already electrified. For example, a light ball of pitch suspended by a silken thread will be charged by such contact, and it can then serve as an electroscope: that is, it can be employed as a means of detecting the electric condition of any body to which it may be presented. A light straw, balanced so as to turn freely on a fine point, may serve the same purpose, explains a writer in Scribner.

A stunning and decidedly sensational thing occurred in Odessa the other day. Pogorelsky led his blushing bride to the altar. While the Russian priest, or pope, as he is called, was preparing to perform the ceremony, Marc went out to get a drink, saying that he would return in a few moments. In his absence, however, a handsome young stranger approached the bride and offered himself as a substitute. She immediately accepted him, and the pope, who was half drunk, never noticed the change. The ceremony was performed. Just then Marc reappeared, refreshed and ready for matrimony. But when he found out what happened he proceeded at once to paint the church red. He thrashed the bridegroom, slapped the bride, knocked down the father-in-law, punched the pope, and kicked the mother-in-law. He was arrested; but, as the case involves a question of ecclesiastical law, it was referred to the Czar, the head of the Church.

Chemical Analysis shows Adams' Tootie Fruit Gum to be pure and healthful.

The newest German idea is to make north Alsace-Lorraine an independent duchy.

Tolstoi's Kreutzer Sonata has been forbidden in Austria as "dangerous to the State."

The pioneer women to climb the Jungfrau are Frauleins Eggers, Honnors, and Dusca of Berlin.

A monument has been erected at Quare Bras to William Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, were he fell.

Stained ivory is said to be superseding white ivory for all sorts of articles, including those of the toilet.

The city of Hamburg has a surplus of \$2,250,000. Of this amount \$1,500,000 was from last year's receipts.

Up to the end of May, 1890, the imperial German mints had coined \$10,000,000 in gold and \$113,000,000 in silver.

The Bismarck monument fund is well on toward \$100,000. The citizens of Hamburg are talking of giving him a palace.

A Vienna suicide of genius painted his initials and three crosses on a barrel of vinegar and then drowned himself inside.

"The tallest schoolgirl in the world" lives at Riednaun, near Sterzing. She is in her eleventh year, and is about 6 feet high.

Almost 54,000 Frenchmen belong to the Legion of Honor. 32,021 of them are connected with the army. The rest are civilians.

The largest contingent of recruits ever demanded by the Russian War Office, 270,000, was fixed for the next enrollment by the latest ukase.

A new lion hunter has risen to succeed the late Bombonnel in Algeria, named Cattier, who invites not only men but women to come and hunt.

Princess Dolgorouki, themorganatic wife of the late Czar, has published her memoirs in Russia, and every available copy was seized immediately by the police.

The common attachment of a boy for his nurse has been carried to the extreme by Herr Gerhardt, a wealthy Bremen merchant, who has just married the woman who was once his wet nurse.

The Pope has authorized the drawings for his own sarcophagus for the Church of St. Giovanni, to be erected three years after his death. It will be of Italian porphyry, and cost \$25,000.

The Russian Government has resolved to raise the custom duties on knitted cotton goods, in order to encourage the industry of the knitting factories which have been established in St. Petersburg.

During the financial year closing on May 1st the German Government received a surplus of \$8,000,000 from the Imperial Postal and Telegraphic Departments, and of \$350,000 from the Imperial Printing Office.

For the first time since its foundation a Jew, Prof. Julius Bernstein, has been elected Rector Magnificus of the Halle University. Up to within a comparatively short time no Jew was permitted even to teach there.

A conspicuous Austrian Peer, Prince Starhemberg, pronounces boldly for general disarmament. Austria, he says, is drifting rapidly to financial ruin. But he fears that war must come before disarmament.

The French Minister of war lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Perigueux to Paris, 310 miles. There were 2,746 entries, the winner doing the distance in 7 hours and 34 minutes—or at forty three miles an hour.

A new element, named "damacia," is said to have been discovered in the crater of an extinct volcano in Damarland. It is reported to have an atomic weight of only 0.5, or half that of hydrogen, and, therefore, it is the lightest known substance.

The weavers of the Eulengebirge have petitioned the German Emperor to help them, by working fourteen hours for six days out of seven, they say they can earn only \$1.25 each weekly. Their wives earn about sixty five cents each weekly at the looms.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps. One hundred and ninety-four of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession and have received diplomas. Thirty-five of them are between 60 and 70 years of age, and six are over 70.

M. Rousson, an old guardian of the Louvre, has been engaged in constructing the group of which he thinks the Venus of Milo formed a part. As his ideal stands, the goddess is leaning her left arm upon the shoulder of Mars the right reaching toward his breast.

A German named Lichtenhal, after exper-

imenting for twenty-three years with artificial wings, has succeeded in raising himself, weighing 160 pounds, with the aid of a counter weight, lifting eighty pounds. How to raise the other eighty pounds is still beyond him.

A four-in-hand race from Presburg to Vienna, a distance of forty-one miles, took place on June 13. Seven coaches started, with ten minutes' interval between each. The first prize of a thousand florins was won by Baron Nicolaus Weaselenyi, in 2 hours 42 minutes 38 seconds, the roads being described as bad.

The nude has noticeably diminished in the Paris Salon. It doesn't sell as it used to sell, having declined in fashion with the *demi-monde*, and the leading artists are now somewhat careful about warning off by too startling displays the steadily increasing number of young women pupils of recognized respectability.

According to a recent decision of the Russian Senate the wives of such exiles to Siberia as have served their time, but have not been restored to their civil rights, have a right not only to take out passports and to travel or live wherever they please without the consent of their husbands, but even to get married to other men.

In 1888 there were in Germany 376,654 marriages, 1,823,379 births, and 1,209,758 deaths; in France, 276,348 marriages, 852,639 births, and 837,867 deaths. The increase of Germany's population was therefore 618,581 in 1888 against 605,155 in 1887; France's increase of population, 44,772 in 1888 against 56,536 in 1887.

At last week's sitting of the Academy of Medicine, M. Laborde of the Paris faculty announced his discovery of a new anesthetic, which he calls crystallized narcain. A solution of this substance sends the patient into a sound sleep free from vomiting or digestive derangement and without subsequent torpor. So far experiments have been confined to rabbits.

Hypnotism has reached that point that the French authorities think of creating a superior council of medical jurisprudence at the Ministry of Justice, to be composed of medical men and magistrates, who will be required to give opinions as to the responsibility of criminals in connection with the questions of suggestion and hypnotism and of heredity.

Last year France herself produced only 23,000,000 hectolitres of wine and she alone consumed 45,000,000 hectolitres. As to how the necessary amount for exportation is made, the foreigner can console himself with the fact that he is more apt to get good wine than the Frenchman, the genuine article standing exportation much better than adulteration.

The Photographic Society of Geneva has been testing the theory that the long companionship of man and wife tends to make them look more and more like each other. Photographs of seventy-eight old couples, and of an equal number of adult brothers and sisters, showed that the married couples were more like each other than the brothers and sisters of the same blood.

An eight-wheeled railroad church has just been finished at Tiflis, in the factory of the Transcaucasian Railway Company, for use along the line. It is surmounted by a cross at one end, and at the other there is a handsome belfry with three bells. Besides the church proper, it has apartments for the priest. It can comfortably seat seventy persons. The altar is made of carved oak, and all the church furniture was made in St. Petersburg.

During the recent illness of Tolstoi his friends have been crowding to his house from all parts of Russia, sometimes to the number of forty a day. The Count's wife finally published in all the leading Russian dailies this note: "All those who have had the kindness during the illness of my husband to come to Jasnaja Poljana to inquire after his health will be kind enough in the future to omit such visits, since my husband is not in a condition to have strangers in his house."

In Carlsruhe, the official capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, pianoforte playing spread so as to excite a decided movement against it. First, the city passed a law forbidding any one who played with the piano open that offered little help, the house next door, and the noise of the formation of a *bach* orchestra society, sworn not to *play* the piano, numbered over 200, but had many of them the French horn.

In a recent quarrel in Russia, a man was the first to

one of them is written in Greek roundhand: "The judge Sorak built this sanctuary on a new site without removing any of the human remains found there. Let no one touch or desecrate my body after my death, for he who does so will never enter the Spirit Kingdom." This inscription is surrounded with drawings of the human heart, and surmounted by two winged genii holding floral emblems.

Holland will have six months to make up her mind whether to sign the General Act of the Anti-Slavery Conference. She has no territorial claims in Africa, but she is interested in the diffusion of Holland gin, and has not signed the Act yet because it authorizes the Congo State to impose an import tax on gin and other commodities. Here are nearly all the civilized nations in the world ready to pull together for the accomplishment of one of the greatest works of the century, and one little kingdom is pulling the other way because it is proposed to put a tax on gin. It is a curious spectacle and one that will hardly be upheld by public opinion.

In Simferopol Russia recently occurred the death of a Grecian woman who had attained the age of 112. She was working in her garden to the last moment. Tired of work she laid herself down to rest, and passed away without the least struggle. In connection with this incident, the *Vestnik* of Odessa reports that there are many centenarians in the Crimea. Three years ago there was in Kerch an old soldier whose dismissal from the army dated from the time of Katharine II. and whose authenticated credentials put his age at 128 years. Most of the centenarians of the peninsula are Tartars, gypsies, Karaites, and Greeks, persons belonging to the races of the original settlers of that region.

The number of droshkies in St. Petersburg has dwindled by about 75 per cent. since the beginning of May. Previously there were 8,000 to 10,000 droshky drivers in the capital; there are no more than 2,000 at present. The cause is a new law which has been put in force to refuse licenses to drivers whose vehicles are not properly fitted out. So say the newspapers published in Russia. The revolutionary Russian papers published in Switzerland say that the object of the new law is to diminish the number of laborers in the streets of St. Petersburg, because they belong to the elements of which the Government is afraid. However this may be, the denizens of the great capital have at present to pay for a ride four times as much as they paid before, and still they cannot get all the facilities they need.

The judicial error of which the man named Borrás, now liberated, was the victim in France, has brought to the front an old custom of the courts of Venice. There, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly looking individual, dressed in a long black gown, walks majestically to the centre of the court room bows solemnly to the Judges, and in a cavernous voice pronounces the following not over-startling words: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away. Just three hundred years ago a baker was executed in Venice, for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully established the Judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be devoted to the setting up and perpetual burning of a lamp, known as the "lamp of expiation," in the palace of the doges. It is still burning there.

Superstition is always at its height when trouble oppresses the heart. This is the case with the nations as well as with the individuals. The most absurd superstitions of the East appear in almost all nations. Quite recently a superstition of this kind, the destruction of a lamp, was the cause of that peculiar incident in the city of Moscow, a suburb of which was the scene of the incident. The lamp was unable to be relit and looked like a ghost.

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[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

BY H RIDER HAGGARD AND ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indicat tempus.—SERVIUS. ÆNEID II., 501.

BOOK I CHAPTER I.

THE SILENT ISLE.

Come with us, ye whose hearts are set
On this, the Present to forget;
Come with us where the moonlight fills
The hollows of the fairy hills,
Where droops the visionary vine
Men crush to yield hearts' anodyne!
Come read the things whereof ye know
They were not, and could not be so!
The murmur of the fallen creeds,
Like winds among wind-shaken reeds
Along the banks of holy Nile,
Shall echo in your ears the while.
The fables of the North and South
Shall mingle in a modern mouth;
The fancies of the West and East
Shall flock and flit about the feast
Like doves that cool, with waving wing
The banquet of the Cyprian king.
Old shapes of song that do not die
Shall haunt the halls of memory,
And though the Bow shall prelude clear
Shrill as the song of Gunnar's spear,
There answer notes from lute and lyre
That murmured of The World's Desire.

There lives no man but he hath seen
The World's Desire, the fairy queen
None but hath seen her to his cost.
Not one but loves what he has lost.
None is there but hath heard her sing
Divinely through his wandering:
Not one but he hath followed far
The port of the Bleeding Star,
Not one but he hath chanced to wake,
Dreamed of the Star and found the Snake
Yet through his dreams, a wandering dre,
Still, still she sits, THE WORLD'S DESIRE!

Across the wide backs of the waves, beneath the mountains, and between the islands, a ship came stealing from the dark into the dusk, and from the dusk into the dawn. The ship had only one mast, one broad brown sail with a star embroidered on it in gold; her stem and stern were built high and carried like a bird's beak; her prow was painted scarlet, and she was driven by oars as well as by the western wind.

A man stood alone on the half deck at the bows, a man who looked always forward, through the night, and the twilight, and the clear morning. He was of no great stature, but broad-breasted and very wide-shouldered, with many signs of strength. He had blue eyes, and dark curled locks falling beneath a red cap such as sailors wear, and over a purple cloak, fastened with a brooch of gold. There were threads of silver in his curls, and his beard was streaked with white. His whole heart was following his eyes, watching first for the blaze of the island beacons out of the darkness, and, later, for the smoke rising from the far-off hills. But he watched in vain; there was neither sight nor smoke on the gray peak that lay clear against a field of yellow sky.

There was no smoke, no fire, no sound of voices, nor cry of birds. The isle was dead-ly still.

As they neared the coast, and neither heard nor saw a sign of life, the man's face fell. The gladness went out of his eyes, his features grew older with anxiety and doubt, and with longings for tidings of his home. No man ever loved his home more than he, the man Odysseus, the son of Laertes—his name called Ulysses—returned from his long wandering. The whole world had heard the tale of his first voyage, and for ten years on the sea he had wandered, till he reached the island of Ithaca, and discerned a beggar, who, in his own house, sat in his own hall, and ate his own bread, and drank his own wine, and was as good as dead, for he had been so long on the sea, that he had never seen his own people who had

out long ago by Rei, the instructed Egyptian priest, tells what he found there, and the tale of the last adventurer of Odysseus, Laertes's son.

The ship ran on and won the well known haven, sheltered from wind by two head lands of sheer cliff. There she sailed straight in, till the leaves of the broad olive tree at the head of the inlet were tangled in her cordage. Then the Wanderer, without looking back or saying one word of farewell to his crew, caught a bough of the olive tree with his hand, and swung himself ashore. There he knelt and kissed the earth, and, covering his head within his cloak, he prayed that he might find his house at peace, his wife dear and true, and his son worthy of him.

But not one word of his prayer was to be granted. The Gods give, and take, but on the earth the Gods cannot restore.

When he rose from his knees he glanced back across the waters, but there was now no ship in the haven, nor any sign of a sail on all the sea.

And still the land was silent; not even the wild birds cried a welcome.

The sun was hardly up, men were scarce awake, the Wanderer said to himself; and he set a stout heart to the steep path leading up the hill, over the woods, and across the ridge of rock that divides the two masses of the island. Up he climbed, purposing, as of old, to seek the house of his faithful servant, the swineherd, and learn from him the tidings of his home. On the brow of a hill he stopped to rest, and looked down on the house of the servant. But the strong oak palisade was broken, no smoke came from the hole in the thatched roof, and, as he approached, the dogs did not run barking, as sheep dogs do, at the stranger. The very path to the house was overgrown, and dumb with grass, even a dog's keen ears could scarcely have heard a footstep.

The door of the swineherd's hut was open, but all was dark within. The spiders had woven a glittering web across the empty blackness, a sign that for many days no man had entered. Then the wanderer shouted twice, and thrice, but the only answer was the echo from the hill. He went in, hoping to find food, or perhaps a spark of fire sheltered under the dry leaves. But all was vacant and cold as death.

The Wanderer came forth into the warm sunlight, set his face to the hill again, and went on his way to the city of Ithaca.

He saw the sea from the hill-top glittering as of yore, but there were no brown sails of fisher boats on the sea. All the land that should now have waved with the white corn was green with tangled weeds. Half way down the rugged path was a grove of alders, and the basin into which the water flowed from the old fountain of the Nymphs! But no maidens were there with their pitchers; the basin was broken, and green with mould; the water slipped through the crevices and hurried to the sea. There were no offerings of way-farers, rags, and pebbles by the wall, and on the altar of the Nymphs the flame had long been cold. The very ashes were covered with grass, and a branch of ivy had hidden the stone of sacrifice. On the Wanderer pressed with a heavy heart. Now the high roof of his own hall and the wide fenced courts were within his sight, and he hurried forward to know the worst.

Too soon he saw that the roofs were smokeless, and all the court was deep in grass. Where the altar of Zeus had stood in the midst of the court there was now no altar, but a great, gray mound, not of earth, but of white dust mixed with black. Over this mound the grass pricked up scantily, like a beggar's beard.

The Wanderer shuddered, for out of the mound peeped the charred black bones of a man. He drew near, and lo! there was nothing else than the bones of a man and woman. Death had been so long on the sea, that he had never seen his own people who had

ed, hostood, leaning on his staff. Then a sudden ray of the sun fell on something that glittered in the heap, and he touched it with the end of the staff he had in his hand. It slid jingling from the heap. It was a bone of a forearm, and that which glittered on it was a half-molten ring of gold. On the gold these characters were engraved:

IKMAAIO N ME HOIE NEN.
(Menelios made me.)

At the sight of the armlet the Wanderer fell on the earth, grovelling among the ashes of the pyre, for he knew the gold ring which he had brought from Ephro long ago, for a gift to his wife Penelope. This was the bracelet of the bride of his youth, and here, black, calcined, bare, a mockery and a terror, were those kind arms in which he had lain. Then his strength was shaken with his sobbing, and his hands clutched blindly before him, and he gathered dust and cast it upon his head till his dark locks were defiled with the ashes of his dearest, and he longed to die.

There he lay, biting his own hands for sorrow, and for wrath against God and Fate. There he lay while the sun in the heavens smote him, and he knew it not; while the wind of the sunset stirred in his hair, and he stirred not. He could not even shed one tear, for this was the sorest of all the sorrows that he had known on the waves of the sea, or on land among the wars of men.

The sun fell and the ways were darkened. Slowly the eastern sky grew silver with the moon. A night fowl's voice was heard from afar; it drew nearer, then through the shadow of the pyre the black wings fluttered into the light, and the carrion bird fixed its talons and its beak on the Wanderer's neck. Then he moved at length, tossed up an arm, and caught the bird of darkness by the neck and broke it and dashed it on the ground. His sick heart was mad with the little sudden pain, and he clutched for the knife in his girdle that he might slay himself, but he was unharmed. At last he rose, muttering, and stood in the moonlight, like a lion in some ruinous palace of forgotten kings. He was faint with hunger and weak with long lamenting, as he stepped within his own doors. There he paused on that high threshold of stone where once he had sat in the disguise of a beggar, that very threshold whence on another day, he had shot the shafts of doom among the wooers of his wife and the wast of his home. But now his wife was dead, his voyaging was ended here, and a wars were in vain. In the white light the house of his kingship was no more than the ghost of a home, dreadful unfamiliar, empty of warmth and love and light. The tables were fallen here and there through the long hall: mouldering fragments of the funeral feast and shattered cups and dishes lay in one confusion; the ivory chairs were broken, and on the walls the moonbeams glistened now and again from points of steel and blades of bronze, though many swords were dark with rust.

But there in its gleaming case, lay one thing friendly and familiar. There lay the Bow of Eurytus, the bow for which the great Heracles had slain his own guest in his own halls; the dreadful bow that no mortal man but the Wanderer could bend. He was never used to carry this precious bow with him on an-shipboard when he went to the wars, but it was treasured at home, the memorial of a dear friend foully slain. So now, when the voices of the dog and slave and child and wife were mute, there yet came out of the stillness a word of welcome to the Wanderer. For this bow, which had thrilled in the grip of a god, and had scattered the shafts of the vengeance of Heracles, was wondrously made and magical. A spirit dwelt within it which knew of things to come, which boded the battle from afar, and therefore always before the slaying of men the bow sang strangely through the night. The voice of it was thin and shrill, a ringing and a singing of the string and of the bow. While the Wanderer stood and looked on his weapon, hark! the bow began to thrill! The sound was faint at first, a thin note, but as he listened the voice of it in that silence grew clear, strong, angry, and triumphant. In his ears and to his heart it seemed that the wordless chant rang thus:

THE SONG OF THE BOW.
Keen and low
Doth the arrow sing
The song of the Bow,
The sound of the string,
The shafts cry shrill:
Let us forth again,
Let us feed our fill
On the flesh of men,
Greedy and fleet
Do we fly from far,
Like the birds that meet
For the feast of war,
Till the air of night
With our wings be stirred,
As it whirrs from the flight
Of the ravening bird,
Like the flocks that drift
On the snow-wind's breath,
Many and swift,
And winged for death—

Greedy and fleet,
Do we speed from far,
Like the birds that meet
On the bridge of war,
Fleet as ghosts that wait,
When the dart strikes true,
Do the swift shafts fall,
Till they drink warm dew,
Keen and low
Do the gray shafts sing
The Song of the Bow,
The sound of the string.

This was the message of Death, and this was the first sound that had broken the stillness of his home.

At the welcome of this music which spoke to his heart—this music he had heard so many a time—the Wanderer knew that there was war at hand. He knew that the wings of his arrows should be swift to fly, and their beaks of bronze should be whetted to drink the blood of men. He put out his hand and took the bow, and tried the string, and it answered shrill as the song of the swallow.

Then at length, when he heard the bow-string twang to his touch, the fountains of his sorrow were unsealed; tears came like soft rains on a frozen land, and the Wanderer wept.

When he had his fill of weeping he rose, for hunger drove him—hunger that is of all things the most shameless, being stronger far than sorrow or love or any other desire. The Wanderer found his way through the narrow door behind the dais, and stumbling now and again over the fallen fragments of the home which he himself had built, he went to the inner, secret storehouse. Even he could scarcely find the door, for saplings of trees had grown up about it; yet he found it at last. Within the holy well the water was yet babbling and shining in the moonlight over the silver sand; and here, too, there was store of mouldering grain, for the house had been abundantly rich when the great plague fell upon the people while he was far away. So he found food to satisfy his hunger, after a sort and next he gathered together out of his treasure-chest the beautiful golden armour of unhappy Paris, son of Priam, the false love of fair Helen. These arms had been taken at the sack of Troy, and had lain long in the treasury of Menelaus in Sparta; but on a day he had given them to Odysseus, the dearest of all his guests. The Wanderer clad himself in this golden gear and took the sword called "Eurytus's Gift," a bronze blade with a silver hilt and a sheath of ivory, which in a far-off land a stranger had given him. Already the love of life had come back to him, now that he had eaten and drunk, and had heard the Song of the Bow, the Slayer of Men. He lived yet, and hope lived in him though his house was desolate and his wedded wife was dead, and there was none to give him tidings of his one child, Telemachus. Even so life beat strong in his heart, and his hands would keep his head if any sea robbers had come to the city of Ithaca and made their home there, like sea hawks in the forsaken nest of an eagle of the sea. So he clad himself in his armor and chose out two spears from a stand of lances, and cleaned them, and girt about his shoulders a quiver full of shafts, and took in his hand his great bow, the Bow of Eurytus, which no other man could bend. Then he went forth from the ruined house into the moonlight, went forth for the last time; for never again did the high roof echo to the footstep of its lord. Long has the grass grown over it and the sea wind wailed!

CHAPTER II.

THE VISION OF THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

The fragrant night was clear and still, the silence scarce broken by the lapping of the waves, as the Wanderer went down from his fallen home to the city on the sea, walking warily, and watching for any light from the houses of the people. But they were all as dark as his own, many of them roofless and ruined, for, after the plague, an earthquake had smitten the city. There were gaping chasms in the road, here and there, and through rifts in the walls of the houses the moon shone strangely, making ragged shadows. At last the Wanderer reached the Temple of Athene, the Goddess of War; but the roof had fallen in, and the pillars were overset, and the scent of wild thyme growing in the broken pavement rose where he walked. Yet, as he stood by the door of the fane, where he had burned so many a sacrifice, at length he perceived a light blazing from the windows of a great chapel by the sea. It was the Temple of Aphrodite, the Queen of Love, and from the open door the sweet savor of incense and the golden blaze washed forth till they were lost in the silver of the moonshine and in the salt smell of the sea. Thither the Wanderer went slowly, for his limbs were aching with weariness, and he was half in a dream. Yet he hid himself cunningly in the shadow of a long avenue of myrtles, for he guessed that sea robbers were keeping revel in the forsaken

have declined"— Here Mr. Winthrop's ready tongue failed him in this delicate extremity.

"Your secret is quite safe with me, sir," said Mabel earnestly.

They were once more on the common among the nursemaids, who exchanged with one another glances even more significant than before. Their intuitive perception, that Mabel had gone to meet her young man, was proved accurate, since here he was arm in arm with her. Their looks, which she had not noticed on the previous occasion, now seriously annoyed her; whereas Mr. Winthrop was rather gratified with this mark of attention than otherwise. They had a habit, however, of bursting into open laughter immediately after the pair had passed, which was objectionable, since he could not but reflect that the sense of humour is sometimes tickled by the idea of disparity of age.

When they reached the suburbs, Mr. Winthrop halted. "Dear Miss Denham," said he respectfully, "I am about to make a remark, which, although rude, you must allow is at least an unselfish one: would you not prefer to return to the hotel alone—I mean, not in my company?"

"Thank you; yes," said Mabel eagerly, to whom this idea had already presented itself; "that would be much better." Her fingers dropped from his arm; she felt that she ought to shake hands with him, were it but in sign of this final parting; but she thought of the last clasp which that hand of hers had felt and returned, and hesitated to offer it. Mr. Winthrop, as though divining her objection, took off his hat.

"Good-bye, sir," said Mabel, not without a touch of kind feeling, such as every true woman feels in dismissing for ever the man who has offered himself to her in honour.

"An revoir," said he, with a grateful look; then turned down a by-path that led to the sea-shore.

As Mabel hurried homeward, she regretted that he had used that phrase "au revoir." Still, he was that sort of man who habitually interlards French phrases with his speech, and might have meant nothing by it. He could not surely mean that after what had passed he would continue to meet her as before! Such a course of conduct would be most embarrassing, nay, unbearable.

Here was the hotel as last. What experiences had she undergone since she had looked upon it, scarce two hours ago.

The affable manager was in the hall as she passed through it. "Your sister," said he, with the bow on which he justly prided himself, "has been inquiring for you, madam, with some anxiety."

"Indeed!" said she. "I have been for a walk along the cliff-path, that is all."

"Nay, madam; I do not mean that she was anxious upon your account—nobody ever comes to harm at Shingleton, I hope; but a letter has come for you by the afternoon post, which I noticed was marked 'Immediate.'"

The events of that eventful day, it seemed, were not yet ended.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Trim a Hat.

For trimming hats the velvet or silk rosettes are much in vogue. They are easily made after one knows how. You must conclude how large a rosette you want, and widen or narrow your material to suit the size. The rosette most fancied is just about the size of a rose, and the material, cut on the bias, is folded to be an inch wide. The strip is then gathered and drawn into shape, being fastened in that on a circle of stiff net. Sew it securely and do not attempt to plait it to shape—it must be gathered. One, two, or three rosettes are used and the number usually decides the size. An eighth of a yard of velvet, cut on the bias, will make one medium-sized rosette, and this seems to be that best liked. Amateurs usually err in over-trimming a hat or bonnet; so as straw ones are not so troublesome to arrange as those of velvet, do not commit this fault. If you cannot see the really good styles in any other way, then look at them in the milliner's window. Read her art, and marking it, learn and outwardly imitate. Chapeaux 'just tossed' together always look what they are, and the one to which proper consideration and time has been shown is the one that approaches the nearest to being "a love of a bonnet."

Patterns.

An pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

LINGERIE.

In Figs. 86—01 No. 1 gives the front view of the coiffure marked 2, the arrangement of which is illustrated in its first stages in No. 6, and forms a neat and youthful style of wearing the hair. The front locks are loosely curled, and confined by a shell, silver or gilt bandeau.

No. 3 represents a bathing cap of a kerchief shape which is made of a piece of oil silk twenty inches square, rounded off at the corners, and bound with red braid. The front edge is trimmed with a quilling made of strips of oil silk 1 5/8 inches wide, and bound with the braid. Four strings of braid, two sewed on the front edges, and two in the middle of the side edges, are tied

flushes the neck and sleeves of some dresses; others have a fold and crimped ruffle of lisse, and another style is of two, three or four rows of silk strands arranged in loops like "baby" ribbon. Crown and satin edged ribbons are still used for this purpose; double them nearly in the middle, so that both edges will show.

Four-inch ruffles of colored crepe brighten up an otherwise dull toilette by using them for a turn-over collar and jabot to the waist-line. Vaudyko collars of Irish point are handsome if the wearer has a full throat, but turn-over collars and thin necks should never be seen together.

Light colored batiste chemisettes are shown for house wear, having a tucked front, and turn-over collar edged with a fine pleating. Other additions of batiste consist of a rolled collar and cuffs of a color, edged with a pleat-



over the head, and around the neck to keep the cap on.

No. 4 illustrates a plastron made of silk or crepe with the edges pinked. The collar has two rows of the pinking turned over at the top, a girdle piece to match, and a fan jabot falling over the blouse front, which consists of one width of the silk.

No. 5 shows a garniture of plaid ribbon, which renders a plain bodice dressy for the evening. A standing collar is formed by two triple box pleats, which are lined with erinoline, as are the rolled revers continuing to the bust, where they end under a bow of the ribbon, which is about five inches wide.

A small silk cord mounted on a fold of silk

and ruffa. Lace, mull, silk muslin and lisse are combined with ribbon to form collars, jabots, and blouse fronts.

A large lace scarf is capable of a hundred freaks in the hands of a clever woman. It is worn as a Marie Antoinette fichu, an evening head wrap, a blouse front and sash, and a peasant girle, pointed back and front, with the long ends knotted on one side.

Plain linen and striped percale chemisettes are worn with plain woolen gowns, with neat cravat as a finish. Swiss and lace balayees ruffles for the bottom of evening gowns are cut in various forms. Black lace veils are worn with heads in clusters of three over the surface. The fashionable woman wears veils reaching to the end of the chin.

Chinese Customs.

As is the case in regard to many other things, it is claimed that we owe the invention of visiting cards to the Chinese. So long ago as the period of the Tong dynasty (618-907) visiting cards were known to be in use in China, and that is also the date of the introduction of the "red silken cords" which figure so conspicuously on the engagement cards of that country. From ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are large and of a bright red color.

When a Chinaman desires to marry his parents intimate that fact to a professional "match maker," who thereupon runs through a list of her visiting acquaintances and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man, and then she upon the young woman's parents, arms

with the bridegroom's card, on which is scribed his ancestral name and symbols which denote the day of the month. If the answer is an acceptance of the bride's card is sent in return, and the oracles' prophecy, good concerning the particulars of the engagement, is written on two large cards. The first is the red cords.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing, for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have proserved his friend, or made his fortune.—[Steele.]

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GAMMIDGE'S GHOST.

Published by arrangement with the publishers from advanced sheets of *Chambers's Journal*.

CHAPTER II.

The housekeeper led the way up a long flight of stairs, down two or three great corridors, all sounding empty and hollow, to a door which, being opened, disclosed a bright fire in a pretty room. A bedroom opened off through another door.

"Does any one sleep near this room?" I asked as Mrs. Johnson turned to go. I was somehow struck with a sudden sense of loneliness.

"Well, not very near," she began.

"Oh, it doesn't matter at all. It looks very comfortable, and I'm not nervous, so I shall be all right."

"These are Captain Penrose's rooms. I put you in them, thinking you would be comfortable."

"Very good of you Mrs. Johnson. Oh, I shall be all right."

"I don't know whether you smoke, sir," she said; "but if you do, there are some cigars of the captain's in that little cupboard by the fire which I am sure will be good. And so I'll say good-night; and if you should happen to want anything, you'll please to ring."

"Yes; thank you. I shall not want anything—Good-night, Mrs. Johnson."

As soon as I heard her last heavy foot-step die away at the end of the long corridor, I locked the door; then I took one of the candles and went into the bedroom, which, as I have said, opened into the sitting-room. I now found that it also had a door opening into the corridor, so I locked that, and then had a lock round the bedroom, like the sitting-room, was old-fashioned as regards furniture and appearance. The walls were hung with some sort of tapestry stuff of peculiar pattern. I swung this aside here and there, and found the walls to be panelled in very black oak the panelling reaching up to the ceiling. The bed, a huge fourposter affair, was also tapestried, and looked solemn enough to lay a king out in. I went back to the sitting-room and examined that. It was hardly so funeral as the bedroom: there was no tapestry; but it, too, was panelled in dark oak. There were no pictures, two or three books of somewhat heavy material, no newspapers; nothing to while an hour away before retiring.

"The Captain doesn't have very lively quarters down here," I said to myself. "However, I'll see if I can't find his cigars."

I looked for the cupboard which Mrs. Johnson had spoken of, and found it at last in the oak panelling by the side of the fireplace. Inside reposed two or three boxes of cigars, which melt particularly fine; and above the boxes lay a couple of novels, which I seized on eagerly. I looked at all three boxes before choosing a cigar. You see, I didn't often smoke cigars in those days, and one gains a lot of pleasure in dallying with rare delights. I looked at them all, and smelt them with the air of a judge, and finally I lighted one, and made myself comfortable in an easy chair with one of the novels in my hand. You may guess I felt quite luxurious, and blessed the chance which had brought me to such grand quarters.

If only Alicia had been nearer, I should have been perfectly happy.

The cigar passed away. The novel was read, the novel but so so. I have not many novels in my life, and when I do read one like this, that is very rare.

It was not very long, but it was so good, that I read it in an hour it cost me a whole day's work.

What a wonderful book! I had never read anything like it before. I had never read anything like it before.

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livious of anything in the material world. How long I slept I don't know: but what I do know is that in the course of the night I found myself sitting up in bed, looking at something which stood at the bed foot looking at me! I felt a cold perspiration steal over me and perhaps my hair grew erect. The moon was hid behind a cloud when I woke, and I could only see the outline of the thing that was in my room. Suddenly the moonlight flashed in again with redoubled radiance, and I saw staring at the foot of my bed a tall figure clad in sable robes, whose eyes shone brightly from under a heavy cowl. It was the Black Friar!

What happened next I don't quite remember; but I know that I got out of bed and went after the Friar, who receded towards the tapes tried wall, beckoning me to follow. There was no doubt about his being there. I rubbed my eyes, and saw him more clearly. He had on long sable robes and sandals; a large cowl hid his face; but I could catch glimpses now and then of his bright eyes. He went with a strange gliding motion towards the wall and brushed the hangings aside; then he placed his hand on the panelling, and, to my astonishment and surprise, I saw a door open and disclose a flight of stairs which led down into darkness. The Friar turned, beckoned, and began slowly to descend the staircase. Somehow, though I struggled against giving way, I had to follow him. I was in scanty attire, and the nights were chilly, and I remember how I shivered as my bare feet touched the first of the worn stone steps. They were so worn that they dipped in the middle. The Friar went down, down, and I followed. Very soon the moonlight from the window above ceased to give any light, and we were in darkness. Yet even then I could see the dark figure before me in a sort of luminous haze. Every now and then he turned and beckoned with a white hand that looked just as transparent as a ghost's hand should be.

Well, we reached the bottom of the staircase. It was a very long one; there must have been nearly a hundred steps in it. We went along a paved passage, the walls and roof of which I touched with my hands as we traversed it, the Friar still going before, and I, attracted by some strange magnetism, following dutifully behind. Suddenly a door opened in front and a half light, half mist, broke upon us. The Friar passed through, and I followed and looked about me. We were in a vast church, lighted by I know not what strange means, but with neither windows nor sunlights that I could see. The great pillars supporting the roof were lost in the mighty blackness overhead, great aisles stretched away into darkness on every side. But in the channel there glimmered in the misty light a few tapers, and right in the middle a blood-red lamp swung to and fro, as though with eddying gusts of wind. I leaned against a pillar and gazed. As I became accustomed to the strange light, I saw that here and there were placed enormous tombs—tombs of crusaders in their armour, knights kneeling in prayer, fine ladies with enormous ruffs, and children in curious formal-looking dresses. While I gazed, I saw another Friar, habited like the one who had conducted me, enter from the door we had opened. As he came he threw back his hood from his face and bowed profoundly towards the shrine. Others followed in rapid succession, till at length the channel was full of Black-robed Friars. Presently they began to sing. One of them had a magnificent tenor voice, and as it went vibrating into the vaulted roof above, with the voices of the choir answering it, the effect was really very fine. The singing was a somewhat strange performance. One psalm succeeded Mrs. Johnson, despite the charm of the voice, I looked round me for a seat.

but a chair was placed a little distance towards this I moved. I sat

down, and I began to feel a little nervous.

I had never read anything like it before. I had never read anything like it before.

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down. I sprang out of bed and began to dress, at the same time thinking about my nightmare or vision of the previous midnight. "Hillo," I said to myself, "where's my slipper?" For of the slippers that I had left standing by my bedside the night before, there was only one left. I hunted round the room for the other with no result; and then I suddenly remembered that I had slipped them on, with admirable foresight, when I had followed the Friar. I laughed to think of it; but, laugh or not, that slipper was no where in the room!

"Mrs. Johnson," I said, three-quarters of an hour later, "that ghost of yours is no imaginary personage."

Mrs. Johnson stared at me, and a faint flush rose to her already rosy cheek.

"Indeed!" she answered. "You don't mean that—that?"

"That I've seen?—Yes; I do. I saw him last night."

"The Black Friar?"

"Not only one, but two, three, ten, perhaps twenty Black Friars—a whole monastery of them. Fine voices they had, too, all of them."

Mrs. Johnson looked at me suspiciously. "Now, you're joking," she began with something of a reproach in her voice. "You say you saw him?"

"Yes, I can't come to any other conclusion."

I didn't believe in ghosts; but Alicia's mamma did, and I had heard so many spirit-stories from her in intervals when Alicia was making herself tidy or putting on her hat and shawl, that I had come to look upon them as being something familiar.

"You see," I continued, "the Friar not only appeared to me, but he proved himself a burglar into the bargain; he priggled one of my slippers."

"Now," said the housekeeper indignantly "you are making fun! Who ever heard of a ghost stealing slippers!"

"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Let me tell you all about it, Mrs. Johnson. You mustn't condemn me unheard."

So I told her all I could remember—and there was precious little that I couldn't—of my nocturnal visitor. I never saw a woman so completely flabbergasted in my life as when I came to the slipper business.

"Now, ma'am," I said in conclusion, "I'm a plain sensible young man; I'm engaged to a nice girl as ever you saw, and if I can find that will, it will be probably be a long step towards our marriage. I don't believe in ghosts, whatever you do. But I'll tell you what; I do believe I got sleep-walking last night, and left my slipper behind in some cold passage. The question is, do you know of any secret passage leading from that room where I slept?"

Mrs. Johnston considered. "Well," she said at length, "I can't deny that there are secret passages in the place. There are in all these old houses. At Lord Plantagenet's place in Devonshire there were several. I had my first situation there, you know, sir, and—"

"Yes, yes," I said; "I know. But this one?"

"My late mistress knew them all," she replied, "and I know that she used to wander about them now and then."

"Ten to one, she's hidden that confounded will in some of them!" I said. "We may hunt for a month or a year and never find it."

"Miss Penrose used to spend a deal of time in the Captain's rooms when he was absent," remarked the housekeeper, after a pause.

"Did she? Then perhaps she hid the will somewhere there."

"You see, said Mrs. Johnson confidentially, "when my poor mistress was dying, she tried hard to tell us where she had put the will that you speak of. At least so we thought—Miss Stanley and myself. It was mentioned afterwards, and we were laughed at—by the other side."

"The long and short of it is, ma'am," I said rising from the breakfast table, "I'm going to look for my slipper and Miss Penrose's will."

"I hope you may find them," said the housekeeper.

I hoped so myself; and it was because I was so very much in earnest that I determined to make the search a thorough one. I put my line of attack on a good basis. To begin with, I had gone to sleep on the previous night in a bedchamber supposed, in common with the rest of the house to be haunted. I was not in a very particularly nervous state of mind, nor had I drunk too much wine or smoked too many of the Captain's cigars. I had dreamed dreams, or seen visions, or had a nightmare. I had wandered in my dreams through underground passages, and when I awoke in the morning, one of my slippers was gone. Ergo, somewhere in my dream the bounds of the unseen world had been

broken in upon by the rude foot of reality, cased in a scarlet slipper.

"There is a secret passage in this room, I said to Mrs. Johnson, as we stood in my bed chamber, "and we must find it."

I began to walk round the room, tapping the wainscoting as I went along. It sounded firm enough all round. I began again, tapping the wood in various places, now high, now low. Suddenly the wall, just in a line with the door communicating with the Captain's sitting-room, gave forth a hollow sound in response to the demands of my knuckles.

"Hurrah!" I said there's something here, ma'am. Come and see."

Mrs. Johnson came to my side and tapped the panelling. "It certainly does sound hollow," she said. "But you see there's no knob, or any indication of a latch or anything, so I don't see how we can get in."

"There's no indication of a door at all, for the matter of that. But as long as this is hollow, I'm going to see what lies behind, even if I have to fetch a carpenter."

"It would be a pity to spoil the panelling," she said. "If there is a passage, there is sure to be a door and a spring to open it."

"Then we must find it," I said, beginning to feel amongst the curious knobs and projections of the carving for anything which would prove an open sesame.

We worked on for quite an hour, examining every little angel's wing, every little demon's body, screwing, or trying to screw them about to see if they concealed springs or door handles; but all with success. At last, tired with the unwonted labour, I leaned against the panelling and fairly groaned. "It's no good, I'm afraid. We'll have to try somewhere else, ma'am. This—Hillo!" There was a faint click behind me, and the wall seemed yielding to the weight of my back. I uttered a cry of joy as I saw a goodly portion of the wainscoting turn slowly inwards, revealing a dark cavernous recess. Mrs. Johnson uttered a little scream.

"Here's something, at any rate," I said triumphantly. "Quick, ma'am—those candles! Hold a light."

She held the light up, and I went boldly in. I soon found that the place was a sort of closet, a few yards square, and evidently intended as a hiding-place in the old times. My feet slipped oversomething; I stooped, and picked the object up. It was my red slipper!

Well, to cut a long story short, I may as well say that in that little box of a place we found a small chest, in which the ancient Miss Penrose had deposited papers of immense value, not to speak of the missing will. The Captain got his rights, and he and Miss Stanley were soon afterwards married. I think it was on the morning of their wedding-day that I received an envelope containing a cheque for two thousand pounds. There was another wedding soon after, at which Alicia and I assisted, doing the principal parts. And Alicia's mamma insists to this day that the Black Friar influenced my search for Miss Penrose's will.

[THE END.]

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If we could have a little patience we would escape much mortification; time takes away as much as it gives.

Mr. Jesse Johnston of Rockwood, Ont., writes—"Last fall I had a very bad and a friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and the effect was wonderful, half the bottle totally cured me. A more rapid and effectual cure does not exist.

The heart has some reasons which reason does not know.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Men are tormented by the opinion they have of things, and not the things themselves.

Mr. R. A. Harris, a Chemist and Drug gist, Dunsmuir, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Disinfectant and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

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NO 20.

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An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition, and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable.

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Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 132 page illustrated Book on Deafness, Notes in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3c.—Address, Dr. NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

The mind profits by the wreck of a passion, and we may measure our wisdom by the sorrows we have.

of Waterford, Ont., writes: "I was very sick with a severe cold and my head was so bad that I could not see. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and the effect was wonderful, half the bottle totally cured me."

Women excel in one sort of courage, courage of resignation.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to get the corn roots, and have been cured by Holloway's Corn Cure."

Learning without thought is empty, thought without learning is vain.

The best way to repair a broken vessel is to stop pouring into it.

RESCUED FROM SLAVE SHIPS.

Congo and Angola Blacks Who Live Far North of Their Old Homes.

Scattered along the coast of West Africa in Sierra Leone and Liberia are a number of settlements known as Angola town and Congo town. The ancestors of the people who live in these little hamlets were born hundreds of miles south of the places where their children are found to-day.

These handfuls of Southern African people scattered among the inhabitants of Liberia and Sierra Leone are

MORE FORTUNATE

than many thousands of their friends who toiled away their lives as slaves on the plantations of the West Indies and Brazil. For these settlements were made by recent slaves, who were taken by the cruisers of the civilized nations from the holds of slave vessels.

So these more fortunate captives, who were rescued before they had been taken far from their native land, were settled far north of the Congo points where they could be protected from slave raiders.

While ago Mr. H. Chatelain visited the Angola settlement at Sierra Leone. He says in the African News that the style of the houses, the methods of the field cultivation, and the features of the people carried him at once back to Angola, where he had long resided.

SURPRISED AND OVERJOYED,

and opening his shutters called out to his neighbors to come and see the man who had been in Angola and spoke Kimbunder. They crowded around and were greatly surprised to see a white man who could talk with them in a language they had not heard from others since they were shipped from Loanda as slaves.

Chatelain found that they had entirely discarded their old beliefs in charms and fetiches, and have espoused the faith the missionaries taught them. Some of these people wished to return with their white friend to the old home of their fathers, but he could not take them.

The HOME COME, Liberia, a Congo origin of them were. Medland & Jones, Toronto, Ont. Telephone No. 1010

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A pawnbroker, after all, is but a poor, loan man.

How to cure dyspepsia.—Chow Adams'utti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

A man should be sure he's right, then follow his knows.

In order to introduce their treatment for the cure of catarrh, asthma, and bronchitis, the Medicated Inhalation Co. of 286 Church St. Toronto, have cured a large number of people free of all charge on the condition that their treatment would be recommended after cures were made.

A good-natured spinster used to boast that she always had two good beaux—elbows.

For indigestion or dyspepsia Adams Tutti Frutti Gum, recommended by R. Ogden Doremus, M. D., LL. D., and Dr. Cyrus Edson. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

Life is thick sown with thorns, and I know no other remedy than to pass quickly through them. The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes. "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of a half bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

The British Government has accorded an increase of pay and other concessions to the telegraphists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to pay \$2,000 a year to send a boy to college.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the forerunner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchi tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

An early settler—A cocktail.

Sixteen Ugly Sores.

Inflammatory rheumatism through wrong treatment left me with stiff joints and ugly running sores on my limbs, and for seven years I could not walk. When I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters I had sixteen sores, and they are all healed save one and I can now walk with crutches.

MARY CALDWELL, Upper Gaspareaux, N. S. How delightful it would be to love, if one loved always. But alas, there are no eternal loves.

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Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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If you feel out of sorts Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. If your liver is sluggish Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. If your kidneys are inactive Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Large Bottles 50 cents.

You shall be none the worse to-morrow for having been happy to-day, if the day bring no action to shame it.

FREE—In order to more fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis, free of all costs, for recommendations after cure. Poor or rich invited. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church street, Toronto.

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ACHE who they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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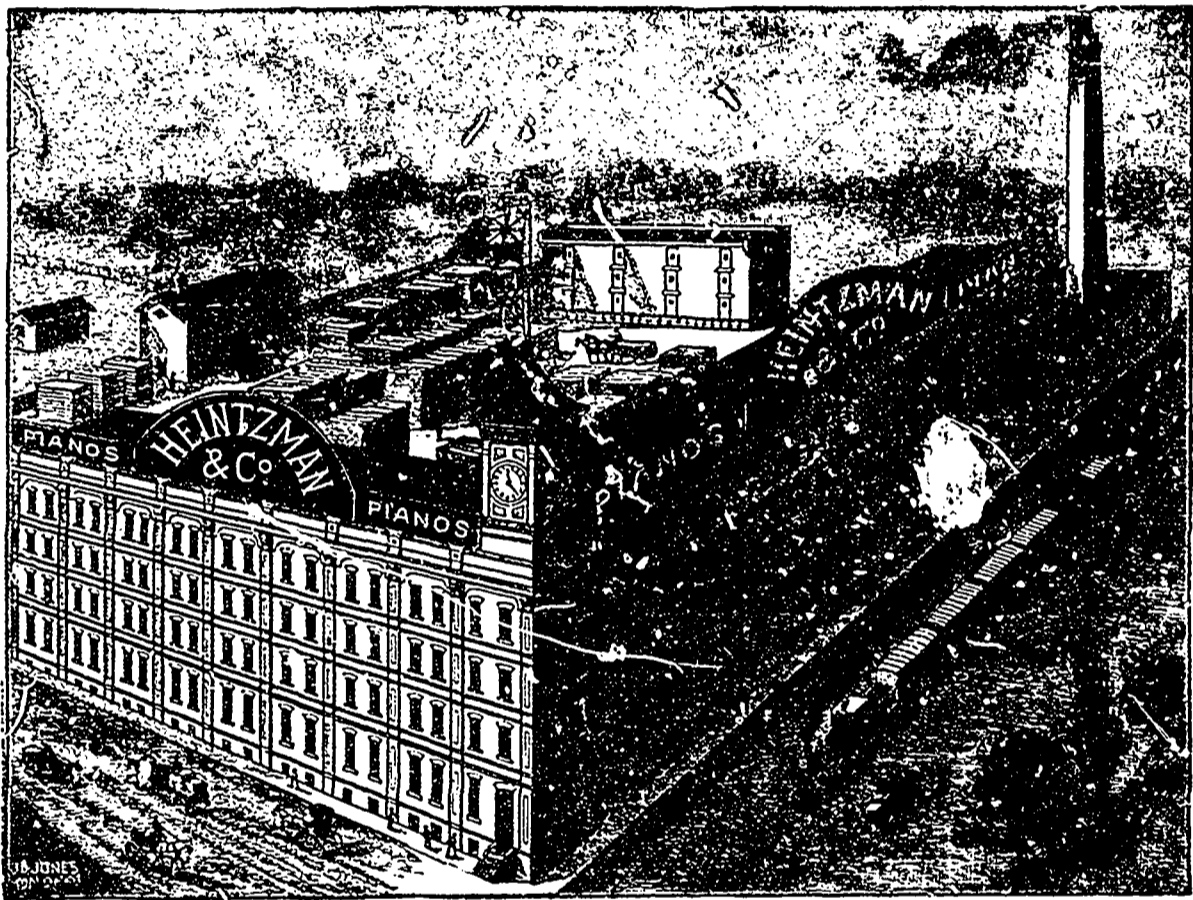
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