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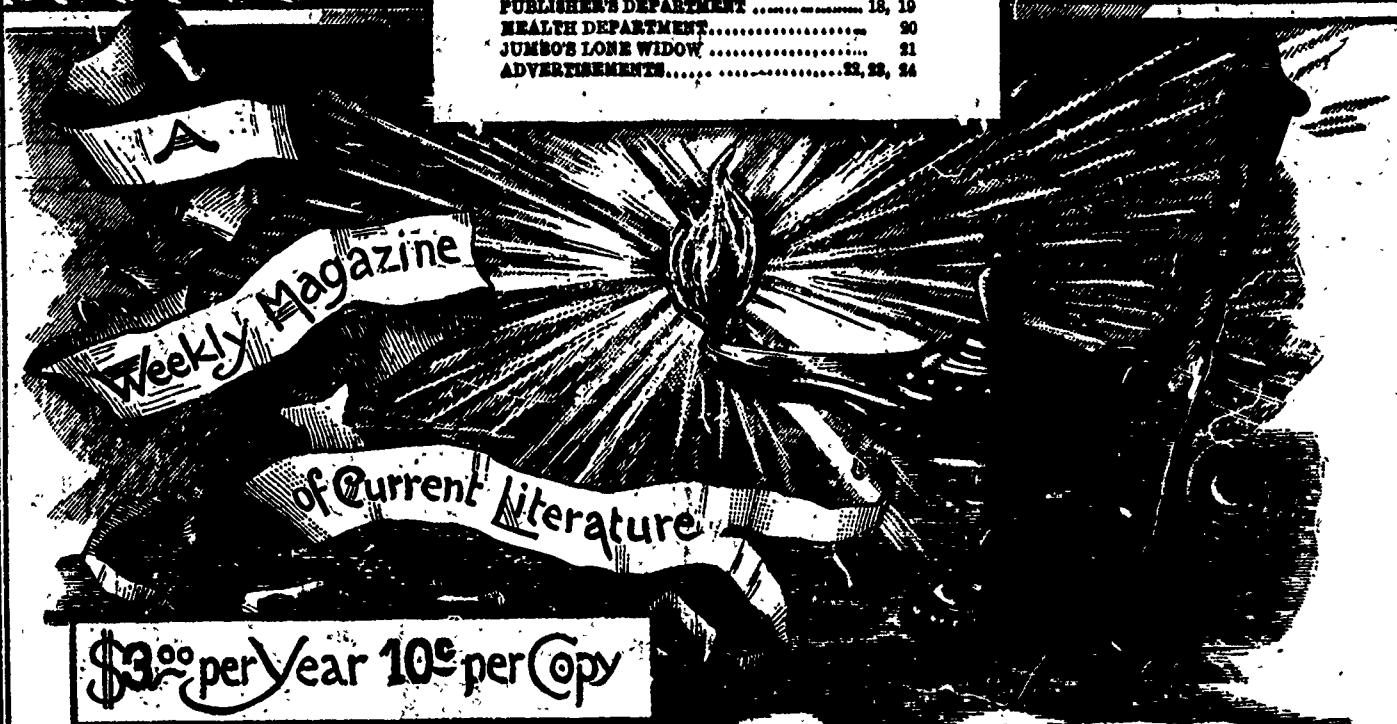
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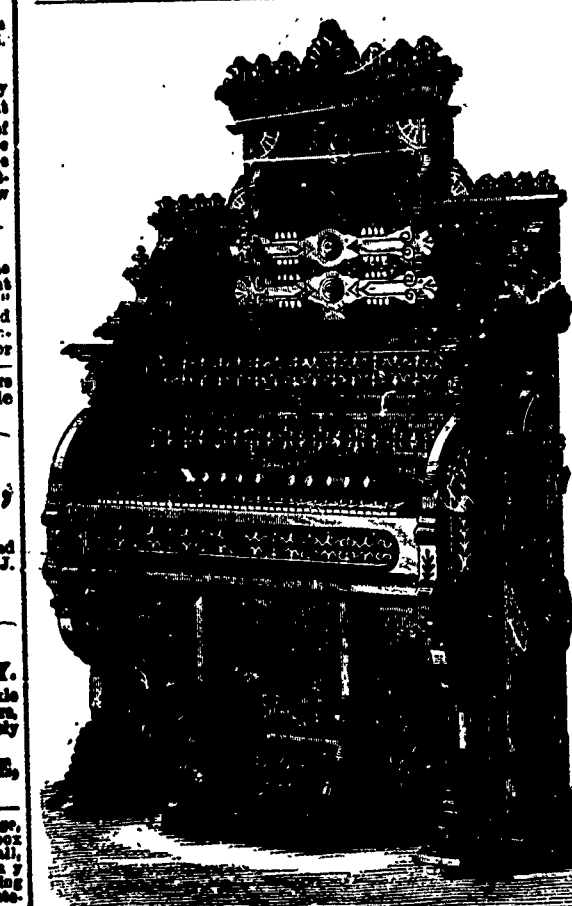
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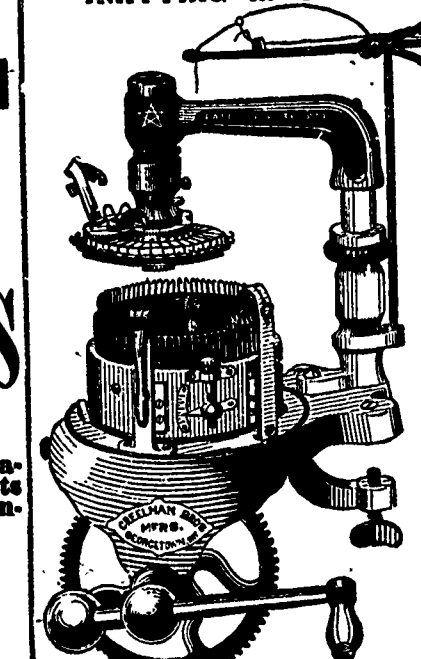
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TORONTO, ONT., MARCH 13, 1886.

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## DEWDNEY AND THE STARVATION AT INDIAN HEAD.

NO ONE CAN DO ANYTHING WITH THESE INDIANS. OVER-FEEDING IS INJURIOUS TO THEM, SO I WITHHELD FOOD; AND HERE THEY DIE LIKE RATS. THE DISGUSTING WRETCHES EVEN EAT THE SKINS THAT COVER THEM.

## THE WANT OF CONFIDENCE MOTION.

To the surprise of some and the disgust of others a motion has been made in the House of Commons censuring the Government for its conduct in dealing with Riel. The resolution has been made by M. Landry, the member from Montmagny, a gentleman who is above all things else a demagogue, and who took his short stout person through Montmagny denouncing the Government, after the execution of the North-West rebel. One could not find any censure for the man in moving this resolution if its object was really to get all the evidence respecting the conduct of the Government towards the people of the North-West; but it is plain to everybody that this miserable little man has allowed himself to be made use of in order that the ends of public justice may be frustrated. It is asserted by the *Globe*, and we agree in this contention, that some member of the Conservative party has put Mr. Landry up to make this motion, in order that the Government may be able to avoid bringing down a large array of documents which are indispensable to a thorough knowledge of the state of affairs. The resolution will, of course, have to be discussed, and the discussion will involve the whole question of the Government's administration of affairs in the North-West. Without proof of the negligence of Government, or corrupt dealings by its agents, it will be impossible for the House of Commons to condemn the administration; and such evidence, if it exists, it will be impossible to bring down before the resolution of Mr. Landry has been voted upon. We are entirely without feeling in this matter, our sole desire being to see that all the facts are made known; that the Government is acquitted honorably if it has done its duty; to see that it is punished if it has failed to do it.

But every sort of imposition is distasteful to us. This man Landry is one of the most loud mouthed demagogues about the rights of the French people, in the whole country. He added not a little to the flame of fanatic passion that recently raged through Quebec. He has always posed as the champion of his people; he tries to pose higher than ever now;—and the resolution which he has put upon the notice paper is intended to betray his people. Mr. Landry is not the champion of the French people; he is their Judas. Let us not be misunderstood in censuring Mr. Landry. We are not saying that the French as a race have had a grievance at the hands of the administration;—we are merely pointing out, that for the sake of shielding the Government whom he professes to oppose, this wretched little man is betraying the people of his Province.

If this is not the case we shall be glad to make proper retraction. But there is only one way in which M. Landry can prove that he is not acting a treacherous part, namely, by withdrawing his motion, and withholding it till the judgment of the French members and Reformers in the House think that it ought to be introduced. We are not desirous of seeing the Government defeated; on the contrary it is our great wish that it should come unscathed and triumphant out of the ordeal. But though the heaven's fall, justice in the matter should be done; and we do not want to see any man endeavor to thwart the ends of justice, most of all when he comes crying that he is there to see that justice must prevail. It is very natural that the Government should endeavor to save itself; every government that has ever ex-

isted has sought to do this in the hour of danger.

Supposing that M. Landry presses his resolution there will really be very little information before the House save that contained in the blue book which has a report of the trial. We are not aware that the report of the commission appointed shortly after the outbreak will be available. But the report of the trial is almost valueless for the purpose of Parliament; the evidence satisfying itself with seeking for acts committed against the law, and not enquiring into the motives or the reason. The reason lying under the insurrection, the papers in the hands of Government do not contain; and it is these reasons that the House of Commons wants.

TRUTH made a suggestion and a prediction in connection with the matter last winter, and the prediction has been fulfilled. It pointed out that Mr. Blake should have called for a Parliamentary Commission or one that would answer the same purpose, to enquire into the whole matter. Sir John might have refused on the ground that there was no precedent for the appointment of a commission to enquire into an alleged maladministration of a department; but in making the refusal the Prime Minister would leave himself open to the charge that he was afraid of an investigation, and this belief would be general over the country. And if he consented all the facts could be obtained under oath, and though the majority of the commission might deolare, as it would be pretty certain to do, that the Government was not culpable, yet the facts would be before the public and they could judge for themselves;—as in the case of the Pacific Railway commission where, although the judges exculpated the ministers, the evidence before the country proved ruinous to the administration. Suppose Mr. Blake should bring a mass of facts into the House respecting the conduct of officials in the North West, any member might arise and say, "We refuse to accept these statements; they are irresponsible;—they are not substantiated by oath." And the House very likely would throw out all such evidence.

On the whole, we think that Mr. Blake has badly mismanaged this affair. If he would try to be more practical instead of being magnificent, he would be more serviceable to his party and to the country. The loftiness of his motives, his integrity, and his great gifts we do not impugn, but it is, positively, enough to make one angry to see how lacking he is in some vital and practical points of duty.

### "EMPIRE IN DANGER."

A considerable concourse of persons met on Monday evening in Temperance Hall, Toronto, to discuss the question described by the heading to this article. Mr. Warring Kennedy presided. Amongst those present were Prof. Goldwin Smith, J. L. Hughes, Public School Inspector, John Hewitt, ex-Mayer Cox, Peterboro'; Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. Dr. Wild, Rev. Prof. Clark, Hon. James Young, M. P. P., and R. McKay, M. P. P., E. F. Clarke, Major Bennett, Marcellus Crombie, James Elain, John Hallam, Wm. Bell, John Graham, J. J. Funston, R. L. Fraser, Ald. Shaw, and Wm. Lee.

Despite the attempts to mistify as to the object of the gathering, the manifest motive was a protest against the proposed legislation of Mr. Gladstone. We do not say that Mr. John Hallam and Mr. J. J. Funston, *et hoc genus omne*, are not better judges of the situation than Mr. Gladstone,—the foremost statesman of his age—but we think

that one and all should have had the courage to state boldly why they had assembled in this little hall over two thousand miles away from the heart of the empire. Prof. Goldwin Smith said among other things: "It might be asked why they were met there to discuss a question between Great Britain and Ireland. They were met because statesmen were trying to grasp public sentiment. Mr. Gladstone was trying to catch public opinion, so as to crystallize it into an Act of Parliament, and we in Canada have a right to speak of it, because, though living in Toronto, we form a part of this great Empire—(cheers)—and the throbs at the heart of the Empire are felt throughout the whole Empire, and when one of the members suffers all the rest suffer with it. (Cheers.) They would be wanting in patriotism if they did not enter their protest against any measure which had a tendency to weaken the stability of the British Empire. They have a perfect right to express their sentiments, whether for or against the great constitutional question which was moving Britain from one end to the other."

Now, had this statement fallen from the lips of Mr. Funston, or Mr. Hallam, or Mr. Fraser, we would have considered it extremely proper, and we should have more confidence in recommending it to Mr. Gladstone as a chart for his future guidance; but considering that it is the declaration of a gentleman who is the parent of most of the separatist feeling amongst us, the complexion of the matter is altered. Mr. Smith declares that the throbs at the heart of the empire are felt to the remotest bounds of the empire. Why, he is the gentleman who has ridiculed the connection of Canada with England; who has over and over again in the *Bystander*, in the *Week*, in the *Canadian Monthly* told us that by the laws of commerce, and geography, and common sense our position should be with the country to the south of us. The whole stock-in-trade of his "opinion" has been hostility to connection with the Mother Country; and that very connection has furnished him with material for some of the most brilliant epigrams that he has ever penned. We do not wish to throw ridicule upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, for his pen, on the whole, has been employed for the elevation of the people; but all the same, if he will in the eyes of the public blow hot in one breath, and cold in another, and set himself on exhibition as a weathercock, we cannot allow his conduct to go unchallenged.

Of course, we hardly know what to say when we come to deal with the case of a gentleman like Dr. Potts. Eminence to him as a zealous, able and popular preacher, is the first attribute that we have to accord; but with respect to his utterance at the Temperance Hall the question is brought down to this: Which of the two gentlemen is the better judge of this question, he or Mr. Gladstone? Of course we are unable to settle this point, for the question is further narrowed down to this fact, Which of the two gentlemen is the greater statesman? As that is a question which never can be answered upon this earth we must abandon the point.

As to Dr. Wild,—he seems to have had a sort of special fitness to deal with the question, being endowed with the prophetic vision which neither Goldwin Smith nor Dr. Potts claim to possess. In his case therefore the case is narrowed down to this; he can see into the future, as far even as to the period when the Ten Tribes shall be rehabilitated and set up nationhood on their own account, while poor Gladstone is only "going blind." As for Prof. Clark, of

Trinity, the least said about his connection with this national movement the better. We do wish that Mr. Gladstone would try and get over here and consult with Mr. Funston and ex-Ald. Hallam before "doing anything."

Sir Richard Cartwright and the Hon. A. W. McLellan have had a bout upon finance in the House of Commons. The new Minister, it appears, was a little confused, and came in for a mauling at the hands of the heartless ex-Minister of Finance. The *Globe* seems to think that it takes only one swallow to make a summer, and it falls into a fit of jubilation over the pouncing received by the Minister. But Mr. McLellan, though not bright, is by no means a numskull; but a sound-headed, capable and extremely successful man of business. He has not had much experience in debate so far, in the House of Commons; and to put him against Sir Richard for a battle of words, is like throwing a Christian to the lions. As for Sir Richard, his powers as a speaker are constantly increasing; and it is safe to say that there is not a member of the House of Commons who is not in dread of his tongue.

It now transpires, by a statement of the Minister of Justice, that the third respite given to Riel was given in order to allow the insanity commission time to report upon the sanity of the prisoner. It will be remembered that it was charged against the Government that though it appointed this commission, it hanged the prisoner without waiting for the report upon his sanity. One ought not to too readily credit the sayings of the party papers.

Our contributed articles this week are exceptionally varied and interesting. A contribution on "Great Britain," by H. M. H., gives some startling facts and figures showing the extent and influence of that wonderful organization, the British Empire. Our second article is by Rev. W. S. Blackstock, on Temperance in Canada, which shows the marvellous change in temperance sentiment in this country during the last two or three decades. "The Unformed Race," by Mrs. Annie L. Jack, is of the utmost interest to mothers. Another bit of history is given us in Mr. Fraser's "Blue Bonnets," and "A Sufferer," in an article suggested by our cartoon last week, relates some rather unpleasant personal experiences with the dreadful plumber.

"Fanny," who figured in the delightful Dilke, Crawford episode, has got sick of the attractions of London society and divorce courts, and has set sail for Australia to break some other heart.

One by one the participants in the late rebellion, who were sentenced to terms of imprisonment, are being released by order in council. This is always the course pursued under like circumstances by the Imperial government; and we think that such a proceeding is wise, provided that none of the persons selected for clemency have been directly concerned in the brutal murder of unoffending and unsuspecting settlers. We have already referred to a case in which, in our judgment, clemency has been abused.

The constantly recurring misunderstandings between capital and labor remind us in this country of two stupid dogs—that we are all alike tollers, that there is no permanently rich class and no class permanently poor. It ought not to be impossible, therefore, for labor and capital to join forces and achieve a common prosperity.



## PUT OUT OF DOORS.

"They (the Bleus) are in duty bound to force the leader of the Opposition to speak out plainly on the issue upon which their movement is based. It will be easier for him to say "yea" or "nay" than for them to stultify themselves by voting for the motion which they condemned last year. However, this is a matter wholly of their own concern. They no longer belong to the Conservative party." We take the above from the *Toronto Mail*; and if it is not a direct reading out of the party for the Bleus, we do not know what reading out is. It is plain that neither the *Mail* nor Sir John Macdonald hopes for victory in the present House of Commons;—they are after the general election. Some people, even Conservatives, object to this plain speaking by the *Mail*, but the course of that newspaper has been consistent upon this question of race and revenge, and we also deem it to be admirable. When the French first began to curse and threaten, the *Mail* in calm, firm language advised them to ponder well the situation; and to beware of taking a step that they could not retrace. It assured them that government was prepared to treat them, and always had so treated them as it had acted towards the English people; but it maintained, and it then struck the key note of the sentiment of this country, that the execution never would allow race to overawe the constitution, and trample upon the law. Then followed the well-remembered warning or threat, which ever it be called, that if the French party persisted in its blind, passionate course, and set itself into hostility with the English people, that the wreck of its fortunes would be swift, complete, and irremediable.

To us this is not a party question at all, so far as English people are concerned; and we discuss it from what we deem to be high and equitable national grounds.

Well;—the French have persisted in taking the step against which they were warned; they have conspired against the executive; they have burnt ministers in effigy, and they have turned their province into a bedlam of hate against the administration of the law, and against the British Constitution. It is right, therefore, that they should be read out of the party, as it was right that their typical hero should dangle from a gallows to expiate his crimes of ruin, and tumult, and murder. They have challenged the consequences; now let them take the consequences. The *Mail* seems anxious to get utterly rid of them. So is TRUTH.

The one lamentable feature in the wretched business is that good Frenchmen have to take the consequences with the bad ones. The minority has set itself against the great British strength and spirit of the country, and when it comes out of the struggle it can only hope to find itself in the place that always belongs to a feeble minority with nothing but insolence and treason on its side. If the French had any grievance of race; suppose we had forbidden the official use of French in the courts of law and in the legislature, or disallowed their code, or carried out the suggestions of that high-minded statesman, Lord Durham, respecting Quebec, then indeed, although we were opposed to them we might have some feeling of sympathy for them in their obituary struggle. But they have no claim now upon the sympathy of man or woman. Their race furnished to us a traitor, demagogue and murderer; he once overran the land with terror, and stained the plains with human blood. He escaped the law; and in due season comes insolently forward to break it again, believing in his heart, which is our solemn opinion, that the same powerful French

influence that saved him before, must save him again. We can imagine him quieting his apprehensions with the thought that the executive would not dare to provoke the hostility of Quebec. And now that hostility is rampant, and has pronounced itself in the Parliament of Canada. Quebec must face English Canada at the coming election upon these questions: Is a criminal of the most dangerous kind, because a Frenchman, to stand beyond the pale of the law? Is the French as a race in this country to be permitted to set aside the English constitution whenever their fanaticism deems that it should be set aside?

The Hon. Mr. Bellerose, a leading Bleu senator, has sounded the Riel tocsin in the Senate; and with clumsy, and transparent ingenuity points out that the revolt of the French Conservatives occurred, not because the executive allowed the law to take its course with respect to Riel, but because Sir John Macdonald is at his heart in favor of a legislative union; because he has been persistently making inroads upon the rights of the provinces, upon Quebec among the number; and lastly that the Government itself, by its incompetency, beget the rebellion in the North-West, and were therefore responsible for all the awful occurrences there. Had Mr. Bellerose not talked the rubbish about legislative union, his remarks would escape the imputation which we have made. As to the responsibility of the Government for the uprising, there is, unfortunately, but too much evidence that North-West affairs were heedlessly and wickedly managed. It is rather a sad commentary upon the administrators of government at Ottawa that a revolt like this should have broken out in the only part of the country enjoying "paternal" government. That is to say, the Ottawa Government, not municipal government, or a provincial executive, rules upon the scene of the late insurrection. No one supposes that if there had been municipal government, and provincial government, in its thorough representative form, that the bloody page of 1885 would have been added to our history.

This view of the matter, which view we regret is the only possible one to take, lays the whole terrible affair at the door of the Administration. Had the Bleus taken a stand against the Government upon its conduct in the way mentioned, and not trailed the corpse of their insolent and ambitious fanatic upon the scenes, they would have found every Reformer in the country at their side, and every honest man from the Conservative party.

But they have not done this. They have made the Regina scaffold the issue; and upon that scaffold they must stand. They have left the Conservative party because Government permitted the law to take its course: they must now stay out of that party and pick up such fellowship as is willing to enter into a league so dishonorable and revolting.

## THE NEW MINISTER OF JUSTICE

The new Minister of Justice, the Hon. Mr. Thompson, has made his debut as a parliamentarian. We quoted a short time ago a declaration from a Reformer, "We see beside the Minister of Justice when Mr. Blake gets his hands upon him." Already the Minister of Justice and the leader of the Opposition have had their rencounter; and it seems to us, decidedly, as if Mr. Blake had the best of it. The *affaire de resistance* was brief, but it taught the Hon. Mr. Thompson the lesson that he must not make loose statements when there sits in a bench facing him a critic so formidable and so wide-awake as the Hon. Edward Blake. Mr. Thompson enjoys the repute of being

conspicuous for ability in his generation; but his experience, hitherto, has been confined to Nova Scotia, in which field his career was a brilliant but an exceedingly brief one. In Nova Scotia, as in every other Province, there are some politicians of a very wretched stripe; and for a man to tower up among these as towers a church steeple from the midst of a mass of squalid hovels, is not much proof, it is not a proof, of a greatness that will tower in the wider world where there are conspicuous and brilliant rivals. Sir John admitted Mr. Thompson to the Cabinet purely upon the recommendations of his Nova Scotia supporters; and Mr. Stairs, the influential and very excellent representative of Halifax, was the gentleman who took the first step in the movement. The seduction of a judge is not a very nice task; but Mr. Stairs believed the act to be in the interests of efficient government and of the people of the Dominion. Nay, more than this;—Sir John had never met Mr. Thompson till he was introduced to that gentleman last year, when he came to take the Privy Councillor's oath. On the whole, therefore, the Minister of Justice is an untried man; he has so far won no laurels of distinction, and may, measured against the ablest members of the House of Commons, prove only an ideal type of mediocrity. He begins with considerable airs, we have been informed; he has not learned to lay aside the dignified, condescending way of the judge towards a junior pettifogger, when addressing such men even as Mr. Blake. This will not do. There is no resemblance whatever between the atmosphere of the bench, where everything is pure and honest, and according to the law of duty, and the atmosphere about a band of politicians who will, and do, sacrifice all these things to personal and party interest, and whose entire methods and motives are not higher than those of a gang of gamblers seated at a table and playing for high stakes. Mr. Thompson may learn a few lessons from Sir John. That successful gentleman once said that he would "Slap the jaws" of the Hon. Mr. Mowat, "quicker than a—would scorch a feather." Mr. Thompson will have to learn to talk this way, and learn to be able to call his opponents liars, before he can be successful, and a la mode as a politician.

The profits to Mrs. Grant, wife of the late president, upon the "Memoirs" recently published by Webster and Sons, reach the enormous sum of \$250,000, all of which was paid to the widow by one cheque. No other book that has ever been published, within a few days after publication has brought such an enormous return as this to the author. Mark Twain in reality is the publisher of the book; and the greater portion of his wealth is said to have been staked in the enterprise. Mr. Webster, the publisher referred to, is his nephew.

Prussia's latest benevolent undertaking is the persecution of a Polish poet Kvaszaki, who is in feeble health; but whose return to prison on the first of May has been ordered. But what punishment has the Canadian authorities in store for our spring poets? Skulking around nearly every newspaper office from this out we may expect to see a wretch or two preparing to afflict the editor with a spring poem.

The British Government has telegraphed to Lord Dufferin to annex Burmah.

The building "boom" has "struck" the Eternal City on the banks of the Tiber. Building speculators swarm there, and their operations will include the demolition of some of these old works of architecture

which have stood so long the glory of the world, and a theme for historians, poets, painters, artists and everyone else with reverence for departed greatness. The German press has raised its voice loudest against the proposed iconoclasm and desecration; but the speculators, unheeding, are making ready their chisels and tools to begin the work of destruction and profanation.

We have not heard much yet from the new Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the Hon. George Foster. But he goes to the Department at an important time. It is doubtful if he can, even through the agency of Mr. Willmot, of Newcastle, and all his subordinate officials, put and maintain fishes in waters where fishes never swarmed before; but he can afford a salutary measure of protection to some of our most important food fishes. Despite all the regulations there are along all our Canadian salmon streams, bands of poachers who put stop nets in the river at the spawning time and spear parent salmon by the light of torches upon the spawning beds. This matter may be push-pooched but all the same the salmon-catch is falling off year by year, and in many of our Canadian streams the salmon has been entirely exterminated. Where the new Minister can best use his authority, however, is with respect to the lobster. This fish, more than all others, stands in danger of speedy extinction. It comes to spawn in the summer season to plateaux or beds around our coasts, over which are only a few feet of water, and among these very plateaux do men and women carry on fishing, picking up or catching in traps the females as well as the male fish. The result of such indiscriminate fishing is that the lobster catch around our entire coast has fallen off, and in many parts of the Baie des Chaleurs and the coast adjacent the fish has been entirely exterminated. We have some personal knowledge of this matter or we should not write about it in this positive strain; indeed the writer has spent some weeks upon portions of the Quebec coast where at one time the lobster fishery flourished, but where now not so much as a fish of that kind is ever seen. We pay a large salary to the head of a Department; we give him an enormous staff of clerks, and invest him with an amazing official paraphernalia;—we do not do all this that he may pull disreputable party wires, but that he may devote his time and his zeal and his brains to the interests committed to his charge. It is the duty of the Hon. Mr. Foster to look into the matters that we have pointed out. The disappearance of a great food fish, like the lobster, is of mere importance to this country than if an earthquake were to come and swallow up the House of Commons, Ministry and all.

An early dissolution of the British Parliament is upon the boards.

Governments, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the *Week*, generally look about them for a scapegoat when their own acts have been either misdirected or incompetent, and he further asserts that in their censure of Col. Henderson, chief of the London police, they are only endeavoring to cover an indefensible line of policy of their own. The Colonel has resigned, and he is to be knighted, that being the way that British statesmen have of doing things. The misdoing laid at the door of Col. Henderson is that he was not prepared to strike at the rioters when they arose in London; but the truth is that the politicians had been pondering to the mob and the chief of police found his arm paralyzed.

## Truth's Contributors.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

BY H. M. H.

"Fired at the sound my genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;

There all around the gentlest breezes stray;  
There gentle music melts on every spray;  
Creation's mildest charms are there combined:  
Extremes are only in the master's mind.  
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,  
With darling aims irregularly great."

Thus wrote Goldsmith in 1764. A wanderer in a foreign land, his thoughts turned longingly toward home. The "sea girl Isle," whose language had been to him a passport through the countries of the continent, was still the dearest spot on earth. His poetic soul overflowed with patriotic fervor as he scudded forth Britain's praises in the exquisite lines above quoted. But what was the Britain of 1764 compared with that of to-day. A century since the language was spoken by scarcely nine millions of people; at the present time over one hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants speak the English tongue.

Since the world began, and since the first nation was born, there has never existed an organic community so vast, so varied, so complex, so strangely constituted as the British Empire at the present moment. In what portion of the globe may not the ubiquitous Englishman or his equally omnipresent brother from Scotland, Ireland or Wales, be found? How world-wide and diversified are the interests which the government of Victoria guards and controls. In every zone and region of the "round world" her rule extends.

Shall I attempt to enumerate the countries over which her sceptre aways? In Europe—at home—she has her own "right little, tight little isles;" in Asia she owns India, Burmah, and Ceylon, not to mention Aden, Hong Kong, and Socotra; in Africa she now holds one foot planted tentatively in Egypt, and the other firmly pressed down at the Cape; in America she starts at the north with our own Dominion—the fairest jewel of the Empire—and ends at the south with the Falkland Islands; in Australasia she rules alone the whole continent; Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea, are already hers, while Borneo is being rapidly subjugated. She has her own Siberia in the North-west Passage; in the tropics she has the West Indies, Southern India, Ceylon, and Singapore; in the temperate zone are Canada, New Zealand, the Cape and Australia. Every sea and ocean is studded with her island gems. They sparkle beneath the shimmering Aurora; they flash forth the rays of the temperate moon, and glow 'neath the "directer rays" of the tropical sun. In the German Ocean she holds the stranded rock of Helligeland; in the Mediterranean invulnerable Gibraltar rears its defiant head; Malta gives her one station on her road to India; Aden secures her the passage of the Red Sea. In the Indian Ocean she keeps Mauritius; in the China seas she retains Hong Kong, and the recently annexed Port Harlow; crossing the Pacific she rests at Fiji; on the broad Atlantic her ironclads and vessels of trade coal securely at their ease at St. Helena and Ascension, at Bermuda and the Falklands. An empire so widely distributed, so pervasive, so territorial, so maritime, so universal, the world has never yet seen.

But the vastness of the extent of this organization is as nothing compared with its complexity. How infinitely diversified is the British subject in color, tongue and re-

ligion. I hope my readers will not be shocked when they are told that the vast majority of Her Majesty's subjects are heathen, and that the number of Mohammedan lieges really outnumber the Christians. But such is really the fact, a result mainly due to the teeming population of India, among whose two hundred and fifty million inhabitants about one hundred and ninety millions are devout Hindoos, and over fifty millions are fanatical Muslims.

The complexity and diversity of color, tongue and creed over which the Briton rules is in many instances almost grotesque, for, after all, the actual numerical force of Englishmen which holds in check and aways the mighty external empire of India, for instance, is something absolutely insignificant. It stands, as a recent writer has put it, to the total of the subject races in something like the same proportion as that which the British Isles bear to the entire area under the Queen's sovereignty. The surface of Britain itself—including Ireland—amounts in round numbers to no more than a hundred and twenty thousand square miles. The area of the entire empire amounts to nearly nine million square miles. In other words Britain rules a territory, roughly speaking, seventy-five times as great as itself. Another writer puts it this way: If you were to take seventy-five Englands, seventy-five Scotlands, seventy-five Waleses, and seventy-five Irelands, and stick them all together side by side, you would have an area just about equal to that of the whole existing British empire. In the same way it is probable that our British race, as a whole, the wide-world over, amounts to, as we have said before, about a hundred millions of souls. But of these, more than half, or some fifty millions, live in the United States, and are therefore a distinctly separate political organization. The other portion of the race, which still remains British in name and allegiance, is crowded into the United Kingdom itself, with a population of about thirty six millions. Between four and five millions inhabit the Dominion of Canada, and three millions live in Australia. Only about two million British altogether are therefore left to keep in check the vast subject population of two hundred and seventy millions in the various dependencies inhabited chiefly by black and colored races. India, in particular, with its two hundred and fifty million people, has a British-born population of only ninety thousand souls. In other words ninety thousand Englishmen form the whole ruling and directing force for a country as big as a eleven Englands, Ireland and Scotlands, and for a population more than six times as great as that of the whole United Kingdom.

Could anything more forcibly impress one with a sense of the greatness, the ubiquity, the all-prevailing power of the English people? Go where you will, you meet forever the wonderful picture of a handful of intrusive Britons ruling by sheer force of mental and moral superiority over a untold horde of helpless black dependants.

Of the vast empire over which the beloved Victoria rules, our own fair Canada is at once the fairest and most favored of all the British possessions. Though nominally a portion of the great empire, we are yet practically independent. We have complete and absolute Home Rule, electing our own Parliament, which is responsible only to ourselves. The Governor-General is merely a figure-head, and can in no way affect our legislation. Yet we enjoy all the benefits which come to us as a part of the empire. Should occasion require the powerful navy of the Mother Country is at

our command, and her armies would unite with our own to repel any enemy which would have the temerity to invade our shores.

A reflective Englishman, writing upon the responsibilities which must necessarily come to every thoughtful citizen of the nation thus called upon to watch over the varied destinies of so many, so great and, in many cases, so little known portions of the world, thus writes: "It is to be feared, however, that most of us nowadays, especially after dinner, when political subjects are usually broached—accept our private share in this terrible joint burden of government and administration in a very light, not to say frivolous spirit. We have all grown so accustomed to bearing the weight of half a world upon our shoulders that we bear it now almost without feeling it. Still, whether we recognize it or whether we disregard it, the fact of responsibility none the less remains. We are the citizens of no mean city, the arbiters of the destiny of a countless multitude. Our empire is at once the largest and the least consolidated ever known. It behoves all of us, therefore, to do our best to acquire a fair working idea of the component element which go to make it up in all its aspects. Most Englishmen, it is probable, do not adequately realize the comparative smallness of England herself and the comparative vastness of the immense territory over which she is called upon to watch and govern. The very width of our operations—fighting to-day in the Soudan, yesterday in Burmah, to-morrow in Afghanistan, or New Zealand, or Zululand, has so accustomed us to take everything with easy carelessness that we seldom nowadays seriously ask ourselves what land we are next going to invade or where lie the islands we are next to be driven by circumstances to annex. Familiarity has bred contempt; and the addition to our empire of two new countries, each as large as France, during the last twelve months passes almost unnoticed in a country already provided with enough territory to cut up easily into another Europe."

TORONTO, ONT.

## TEMPERANCE IN CANADA.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

The object of this paper is not to treat the readers of TRUTH to a temperance lecture, but to present some facts of the past history of this country which, in the present state of the temperance question, it is just as well for us not to forget. If Canada is to-day one of the soberest countries in the world, as we are proud to think it is, time was when it did not possess this enviable distinction. The change which has taken place among us, even within the memory of living men, is one of the most remarkable revolutions that has taken place in modern society. Time was, even in this country, when a child could not be born, a christening, a marriage, or a burial decently take place without the help of intoxicating drink; and in many places seldom did an event of either of these kinds occur without positive drunkenness. Indeed the common rites of hospitality could not in those days be properly performed without the bottle. And the humble home of the early settler was seldom without it. In some of the older settlements, persons making any pretensions to respectability generally laid in their supply of whiskey by the barrel. I had it from the lips of the late Hiram Swazy, Esq., of the Beaver Dam, near Thorold, that in the early part of this century, when swine's flesh was the principal article

of animal food among the farmers, their habit in that part of the country was to lay in just as many barrels of whiskey as of pork for the year's supply.

In those times it would not have been thought possible for a man to get a building put up, his grain harvested, his fat hogs and cattle slaughtered, or almost anything out of the ordinary way done, without such a plentiful supply of drink as to give all hands the privilege of becoming drunk. And, to do the people of those times justice, it must be confessed that most of them, so far as I have been able to learn, were only too willing to embrace the opportunity. It was only the timid and bashful sort that were disposed to live very much beneath their privilege in this respect. Those who remained entirely sober to the end of the day were exceptions to the general rule. The "ancient" people among us whose memories go back to the "bees," and "raisings" of the first two or three decades of the century, can recall scenes which, in the present state of civilization and public sentiment among us, are scarcely imaginable. Indeed, some who were eye-witnesses of these drunken orgies find it difficult to realize to themselves the fact that such things ever did exist. On these occasions, in many places, there were, especially in the evenings, about as many women as men gathered together, and often the carousal was kept up the greater part of the night. When it was done most of the men were drunk, and I am afraid if the same state of things existed now, some of the women would not be considered sober.

My own personal recollections do not reach so far back as the worst period in our history so far as intemperance is concerned. Before my day the Methodist itinerants—the "saddle-bag preachers," as they were sometimes called—the real pioneers of both civilization, social reform, and evangelization in the greater part of this country, had not only commenced their labors, but had made their influence felt in every part of the country. Scarcely a spot could be found where the wood-man's axe or the cow-bell was heard, where such men as Tuffy, and Lyon, and Neal; as Looze and Dunham, Ryan and Case, and a host of others, who were raised up chiefly through their instrumentality, had not found their way. These were the original temperance advocates of this country and the societies which they planted all over the land were the first—and, it may be added, the most effective temperance organizations that ever existed either in this or any other part of the world. One of the rules of these societies prohibited, in the most explicit and unequivocal terms, "Drunkenness, buying and selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them unless in cases of extreme necessity."

And yet, though this agency was at work and its influence was extensively felt, even when I was a child, I can from personal recollection bear testimony to almost everything that I have written. I know that one of the most powerful obstacles that these heroic evangelists had to contend with was the intemperance which everywhere prevailed. In the wake of the Methodist evangelist, but a couple of generations behind him, came the temperance lecturer. First there was the Temperance Society, which simply pledged its members to abstinence from "Spirituous liquors," or "ardent spirits," as I think it was expressed in the old pledge. The members of this organization were at liberty to drink wine and beer so long as they abstained from whiskey and more fiery drinks. The result of this experiment was not satisfactory. There was scarcely less drunken-

ness than before, and the physical effects were found to be far more injurious. The villainous stuff that was sold to the people for wine not only produced inebriety but poisoned the persons indulging in it to such an extent that they did not recover for a week or ten days from the effect of a night's debauch. The beer, too, whether on account of its own intoxicating qualities, or the foreign admixture—the "stirk"—that was smuggled into it, proved itself a pretty effective agent in producing drunkenness and making drunkards.

It was felt that if the movement was to succeed, and the reformation aimed at was to be really effected, everything intoxicating must be placed under the ban. The result was the formation of the Total Abstinence Society. With the organization of this society in Canada, about sixty years ago, the battle against intemperance, outside of the Methodist Societies, may be said to have had its beginning. Even the General Rules of Wesley's "United Societies" did not go so far as this particular organization, for though they prohibited the use of spirituous liquor and all sorts of excess, they did not forbid the use of vinous, and fermented liquors; besides they were only binding upon actual members of the Methodist Church. Hence, in an important sense, the struggle which has raged in the state of things which exist among us to-day may be said to have fairly commenced with the formation of the Total Abstinence Society.

TORONTO, Ont.

THE UNFORMED ROSE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

Some years ago a valued friend and his wife were visiting me. Watching my little ones in genuine childish play, he looked up with a curious smile upon his face.

"Well, wife," he said, "they have children in this house; it is generally dwarfed little men and women we have to meet in our friends' households."

I never forgot the sad fact, nor his regretful assertion that "there are no children these days." And looking around at the little girls one meets in city and country I am obliged to confess that they do not retain their childish unconsciousness while their years are still but few.

There are not many opening buds, but the crude, green, immature, would-be blossom, opens too quickly into an ill-developed, full blown rose. Alas, that in her hurry to enjoy the so-called pleasures of young ladyism, the child rubs off the dew from the flower, the bloom from the peach.

A friend of mine, Mrs. Terhune, who, under her *nom de plume* of "Marian Harland," has written a book called "Eve's Daughters," touches this subject with a true and yet tender hand.

She says, speaking of the fourteen year old girl: "We sin in allowing the fears, hopes, and flutters of nobility to obtrude, even in imagination, upon this most susceptible stage of the formative period. There is vulgar violence in exciting coquetish projects in such a mind, and not merely shaking the dew from the rosebud, but tearing the delicate involutions apart to let in the sunshine upon the guarded, immature heart. Premature blossom is generally deformity. The unripe peach is not worth plucking, it is tough within."

I never look at a little girl of this sort, who is pushed into older society before her time, without a feeling of profound pity. Her mind is not receptive of any good influence or study. The sidelong glance, and air of absurd coquetry, takes the place of the fearless, open gaze, and childhood's un-

studied grace, and, as years go by and she becomes old before her time, with a mind uncultivated and unformed, save for the frivolities of fashion, or the turns of a dance then it becomes as apples of Sodom tasting only of the ashes of bitterness. I remember such a woman—in her youth a selfish butterfly—whose mother said she should have a good time while she could, and was proud of her early marriage.

There was no permanent attraction in her selfish beauty which was only skin-deep. Her husband tired of her, and her family grew up as useless as she had been. An unhappy home—a faded, care worn face—and spiritless manner—succeeded the gay, coquetish vivacity, and she died while still in middle life, having lived an aimless existence.

If in such a life the reading of good books, and some special aim, or study had formed a part of life's daily routine; if early hours had been part of her duty, and the mind occupied with useful but not heavy cares, a different fate had been hers. It is really astonishing to know that so many young girls live without any object in life, but to enjoy the present regardless of the future; who take no pride in the development of the intellect, or the study of so many of the beautiful works of nature and of art, that would elevate their minds, make low amusement distasteful and lead them up to a nobler life, to worship nature's God.

CHATEAUGUAY BASIN, Que.

THE BLUE BONNETS.

BY JOHN PRASER, MONTREAL.

No 19.

The present article does not relate to the Blue Bonnets of Old Scotland, nor to their raids over the borders in former days to chastise their Saxon foes, but simply to point out a place where an old French village once stood, some five miles from the City of Montreal. This is not the story of a "Deserted Village," but of a village which has entirely disappeared within the memory of living men. Not a vestige of the old place now remains. It lives only in name.

The Blue Bonnets is still a familiar name among railway men and to travellers by the Grand Trunk, and it is also well-known in sporting circles, the old spot being close by and connected with the present "Fashion Race Course." Few of them, however, know the origin of the name, but the name and the place were well known to Montrealers forty years ago. Very few of the present day can recall the days of the Old Stage Coaches, four in hand, between Montreal and Lachine, to catch the mail steamer leaving Lachine every day at noon. The completion of the Lachine Railway, nearly forty years ago, put an end to stage coaching.

The stage office was on McGill street, near the old Ottawa Hotel, on the corner of St. Maurice street. This was then a busy spot between the hours of nine and eleven every morning. It required two coaches every day, some days four, to carry all the passengers. There was something pleasing as well as exciting in the bustle of preparations to start, and to hear the last horn blown and the word—"All aboard"; then the graceful sweep of the coachman's whip and the rattle of the wheels as they moved off and turned into St. Joseph Street on their way to Lachine. Besides the mail coaches, it required from twenty to thirty *caleches* or cabs some days to carry all the passengers. Many an old Upper Canadian will recall those days of other years.

Let us follow those stage coaches, *caleches* and cabs, on the way to Lachine. There were few houses then, not over half a dozen, between Cantin's Shipyard and the Tanneries. The most noted building was the City Powder Magazine, which still stands, but now hidden from view by houses built in front of it. The coachman's horn an-

nounced their approach to each stopping place. The first halt was at Paul Deschamps, the stage house, at the Tanneries, to water, (Paul was a noted character, everybody knew him) both horses and passengers seemed to be often drouthy. Such was the custom in those old days.

Then up the Tanneries Hill and along the high road of Cote St. Pierre; a charming drive of three miles; bordered with orchards and market-gardens, as at the present day, over-looking what was once a lake—the present lowland she'ching over to Cote St. Paul. The next halting place was at the foot of the Coteau Hill, at the present crossing of the Grand Trunk Railway. There was then a considerable village at that place, having from thirty to forty houses, including some half-a-dozen taverns or inns. Not a vestige of this old village now remains! There was no business to be done in the tavern way after the completion of the Lachine Railway, by which the Stage Coach was superseded. The old village was, we believe, afterwards destroyed by fire.

About the year 1812, a Scotch soldier, a sergeant in one of the Scotch regiments, then stationed in Montreal, Alexander McRae by name, or rather "Sandy McRae," by which name he was familiarly known, opened a tavern in this old French village at the foot of the Coteau Hill, three miles from Lachine, which he named the "Blue Bonnets," having a full sized Highlander, plaided and plumed in tartan array, painted on his sign. From this tavern and sign-board the village got the new name of the "Blue Bonnets," before this it had a French name which we cannot recall. To stop at the Blue Bonnets to water the horses and to refresh the travellers was quite an understood thing—to pass the Blue Bonnets was the exception.

Sandy McRae, of the Blue Bonnets, was a real host in himself, a jolly good fellow, full of stories of old Scotland, and of the old wars in which his regiment had served. It was pleasant to have a crack with him and to enjoy a mug of his old ale, not forgetting a pinch of real Scotch from his always professed *big mull*.

"Low lies this old house, where village statesmen talked profound, And news much older than their ale went round."

And who that enjoyed it can forget "the parlour splendours of that once festive place."

Sandy was known far and near, at kirk and market, the country round; the name he gave to that place lives after him. But where is poor Sandy now? He may be gathered to his fathers—whither we are all journeying! or, maybe, is an outcast or a wanderer over the wide world. The place that once knew him knows him no more! The writer met with him some twenty-five years ago, a wanderer, changed in all save his broad, honest, open Scotch face.

The old village was a noted place during the troubles of 1837 and 1838, being three miles from Laframme's Hotel, the headquarters of the Lachine Brigade. A report came to headquarters that some mischief was brewing out there, and on the night of the 7th November, 1838, a raid was made on the village by a body of the Lachine Troop and some of the foot. The villagers were disarmed; some fifty stand of arms—old French fowling pieces—were collected; no disaffected persons were found and no prisoners made. The writer was in that raid. It is well to collect and to preserve these reminiscences. There are many interesting old historical spots in and around Montreal, of which very little is known at the present day.

ON PLUMBERS.

BY A SUFFERER.

Your cartoon last week representing the plumber's dream is admirable, and I have enjoyed a good laugh over it, but for all that these sort of things are no laughing matter really to the citizens of Toronto. I don't suppose I have suffered more than most householders from plumber's extortions, but the amount I have had to pay in the last few years has been a serious loss to me. My first experience with them was when I had just laid on city water. Not wishing to run the risk of bursting pipes in-doors I had a

pipes put into the garden. The very morning after it was put in something broke and the garden was flooded. The plumbers, who had been recommended to me as very honest men, explained blandly that the weather was too cold to solder properly, and after fixing it again assured me it was all right, and so it was for a month, then it broke again with the same flooding consequences. I found that an old nail had been stuck in instead of a proper pin, and of course the nail wriggled out, which was no doubt the intention of the honest men that it should do after a decent interval. The next time he fixed it he did it with wire, and of course the wire broke in about six weeks. I decided not to go to these plumbers again, but went to a new plumber, explained the case, and told him I was willing to pay liberally, but if the job gave way again under a year, at least, I would not employ him again. This man charged high, but did the job so well that I had no more trouble till I sold the house some 3 or 4 years afterward. I then bought two houses which had been built to sell by a firm of builders. Good houses as far as the eye could see, but the builders had evidently never heard or did not believe in the old principle embodied in the lines,

"In the elder days of art Builders wrought with greatest care Each minute and unseen part, For the gods see everywhere."

In a little while my family's olfactories were greeted with a smell—not aromatic—ascending from the cellar. My tenants, also, raised a cry of distress from the same cause. Plumbers, of course, were sent for, and sewer gas was declared to be the cause of the trouble. I told them to see to the drains and make the job like the "Deacon's one-horse shay," no matter what the expense. On digging up it was found that there were no traps whatever, and even the drain pipes had been put in cracked. Now these houses cost nearly \$3000 each, and yet to save a paltry \$10 extra these rascally builders had risked the lives of those who occupied the houses. Now it seems to me we have talked a long time about these things; the *Globe* says before each election, "the time for talk has passed, the time for action has come." Why should we not organize a society to prosecute fraudulent plumbers? Not long ago there was a howl in New York about a certain Boddensiek, whose "erry" build'g collapsed, causing the death of some of the workmen; but we are every year losing many lives, if the doctors speak the truth, owing to bad drainage, yet we take things with a coolness that is astounding when you come to think over it. Surely this is as much murder or manslaughter as Boddensiek's offence was. What makes it more exasperating is the fact that little children are the chief sufferers. We often hear of two or three down in one house with diphtheria; it is a very sacrifice of infant life on the altar of Mammon instead, as of old, on the altar of Moloch. Of course plumbers have their own excuses to make. One honest man complained that the builders would not pay for good work; that they would only pay \$75 whereas to do it properly would cost \$125 to \$150. That may be, but I hold that the plumber should be held legally responsible for his work, and any illness or death caused unmistakably by dishonest work, and then he would not accept the contract at a lower price than would enable him to do the work properly. We must not let the matter be confused between the plumbers and the builders so that they can each lay the blame on the other. If this were done there would soon be no defective drainage except such as must occur through natural causes, such as wearing out of materials. The risk of loss would be too serious for plumbers to put in bad work, or a few examples would settle the matter as far as Toronto is concerned for generation or two. It would be as reasonable for a ship's carpenter to argue that he left a hole in a ship's bottom, thereby endangering the lives of all the crew because he was paid too little for the job, as to argue that a plumber is justified in leaving a hole for sewer gas to escape into a house for the same reason. We want a Canadian house Plumber. If any one wants to be a benefactor to his species here is an opening for him to supply a long "small" want. Rascally plumbers or builders are a worse evil than landlords or monopolists; the latter may rob us of our money, but the former take both life and money too.

TORONTO, Ont.



# AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha:

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

FRANK, DISGUISED AS AN EGYPTIAN, DEPARTS ON A PERILOUS MISSION.

It did not take long to bring the beautiful girl bride back to consciousness, and when she recovered from her swoon she found herself lying on a couch in the pretty sitting-room and her husband bending fondly over her.

She first of all listened nervously and timidly for sounds of riot and tumult from without, but the fickle crowd had already dispersed in quest of other excitement and sensations, instead of besieging the hotel in order to get at her.

"Is Pat safe also?" was her next inquiry, and when her husband had answered the question in the affirmative she next remarked:

"You see, Frank, my presentiments were far from idle ones, for we are not yet out of Egypt and terrible perils still surround us on all sides."

"Nonsense, dear. There have been riots and uprisings of the mob even in dull, prosa London, and in Paris, well-dressed people have often been in worse danger in the streets than they are in those of Alexandria to-day. Here comes the landlord to ask how you do. I will inquire of him what he thinks of our chances of getting away immediately."

It was almost the first question that he put to the burly host after he had told him how much better his wife was; but Monsieur Bouccour shook his head and made answer that he feared getting out of Alexandria for the present was quite out of the question, because even three days ago the different European consuls had joined in strongly recommending all their fellow countrymen who could leave the place to do so without a moment's unnecessary loss of time, and the majority had acted upon that advice so promptly that there had been a regular stampede, delicate ladies and children being only too glad to be taken as deck passengers even in such dirty craft as steam colliers rather than be left behind."

This was very discouraging, but Nellie spoke up bravely and said:

"But we also are quite ready to go as deck passengers on board colliers."

"Aye, madam," rejoined the host, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but the colliers are not ready for you. They steam away as fast as they load, and thousands of frightened people are actually living in the warehouses and stores along the quay sides in order to be able to step aboard the first vessel that wharfs alongside them. These fellow countrywomen of yours, in their love and anxiety for their children, would be ready to fly upon you and tear you to pieces were you, as a new arrival, to try to take precedence of themselves and little ones after they had waited so patiently in order to have the first chance."

"Well, Monsieur Bouccour," said Frank, cheerfully, "then I think that we will remain with you."

"Monsieur has, I am sure, decided wisely, nor let the little madam be afraid, for the threatening aspect of the population has already been reported in Cairo, and a telegram has been received in reply from the war minister to the effect that as order has been perfectly restored there he will at once start for Alexandria and do the same here. So the chances are that before noon, even, we shall be quite quiet again."

Monsieur Bouccour, delivered all this as a sort of soothing balm, but its effect on the shattered nerves of Nelly Donnelly was that of a strong irritant.

She flushed crimson and then turned deathly pale as she gasped out:

"Arabi Pasha coming to Alexandria? Then we must leave it at any and all risks, Frank, and that at once."

Before Monsieur Bouccour or Frank Donnelly either could make any answer to this speech there came a gentle tap to the half open door, and then the tones of a voice from without:

"Pardon, but may the dove bring the olive branch into the ark?" and without waiting for answer, into the room came a burly, swarthy, black-bearded man, habited entirely in black, who very much more resembled the raven than the dove.

Frank Donnelly looked up and at once recognized him as one of those who had fussed about Nellie in the hall, but rather, or at least so he had thought at the time, for the sake of gazing at her exposed loveliness than to render her any real service.

He was therefore more disposed to resent his intrusion than to thank him for his visit.

The next few words that he uttered entirely changed his feelings toward him, however, for without waiting to be questioned he went on with:

"Is it not the truth that you want to leave Egypt at once? Very well, I can help you. I have passages secured for myself, wife and servant on board the French steamer *Le Comete*, which sails this afternoon for Marseilles, but at the last moment my wife is taken ill prematurely, and as the doctor says it would in all probability kill her to remove her, here we must stop; wherefore, if you would like to purchase our passage tickets, you can."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Frank. "Name the price and I will write you out a check for the amount. Yet how the deuce can I do that without a check-book?"

"At what bank have you an account?"

"The Anglo-Egyptian."

"Then I have a check book of that bank, and if you like you can fill one up payable to Messrs Cohen, or order, for fifty pounds (\$250), that being the amount that I paid a week ago for two saloon and one steerage passage to Marseilles."

There being pen and ink on the table, Frank Donnelly rapidly filled in and signed a check and handed it to Mr. Cohen, who, as he took it, said to him:

"Now, I would advise you to go at once to the Marseilles Steam Navigation Company's offices in the Old Harbor, close to the mole, and get the names changed in the books and on the passenger list, because they all know me, and were you to simply go on board and take your places at the last moment, the steam packet people might suspect some fraud and raise some awkward difficulties about taking you, which it would be just as well to avoid—don't you see?"

"Certainly I do, and will be off at once. I shan't be long gone, Nell, so don't be nervous."

"Oh, I am sure you will be torn in pieces by the mob, and that I shall never see you again. At all events, won't Mr. Cohen and Pat Monaghan go with you?"

"I would not think of allowing Mr. Cohen to leave his sick wife, and as for Pat, though a fine fellow to help one out of a scrape, I should feel far less sure of getting into one whilst by myself. I assure you, my darling, that everything is quiet outside now."

"I'll tell you what would make you doubly safe, monsieur," said the landlord of Hotel d'Orient. "A slight wash of tincture of iodine over your face and hands, and a red tarbouch on your head. That dark blue flannel jacket and trousers are wonderfully like an Egyptian officer's undress uniform, and the tarbouch would render it undetectable, whilst the iodine would stain your skin to the exact tint. I've some remaining that I had to paint a swelling with and I'll lay it on with a camel's hair brush and make a first-rate job of it."

The landlord's offer having been accepted, Frank Donnelly's face, throat and hands were quickly rendered as dark as a real Egyptian's, and as the natural color of his eyes and hair very well corresponded, nothing but a red tarbouch was wanted to complete his disguise, and this Monsieur Bouccour was also able to supply him with.

"Now, Nellie, don't you think that I am quite safe?" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes," replied his wife, "I think you look much more Egyptian than English. I'll try not to be frightened whilst you are away. Nevertheless, do not be gone long."

"You may depend on that, my love. Well, farewell for the time, gentlemen, and thank you very much."

He sold this because he wished to pay his adieu to his bride in private, and both the Frenchman and the Jew took the hint and departed.

"Nellie," said Frank, then, "you must ring for Marie, and see if you cannot somehow purchase clothing sufficient for the voyage and have it already packed against my return, for I shall smuggle you aboard this French steamer as soon as ever she lies alongside the quay. Procure a yashmack, also, if you can, so as to look as much like a native woman as possible. I dare say one or other of the hotel servants has one as a curiosity, and would part with it for an adequate consideration, but if one isn't to be got procure as thick a veil as possible and be ready for a fitting the instant that you see me return, which I have no doubt will be under an hour, so now goodbye, darling, for a very little while. It will be our last parting."

Their last parting! Poor fool! Little did he guess that another was close at hand which would prove the most terrible experience that either of them had ever known.

But we must not anticipate, and misfortunes always come soon enough.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT—THREE DANGEROUS RECOGNITIONS.

After her husband had departed the time passed very slowly to Nellie, that is to say, when once she had made, assisted by Marie the French chambermaid, all necessary preparations for flight, and had bought half her wardrobe and box as well, for now that the girl saw the urgency of the case she offered to go out and do whatever shopping was necessary, Nellie would not allow her to run the risk of leaving the hotel.

So, after the little box containing just sufficient necessaries for the voyage were packed, padded and labled, the hour-old bride had nothing left to do but to gaze out of the window of the prettily furnished sitting room and watch what was going on in the streets, for though she had entreated Marie to stay with her for company, the lively little French maid could not neglect her work any longer, and was compelled to go.

But the prospect from the window was not an uncheering one to Nellie; indeed, it was exactly the reverse, for the mob had dwindled away by degrees until the long, broad and not altogether unattractive thoroughfare was almost deserted, and encouraged by this the shopkeepers had, for the most part, taken down their shutters again, and were conducting business as usual, the cafes, whose name is legion in all parts of Alexandria, following their example and the banks in like manner.

All this made her hope her husband was not in peril, more especially as he had disguised himself so very like an Egyptian, but even while she was hugging this comfort to her heart the hoarse boom of a cannon from the direction of Fort Tebarah brought back all her fears with redoubled force, and she clasped her hands together in terror.

"Boom, boom, boom!" went the cannon, and she was not experienced enough in the sound of artillery to know that such a dull, leonine roar could never proceed from a shotted gun.

That it was Egyptian ordnance she did not know, however, because the reports came from a landward direction.

From this she jumped to the conclusion that the massacre of the Christians had commenced, and she pictured them as being blown from the mouths of cannon just as Sepoys were blown during the Indian mutiny.

Then, presently, the roar of artillery ceased, but only to be succeeded by rattling peals of musketry and a continuous and prolonged cheering that seemed each passing minute to be nearer and nearer, and while Nellie wondered what it could all mean the street without began to fill again, each narrow thoroughfare that opened into it disgorging a living stream of wretched humanity, who presently filled each side of the long Rue de la Colonne Pompee as far as the eye could reach.

We have already on more than one occasion described an Egyptian crowd, so there is no need of a repainting of the picture.

The only difference was that this one seemed to be more excited than they usually are, and to be eagerly awaiting the arrival of something, while naked savants, looking like revived mummies, or plucked baboons, kept running about and around and two and fro, their long, unkempt beards all of a shake with the incessant wagging of their jaws as they continued to preach to or exhort the multitude, possibly as to how they should conduct themselves on the occasion.

"But what occasion was it?" Nellie mentally asked herself, for she could see no laughing of Christians going on, which, as may be imagined, was an intense relief to her.

Ah, that was a glare of a brass band, too. Well, that was cheering at any rate, and as Nellie could not associate a merry air from the opera bouffe with either violence, rapine, incendiarism or murder, all her fears began to melt away, whilst such few as yet remained her curiosity got the better of, and in order to see more clearly what was approaching she stood boldly and without any attempt at concealment before the window, as she beheld many other European women doing on the opposite side of the street, all of them apparently as curious as she was.

Their curiosity was soon destined to be satisfied, for now the head of an approaching procession appeared in view, in the shape of a troop of Egyptian cavalry, clad in a kind of French zouave uniform, with scarlet and white turbans with long lances.

These really dashing looking troopers were followed by a portion of the celebrated dromedary corps, strange looking cavalry indeed, dressed in Oriental garb, grasping long pannonless spears, and sitting between the two humps of their ungainly, long-legged steeds, that were grinning like devils and uttering uncouth cries as they came along, for dromedaries and camels are alike bepraised as they both are by poets and novelists who know next to nothing about them, are the most quarrelsome, stubborn, cantankerous and vindictive brutes in existence, who have been known to kill a child for tickling it with a straw, and many another venal act.

The mounted band passed directly under her window, now blaring forth the well-known "Turkish patrol," and it was followed by a sumptuous open carriage drawn by six gray horses, in which sat or rather reined, the Khedive, bowing to right and left as he passed along, but receiving no reply from his discontented and rebellious subjects, unless sullen looks and scowls could be accepted as such, so that it was no wonder Nellie thought that he looked so sad and dejected.

So full were her thoughts of him (though admiration for the fickle, extravagant and weak-minded prince she had none) that she took no notice of, and, indeed, hardly saw the entire regiment of white uniformed, red tarbouched Egyptian infantry that closely followed the Khedive's carriage, and her attention was only again attracted to the street by shrill and vociferous cheering.

Nellie was now in a kind of mass or mental lethargy, in which her brain slept though her eye were open.

Had it not been so she would assuredly have guessed who was approaching and retired from the window to have escaped the chance of having been seen by him.

But her thoughts, still running on the Khedive who was nothing to her, she forgot all about the war minister, who was everything or at all events destined to be every thing to her, and his existence was first recalled to her mind by the sight of his face looking directly upward, with his fierce, eager eyes fixed upon her with a glance of mingled surprise, recognition and triumph, or so, at least, the poor girl read it.

This and the tempest of sound stunned her, as it were.

She caught hold of the curtain and grasped them firmly to save herself from falling, and thus she stood, riveted to the spot, and as unable to move therefrom as though her delicate ankles had been gripped between the teeth of steel traps.

She knew that she was recognized. She felt that her chances of escape from Egypt were forever at an end. She was conscious of a feeling which was rapidly creeping over her that she no longer cared whether she lived or died; and yet whilst troubled thus in mind, she was aware of a latent admiration, deep down in her heart, for him who was the chosen of the people, and as she thought the predestined liberator of Egypt, even while she condemned the worldly galle that



had prompted him to interpose a far-stretching regimen between himself and his nominal sovereign and master, so that by no possible chance could the Khedive lay claim to any of the applause that he knew would be lavished on himself.

She still stood at the window, earnestly praying to herself that Frank might soon return and at once take her away—anywhere, so long that it was out of Alexandria, aye, even to the desert again.

It never struck her that there could be others from whom she had more to fear than from Arabi Pasha himself.

But it was destined to occur to her before very long, nevertheless, for when regiment after regiment of Egyptian soldiery had again marched past, they were succeeded by a continuous roll of carriages, containing, though for a long while she remarked it not, a portion of the harems of the Khedive, of the war minister and a few others of the great pashas who had accompanied him.

She was destined to make this discovery in a single instant, when she all at once saw a hideous black face leering at her from the box of a gilded and curtained caleche, and the next instant beheld one of those curtains drawn aside by a tiny but swarthy hand, and another face gazing up at her filled her with a greater degree of terror than the war minister and the hideous black eunuch's united could have done, for those magnificent yet tigerish looking eyes had been bent upon her twice already, once while driving with Frank along the Ohoubrah road and again from behind a latticed box at the Cairo Opera House, and it was assuredly from the owner of those eyes that the written warning had come which had threatened her, though vaguely enough with so terrible a doom.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MASSACRE IN THE GREAT SQUARE.

When some five minutes later Frank Danelly emerged into the Rue de la Colonne Pompee, on his way back to the Hotel d'Orient, he found it almost empty, for the Khedival procession had swept by and the populace had followed it.

His caleche (he had endeavored to procure a close cab or ether carriage, but in vain) had therefore not the slightest difficulty in getting along, and no sooner had it drawn up at the hotel steps than, first ordering it to await his return, he ran indoors and upstairs to Nellie.

He found her lying on the sofa with her eyes closed and looking deathly pale.

No sooner did he burst into the room, however, than she sprang to her feet and throwing herself into his arms exclaimed:

"Oh, take me away from here. Take me at once, Frank!"

"That's what I've just come to do, my love. The carriage waits at the door, and I dare say Pat is already on his way upstairs for your box. It is ready for him?"

"Yes, Frank, there. And I have only to put on the hat and jacket that I got from Marie."

"And the yashmack that I advised you to procure. One was to be had I suppose?"

"No, Frank, I could not get one, and I would not allow Marie to risk going out. I have, however, a very thick veil, and I hope that will do very nearly as well."

"I doubt not but that it will do quite as well, my darling; indeed, I believe that it would be now quite safe to traverse the streets with your face uncovered, for the storm seems to have passed away, in proof of which all the shops and banks have opened again."

"The storm is at all events not over for us, Frank, for Arabi Pasha is in Alexandria. He recognized me at the window as he passed under in his carriage, and so did two others, the beautiful but terrible woman whose life you saved and who gave you that opal ring, and the hideous black man who seems to be always with her."

"Well, my dear, it don't much matter, for in a quarter of an hour we shall be aboard a French ship, and a French ship is to all intents and purposes French territory."

Nellie said not another word, but rushed into the adjoining bedroom, and hurriedly put on the natty little hat and jacket that she had purchased from Marie.

Then she muffled up her pretty face in the hideous green veil and re-entered the sitting-room just as Pat Monaghan was moving out of it with her box on his shoulder.

A couple or three minutes later they

were driving away from the hotel door, Frank and Nellie inside and Pat Monaghan on the box beside the driver.

"And so we are really on our way to a steamboat bound for Europe, Frank?"

Nellie spoke the words as though she desired to be convinced again of their truth.

This strange conduct of hers caused her husband to laugh as he rejoined:

"Yes, Nell, we really are, and what is more she sails within an hour and so we shall sit down to dinner in all probability out of sight of land."

"Oh, that will be glorious," exclaimed the new made bride. "And Arabi Pasha could not tear me out of the French ship, even under the plea that it was to restore me to my parents, could he? That is what causes me most apprehension."

"Your marriage certificate proves that you no longer belong to your parents, but only to your husband, so of course he could not tear you from me, my darling."

"Now I am satisfied. Now I do not believe that I am one bit afraid, Frank."

Poor girl, she might not have expressed herself so confidently had she but known that the hideous eunuch age, of the Khedival seraglio was within both eye and ear shot, and waiting but a favorable opportunity to pounce down upon and bear her off as an eagle swoops down upon a dove.

He was furthermore resolved to make that opportunity if he did not find it ready made.

Concealed behind one of the Ionic pillars that assisted to form a portico of the hotel door, he heard the route to the harbor given to the driver of the caleche by the landlord, Monsieur Bonocour, as the one whereon his guests would be least likely to meet with unpleasant interruptions, and no sooner had he been thus made aware that the carriage would be driven through the Grand Square, or Place Mehemet Ali, as it is more generally called, than he resolved that it should get no further.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"COME, LET US LIVE FOR OUR CHILDREN."—*Frabel.*

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Gathering wildflowers in the wood,  
Joyous and free as the air;  
Happy days of early childhood,  
Touched not by sorrow or care.

Break not the spell of their gladness,  
Let not the sorrow creep in;  
Shield them from trouble and sadness,  
Soon will earth's worries begin.

Listen to story and prattle,  
Join in their joy and their glee;  
Sould not their din and their rattle,  
Make them to feel they are free.

For other years will come apace,  
Brimful of care and toll as ours;  
When they will fill our vacant place,  
And bless the memory of these hours.

SCIENTIFIC.

To make a horse sleek and its hair bright and glossy, feed it on whole wheat or wheat-bran.

The quantity of food that a man absolutely requires is neither more nor less than will supply the daily waste—in other words, enable him to perform his mental and physical work and still keep intact the weight of his body.

A good mixture for chapped hands is composed of carbolic acid fifteen grains, the yolk of one egg, glycerine three drams. A little of this is to be rubbed into the hands several times a day if the skin is not broken.

To clean discolored marble: Take two parts of sodium carbonate, one of pumice-stone, and one of finely-powdered chalk;

mix into a fine paste with water. Rub this over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash with soap and water.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

To brighten and polish nickel-plating on a bicycle and prevent rust, apply rouge with a little fresh lard or lard-oil on a wash-leather or a piece of buckskin. Rub the bright parts, using a little of the rouge and oil as possible; wipe off with a clean rag slightly oiled. Repeat the wiping every day and the polishing as often as necessary.

Articles of food fried in drippings are not only more palatable than those fried in lard, but more wholesome. Indeed there are many persons whose stomachs will fight against any food fried in lard, yet take kindly to that where dripping has been used. It may be utilized too not only for frying, but for pastry purposes, in the making of which good beef-dripping is far preferable to the common butter.

Suet combined with salicylic acid has been pronounced by the German army surgeons to be a cure for extreme sweating of the feet. Two parts of pure salicylic acid are combined with one hundred parts of the best mutton-suet and applied to the feet. The War Minister of Germany has ordered the preparation to be introduced into the army medical stores.

A farmer writes that twenty-five years ago he set split white oak posts for his garden fence, putting about a peck of air-slaked lime about each, and they are all good yet. He attributes their good condition to the effect of the lime, in which he is doubtless correct. A board that has been used in a mortar-bed and thoroughly saturated with lime is almost indestructible from decay.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

# THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNMENT," "OUT OF EDEN," &c.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

## CHAPTER XVI.—THE FAMILY SHADOW.

Annette struggled violently, and uttered shriek after shriek, but that fierce grip held her fast. It was a terrible moment—so dark she could see nothing, but a hot panting breath seemed to fall on her face, and a strange gibbering sound fell on her ears. Then deadly fear overwhelmed her, and though she saw still dragged on, her limbs grew paralyzed with terror, and with a loud wild cry she stumbled and fell.

That weird scream echoed down the dark passage, and just as her senses failed her she suddenly was conscious that a door opened near her, and that a stream of light fell upon her. But again all seemed to grow blank and dark. She had fainted, and when she recovered she found herself lying on the floor of a small room in which she had never been before, and her husband, pale and trembling was kneeling beside her.

"Annette—darling, darling," she heard him say.

She looked up—she clutched his hand.

"What was it?" she asked shudderingly.

"Oh! Rupert, what dragged me in?"

"Hush, hush," he answered; "it was nothing; you are frightened; that is all."

He was extremely pale, and his brow clammy with dew, yet he tried to speak calmly, though Annette felt his hands shaking in hers.

"Something dragged me in," repeated Annette, raising herself up.

"No, no. Come, rouse yourself now, darling. I will lift you up. Can you walk?"

He lifted her in his arms, and led her, pale, staggering and nervous, out of the room; at the door of which a grave-faced, strong, elderly woman was standing. Sir Rupert frowned when he saw this woman.

"You can go now," he said, "I will look after Lady Miles."

"Very well, sir," she answered, quietly and civilly, and Sir Rupert put his arm round Annette's waist, and assisted her to walk down the long passage in which she now found herself.

As she passed down it she looked around, afraid and trembling. Was this the same place? she thought. It was not dark now, if it were so, but lighted by a single gas burner from the ceiling. But in another minute she knew this was the same passage, down which she had been dragged, for at the end of it Sir Rupert pushed open a green baize door, and as Annette went through it she glanced upwards, and above the door was the landscape by Gerard Dow.

"I—I—was standing here," she began, falteringly; but Sir Rupert would not listen.

"Don't talk of it," he said; "come along, Annette," and he hurried her back to her own room.

But the shock and strain had been too much for Annette. She burst into tears, and implored her husband to take her from the house.

"There is something in it," she said, "something frightful—" and then she paused, for a strange spasm distorted Sir Rupert's face as she spoke.

"Be silent! be silent!" he cried the next instant with sudden passion; "I cannot bear it!"

His manner was extremely excited, and he began to walk up and down the room with rapid strides. Then, seeing her eyes following him full of fear, he went up to her and caught both her hands in his and kissed them.

"Only be happy with me, and love me," he said, "and it will be all right. Oh! love me, love me, Annette!"

These strange changes of temper; this constant restlessness, became more marked after this evening. He was kind and tender one minute, and the next would fly into an unreasonable passion, and with loud

voice and vehement gesture rave about some trivial offence.

And though Annette tried more than once to allude to those dreadful moments she had gone through in the dark passage, she never dare say much on the subject. It so visibly agitated Sir Rupert to do so that she determined not to speak of it any more. But she was afraid; she was convinced there was a secret in the house, and shuddered as she went downstairs and passed the green baize door beneath the landscape. She grew nervous, and started at shadows, but when she asked Sir Rupert if she might invite her sister Lily to come to them for the few days they would be in town before they went abroad for the winter, he angrily refused.

"Are you tired of me already, then?" he said, jealously.

"No, it is not that—but I am nervous."

"Nonsense, folly. We are going abroad immediately."

And they did go. Sir Rupert hurried on their departure, just as he had hurried on their marriage. The demon of restlessness pursued him in whatever he did, and wherever he went. No sooner did he reach a place than he wanted to leave it. It was most wearing for Annette. And sometimes she was actually afraid of him. From the very first this marriage of which her mother constantly boasted, was unsatisfactory and miserable. Annette had forged for herself fetters that grew heavier day by day.

In the meantime Mrs. Doyne talked of her daughter, Lady Miles, as if she were the most-to-be-envied of human beings. She went to call on Lady Lester, and angered that ordinary gentle woman beyond her usual lofty self control.

Lady Lester was sitting in her pretty drawing-room when Mrs. Doyne was announced, and Lady Lester's delicate complexion flushed as Mrs. Doyne advanced effusively up to her chair.

"Well, Lady Lester," she said, "I am glad to see you looking so well and so comfortable. Dear, what a nice little room this is," and she looked round. "You've got it nicely done up—it's small, but really when one gets accustomed to those great houses like Carron Castle, all ordinary rooms look small. I'm sure I thought our little place quite a box when I got home."

"I trust Colonel Doyne is well?"

"Oh, yes, very well. He's often at your old home, the Court, now. What a nice young fellow this Sir James! He seems quite to have taken a fancy to the Colonel, and is always inviting him over to shoot. He wanted us, too, Lily and I, to go there to lunch some day this week, but I've not fired the day yet. We must know him a little better yet, I tell Lily. I do not approve of hasty intimacies."

"Indeed!" And Lady Lester's finely marked eyebrows unconsciously arched.

"Of course Annette's was only a very short engagement, continued Mrs. Doyne; "but Sir Rupert would have the marriage hurried on. I dare say we surprised you all very much. But I never saw a young gentleman so much in love as he was—and then I thought—well to tell you the truth, Lady Lester, I thought Annette was better married. You see that was such an unfortunate affair about poor Mr. Alan—"

"I would prefer not to discuss this subject Mrs. Doyne," interrupted Lady Lester haughtily.

"Oh, well, I'm sure, I don't wish to speak of it. My dear girl has made such a splendid alliance, and Sir Rupert is so handsome, and so young, and so rich, that she has really everything the world can give her. As I tell the Colonel, it was just providential our going to Scotland, for many wanted him. I won't mention names, but a young lady of one of the highest Scotch families was dreadfully disappointed when he

proposed for my Annette. However, we can't all draw prizes, and life's a lottery as I'm sure you've found it. What an extraordinary thing that was, to be sure, about young Sir James's father! However, it's all ended very well. I hear this young gentleman has acted most generously to Mr. Alan—he speaks of him in the highest terms—'Uncle Alan' he calls him. I'm so amused, and so is my Lily; he's such a merry creature! We had him to dinner the other night, the Colonel would have him, and I asked those poor girls, the Sparrowhawks, to meet him, I thought it would be a good thing if one of them could get him, for they are not as young as they were, poor girls. However, Sir James did not seem to see it. That's always the way with young men, if you want to provide them with wives!" And Mrs. Doyne laughed.

Just at this moment the drawing-room door opened, and Alan Lester, closely followed by Jim, entered the room. But the instant that Alan's eyes fell on Mrs. Doyne, he bowed gravely and withdrew. Jim hesitated, laughed, and then came forward.

"How are you, Mrs. Doyne?" he said, shaking hands with that lady.

"Well, I was just talking of you, young gentleman! I declare," said Mrs. Doyne.

"Hope you weren't abusing me?" laughed Jim.

"No, no, you may be sure I wasn't doing that; I was telling Lady Lester here what a favorite you are of the Colonel's. So Mr. Alan won't speak to me won't he? Well, I've done nothing to deserve that. Never mind, he'll come round in time, and I think now I'll be going, Lady Lester, and perhaps Sir James, you'll walk across the park a little way with me?"

"Awfully proud," answered Jim, and then as Lady Lester took leave of Mrs. Doyne, certainly very coldly, Mrs. Doyne had her parting shot.

"Tell Mr. Alan I was his best friend," she said to the indignant mother, "it's no good thinking of marrying now-a-days without plenty of money, and my Annette likes to spend it, I can assure you. However, she has plenty to spend now, and no mistake."

Lady Lester made no answer. She bowed so haughtily that Mrs. Doyne felt very indignant.

"Upon my word," she said to Jim, as soon as they were out of the Dower House, "Lady Lester seem to think no one good enough for her now, when she's had to come down in the world! And as for Mr. Alan, I call it downright unkind of him not to come in and speak to me, but, of course you know the cause?"

"He is vexed about your daughter's marriage I suppose."

"Oh! yes, that's it; but from the first I told him—the moment I heard your father had been alive all these years—I told him it would not do. My dear girl holds a very different position now."

"Well, I hope she'll be happy and jolly, and all that."

"I have no fear, Sir James. My girls are good girls, though I should not say it, and good girls make good wives. And I hope you are getting all settled and comfortable now at the Court?"

"Oh yes, I'm right enough—and that reminds me" (Mrs. Doyne had intended to remind him) "I hope you and Miss Lily will come and see what you think of my house-keeping some day soon."

The upshot of this invitation was that Mrs. Doyne fixed a day to have lunch with Jim. She was so irritated by Lady Lester's coldness that she was determined to show that lady that her young daughter might if she chose occupy her late position at the Court.

And while James Lester was escorting Mrs. Doyne home, Alan, hot and sore at heart, had mounted a favorite mare and was riding rapidly through the wintry lanes, trying by exercise to throw off the annoyance and pain that the sight of Mr. Doyne had caused him.

It was now more than a month since Annette's marriage, and Alan had striven hard during this month to get back his peace of mind. He had done this for his mother's sake and his own, and outwardly he had succeeded very well. He was not a man to parade the schleg veld that Annette had left in his heart, or seek for sympathy that could give him no relief. He bore his pain gravely, silently, but it told upon his appearance. He looked thinner and older. But he was always quite cheerful with Jim and his mother. Even to her he could not talk of the mute agony he had felt when Annette's

gown brushed past him on her wedding morn. There are moments that change our lives. Something died in Alan's soul that day among the misty Highland hills.

But his pride, his manhood, came to his aid. Though life must now always be weary and bitter to me, he reflected, no one shall know it. If a man is such a fool as to let another human being spoil his whole existence, then don't let him be such a fool at least as to tell it. Thus Alan Lester argued to himself, and he did not argue in vain. Perhaps his mother knew—perhaps her love divined how long each day seemed to Alan, how unprofitable, how burdensome! But she trusted in time. "He will forget; he will love again, she comforted herself by thinking, but the love with which Alan had loved is slow to change.

The sight of Mrs. Doyne, therefore, had been like the reopening of an unhealed wound. He had always disliked this woman. Her self-satisfaction, her hard good looks, her total want of refinement of feeling, had always jarred on Alan, even when he was Annette's happy lover. But now he absolutely hated her. He blamed her for ruining two lives. "Annette would have been true but for her mother," he thought. "I have just let mother have her own way," the poor girl had written before her ill-omened wedding.

And while Alan was thinking of Mrs. Doyne with great bitterness, he suddenly encountered at a sharp turn in the road some one whom he certainly also did not wish to meet. This was Lily Doyne—the last time he had seen Lily had been on the day he called with Jim at Kingsford, to ask Mrs. Doyne's address in Scotland. He remembered this now when he saw her sweet girlish face flush as she met him; he remembered it, and with a smile and a bow took off his hat, and would have ridden on. But Lily stopped.

She was visibly agitated. She grew pale and then red. Her sensitive nature made this moment intensely painful to her, yet she had been longing so ardently to see Alan.

"And how are you Lily?" said Alan, bending down to speak to her.

"I am very well," she answered, in her pretty shy way, looking with her large, sympathetic, tender eyes in Alan's face. She was thinking how changed he was; she was full of pity.

"I'll let Mrs. Doyne at the Dower House," said Alan, a little bitterly.

"Yes, I know; but—"

"You did not honor us then, Lily?"

"No—I—I—will call some day by myself, if I may, on Lady Lester? I—am so glad to see you again, Alan."

"That's very kind of you."

"I have thought about you so much—I have been very unhappy, Alan—about Annette."

Alan's face darkened.

"We had best not talk of it, Lily; it can do no good."

"I know; but still I would like to talk of it—it was such a great surprise."

"I think that we had better drop the subject. I suppose you hear from her? That she is well and happy?" And Alan gave a harsh little laugh.

Again Lily soft eyes looked at him wistfully; this time with some reproach.

"I am anxious about her," she said; "I thought I might tell you, because you once cared for her, and I—know you will tell no one."

"I have nothing to do with it; but what makes you anxious?"

"Because she has never once written to me since her marriage. You know what friends we were. I loved her so dearly, I love her still, though, she has done what I did not believe she could have done. But I have never said anything to her about it, never! She was married before I knew she was engaged, so it was too late to say anything—I mean to write anything—then, so I cannot have offended her by that. Yet she has never written?"

Alan did not speak. He bit his lips. He had grown very pale.

"I am afraid she is not happy," continued Lily.

"Hush, child, hush; you should not say such things to me!"

Alan spoke these words abruptly, and turned away his head with quick emotion.

"Should I not? Perhaps I should not—but I have no one to talk to now at home."

"Your mother?" said Alan, with curling lip.

"Oh! mother only thinks of his money!"

he is very rich you know; but I am sure money alone would not make Annette happy; I wish that I could see her."

"Where is she now?"

"She was at Rome the last time we heard, and she was going on to Florence; they are always going somewhere, but her letters are so strange; not like her own letters a bit; I believe he sees them."

"Quite proper, Lily."

"I don't think that; but I can't understand Annette; don't be angry with me for talking thus, but I am so anxious about her."

"She chose her own fate," said Alan with quivering lips, his hand nervously playing with the mane of his mare.

"Yes, I know; but Alan, will you tell me something? Is there anything odd about his family?"

"What makes you ask?"

"Something that a girl said to me the other day—one of the Sparrowhaws—she said she hoped Annette would be happy, but the Miles are all very odd people, you know," she added. I asked her how odd, and she would not say."

"Did you tell your mother this?"

"Yes, and mother said it was just jealousy because Annette had made a great marriage. So I thought if I saw you I would ask you, because I can trust you."

"You can trust me, Lily, but I have nothing to tell you."

"Then you know nothing about them?"

"No," said Alan gloomily. What, indeed, did he know? he was asking himself. A vague report. They were a mad family, it was said, but mad people are not seen. They disappear, as the late Sir Rupert Miles had passed away from his place among men, before his heir had come into possession. But he could not tell the child this. He changed the conversation, all the while thinking of the terrible fate that might await Annette.

"And how do you like young Jim, Lily?" he said, presently, as the girl lingered, and seemed loth to go.

"I think he is a nice, good-natured boy."

"Boy!" repeated Alan, with a laugh. "Do you know how many years he is older than Miss Lily Doyne? He is twenty-one."

"His manners are so boyish," said Lily, smiling. "But my father seems to like him; he often goes to the Court."

"Oh, indeed. Well, he's a great admirer of yours, Lily." But Lily blushed and shook her head.

"Oh, no," she said, "but I think he is very kind."

"She will marry Jim," thought Alan, as he rode away after he had parted with her. "And why should she not; there are many worse fellows than Jim." And Alan sighed.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

Alan's prophecy concerning Lily and Jim seemed not unlikely to be fulfilled during the next few days, for when Lily returned home after her meeting with Alan, she found that her mother had arranged to have lunch at the Court on the following day.

And Jim, happy and elated, did the honours of his new home very well. He did not tell Lady Lester he expected Mrs. Doyne—he felt rather ashamed to tell her—neither did he confide to Alan that the Colonel, and Mrs. Doyne, and Lily were going to have lunch with him.

"He mightn't like it," reflected Jim, "but he knows I like Lily; the old lady's rather a poser, but it can't be helped."

In his usual lightheaded way Jim always made as little as possible of anything disagreeable. Thus, when a most loving, ardent letter was placed in his hands, from Laura Davis, at the very moment when he was giving his house-keeper orders to have a very good lunch to entertain Miss Lily and her parents with, he coolly put poor Laura's letter into his pocket without reading it, determined to defer the annoyance which he very well knew it would cause him.

He met the Doynes as brightly as if he had not a care in the world. To look at his face, indeed, he seemed one of those few happy children of good luck on whom everything has been bestowed. He was handsome—at least fairly so—rich, young, and seemingly happy. Indeed he was happy, for he contrived to forget what might have made a more sensitive man miserable. He had two serious clouds hanging over his head, but he hoped they would both blow away. One was his love affair, his entanglement with Laura Davis, the other (through

which his vanity only trembled) was the prospect of his mother coming to live with him at Rolan Court.

The easiest way to escape from these difficulties, Jim had recently reflected, was to get married. Thus he received the Doynes with marked attention, and looked at and spoke to Lily so admiringly, that Mrs. Doyne ate her lunch with a contented heart.

After all hashed venison and roast pheasant are better than cold mutton. At Kingsford cold mutton was a common dish. The Colonel, who was blessed with an excellent appetite as well as a small income, never grumbled about his cold mutton, but still he liked good things as well as his neighbors, and as he drank Jim's iced champagne, he too began to reflect that the best thing this young fellow could do was to get married, and that his little Lily would make a famous wife for him.

His usual warm-hearted, genial manner expanded at the idea. He joked Jim about Miss Sparrowhawk and her divided wasps; he seemed the most open, careless man alive, but all the while he knew what he was after. He suited his humour to Jim's taste, and when the two ladies withdrew and left the Colonel and Jim to have a cigar, the Colonel had many a sly joke which would hardly have done for Lily's ears.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Doyne and Lily were admiring the drawing-room, which had been Lady Lester's so long. Mrs. Doyne could not have created this room with unbounded wealth at her command. She would not have chosen the pale blue satin drapery, and all the harmonious tints that made a perfect whole. She would have had something loud, something out of place. Lady Lester's stately presence and dainty touch still seemed to linger here. Her hands had embroidered many of the chairs with cunning skill; her artistic taste was visible in the arrangement of the rare china, of the carved ivory work, and a faint perfume, delicate, yet subtle, stole from the great jars of rose leaves and lavender, that Lady Lester loved.

She had taken nothing away to her new home. Jim was most willing, nay anxious, that she should do so, but the proud, delicate-minded woman refused.

"I will take my work-basket," she said, smilingly, and this was literally all.

"And to think this might all have been Annette's!" said Lily regretfully, looking round the beautiful room.

"It may be Lily's yet," replied her mother significantly, and with a laugh.

"Oh, no, poor Alan!" said Lily, with a sigh.

"Well, my dear, there is no doubt Mr. Alan is to be pitied—very much to be pitied; but I own I like this new young gentleman the best of the two. Sir James is so good-natured and full of fun, I like his merry ways."

"He is not like Alan."

"My dear, don't call Mr. Lester 'Alan' in that familiar way. It doesn't sound well in a young girl. Of course you once expected he was to be your brother, but that made all the difference, but now that Annette is married it's best to forget there ever was any engagement—in fact, to ignore it—and, therefore, dear, don't call him plain 'Alan' again."

Lily did not speak. She turned very red at her mother's rebuke, thinking in her heart how unjust this all was to Alan; but everyone should change to him; but thinking, too, that she never would.

"That blue suits you very well, dear," said Mrs. Doyne the next moment, looking admiringly at her young daughter.

Lily was dressed in winter costume of soft blue plush and dark fur, and looked a very lovely girl in it. She was not so childish in her appearance as she used to be before Annette's marriage. For one thing, Mrs. Doyne dressed her very much more expensively; the blue plush had taken the place of the blue serge.

Then presently the Colonel and Jim came into the drawing-room, both looking very well contented with themselves and each other. And Jim went straight up to Lily.

"I want you to come with me, Mrs. Lily, to cut Mrs. Doyne a bunch or two of grapes—of course if Mrs. Doyne likes to come too?" And Jim looked with his laughing blue eyes at that lady.

But Mrs. Doyne shook her head. "I've a touch of rheumatism in my left shoulder," she said, considerably, "so I'd rather stay by the fire, but I don't at all object to the grapes, if you two young people will go for them."

"I'll go too," said the stupid Colonel.

"No, my dear, that's too bad of you; you must stay and keep me company; we're quite Durby and Joan, Sir James, the Colonel and I."

So Darby and Joan were left to amuse each other, and the "two young people" went out together into the greenhouses, and Sir James fell more deeply in love every time he looked at Lily's fair face. But he had not been accustomed to a shy young girl, and though with every wish to do so found it very difficult to make love to Lily.

"I say, Miss Lily, now—" he began.

"Well?" said Lily, looking at him, with her large serious eyes, in which there was no coquetry.

"If a fellow tried to make you care for him—," blurted out Jim.

"Don't be stupid," said Lily; "if you out that bunch it will be quite enough—indeed I won't take anything more."

"I would give you all I have—everything, really. Look now, Miss Lily, I'm only a rough, fellow—but—but—you can lick me into shape you know—"

Lily gave a merry laugh, and for a moment hurt Jim's vanity by doing so. But the next, the ludicrous side of his love-making struck him also, and he began to laugh, too, though with rather a sore heart.

"What a stupid fool I am to say such a thing," he said, "but all the same, Miss Lily, I mean it. I mean I like you better than anyone I ever saw, and you can do with me just what you please."

"There is my father," said Lily, in a relieved tone, for Darby had got so tired of Joan by this time that he had strolled out into the grounds to console himself with a cigar beneath the leafless trees. "Let us go to him, please, Sir James."

Jim felt rather sulky, but still he could not refuse. He had been accustomed to have his advances received in such a different fashion to this than he did not quite understand it. And when Lily ran after her father's portly form, and slid her little hand under his arm, Jim followed somewhat slowly.

"Well, my little girl, and where have you sprung from?" cried the jovial Colonel, looking round. "And where have you left Sir James?"

But Sir James now appeared, and the three returned to the house together, and Mrs. Doyne was delighted with her basket of grapes, and looked rather anxiously at the flushed complexion of her proposed son-in-law.

"We have had a most delightful visit, I am sure, Sir James," she said to their young host as she took leave of him.

"Only too happy to see you—hope you'll come soon again. Miss Lily knows I hope so," he added, in a marked manner.

But Lily made no response. She shook hands with Jim, but she did not look in his face.

"What did he say to you in the greenhouse, my dear?" asked her mother later in the day.

"Nothing," replied Lily, and Mrs. Doyne owned to herself she felt exceedingly disappointed.

"But it will come in time," she consoled herself by thinking, and the Colonel also confided to his Joan during the evening that he thought "there was no doubt that the young fellow really meant something."

But after his friends had left him, Jim had found himself face to face with a serious complication. That letter of Laura Davis', which he had thrust away unopened, was one he found that actually required an immediate answer. With unwilling hands he had drawn it forth after his fair Lily was gone, and lo! his dark Laura stood before him, urgent, almost threatening!

"My dearest, dearest Jim," he read, "when are you coming to see me? You say you cannot get away just now as you have so much to do about your property," (Oh! Jim!) "and as I must see you, dear, I propose to bring my step-father, Mr. Davis, with me, and pay you a little visit at Roden. I know my Jim will be pleased to see me—how could he help being pleased to see one who loves him so dearly, and whom he premised always to love? Therefore, dear, when can we come? My mother is not very strong just now, and though you once kindly asked her also, she hopes you will excuse her. But Mr. Davis is delighted at the idea. You are such a favorite of his, but then you are such a general favorite. I think I am a happy girl to have won the love of one whom so many could love. But I am not afraid of

my Jim's love. If I were I would die! Yes Jim, I love you like that. If you were to go away from me, I would kill myself or you. But why write of what is impossible. Trusting to hear from you at once when we may come, and with fondest, truest love.

"Your own,

"LAURA."

This was a somewhat trying letter for a young man to receive on the very day when he had nearly proposed, and had certainly intended to propose, to another girl.

Jim cursed his own folly as he read it, and I am afraid also said, or muttered, some hard things about Laura Davis. But the idea of the proposed visit of Adrian Davis and his step-daughter at Roden was one not to be borne. Jim saw a horrid vision of Adrian rolling his yellow eyes at him, and leering and flattering him, and he felt that the little billiard table-keeper's presence at the Court would be absolute pollution to the home where Lady Lester had lived so long. It could not be—he should not come, swore Jim, and therefore something should be done at once to stop him.

Suddenly Jim thought of his mother. Mrs. Lester had always disapproved of his intimacy with Laura Davis. "She is a bold girl," Mrs. Lester had more than once told her son. If Mrs. Lester were at Roden, the Davises, Jim felt, would not care to come. Jim knew very well he had asked them. In the first flush of his exultation at the prospect of his unexpected inheritance, Jim had done the grand and generous to everyone he came near. He remembered saying to Adrian he would be glad to see him down at his place when he was settled there, and behold his idle words had come back to him and Adrian and Laura were but waiting for him to fix the day!

It was now close on Christmas and this graceless boy, had before receiving Laura's letter, been considering how best to escape spending this festive season with his mother. But now Mrs. Lester became his best hope. He sat down and wrote to her, and begged her to spend Christmas with him.

"I do not care to go to Plymouth at present, dear mother," wrote Jim, "and it would be horrid for us not to be together on Christmas Day, so do come, like a dear old woman that you are! If you don't like it, you know, I mean being here, we can make some other arrangements. But at all events come. Chaplin will bring you down. I want to see Chaplin or a little business matter of my own, and will write to him by this post, and tell him to call on you and arrange to come down with you any time that it is most convenient to you. With love,

"Your affectionate son,

"JAMES I. LESTER."

By the same post he wrote to Laura Davis.

"Dear Laura—I got your letter, and would have been awfully pleased to see you and Mr. Davis, but, unfortunately my mother is just coming down to pay her first visit to me. As my poor father was buried at Roden, and all that, so lately, I do not think my mother would like anyone else to behave when she is. But after the New Year I will try to make some arrangement which I hope will suit you, and in the meantime I remain, with love, JIM."

The faithless Jim did not mean that he intended to make any arrangement for Laura to go down to Roden after the New Year, or in anytime to come. He really was thinking of some arrangement by which he was to escape the consequences of his own folly and for this purpose he was summoning Mr. Chaplin, his old friend, the lawyer's clerk, to come to his assistance.

Chaplin had always warned him that his "affair" with Laura Davis would not do now. But Jim, young, weak and vain had not had strength of mind to fling the syren from him, until it was too late.

He saw his folly now, and was determined to break away from it. He would marry Lily Doyne, he told himself, and settle down and be "a good boy." But before this he had to get rid of Laura, and therefore he called Chaplin to his aid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I am collecting the back rents," said the woman as she began to repair her husband's trousers.

"I will appear in print to-morrow," said the young lady as she put the last stitch in her calico frock.





No. 3273.—LADIES' SUIT. PRICE, 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 13 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 13 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 13 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 13 5/8 yards; 38 inches, 13 3/4 yards; 40 inches, 13 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 13 3/4 yards; 44 inches, 13 7/8 yards; 46 inches, 14 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 7 5/8 yards; 34 inches, 7 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 8 1/4 yards; 38 inches, 8 3/8 yards; 40 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 8 5/8 yards; 44 inches, 8 5/8 yards; 46 inches, 8 3/4 yards.

No. 3392.—LADIES' CAPE. PRICE 15 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), 1 1/2 yards.  
Quantity of Material (54 inches wide), 5-8 yards.

No. 3393.—MISSSES' JACKET. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 27 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 28 inches, 3 1/8 yards; 29 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 32 inches, 4 yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 27 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 28 inches, 1 5/8

yards; 29 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 31 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards.

No. 3399.—MISSSES PLEATED SKIRT. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 8 years, 3 1/8 yards; 9 years, 3 1/2 yards; 10 years, 3 7/8 yards; 11 years, 4 3/8 yards; 12 years, 4 5/8 yards; 13 years, 5 1/4 yards; 14 years, 5 1/4 yards; 15 years, 5 3/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for 8 years, 1 5/8 yards; 9 years, 1 3/4 yards; 10 years, 2 1/8 yards; 11 years, 2 3/8 yards; 12 years, 2 1/2 yards; 13 years, 2 3/4 yards; 14 years, 3 yards; 15 years, 3 3/8 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The plate this month displays costumes equally suitable for the street or house. The cape shown on the ladies' figure is appropriate for suit goods, velvet, silk, or later on may be made of lace over satin; the garniture to be selected according to the quality of the goods. Pattern No. 3392, price 15 cents, designates the little affair, which is cut with a back and shoulder seams, the fronts faced and turned back to form revers, and a Breton front fastened in permanently on one side and hooked invisibly on the other; a high collar completes the wrap. Handsome soutache embroidery, piece-lace over satin, or passementerie makes a stylish trimming for the Breton revers and Breton vest. With a

cloth suit the wrap would be neatly finished with stitched, corded, or piped edges. The costume worn by the same figure is taken from Pattern No. 3273, price 25 cents, and may be made of silk or woolen goods with equal taste. The skirt is of the ordinary shape and can be trimmed in any manner, the wide soutache embroidery now in vogue offering a handsome finish. The apron is pointed, reversed on one side and laid in a cluster of cross-wise pleats on the other, the revers being trimmed to correspond with the garniture on the skirt. The back drapery hangs even with the edge of the skirt, is bouffant across the shoulders, and hooks up over the back of the basque, which is pointed in front, has the usual coat sleeves and high collar, and is trimmed with the stylish soutache. A suit of wool-

en goods after this design could be finished with a striped satin and velvet revers, vest, cuffs, and collar, or straps and rows of braid, the skirt being finished with bands and bias tucks, valance flounce, or narrow pleating. Pattern No. 3399, price 20 cents, furnishes the design for the misses' pleated skirt, which is laid in wide box-pleats caught loosely with a tape in two places, running around the skirt. The lower part may be trimmed with bands, braid, velvet ribbon, or a contrasting material may cover the space between each pleat. The jacket is of a fashionable design, showing a short pleated back with longer round fronts, that have revers from the neck to the edge, turn-over collar, pockets and cuffs, and ordinary coat sleeves; the model is tight-fitting, suitable for suit goods or cloths used for

such a purpose, and may be finished with simple ritching or have the accessories of an entirely different material. The fronts hook over invisibly beneath a false hem. Pattern No. 3393, price 20 cents.

MILLINERY.

Canadian women are fortunate in being able to wear with a graceful audacity either the severe, plain styles peculiar to English fashions, or the dressy designs sent out from *la belle France*. Mrs. Run or emphatically declares that small bonnets and narrow-brimmed hats must go, and larger shapes appear. No one will deny the becomingness of a large, picturesque hat, except the unfortunate individual sitting behind them at a place of amusement. This will form the crown over satin the exact shade, with a face puffing and made bow of velvet. A new velvet for trimming is dotted with metal nail-heads. Galloon promises to be more used than ever for hats and bonnets as well as dresses. Aligrottes of leaves and feathers are sometimes sprinkled with a velvety powder called "poudre laine."

Figure No. 26 represents a stylishly plain capote with a coronet front. The bonnet is of brown felt braided like coarse straw; the bow, wide puffing narrowing toward the sides, and high loops are of brown velvet with two cream-colored wings standing erect toward the left of the front. Figure No 25 illustrates a costume bonnet, a style that bids fair to be popular with the return of small wraps matching the costume. The brim of our design flares in front where it is split; the entire shape is loosely covered with the brocaded material of a silk or woolen dress, the edge is finished with a beaded galloon matching the chief shade of the brocade; a bow of dark, contrasting velvet ribbon is placed in front, and strings of the same cross the back of the crown. The bonnet shown in Figure No. 29 is of green chenille bands braided in basket cheeks, the brim cut in turrets and edged with gold cord. An Alsatian bow of moire ribbon decorates the top, with a breast of shaded green and gold, the strings are also of green moire, as is the facing, which extends under the tabs. Evening capotes of pink velvet and beige embroidery are fancied in Paris. "Straw" felt is in imitation of coarse braided straw, made of felt cut in narrow strips, which cannot be mistaken for straw, as they are without gloss. These are frequently trimmed with panther ribbon of plush or velvet, which imitates in coloring and design the fur of the animal named.

A happy combination of mahogany and pink has a pleated crown of mahogany-brown velvet, so arranged that the pleats form a puff at the top, stiff jet leaves border the crown at each side; the coronet stands up in a revers over the face, edged with jet ornaments; there is a pink bow in front. A favorite and original style of bonnet rests softly on the forehead in pleats of velvet cut on the cross; there are three rows of these pleats, the upper one appertains to the back of the bonnet, and is of brown velvet; then comes an orange-colored pleating and another of brown; a cross-cut torse of velvet is laid at the side, and in this are inserted three oxidized eagle's feathers. This bonnet has a perfectly new arrangement of strings. There are two ribbon loops, one sewn to each side in dark brown; through this is drawn some narrow orange ribbon velvet, which is tied in a bow. This arrangement would be admirable for a black bonnet, which could be worn with different feathers from time to time, having black loops on the bonnet, then any colored strings desired can be slipped through. A simple brown velvet bonnet has a crown exactly the shape of a heart, flat brim edged with reddish brown beads, velvet strap bow, three tips of a pretty coraline tint over the face, and a tiny humming-bird with a long, erect tail, nestling among them.

"Straw" felt hats are seen similar to the bonnets described above. Silk hats have made their appearance in England, that resemble a man's tall hat, except in the rather pointed crown; they are in various colors to match walking costumes, and are more novel than becoming. Figure No. 24 illustrates a design that bids fair to win favor. Any dark straw is appropriate with a self-colored or contrasting lining of velvet, fall bow on top to match the straw, two tips and a longer plume toward the back. In black these will have an edging of jet beads or galloon, jet wings in front with moire ribbon and black feathers falling over the back. The style is rather on the Em-



FIG. 25



FIG. 24



FIG. 29

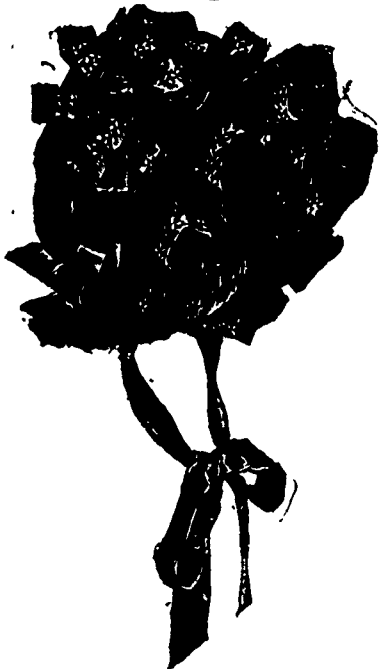


FIG. 28



FIG. 30.



FIG. 27.



FIG. 26.

brandt order, which is always striking and generally becoming. The design shown in Figure No. 27 has a straight brim and high crown with a puffing, loose roll around the crown and jaunty bow, toward the back on the left, of moire; four curling tips start from the latter and curve over to the front. There is every indication of the continued wearing of tips and fancy feathers during the spring.

An artistic design, suggested by some old picture, has a flat brim six inches wide, which is bent to suit the face and loaded with long, graceful plumes. The sailor, Alpine, Tudor, and academy shapes are all adapted to present fancies and faces. Guipure lace is combined with velvet. The spider's web lace is a soft, silky lace in web pattern, to be displayed over bonnet or hat crowns covered with a contrasting material. A Normandy cap has a high crown of coral lace embroidered in gold, strings and puffing of russet brown velvet. The O'ivia cap is reversible, can be worn with either side for the front. The ladies' crush hat was introduced by a fashionable habit maker in Lon-

don last fall. It is somewhat of the Henri II. shape, of a material similar to gentlemen's opera hats, and trimmed with a lace or ribbon rosette in front; the springs flatten it entirely when firmly pressed on the top, but such a style will hardly take here, as we are not accustomed to seeing ladies sitting in any part of the house at a place of amusement minus a hat.

Figure No. 30 represents a sailor shape for a miss. The simple trimming consists of a band and full, erect loops of picot-edged ribbon, with a fancy feather placed in front. The little girl's bonnet shown in Figure No. 28 can be made of cashmere to match their best street dresses. The full crown is made over a cap shape of millinette, ending in a tiny abridged ruff across the back and a double-box-pleated brim, which narrows toward the sides. A row of coral stitches in silk decorates the edge of the box-pleat, and the centre of the ribbon forming the bow placed high on the right side; ribbon strings left plain. The facing, of the same or a contrasting shade of Surah or satin,

should be put in the box-pleats also, though illustration does not show it.

PEBBLES.

The boycott—The trundle-bed

When is a bankrupt concern like an eight-day clock? When it is run down. No; when it is wound up.

Oxbridge was a bully deacher. Der only trouble mit him vos dot he giffs his knowledge out vhen it vas peety late.

At the Zoo. *She*: "If the lion were to break out, which would you save first, the children or me?" "Me."

Nature accomodates herself to the circumstances of the people. You never hear of a waterspout in Kentucky.

By actual count it has been discovered that a man can shoe a horse in seven minutes less than a woman can shoe a hen.

You may now criticise the coffee that you take at an afternoocn tea," says a fashion

journal. You may; but we have an idea that it will render you somewhat unpopular.

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of your best friends?" "Possible? Why, of course it is. I do not even know what my name may be a year or so hence."

A Kansas man is sowing wood in the Navy Yard at Washington. Thus the unexpected happens. He went there for a post-office commission, and, up to date, can only say, "I came, I saw."

"In Portland, Oregon, the first department engines will be provided with 'shoes,' so that they can be run as sleighs to fires, and make better time." The "shoes" will also protect their "hose."

"I would like you to help me a little," said a vagrant, poking his head into a country shop. "Why don't you help yourself?" asked the proprietor. "Thank you; I will," said the tramp, picking up a bottle of pickles and two loaves of bread, and then vanishing.

## A Visit to Monte Carlo.

On January nineteenth, 1871, the French army besieged in Paris fought its last battle—the battle of despair. For four weary months we had mentally and physically suffered all that human beings can suffer in this world. Doubt and apprehension had succeeded to enthusiasm and to illusion. Then came the final news of treason and defeat, then cold, then hunger, then the bombardment, until our bodies, racked and wasted with misery, had nothing left but hope to sustain them.

Such a condition of things could not continue indefinitely, and a final and desperate effort had become inevitable. The whole population clamoured for a decisive battle; the National Guards, who were mostly fathers of families, many of them grey-bearded, claimed the honour to march upon the enemy. The Governor realized that the hour for supreme action had arrived, and resolved to fight the great battle of Montretout.

Throughout the whole day and night troops from the forts cross Paris, marching towards Mont Valerien. The poor soldiers are terribly exhausted, and their faces show the traces of their sufferings.

Think for a moment of the weary long weeks during which they have kept in the snow, while for some days they have only subsisted upon a meagre ration of black bread and a morsel of horse-flesh. Nevertheless they march proudly with that calm demeanour which accompanies a quiet conscience.

On the boulevards, as the regiments file past, the crowd applaud, and from time to time women rush forward to embrace, perhaps for the last time, a son or a husband marching to the front.

But now appears a regiment which calls forth in an especial manner the applause of the crowd. From one end to the other of the boulevards the hurrahs ring out, while from the windows the women wave their handkerchiefs. It is the regiment of the "Friends of France," which, like its predecessors, is going to the front. In this regiment there are no Frenchmen—only foreigners—friends of France, who by their devotion have wished to testify their love to a nation whose hospitality they have so long enjoyed. One soldier in particular attracts my attention, a man of about forty, with a bronzed complexion and an expression of great energy on his face. I ask who he is, and learn that his name is John Burter, and that he is an American who, for more than fifteen years, has commanded a merchant vessel, of which he is also the owner. One day while on a voyage with his wife and child he was overtaken by a violent tempest when just about to enter Havre. In vain the Captain battled with all his skill against the elements, his vessel was disabled and went aground. John Burter had given up all hope of saving her, for at any moment his ship might founder, when he espied in the distance a little life-boat manned by four gallant pilots who were making strenuous efforts to reach the distressed vessel. Suddenly a huge wave carried away one of these brave sailors, but his comrades were not discouraged. A second wave swept away a second sailor, but the life-boat still struggled onwards. John Burter's vessel was on the verge of foundering, and he had clasped his wife and his son to his breast when a tow rope thrown by the men in the life-boat fell at his feet. His ship was saved, and saved thanks to the splendid devotion of four French pilots.

This devotion had inspired John Burter with a warm sympathy for France. Thus when misfortune befel her John Burter was one of the first to enlist in the regiment of the "Friends of France." Frenchmen had saved his life, that of his wife, and that of his son. In his turn he would sacrifice himself, if it were necessary, for France. Throughout the day on which the battle of Montretout took place John Burter fought like a lion, and when in the evening the bugle sounded the retreat the brave captain lay in the midst of a heap of the enemy's corpses terribly wounded, but still breathing. His gallantry had been reported to the general commanding, and when the latter passed the wounded man he took off the cross of honour which he wore on his tunic, and clasping it on John Burter's breast said to him, "Captain, accept this cross, it is the highest reward that France can give to a brave man; in the name of my country I

bestow it on you." On the following day John Burter died in the field hospital, but, before closing his eyes forever, he confided the cross to a friend, saying as he handed it to him, "You will give this cross to my son, that it may be a talisman which may always keep him in the path of honour and duty. If ever an evil thought crosses his mind let him look at this cross, let him think of his father, and I feel sure that he will immediately return to the feelings which alone are worthy of an honourable man."

Long after the events recorded above had taken place, chance led me to the shores of the Mediterranean. For many days I stayed at Monaco, not to gamble, for, thank Heaven I have never felt the passion of play, but to settle some family business. Morning after morning I had travelled along the coast, and had admired the truly admirable picture which nature offers to the traveller who goes from Nice to Genoa by the Corniche road, when one day the fancy seized me to enter the Monte Carlo Casino. The impression I received was strange, and I must frankly confess that the sight which met my eyes contrasted disagreeably with the beauties which nature has lavished upon this country. If the view from the top of the terrace of Monte Carlo dazzles the eyes, calms the mind, and fills the soul with infinite charm, the scene which the gaming saloon presents troubles the sight, saddens the heart, and fills one with a feeling of unutterable weariness and depression.

Pictures to yourself a splendid saloon brilliantly lighted by numerous chandeliers; the walls are magnificently decorated, but the sole furniture of the room consists of tables and chairs. On each table may be seen a roulette wheel, miniature rakes, and a locked box. Gradually the crowd enters, and the gaming saloon is filled. Visitors of the most varied types take their places round the tables, the croupiers come in, open the box, fill it with bank notes, and pile up before them heaps of gold. The play begins. The banker throws an ivory ball, which revolves in a wheel—a species of round basin with numbers, and which is itself whirling in an opposite direction. There are thirty-six numbers on the wheel without counting zero. Each player stakes a sum of money upon a number. The croupiers pay thirty-six times the sum which is staked on the number at which the ball stops to the lucky player who has hazarded his stake on that number. All the money risked on the other numbers form the gain of the Casino.

A gentleman of military appearance is standing near a table. He stakes a louis, and whether he gains or whether he loses the sum which he risks never varies, it is always a louis. Across the table a young woman is noting down the winning numbers; for hours together she is absorbed in this occupation, and in the evening when she returns to her hotel she devotes herself to making innumerable calculations. She reckons how many times each number has come out during the day, she strikes an average, and thus settles the number on which next day she will risk the money at her command. At another table two players of a different temperament face each other. One is brutalised by play, the other is impassive; he has what is called "a good digestion." Whether he loses or whether he wins, his face always remains the same. No nervous contraction betrays the feelings which are agitating his heart. He digests equally well all fortune's vagaries, and when the roulette carries off the sheaf of bank-notes which is before him, the digestion of this loss does not appear to give him the slightest discomfort; hence his nickname of "good digestion."

I had been in the gambling saloon for some moments when I noticed a young couple enter. The lady was French; the man spoke English, but with a strong American accent. Doubtless they were a newly-married couple who had come to Monte Carlo for their honeymoon. Both take their places at a table and begin to play.

"The 9th December was our wedding day," whispers the young woman in her husband's ear; "suppose we choose the Number 9, perhaps it will bring us luck?"

"Just as you like," answers her husband, and they placed 5*l.* on the Number 9.

The ball is thrown, and whirls around the wheel. The husband, with his hands on the table, awaits the result almost with indifference. The lady, somewhat less cool, puts on her glasses to get a better view. The ball revolves for a long time, but eventually

slackens its pace, passes slowly by the numbers 33, 1, 20, 14, 31, and finally stops at Number 9.

The croupier takes 180*l.* in gold, and noisily sounding the coins, places them before the wife, who smilingly takes a rake, and heaps up a little mountain of gold.

"If instead of 5*l.*," says the husband, "we had risked 100*l.*, we should have gained a small fortune, 3,600*l.*, and we might have abandoned the idea of living on board vessel."

"Let us risk 100*l.*, as we have won it. It was on January 17th that you were so nearly drowned at sea with your father and mother, let us put 100*l.* on No. 17."

The 100*l.* are placed on No. 17. The ball revolves, and quite gently, though guided by an invisible hand, stops at number No. 17.

"Every one for himself!" exclaims the husband, gathering in a huge packet of notes which the croupier passes him. "It is I who risked the 100*l.*; the winnings should belong to me."

"I thought that between us all was in common," said his companion, timidly.

"At play—no. I repeat every one for himself."

"Our winnings are considerable," ventured the lady. "Let us leave the room, and go back to Marseilles, where your vessel awaits you."

"You are mad; don't you see that I have a run of luck? I mean to break the bank."

In fact, the young American, excited by his extraordinary success, begins to play wildly. But, alas! the little ivory ball seems to have become capricious. One bank-note follows another, and the "run of luck" does not appear to return. In a very short time all his winnings have been lost, and more than once he has plunged his hand into his pocket to draw out money which was not intended to be risked at play. The more he loses the more he plays, only to lose again. All his money passes to the croupiers, and only when he has exhausted his last five-franc piece does he determine to tear himself from this table, at which he has left the half of his fortune. The fortune which he has lost—savings which his father had accumulated by dint of labour and thrift—was not mere idle pocket money. This money was to be devoted to pay for the fitting-out of a merchant-vessel of which he was about to take the command. What shall he do now? How can he get out of the difficulty? How will he retrieve his compromised position? Only one resource remains to him—to go to Marseilles and to borrow the money which he needed on the security of his vessel.

The Casino authorities accord him a *viatique*, that is to say, the exact sum necessary for him and his wife to return to Marseilles. Furnished with this *viatique*, both take train thither. How sad is their journey! What a honeymoon! What a contrast to their starting a few days since, when with a clear conscience and a peaceful mind the two young people thought only of love and the enjoyment of life! In a few days both have aged many years, and have riveted to their feet one of those convicts' cannon balls which can never be cast off. As soon as he reaches Marseilles the young American goes to his banker, and with much difficulty succeeds in borrowing the sum which he needs; but henceforward his ship is no longer his own. This fine, coquettish craft, of which for the first time he was about to take the command, this ship the purchase of which had absorbed all his fortune and that of his wife—this vessel on the stern of which shines in golden letter the name of *Montretout*, and on board of which he hoped, like his father, to pass a long and glorious career, now belong to his creditors. Doubtless, according to the old custom of the sea, he is still "master on his own ship, after God," but in reality he is no longer master of his ship. Henceforward an unsuccessful voyage, a wreck, a bad commercial speculation, would give his creditors a right to dismiss him from his vessel. And all this for what? Because he had lost 4,000*l.* at play. But what play had filched from him, play might restore to him. "Supposing he returned to Monaco," he thinks "perhaps this time fortune may smile upon him. What happiness if he could come home and tell his wife, 'I have repaired all losses, the *Montretout* is again mine.' Yes, he must play again, and yet again."

The young captain returns to Monaco. He plays and loses, he loses a second time, and yet a third time—and always. By nine o'clock that evening he has nothing left, and

despair seizes his whole being. He is an intelligent man, well educated, young; and seated in the garden of Monte Carlo, with his head buried in his hands, he debates whether he shall not commit a crime, whether he had not better throw himself from the rocky height into the sea.

Suddenly, while putting his hand to his heart, he touches something hard. He feels in the pocket of his waistcoat, and finds a little leather case, which contains a Cross of Honour. He clutches this Cross with his nervous fingers, and at this moment his sight grows dim, his head swims, his legs give way, and he seems to hear a voice which says: "My son, if ever an evil thought comes into your mind look at this Cross; it will bring you back to the path of honour and duty."

The young man rises with a livid face and distorted features, he looks furtively to the right and left like a malefactor meditating a crime, and hastens with rapid steps to the Cafe de Paris. A man is seated at a table, every one at Monte Carlo knows him—Shylock, who lends money on pledges. He has only one god, and that god is money.

The young Captain draws near the table and taking his father's Cross of Honour from his pocket, says, "How much will you lend me on this cross?"

"Five francs," answers the Jew, after having examined it.

"Take it, and give me the five francs." He seizes the 5 franc piece and returns to the Casino; he enters the gambling saloon; he sees no one. He is in a high fever, his head burns, there is a ringing in his ears, his eyes fail him. He goes to the table and sees nothing but a mass of gold and a crowd of hands. Oh, those hands! What a sight they present!

Some are clenched, others seem to linger before releasing the 20-franc piece which they hold between their fingers, others again, like devil-fish, appear to enlure the packets of banknotes.

William Burter in his turn puts forth his hand. "My father," cries he, "died on the field of honour on January 19th. On Number 19 I play my last five-franc piece—and my honour!"

The ball turns, and stops at Number 15. "All is at an end," exclaims William, and he leaves the room.

Two days afterwards a local newspaper, the *Pensiero di Nizza*, contained the following paragraph: "This morning, on the shores of Villefranche and Monaco, some sailors picked up the corpse of a man about twenty-six years of age. In his pocket a visiting card was found, inscribed, 'Captain William Burter, commander of the *Montretout*.' It is not known whether his death was the result of a crime or of suicide."

### LITERARY NOTES.

The *Cincinnati Artisan* is one of the most excellent publications of the kind in the United States. Practical science and general industries, are ably discussed in its columns, and mechanics, engineers, millers, and manufacturers will find it valuable as a medium of information upon their respective trades.

The *March Outing* is a new departure in American literature. It deals with the out-door sports of to-day as of a theme worthy the best literary talent, the best artistic talent, and the best typographical make-up. The editorial management of Mr. Poultney Bigelow is seen for the first time in this number; and to judge from the mere fact that it has about three times as many illustrations as any previous one, we are inclined to think that the public is to be the gainer.

The Gladstone-Huxley controversy over the question of the Scientific Significance of the Book of Genesis will be continued in the April *Popular Science Monthly*. The number will contain Professor Huxley's second article replying to Mr. Gladstone's *Proem to Genesis*, which appeared in the March issue; Henry Drummond's Comments or *Views* thus far presented by the two distinguished disputants; and, in a supplement, Mr. Gladstone's original paper, *The Dawn of Creation and of Worship*, which first called out Professor Huxley.

Six-year-old to grandfather: "Grandpa dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday; and mamma says, if you give us any money, we are not to lose it on our way home."



# LITTLE AH SID,

Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Allegretto.*

1. Lit - tle Ah Sid Was a Chi - nese kid, A cute lit - tle ous you'd declare; With eyes full of fun, And a  
 2. O - ver the lawn That Ah Sid played on, A bum - ble - bee flew in the spring, "Melican but - tel - fly," Said he,  
 3. Down on the green Sat the wee sar - dine In style that was strang - ly de - dure, And said with a grin That was

nose that be - gun Right up at the roots of his hair; Jol - ly and fat was this frolic - some brat, As he  
 with wink - ing eye, "Me catch - ee and pull off um wing." Then with his cap did he strike it a rap, This  
 brim - ful of sin, "Me wash - ee um but - tel - fly sure!" Lit - tle Ah Sid he was on - ly a kid, And you

play'd thro' the long summer day, And braid - ed his one As his fa - ther used to In Chi - na - land far a - way.  
 in - o - cent, gay bumble - bee; He put its re - mains In the seat of his jeans For a pocket there had this Chinese.  
 could not ex - pect him to guess! What kind of a bug He was holding so snug In folds his loose fitting dress.

Ki - ya - ling hip, hop wing; Chi - na - man dance and Chi - na - man sing;

Flip - flop flog, catch um wing, "Mel - i - can but - tel - fly he sting!"

# THE WEDDING BELLS;

## OR, TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Would you have gone away without telling me?" she said, gently. "That would have been very useful, Grant."

"Would it, Clara? Would it my darling?" he said, hoarsely; but he does not touch her now. It seemed as if a sudden barrier had sprung up between them, ending all caresses forever.

"How was it, Grant?" she said, presently.

"It was her sister who died," he answered, in haste, broken tones. "And she, to serve her own ends, chose that I should think it otherwise. My darling, if I could have kept this trouble from you! Would to Heaven you had never seen me!"

"Ah! do not say that!" she said quickly. "We did not love to be happier—but better, and I shall always be happier, having loved you, than if we had never met."

There was a silence, a silence painful and oppressive—lasting some minutes; then Clara spoke:

"What did you mean to do, Grant?"

"To go away—to go back to the old life," he answered, brokenly.

"To Australia! Ah, no! You must not! Go to Charnock with mother and—"

"Clara, I cannot be your friend," he said, turning away. "I should be eating my heart out. Darling—believe me, it is better for all our sakes that I should go."

"And mother?" she said, pitifully.

"She will have her daughter still."

"But you! O, Grant, you will be so lonely."

"How could I be anything but lonely, having lost you, Clara?" he said, huskily.

"Oh, my darling! how can I live without you now?"

Her lip quivered, and the sweet eyes sought him with a wistful entreaty.

"Grant, you will try to be happy. Oh, think, my dearest, what it will be to me if I can think of you as doing well with your life. It would break my heart to know that—"

Her voice failed, and she broke down.

"And you, Clara?"

"I will do my best to be happy," she said, tremulously. "And by and by, perhaps, you will be able to come and see us,—mother and me—and—"

Again the sweet, broken voice failed, and Grant looked over at the fair young face, with its expression of high and lofty resolve, with something approaching veneration on his weary, miserable face.

"Poor mother!" she said, pitifully, then.

"O, Grant, let me go—let me go away for a time! I can go abroad and travel, and you will learn to forget; and when I come back we can be friends—Grant, shall it not be so?"

"Darling—no. Believe me, it is better I should go."

She urged him no more; she saw that in his passionate misery and despair he was in no fit state to judge—he could only suffer; and she felt that, keen as her own pain was, it was nothing to his.

She rose wearily then, and went to his side.

"It must be good-by, then," she said pitifully. "But life at its longest is not very long, Grant; and perhaps in that other life we shall have happiness together."

"In that other life!" he repeated, bitterly.

"Ah, Clara, I had hoped for happiness in this!"

"It may come yet," she whispered.

"At least, we shall have memory!"

"A doubtful blessing," he replied, with a hoarse laugh. "A doubtful blessing, Clara, do you think it will make me any happier in the future to remember your sweetness, and purity, and truth, and to know—"

"Then you must strive to forget," she replied, with the saddest attempt at gaiety.

"Forget!"

He turned away with a bitter smile; then he came back to her side, and took her hands in his.

"Clara," he said, huskily, "you are so

young. You have all your life yet to live. My child, if in the future some other man wins the love which has made me so happy, I shall not repine—ah, love, no!—I shall be glad when you write to tell me that he is making you happy, as I once hoped to make you—I shall be glad."

"Grant—you break my heart."

"It seems impossible now, child. It will not seem so always. Heaven forbid that my wretchedness should cast a shadow on your fate!"

"As if I could be happy while you—"

and the assumed composure gave way—for Clara burst into a passion of tears upon his breast.

He held her closely, tenderly, until the sobs ceased; then his arms (dropped from around her, and he moved back a little.

"Let us part now, Clara," he said, in a strained, husky voice, like a hoarse whisper, and the words seemed to strike her with a new dread and terror, for she sank wearily back in a chair, shivering and pale.

"Clara!"

"Oh, Grant—Grant!"

She threw herself into his arms, with a low, faint cry of misery, which smote on his heart. He strained her to his breast passionately; he showered mad, despairing kisses on the chestnut hair, on the white brow, on the soft throat, while she clung to him feebly, and moaned over the deathbed of their love and happiness. Then suddenly, the little hands loosed their clasp; the sweet eyes, so full of pain and misery, closed; the beautiful head fell backward in a merciful unconsciousness, which blotted out all suffering for a time!

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### WINTER.

It was midwinter in London, snow lying thick on the ground—snow whose purity lasts but so short a time in that great city where the contrasts are so marked, where wealth and poverty jostle each other; and while in one portion wealth, which would buy bread for thousands of starving human beings, is thrown away on an entertainment, a jewel, a caprice—in another, within a walk perhaps, many an outcast, half-naked, starving, frozen, dies of cold and famine.

Eight weeks have passed since that gray November night when Sir Grant Ellison and Clara Frith had parted in that bitter separation which had been the deathbed of their love and hopes—parted through the treachery of an avaricious, worthless woman, whose baseness had worked such bitter wrong to the man who had loved her with a passionate love.

Sir Grant Ellison and his mother are at Charnock, for Lady Ellison's passionate grief had made her son alter all his plans and remain with her; while Clara went abroad with Ted and his young wife, who were going to make a Continental tour before Ted returned to settle down to his duties as country gentleman and embryo M. P. at Fetherstone Hall.

"If you go it will kill her," Clara had said, when she saw Grant on the day following that parting which had wrung the life out of her young heart, for he had not been able to carry out his original intention of leaving early the following morning.

"She could not let you go now, Grant, and for her sake—for your mother's sake—you must stay. I told you once, when I did not know who you were, that Grant Ellison was his mother's life. Much as she loves me, I can never be to her what you are. Grant, if you look thus, you will break my heart. You must stay and I will go. It is much better. The change will do me good, and I shall not be more unhappy there than here."

At first Clara, in her unselfishness, had not wished to join the Fetherstone's; but Ted and Gracie had both insisted that she should not go to strangers. Instead of her presence damping their pleasure, Gracie declared that it would enhance it, and that neither she nor Ted would allow her to be

low-spirited so with reluctance, and yet with real relief, Clara yielded, and one gray December morning they had driven away; and Grant and his mother returned to Charnock, the young baronet's last recollection of his darling being a glimpse of her pale face framed in the carriage-window, her lips quivering as she tried to force a smile, her eyes full of a mute anguish which haunted him for days after.

The breaking off of their engagement had made no small sensation in their circle, and many were the conjectures made by those who knew them, for Sir Grant had been extremely anxious that Miss Chester's identity with his wife should not be discovered; so that the real truth was known only to the Fetherstones. Miss Chester herself was equally desirous that the fact of her marriage should not come out, for though her story, if known, might have added to her notoriety for a time, she was by no means anxious to relinquish the adulation and homage, and still more substantial benefits her supposed spinsterhood gave her, for the empty title and position of a poor baronet's wife, even if Grant had been willing to give her the position. Perhaps, had Sir Douglas Ellison's will left Charnock and its revenues to his son, her course of conduct would have been materially altered; but, under the circumstances, it was infinitely more agreeable to be Miss Chester—rich, envied, beautiful, admired, and sought after, a very queen in Bohemia—than to be Lady Ellison, cast off by her husband, and necessarily deserted by her admirers. Besides, Prince Schwaroff must be kept deceived at any cost, and as yet she had not given up the hope that eventually Sir Grant would accede to her proposal and leave her free to become Princess Schwaroff.

The Russian prince, who was so completely entangled in the coils of the beautiful sin, was a young man of vast wealth, which he used lavishly. He was passionately enamored of the English actress, and her coy refusals of his repeated offers of marriage were given in a manner which merely made him more and more anxious to obtain her for his wife. Sir Grant's refusal to accede to her wish had enraged her terribly; she could have found it in her heart to have killed her husband—if she had dared, she would have prayed that he might die. She hated him with an intensity which was terrible; but for him—but for his return—she might have possessed wealth, title, homage, adulation. Once she regretted that she had sent Clara that box at the Variety Theatre, but the regret was but momentary. She knew that, sooner or later, while he was in town, Sir Grant must make the discovery, which she had hastened a little perhaps, but which she could not have avoided. That would have been impossible seeing that her photograph, in half a dozen different costumes and attitudes, was exhibited in hundreds of shop windows; that her face appeared in a dozen illustrated papers; that every one who had any pretension to position or not thronged to the Variety to see her act.

But deep as her dislike, intense as her hatred was to the man who had loved and trusted her in his youth, and whom she had so basely betrayed, even her animosity might have been gratified at the misery Grant Ellison endured at that time. His mother, watching him as he wandered about the grounds of Charnock in the dreary winter days, shed many a bitter tear in secret at his evident depression, which he vainly endeavored to conceal from her; and though, in her frequent letters to Clara, she tried to hide it from her and to write cheerfully, the young girl was quick to see that both were unhappy.

"O, Grant!" his mother said, gently, once, coming into the library and finding him looking intently into the fire with haggard, miserable eyes, "I would have borne my blindness until the end of my life rather than you should have lost Clara."

He lifted her hand to his lips, forcing a smile.

"I am bearing it badly, am I not, mother?" he said, gently. "But she was so much to me, and now my love is an insult to her! Never mind," he added, rising.

But the fighting it out was a difficult matter, and Lady Ellison saw, as days went by, that her son was struggling with a miserable sense of restlessness and unhappiness, which made him morbid, irritable, and altogether unlike himself, which his anxiety about Clara was almost unendurable.

"If I could only know she was well and

happy!" he would say to himself sometimes, as he paced up and down his room in the long night-watches when sleep would not come, and the fever of his mind would not let him rest. "Only to be sure she was well and happy! I could bear the rest."

He loved her with an intensity of which Clara did not dream, deep as she knew his affection to be. Since that wild, mad, boyish passion which had been fierce as it was evanescent, no woman had touched his heart; and in the midnight-watches by the Australian camp-fires he had had dreams of a true and pure woman, fair to look upon, whose beauty covered a far higher, nobler loveliness, who would be his wife and friend, his darling and comfort, and that ideal Clara had realized. His heart had gone out to her in a passionate adoration and love which would endure to his life's end; and he had never attempted to stop the growth of that great passion—perhaps an attempt would have been useless—but he had given himself unreluctantly to its beauty, to its sweetness—to a beauty and to a sweetness which he had lost for ever.

The world seemed very weary to him now—it seemed as if men lived only to suffer and to die; while the keenest pang of all misery was that he—who loved her with that great passion, that wild, adoring love—had brought her unhappiness and misery.

But Clara was a true woman; she would far rather have suffered through her love for him than have known neither the suffering nor the love; she was happier away from him, knowing that her love was returned, that he loved her with a love equaling her own, than she could have been under any circumstances if he had not loved her. Still, the suffering was telling upon her, and Gracie, in a letter to Sylvia, said that Clara was looking pale and fragile, and far from strong.

It is midwinter in Paris also, and there the contrasts already spoken of between brilliant gaiety and intense misery are yet more evident than they are in London, for it is then that the gay French city holds high carnival, and gaiety, and mirth, and revelry reign supreme. There, within a stone's throw of the misery which exists in every large city, the denizens of the gay world, wrapped in their costly furs, skim over the ice on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. There the brilliantly-illuminated theatres are nightly filled with appreciative spectators—there the boulevards are filled with daintily-attired women and fashionably dressed men, and the brilliant cafes are daily thronged. There, too, in poorer quarters, the crying children wait in vain for bread; there the poor suffer from the icy, pitiless cold—there, as elsewhere, winter brings with it many a misery which in smiling, sunshiny summer is unknown.

It is a bitter night; the wind is rushing down the boulevards and through the gaslit streets with bitter vehemence, whirling the snow with it in blinding showers. The gas-lamps are burning brightly, and from the cafes come the sound of gay voices and laughter and mirth, while carriages are dashing swiftly through the snow toward the Opera House, where the first masked ball is at its height.

Driving slowly over the frozen street, a gentleman leans out of his *fiacre*, and looks with weary, meditative gaze on the hurrying throng.

In the streets leading to the Opera House the locomotion is more difficult, for the throng is great, and as he looks out the wheel of his cab is locked for a moment in that of a carriage, with servants in gay liveries of blue and orange, which is passing him. There is only a moment's pause, for the experienced drivers have saved the collision which was imminent; but in that moment the gray-blue eyes have rested on a woman's face—a face of matchless loveliness, gay, triumphant, bewitching, framed by the satin and lace of her domino, and he has recognized it. She does not see him; the lustrous dark eyes are intent on the fastening of a bracelet which has fallen from her wrist, and the carriage drives on to the Opera House.

"She! Here!" Sir Grant Ellison mutters, as he sinks back in the *fiacre* which is taking him from the station to the hotel. "Has Clara seen her? I hope not—I hope not, poor child!"

The thought is a painful one, and Sir Grant's face is very moody as his cab draws up at Mouri's; and just as the bowing waiter comes forward to receive the new arrival, a gentleman, wrapped in a fur-lined

overcoat, who is standing lighting his cigar on the steps of the hotel, utters an exclamation of mingled surprise and pleasure.

"Grant, old fellow, is it indeed you?" Sir Grant turns and the two hands meet in a close, cordial hand-clasp. "We did not expect you," Ted goes on in a moment, his face saddening a little as he notes the alteration in his friend—the deep lines on his brow, the weary sadness of the gray-blue eyes, the gravity of the mouth which tries to smile at him.

"No, I did not intend that you should know I was in Paris," Grant Ellison answered, as they enter the hall together. "But I know that I can trust you, Ted. The fact is—" he lifts his hat and pushes his hair back from his forehead with a stifled sigh—"I was anxious about Clara, and I felt that I must see her with my own eyes, unseen myself. Sounds romantic, does it not, old fellow?" he continues, with a slight laugh; "but your wife said the child was looking ill, and I could not rest."

"She does not complain," Ted answers, standing in his old attitude, with his hand on Grant's shoulder. "But she looks pale. You yourself don't look much to boast of, Grant."

"Ted, she is here," Ellison says, wearily. "Yes, I have seen her," Ted replies. "She was in the Bois."

"Did Clara see her?" Sir Grant asks. "No, she has not been out. I meant to take her away as soon as possible. How long do you stay, Grant?"

"Only a few hours. Don't let the child know I am here, Ted, and tell me how I am to see her."

"It will be better not to let her know," Ted says, meditatively. "It would only bring back all the old pain, Grant."

"I know—I know!" Sir Grant answers, huskily.

"It is hard for you, old friend," Ted Featherstone remarks, sympathetically; then, after a moment's thought, he turns to the waiter.

"The sitting-room next to ours is not occupied, I think?" he says.

"No, monsieur."

"Then it will suit this gentleman, my friend," Ted replies, quickly; then slipping his hand in Sir Grant's arm, they follow the *garçon* up to a sitting-room on the first floor, where, having lighted the wax candles and received orders for supper, the waiter leaves them.

Sir Grant throws himself wearily into a chair, and leans his head on his hands. His friend goes to the window and opens it, admitting a keen blast of wind and a shower of heavily-falling snow. The window opens on to a balcony which runs along that side of the house, and after a short reconnaissance Ted returns.

"It is all right," he says, smiling. "Your curiosity can be gratified, Grant. The next windows are ours; I will manage so that one is left uncurtained while Gracie and I are away for an hour. I am going to take her for half an hour to the *Bal de l'Opera*," he added. "Don't be shocked, old fellow. She insists on going, and when a woman insists, you know"—he shrugs his shoulders with a slight smile.

"A man is forced to give in," Sir Grant says, forcing a smile. "Very well, old fellow; you can go in all confidence—I will not—ah! you can trust the child to me, can you not?"

"I know it," Ted answers, eagerly. "You do not think I doubt you for a moment, Grant? And now I must go, or Gracie will suspect something. I will come to you again when I come back."

Hardly had the door closed after him when Sir Grant rises and goes out on to the balcony; but the heavy velvet curtains are drawn across the windows, and only a little line of light escapes at the top.

With a little impatient sigh Sir Grant returns to his sitting-room, and waits as patiently as he can until he hears the door of the adjoining room open and Gracie's voice makes some gay remark about her domino and mask. Some one—Sir Grant guesses who—answers in a soft voice which renders the words inaudible to him; then the rustle of lit-*le* Mrs. Featherstone's silk dress is heard along the passage. The door is closed, and there is silence.

Once more Sir Grant Ellison steps out on to the balcony. The snow has ceased during the interval, and from the uncurtained window a flood of light streams out, flashing back upon the snow. He steps quietly up to the window and looks into the room. The room is a square, lofty sitting-room,

lighted by a chandelier suspended from the centre of the ceiling. The walls are painted in panels, and the ceiling also is decorated with groups of painted flowers. The furniture is of walnut-wood, upholstered in green velvet. There are gilt consoles and mirrors reflecting the light from every side, a piano in one corner, and in a deep arm-chair the figure of a young girl, who sits with one hand supporting her head, the other—slender, white, ringless—hangs listlessly over the side of the chair.

A sudden passionate gleam lights up Sir Grant Ellison's eyes as he sees that graceful, drooping figure, and strains his eyes through the darkness to gaze on the interior, which lies before him like a picture. As they rest upon the fair, pale face—so sad, so grave now, which he remembers so bright and laughing—a heart-sick misery seems to fall upon him. He loved her so passionately, and he has brought through his love such a darkening shadow over her whole life. It had been better for her a thousand times if they had never met!

The mingled pain and pleasure, sweetness and bitterness of that hour, cannot be described—pleasure, for the sight of her cannot fail to give him pleasure; pain, because of the sadness and sorrow on the fair young face; sweetness, to know that she loves him so dearly and faithfully still; bitterness, to remember that her love has brought her such deep pain.

It is misery, almost torture, to stand there within a few feet of her; to know that less than the space of a minute would bring him to her side, and yet to be as far as if the seas rolled between them; as if to reach her impassable mountains must be crossed.

Hot tears come thickly into his eyes as he watches her—shutting out for a moment the lighted room, the glittering mirrors and gilding—the fair, still, drooping figure in the arm-chair; and in a moment of irrepressible grief he covers his face with his hands, and the great salt drops fall upon his fingers.

When he uncovers his face he sees that Clara has risen. She is crossing the room slowly, her soft velvet draperies trailing over the carpet, the light gleaming on the broad silver collar she wears round her throat, on the silver bracelets which are round her wrists. She looks most lovely for all her languor and pallor. She is less brilliant certainly, less beautiful perhaps; but to the eyes of anyone who loved her—to the eyes of the man who cared for her above all else on earth—she is lovelier than ever, for on her face one cannot read the impress of suffering which has made her sweeter, gentler, more womanly; and the brown eyes, always so sweet and lustrous, are lovelier still now from the soul which looked out of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

Inoculation of rabbits with the bacillus of tubercular consumption is proposed as a method of exterminating them in Australia.

Crockery coffins are proposed by a Philadelphia inventor. His idea is to glaze them, thus making a tight and imperishable receptacle, the object being to protect underground water currents from pollution.

Mineral wool is said to be coming into use in the construction of buildings, on account of its strength, lightness, and resistance to the conduction of heat. It has also the advantage of being fireproof.

The manufacture of alcohol from wood has increased rapidly within a few years, and it is said to be used largely for patent bitters, ginger extracts, and other alcoholic compounds, whose strong flavor makes it unnecessary to use a better quality of spirits. Wood alcohol is a dangerous product, and sometimes gives rise to serious disturbances of the brain and nervous system.

A St. Louis doctor is credited with having out of the tails of two lizards and united the animals by sewing the stumps together, thus making a species of Siamese twins. The object of the experiment was to ascertain if blood could be transfused by this method; and one writer maintains that if, for example, a weak and bloodless invalid were attached in this manner to a strong and healthy animal, the result must be favorable to the invalid. Dr. Roussel of Paris is said to have met with encouraging success in such an experiment.

The Poet's Corner.

The Soldier's Last 'Souvenir.'

W. A. BURWOOD.

We are marching, brother, marching thro' life's heavy open gate,  
Thro' the dark eternal portal to the battlements of Fate;  
Oft I hear a lov'd voice calling, or an old familiar tread  
Wake from out the dusky casement of the chambers of the dead.

We are nearer, brother, nearer to the armory of life,  
Where we'll lay the lance and sword blade broken in the deadly strife;  
Where we'll "ground" our "arms," brother, as our Captain used to say,  
When the clear note of the bugle call'd the closing of the day.

We are nearer, brother, nearer to our deadly foe to-night;  
All around us comrades falling, stricken in the ghastly fight;  
I've but one lone treasure, brother, and it rests against my heart,  
'Tis the semblance of my mother, strangely kept by "mystic art."

It is dearer, brother, dearer far than all on earth could be;  
I remember well the even when she gave it unto me!  
"Take it, brother, keep it sacred," last best words of all he said,  
Then he went to join his comrades in the army of the dead.

A Child's Answer.

BY ANDREW RAMSAY.

A child when asked what stars are for,  
Said, looking up the blue,  
"They're holes they poke in Heaven's floor  
To let the glory through."

O ye who measure mighty space,  
You fail to feel, and I,  
The faith that thrilled her infant face  
Turned up to God's pure sky.

We search, unblest, with purpose set,  
Through science, fate and lore,  
And in our questioning forget  
What Heaven itself is for.

The Old Barn.

BY A. MOORMACK.

In the old barn that stands on the hillside,  
In fancy I am sitting to-day,  
And in through the storm-beaten gables  
Streams many a silvery ray;  
The hilltops, the clouds and the sunset,  
With the perfume of clover below,  
Seem as fair and as sweet to my fancy  
As it seemed when a boy long ago.

A lad then and lassie were playing,  
And romping about on the hay;  
And sweet seemed the pleasure of childhood,  
Far sweeter than those of to-day.  
The hornet's nest hung from the rafter,  
The rope swing hung down from the beam,  
The hen's nest was under the manger;  
Yet I see it in memory's dream.

For alone I have stood there at sunset,  
In the old barn just under the hill;  
The sunbeams through gable and shingle—  
Still silvered the cobwebs at will.  
The gable and sideboards hung loosely  
From mould'ring rafter and beam;  
And the cold winds of autumn and winter  
Rushed through it with whistle and scream.

The doors from their hinges have fallen,  
Decaying lie low on the ground;  
The crickets still sing in the summer,  
The only old friend that I found;  
The briars grow thick in the meadow;  
The thistles grow round the old frame,  
Which stands as a sign that the homestead  
Is gone in all but the name.

The brow of the lad has grown wrinkled,  
And silver is twined in his hair;  
The lassie is over the river,  
With cheek still as dimple and fair;  
But up in the homestead of heaven,  
The lad will be welcomed one day;  
Where the sweetness of morning and childhood  
Will last through Eternity's day.

"Allons Done."

ROSE TREARY COOK.

"Allons done," she then said, and passing out attended by the eunuch, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall.

—Proud on Mary Queen of Scots.

"Go on!"—To that imperial throne  
She made a glory and a shame?  
No, Mary Stuart stood alone,  
Her queenly crown an empty name.

Go on!" She waved her royal hand,  
Go where?—to that dear distant France,  
The loved, the lost, the joyous land,  
Where once she led the song and dance?

On to that home where first her child,  
Born in her grief, the heir of tears,  
Looked in his mother's face and smiled,  
Unconscious of her grief and fears?

Ah, no! Her youth, her hope, were dead;  
Her boy a stranger, far away;  
The glamor of a crown had fled;  
This was her last, her dying day.

She stood so calm, so still so proud,  
So firm, amid a hundred foes,  
So careless of that eager crowd,  
So crowned anew with fatal woes.

So scornful of the cruel death  
That waited crouched beyond the door;  
The ruthless jailers held their breath,  
The vengeful warriors spoke no more.

"Go on!" And on the grim earls went;  
There was the scaffold and the block;  
The murderous axe against its leant  
They moved her not, her heart was rock.

The spirit of a kingly race  
Inspired her soul and fired her eye,  
A smile lit up her tranquil face:  
"You thought a queen would fear to die?"

She clasped the cross against her breast—  
"O Lord! thine arms upon the tree  
Spread for the world, now give me rest;  
Forgive! redeem! I come to Thee."

Her maidens loosed the widow's veil,  
And laid the sable robe aside;  
Their cheeks were wet, their lips were pale,  
But hers were red with scorn and pride.

Fair in her blood-red gown she stood;  
So stands against the stormy skies  
A rose, that in some solitude  
Uplifts its stately head,—and dies.

"Weep not, my ladies! weep no more;  
Farewell, farewell! we meet again.  
O Lord! amid my trouble sore,  
I trust in Thee, nor trust in vain."

She laid her head upon the block,  
And murmured low, "In Thee I trust."  
Down fell the axe, with thun'ring shock;  
Mary the Queen was common dust.

The beautiful face, the smiling lips,  
Winkled and set in aged gloom;  
So from some tree a tawny strip,  
In one brief gust, its leaf and bloom.

Leave her the peace that life denied;  
Her sins and follies all are o'er  
A queen she lived, a queen she died;  
Peace to her ashes! Ask no more.

Sealed Orders.

BY HENRY CHAUNCEY.

Out she swung from her mooring,  
And over the harbor bar,  
As the moon was slowly rising,  
She faded from sight afar—  
And we traced her gleaming canvas  
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,  
Nor whether her cruise would be;  
Her future course was shrouded  
In silence and mystery:  
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"  
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from mooring,  
Go drifting into the night,  
Darkness before and around them,  
With scarce a glimmer of light;  
They are sailing beneath "sealed orders"  
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty,  
Through evil and good report,  
They shall ride the storms out safely,  
Be the voyage long or short,  
For the ship that carries God's orders  
Shall anchor at last in port.

Looking Backward.

BY LURELLA CLARK.

Look not back, but straight ahead;  
Seek the living, not the dead;  
Yesterday is thine no more,  
Give regretful grievance o'er.

Greet to-day with purpose new;  
Now—to-day—be good and true;  
Linger not in fond delay  
O'er the joys of yesterday.

Weep not o'er its toilsome past,  
Only let them be thy last;  
Learn the lesson that they teach,  
And to take more worthy reach.

Let each failure, each mistake  
Spur anew thy power to make  
Failure victory; no regret  
Ever gained a triumph yet.

Forward, hopeful, turn thy face;  
Steps which thou canst not retrace  
Leave behind, and choose to-day  
For thy feet the better way.

Let thy life each moment be  
So useful, sweet, and free,  
That no haunting shade shall lie  
On the thoughts of days gone by.



Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 14 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. \$1.00 for 3 months. Advertising rates:—50 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line, single insertion; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.50 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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1st. PEN. | 2nd. INK. | 3rd. PAPER.

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32. One fine English breech-loading double barrel Shot Gun..... 75
33 to 40. Eight extra quadruple Silver Plate Teaspoons..... 80
41 to 44. Two gold neck chains, with lockets complete, and one silver neck chain..... 40
45 to 50. Five Alarm Clocks; one walnut clock 51 to 62. Twelve extra silver plate crust stands 63 to 179. One hundred and eighteen fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings..... 500
180 to 225. Forty-seven fine solid Gold Gem Rings, size to fit winners..... 470

After this list the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, will receive the first reward in the following list of middle rewards. The sender of the next correct answer, following the middle one, will receive number two, and so on till they are all distributed.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... \$100
2 to 5. One Cabinet Organ, 13 stops, by Bell & Co. 6 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, newest design..... 200
10 to 15. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, hunting cases, handsomely engraved..... 420
16 to 18. Three sets Chambers' Encyclopaedia, 10 vols. to set, will bound..... 180
19 to 22. Four English Breech loading Double Barrel Shot Guns..... 280
23 to 26. Thirty-five satin lined imitation morocco cases, containing complete dessert set of half dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and tea spoons..... 425
27 to 30. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver-plated butter coolers..... 150
31 to 135. Forty-six elegant silver plated pickle cruet..... 184
136 to 200. Sixty-six fine silver plated Butter Knives or Sugar Shells..... 68

So as to give even the most distant persons an opportunity, the following list of consolation rewards has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post-marked not later than the 30th June, (the closing date,) will be given number one of these rewards; the next preceding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards, till all these rewards are given out.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One rosewood square Piano, by the Dominion Piano & Organ Co. of Bowmanville, or a piano equally as good..... \$600
2 to 4. Three ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches, extra good movement..... 180
5 to 7. Three extra silver Tea Services (4 pieces) 8 to 21. Fourteen fine extra heavy silver-plated Cake Baskets, (new design)..... 150
22 to 35. Fifteen extra silver-plated Cruet..... 156
36 to 51. Seventeen fine heavy silver plated Teaspoons, choice design..... 170
52 to 151. One hundred extra fine rolled gold Brooches..... 300

Fifteen (15) days after closing date, 30th June, will be allowed for letters to reach TRUTH office from distant points, that is if letters bear the postmark of 30th June, they will be eligible to compete.

THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand, or more if required, half dozen sets extra silver plated teaspoons..... \$6000 These extra prizes are the spoons that are

to be given to every person competing, whether their answers are correct or not.

You will be wise, no matter where you live, if, the moment you read these offers, you at once send in your answers, enclosing in the same envelope, one dollar and eighteen cents for postage and packing of spoons. You will not regret the investment, as you will get the value for your money in TRUTH, and to say nothing about the spoons or any of the larger prizes. Address, S. FRANK WILSON, TRUTH OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

SPECIAL.

For two dollars I will send you, per express, an elegant butter cooler, extra heavy silver plated, and mail Truth for three months.

For five dollars I will send you, per express, one elegant satin lined imitation morocco case, about 9x12 inches, containing half dozen each extra silver plated knives, forks and teaspoons, and mail Truth for three months. A very choice present for any lady and a dessert set that would adorn any table.

For seven dollars and a half I will send you a magnificent Family Bible, (and TRUTH for three months), superbly bound in morocco, beautifully embossed and gilt, containing over 2,000 fine illustrations of Bible History, Cruden's concordance, (a very useful addition, as it enables anyone to find any word referred to in the Bible as easily as you can find a chapter or page in any book.) This Bible has never retailed under twenty dollars. You will regret it if you let these opportunities go by.

Those who avail themselves of one or all of these special offers, and who answer the Bible questions correctly, are also entitled to all the privileges which pertain to those who send only the dollar and eighteen cents. That is, their names are placed among those who are eligible for the prizes enumerated in the foregoing lists of First, Middle and Consolation rewards. But whether answers are correct or not, the Butter Cooler, Morocco Case, or Bible, as the case may be, will be forwarded AT ONCE on receipt of money for same.

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

Among Thousands in the Possession of "Truth."

I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Pitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated.

E. RANKIN, 19, Hanover Street, Montreal. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it.

THOMAS D. CRAIGHEAD, Campbellford. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Cabinet Organ you kindly sent me as my prize for Bible answer. I am highly pleased with it and return you my sincere thanks for such a handsome instrument.

W. S. WALKER, Galt. Rev. S. H. Dyke, late Publisher Canadian Baptist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition.

W. J. TURNBULL, Paris Manuf. Co., Paris, Ont., acknowledges receipt of a handsome, square, rosewood Piano of magnificent tone and compass.

E. E. PHILLIPS, St. Catharines, acknowledges receipt of one hundred dollars, gratuity, &c., &c.

The piano won by my son Benson in Bible Competition No 6, and which came to us a year ago, proves to be in every respect a superior instrument. The Tuner, a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people during the year have called at the manse, examined and tried it, and are surprised at the excellence. It is just as advertised. Mr. Wilson has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offers, which are both numerous and liberal.

T. SMITH, Pastor of St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Markham, Ont. Jennie R. Smith, Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of Solid Gold Watch.

MARRINGHAM, Man. — S. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto: you shipped me six weeks ago a beautiful Cabinet Organ. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks also for the five years' warranty sent along with it. MARGIE JACKSON.

Geo. Zincker, Cape North, Nova Scotia, thankfully and delightedly acknowledges receipt of an elegant Gold Watch.

Kingsford Why says:—Among the winners of prizes in this locality under the Bible competitions are: J. Gallaway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Kingsford; Stanley Chant, Collisby; Viola Hunt, Birmingham; Jennie Price, Newburg.

J. Brydon, Okanagan Mission, British Columbia, sends thanks for beautiful Gold hunting case watch. Elderslie, Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland.—I must apologize for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 9.

JOHN HENDERSON, Oswego, New York, says: Dear Sir, — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting case Elgin watch for prize story No. 9 in TRUTH. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy C." I wish TRUTH the best of success.

C. M. STARK, New Haven, Conn. JAMES GORDON, Lancaster, Pa., also wonderfully and delightedly acknowledges receipt of ladies' gold Elgin Watches; also, in the same strain, Mr. ISSING, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Marshall, Ada, Ohio, acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services. C. GROVER, Seattle, Washington Territory, L. EDDLE, Kansas City, and G. ROBINSON, 214 Clay St., San Francisco,

Cal., received gentlemen's fine gold hunting case watches, with which they were very much pleased. SOME BIG PRIZES.

The Bowmanville Statesman, of Dec. 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the TRUTH and the LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competitions carried on by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Toronto. In addition to the list below several others have received valuable gold and silver watches, handsome silver cake baskets, gold rings and brooches, books, &c.—Mrs. A. L. VANNICKE, Organ, 10 stops; M. Moseley James, Silver Tea Service, LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—Mrs. J. Van Nest, W. J. Heard, Fred Bray, Amanda Bond, Thos. Sheridan; SILVER WATCHES.—Mrs. W. R. Bond, Mrs. Thos. Sheridan, Minnie Werry, Mrs. W. McKowan, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. J. H. James, Mrs. Wm. Jewell, Mrs. M. Deyman, W. W. Tamblin, M. A. Address in all cases, S. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto, Canada.

The Spring plushes will be in stripes, blocks, bars and figures of plush on canvas grounds.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes: 'I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?'

Garnet hair ornaments and jewelry in many new devices are again in high vogue.

A Source of Great Trouble.

Probably the most prolific source of chronic ill is indigestion or dyspepsia, causing unhealthy blood. Yet taken in time it is positively curable. Burdock Blood Bitters has cured some of the worst cases known, even of 15 years' duration. If troubled with indigestion try it.

Low corrajes of red velvet are worn with skirts of various materials, tulle and other thin fabrics not excepted.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy; and it is only by thought that labor can be made happy.

The true philosophy of medication is not to dose for symptoms, but to root out disease. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier, has proved itself equal to this task. It is a most searching without being a violent remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. It is as well adapted to the needs and physical temperaments of delicate females as to the more robust sex, and is a fine preventive of disease as well as remedy for it.

The new short sleeves consist of small puffs, or narrow double ruffles of tulle, crossing the top of the arms.

Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation.

Bulgarian, Oriental, Russian and Cossack ideas in dress for hats, caps, coats and suits prevail in Europe.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocos, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Plush mantles are trimmed with feather trimming, which is softer and more becoming even than fur.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 11.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One elegant Square Piano, by a celebrated firm \$500
2. One fine toned 12-stop Cabinet Organ 250
3, 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 150
6 to 9. Four Ladies' fine Gold Hunting case Watches, elegantly engraved, first-class time-keepers 280
10 to 13. Four celebrated Wanzel Sewing Machines 24
14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 100
21 to 35. Sixteen fine quadruple silver plated Cruet Stands 10
36 to 50. Sixteen ladies' fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets 240
51 to 75. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners 300
76 to 89. Fourteen half dozen sets extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons 84
90 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners 15
101 to 155. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches 11

Number one of the above rewards, the piano, will be given the sender of the first correct answers to the Bible Questions given below. The sender of the second correct answer arriving at LADIES' JOURNAL office takes number two, the organ, and so on till all the above rewards, are given away.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.

All persons competing must send with their answers one dollar, for which they will receive by express one elegant silver plated Butter Dish, set on a silver plate with silver plated cover, and figure of a cow on top, (the dish itself being of glass,) and the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year, free of postage. Butter dishes not as good as these have been retailed at \$2.00. This butter dish will be sent you whether your answers to these Bible Questions are right or not.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. SPARROW.
2. DOVE.
3. HAWK.
4. EAGLE.
Where are these four words first mentioned in the Bible?

These four questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the larger rewards named in these lists.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black Silk Dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good pink dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Felley's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French Kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., or if preferred, cash 75
2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 100
4 to 7. Four ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches new designs 860
8 to 11. Fourteen fine extra quadruple Silver plated Cake Baskets 140
22 to 35. Seventeen extra fine quadruple plated Cruet Stands 170
39 to 57. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each 228
58 to 90. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, extra value 99
91 to 119. Twenty-nine solid Rolled Gold Brooches newest Design 87

The first prize in the Middle Rewards, the \$75 or the outfit, will be given the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two—one of the tea sets—and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 12 stops, beautifully finished 250
2 to 4. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 180
5 to 9. Five ladies' solid Gold Watches, elegantly engraved 450
10 to 12. Three fine celebrated Wanzel Sewing Machines 180
13 to 29. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains 204
30 to 51. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plush lined cases 220
52 to 90. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Teaspoons 78
91 to 131. Forty-two fine half dozen sets solid silver plated Teaspoons 84

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition, which closes 30th June next, will secure number one—the organ—of these consolation rewards. The sender of the next to last one, num-

ber two—one of the gold watches—and so on till all these are given out. Fifteen days after date of closing are allowed for letters to reach this office from distant points.



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$250

This is the most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world—and the sooner you take advantage of it the better, as such an offer will not likely be made again. You pay nothing for the privilege of competing, as one dollar is the regular yearly subscription price of the LADIES' JOURNAL. Address S. Frank Wilson, LADIES' JOURNAL Office, Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post Office order or registered letter.

Black watered silk is used in combination with dark velvet or with woolen material of dark shades.

Handy to Have.

Every household should keep some ready remedy at hand for painful diseases, sudden attacks of inflammation and accidental injuries. Such a remedy is best found in Hagyard's Yellow Oil for internal and external use. It cures rheumatism, sore throat, croup, neuralgia, lame back, sprains, bruises and burns.

Creme de Chine scarfs for neck and shoulders have delicate floral designs, and are edged with fine fringe.

In Good Repute.

James McMurdoch writing from Kinsale, says:—"B. B. B., as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

Invalids and elderly ladies are advised to wear nightgowns of light opera flannel.

There is Nothing Like It.

There is no one remedy offered to suffering humanity whose use is so universally and frequently required as Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, sore throat, deafness, croup, lumbago, and aches, pains, lameness and soreness of all kinds, when internally and externally used.

Dog-collars, collarettes, fichus, plastrons and looped scarfs are features in dress at the moment.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

All hats have narrow brims, but narrower on the sides and back than in front.

A Great Awakening.

There is a great awakening of the sluggish organs of the human system whenever Burdock Bitters are taken. It arouses the torpid liver to action, regulates the bowels and the kidneys, purifies the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the system generally.

Velveteen costumes are plainly made, and are edged with rosary, jet, or lead beads.

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

"What are you waiting for, little boy?" inquired a kindly old gentleman of a street urchin who was watching each passer by intently. "Waitin' fer a long-whiskered gent smokin' a cigar. Then I'll foller him an' get the stub." "Do long-whiskered men smoke better cigars?" "Naw, but dey don't smoke 'em so short."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VIII.

When alms and prayers ascend to heaven, And God regards the offerings given, They stand remembered in His sight; Sure witness of His soul's delight.

- 1. Mark what that evil woman takes, And with vile leaven her mixture makes Type of God's kingdom soon to be Corrupted with earth's sophistry.
2. Mark well that fluttering insect grey, That feeds on garments stored away, Type of destruction and of dust, For those who in their substance trust.
3. Mark that small circle; made of gold, Placed on the hand in days of old, Type of authority conferred; A signet for a sovereign's word.
4. Mark that free gift of mercy pure, In secret given to the poor; Type of God's richer grace and love, Bestowed on sinners from above.

Concio.

Take the first half of every sign, And in one word the parts combine; Then mark the angel's words, and see What even your prayers and alms may be!

ANSWER TO NO. V.

The following is the answer to No. 5, the prize for which goes to M. J. A. Downey, 22 Leonard Ave., Toronto:

WISDOM—Prov. III. 13-19.

- 1. W-oman . . . . . Prov. xxxi. 10-31.
2. I nstruction . . . . . { Prov. ix. 9; iv. 13; I 7; v. 11, 12.
3. S-on . . . . . Prov. x. 1; xvii. 25.
4. D iversion . . . . . Prov. ii. 10-22; xi. 22.
5. O rnamant of Grace . . . . . Prov. i. 8, 9.
6. M-outh . . . . . Prov. xxvii. 2.

A prize, a beautiful volume of the choicest poetry, is given each week to the party first correctly answering the enigmas. The book is forwarded to the winner immediately on receipt of 12 cents postage for same.

A BIBLE QUESTION FROM MR. HALLAM.

The following letter, from John Hallam, Esq., ex-alderman, of Toronto, speaks for itself. The kind words which Mr. Hallam has for TRUTH are encouraging, and will stimulate us to still greater endeavor to make the paper the best family journal of Canada:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I see that TRUTH is making great progress, and I think deservedly so. It is a good healthy family paper. I send you a Bible question, which if you think it worth while, you can publish in your paper. The answer is in the Bible, and I will send it you on the publication of the question."

"We left our little ones at home, And whither went we did not know; We for religion's sake did roam, And spent our lives in doing so; A straight and perfect path we trod With all the wicked full in view, We sacrificed our lives to God, Although of Him we nothing knew."

The solution to the above will be given in two weeks. We hope a large number of our readers will send in answers to it.

Gold Mines

are very uncertain property; for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over \$50 in a single day at it. You can live at home, and earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards per day. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send along your address, and all will be proved to you.

The man who wants an office is numerously present; but the office that wants a man is numerously vacant.

Bothering a rich man by boasting of a set of malachite studs he just bought, a fop asked him if he did not admire them. "O, yes," replied the man of wealth, "very much indeed; I've got a mantlepiece like them at home."

BERLIN WOOLS

—: AND :—

FANCY GOODS

—: AT :—

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BERLIN WOOLS, Zephyr Wools, and Andalusian Wools, in all colors, at 10 cents per oz., or \$1.50 per lb., or any one taking 3 lbs. together of assorted wool, for \$1.40 per lb. Fancy Wools of all descriptions

GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE.

- Ice Wools, all colors, 10 cents per ball.
Crewel Wools, all colors, 40 per skein, 40c per doz.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per doz. skeins.
Filozelle, best quality, 8c per skein, 85c per doz.
Tinsel, very thick, large balls, 10c per ball.
Macrame Cord, 1-lb. balls, 10c per ball.
Brass Panel Rods, 20, 25, 30, 35 cents each.
Brass Crescents, 13, 15 and 25 cents per dozen.
Push Pompoms, very pretty, 50c per dozen.
Plush Crescent Tassel, large size, \$1 per doz.
Plush Spike, 3 inches long, \$1 per doz.
Stamped Ties, all fringed, 25c each.
Stamped Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, all fringed, 35c set.
Stamped Splashes, 13 x 45, 50 and 60c each.
Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 50c per yard.
Brussels Net, for darned work, 18 inches wide, 30c per yard.
Brussels Net, for darned work, 36 inches wide, 50c per yard.
Linen Flonette, all sizes, 4c a skein, 40c per doz.

ALSO ON HAND:

Large stock of Stamped goods of all descriptions for Table Covers, Brackets, Mantle Drapes, Cushions, etc., and are constantly receiving the Newest Embroideries and Materials for same.

LADIES should write for our Price List, as 25 per cent. can be saved by ordering from it, and goods can be sent to any part of Canada. A TRIAL SOLICITED.

HENRY DAVIS,

—DIRECT IMPORTER,—

232 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Exchange Department.

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

An Indian arrow-head, for a book giving values of old and rare coins. John H. Osborne, Water Mills, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

A Kangaroo Blyde, with latest improved parts, only imported last May, and has been used very little, for \$90, which is thirty dollars below cost. Address, TRUTH Office, Toronto.

Foreign stamps, for specimens of wood, half an inch in length and 2 inches through; a dark lantern, for pressed leaves; sea-shells, for other curiosities. E. Dwinia, 631 Jefferson Av., Detroit, Mich.

Ten foreign stamps, no duplicates, for every stamp from China, Japan, Egypt, Peru, Cape of Good Hope, Turkey, Chili, Ecuador, Argentine Republic, Portugal, and Australia. Stamps must be in good condition. Guy Sturdevant, 27 W. Market St., Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

A Chinese idol, for any good Indian curiosities or mound-builders' relics; Chinese bow and 5 arrows for good minerals (2 by 2 inches); a pair of Chinese sandals, for a specimen of polished agate at least 3 by 2 inches square; a fine opera-glass, for large fine shells. References given. Pampallan Museum, Box 693, Bradford, McKean Co., Penn.

For the first time on record the man with a remedy for frozen feet finds a welcome in the Southern States.

"Oh! give me affection, I'll sigh for nought more," sings a poetess, addressing her love. That girl doesn't seem to know that this is the time of year when the festive buckwheat cake is on deck.

## Health Department.

### Aneurism.

A lady writes, saying, "Please say something about aneurism. What causes it, and what peculiar symptoms belong to aneurism of the aorta? It seems to be obscure. How can its presence be discovered?"

Aneurism—from a word meaning to enlarge—denotes an enlargement, generally at some one point, of an artery. It may occur in any artery but is most common in those where the blood pressure is strongest. Hence the aorta of the chest—the large arterial arch into which the heart hurls all the blood for the former to distribute—is most likely to be affected, and that, too, most gravely.

The direct cause is some subacute or chronic inflammation of the coats of the artery, resulting in the degeneration of a small patch. The muscular coat, losing its elasticity, bulges out under the blood pressure, into a considerable pouch. Being concealed within the chest cavity, and not necessarily interfering with the health, it may remain a long period undetected. Indeed, the sudden death of the person from its rupture may be the first intimation of its existence.

But in most cases, as it enlarges, it comes to press against some important parts and gives rise to marked symptoms. It may thus press on neighboring arteries, and obscure them; on the trachea (windpipe), and interfere with respiration; on laryngeal nerves, and cause spasms of the glottis, or complete loss of voice; on the pneumogastric nerve and occasion frequent vomiting; on the oesophagus (gullet), and obstruct the passage of food; on the thoracic duct, and give rise to wasting; on the vertebral column, causing its erosion, and against the spinal chord, and produce paralysis; or on nerves whose irritation may give rise to various neuralgias, and even to *angina pectoris*.

Now it might be supposed that, with such an array of possible symptoms, it must be easy to detect the aneurism. But the fact is that each of these symptoms may have quite a different cause. Only a skilled physician—and he not always—can make out the diagnosis, by combining the results of many and varied examinations.

Some of the indirect causes of aneurism are rheumatism, gut, kidney disease, intemperance; mental emotions; violent exercise; strains; mechanical impediments to the circulation, as in soldiers, whose tight-fitting coats render it ten times as prevalent among them as among civilians.

It is more prevalent in males than in females and is most common between the ages of thirty and sixty. Cases among the old are mainly due to that arterial degeneration which characterizes age. In the great majority of cases death results from rupture of the aneurism.

No one but a physician can treat it, and he can do nothing without the fullest co-operation of the patient.

### How to Warm Rooms.

Frequently the chilly feeling that one experiences from the windowward side, as one sits in a room, is caused, not by a current of cold air, setting from the window to the fire, but by the coldness of the window itself. For this latter, being kept at a low temperature by contact with the outside air, draws the heat from the body, or rather the heat radiates from the body to the window—the temperature of the air is between making no difference to the transference, in accordance with a well known property of radiant heat.

For instance, the air in a room may be quite hot, and yet a large window, however air tight, will make itself unpleasantly felt on a cold day, just as on board ship the proximity of an iceberg is announced by a lowering of temperature.

A screen interposed between the window and any one exposed to its malign influence, will often afford relief, and one reason why rooms so frequently feel more comfortable in the evening, is that the cold glass is effectively shut off behind the closely-drawn curtains and blinds.

In countries where the winters are habitually severe, the advent of frost is usually the signal for the fixing up of inner windows the layer of air between these and the outer ones, forming an excellent barrier to the escape of heat, owing to its low conductive power.

Cold walls also induce a sense of chilliness,

but if they are properly built there should be no difficulty, in keeping them warm on the inside.

The experiment has sometimes been tried of warming rooms by means of hot air only, but the result has never been good; and for this reason—that, in order to warm the wall to the requisite degree, the air must be far hotter than is healthy or agreeable for breathing. In fact the principle is wrong; the air should not warm the walls, but the walls should warm the air.

An open fire acts in this latter way. The rays of heat pass through the air without heating it, and produce no effect till they impinge on the walls, furniture and carpet of the room. These, being thus gently warmed, communicate their heat by contact with the air about them, and in this way, while the objects in the room are raised to a sufficient temperature, the air is not rendered unpleasant by being over-heated.

We see, then, that our favorite open fires have much to recommend them, whatever may be said about their wastefulness; and as regards health and comfort, they are much better than close stoves, which, though they radiate their warmth, also heat the air in contact with them, and are apt to do so to excess.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### Two Meals a Day.

The word meal is so old that it is uncertain just what our Saxon fathers meant by it. Possibly it dates back to a time when grain, pounded and cooked, was the chief article of food.

The Orientals generally had only two meals, between which intervened the labors of the day, and it is largely their custom now. This causes confusion in translating the Bible terms relating to meals. For instance, Christ is represented as saying to the disciples at early dawn, "Come and dine," and the Jews had no light meal after the principal one.

Even in cold countries, where three meals a day are the rule, the first was looked on as a slight breaking of the fast, while the last was a mere sup, or sip, later of tea, thus giving us tea-time as an equivalent of supper. The meal of the day was the dinner; hence among the Greeks and Jews the word for dinner and a feast was one and the same. Where, among the higher classes in England, the dinner occurs quite late in the day, a near is felt for another meal.

In the rural districts and the small towns of our own country the original custom of three meals is well-nigh universal, and the dinner divides the day into two nearly equal parts, and so controls the social and, to some extent, the religious customs of the people. Domestic cares belong to the forenoon, and social calls to the afternoon. So, too, whereas the synagogue worship of the Jews had but a single service, we generally, in the country at least, have two, the one in the afternoon being simply a duplicate of the one in the forenoon.

In our large cities, however, where office business is transacted mainly between nine A. M. and five P. M., or where business men reside miles away from their work, the tendency is toward the earlier custom of two meals. Such a change can hardly become general. But where it is convenient, there are two solid reasons in its favor, i. e., of two principal meals, with a slight lunch between: (1) It gives time for a complete digestion before again filling the stomach—a matter of no little importance to high health. (2) It transfers the principal meal from the time when the nerve force is in special demand for the brain, to a time when it is set free for the stomach.

But there is a large class everywhere who would be greatly benefited by having only two meals a day, it being understood that they eat as much in two meals, as would ordinarily be needed in three. They are the neuralgic, those whose digestion is feeble and slow, and the victims of many chronic complaints. In such cases the first meal should be somewhat late, and the second somewhat early.

### The Sick.

It is a favorite idea with some that they can "work off" sickness, by arousing every power of the body and mind utterly disregarding the indications of nature, and the symptoms.

In most, if not all cases, when the symptoms of approaching disease appear, there is an inclination to rest, to keep quiet, to seek rest and recuperation in sleep. The powers of the body are jaded, the vitality at a low ebb, all of the symptoms indicating

the necessity for quiet, allowing time for a general rally.

The whole body, with the stomach, as a very important part, will be benefited by a "vacation." And in this regard, probably, the greatest error is committed, when one foolishly attempts to rally by eating an unusual amount, with the false hope of adding new life by eating, when the stomach may already have been more than surfeited. Food, taken under such circumstances, cannot be digested, but must remain in the stomach, there, as in any warm place, to ferment, decay, putrefy, of no possible service, but to some extent poisoning the system.

If the attack has been caused by "taking cold," or closing the pores, common sense points plainly to the opening of such pores, affording relief by sweating, which may be easily done by being wrapped in a blanket wet in hot water, well wrapped in dry ones, being thoroughly washed in cool water after an hour or more. Stop eating—in the absence of a good appetite—drink all the water that the thirst demands.

Get in the light of the sun, have cheerful company, look on the bright side, using the power of the will, determined to get well in the shortest possible time, securing the most available rest, in all respects, taking no medicines—those of a decided character—till you are informed by one who knows more than you do—the flesh the better of absolute poisons, such as are taken by those who wish to commit suicide. Never dream that hard work is the needed medicine. Nor think you can "work off" decided disease, though the effort of the will is of service.

### The Value of Salt.

Severe pains in the bowels and stomach are often speedily relieved by the application of a bag of hot salt. A weak solution of salt and water is recommended by good physicians as a remedy for imperfect digestion, and for a cold in the head it is a complete cure snuffed from the hollow of the hand. We have known severe cases of catarrh entirely cured by persistent use of this simple remedy every night and morning for several months, when the best efforts of the best physicians failed to do any good. It should be used milk-warm. A good handful of rock salt added to the bath is the next best thing after an "ocean dip," and a gargle of a weak solution is a good and ever-ready remedy for a sore throat. As a dentifrice salt and water is very cleansing and also hardens the gums. It will also prevent the hair from falling out. When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from the dripping fat will not annoy. A little in starch boiled or raw, will prevent the irons from sticking. If the irons are rough put a little salt on a thick brown paper, lay a piece of thin muslin over it, and rub the iron over it till perfectly

smooth. Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue this till the ink is all removed. If new calicoes are allowed to lie in strong salt water for an hour before the first washing the colors are less likely to fade. Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing. A teaspoonful of salt in each kerosene lamp makes the oil give a much clearer, better light.

### Hints on Your Health.

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheet; Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet; Children, if healthy, are active, not still; Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill; Eat slowly, and always chew your food well; Freshen the air in the house where you dwell; Garments must never be made to be tight; Homes will be healthy if airy and light; If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt, Just open the windows before you go out; Keep your rooms always tidy and clean; Let dust on the furniture never be seen; Much illness is caused by the want of pure air; Now to open your windows be ever your care; Old rage and old rubbish should never be kept; People should see that their floors are well swept; Quick movements in children are healthy and right; Remember the young cannot thrive without light; See that the children is clean to the brim; Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim; Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain; Very sad are the fevers that come in its train; Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigued; Xerxes could walk full many a league; Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep; Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

### Death of a Nobleman Who Hated Horses.

The death is announced of Count Emerio Sommsich, a Hungarian magnate, who was known in society for his extraordinary hatred of horses. This aversion amounted to a real phobophobia, and it obliged the Count many years ago to throw up his commission in the army. The Count died at an advanced age on his estate in Slavonia. He was a distinguished agriculturist, an excellent landlord, and on all subjects but that of horses, asses, and mules; a man of sound judgment. He would not allow any animal of the equine kind to come upon his lands, so that visitors who rode or drove to see him had always to alight at his park gates. He himself for many years used a vehicle drawn by trained deer, but latterly he went about his estate in a carriage with a team of oxen. His horror of horses is said to have been innate, as there was no accident in his life to account for it.

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (vacantly)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—" Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immaterial."



### GOOD ADVICE.

Mamma: IT IS VERY WRONG IN YOU, JOHNNY, TO QUARREL IN THIS WAY.

Johnny (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom): WELL, I GOT MAD AND HAD TO DO SOMETHING.

Mamma: BUT YOU SHOULD NOT LET YOUR TEMPER CARRY YOU AWAY IN THAT MANNER. I WILL TELL YOU A GOOD RULE: WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY ALWAYS COUNT TWENTY, BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

Tommy (the victor in the recent unpleasantness): YES, AND HE'D BETTER COUNT FORTY, BEFORE HE STRIKES A FELLOW THAT CAN LICK HIM.



Jumbo's Lone Widow.

The history of the expulsion of Jumbo, the great African elephant from the Zoological Gardens, his transport to the United States, and his death, owing to his being run down by a railway engine while walking along the line, are all fresh in the memory of my readers. Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, has received a letter from Mr. Hy. A. Ward, of Rochester, U. S. Mr. Ward writes as follows:

"I am taking very careful measure of the skeleton, as to all the bones. The presence just now in my establishment of a full-grown mastodon, perfect almost throughout, allows some very interesting comparisons. That Jumbo was at death a young animal is evident from the loosening of the cappings or epiphyses of all the long bones and of the vertebrae. His dentition, too, seems to indicate this. I should greatly like to know Jumbo's exact age, or any approximation toward it which is sure within four or five years."

There is no difficulty in acceding to Mr. Ward's request as to Jumbo's age. He was received in exchange from the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. I myself saw him the day after his arrival in the gardens, and went into his den with Mr. Bartlett; he was then about four feet high and the keeper, holding a long-handled broom in the usual manner, was scrubbing his back, which was far beneath him. He must then have been about 3 years of age, and, as he arrived in 1865, he must have been at the time of his death about 23 or 24 years old. It is interesting to learn that, although he had attained such a size, he had not passed the period of growth, as shown by the ends of the long bones (epiphyses) not being solidly united to their shafts.

Alice, the large female African elephant, who, in the exaggerated language of the newspaper accounts of Jumbo's departure, was written about as being his bereaved and mourning bride, is at present in the Gardens, occupying Jumbo's old den. She is of large size for her sex, and is not of an amiable temper; but her magnitude has excited the admiration of Mr. Barnum, who, having lost Jumbo, will no doubt console himself with the possession of Alice, whom he will doubtless introduce to the American public as Jumbo's widow. She is truly a magnificent and perfect specimen, in spite of her being minus the end of her trunk, which she caught in the chain placed around her foot, and by a sudden impulse pulled away, leaving some six inches of it behind. She was purchased by the society the same year that Jumbo was received, viz., 1865, being then quite young.

There are now in the gardens two very fine specimens of the African species of elephant, which were presented to Her Majesty by the king of Abyssinia. The larger of the two is about the size that Jumbo was when he first arrived at the Gardens. It is interesting to see the creature passing through the tunnel connecting the portions of the Gardens north and south of the carriage road. Looking up to the roof and noticing the marks still visible which Jumbo made with his back before he acquired the habit of stooping as he passed through, one cannot help anticipating how, with good treatment and regular exercise, the young animal may become a second Jumbo to delight the Londoners of the twentieth century, when— But no; I will respect the old aphorism which says, "It is wiser not to prophesy unless you know."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Expressage and 30 Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Music and Drama.

Rosina Vokes' engagement at the Grand this week has been very successful. Her popularity seems to increase with each succeeding visit to this city. Her reputation on this occasion has been more than sustained.

The Schubert Quartette Club gave excellent performances to good audiences on Thursday and Friday evening in Shaftsbury Hall.

Clara Morris counts the white horses she sees every month for luck.

It is stated that the "Black Flag" is shortly to be hauled down and brought in from the road.

Ellen Terry gets \$375 a week, fifty-two weeks of the year, with a vacation whenever she chooses.

The London Telegraph says that Mme. Patti has been offered an engagement in Brazil at \$6,000 a night.

Miss Minnie Palmer has sued an English provincial newspaper for stating that she was a failure in London.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BERTHA, City.—The beautiful poem, "Our few Must not Ring To-Night," was written by Rosa Thorpe.

SMOKER, Port Elgin.—Meerschaum is a kind of mineral having the appearance of clay found in Greece, Turkey, Spain, and other localities. It is extensively manufactured into pipes at Pesth and Vienna.

FORGETFUL, Victoria, B. C.—You can strengthen the power of your memory by a persistent exercise of it. You do not make a sufficient impression upon your mind, neither do you connect them with other things which would enable you to recall at will.

THOMAS W., Hamilton.—The paper having the largest weekly circulation in Great Britain is Lloyd's Weekly, of London, whose circulation is considerably over 600,000. The proprietors of the paper own their own paper mills, and own a farm in Algiers where a certain plant is cultivated for their paper stock, and this material is sent to England in their own ships.

A. S., Stratford.—1. Your paper is so marked to denote the number of TRUTH at which your subscription expires. 2. If you have not yet received the tea-spoons it is solely because there were so many ahead of you whose orders had first to be executed. You will doubtless have got the spoons before this. 3. The delay in forwarding you the first copy of the paper was doubtless also due to the same cause. 4. Any member of your family can compete on the same terms as you did yourself, that is, by answering the questions and forwarding each \$1.18.

A Child With Two Brains.

A baby about a month old was taken by its mother to a dispensary at Bellevue Hospital, New York city, for treatment last week. When the child was born it had a large swelling on the forehead, which slowly increased in size and firmness. Nothing could be done to reduce the protuberance, which was supposed to be a tumor, except to perform an operation and take it out. Before this could be done the little thing died. The consent of the mother being obtained, Dr. Janeway held an autopsy at the morgue, and found that the cause of the swelling was a second brain, which was growing on the outside of the skull, independent of the brain inside, save through a connecting substance that passed through a slight fissure in the bone. The anatomical specimen, which is a rare one, was put into alcohol to preserve it.

"Why don't you marry?" "Well, you see, I am very particular how my intended should be." "Explain yourself." "My wife must be rich, handsome and stupid." "Why all that?" "Very simple. She must be rich and handsome, otherwise I would not have her; and she must be stupid, otherwise she would not have me."

There is no excuse for your suffering any longer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., when you can get a remedy guaranteed to cure, and which is perfectly safe. Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure is a pleasant and effectual remedy. Ask your Druggist about it.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto, Ontario.

The telephone girl thinks that this is a hollow world.

Catarrhal Headache, hawking and spitting up phlegm, etc., at once relieved and cured by the use of Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure. No reason why you should suffer another day. Many cases of catarrh of long standing have been cured by a single bottle of Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure. All Druggists \$1.00 per Bottle.

CONSUMPTION CURED.



But One Lung Left!

To use this gentleman's own words:—"I contracted a cold while at school in 1877. A catarrhal cough set in; the cold gradually settled on my lungs, the catarrh ceased and consumption started; my flesh was gradually reduced; my strength gradually but rapidly left me; my cough and expectoration became severe and profuse, and I was a physical wreck. Being close to Toronto I consulted the best skill in the city, but received no encouragement, and had given up all hope. A personal friend of mine, Mr. Alton, and former patient of Dr. McCully's, induced me to apply to the Doctor, and the result is I am still alive. I have lost one lung, but I still have one good one. I am now strong, fleshy and well; in fact I am now heavier than ever before in my life. Can consumption be cured? My answer is emphatically, yes! My present address is Highland Creek. Yours, etc., WILLIAM HENRY.

The Medical and Surgical Association of Canada and the Ontario Pulmonary and Electric Institute

Now offer the public a series of cases we have cured. Every one of these has gone through from one to one doctor's hands without cure or benefit, and yet these same doctors pronounce us as Quacks. One of them in this city gets more cheap advertising than any man in Ontario, and is likewise fed by the taxes we pay, to boot. This man deems it a privilege to pronounce us as Quacks. By careful study of disease; by careful investigation of every detail in each case, and by skill in the application of medicine, these cases were cured and are now living landmarks of our ability, while at the same time they are monuments of the ignorance of the average Imperial Regular in chronic disease. Our medical brethren have been kind enough to shout, "Down with these Quacks"; and the Legislature has twice been asked to legislate us out of existence as medical men, because we use printers' ink. And why? Because they would rather have death in chronic disease score the lining, than the Medical and Surgical Association. When we took these cases they were dying! They are now strong and well! Who needs protection, the medical profession, or the people whose lives we can save if they do not succeed in legislating us out of the papers? But the dignity of the medical profession is being brought into contempt by our ability! Better let the people die! Happy Profession! Unhappy country!

We treat all kinds of Chronic Disease and Deformity, whether from vicious habits, indiscretions, inheritance or accident. Address,

S. Edward McCully, M.D., Medical Director, 283 Jarvis St., Toronto.  
G. Jerrald Potts, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., Medical Superintendent. Medical treatment free. Mention this paper.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

DEER PARK, Feb'y 27, 1886.  
DR. THOS. W. SPARROW, 182 Carlton Street, Toronto:  
DEAR SIR.—My daughter Luara had been a great sufferer for over three years with St. Vitus's Dance. After trying various treatments, without obtaining any relief, but gradually growing worse, I was advised to give you a trial, for which I am very thankful. After a few months' treatment she rapidly began to recover and is now enjoying the best of health. Yours respectfully MRS. O. GRAINGER.

OUR Ladies' Fine French Kid BOOTS Take The Lead, as We Sell at Very Close Prices. W. PICKLES, 328—YONGE ST—328.

THE IMPROVED MODEL WASHER & BLEACHER



Weights but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$1,000.00 REWARD FOR ITS INVENTOR. Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 15 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN PLACED AT \$2. (C. W. Dennis, Toronto) delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$3 50. Send for circulars. Agents wanted.

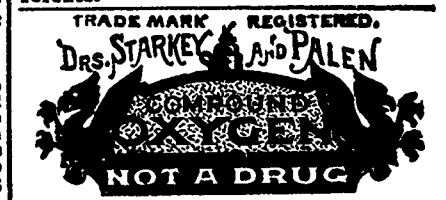
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sure—Never fails. Files Cured Without Operation, thus avoiding all pain and danger, from which no operation by knife, or otherwise, is free. Prolapsus Ani, or protrusion of the bowels, effectually cured. Constipation—My treatment restores the parts to their healthy, natural state, and thus cures the disease. Nervous Debility, from any cause whatever, thoroughly and permanently cured. Epilepsy—My familiarity with this disease enables me to treat it with a very unusual degree of success. Tapeworms—My specific never fails to remove it. Catarrh, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, St. Vitus Dance, Scrofula, Eickets, Varicella, Dyspepsia, Deafness, and roaring noises in the Ears, Headache, Diseases of the Skin, Kidneys, Liver, Blood, Stomach, Bowels, Bladder, Nervous System, Bone and Joints successfully treated. Consultation free. Send for Circular. 148 KING ST., Cor. Jarvis, Toronto.



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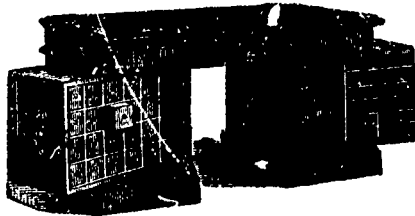
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**WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES**  
 To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by J. C. WEST & CO., 81 King St. East, Toronto

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 Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the  
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 They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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 Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal  
**FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,**  
 Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,  
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 And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 38s. each Box of Pills, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.  
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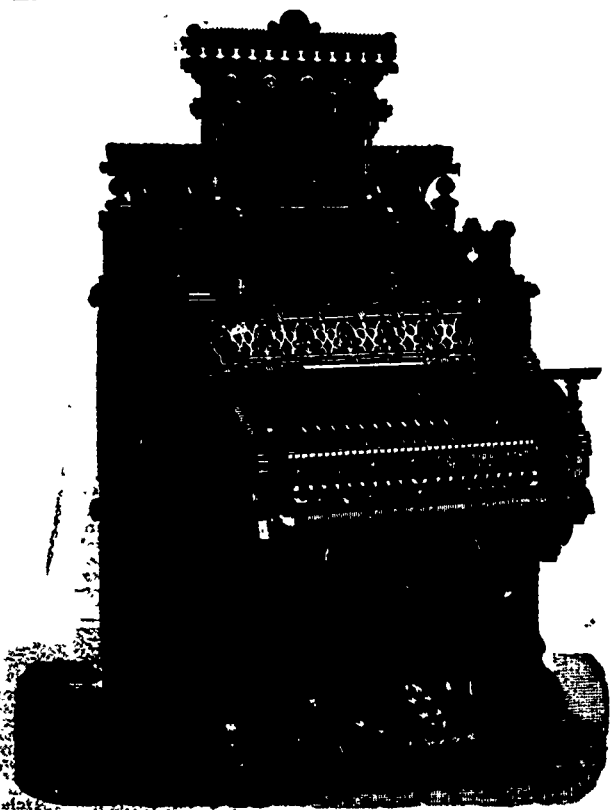


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 Has now been greeted by thousands of Ladies. Wonderful cures and results are achieved every day. This preparation is sure to do its work without pain. Sold in bottles at \$3.00 each, or 3 for \$8.00. Sent with full directions enclosed to any address on receipt of price. Address,  
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**CATARRHAL DEAFNESS**  
**A NEW HAY FEVER TREATMENT**

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and Eustacian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these diseases are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A descriptive pamphlet is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada.

Some Folks

have much difficulty in swallowing the huge, old fashioned pill, but anyone can take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pills," which are composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. For diseases of the liver and stomach, sick and bilious headache, etc., they have no equal. Their operation is attended with no discomfort whatever. They are sugar-coated and put up in glass vials.

"A cold snap"—The plumbing business. It is a fact

well established that consumption, if attended to in its first stages, can be cured. There is, however, no true and rational way to cure this disease, which is really a serious ulceration of the lungs, except through purifying the blood. Keep the liver in perfect order and pure blood will be the result. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," a purely vegetable compound, does all this and more: while it purifies the blood it also builds up the system, strengthening it against future attacks of disease. Ask for Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Take no other. Of druggists.

A flat failure—Trying to keep house in one with comfort.

Decline of Man.

Mental or organic weakness, nervous debility and kindred delicate diseases, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. For large illustrated book of particulars enclose 10 cents in stamps and address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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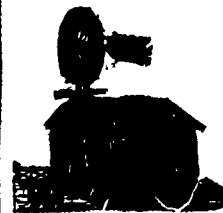
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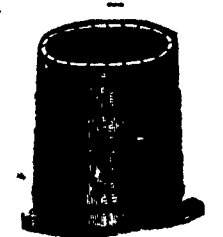
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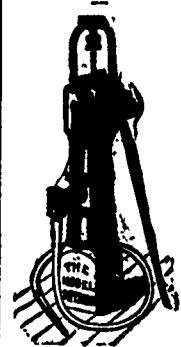
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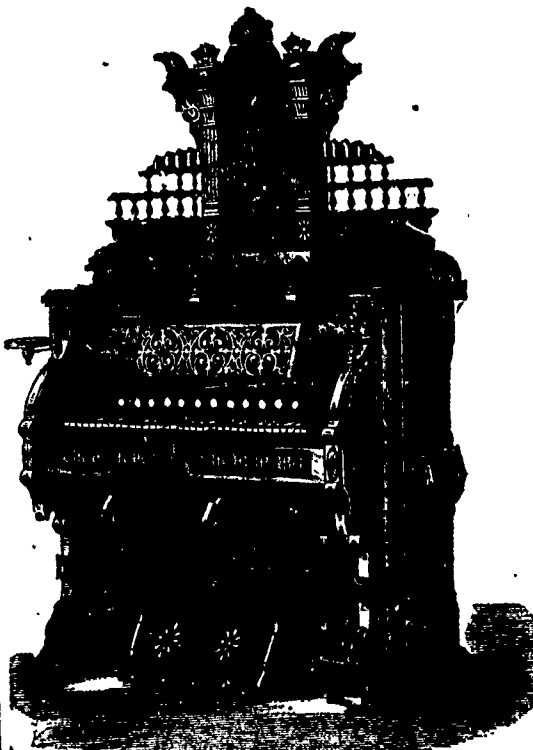
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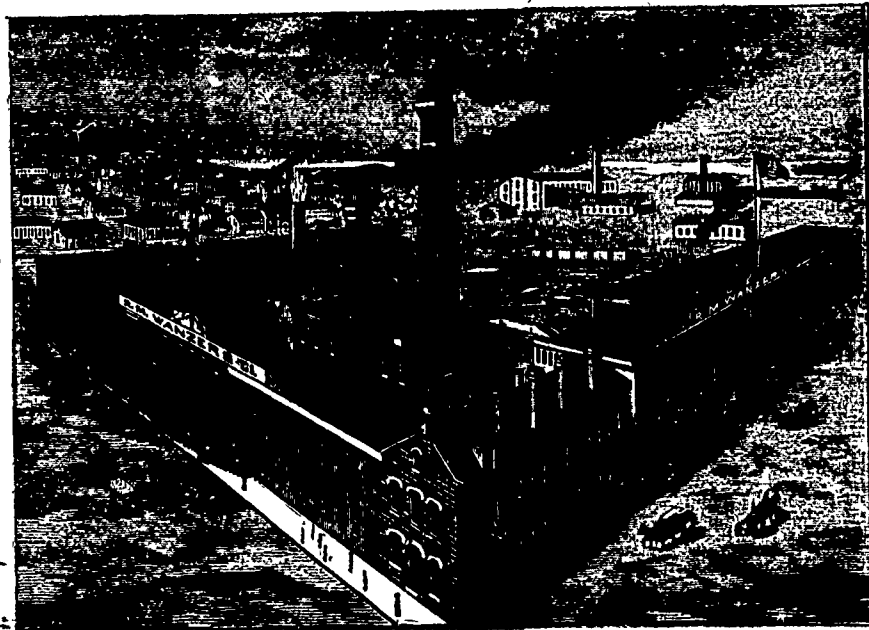
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