

Crafts

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 176.

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

Rev. Dr. Wilson has been brought into a great deal of popularity as well as notoriety by the treatment he has received from the hands of his Dean at Kingston. He has severed all connection with the Dean and the Bishop and is now in Kingston taking his leave of old friends and winding up his affairs in his old home. It is understood that he is, for the present, without any charge, and will probably remain for a time, in Toronto, but a gentleman of his address, ability, and zeal, need not consider himself disengaged for any length of time.

Last Sunday the reception the Reverend Doctor received at the Salvation Army Barracks in the afternoon and at Shaftesbury Hall in the evening was simply an ovation. At both places there were immense audiences drawn out by the announcement that Dr. Wilson would speak and from both places hundreds went away unable to gain admittance at all. The impression he created was certainly a very favorable one. The Doctor reaffirms, with great earnestness, his determination to stand by the Salvation Army as long as the Lord stands by it and continues to bless its labours for the good of men as He now does.

The practical article on the preservation of some forest, printed on another page of this issue of TRUTH, is well worthy of attention. It is from the practical pen of Mr. Phipps who has been by the Ontario Government given charge of the new Forestry branch, the object of which is the prevention of the too rapid stripping of our wood lands.

Even some of the Ottawa editors are beginning to write some pretty plain things about the unnecessary pomp and expense in connection with the establishment of the Governor-General. The truth of the matter is keeping up a representative of Royalty in Canada, even on a small scale, is a pretty expensive luxury and the thing must be drawn pretty mild, or some fine day the tax payers of Canada will revolt and declare that the game is not worth the price of the powder. Under our existing state of things a Governor-General seems to be a necessary officer, but it certainly is not necessary for every gentleman so appointed to import out with him a retinue of Old Country flunkies, with expensive Old Country ideas, to be paid for out of Canadian taxes, when there are plenty of men and women in Canada glad to catch on to some such sort of an easy job. If flunkeyism is just what is needed, goodness knows we have a supply in Canada quite equal to the demand. If the "old families" of Britain cannot stand both the climate and associations of Canada it would be better to leave the jobs in the hands of those sufficiently strong of nerve to do so.

TRUTH much fears that some Governor-General, in attempting to outdo a predecessor in brilliancy, may outdo the patience of the Canadian tax payer, and bring the whole business into disgust.

The Imperial Parliament was not opened by the Queen in person this year, nor has it been for years. The Queen, though regularly performing her other duties, has ceased to make it a custom to deliver the Speech from the Throne. It is simply read by some member of the Government in the Queen's name, and it is well enough understood that the "Speech" is also written by some member of the Government. Would it not be better for the same system to prevail in Canada? Surely nearly every sensible man must be disgusted with the display of tom-foolery exhibited in connection with the opening of the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures.

It is quite probable that Queen Victoria, like the sensible woman that she is, got unwilling, long ago, to make a mere exhibition of herself as a sort of fanciful figure-head at the Parliamentary openings. Such formal openings in person she saw were not necessary, or even desirable. Of course there are no such grand displays of millinery on the floor of the House as there once were, and the flunkies have no such opportunities of showing off, but no man will say that the actual legislation of the session will not be just as valuable to the nation as it would have been had there been an extraordinary display of fuss and feathers.

One of the leading American papers thus speaks in regard to the situation in the Great Republic:—"It is declared that if the present tariff is not materially changed there will be a surplus in the Treasury, in January 1891, of \$500,000,000. The ringsters and jobbers, will, however, not be at a loss for schemes to divert a large part of this sum to their own pockets. They even feel happy over the prospects; the tax payers alone wear the shoes that pinch."

A movement is on foot to erect a monument to the memory of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, but it makes wonderfully slow progress. Mr. McGee was an Irishman of the first water and was ambitious to be a champion of his people. The wonder is that the Irishmen have been so slow to pay fitting tribute to his memory. TRUTH knows of some Irishmen who would have contributed largely and promptly had the great orator turned his attention to blowing up the Parliament buildings or shooting the Governor-General.

It is announced that the Toronto Semi-Centennial celebration will take place about the middle of June. A respected

correspondent suggests that the first week in July would be a much more preferable time, both for the convenience of the farmers and for the American tourists, as well as those from across the Atlantic who may visit the British Scientific Association at Montreal. In that case Dominion Day might be taken in as one of the days of the celebration adding, no doubt, largely to the number of the visitors to the city. The suggestion is certainly well worthy of the careful consideration of the Committee.

A Boston paper says, truly enough, no doubt:—British Columbia proposes to limit the importation of Chinese, by charging each Chinaman in the Province \$100 annually, for the mere privilege of living there, which is decidedly more than it is worth.

It appears that there are some strange anomalies in the United States tariff as well as our own. Last year, it will be remembered, our Government put tariff of roses on the free list and added considerably on the duty on agricultural implements. At Washington they have so framed the tariff as to charge 10 per cent. duty on diamonds, 25 per cent on fine laces, and from 50 to 90 per cent on agricultural implements and mechanics tools, and even a larger amount than this on coarse cotton goods. Such things look curious enough on the face of them, but the wise heads who make our laws say they are all right.

The *Canadian-American*, of Minneapolis, has this to say about Dominion affairs:—"The *New York Tribune* congratulates the Dominion upon the state of its Treasury. It says that a national surplus may have its inconveniences when it is very large and offers temptations to corruption; but in Canada's case it is "an unmixed good in a political sense." Had the recurring deficits of a few years ago continued much longer, the *Tribune* believes they would have led to the dissolution of the bonds of Confederation. Of course, during recent years the public debt of Canada has been largely increased: but massive public works of various kinds show that the money has been well spent.

The *Globe* of Monday assures the public that the great dust being raised by the Tories in the Local House, about the Algoma scandal, is intended for the purpose of drawing off attention from the "atrocities" now being committed at Ottawa, in connection with the Pacific Railway loan. The *Mail* of Tuesday gives the public to understand that the reason the Grits are raising such a hue and cry about the pretended railway scandals is to draw off attention from the Algoma and other rascalities. So it goes. Surely that kind of political "discussion"—if any such name can be applied to it,—is about as demoralizing and harmful as

the lowest of the yellow covered literature ever prohibited from passing through the mails.

The "Algoma Scandal" is about the worst thing yet brought to light against the Mowat Government. It appears that during the Rat Portage difficulty last summer a trap was laid to see what telegrams, and possibly what letters, were passing between the Ontario Government agents at the Portage and the members of the Government. The contents of these private telegrams were carefully copied and are now being used to the best advantage by the Leader of the Opposition in the House, and by the organs of the party throughout the country. It may be a nice thing for the Ottawa Government to consent to send a man to a particular post-office on purpose to intercept private communication passing through, but whether that was right or not does not affect the case so far as the Provincial authorities are concerned.

One of the telegrams sent to the Hon. Commissioner of Crown Lands from the Government Agent was for the purpose of informing the Minister that his Agent was bargaining with the local paper to support Ontario's claims in consideration of \$500 in cash, to be paid down. The Agent wanted the cash at once as the "other side" were also bidding, and the Editor was evidently intent to make the most out of the situation. It does not appear that the money was sent, or even promised by the Government, but the fact that its Representative entered into such negotiations, knowing well the character of his duties there, had a very bad look on the face of it.

The fact, too, that the *Globe* and the other leading Grit organs cannot now see anything amiss in such a proposed method of spending the public money, is even more damaging to the good reputation of the Party than the telegrams themselves were. Had such negotiations been repudiated by the Ministers and by the Organs, there would not have been any party odium in the matter. As it is the Party are making themselves responsible for the business.

Another Agent telegraphed that he was on his way up the lakes from the Portage, and things were moving on "gloriously." He wanted \$1,500 of public funds, at once, for "legitimate purposes." The time and place of sending was so near the then election excitement as to give the whole thing a very suspicious look. The Government evidently considered it so, for they did not send the money, nor do they appear to have even answered the telegram. If they did so they are not now willing to acknowledge it. It would have been to their credit had they promptly sent an answer refusing the request, in case they considered the demand unnecessary.

What a mighty influence there is in early prejudice, or early education! How true it appears to be, everywhere, that just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. Among men credited with the most independent views of their own, how seldom it is that a man leaves the church or the political party to which his father belonged! The grand old families of England, so thoroughly educated, so intellectual, and with such a reputation for independent thoughts of their own, generally flow on in one party channel or the other for generations. It is usually so in regard to their church associations. In this Province we are having, just now, a pretty fair illustration of the existence of a similar state of things. In the present agitation about increased public aid to sustain the University College, nearly every prominent man educated there, joins heartily in the demand, while others equally as able and equally as prominent, educated in the Denominational colleges almost to a man, go into opposition. Those composing the respective parties in this matter are made up of men from different parties and different creeds, but it is evident enough that their early bent in this matter has given them a permanent inclination, in the one direction or the other. Happily there are probably enough men in public life now among us to give an intelligent balance of power, one way or another.

A coroner's investigation has been going on for nearly two months in regard to the murder of the late Susan Gibbs, just west of the city, and the inquest is now closed without any facts whatever in regard to the parties guilty of the terrible crime. It is uncomfortable to think of it. A defenceless old woman is murdered in our midst, just adjoining one of the leading thoroughfares, and all the plunder attainable carried off, and no trace or prospect whatever exists of any one being brought to justice. There is no blinking the fact that the authorities were evidently not so prompt in looking into the matter as they should have been, or as they doubtless would have been had the victim been a woman of wealth or high social standing. The Government did not appear to do anything for some time, and evidently did little at any time. The County authorities were even more slack still. Such a neglect of duty may yet bear bitter fruit. There are men in every community only safe because of the wholesome dread that they will surely be punished for their crimes. A case or two of failure in justice may so far embolden such that other victims may fall when plunder can be obtained. Our city and our Province is happily pretty clear of murderous crimes, but our people cannot allow a single crime to go unwhipped of justice.

The agricultural prospects in England are not, by any means, encouraging in their outlook. Wheat growing is carried on on a much smaller scale than it was years ago. It is said that there are now nearly 400,000 acres less of land under wheat than in previous years, and the prospects are for a further decline. Since wheat growing has commenced on so large a scale in the Western States and transportation has become so cheap, it is not

possible for the English farmer, contending against a bad climate, wet harvest seasons, high rent and high taxes, to profitably compete in an open market. Soon the vast wheat fields of the great Northwest of Canada will be opened up to good cultivation and to good transportation facilities, and the farmers in England will find times worse for them than ever before. With unprofitable wheat growing, and cattle raising threatened with serious foot-and-mouth diseases, many of the more enterprising of the English tenant farmers will, no doubt, transfer their homes to Canada. The sooner they do so the better for themselves. English landlords cannot again command such high rents and exacting lease terms as they have heretofore enjoyed.

Now that attention is being drawn towards the preservation of our forests, every suggestion of value ought to receive its full share of attention. The *Week*, our new literary contemporary, well says:—

"Apropos of the important question of the preservation of our forests, Canadians and Americans might profit by the experience of continental forestry schools and from the experiments carried out on the tree farms of Central Italy. Whole districts which had been stripped of timber on the Alps have been reforested, and in the Ardennes woods are systems of forest-farming which not only preserve the trees but make an excellent investment on the operation. A Belgian writer residing near Ardennes says the proprietors found that the land cultivated in trees and cut once in a hundred years—i. e. the trees being selected according to their condition, and cut at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum—paid just as well as raising wheat on the same extent of land. What is wanted, then, in our forest management is the application of a vigorous system of intelligent official superintendence to the cutting of the trees, none but those marked for cutting to be allowed to be cut. This would pay even now as management, and in the course of the not long time which will see all our unregulated forests exhausted, the forests so controlled and policed would furnish an excellent investment for the capital employed in keeping them from present destruction. The lumberers now cut all the desirable trees as they go, littering the ground with an enormous mass of small branches and dead wood, which becomes as inflammable as powder. These never burn, but only scorch and kill the standing trees, and subsist and spread by this litter of the lumbermen, who are utterly indifferent to what happens to the country when they have got their logs out."

The recent destruction by fire of Erskine church and the two elevators on the Esplanade have done a good deal to open the eyes of the citizens of Toronto to the unpleasant fact that the corporation arrangements for the protection of property from fire are not all that should be. In both cases the water pressure was much too weak, and in both instances the conviction was strong in the minds of a large number present that the firemen employed were not as efficient as they should be. The matter is a very serious one, and it ought not to lie at rest one day so long as any honest room for doubt remains. The insurance companies are evidently alarmed about the situation, and the great body of the property owners have a much deeper interest still in the matter. TRUTH has no pot remedies to propose, but joins in the cry that no delay should be allowed when so serious a danger stands before us.

Quebec and Manitoba are now demanding "better terms" of the Dominion government, and it is quite possible that, as usual, some important concessions will be made to them. Almost every year since Confederation began, some of the Provinces have been urging for better terms than the original arrangement gave them, and so long as these demands are

likely to be successful, the agitation will be kept up. It will be remembered that Nova Scotia kicked hardest of any at first and the late Joseph Howe soon succeeded in procuring important concessions for his Province as the price of quietness and submission. Since that time every Province in the Dominion, except Ontario, has been loudly knocking at the door and threatening something desperate unless better terms, or additional grants of some kind is given to them.

Surely this kind of thing must stop or the whole Confederation arrangement must yet fall to pieces. If the terms already agreed upon are just and fair, let the Ottawa authorities stand firmly by them; if they are not such as meet the necessities of the respective provinces, by all means let there be a general re-arrangement, such as will meet the necessities of each, and yet be fair to all. The present system of opening up each case, even for consideration, is by no means calculated to ensure permanency, or satisfaction. It is probably unfortunate that so many claims have been made exceptional cases. The end of this state of things must come some time, and the sooner it is reached the better it will be.

One of the new members of the Ontario Legislature is of French origin, and it is quite evident, from the energy and ability he displays, that he will make his influence felt in the House. One of the French journals in Montreal claims that more members of the same nationality ought to be in the House at Toronto. In the eastern counties of this Province, such as Prescott, Glengarry, and those adjoining, the French Canadian population is already large, and it is increasing at an astounding rate. All along the Ottawa River the French continue to pour in, and before many years they will have the controlling influence in public affairs.

In Quebec the English population are hopelessly in the minority, in nearly every county in the Province, and the disproportion becomes greater every year. It must require many years before anything like a controlling influence can be obtained in Ontario, if it ever is obtained, but in particular sections the influence they are now capable of wielding is more than many imagine.

Capt. Webb's widow is now compelled to maintain herself and her family by doing service as a book-keeper in a Boston book store. There is nothing discreditable to her in thus earning an honest living by honest industry; it is certainly much more creditable than passing round the hat among her husband's old friends and admirers, but it certainly is not very creditable to the man himself that he should so recklessly jeopardize his own life when he knew the position his wife and family would be placed in should his venture fail, as it did. Men who have given hostages to fortune are certainly not warranted in being reckless about health or personal safety. The unfortunate Captain was no doubt a very plucky man, and many admired him because of his pluck, but now that his wife is a

widow the admiration of the world is of but precious little value.

Now that an immense loan is about to be given to the Canadian Pacific Railway the minds of the tax payers may be somewhat exercised about the results of previous government loans for railway and other similar public purposes. If any one of those loans has been paid back in full TRUTH has certainly forgotten the fact. Years ago when the Grand Trunk was being built large loans were made, and of course everybody was, at that time, given to understand that the money would be paid back; but it never was. Security was taken at first but that gave way to "preferentials" of one kind and another from time to time until it got too far from the front to ever be reached. The Northern also got loans, and part of these were afterward repaid, but it was real force work, and a compromise at best. It would take a long list to give the names of all who borrowed and all who did not pay, and the list might as well be forgotten anyway.

Another similar experience was in connection with the great Municipal Loan Fund scheme. When Sir Francis Hicks introduced that scheme, in the first place he made ample provision for security for the repayment of the loans, and for a few years some of the municipalities at least, paid up promptly, but when it became evident that others would not do so all those in debt refused to pay, and so the matter stood for some years, making the question one of the most awkward and difficult questions our Provincial authorities have ever had to grapple with. Millions of the money loaned has not been repaid, and of course never will be repaid.

It may be that the new twenty-two and a half million loan is all in good faith, on both sides, and it may be that it will all be repaid in good time, but past experience is painfully suggestive and tends to make doubtful hearts hesitate. The sum is an enormously large one and will add greatly to our present large public debt. It looks like too great a sum to risk without great caution, but the loan is sure to be made anyway. Those who do not believe in it must grin and bear it. Our great national railway cannot stand still at its present stage, and it is not yet clear than any other scheme would secure its completion.

The only thing that looks like a ray of comfort is the well recognized fact that all the other railway loans, though in the sense of a repayment they were a loss to the country, yet in view of the great material advantage they have been in advancing the country's business interest and its real progress, the money was not lost or wasted, by any means.

Somebody has been taking observations about the men of weak knees against whom so many hard things are usually said. One of the results of his observations is the discovery that some of the men who have a good deal to say about firmness are foremost among the weak-kneed class. Ministers are put down as men of that stamp, generally, and editors

might be usually put in the same category. Ministers have certainly very outspoken ways in regard to "sin," and the devil, and a good many other well known individuals whose reputations for wrong doing are well established, but there is often quite another spirit manifest when the horns of some friend of the church or the congregation happen to be in the way. Editors are worse yet. How valiant is the average party editor in denouncing the crookedness and the inconsistency of the members of the other party, but how few editors have the moral courage to breathe the first word of disapproval in regard to the meanest act a member of his own party may be guilty of? "Back-bone" is an admirable thing to talk about but so far as TRUTH has ever observed, the real inflexible article is rarely to be found among men of any class. The man who often has most to say about it generally has the least of it in his possession.

Some of our great political economists tell us that there is a great deal of fallacy about "the balance of trade" theories of which we often hear a good deal. The balance of trade, they assure us, may be apparently against a country and yet the country may be growing rich all the time. It is pleasant, however, to see the balance on the right side of the sheet—on our side. That is seldom the case in Canada, however. Since Confederation the balance of trade has been against us fifteen years out of the sixteen. We appear always to be importing more than we are exporting. According to the *Monetary Times*, a capital authority, by the way, the total imports of the past sixteen years has footed up to the vast sum of

Our exports in the same time have been	\$1,616,556,423
Balance against us.....	\$1,229,550,307

Balance against us..... \$317,036,116
It almost takes one's breath away to pronounce such figures. We have been growing rich all the time, but surely we have been doing a considerable amount of over-trading with outside barbarians. Would even a Chinese wall stop it?

Now that the question of how most effectually to prevent the possibility of railway accidents is receiving so much consideration, suggestions from all quarters are in order. A good deal of stress has been laid on the suggestion that telegraph operators ought to be constantly at their posts at every station, great and small. Of course the objection is that the expense of an efficient telegraph operator at all times at every small stopping place, would be very large and probably out of proportion to the actual importance of the work required. TRUTH would like to know if the telephone could not be conveniently supplied for many by-stations? The telephone does not require a skilled operator, and in the case of small crossings, the conductors and engine drivers could themselves make all necessary enquiries of those from whom information is needed. The telephone ought to be of great practical value in connection with small railway stations.

The franking privilege at Ottawa is so much abused, that a stop should be put to the whole system. Nearly every body

doing business at Ottawa is in the habit of receiving letters franked so as to avoid the payment of the ordinary postage rates. So long as the present system continues, it is sure to be abused. The remedy is plain and simple enough. Let the present system be stopped, and let every member of Parliament and every member of the Service pay their postage just as ordinary mortals are compelled to do every day. If the members' yearly indemnity is not sufficient to bear this extra strain, let it be increased so that no more dead head work is allowed. Probably the one reason why so little is said about it in the house, may be because every member, irrespective of party, enjoys an equal right to help themselves and their friends in the franking matter.

The *Canadian-American* says:—"Canada's government telegraph line was last year run at a loss. The fact will rather put a damper on the agitation for handing over the telegraph systems of the country to the control of the Executive." It is a well known fact that whatever business is done by the Government is sure to be done on a much more extravagant and expensive scale than when done by a private individual or by a well conducted commercial company. There may be some evils in connection with our present system of railway and telegraph management, as it now is in the hands of private companies, but it is much to be doubted if the true remedy for all this lies in the Government assuming the proprietorship and control. The fact is it would be to the public advantage if the Government would dispose of the property it now possesses of that kind.

Divorce and Marriage in the United States.

Ideas in relation to the sanctity and perpetuity of the marriage relation appear to be growing more and more loose in the United States. In the old time orthodox New England States the number of divorces obtained from year to year increases so rapidly that men are becoming alarmed. Last year, it is said, that in Massachusetts and three or four of the adjoining States there were one-tenth as many divorces as marriages during the year, and the demand for legal separation increases from year to year. In some of the Western States divorces have been so easily obtained that many have gone there from Canada, and elsewhere, for a short temporary residence so as to obtain the legal papers. In one of the Western States last year, it is said, there were actually more divorces than marriages, and in California the proportion stood as one to six. What is all this leading to? It looks as though society would soon fall to pieces as things now tend.

It has become a serious question as to what is the remedy for this most unfortunate state of things. The outcry is to repeal the laws in regard to divorce, or at least make them far more stringent than they now are. No doubt that would have some effect, but something more radical is needed. If divorces were not so conveniently obtained it is quite probable that some would hesitate about rushing into matrimony so thoughtlessly. As things now stand a marriage, in many

places at least, may be considered a sort of temporary arrangement, annulled at will, or at the mere convenience of parties. Where there are proper ideas of marriage prevalent divorces would be seldom applied for if they could even be obtained for the asking. The tone of morality certainly requires elevating a good deal in order to bring about the true remedy.

Speaking of loose ideas of marriage in the United States it may be here remarked that a twin canker to the wholesale system of divorces in the East, is the wholesale system of Polygamy tolerated in the West. Polygamy was at one time confined to Mormonism in Utah. It is yet fortunately confined to Mormonism but, unfortunately, not now confined to Utah. Mormonism is spreading rapidly to the adjoining States, and Polygamy is spreading with it. The fear is increasing that before many years the Mormons will have virtual control of two or three of the States west. There has been a great outcry about polygamy, and for years the question has been continually presented, in some shape, to the attention of Congress, but as for any effective law or measure to stamp it down the prospect seems about as distant as ever. The evils of the democratic system of government crop out very clearly when any such system requires to be dealt with. A great many of the demagogues who find their way to the position of law makers are afraid to touch anything unpopular with any considerable number of people, and so it is evaded or shirked entirely. Meanwhile the evil goes on and it grows stronger and more defiant from year to year. Possibly one of the greatest problems to be grappled with in the United States is the great marriage question.

While divorce laws are evidently too loose and too sweeping among our neighbors to the south of us it is pretty evident that in Canada we are much in need of some general law of divorce. So long as there can only be a legal separation obtained by a special Act of Parliament, and that, too, at a great expense it is evident enough there must be a great many cases of real hardship. There are certain crimes for which divorce is the only remedy, to one of the parties at least. That remedy cannot now be obtained here, except by those with wealth at their command. Many women, and some men, in Canada are actually suffering victims to the present state of things, and earnest attention should be given to this important question.

The Franchise Question.

Both in the Dominion Parliament and our Provincial Legislatures the franchise question will be considered this year. There can be no doubt but the Governments in each case, will propose a considerable extension of the franchise. The race appears to be which will outdo the other in liberality in this respect. Sir John evidently appears to be a good deal ahead in one particular at least,—in extending the franchise to women of two classes. Mr. Mowat's only chance now is, if he intends to establish his reputation as the leader of the most liberal party, will be to include women of all

classes, so long as they possess the necessary property qualifications. Sir John proposes to place the franchise in the hands of widows and unmarried women possessing a certain amount of property, but withholds it from other wives and mothers, even though possessed of a larger amount. There is an anomaly in the proposal which the opposition will be sure to make the most capital out of, but will the opposition propose to remove the anomaly by urging the extension to all classes? Time will tell.

Probably there will be an understanding of some sort between the leaders of both parties at Ottawa and Toronto on a question of such general importance as this. If females are to be given the franchise at all—and that must come some day—let the wives and the mothers, the mothers especially, be given a fair share of influence. They have interests at stake such as unmarried women have not, and they are quite as likely to guard as well those interests as the "lords of creation" are now doing. In case of man and wife there is not much difficulty in regard to the matter of property qualification if the two are treated as two male partners are now treated in case there is a sufficient amount of property,—give each a vote.

While the franchise is being extended in Canada, it is being proposed to extend it in England also. In England, years ago, the Tories gave the franchise to a large class of small property holders in the cities, and now the Liberals propose to extend it to the country as well. In Canada, years ago, the Liberal party extended the franchise in the country,—to farmers' sons,—and now the Tories propose a similar extension to young men in the towns and cities. In both countries the young men are better educated and more intelligent than their fathers were at the same age,—thanks to a better school system,—and it is safe to extend the full rights of citizenship as fast as education and intelligence extend. Great care should be taken to make some provision, however, for an educational as well as a property qualification. The former is more important than the latter, though it is not so easy to fix any intelligible kind of standard.

Years ago, when the franchise was extended in England, such a leading Liberal as Mr. Lowe was most bitter in his opposition. One of the memorable sayings at that time was: "We must teach our new masters to read." The saying was a significant one, and its significance is now more important than ever before. "Manhood suffrage" has become a very popular cry with many, even among some of those who would entirely withhold the same right from women; but all will agree that manhood suffrage is a very serious experiment, which if once made cannot be easily retracted again. It is therefore just as well to "proceed with caution" along the whole way of extending the franchise. Manhood suffrage has certainly proved a doubtful success in the United States, to say the least of it, and especially in regard to the municipal government of New York, Chicago, and the other large cities.

Temperance Department.

Another Prohibition Victory.

Last week a vote was taken in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, to repeal the Scott Act which has been in force for the last three or four years, and the result is a decided victory for prohibition. The Act, instead of being repealed as its opponents expected, who brought on this vote, was sustained by a majority of over 1,700. The exact figures are not yet in. It will be remembered that in Prince Edward Island the Scott Act was adopted by every municipality in the Province some years ago, and though since that time there were years of suspense because of the doubts of the legality of the Act, and it was not therefore well enforced during the interval, yet there is now tangible evidence that the people are too well satisfied with the law to consent to its repeal. There were steps being taken, we understand, in other parts of the Province to secure repeal, but it is probable that the vote in Prince County was decisive enough in its result to settle the matter. The people of the Province are evidently tired of the licensed liquor traffic.

NEWS AND NOTES.

MORE RESTRICTION.—At Brantford a monster petition has been presented to the City Council asking for the separation of shop licenses from groceries. The ladies have taken a prominent part in this agitation.

PROHIBITION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The State of Massachusetts has twice had a State prohibitory law and it was twice repealed. There is now in force a stringent local option license law, under which licenses are held in over one half of the towns of the entire state. The friends of Temperance are still convinced, however, that a prohibitory law is required by the State. Last week a meeting of about six thousand persons, representing the various parts of the State, was held in Boston, and it was resolved to raise \$10,000 to aid in the work of procuring a constitutional prohibitory amendment.

PROHIBITION IN NEW YORK.—*Harper's Weekly* says:—The question of high license against prohibition has been raised in the New York Assembly by Mr. Olin, who proposes a prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the State, and by Mr. Roosevelt, who opposes it with a proposal of high license. The object of both gentlemen is the same, namely, to diminish the evils of drunkenness. The question is strictly one of expediency, and there can be little doubt that under existing circumstances the plan of Mr. Roosevelt is more expedient than that of Mr. Olin.

If the old ground is to be maintained, that those who are not total abstainers and absolute prohibitionists are the worst enemies of temperance, then, of course, united and harmonious action is impossible. But that position has been hitherto one of the greatest obstacles to the effective prosecution of the temperance movement. Those who would subject dram shops to the most stringent regulation, and who would enforce vigorously restrictive laws, have been repelled by the declaration that they were as bad as the dram-sellers if they did not favor prohibition. Rather than contend on the one side with the liquor interest, and on the other with the prohibitionists, they have preferred to remain passive.

But the situation is changed. The restrictionists now assert themselves in demanding a high license which will effectively restrain the evils with which all friends of temperance are contending; and if the prohibitionists decide to oppose them, the prohibitionists must take the responsibility. But both are friends of temperance. The only difference between them is that of the best method of promoting temperance, and it is well that the point should be plainly stated in the Legislature, and fully discussed.

The Sergeant's Vow.

It was evening, after one of the greatest battles of the Rebellion. The surviving soldiers of the battle were fatigued, and glad to drop down almost anywhere to rest. Those who had been on the reserve were caring for the dead and wounded, and in the hospital tent those who wore the blue, and those who wore the gray, were groaning with the wounds received in battle and were being treated by the Union physicians.

Near the hospital, about a dozen Union men were sitting upon the ground, around a fire of sticks and limbs, trying to "cook coffee." They had been at the front all day; victory had been won. They were now upon the ground that had been occupied by the enemy in the morning. It was a victory; but such a victory, and at such a cost of human life! On the right hand and on the left, in front of them and in the rear, could be seen the dead bodies, dressed in the uniform of the friends and the foe.

They were just taking the coffee from the fire when a soldier came up, and discovering that the dozen men were of his company, said:

"How is it, boys, are you dry?"

"Trying to cook our coffee, Ned," said one of the soldiers, "but I guess that it will be Virginia mud and water mixed together."

"I've got something good," said the first speaker, producing his canteen which had hung across his shoulders.

"What is it?" asked one.

"Whiskey," replied Ned.

"You're a trump."

"That's jolly."

"That is just the stuff."

"That will revive us!"

And other expressions of satisfaction and pleasure were made by the men.

"Here, Sergeant," said Ned, reaching the canteen toward a tall, noble looking fellow who had been silent, "throw aside your temperance principles for once and take a drink."

"Not any, Ned, thanks," replied the one addressed as sergeant.

"Come, now, you have fought like a tiger all day. You do not know but what you may have to rally in five minutes."

"True, Ned, but excuse me."

"Not a drop!"

"Not a drop!"

"Say, Sergeant," said Ned, "if it is agreeable to the boys, we will adjourn the drink for five minutes, and you tell us how you came to be such an infernal advocate of temperance."

"I second the motion," said another soldier.

"And so do I!"

"And I, too!"

"Well, boys," said the sergeant, "I will tell you. It is a short story, and therefore soon told. When I was nineteen I had to leave school, owing to the death of my father. I came home to help my mother, who needed me. My father had been a prosperous farmer; he had that frugality and sturdy industry characteristic of the Vermont farmers. My mother I always considered the most handsome woman on earth, at least appeared so to me and as a mother there never was one better.

"After my father had been dead about a year, somehow I acquired a passion for hunting, fishing and especially cooning. There was nothing that delighted me so much as it did to take my dog and go out with some of the neighboring boys and bring home a number of coons. One night three of our neighbors came to our house after me. They thought they had found a new place, a corn field, where there was plenty of game. I needed no urging. I kissed my mother goodbye, told her that I would not be late, called my dog and away we went.

"One of the boys had a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. Just how it came about I do not know; I had drunk a little whiskey before, but that night I drank too much, and became beastly drunk. The boys led me home and left me at the

gate, I staggered through and staggered around the yard a little, in a vain attempt to find the steps to the house. I stumbled over something, fell down and was unable to get up. After a little I went to sleep—a regular drunken sleep.

"It seems that in the night, sometime, my mother became anxious because I did not come home. She had not been to bed but had fallen into a slumber upon the couch. She awoke, as I said before, some time in the night, and fearing that harm had befallen me arose from the couch, put her shawl over her head, and started out to find me. And she found me in a condition most deplorable, indeed. At first she thought I was dead, or that I had been brutally treated by a highwayman. But when she stooped down and looked at me and saw, by the moonlight, my face, she knew that her only child was drunk. She tried to waken me; she tried to get me into the house, but she had not the strength. She went to the house and got a pillow, and placed it under my head. She covered me with blankets, she protected my face from the dew by placing an open umbrella over me. She drew her shawl tightly around her shoulders and sat down by my side. In the morning I awoke just as the sun was rising, I found her there. Great tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. I saw at once that my mother had cared for me all night. She had faithfully kept her lonely vigil, watching her drunken son, weeping and praying.

"I am awful thirsty," I said. My voice sounded strange, and unnatural. I got up; my mother rose, went to the well and brought me a cup of water. As she handed the cup to me she bowed her head that I might not see her grief; but I saw a tear come down her pale cheek and drop into that cup. I took the cup from her hand drank its contents, tear and all. Yes, boys, I drank my mother's tear, and I made a solemn vow that I never again would drink her tears.

"I led my mother into the house; I led her to the arm chair; and as soon as she was seated I got down upon my knees.

"Mother," said I, "this is the first. It shall be the last."

"Charles," said she, running her fingers through my hair, "I hope so. God bless you."

"I looked up, and my mother had fainted. I took her in my arms, as one might take a child, and placed her upon a bed. It was the beginning of what came near being her death. Days, and nights, and weeks I was by that sick bed. I heard her, as her mind wandered, praying for me and pleading for my reformation. And at times she would imagine she was talking to my father. She would tell him of the plans she had for her son, and that she hoped he would be a sober man. Every word she said was like a knife cutting me; and many a time I wished that I had died before I had ever tasted liquor. But, thank God, my mother got well. It was a long time before she was able to leave her room. I was her constant companion. Somehow it seemed to me, that her life depended upon my care.

"When the war broke out, I made up my mind that I ought to enlist. I told my mother about it, and asked her advice.

"Charles," she said, "I'm afraid to let you go."

"Afraid of what, mother," I asked, "are you afraid that I will be shot?"

"Worse than that."

"Mother, what can you possibly mean?" I enquired.

"She blushed as she looked me in the face. But her reply was one never to be forgotten.

"Charles, I am afraid that you will be overpowered by strong drink."

"Mother," said I, "I solemnly vow by the sacred memory of my dead father that I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor without your consent."

"Then you may go to the war, Charles." That was her reply, boys. And I tell you

what, when I drink an intoxicant, it will be when my mother's own hand brings it me and asks me to drink it."

"Amen!" said several of the soldiers who were listening to the Sergeant's story.

"I say, boys," said Ned. "Here goes the whiskey." Turning the canteen upside down, he emptied its contents on the ground. As the liquor went gurgling out he said, "I've got a mother too, and I'm done with liquor."

"And I, too!"

"And I!"

Every one took the pledge, and it was afterwards said that the men who were gathered around the camp-fire that night were the strongest temperance men in the whole brigade.—*The Reformer.*

New York Drinking Places.

The bar-tenders of these places about which I am writing are spruce young men who are not infrequently experts at mixing drinks. They are paid very comfortable salaries, and are neat and dexterous. They wear white linen coats and aprons, and are always scrupulously barbered. The utmost cleanliness is observable on all sides, and they are careful enough in mixing drinks to satisfy the most fastidious tastes. The slovenly, greasy and oily bar-tender who waxes his mustache and wears a diamond shirt stud is no longer found in New York. The proprietors of these avenue saloons seldom go behind the bar. They sit and talk with their friends. They too drift into politics early, and are the most influential men in their wards.

The proprietors of the Broadway shops are shrewd and quiet men of business. They don't dabble in politics at all, but content themselves with salting away fortunes every year. Such men as Dowd, Black, Stewart, Wildey, Morton, and Houghton clear all the way from \$15,000 to \$25,000 a year by their Broadway places. I was in one of these places one afternoon recently talking with the owner quietly, when he stopped and pointed to a man behind the bar. He was one of eight or ten bright-looking young bar-tenders. "Is your hat here?" asked the proprietor, looking him straight in the eye.

"Yes, sir," said the bar-tender somewhat apprehensively.

The proprietor took a card out of his pocket and wrote a few words on it.

"Take that to the cashier," he said; "get a week's pay in advance and leave at once. You can't stop in this place any longer."

"Why, what have I done?" asked the man defiantly.

"You rub your infernal mustache too much," said the proprietor. "I have watched you for the last half hour. You know it is the rule in this place that no man can touch his face with his hands. Customers don't want bar-tenders who are continually pulling their mustaches to mix drinks for them. That may strike you as being rather silly," said the proprietor to me, as the man went away, "but it isn't. It is by attending to the smallest details of this business that I have got it on a thoroughly successful basis. I have to watch the men like a bull dog, and it is wearing on my nerves."

After the Broadway places comes the Hoffman House, which is unquestionably the most magnificent bar-room in the world; Delmonico's, which is the best; the Fifth Avenue hotel which is the worst, and the Windsor and Brunswick, both of which are admirable. These places have a regular run of customers every night, and make a good deal of money. They are frequented by the best class of men in town, and comparatively little drinking is done over the bars.

A GOOD SHOWING.—More than ten thousand of the clergymen of the Church of England are total abstainers, according to the London *Christian World*.

J. O. Good Templars.

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

NEWS FROM LODGES.

SARNIA.—We are glad to learn that Ojibway Lodge has been resuscitated with good prospects of success. It is an Indian Lodge, located on the Indian Reserve near Sarnia. Bro. John Thomas continues to be Lodge Deputy.

TIVERTON, BRUCE Co.—Bro. James McArthur writes:—"Our Lodge is prospering. We held a concert on the 29th and it was a grand success. We had a full house, and realized, nett, \$11.50, which we think was pretty well for here in these hard times. Mrs. Andrews, of Kincardine, lectured here last Friday for the purpose of starting a Womans' Christian Temperance Union. She succeeded in organizing. I think it will be a great help to our Lodge."

TORONTO—Toronto Lodge was at a stand still at one time, but is now making progress again. The Mail says: "The Lodge has greatly increased in membership during the last quarter, and is now in an excellent condition as regards members and finances." Bro. W. C. Wilkinson, one of the oldest members in the Province, has been re-elected W. C. T., Miss Carrie Watson, W. V., Wm. Newton, W. S. The officers were installed by Bro. J. B. Nixon, G. W. T.

ANOTHER NEW LODGE.—A Lodge has been re-organized at Dixon's Corners, near Ingersoll. "Oxford" Lodge began with 15 members and good prospects of an increase at once. W.C.T., Wm. Colyer; W. V., Miss Mary Dixon; W.S., E. Elliott; F.S., R. Kerr; W. M., J. Hutchinson; W.C., W. Teller; O.G., A. Kerr; J.G., Miss A. Winter. The Lodge had been dormant for some years and was re-organized, we understand very much through the efforts of Bro. W. H. Rodden.

TORONTO.—The following officers were installed in the Toronto Union Lodge by Bro. John Henderson, L.D., assisted by the members of St. John's Lodge who made an official visit that evening:—W. C.T., T. Norman; W.V., Miss E. J. Henderson; W.S., W. C. McIntyre; A. S., Miss E. Kingston; F.S., H. Taylor; W.F., Miss J. Henderson; W.M., S. J. Shumshon; D.M., Miss Young; J.G., Fauny McAulay; O.G., F. C. Hyde; W. C., H. Roberts; P.W.C., Thomas Gorry.

PARKDALE.—The following officers of Hope of Parkdale Lodge have been installed by Bro. W. Stewart, L.D. The lodge has been very prosperous of late and largely increased its Membership last quarter: W.C.T., Robt. Carr; W.V., Miss B. F. Young; M.S., D. Gilchrist; A.S., Miss E. Hobbs; F. S., E. Smith; W.T., Miss S. Wisoman; W.C., J. A. Wiseman; W.M., Geo. Gilchrist; D.M., May Reid; O. G. A. Stewart; I.G., Miss L. Wisoman; P.W.C., Chas Brooks; Organizer, Henry Stephens.

LISTS OF OFFICERS.—It will not be possible hereafter to publish in TRUTH the full lists of officers from the various lodges. We would be glad to do so but it would require sometimes an entire page of the paper to give the lists of some hundreds of lodges that might be inserted. Our friends who kindly send in names will therefore please accept this explanation why they do not appear. All items of actual news of progress or of work will be cheerfully inserted, and the names of two or three of the important officers.

TORONTO.—St. John's Lodge continues to occupy a leading position among the lodges of the Province. Bro. J. H. MacMullen, W. S., reports:—"The Lodge now numbers 140 members; the cash receipts for the quarter exceeds any quarter for the past year. The present W. C.T., is a favorite in the lodge and was unanimously elected. There is good reason to hope

that before the next meeting of the Grand Lodge, next June, the membership will exceed 150. The city Deputy delivered a first class lecture, with his usual ability and eloquence, to an Open Lodge meeting on Friday last. The members turned out well and it will strengthen them in their efforts." W. C. T., H. A. Youille, W. V., Miss L. Hartley, L. D., Geo. Spence.

VISITING MEMBERS.—In answer to some enquiries made it may be here stated that, according to the laws and usages of the I.O.G.T., any Lodge has a right to refuse to receive a member of another Lodge as a visitor, for cause, even though such a member may be in good standing in his own Lodge. If a visiting member's visits are offensive to any number of the members, or calculated to mar the pleasantness and harmony of the meetings the reason is certainly a good one, and would be a sufficient ground for the adoption of a resolution of exclusion. It may be as well clearly understood that no member of one lodge can demand admission into another lodge as a matter of right; he is admitted as a matter of courtesy, as visitors are admitted into our homes. In some few instances persons have been rejected or expelled from lodges in their own localities, have gone and joined others at a distance, and have then returned and pressed themselves as visitors, when they had good reason to know that such visits were not agreeable all round. Lodges are justifiable in dealing firmly with such by adopting resolutions for their exclusion by a majority vote of the Lodge.

The Order Abroad.

The following items we clip from the Tennessee Good Templar, published at Nashville:—

They are pushing things out in Illinois with the right sort of spirit, but characteristic of Uriah Capp and his able co-adjustors.

Quebec has over 5,000 Good Templars and about as many S. of T., with equally as many more auxiliary societies.

The State of Maine has 20,000 Good Templars, who are red hot and alive to the work to be done in that State next fall, at which time the people are to vote upon a constitutional amendment, the adoption of which is being confidently expected.

The order in Maryland appears with more life and to be doing more efficient service than at any time for some years. The intelligent labors of the executive officers have the hearty co-operation of the membership; hence their unanimity and prosperity.

New York has a large juvenile membership and the number constantly increasing, which in part accounts for the prosperity of the adult organization in that jurisdiction. We have yet to find a grand lodge which fostered the work among the children that on general principles was not up to the times and meeting the requirements of the order, and driving the rum course nearer its certain doom.

The G. W. C. T. of Missouri has resigned and Dr. N. D. Richardson has been recalled to the position, which he so acceptably filled for several years—"the right man in the right place." Missouri is a "big" State and has had a large membership, but we haven't heard very much from them of late. We shall expect a different state of things in the future.

The flurry in the Good Templar ranks in California owing to the change in the management of the Rescue is rapidly subsiding and the work moving on with its accustomed regularity and promptitude. All of which leads us to believe it was not so much of a flurry as some would have it appear. We commend the good sense and loyalty of the membership in their devotion to the properly constituted authorities of the jurisdiction. If we have grievances let them be righted in the usual way, our laws are ample and sufficient unto the most aggravated case.

Good of the Order.

FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.

John Barleycorn, My Jo.

John Barleycorn, my Jo John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your face was rather yellow, John,
You smelt of peppermint;
Yet, I began to love you, John,
And soon I loved you so,
I'd share my only cent with you,
John Barleycorn, my Jo.

But now the time has come John,
For me that love to smother;
And now you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other;
For we may tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
When all the damage will be mine,
John Barleycorn, my Jo.

You have not used me well, John,
While journeying together;
You said you'd be my friend, John,
In fair or stormy weather;
But when the rain came down, John,
And fierce the wind did blow,
You left me in the roadside ditch,
John Barleycorn, my Jo.

Your fellowship is bad, John,
Tho' jolly 'tis sometimes;
It leads the way to wrong, John,
And frequently to crimes;
And many are the scrapes, John,
You've got me in, you know,
But never once have helped me out,
John Barleycorn, my Jo.

With sorrow you have caused, John,
My loving wife to sigh;
My children to wear rags, John,
With hunger made them cry;
And thou, if I rebuked them, John,
Which added to their woe,
You always said I served them right,
John Barleycorn, my Jo.

You've bleary made my eyes, John,
Put blotches on my cheek;
And painted red my nose, John,
My once strong hands made weak.
I think you must have aimed, John,
In death to lay me low;
And none too soon I've found you out,
John Barleycorn, my Jo.

Two Bricks.

"The church was old and too small," they said,
And the people knelt as the pastor prayed:
"That the spirit of love on them might fall,
To build the Lord's house. For each and for all,
"Let loving be living,
And praying be giving!"
"Amen!" answered the deacon, who always led
The subscription list. "Amen!" they all said.

But the deacon thought of the meadow that lay
Right next to his, to be sold the next day
At a bargain; so he started to go,
Holding the hand of his little boy, Joe.
"Let loving be living,
And praying be giving!"
The pastor cried with an anxious heart,
As the people all made haste to depart.

"Papa," said Joe, as his little feet pattered,
Little six-year Joe, whose tongue always chattered
Of all that he heard—"When the preacher prayed,
And prayed—and got done, 'Amen,' you all said;
What does 'Amen' mean?"
"Why, so be it, my son,"
"Then 'Amen' means a new church, don't it?
And it will be built sometime, won't it?"
"Yes, when there are bricks enough," and then straightway
He thought of the meadow and its loads of hay.

He was off the next morning, busy in buying,
And so was Joe off as busy in trying
His little new wheelbarrow, but 'twas quite a load,
For dear little fingers to wheel down the road;

"Please, mister, come quick,
And get the two brick
For the new meeting house." And the pastor smiled
In the rosy face of the helpful child.

And the good preacher told when the week was done,
Of the new house to be, for the work had begun;
How little Joe Darrow,
On a wheelbarrow,
Had brought the first brick. O'er misty eyes draw
Many a hand, as the long list grew
To thousands of dollars. The pastor prayed then
As never before, and they all said "Amen!"
E. T. H. in *Woman at Work*.

Persevere.

Friends of Temperance persevere
In your noble, arduous toil,
Let your earnest zeal appear
While you till rum-stricken soil.

Think not that you toil for naught,
That your labors all in vain;
What hath God already wrought!
He will still the Cause maintain.

Though you've labored hard and long,
Toiling in the Temperance field,
Battling manfully with wrong,
Causing oft the foe to yield.

Yet the fruit may not appear,
But the seed ere long will shoot,
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the precious golden fruit.

Look! already here and there,
Springing up before your eyes,
Now behold the seed appear,
Shooting upward toward the skies.

Verily 'tis not in vain,
Seeds of Temperance have been sown,
For already precious grain
God has garnered for His own.

Scatter thou the Temperance seed
Over all the rum-cursed soil,
And your efforts will succeed,
God will bless your faithful toil.

Friends of Temperance, persevere,
God will still his Cause maintain,
You shall triumph never fear—
Temperance o'er our land shall reign.

The Miller of the Dee.

WORDS BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee,
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he,
And this the burden of his song,
For ever used to be—
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Tho'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be as light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, tho' I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend!" said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'rt to be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown—
"By mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

HUMBERSTONE WELAND CO.—Humberstone one Lodge I.O.G.T. meets Saturday evening. Templars Hall. Visiting members always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. S., A. M. NEEF; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Miss Christie!"

It was Mr. Rayner calling softly through the door. I did not answer or move.

"Miss Christie my dear child, are you there? Are you conscious? Are you ill?"

And I heard the handle of the door turn; but it was locked. I raised my head from the ground, and said in a weak quivering voice—

"I am not ill, thank you, and I am quite conscious."

"But your voice is weak? Are you hurt? Did that woman hurt you?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no; I am only frightened; I am not hurt. I will tell you all about it tomorrow, Mr. Rayner. I can't talk now."

"But I cannot go away and sleep, my child, till I am quite satisfied that you are all right. Put on your dressing-gown, and come out and let me see you and be sure."

But I felt that I could not leave my room again that night.

"I am really quite well, only I cannot come out to-night, Mr. Rayner. I am too much shaken with the fright; I am indeed."

"I will fetch you some brandy-and-water, and put it here for you, outside the door, then."

"No, please don't; I should not dare to take it in. I feel that, if I opened the door, she might get in. If I saw her again to-night, it would kill me!" I sobbed. "Oh, please keep her away!"

I was getting hysterical again.

"She shall not come near you, child; I swear it! You are quite safe. I will lock the door at the bottom of these stairs, and come and let you out myself in the morning," he said, in a low voice.

The thought of being locked in did not reassure me much; but I thanked him and wished him good night, with a last piteous appeal to him to keep Sarah away. Then I rose from the floor, stumbled to the table, struck a match and lighted my candle, and put it by my bedside. For the first time I was afraid of the dark. And I lay awake listening, and starting at the tiny cracks the wood made, until at last, worn out, I fell asleep.

The next morning I heard Mr. Rayner unlock the door at the foot of the staircase when I had just opened mine, ready to go down. He waited for me, looking up anxiously, and seemed shocked at my appearance. I had noticed myself, as I was dressing, how white and haggard I looked, and how dull and heavy my eyes were, with black rings around them.

"You ought not to have got up at all. You should have stayed in bed and had your breakfast brought up to you."

I shuddered: I had had enough of bedside visits for a long time, and the thought of being a semi-invalid waited on by Sarah was too much for my self-command.

"Take my arm, child; you can scarcely walk. Come to breakfast; a cup of hot coffee will do you good. And, after that, you shall come into the study, and we will talk. Don't say anything about it at breakfast; it might frighten my wife."

I took his arm, for I really was not quite steady on my feet; and he led me into the dining-room, and put me into an arm-chair instead of the one I usually occupied at prayers. Then Haidee, who had seen at once that there was a change in me, and given me a double kiss as consolation, rang the bell to summon the servants to prayers. I held the arms of my chair, and kept my eyes on the ground, and my lips tightly closed that I might give no sign when I saw Sarah's face again; but, when they came in, I knew without looking up that she was not there. And Jane waited at table. Had Sarah gone already? My heart leaped at the thought. At breakfast Mr. Rayner said—

"I am going to propose a holiday for today. Both mistress and pupil are looking very aedy, and I think a day's rest from lessons will do both good. My motives are not wholly unselfish, I am sorry to say, for I have the penny-bank accounts to do, and I want you to help me with them, Miss Christie, if you will be so kind as to spare me a couple of hours. I won't keep you longer."

I assented rather nervously. I should have a scoundrel to go through with Mr. Rayner, and an announcement to make which would entail a lot of argument and some persuasion and resistance, which I scarcely felt equal to, shaken as I was.

"At what time will you want me, Mr. Rayner?"

"How soon after breakfast can you come?"

"May I have an hour first to finish some work I have to do? It doesn't matter, if you would rather—"

"In an hour's time I shall expect you in the study, then."

After breakfast, I went up-stairs, where I found Jane doing my room. I caught her looking at me shyly, as if I had gone up in interest in her eyes. She must have heard something of the night's adventure—I wanted to know what. She prepared to leave the room when I entered.

"Never mind, Jane; don't go. You have nearly finished, I see. So you are doing the rooms this morning?"

"Yes, miss; I've got to get into the way of it, miss."

She gave a gasp, as if to continue, but stopped.

"Well?" said I, smiling, to encourage her to talk.

"You know Sarah's going away, miss."

"Is she?" said I, unable to keep my face from brightening up at the welcome words.

"Yes, miss. Oh, there has been a rumour, and no mistake! You just should have heard her go on! But she's going, and I'm not sorry for her."

"What is she going away for?" asked I.

"Don't you know, miss?"

She spoke shyly, but was evidently prepared to disbelieve me if I said "No."

"I can guess; but what reason did she give you?"

"Oh, it's along of you, miss! She burst into cook and me this morning, and said as she wasn't going to stay in a house where there was such goings on. That was what she said, miss." And she paused, her shyness again getting the better of her anxiety to pour out all she had heard.

"Go on, go on. You know I asked you to tell me," said I gently.

"Well, miss, she said all kind o' things about you; but we didn't take much notice o' them, cook and me; we're used to old Sally. But then she said—she said—"

"Yes—well?"

"She said as how she went up to your room, hearing a noise, and then, as how—"

"Go on."

"Then as how—Mr. Rayner came up and wasn't best pleased to find her there—"

"Yes—well!"

But Jane would not go on, but got very red, and fidgeted about with the cloth she was holding. And suddenly, as I watched the girl in wonder, the whole awful truth flashed upon me of the complexion Sarah had given to the story. I did not speak for a minute—I only felt a strange little fluttering pain that seemed to be round my heart—and then I said very quietly—

"I suppose she didn't tell you that she tried to steal something I wear round my neck; that, when she found she couldn't, she threw a handkerchief steeped in some drug over my face to make me unconscious, that she might get at it more easily; that it was my screams that brought Mr. Rayner up-stairs, and that he stood outside and called her till she came to him. Here, I'll show you the very handkerchief."

I had tucked it down in the corner of one of the drawers. It still smelt faintly of the stuff it had been soaked in. Little Jane's face brightened with wonder and downright honest pleasure.

"I'm that glad, miss, I could dance," said she. "She said Mr. Rayner let her fall down-stairs in the dark, and went on up without taking no notice—and she really is a good deal bruized, and serve her right. But there never is no believing Sarah. And for her to talk about goings on! Oh, my, we did laugh, cook and me!" And Jane chattered on about Sarah and her many unpleasant attributes till she had finished her work, and left the room with a bright grin of friendship.

So Sarah, after doing me another wrong worse than all the rest in circulating lies to injure my reputation, was going. But she would probably not go at once, and I felt that I could not sleep another night in the same house with her. So I turned out all my things and packed my boxes, as I had

determined to do while I lay awake during the past night. I looked into my desk, and found that my note had been replaced! I would announce to Mr. Rayner my determination to go when I went to the study, and ask permission to leave that very afternoon. I was sorry to leave the Alders, Mr. Rayner, and sweet little Haidee; and there was another reason which made the thought of leaving Geldham harder still to bear. But the terrors of the night I had passed through had had an effect upon me strong enough to outweigh every other consideration; even now, by daylight, I could scarcely look around my own familiar little room without a feeling of loathing of the scene of my horrible adventure.

There was another reason of my hasty flight. Sarah was a very valuable servant, as she had insisted, and as Mr. Rayner himself had admitted. Now I was the only obstacle to her remaining, and it was really better that the one of us who could best be replaced should go; and my well-founded fears that she might, after all, be retained in any case helped to strengthen my resolution to go. I had had no salary yet, as I had not been two months at the Alders, but my uncle had given me a sovereign to be put by, in case of emergency, and now the emergency was come. So I packed my boxes, and then went down-stairs rather nervously to the study, having in my pocket the drugged handkerchief as a proof that my adventure was no fancy, as I guessed that Mr. Rayner would try to make me believe.

Mr. Rayner said "come in" when I knocked, got up, placed me in an arm-chair by the fire, and asked me to wait while he spoke to Sam. He left the room, and I cautiously made friends with his big dog, who shared the hearthrug with me. He was very gracious, and I had progressed so far as to slide down from my seat to caress him better, when I looked up and saw Sarah.

I sprang to my feet, with a scream that I could not repress, and darted to the bell.

"Don't!" said she sharply. "At least, wait one moment—give me a hearing. I'll stay here—so. Mr. Rayner'll be here in a minute; he won't leave you for long," said she, in a disagreeable voice. "I can't hurt you. I didn't mean to hurt you last night; and I didn't want to steal your letter. What should I want to steal a bit of paper for? You see I know what it is. I only wanted to read it. I'm of a curious disposition, and I don't stick at much to find out what I want to know—if it's only trifles. The stuff on that handkerchief wouldn't have hurt you, only made you sleep a little sounder, so as I could take the letter. I'd have put it back. I'm sorry I frightened you. I've come to ask you to forgive me."

She said it in a dry hard tone not as if she really repented her cruel action a bit.

"No, no; I can't forgive you—at least, not yet," I said incoherently. "It wasn't only wanting to steal my letter and to stupefy me, but the way you looked at me, the cruel way—as if—as if you would have liked to kill me," I said, growing more excited as I remembered the terrible glare of her eyes when she sprang at me the second time. "I can't forget it—oh, I can't forget it! And you did something worse than that; you told the cook and Jane that Mr. Rayner was coming up to my room! Oh, that was wicked of you, for you know it wasn't true."

"That's that little tattling Jane, I know! said Sarah vixenishly. "I never said such a thing at all; but she likes to make a story out of everything she hears. You know what a chatterbox she is, miss."

I did know it; but I did not think Jane was likely to have altered Sarah's story much. I was silent for a minute. Sarah began again in a different tone.

"You're very hard upon a poor servant, Miss Christie, and it isn't generous of you. I don't deny that I was jealous of you, and that I wanted to prove to Mr. Rayner that you had letters on the sly from a young gentleman. There now—I've made a clean breast of it! But don't it seem hard that I, who've served him and his well for nigh seven years, should have to go just at the word of a young lady who hasn't been here two months?"

"It isn't at my word, Sarah; I have nothing to do with it."

"Nothing to do with it? Can you deny that you dislike me?"

"I should never have disliked you if you

had not over and over again shown that you hated me, and that it was distasteful to you even to have to serve me. And, as to your going away, I heard about it only this morning through asking Jane why she was doing my room."

I blushed as I said this; but I could not confess to Sarah that the first mention I had heard of her departure was when I was listening outside the door of this very room on the night before.

"Then you don't want me to go away?"

"It doesn't matter to me whether you go or stay, as I have packed my boxes, and am going back to London myself this very afternoon."

Sarah stared. Then she gave a disagreeable laugh.

"You won't go," said she.

"You can go up-stairs and look at my boxes," I said indignantly.

"Have you spoken to Mr. Rayner about it yet, may I ask, miss?" said she drily.

"Not yet; but I am going to tell him this morning."

"Then would you mind, before you go, miss"—she laid a peculiar emphasis on these words—"asking Mr. Rayner to let me stay? It won't matter to you, you see; but it's more to me than I can tell."

And, for the first time during the interview, there was a real emotion in her voice.

"But what I might say wouldn't make any difference, Sarah," I remonstrated gently.

"You overrate my importance in this household in the strangest way. My words haven't half the weight on Mr. Rayner that yours have." Sarah looked at me eagerly as I said this, but she did not seem satisfied. "That is quite right and natural, as you have been here so long and are so much older too."

She did not like my saying that, I saw, by the tightening of her thin lips; but I certainly had not meant to offend her. However, after a minute's pause, she said again—

"Then, as you won't be afraid of your words having any effect, miss, perhaps you will the less mind asking Mr. Rayner to let me stay."

I shrugged my shoulders at her strange persistency; my words would certainly make no difference, and, as I was going away, she would probably stay; so I said—

"Very well; I will ask him."

"You promise, miss?" said she with a strange light in her eyes. "Gentlefolks like you don't break their word, I know," she went on quickly. "So, if you only say 'I promise' I shall know I can trust you, and that you bear no malice."

She must indeed be anxious to obtain what she asked when she could stoop so far as to class me with "gentlefolk."

"I promise," said I.

She might have shown a little gratitude for what she had been so eager to get, I thought; but, as soon as the words had left my lips, she drew herself up from her imploring attitude triumphantly, and, with a simple, cold "Thank you, miss," left the room.

Then I felt as if the study had suddenly grown lighter. Before long Mr. Rayner returned. I said nothing about Sarah's visit, and nothing about my own departure, until I had done the very little there was to do in settling the accounts of the penny-bank. This work had only been an excuse for giving me a holiday, because I looked ill, I felt sure; and, when it was finished Mr. Rayner sent me back to the dining-chair again and poured me out a glass of wine. I began to feel nervous about my announcement.

"Have you quite got over your cruel fright now, little woman?" said he kindly.

"As much as one can get over a thing like that," I said, in a low voice, my fingers shaking.

"Oho can't forget it at once, of course; but I hope that a little care and a little kindness will soon drive that unpleasant adventure right out of your head."

"If you mean your care and kindness," said I, looking up gratefully, "why, you can't give me more than you have given me already, Mr. Rayner. But there are some experiences which one can never forget except away from the scene where they happened. And, oh, Mr. Rayner," I went on quickly, "you mustn't think me ungrateful or capricious; but I have packed my boxes, and I want to ask you to release me from my engagement and let me go back to London by this afternoon's train! For, if I

had to sleep in that room another night, I should go mad!"

He came and sat by my side. "My dear child," he said gravely, "you can't do that—for our sakes."
"But I must—I must indeed!" I cried piteously. "You don't know, you can't tell what I suffered when I felt her arm creeping up to my throat, and thought I was going to be killed—I did indeed! And then I thought the stuff on the handkerchief was poison. She says it is only something to make you sleep. Is it true, Mr. Rayner? Here is the handkerchief." And I pulled it from my pocket and gave it to him.

"Quite true," said he; but I saw him frown. "It is chloroform, which she got out of my medicine-chest; I missed the bottle this morning. No, that wouldn't have hurt you child; I don't suppose for a moment she meant to hurt you. But it was a cruel trick, all the same. Do you know"—and he looked at me searchingly—"what she did it for?"

"Oh, yes, she told me! She wanted to get a letter—from a— a friend, which I wore round my neck." I felt myself blushing violently, knowing from what I had overheard Sarah say to him on the previous night that he knew all about that foolish pendant. "She wanted to read it, and she couldn't get it without stupefying me, because I was holding it. But I have forgiven her, and promised I would ask you to let her stay. I told her it wouldn't matter what I said; but she made me promise."

"And what made you think what you said wouldn't matter?" asked he gently.

"There is no reason why it should," said I. "But I couldn't have promised to ask you to let her stay if I had not been going away myself. Mr. Rayner, you must let me go."

"I will let you go if you wish it, though the Alders would seem more like a tomb than ever without you, child, now, that we have got used to seeing your pretty little face and hearing your sweet little voice about the place," said he sadly, almost tenderly; and the tears came to my eyes. "But you cannot go to-day. Think what people would say of us if it got rumoured about that our child's governess was so cruelly treated under our roof that she went away without a day's warning; for every one counts upon you at the school-treat, and I believe that our young friend Laurence—don't blush, child—would go off his head, and accuse us of murdering you outright, if he were to hear you were gone. And you would find it difficult, believe me, child, to get another situation, if you left your first so quickly, no matter for what reason. No; you shall have a different room, or Jane shall sleep in your room for a week or so, until your very natural nervousness has gone off; and then, if, at the end of the three months, you still wish to go, why, we won't keep you, child, though I think some of us will never get over it if you leave us too suddenly."

He spoke so sweetly, so kindly, and yet with such authority of superior wisdom, that I had to give way. Then, bound by my promise, I had even to ask again that Sarah should stay, and he agreed that she should at once; and then I, not at all elated at the success of my intercession, begged him to let Jane do as much as possible for me just at first.

But later in the day it was not pleasant to see Sarah's acid smile as she said, when she heard I was going to stay—
"I told you, miss."

And when I said to her, "I kept my promise, and asked Mr. Rayner for you to stay, Sarah," she answered, "Then I am to stay, of course, miss!" in the same tone. And I was reluctantly obliged to admit that she was.

And, as I looked at her face, which could never seem to me again to look anything but evil, a sudden horror seized me at the thought that I had pledged myself to stay for five whole weeks more in the same house with this woman.

CHAPTER XIV.

I took advantage of the rest of my day's holiday to work very hard at the text I was doing for the church. I thought that Mr. Reade might call for it that day, but he did not. And the next day, which was Thursday, I finished it and rolled it up in paper ready for sending away; but still he did not come to fetch it. Haides and I did not go out far that morning—a long walk tires her now; but in the afternoon, when lesson

were over, I sauntered out into the garden, with a book in my hand, and went to my "nest," which I had neglected to visit on the day before—a most unusual occurrence; but Mr. Rayner had forbidden me to go outside the house on that day, as I was rather feverish from the effects of the preceding night's excitement.

I found Mona sitting among the reeds close to the pond, not far from my "nest," crooning to herself and playing with some sticks and bits of paper. At sight of me she slid along the bank and let herself down into the mud below, as if to hide from me. When the child suddenly disappeared from my sight like that, I felt frightened lest she should fall into the water, or sink into the soft slime at the edge which she had chosen to retire into, and not be able to climb the slippery bank again. So I walked daintily through the reedy swamp which was her favorite haunt, and looked over the bank. She was busily hurrying in the mud, with the help of two little sticks the bits of paper she had been playing with; and, when I bent down to speak to her, she threw herself upon her back, with her head almost in the water, and began to scream and kick. This uncalculated demonstration made me think that she knew she was in mischief; and, leaving her for a moment to enjoy herself in her own way, I stooped and picked up one or two of the pieces of paper which formed her toys. There was writing on them in a hand I know, and I had not made out a dozen words before I was sure that Mona had somehow got hold of a note from Mr. Laurence Reade to me.

Down I jumped in a moment, caring no more for the mud, into which I sank to my ankles, than Mona herself. I dug up the bits she had buried, and took from her very gently those she was still clutching, though my fingers tingled to slap her. I hope it was not revenge that made me carry her indoors to be washed. Then I searched the ground where I had found her, and discovered more little bits, and under the seat of my "nest" a torn envelope addressed to "Miss Christie." I ran in, and up to my room, with my mangled treasure, carefully cleaned the fragments, and, after much labor, at last fitted them into a pretty coherent whole. The note ran, as well as I could make out—

"Dear Miss Christie,—I am so anxious about you that I must write. Is it true that—here there was a piece missing—"an accident, that you are ill, hurt? If you are safe and well, you will pass the park to-morrow, that I may see you and know that you"—another piece missing. "I shall put this on the seat near the pond, where I know you go every evening.
Yours very sincerely,
"LAURENCE READE."

It was dated "Wednesday," and this was Thursday afternoon; so that it was this morning's walk that he had meant. Oh if I had only come out here last night and found the letter! I would go past the park to-morrow; but perhaps it would be too late, and he would not expect me then—he would think I was too ill to come out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Astor Became Rich.

A late writer, speaking of the late John Jacob Astor, thus speaks of the mode by which he acquired his great wealth: "It was neither furs nor teas that gave him his \$20,000,000. When he arrived in New York it contained only 25,000 inhabitants. In 1809, when he began to have money to invest, the city had begun to double in population, and had advanced nearly a mile up the island. Astor foresaw the future growth, and bought all the land, and lots just beyond, on the verge of the city, that he could get. One little anecdote will show the wisdom of this proceeding. He sold a lot in the vicinity of Wall street, in 1810, for \$8,000, which was supposed to be somewhat under its value. The purchaser, after the papers were signed, seemed to chuckle over his bargain. 'Why, Mr. Astor, said he, 'this lot will be worth \$12,000.' 'Very true,' said Mr. Astor, 'but now you shall see what I will do with this money. With eight thousand dollars I will buy eighty lots above Canal street. By the time your lot is worth \$12,000 my eighty lots will be worth \$80,000—which proved to be the fact. In the course of time the island was dotted all over with Astor lands, to such an extent that the whole income from his estate for fifty years could be invested in new houses, without buying any more land."

Earthquake Phenomena.

The causes of earthquakes have long been the subject of many conjectures. The numerous investigations of later years have contributed much to define their characters; and several data recently acquired tend further to make their mechanism clear. It is known that the shocks are by no means distributed at hap-hazard over the surface of the globe. The countries where the strata have preserved their original horizontal position, like the north of France, a part of Belgium, and the west of Russia, are privileged with tranquillity. Violent commotions are manifested, particularly in regions that have suffered considerable mechanical accidents, and have acquired their last relief at a recent epoch, like the region of the Alps, Italy, and Sicily.

The tracts that are simultaneously disturbed by the same shock most frequently comprise areas of from 5 to 15 degrees, or from 300 to 1,500 kilometers. They rarely include a much more considerable fraction of the globe; although the celebrated catastrophe at Lisbon on the 1st of November, 1755, extended over some 17 or 18 degrees into Africa and the two Americas, or over a surface equal to about four times that of Europe.

The detailed examination of many earthquakes has enabled us to determine the centre of the shocks as well as the contours of the disturbed areas. From the manner in which the latter surfaces agree with the lines of pre-existing dislocations, several of the most distinguished geologists, including Mr. Dana, M. Suess, and Albert Heim, have considered the shocks in question as connected with the formation of chains of mountains, of which they may be a kind of continuation.

In fact the crust of the earth everywhere shows the enormous effects exercised by the lateral pressures that have been in operation at all epochs. The strata, bent over and over again many times through thousands of metres of thickness, as well as the great fractures that traverse them, are the eloquent witnesses of these mechanical actions. Notwithstanding the apparent tranquillity now reigning on the surface of the globe, equilibrium does not exist in the earth, and commotions have not been arrested in its depths. The proof of this is found, not only in earthquakes, but also in the slow movements of the soil, of elevation and depression—a kind of warping, which has continued to manifest itself within historical times in all parts of the globe.—*Popular Science Monthly for February.*

A Sketch in the Congo.

The chief here, at this village of Embe, had a most unusual crop of hair. The Bayansi are indeed remarkable for the abundance and glossiness of their "chevelure." In the next village (the eastern bank of the river has become a continuous series of hamlets) I saw a woman with an even more magnificent head of hair. Her locks were combed out in a sort of "aureole" round her well-shaped head. The race of the Bayansi, and indeed all other highly-developed types of Bantu peoples, remind me so much, with their high-bridged noses and bushy hair, of the Papuans, as one may judge of them from the descriptions and photographs of Wallace and other travellers. The banks on the Congo are here, and for some distance further back, strewn with great masses of rock, seemingly of igneous origin. Interspersed among these craggy blocks are patches of silvery sand, and the natives run along the banks, jumping from rock to rock to try and keep up with the boat. Some of them, generally women carrying babies, will get far ahead and station themselves on some little promontory, thence hailing our approach with deafening screams and laughter. The villages are very prettily situated amid majestic groves of oil palms and bright-green bananas, with a background of deep purple forest. The neatly-made houses, often quite yellow in color from the sun-burnt grass of which they are constructed, overhang the river on the edge of a slight plateau, and form a pretty contrast against the dark green vegetation. Numbers of gray parrots are here, and they seem to rather seek than avoid the society of man, for in every village they flock to the oil-palms, where they squawk and whistle all day long.

Now the Congo begins to open out into truly splendid breadth. Right before us is a clear horizon of water and sky broken only by one wooded islet that stands right in the middle of the stream. The river is as

broad as broader here than Stanley Pool at its greatest breadth. A traveller viewing the Congo from this direction, and knowing nothing of what was before him, might well believe he was entering upon some great lake or inland sea.

The Reminiscences of a War Correspondent.

I have seen Napoleon III. at the pinnacle of his hollow splendor. From the German piquet line on the 2nd August, 1870, I heard the distant cheering on the Spicherenberg that greeted him and the lad whom he had brought from Metz to receive that day his "baptism of fire." Again I saw him on the morning after Sedan, as the broken man—broken in power, in prestige, in health, in spirits—sat with Bismarck on the grass plot in front of the weaver's cottage on the Donchery road. Next morning I witnessed his departure into his Wilhelmshöhe captivity. I have seen him doddling about Brighton and strolling under the beech trees that encircle Chislehurst Common. And for the last time of all I saw that stolid, careworn face, as it lay on the raised pillow of the bier in the broad corridor of Camden Place; and when the face was no more visible I witnessed the coffin laid down in the little chapel among the Chislehurst elm trees. I knew the boy of the Empire when the shackles of the Empire had fallen from his limbs, and he was no longer a buxram creature, but a lively, natural lad. My acquaintance endured into his manhood. When the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt of Zululand, and his day's work in the staff tent was done, he liked, as it seemed to me, to gossip with one who knew the other side of the picture, about the early days of the French-German war—a war that had wrought at once his ruin and his emancipation. And finally, poor, gallant lad! I saw dimly through tears the very last of him, as he lay there dead on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi River, with a calm, proud smile on his face, and his body pierced by countless assegai stabs. Men have called his death ignoble. Petty as was the quarrel, wretched as was the desertion that wrought his fate, I call him rather happy in the opportunity of his death. Had he lived what or artificiality, what of hollow unnaturality, might there not have been in store for him! As it was, he had moved in the world a live ghost. Better than this, surely, to be a dead hero—to end the Napoleonic seriocomic with his young face gallantly to his assailants, and his life-blood drawn by the cold steel!—*Archibald Forbes, in the English Illustrated Magazine.*

New Chinese War Ships.

A Berlin telegram to the London Times says: Another ironclad corvette, built for the Chinese government, has not been launched at Kiel, though with less pomp and circumstance than attended the baptism of its sister vessels at Stettin. The new war ship, which is the second of the kind that has been built at Kiel (three, I think, have been constructed at Stettin), rejoices in the name of the Nan Shuin, or "Blessing of the South," as its twin sister from the same stocks is called the Nan Thin, or "Ornament of the South." Its water-line length is 77 meters (total ditto being 84), its greatest breadth 11.5 meters, depth of hold 7.125, displacement 2,200 tons, and draught 5.5 meters.

The ship in all its parts has been made of German steel, according to the rules of the German Lloyd's, rigged as a bark, and armed with two Armstrong guns of 21 centimeter, and eight of 12 centimeter calibre. It is also provided with several mitrailleuses to ward off torpedo-boats, while on deck it carries eight boats, including one torpedo-boat and two launches driven by two horizontal compound engines. It has an indicated horse-power of 2,400, and is expected to make from 14 to 16 knots. Both the Blessing and the Ornament of the South must be completely ready by the middle of March, though what is to be done with them and their Stettin sisters, after that heaven only knows. By some it is shrewdly suspected that in the matter of ironclads the Chinese government is like the hale old lady who had an insuperable weakness for bargains of all kinds, and could not resist the purchase of a wooden leg if she got it cheap.

Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose.

Music and the Drama.

"Marina."

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The question sceptically asked by Nathaniel of old, has been repeated through all the ages since, in various shapes and disguises, and, like the other scriptural saying, that "a prophet is without honor in his own country," has passed into a proverb. It is to the truth hidden in the above well known passages that we must attribute the utter indifference exhibited on the part of our citizens to the first production here of the first really Canadian operatic work. Had it been some sensational American, drama—some spectacular leg show—or some trashy melo-drama of English low life, no doubt our people would have turned out in their hundreds for a week. But it was a mere Canadian attempt, not worth bothering about; and so they did not even take Philip's advice to Nathaniel, "Come and see." Had they done so they would have found that it is quite possible for a Canadian author to possess a share at least of the talent which they seem to think belongs of right to English and American writers. Even with all the disadvantages attendant upon a first production by an amateur company, it was easily seen that, "Marina, the Fisherman's Daughter," with all its faults and shortcomings, possessed not a few of the elements of success. The music, while not boasting of much originality, is bright, pleasing and "catchy." Some of the numbers—for example the "Grenadiers' Chorus," "See the Dawn," and "Spreading the Net," bid fair to become especially popular. The libretto will require much revision. It wants brightening up, and "boiling down," but even in its present state, in the hands of a professional company, it could be made a success. In the hands of an amateur company it lacked the "go" and spirit which a professional company would have imparted to it. Nevertheless it must be said the company, all things considered, did very well, and whatever success was attained was certainly due to Mrs. Obernier, who certainly worked hard, and under very distressing circumstances, to secure its success. Being an amateur company, however, it would be scarcely fair to criticise.

"The Devil's Auction" is "The Black Crook with a difference. There is the same story—old as the world itself—of the fight for supremacy between good and evil, with the final triumph of the former. The literary part of the work is about as feeble and trashy as could be expected, but the scenery, the costuming, the mechanical effects and transformations are, in many ways, superior to anything of the kind yet produced here. All spectacular pieces, however, are more or less alike, and there is no special need for an extended notice of the present production. The large cast of characters are all in good hands. Messrs. Maffitt and Bartholomew are especially clever, and one or two of the others are deserving of more than a mere word of praise. As regards the ballet, with the exception of the Peacock dance, there is nothing either very new or striking about it. The *premieres* are, however, excellent, and will bear com-

parison with any others that have visited Toronto. Taken altogether "The Devil's Auction" is one of the finest spectacular pieces placed on the Toronto stage.

Gilbert & Sullivan's latest production, the "Princess Ida," which Mr. Gilbert calls "a respectful perversion of Tennyson's Princess," was brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y., Monday last. The piece had been thoroughly prepared and every attention given to costume and decoration to insure a complete representation. Miss Cora Tanner made her first appearance as a vocalist, having heretofore been known to the stage only as an actress. Miss Eily Coughlan, Miss Mary Beebe, and Messrs. Broccolini, Ryley, Rising, and others well known to English operatic stage were in the case. The *Sun* says:—"Every where the work is full of reminiscences. Very few composers are able to free themselves from mannerisms. This is notably the case with Sullivan. His share in the work seems to be the effort of a man whose vein of melody of the kind called for by Gilbert's jingling rhymes is well nigh exhausted, but whose skill as a musician comes to his rescue and enables him by skillful harmonic treatment and carefully constructed concerted music to make up for the lack of freshness in the melodies. The opera is strewn with the happiest efforts in this direction, trios, quartettes, quintettes, and choruses all in Sullivan's best manner, while great attention has been given to the orchestra, in which some of the most enjoyable parts of the opera are to be found. On the whole, there is quite enough in the work to make it go. It will never have the vogue that some of its predecessors have enjoyed, but every one who has a fancy for the kind of opera that Gilbert and Sullivan have devised should go to hear this, and no one can fail to find pleasure and entertainment in it. It will not create a sensation, but it will certainly claim a large share of public attention and commendation.

In view of the calamity which has befallen Cincinnati, Col. Mapleson has decided to postpone the opera season which was to begin there on Monday, and his entire company will remain in Chicago this week. At the suggestion of Mesdames Patti and Gerster, he will give a special performance in aid of the sufferers by the flood.

Our readers need scarcely be reminded that the Irving engagement commences on Thursday next, the 21st. Following is the *repertoire*:—Thursday—the Bells, and the Belle's Stratagem; Friday—the Merchant of Venice; Saturday matinee—Charles I.; Saturday night—Louis XI, in three acts, and Belle's Stratagem.

The ten or fifteen thousand theatre-goers who have gone wild over Clara Morris' acting in St. Paul and Minneapolis during the past ten days are probably not aware that this great "American" actress is a Canadian. Such is the case, however. Clara is a Toronto girl.

Dion Boucicault, the famous author-actor, will appear at the Grand Opera House next Monday, for three nights, in his own impersonation of his own creation *The Shaughraun*.

Nat. C. Goodwin will appear at the Fourteenth Street Theatre N. Y., on Feb. 25, in a new farcical comedy entitled "Warranted."

When one leaves truth and honor he leaves genuine success.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.

Twelve million clocks were manufactured last year in the United States.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.

They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

THE VAGABIES OF FASHION.

Curious Origin of Some Styles in Vogue Among Men

One of the most amusing inconsistencies of fashion may be seen every day on men's feet. It would be considered the height of vulgarity at present for a gentleman to present himself in a parlor or ball room with his boots drawn outside of his trousers. Indeed, the line between eastern refinement and backwoods coarseness is no better drawn than by the wearing of this one article of dress. Notwithstanding this, it was for many years the only way to wear the articles in question; even those leaders of the mode, Brummell and the fourth George, wearing their top-boots, or "Hessians," as they were sometime called, in this manner. It was not until the duke of Wellington, while fighting Napoleon's armies in Spain, discovering that the fancy and tasseled tops of his men's boots had become soiled and worn by the rough roads, ordered them to draw their trousers over them, and the present style of boot, at first called "Wellingtons," after their illustrious inventor, were worn. Being made to wear under the trousers, the size of the leg was reduced, the tassels left off, and the turning over of the tops was no longer practicable. A relic of the latter, however, remains in the insertion of a bit of colored morocco in the front of most boots at the present day.

The adoption of different styles of wide-awake hats in this country on the arrival of Kossuth is remembered by many readers. His advent also restored the beard to favor, Anglo-Saxons for one hundred years having seemingly forgotten that it was neither necessary nor wise to undergo a daily scraping.

The "sans culottes" (without breeches), so called in derision, were thus designated because of their wearing the newly-adopted pantaloons (not trousers) and making other important changes in dress, such as discarding hair-powder, long coats, boots, and shoe-buckles, etc., of the court party. A degree of simplicity in dress carried to ridiculous extremes was inaugurated at the beginning of the "reign of terror," but the good effect is felt to this day. During the last century boys dressed nearly like men, and the "pantaloons," a straight, stove-pipe shaped garment, was first tried on their limbs. These gave way in time to the "trousers," now in use, misnamed "pants" by us, and it would seem that fashion in this garment, as in many others, is going to repeat itself, as for some years past our small boys have indulged in knickerbockers, a sort of knee-breeches, and many persons advocate a return to them for grown people. It is not at all improbable that ere another decade the dude will be as proud of his well-padded calves as the macaroni of 1776, or the dandy of a few years ago was of his "springtop pants" and patent-leather boots.—*Boston Globe*.

A Yankee Skipper in China.

We left Hong Kong by one of the huge American paddle boats which ply night and morning between the English fortress and the Chinese city of Canton. The steamer, built in Glasgow, was constructed on the American river pattern, and seemed to be made of cardboard, rather than of wood. Its captain, a Yankee, assured me she was so light he thought she could go over land in a shower of rain. She certainly drew very little water indeed.

As we prepared to start at evening, a thick fog came on, so dense that only a part of the vessel could be seen at a time. I thought this would induce our skipper to stay awhile, for I knew the river was full of boats, barges and junks; but I did not then know the gentleman. He, sitting astride a rail, smoking a huge cigar, was swinging his legs backwards and forwards, and spitting across the deck, when I, having deposited my bag in the cabin, went to ask him if he thought we should

start that evening. "Guess so," was the prompt reply. "But the fog is very dense," I replied. "Yes, but that don't amount to much," said he, "we shall let her rip," and his looks quite bore out this assertion.

There were at the moment hundreds of Chinamen coming aboard. As they did so, two clerks pounced down upon them for money. Most could pay, others could not; but where a man was short of cash, he quietly gave up his bedding, or his coat and shoes, in consideration for his voyage, to be either redeemed eventually or sold, as the case might be. The cash went into a box, the clothes or bedding, made up into neat bundles, duly docketed and entered, being carried away. There was no noise, every transaction went on quietly; the giving up of wearing apparel as far as was evidently the most ordinary circumstance; when a man objected, he was, to use the Yankee skipper's parlance, "fired out;" that is, set ashore. By seven o'clock the last Celestial was aboard, and we were moving off in the fog. Darkness of night, added to the dense mist, made the track appear impenetrable to my unaccustomed eyes, but the two Chinamen who held the wheel, and who I was told were very experienced pilots, were evidently quite at home.

In vain I tried to descry the shore of the river, or see any object twenty feet ahead—on went the steamer; the American was "letting her rip," as he said, and we were evidently on the right track. Twice I felt the craft bump against something, but no shade of surprise ever crossed the faces of the imperturbable Celestials at the wheel. They had their orders—like Mark Twain's cabmen, who once drove Horace Greely—and they swerved for nothing. And these were "only Chinamen," whom Europeans choose to look down upon. I question whether any Englishman could have found his way through that fog. At length, after four hours, the cloud lifted and we could see our way. The flat uninteresting country stood out clearly in the moonlight, and we flew by at a great speed. Now and then a junk or a boat would get in our way, but they had to get out of it as best they could; our pilots were not inclined for trifling, and we moved straight on. We could hear the occupants of the junks saying something which did not sound like compliments, but that did not matter; their good wishes affected neither our captain nor his crew—the steamer stopped for nothing.—*Canton Letter in London Telegraph*.

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.

I consider that man to be undone who is insensible to shame.

The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

We have already given away nearly \$1,500 worth of prizes in these Bible rewards. Those offered in another column will increase the amount to over \$2,000. Try for that Silver Tea Service or some of those Gold or Silver Watches or Books.

DURING FEBRUARY

WE WILL SELL OUR
White Dress Shirts

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

No. 21 75c for	60c.
" 22 1.00 for	75c.
" 23 1.25 for	1.00
" 24 1.50 for	1.25
" 25 1.75 for	1.50
" 26 2.00 for	1.75

Come and get bargains.
Stock must be cleared.



G. ROGERS,

348 Yonge Street, cor. Elm.

Our Young Folks.

Little Ocean Travellers.

"Come here a moment," said Inspector Eichler of Castle Garden to a New York reporter recently.

The reporter followed, and Mr. Eichler held up a little German boy about two years old.

"This is the youngest chap I have ever seen who came across alone. It is a common thing for parents to come to this country and go West, and then, after they make a little home for themselves, to send home for their children. There was a German and his wife who came over about five years ago. A friend of mine in Europe told them to find me, and I would set them right. Well, when they came here they told me they had left three little children behind with their grandparents, and wanted to know if I would look out for them on their arrival. I promised. A year later, a little fellow about five years old came up to me, gave me his name, and said his parents had told him to look out for me.

"Where are your brothers? I asked.

"My father could not afford to send for us all at once, so we will come by one."

"Two years and a half after the arrival of the parents the whole family were united, and it seemed strange to me to see these little fellows going alone so confidently to meet their father. The father is now mayor of one of our Western towns."

"What is the average age of the little ones who come alone?"

"Well, about six years, although we have quite a number coming here alone who are between three and four, but this little fellow"—referring to the boy he first drew the reporter's attention to—"is the youngest I have ever seen. It would be better for the children to come unaccompanied, for the sea companies are tender-hearted. When they find children on board they take them into their own cabins, and give them the best to eat and drink. A curly-headed little girl came from Sweden, and she had one of those little flutes which she used to play on board for the amusement of the passengers. There happened to be a lot of opera singers on board, and the child amused them so much that they gave a concert for her benefit the night before they arrived here, and the little girl found herself the happy possessor of one hundred and twelve dollars."

"What class of people generally allow their children to come alone?"

"The German, Irish, and English generally."

The little fellow, whom the inspector had been holding by the hand during this colloquy, now began to cry for his dinner, and the kind-hearted man started for a restaurant.

Spiders.

It is no uncommon thing to meet with instances of animal sagacity which go to show that animals are possessed of a sort of reasoning capacity which is greater than mere instinct. In a recent publication there is cited an instance of this kind. A small spider had been placed in the centre of a large spider's web some four feet above the ground. The large spider rushed from its hiding place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured to the foliage.

The big insect gained rapidly upon the little one; but the fugitive was equal to the emergency, for when barely an inch ahead of the other it cut with one of its hind legs the line behind itself, thus securing its own escape, the ferocious pursuer falling to the ground. The writer says: "It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending to avoid threatened danger. As a rule spiders do not run from danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied." From which it would seem that this little creature's action was the result of some kind of reasoning. Instinct led it to run away, but it must have been something more than instinct that led it to sever the line and cut off pursuit. The same writer says that spiders are cannibals, and that they are naturally pugnacious; but they do not fight for the satisfaction of eating one another. If two spiders fight there is generally good reason for the attack and for the vigorous defense that follows.

"It is not generally known that after a

certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web from lack of material. The glutinous excretion the slender threads are spun from is not inexhaustible, therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web-producing powers of their younger neighbors, and this they do without scruple. When a spider's web-constructing material has become exhausted and its last web has been destroyed, it sets out in search of another home; and unless it should chance to find one that is tenantless, a battle usually ensues which ends only with the retreat or death of the invader or defender."

History of the Alphabet.

How many of the millions that daily use the alphabet ever stop to think of its origin and long history? Isaac Taylor has recently written and published, in London, two stout volumes under the title "The Alphabet, an Account of the Origin and Development of Letters." By careful study of the learned essays and scientific investigations of the latest philologists, Taylor has set forth in language within easy comprehension the origin of the alphabet, showing that our own "Roman" letters may be followed back to their very beginning, some twenty or more centuries ago, as he asserts. We have no better letters, according to the account, than those of the fifteenth century. These were imitated from the beautiful manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the lettering of these being derived from the Roman of the Augustan age. The Roman letters, in turn, are traced to those employed at Rome in the third century B. C., and these do not differ greatly from forms used in the earliest existing specimens of Latin writing, dating from the fifth century B. C. This primitive alphabet of Rome was derived from a local form of the Greek alphabet, in use about the sixth century B. C., and that was a variety of the earliest Greek alphabet belonging to the eighth, or even the ninth century B. C. The Greeks got their letters from the Phoenicians, and these are clearly traceable in the most ancient-known form of the Semitic. The most ancient of books, a papyrus found at Thebes, and now preserved in the French National Library, supplies the earliest forms of the letters used in the Semitic alphabet. The Stone Tables of the Law could have been possible to the Jews only because of their possession of an alphabet, and thus the Bible and modern philological science unite in ascribing a common origin to the alphabet which is in daily use throughout the world. The nineteenth century B. C. is held by Taylor to be the approximate date of the origin of alphabetic writing, and from that time it grew by slow degrees, while from Egypt, the home of the Jews during their long captivity, the knowledge of the alphabet was carried in all directions where alphabets are now found. The Aryans are thought to have been the first to bring the primitive alphabet to perfection, and each letter and each sound may be traced, by Taylor's careful analysis, through all the changes that have marked the growth, progress, and, in some instances, the decay of different letters of various alphabets. It is an interesting fact that the oldest known "A B C" in existence is a child's alphabet, scratched on a little ink bottle of black ware, found in one of the oldest Greek settlements in Italy, attributed to the fifth century B. C. From the common mother of many alphabets, the Phoenician, are descended the Greek and other European systems on the one side, including that which we use and have the greatest interest in; and on the other, the alphabets of Asia, from which have sprung those of the East, Syriac, Arabic, and Hebrew.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

President Arthur is fifty four years old weighs two hundred and thirty pounds, and is six feet tall.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, is said to receive \$20,000 a year salary, besides a house rent free and \$5,000 for a weekly article from Robert Bonner.

A gentleman who observed Johnnie carefully taking the census of a company assembled in the parlor awaiting a call to supper inquired: "What is the matter Johnnie?" "Why," returned the urchin, with a troubled air, "here's nirs of us, counting me, and mamma has gone and cut the two pies into quarters, and that only makes eight pieces."

Escaped from El Obeid.

An eye-witness of the defeat of Hicks Pasha who has escaped from El Obeid gives the following account of the great disaster, the most complete hitherto obtained: "On leaving Dnem for Obeid we came across the rebels, and had several skirmishes with them. Our losses were confined to a few Bashi-Bazouks and Soudanese irregulars. On arriving at Rahad, where we found a lake, we took a supply of water, and afterward marched on to Alouba. There we spent the night. We had met numerous detachments of rebels on the road, but we easily put them to flight. The next day we continued our march, taking with us the necessary quantity of water. We took three hours to cross the forest. We were subsequently surprised by a strong force of the enemy, our advance was checked, and the square was formed. We fought the whole day long, and finally compelled the rebels to retreat. We spent the night on the scene of action.

"The following day we set out again. Our supply of water was soon exhausted. The enemy surrounded us in large numbers, and after several engagements, with heavy losses on both sides, the rebels were defeated, and we again remained the night on the scene of the day's fighting.

"On the following day the army marched on Kashgil, and, after we had been four hours on the road, the enemy attacked us with a terrible fusillade. We suffered badly from thirst, but nevertheless kept our ground the whole day. Next day, the fighting having ceased, we advanced toward the wells. About half an hour after we had started, the rebels, who were hidden in the forest, surrounded the army on all sides and opened fire. We made a lively reply, but toward midday the rebels made a general charge, and the Egyptian army was annihilated, with the exception of two hundred Egyptian soldiers and a few negro servants, who were only wounded. Abd-el-Rhaman, a merchant of Khartoum, was recognized by his relatives who saved him. He was wounded in the eye. He is now at Obeid, where he is known as Sheik Abd-el-Rhaman. He has been appointed chief of a detachment. I was picked up wounded and sent to Birkeh. There I found the mehdi and remained a fortnight. The mehdi then left for Obeid, with all his followers. They took me with them, and I stayed at Obeid until I found means of escaping with several merchants. I came at once to Khartoum. The prisoners at Obeid enjoy certain freedom, but may not leave the town. They would be shot if they tried to get away. The merchants I came with remained at Kazine."

The same individual stated, in the course of conversation, that the mehdi had sent an expedition to Darfur. He met on his way a number of Bedonias marching with their banners on Kordofan. He says the mehdi has numerous Bedouin followers, belonging to all the different tribes.

The Vanity of Pedigrees.

I have seldom read anything more utterly silly than the letters which have recently appeared in several journals, in which it is announced, as "a great fact," that this and that distinguished person can claim a royal descent. The merest tyro in genealogical knowledge that there is no sort of special credit in a descent "from the Plantagenets." You have only to bring your candidate into a tolerable "strain" of blood and you are perfectly certain to carry him up to Edward I., Edward III., or Henry III., who are the great fountains of honor. The "descendants of the Plantagenets" are numbered by hundreds of thousands, and people who pretend that such a pedigree is something to be proud of are either quacks or idiots. A late sexton at a fashionable West end church traced his descent to Edward III., while a small butcher in a country town could show a pedigree from Edward of Woodstock, son of Edward I.; and a well-keeper in the same neighborhood traced from Thomas, duke of Gloucester. The last of the great Northumberland family of the Umfravilles, of Prudhoe kept a small chandler's shop at Newcastle, and the lineal descendant of the O'Neills, kings of Ireland, was a coffin-maker in Dublin.

There is quite a craze just now for fantastical peculiarities of this description. People who pretend to marvelous pedigrees should remember the story of the French duke of Levis, who used to show an old painting

which represented one of his ancestors, a prince of Judah, bowing to the Virgin Mary, who says: "Convez-vous, mon cousin." The family of Crocy possessed a not less absurd picture, which showed Noah entering the ark, and exclaiming, "Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Crocy!"

NOT PARTED BY DEATH

A Scene at the Wreck of the "Columbus."

Among the confused mass who were struggling and screaming were noticed a middle-aged man and his wife. Their conduct was in marked contrast with that of the other passengers. The panic which had seized the others was not shared by them, but their blanched faces told that they realized the peril which surrounded them. The only movement of muscles or nerves was that produced by the chilling atmosphere. They stood close together, their hands clasped in each other, as if about to commit suicide together, and thus fulfil the marital vow of standing by each other in the varying tide of life's fortunes and misfortunes. As the wreck careened with the gale from one side to the other, and while the spray and waves were drenching them at every moment, the husband turned and imprinted a kiss upon the companion of his life, and while thus embraced a heavy sea broke over the wreck and both were washed away and not seen afterward. Mr. Cook says the scene was one which will remain indelibly impressed upon his memory until his dying day.

The Editor's Trousers.

An editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night, the tailor's shop was closed, and the editor took the trousers to his wife and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner had, perhaps, disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But before bedtime the wife, relenting, took the pants and, cutting off six inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later her daughter, taken with compunction for the unfilial conduct, took the trousers and, cutting off six inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she too performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday the family thought a Highland chieftain had arrived.—*The Century.*

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A Reverie.

BY DR. MULVANY.

Is't dusk or is it day
In your bower, love, far away
Day or dusk within your bower,
It is love's most longed-for hour,
Love that, free or fetter'd, still
Bids his time nor wants his will.

In that bower what should love see,
Were his fiery wings but free?
What intensest joy or pain,
Could his heart know once again,
Might one wild hour once fulfill
Love's unfeather'd utmost will?

Love, what sense of sight or sound
Should that place of trust surround?
Only the soft lamp-light's gleam
Of the world shut in our room,
And your voice blest with the free
Far susurrus of the sea!

In that hour, love, would you share
Love's reward, were love but there?
And nor scorn nor shrink to give
All for which he cares to live,
And be his who comes to thee
Far-abiding by the sea!

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED.)

"What did you do then?"

"I shouted with all my might as soon as I could get my voice back. All the servants came in, and we sent for a doctor and her ladyship. The doctor came at once, but her ladyship was not to be found."

John Hicks was followed by Celeste Dubois, Lady de Gretton's maid, a quick, bright-eyed Frenchwoman, who, in a very different fashion, told substantially the same story of the over-night dispute and the morning horror.

"I went to call milady," she cried, with a dramatic uplifting of her hands, "to break to her the sorrowful and dreadful news, and she was not there; she had fled, her bed unslept in, her dress untouched, for she would not allow me to attend her at night. She had gone, like a madwoman, out into the world."

Mademoiselle Celeste's evidence produced a profound sensation, and left little doubt in the minds of the listeners that the flight had not been the only mad act laid to Nora de Gretton's charge that night. Link by link the chain of evidence convicting her was being forged in her absence. It would be hard indeed to find a weak place in it presently.

The doctor, who was not a little flustered by the unusual importance attaching to his words, merely deposed that he was called between seven and eight a. m. to Cliff Cottage, and found Lord de Gretton, who had been dead five or six hours. He was stabbed under the left shoulder, and the blow had penetrated the heart. It must have been dealt with considerable force, but—in answer to a timidly-put question—not perhaps with more strength than an abnormally-excited woman could command. The weapon used was long, keen, and narrow; there was no trace of such a weapon in the room. He was of opinion that at the moment the blow was struck, or immediately after, Lord de Gretton had inhaled chloroform, as a strong odor still lingered in the room and about the dead man.

At this point of the proceedings the Coroner thought it better to adjourn the inquiry for the production of further evidence, and, if possible, for the discovery of the missing bride.

So matters stood when, for the second time in three days, Arthur Beaupre arrived at Stoke Vernon, and took up his quarters at the village inn. As yet his name had not appeared in the case; no local detective, it seemed, had discovered that there had been a third person present at that momentous beach meeting that had brought jarring discord to mar the music of the honeymoon. He felt that it would have been wiser and better to keep away, but a fatal fascination drew him to the spot in which the death-blow to his happiness had been dealt, and kept him chained there from hour to hour, helplessly waiting for the news he longed and yet dread-

ed to hear—the news that Nora was found.

But the news lingered strangely. It was easy enough to bring the crime home to the unhappy maddened girl, who by her flight indeed had made a virtual confession of her guilt; but it was terribly hard to find her, though the keenest detectives in England were soon in search of her and descriptive handbills appeared on every wall.

It should have been so easy, such mere child's play, to track the maddened fugitive, who must surely have borne about her some traces of her terrible deed. The detectives were indignant with and ashamed of their own failure; the newspapers ironically congratulated them on their customary display of perspicuity and skill; but a failure it still remained, even after the Coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "Wilful murder," and the Government had given a fresh spur to zeal by the offer of a large reward.

Perhaps the verdict would have been a little longer in coming, a little more hesitating in tone, but for the arrival of a new witness, whose clear straightforward evidence destroyed the last element of improbability in the case, and gave a strong reason for Lord de Gretton's displeasure, a distinct motive for Nora's crime.

The new witness was Cristino Singleton—the only member of Lady de Gretton's family, it was explained, who was able to give evidence, Captain Bruce being paralyzed, and Mrs. Bruce suffering, on the testimony of a medical certificate, from extreme weakness and nervous exhaustion.

Cristino was always pale, but she looked whiter than ever in the deep black dress she had assumed for the occasion. She stood quite calm and composed, conscious of the intent and curious scrutiny of which she was the object, but in no way disturbed by it. Many were there who knew her, and, guessing instinctively at the jealousy that had embittered her step-sister's life, wondered that she could so well control the remorseful anguish of which no doubt she was the prey. Remorse! If he could but have known what a tempest of passion surged beneath that calm exterior, the hardest person present would have shrunk in horror from the fair, delicate-looking girl so genuinely pitied now. Anguish she felt indeed; but it was for her own crushed hopes and wounded pride; in her savage exultation there was nothing that savoured of remorse.

Once—how long ago!—when first she learned how terribly fate had helped her plans, how far vengeance had outstripped her thoughts, she had felt remorse indeed, and would at almost any sacrifice have undone her cruel work. But Arthur Beaupre's scorn had frozen the better impulse in the moment of its birth and awakened the old resentless jealousy that would hardly slumber again.

Clearly, coolly, and succinctly Miss Singleton's evidence was given, and every word told with deadly effect against the absent Nora.

Lady de Gretton had never loved her husband—it had been a marriage of convenience only. She had been engaged to a young man who was supposed to have been killed in the Zulu war, and grief for him had completely changed her nature. The young man however was not dead, and Lady de Gretton unhappily learned the fact on her wedding-day.

A quick murmur of surprise, mingled with pity, passed through the room; the motive, hitherto a little uncertain, was growing terribly clear.

Did she learn this fact before or after the wedding ceremony?

Cristino raised her clear eyes, and met the Coroner's gaze fully, as she answered, with mournful decision—

"After, certainly, or the wedding would never have taken place; she was devoutly attached to Mr. Beaupre, and—"

"Keep to the point, if you please," the lawyer interposed a little sharply. "Are you sure she did know it at all?"

"I gave her Mr. Beaupre's letter with my own hands. I know that Mr. Beaupre followed her down here, and that Lord de Gretton found them together on the beach."

The last words, as evidence, were wholly inadmissible, of course; but they told as nothing spoken in that room had told yet; and, looking at Arthur Beaupre's ghastly face—the point on which her eyes had rested through the whole speech—Cristino felt that her vengeance was at last complete. For him to stand up and speak the words that would rob the girl he had loved so loyally of her last desperate hope would be a martyrdom indeed.

"Now he is sorry he flung back my penitence and refused his pardon!" she thought, with cruel exultation. "He should have remembered that Nora had something still to lose, and what a woman scorned could do. I wonder what he thinks of me now!"

The speculation was a wasted one. She had no place in Arthur Beaupre's thoughts, which were wholly absorbed in the task before him. Strong man as he was, he felt a sudden deadly faintness steal over him, felt his eyes grow dim and misty, and for a moment feared that he was about to swoon. How should he speak of Nora to these men, how tell the love and terror that possessed him? Why had he not put the width of the earth between him and the possibility of such a cruel task? Could he escape even now? Alas, no! Even as he asked himself the question, he heard Cristino's clear cold voice answering it and the query addressed to her simultaneously—

"Mr. Beaupre told me. Mr. Beaupre is now present."

And the slender black-gloved finger pointed with vengeful purpose to the remote corner in which Arthur sat. He had no choice now but to perform the one duty laid upon him, to tell the story which had served to convict the girl he loved so dearly in his eyes, and which must needs, he thought, tell terribly against her in those of others.

All eyes rested eagerly on the pale handsome face, all ears were strained to catch the low-toned words in which this, the hero of the romance, told the painful story of his meeting with his lost love.

He had met Lady de Gretton by accident, and knowing nothing of her marriage. Lord de Gretton had interrupted the meeting, and had naturally seemed displeased that it should have taken place. There had been no quarrel—this with an earnest emphasis and evident sincerity. They had parted with the understanding that the farewell was final. Mr. Beaupre had returned at once to town, and only learned that Lord de Gretton was dead from the evening newspapers.

No one doubted the truth of the young man's story; all pitied the pain with which it was strung forth; but none the less did it do the work Cristino Singleton intended it to do and sweep the last shadow of doubt from the jurors' minds.

"Wilful murder!" The verdict, after all, was but the echo of Arthur Beaupre's own desperate thoughts. Yet the words, linked with Nora's name, seemed to him the most horrible profanation. Nora, his fair gentle love, his innocent betrothed, a murderess! There was something hideously unnatural in the idea. These men did not know her, they could not call to mind a thousand instances of her patience, long-suffering, gentleness, as he could; and yet the thought struck him sharply as a knife-thrust that he too had doubted—no, not doubted—convicted her—in his own mind.

He laughed aloud at the thought—laughed louder still when he saw that his immediate neighbors in the room first stared at him in a half-shocked, half-scared fashion, then, with a remarkable unanimity, made way for him to pass. He paused to thank them, wondering the while in a dazed and misty fashion why his voice sounded so far away and odd,

and why the wrong words came with such singular pertinacity to his lips.

He was faint—that was it; he had not eaten or slept for—how many months and years was it? He could not sleep while this suspense lasted. But now it was all over—now that Nora was dead.

"They have hung her, have they not?" he inquired, with extreme courtesy, of a man who stood beside him in the doorway; but somehow the tone, suave as it was, made the stranger jump.

"You forget, sir," he began quickly; but a look at Arthur Beaupre's face changed his purpose. "Take my arm," he said, with kindly haste. "You look as though you would faint. This has been terribly hard for you, but—"

The sentence died in a dismayed ejaculation, for Arthur Beaupre, with a smothered groan, slipped suddenly to the ground, and lay there like a man struck dead by a sudden blow.

CHAPTER XIII.

Arthur Beaupre closed his eyes upon a summer world, and opened them consciously upon a world whose brighter autumn tints were fading fast.

The small stock of strength he had brought home with him had been recklessly expended in those days of waiting agony; and when the reaction of the strong excitement came, it came in the shape of utter and complete collapse.

For six weeks he lay between life and death, parched by fever, and tortured by fierce pain, but mercifully spared the supreme agony of suspense. When, slowly and painfully, sense came back and memory took up its torturing task, he learned that for the girl he had left in such deadly peril there was nothing more to hope or fear.

Very gently, very pitifully the news was told him, for it was told by his mothers' lips. Mrs. Beaupre summoned from her northern home by the news of her son's sudden and dangerous illness, had come, without loss of time and nursed him night and day with true motherly devotion through the terrible weeks and months that followed, never losing heart, even when hope seemed madness and the doctors gravely warned her that death was hovering near. The shadow presence could not kill the fervent faith that comforted and upheld her. What had been would be again, she thought, as she sat, an erect and watchful figure, through the long night hours, keen-eyed and eagerly alert. Had not this her son been given back to her from the dead already, and would the Power in whom she trusted with a firm unflinching faith work but half a miracle in her behalf?

The doctors shrugged their shoulders over the old Scotchwoman's argument; but she was justified in her faith. The doctors said her son owed his life to her nursing, and thought, and intended her to say, that he owed it to their skill. But, though she thanked them with the gracious sweetness of a true gentlewoman and with a tender tremor in her clear voice, she still held firmly to her faith that Heaven had heard her prayers and given back her son.

He was himself but half thankful for the boon of life; it would have been so easy to drift out with the ebb tide of his own weary weakness. It was cruelly hard to bear again the burden and heat of the day. Life had lost all interest for him.

Mrs. Beaupre read the eager question in the blue eyes that gleamed with a pitiful brightness from the pale haggard face, and answered it in her gentle womanly fashion before her son had time to put it into words.

"My poor boy!" She drew the hot head down upon her shoulder, and smoothed back the soft short brown hair with true mother-touches, tender and soothing. "You have been ill so long, Arthur, that—that there is nothing terrible to face now."

He misinterpreted the words, and a sudden horror dilated and darkened the blue eyes. He tried to free himself from

his mother's clasp as he asked brokenly—

"The—the trial—is it over then?"

Mrs. Beaupre bent her head a little lower, and answered softly—

"There was no trial, dear."

"Why?" The word was but a long-drawn gasp; Arthur held his breath until the answer came.

"Because—oh, my dear, be brave and patient!—the poor unhappy girl—"

"My Nora!" he interrupted fiercely, and with a sort of savage pride. "Have they found her,—has she—confessed?"

Mrs. Beaupre shook her pretty gray head.

"I told you, Arthur, all her pain is past," she said, with grave emphatic tenderness. "Lady de Gretton is dead."

"Ah!" The sharp spasmodic cry thrilled through the mother's heart, making it ache with a keen sympathetic pain. With an abrupt movement, Arthur turned his face to the wall, instinctively hiding the agony on which not even a mother's eyes might look.

He asked no questions, the one great fact for the moment swallowing up all others for him. Nora was dead—no matter how, or where, or when. Never again could the old days come back and bring his bright-eyed sweetheart to greet him with outstretched hand and sunny smile. In the first sharpness of pain he forgot all the intervening anguish, forgot that barriers wider than the grave had come between them. The Nora who died for him in that moment was not the wild-eyed sorrowful woman to whom life was all bitterness and dread, but the innocent light-hearted girl who had placed her little hand within his own and vowed to love and trust him until death bid them part.

A smothered groan broke from the pale lips, and Mrs. Beaupre, who, from her distant corner, had been anxiously awaiting an opportunity to break in upon the grief that she held sacred, now came to the bedside.

"Arthur dearest, it was Heaven's will," she whispered fervently, while the tears ran like rain-drops down the soft wrinkled cheeks, "and even here, even now, we could see that for the poor unhappy girl death was best."

Arthur Beaupre stirred restlessly at the words, they touched a painfully vibrating chord in his memory. He too had seen that death was best. He too had prayed that Nora might be taken away from the shame and agony to come, and now—

The cold drops rose like beads on his forehead; he seized his mother's hand, and the hollow fevered eyes sought her face with a desperate entreaty in their darkened depths.

"Mother, how did she die?"

No softening of the words was possible; they must be spoken, and to speak them briefly was best.

"In the moment of madness and her crime she must have rushed straight down the cliff, and either fallen or thrown herself into the sea. One of her shoes were picked up on the beach, a long strip of her dress had caught on a prickly shrub, and—

and later—"

Mrs. Beaupre broke down at last, and turned her head aside, unable to endure the mute horror of the listener's face. But Arthur broke in impatiently—

"Mother, for pity's sake, do not pause now! Let me know all."

"A week later they found her, Arthur, that is all. She is buried here. Is it not better to think of her so than as she might have been?"

Yes, it was better. Even in the moment of supreme agony Arthur Beaupre found strength and courage to acknowledge that the grave was better than the prison or the madhouse, to one of which the fiat of man must inevitably have consigned her. Heaven had been merciful to his trial and erring love; he would make no impious protest. And yet—

"Oh, Nora!"—the cry of the strong loving heart broke forth irrepressibly— "if I could but have seen you in your self-

fin, and touch your dear dead lips, I could bear the parting better! I should not see you for ever as I see you now, with that cruel madness in your eyes."

Mrs. Beaupre shivered at the words, recalling the terribly altered face of the dead girl, bruised and battered by the cruel tossing waves, swollen out of all resemblance to humanity. Only by the long black hair and the general height was it possible to identify the poor human sea-drift upon which few could bear to look and say that it had once been beautiful Nora.

"That too was best, dear; she was sadly changed," she said gently; and that day, to her great relief, he questioned her no more.

The doctor found his patient less well that night, and warned Mrs. Beaupre rather sternly against exciting conversations, which the poor woman felt herself powerless in the circumstances to prevent.

It needed no higher medical skill than she herself possessed to tell her that the vivid scarlet spots on either thin cheek, and the feverish light that made the blue eyes so dazzlingly and restlessly brilliant were danger-signals—she recognized them only too quickly, and with a sore and sinking heart; but how was the danger to be averted now?

The poor soul passed the night in pitifully earnest prayer, feeling every now and then that the chill shadow of despair was falling over her at last, but with the morning came renewed hope. Arthur fell into a deep sweet sleep with the dawn, and woke at mid-day to meet her anxious glance with a faint shadow of his old bright smile, to clasp her hand with the long thin fingers that looked so strangely white and frail.

"I shall not leave you, mother, I am not such a coward as that," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness which nearly choked the worn-out and overwrought nurse, who, not trusting herself to speak the gratitude that swelled her heart almost to bursting, found practical vent for it in the prompt preparation of a restorative.

From that moment Arthur's progress to recovery, if not very rapid, was steady and sure. He knew the worst now, and all that was manly, and steadfast in the young man's nature woke and armed him against a cowardly despair. Life was barren of hope and empty of joy; but life held duties still. With the sun at noontide, he must not weakly cry for the cool soft airs and deepening shadows of the night. He had still his profession and his mother. Men sorely wounded had bound up their hurts and faced the battle bravely for less things than these. He was up and about, frail and shadowy looking, but still a room-bound invalid no more, before he again adverted to the subject that filled his thoughts, and that hung forever like the sword of Damocles—suspended in the air over poor Mrs. Beaupre's head.

He was sitting in a big chintz-covered easy-chair before the bright little fire, which was acceptable to more than invalids on this sunny but chill autumnal day. A newspaper lay open before him; but his eyes rested on his mother's face, and, had she chanced to look up, she would have known his thoughts by their strange wistfulness.

But, as it chanced, she kept her gaze steadily on the work before her, a piece of fine darning, which she fancied few women of her age could achieve. She felt quite bright and cheerful to-day, and looked as she felt. The morning sunlight fell across the quaint old-fashioned little room, filling it with warmth and homely comfort; the fire crackled merrily in the small polished grate, the pale pretty asters she had arranged in an old china bowl refreshed her lower-living eyes. Over and above all, Arthur had taken his breakfast with something like an appetite, and sat now quietly reading his newspaper. Truly all things were well with her to-day.

"Mother, who followed Nora to the grave?"

Suddenly, in the midst of her cheery visions, the thunderbolt fell, scattering her hopeful fancies right and left, and raising a grim and spectral army in their place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE JEWS IN ROUMANIA.

The Tide of Fanaticism Against Them Increasing in Fury and Barbarity.

With a regularity that would puzzle even the most scientific observer, the tide of fanaticism against the Jews in Roumania sets in with ever-increasing fury and barbarity. Whilst in other countries, where the Jews formally were persecuted, their lines have now fallen in pleasant places, this is not the case in Roumania. The glamour of an unreal civilization appears to have obscured her sight, at the same time that her dealings with the Jews have become more and more disgraceful. Not that we are handed over to ferocious beasts as in the case of the Roman emperors, or sent to the gallows. Our treatment is even in some respects worse; we are living martyrs of unspeakable tyranny.

It is not enough for our enemies that we are debarred from exercising a large number of callings and that public functions are withheld from us. Other means are now taken to keep us down, among them Jew-baiting, which has become a favorite sport. The government, no longer fearing the interference of Europe since the recognition of Roumanian independence by the great powers, make no secret of their action with respect to the Jews, and they now publicly order the expulsion of our coreligionists from villages and towns in virtue of a new law which confers arbitrary powers on the executive. The case of the expulsion of Rabbi Taubes, of Dorohoi, by order of the council of ministers, deserves special notice, as his case forms the starting-point of a long series of contemplated persecutions against the Jews. Some time ago the commissary of the town of Dorohoi, disguising himself as a Russian Jew, demanded admission one night into the house of Rabbi Taubes. The rabbi, who did not suspect that any danger was in store for him, admitted the visitor; but before a word could be spoken on either side he was seized by some gendarmes at the disposal of the commissary, carried out of the house, and dragged into a carriage which stood in readiness a few yards off. The carriage was driven straight toward the Austrian frontier, over which the rabbi was conducted by his captors. For some time no one could understand the motive for this harsh procedure. At length it was discovered that the rabbi had been the victim of a gross misrepresentation, the prefect of the district having denounced him to the ministry as a spy of the Alliance Israelite; hence his transportation across the frontier. Let me add that Rabbi Taubes was born in this country in the town of Targuromos, and that he has occupied for many years the post of rabbi of the community of Dorohoi. His father is at present rabbi at Bettuchani, and his uncle fills a similar post in Jassy. His antecedents, are, therefore, of the best, and as he is neither a vagrant nor introduced himself into this country by fraudulent means, the charge of being a spy is as base a calumny as his expulsion is unwarranted.

Fresh orders have been given that all Jews residing in the rural communes, and engaged as clerks, overseers, farmers and merchants, shall without delay quit those places, and in case of refusal, force is to be employed in order to compel them to comply with this order. Five days' grace is given them to settle their affairs. The motive assigned for these expulsions is that the Jews are addicted to underhand practices, though no proof can be cited in support of this accusation. What an amount of misery, accompanied by its

usual train of evils, awaits many innocent families!

On the frontier, too, the Jews are harassed on entering or leaving this country. Roumania had already met with a sharp rebuke from Russia on this account. Incredible as this may appear, it is none the less true. If a Russian Jew is placed in an unfortunate position of having to make a journey to Roumania, the journey is attended by many difficulties of which he perhaps never dreamt. If he reside in Moscow, Warsaw, or other distant parts of Russia, he is compelled first of all to travel to Odessa, at a large expense of time and money, in order to have his passport vixed by the Roumanian consul general before he can cross the frontier. It is alleged that the policy which inspired this measure is a desire to restrict the entry of Jews into this country, and I must say that if this be so the government partially succeeded, for no sensible Jew would think of entering the country under such circumstances. For a time the Russian authorities retaliated by absolutely refusing to admit any person, irrespective of creed, provided with Roumanian passports. But the bear and the fox have come to an understanding, and the frontier regulations for Russian Jews have remained the same.—*Jassy Cor. London Jewish Chronicle.*

A Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly around him crept; and sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that even a cow-bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cow-hide sole. As he wandered about among the shades that smoke and sear in the lower hades, he slowly observed an iron door, that creaking hung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travellers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke: "Come in, my dear, it will cost you nothing, and never fear, this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though in life they may escape, they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them in with red hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if, of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and the red hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I saw up their mouths with red hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm, while I roll them over to cook to a turn."

With those last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke, but still at times so real did it seem that he cannot believe it was all a dream, and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer.

A Sagacious Dog.

A butcher's horse and sleigh ran away on St. Charles Borromeo street, Montreal, recently. The horse came up St. Lambert's Hill and along Notre Dame street toward the City Hall. The horse was followed by a large St. Bernard dog, belonging to the owner of the horse, which, at every chance he could get, caught the horse by the bridle and tried to stop him, and at last succeeded at the corner of Gosford and Notre Dame streets. Not till a constable came up to take charge of the runaway, however, did the intelligent animal quit his hold.

Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more appetite than dinner, and those who have more dinner than appetite.

KARL'S LULLABY.

(As Sung by CHAS. A. GARDNER, in his great play of Karl.)

Words by Mrs. CHAS. A. GARDNER.

Music by W. H. BROCKWAY, Jr.

Andante.

1. Sleep, my dar - ling, oh, sleep, My sweet one - on my
 2. Sleep, dear, while the bright stars Their si - lent watch doth

breast..... Close thy blue eyes, lit - tle love, Rest, my dar - - ling,
 keep..... Sleep, dear, while the fair moon Soft - ly guards thy

2

rest, Soft blows the gen - tle south wind, Sweet from o - ver the sum - mer
sleep, Thy moth - er shakes the dream - land tree, Bright dreams fall down on

sea; Dream on, my dar - ling, dream, my child, My sweet one, dear to
thee; Dream on, etc.

CHORUS.

me, Sleep, my babe, sleep, my child Then rock-a - by, ba - by on the tree top,

When the wind blows, the cra - dle will rock, When the bough breaks, the cra - dle will fall,

Down comes the ba - by, tree top and all, Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.

EATON'S!

FANCY GOODS.

Ladies' Hand Satchels, in black and tan color, newest styles, 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.

Velvet Hand Satchels, in brown, black, blue, garnet and prune, \$1 each.

Plush Satchels in gold, peacock, blue and garnet, 75c., 85c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50

Children's Velvet and Plush Purse, with chain, 15c., 25c., 35c.

Ladies' Leather Purse, Lothair lock, 8c., 10c., 13c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 35c., up.

Ladies' Colored Plush Purse, lined with leather, 50c. and 60c. each.

Hair Brushes, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., up.

Dressing Combs, in rubber, horn, celluloid and oxynite, 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., up.

Gents' Pocket Combs, 15c.

Tooth Brushes, 8c., 10c., 13c., 15c., 20c., 25c.

Nail Brushes, 8c., 10c., 15c.

Glycerine, Palm, Oatmeal and Honey Soaps, 5c. per cake.

Pure Glycerine Soap, in 3lb bars, 15c.

Ladies' fancy rubber hair pins, 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 30c.

Ladies' fancy back comb, in tortoise shell and rubber, 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 30c., and 50c.

Fancy Circular Combs, 25c.

Latest designs in gilt and silver necklets, 20c. up to \$1.

Gilt and silver horseshoe brooch, 15c. and 25c. each.

Fancy gilt silver garnet and black bar pins, from 20c.

Gilt and silver band bracelets, rubber and cut glass bracelets, 20c., 25c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 75c., \$1 a pair.

Black and onyx bracelets, \$1.50 and \$2 a pair.

Double white muslin frillings, 5c., 8c., 10c., 13c. a yard.

Crepe and white lisse frilling, 18c., 20c., 25c., 30c., and 40c. a yard.

Black lisse frilling, 15c., 20c., 25c., 30c.

White and black skirt frilling, 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c. a yard.

Photo albums at half price for this week.

Autograph albums, 50c. and 75c., worth \$1 and \$1.50

Papier mache brackets, 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Papier mache work-boxes, 25c., 35c., 40c.

China Cups and Saucers, 20c., 25c. and 60c.

Clearing China Mugs from 5c. to 15c.

Bohemian Glass Mugs from 12c., 15c.

Glass flower stands from 15c.

German chenille clouds, only 50c., worth \$1.25.

Fancy Shetland Clouds, 75c.

HOSIERY.

Clearing sale of 100,000 pair of Hose. Hosiery at less than manufacturers' prices.

Ladies' self color and striped Hose 10c. a pair.

Ladies' fancy stripe cotton Hose, 12c. a pair, or three pairs for 25c.

Ladies' self color merino Hose, 15c. a pair.

Full size ladies' clerical merino Hose, 20c. a pair.

Ladies' full fashioned, seamless, all-wool Hose, in stripes and plain colors, for 25c. a pair.

Ladies' all-wool, seamless Hose, in plain colors, 30c. a pair.

Ladies' Cashmere Hose, in fancy shades. 35c. a pair.

Ladies' German Hose, from 25c. a pair.

Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, 35c., a pair.

Children's all-wool Hose, from 5c. a pair.

CORSETS.

Great bargains in Corsets.

Our 50c. Corset, with double busk and fancy stitching is worth 75c.

See our Unique and Defiance Corset, embroidered in silk, with double busk. for 75c.

All styles and sizes in Children's and Misses' Corsets, including the celebrated Dolly make, from 60c., up.

Our Caroline Corset at \$1 is made of the best jean and all whalebone.

See our Florence and Thompson True Fit Corset, \$1.25.

The Irma Corset, with 150 bones, made of the best material and only \$1.15.

See our Colorado Corset in grey, with 250 bones, warranted pure, only \$1.25.

Our Nora Corset in white and drab, embroidered with silk, with 500 bones, can be bought for \$1.50, splendid value.

The Western Favorite Corset in scarlet and blue, with 750 bones, are perfect in shape and finish and only \$2 a pair.

See our No. 75 Corset, in scarlet, blue and pink, made from the best French satine, only \$1.50.

Dr. Ball's Celebrated Health Corset, with their new Corset, "The Circle Hip" Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money returned. Only \$1 and \$1.50 a pair.

Corsets sent by parcel post to any address.

Run Along Now.

The evening was bitterly cold. Two children—a boy with a manly face, and an expression of matured concern, as though someone had ever been dependent on him, and a pale faced little girl—wandered around the streets of a Western city. They had been left by an immigrant train, having fallen asleep in the barn-like waiting room, and, owing to the hurry incident upon departure, no one thought of them. They begged the station-keeper to allow them to remain by the fire, but he discredited their story—declared that they had not been left by a train; that they lived in the city, and were only "hanging around" to steal something. Everybody hurried along. No one had a kind look for the waifs. They went into the warm corridor of a hotel, but a man said:

"Run along now. You don't want to be stopping here."

"We are nearly frozen," the boy replied, "and we want to get warm."

"Children ought to be at home such weather as this. Your mother ought to know better than to send you out."

"Our mother is dead, sir. She died two weeks ago, and we came away with people that are going south where it's warm, but the train has left us, and the man won't let us stay in the depot."

"Very good story, young fellow; but run along home. Parents that would send their children out to beg such weather as this should be punished."

"We are not begging."

"Run along with you," and he opened the door and they passed out into the cutting wind. The fierce blast seemed to blow the darkness close up to the lamp; the tired teams seemed to blow chilling mists from their nostrils; and the heavy waggon wheels seemed to sink deep into the darkness and pulverize the gloom. The children went into a drug store.

"Run along there."

They went into a restaurant.

"Run along there."

They went into a saloon where merry revellers sang wild songs, and where the maudlin man dropped a tear in his glass.

"Run along there," said the bartender. "This is no place for children."

"Let us warm ourselves," implored the boy, and he repeated his story.

"That's all very well," young man but haven't I seen you around the streets, begging, many a time?"

"No, sir."

"I think I have. I'll bet you haven't taken no less than \$10 home to-day. Run along."

Again they went in the freezing gloom. "Oh, where will we wake in the morning?" came from the saloon and died on the cold air, as the boy and his sister turned a corner.

"Don't cry, my little pet."

"I'm so cold."

"Yes; but we may find some place. Let us go back to the depot, and may be we can get on a train."

They wandered around in the blinding sleet.

"We are a long time getting there," said the girl.

"I believe we are lost," the brother replied. "Let us turn in here," and they went into a narrow alley and crouched down by a wall.

Ah, Mr. Humanity, because you have been a few times deceived; because you have shown pity, and afterwards found that it was ill-bestowed, you have hardened your heart.

Ah, Mr. Churchman, whose knees press the soft velvet at the time of prayer; you who are suffering with dry eyes, and read, with moisture, the "simple annals of the poor," scratch from your Bibles the heart-warming sentence, "Suffer little children to come unto me"—scratch it out, or you are a hypocrite.

"If I could smell the dog-wood blossoms by the porch, I wouldn't be so cold," said the little girl.

"It will be a long time before they bloom again, my pet."

"Will this cold weather kill the tree?"

"No, but it will be a long time before summer comes."

"Can people in Heaven look down and see people on earth?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I wish they couldn't."

"Why, pet?"

"Because, if mamma looks down and sees us, she wouldn't be happy any more."

He drew her close to him. The neighboring lights went out one by one. The street seemed to be conquering everything. The dog that had barked over on the hill was silent.

A cheerless, freezing morning broke. In an alley sat two rigid forms. The boy was in his shirt-sleeves. He had put his tattered jacket around his little sister.

The "Staff of Life."

"You will have to excuse the bread, if it is sour," said a neighbor. I was not hungry, and it did not matter to me; but I thought how often this happens in our households, and began to think out the causes. If dough remains too long before baking, acetic acid is produced. Sometimes, when yeast is added that contains decomposed flour, a small amount of alcohol is formed and the carbonic acid is set free. This makes the bread light and porous. It becomes then a study to know just when the right time is for baking up. The temperature at which the dough is kept has a decided influence on its quality. If kept warm the bread will be whiter and tenderer than if set to rise at a low temperature. The yeast plant grows best at about 72 degrees, and every little item makes a difference in the quality of the bread. The best yeast does not contain flour, and is made as follows: Boil a handful of hops in two quarts of water ten minutes; strain, and add to the liquor one cup of sugar, six grated potatoes and a tablespoonful of salt. Let it simmer half an hour, add a cupful of good yeast when lukewarm, and let it rise without being in any way chilled.

No home complete or happy without a light-running Wanzer "C" or "F" machine. If it is complete, "it is not happy," and if it is happy it is not complete. More "Wanzer" improved machines selling in Canada to-day than any other make. Reasons why: because they have reached the top of the tree, and are noiseless, light-running, and have more improvements than any American machine—\$2 King St., West., Toronto.

Don't fail to read the Publisher's announcements on page 22 regarding Competition No. 4. Get your friends interested, and so help them and TRUTH at the same time. Read the list of successful competitors.

TOURISTS should call on W. J. REX 25 Queen St. West, opposite Shattisbury Hall. Rare Old China, Antique Bronzes, Old Coins and Oil Paintings. Specialty, very Old Books.

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All Cut Patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (WEEKLY), sent to any address on receipt of price. Send for Sheets and Catalogues. A Choice Selection of French and American Millinery.

Dresses and Mantles in the Latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Goods, etc.

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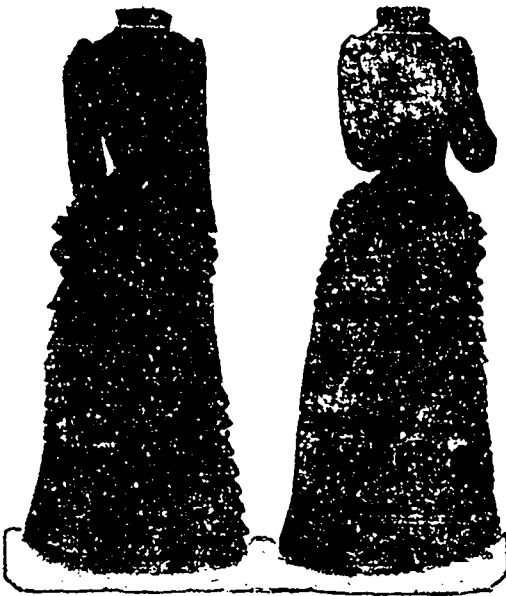
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NADINE COSTUME.

Elegant and stylish in effect, this costume is composed simply of a short, gored walking skirt, and a long redingote with New-market seam concealed by small draped paniers at the side. The redingote is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which falls in double box-plaits to the bottom of the skirt. Any class of goods is suitable for this design, and it may be trimmed as illustrated, with rows of fringe down the front, or in any other appropriate style according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



SELDA POLONAISE.

The "Selda" polonaise, which is used in combination with a short skirt to compose this stylish costume, has especially graceful drapery at the back, and is arranged in front with cut-away jacket fronts over a plain polonaise with a draped apron. The material used for it is tapestry wool having a dark olive-green ground, on which are palm leaves in indistinct India cashmere colors. A broad band of a darker shade of green velvet finishes the bottom of the jacket fronts, and the cuffs, collar, and rosettes which support the drapery at the sides are of velvet to match. The skirt is also of the same kind of velvet, and has a flounce laid in broad box plaits around it. The double illustration of the polonaise is given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Our Engravings.

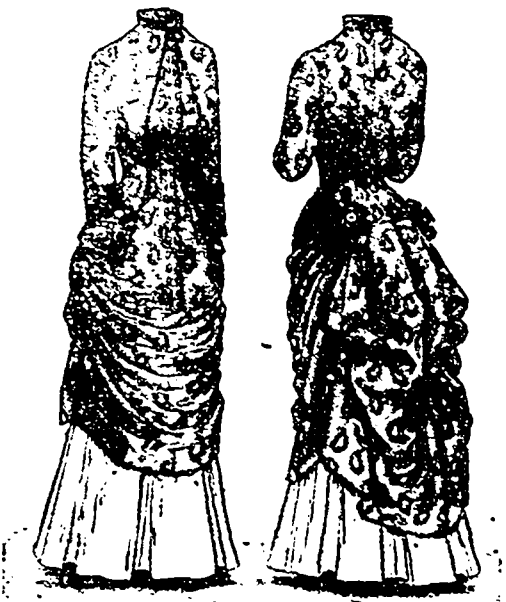
The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, Paris, London, and New York.

I could never think well of a man's intellectual or moral character if he was habitually unfaithful to his appointments.



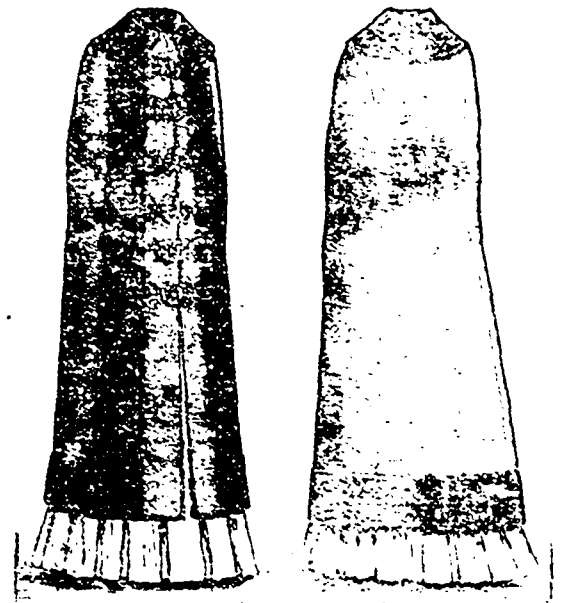
FLORANTHE COSTUME.

The youthful simplicity of this costume is a great recommendation for it, either as a model for ordinary wear, or for dressy occasions. It consists of a tight-fitting polonaise, with a single dart in the usual place in each side of the front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, gracefully draped over a gored skirt trimmed with a deep side-plaiting around the bottom, and bands of contrasting material on the front. The polonaise is also trimmed with bands, and closed with frogs across the front. Any class of dress-goods is suitable for this design, and it is most effectively trimmed with contrasting material as illustrated; but some other style of garment may be used if preferred. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years, price twenty-five cents each.



SELDA POLONAISE.

A graceful and novel design, arranged with cut-away jacket fronts over a plain polonaise front, and a long draped back. It is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A standing collar and coat sleeves complete the model, which is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with bands of velvet, or in any other style according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



RUSSIAN CIRCLE.

A graceful and comfortable wrap for winter wear, cut to give the effect of a circle with a curved seam down the middle of the back, but having shoulder pieces inserted something in dolman style. The model is adapted to any class of goods suitable for out-door garments, and is especially well suited to those intended to be lined with fur or plush. Bands of fur, marabout, or plush compose the most appropriate garniture. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large, price thirty cents each.

Health Department.

Stop that Cough.

Coughs and colds are prevalent now, especially among children, too often from the ignorance or carelessness of their elder guardians. Many mothers appear to accept with resignation the repeated and violent colds from which their children suffer as providential and unavoidable. A cold is by no means always due to exposure. Indigestion, constipation, a lack of scrupulous cleanliness, the unwise habit of sleeping in much of the clothing worn during the day, unaired bed chambers—all, or any of these things may have far more to do with your child's tendency to cold than the keenest breath of the bracing winter air. And in great measure these things are under your control. Mothers should understand that it is a fact, whether they can see it or not, that numerous colds and sore-throats are directly traceable to indigestion and dietetic errors. Quantities of greasy food, fried meats, pastry, and the like, ill-ventilated rooms, and continued constipation, have to answer for many cases of croup, and putrid sore throats. All these things weaken the system and render it far less able to resist the changes of temperature.—Give every bedroom a thorough airing every day, more especially if several children are obliged to sleep together, or with their parents. This is to be avoided, if possible, if not, always lower a window slightly from the top—or if this cannot be done, raise it from below. There is frequently bad air enough generated and breathed in the sleeping apartment of a family with small children, to supply them all not only colds, but with a number of so-called "malarious" diseases, to last a year, perhaps longer. Neglect of bathing is another prolific source of cold. A child from three to ten years old should certainly receive an entire bath twice a week in winter. A warm bath at night, taking special care to avoid any chill after, will frequently break up a sudden cold. Keep children from playing in chilly, unused rooms in autumn and winter weather. Let them play out of doors as much as possible, taking care to have their feet warm and dry. A flannel suit and rubber overshoe will often save much cough medicine and doctor's bills. Keep them warmly clad, but do not be content with thick coats and worsted hoods, while short skirts barely cover their knees, leaving the limbs chilled.

Hot-Water Cure.

Years ago, the grandmothers of the present generation used to cure their children of colic by making them drink warm herb tea and applying hot draughts to their feet. Croup was relieved by dipping strips of flannel in hot water, wringing them out, and then enveloping the child's neck with them. The old-fashioned method of using hot water as a remedy has again become fashionable, and is spoken of as something new.

Hall's *Journal of Health* points out the disease in which the old remedy will do good, and those wherein it may do harm:

Take, for example, the case of a person who has taken cold in the lungs.

The circulation of the blood in the small blood-vessels in that portion of the lungs affected becomes sluggish; in some cases it is quite suspended; the general circulation is impeded through failure of an important organ to do the work required of it, and the whole system suffers; the man is ill.

Now, if we know why the disease exists, by what unnatural condition it is kept up, the remedy suggests itself; as, if a water-pipe were frozen up, any child knows the remedy is heat.

And here is just where water as warm as it can be comfortably borne will effect a cure in ordinary cases.

Let the patient go to bed. Put bottles of hot water to his feet, and cloths wet in hot water on his chest. Let him drink hot water as freely as he can with comfort; it matters little whether it is clear hot water, or herb tea, it is nevertheless hot water.

With this treatment we are employing hot water at its full value.

Its internal use tends to thaw out the blood-vessels, and its outward application quickens the circulation in the blood-vessels near the surface; thus drawing on the deep-seated blood-vessels for supplies to keep up the activity, and thus the congestion is relieved and the patient is cured.

In dyspepsia hot water taken internally, under proper restrictions, is no doubt useful, since dyspepsia depends on a congested and deranged condition of the digestive organs. But in consumption and other diseases attended by general debility it can only be detrimental.

When a person is feeble from disease not marked with acute inflammation, the hot-water treatment necessarily increases the debility.

Here a tonic treatment is applicable—a treatment that will increase and enrich the blood and supply the fuel required to keep the machinery of life in motion.

The hot-water treatment is useful in removing obstructions from the machinery, but only in systems where there is a surplus of vital power.

To recapitulate: The drinking of hot water at proper intervals and in proper quantities is useful in dyspepsia, constipation, torpid liver, congestion of the stomach, chronic diarrhoea, and in various affections of the kidneys and bladder; provided that there are not at the same time serious diseases of the lungs, with debility.

The water should be as hot as tea is usually made, that is, from 110° to 150°, and should be sipped, not taken rapidly. The quantity should be from half a pint to a pint.

It should be taken one to two hours after meals, and nothing should be eaten until at least one hour afterward. The evening draught should be just before going to bed.

The hot-water treatment should continue until a cure is effected; the time required will vary from one to six months.

Good Humor on the Health.

DIET.

Diet, quiet, and a merry heart are worth more than the medicines of the best physicians, and save their costly visits. Dieting is not supposed to mean going without eating, and every sensible person can very soon find what kind of food best agrees with them. Persons whose digestive organs are not of the strongest, should never indulge in the use of fresh pork—I say fresh pork, as good salt pork can be cooked in such a way as to be easily digested, even by an invalid. It should be broiled and taken often from the fire, and rinsed in cold water, which takes off the grease; it will then become brittle, and is sometimes craved and enjoyed by many persons in sickness. Eggs, with milk, cream and fresh-made butter, mutton, lamb, fish of some kinds, poultry and game of all kinds are generally considered digestible, as also many kinds of vegetables. Exercise in the open air aids greatly to assist nature in the work of assimilating our food to properly nourish the system. Among many persons too much tea is drunk. Tea is a strong stimulant to the nerves, and excites to action, and because they can do a great amount of work under the stimulating effects of a cup of tea, they resort to it, little dreaming that in this way, after a time, the machinery of the human system would wear out. Beef tea contributes to make muscle and strengthen the body when in need of drink. Nature is a good physician if we would only trust her more.

QUIET.

In regard to quiet I need say very little. Let each one consult his or her tastes or desires in that respect.

A MERRY HEART.

Good humor and the power to look on the favorable side of things are the best aids to health. Laugh and grow fat! Since the days of Solomon it has been so considered. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken heart drieth up the bones."—*Proverbs*. Sterne tells us that every time one laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century, used to say that he liked not only to laugh

himself, but to hear laughter. Laughter is good for the health; it is provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion.

An old physician said that the arrival of a merry one in the house, was better than twenty asses laden with drugs. Some people are forever looking at things, so as to unfortunately throw a dark shadow over them, and making the whole face of nature gloomy and ugly. It would be a blessed thing for such persons if their vision could be altered by the aid of spectacles.

Bedroom Ventilation.

If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step on weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound; that is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly through the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter or poisonous animal exhalations. This is diffused through the air and in part absorbed by the bedclothes. If a single ounce of wood or cotton be burned in the room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can hardly be an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with the smoke, unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now, the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalation from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping; for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated, and thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses in the morning before packing them in the form of a newly-laid bed?

Tobacco Smoking.

A Dublin, Ireland, exchange says:—The most obvious injury which is apt to result from smoking, more or less, according to the extent in which it is indulged, is disorder and irritation of the digestive organs, frequently accompanied with depression of spirits, and at times with extreme nervous irritability; the latter being more especially manifested in an inveterate smokers if, from illness or any cause, his habitual indulgence is interfered with. The occurrence of cancer in those who habitually smoke from a short pipe, and the injury to the teeth, from smoking, and especially their discoloration, are notorious; further, there is a tendency to diseases of the throat and air passages when this indulgence is followed to any great extent. Some persons, when smoking expectorate freely, while others abstain from doing so. There cannot be a doubt that the unnatural degree of expectoration excited by smoking has an injurious tendency on the health, as the saliva that is parted with is necessary for the purpose of promoting digestion, and the digestive organs, being deprived of this essential ingredient, do not perform their functions with that regularity that they otherwise would. Two of the unpleasant effects attending tobacco smoking are the unpleasant taste it leaves in the mouth, and the disagreeable odour it imparts to the breath.

International Throat and Lung Institute, for the treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Laryngitis and Consumption in the first and second stages, and all diseases of the nose, throat and lungs by the aid of the Spirometer invented by Dr. M. Souville of Paris, ex-aido surgeon of the French army.

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Matthew Arnold while in Boston heard that a farmer's wife, who had read all his works, had driven in five miles to hear him lecture, expressed a desire to see her, saying that he doubted if any farmer's wife in England would drive five miles to hear a lecture on Emerson or Carlyle.

Dutch Etiquette.

The table etiquette in Holland is very different from ours. I cannot say I like it. No Dutch people live in as good a style as we do. I only know two houses where the table is pleasant to look at—one, that of an enormously wealthy shipowner at Rotterdam; the other, that of a very wealthy professor. The wife of the latter once said to me: "I do like to see you eat. I like to see you at my table, you do eat so prettily." I laughed and disclaimed the compliment; but she was right—we are more elegant eaters than the Dutch. I never saw a Dutch man or woman—not even one who was a countess in her own right, and ought to have been a good example—cut and eat as we do. They first cut the whole plateful into pieces—a most disagreeable process—then lay the knife on the edge of the plate farthest away from the eater, and resting the left hand loosely folded on the table beside the plate, eat all with the fork, shovel fashion. Sometimes glass rests are provided for each person and very, very necessary they are, for never is a change of cover provided. Once I was at a large evening party, where I met some very grand people, and saw a supper of thirteen courses served with one knife and fork and two spoons for each person. Why, using only the fork, it is not proper to lay the left hand on the knee, I do not know. I noticed many points of that kind which they could not explain, beyond that, "Such a thing is etiquette."

A Remarkable Steam Engine.

An English firm have recently completed a small, light compound engine, which, in point of weight, eclipses anything heretofore built. This engine is made of steel and phosphor-bronze; all parts are built as light as possible, the rods and shafting and all parts possible being bored out to reduce weight. At a speed of only 300 revolutions a minute they indicate over 20 horse power, and weigh but 105 pounds all told. This engine would give fully 30 horse power actual at a piston-speed of 500 feet a minute. The size is three and three-quarters high pressure, seven and a half low pressure, and five stroke. That thirty horse power can be had from a proper utilization of steam and proper distribution of 105 pounds of metal is certainly most astonishing, especially so considering that the engine is compound. A ship of 2,500 tons displacement was almost unknown fifty years ago; to-day the transatlantic steamer, the highest class of the mercantile marine, has from 8,000 to 13,000 tons displacement, and engines of 5,000 to 10,000 one-horse power. Several of the transatlantic liners have shown a mean ocean speed of twenty miles an hour, and make the passage in less than seven days.



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Ladies' Department.

A Chapter on Pies:

As there are two sides to every question I wish to say a few words for the much slandered pie. Perhaps the condemnation so severely passed on this common article of food refers to those who are unskillfully made; but in my opinion (and I have had long experience in planning for the ever-recurring three meals a day for a family) nothing gives the housekeeper more satisfaction than good pies which can be easily and quickly made at any time. She may then welcome the unexpected visitor without being troubled with the first anxious thought, "What shall I have for dinner?"

For dessert what is nicer than a green apple pie made of tart, mellow apples and flavored with cinnamon or lemon peel? I never thought pies unwholesome either. I know people who have eaten them in moderation for three score years, whose health compares very favorably with that of many people of half their age who live and diet scientifically and do everything by rule. It is my custom late in the autumn, or after cold weather has fairly come on, to prepare mince meat for the coming season by boiling several pounds of lean, fresh beef; when cold it is chopped and seasoned with cinnamon, cloves allspice and salt, and so forth. Chopped raisins are added in such quantities as one feels like using.

It is sweetened with part sugar, part molasses. Apples are chopped and added last—about twice the bulk of the other materials. If they are insipid in flavor, two or three teaspoons of vinegar will "help it," then water enough to make all moist enough for pies. A piece of butter does no harm. This is then placed on the stove in a proper dish, and cooked until the apples are done, or early so. Dried currants, cherries, or raspberries stewed, add both to the color and flavor if they are at hand.

This may be packed while hot in small stone jars and put away in a cool place for future use, or fastened up in glass preserving cans, if one has them empty. It will keep all winter in a cool place with molasses spread over the top, and covered tightly.

Enough of it may be used at any time to make pies for a week or two if desired; or the apples may be left out and added to the seasoned meat, as the pies are made.

This plan gives a housekeeper a sense of satisfaction equal to any other preparation for winter; and any one who tries it as an experiment will be quite apt to repeat it afterwards as a matter of convenience. Whatever makes housekeeping easier and pleasanter is to be recommended. Pie making or eating need not be overdone; neither need pies be banished from the house-wife's bill of fare.

Washing Requisites.

The first great requisite toward beauty is absolute cleanliness. This can never be attained without the pleasurable use of pure, soft water and good soap. Nothing keeps the hands in so good condition as rain-water or distilled water; but as these are often unattainable, the next best must be made use of. A bottle of ammonia and a box of powdered borax are indispensable toilet articles. A few drops of one or a tiny bit of the other in the hardest water will make it soft and pleasant to the touch. Neither very hot nor very cold water should be used; tepid water softens and cleanses better than either. Extremes and sudden changes in temperature should be avoided also. Fine white sand—which may be dried and used again and again—poured into the basin and used with the water, will be found very efficacious in smoothing rough places and in removing certain stains which have not become too deeply settled into the pores.

For whitening the hands there are various preparations which may be used without harm. Glycerine, vasoline, cold cream, or mutton tallow, well rubbed in, with a pair of old gloves worn over night, will do much to soften and whiten. The white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it, spread on the hands and wrapped in old linen over night, will, as the chroniclers of Queen Anne's time say, make even soft and flabby flesh firm and clear-looking. Oatmeal and corn meal, both dry and moist, may be used with good effect. The roughest and ugliest pair of hands may be made smooth and soft, in not white, in one month, if the owner will but see to it that they are well washed in

warm water every night, and rubbed with whichever of the simple preparations mentioned agrees with the skin—one or two applications will discover that—and then in case within a pair of gloves, from which the ends of the fingers have been cut.

Now that we have the hands shapely soft, and white, let us turn our attention to the nails. The modus operandi of the professional manicure is as follows: The finger tips are put to soak in delicately colored scented bowls half full of tepid water, slightly scented with perfume. After twenty minutes of patient waiting the operator takes one hand, and, with an ivory blade, or dull pointed steel one, loosens and pushes back the cuticle from the half moon, which in most cases is nearly or quite covered. This is often attended with considerable pain, or at least discomfort; in stubborn cases some manicures use acid, but this is not desirable, as it makes the finger very sensitive for days. When the flesh is well loosened all the superfluous part is cut away with a tiny pair of curved scissors, made expressly for the purpose. The nails are then trimmed to their proper shape. Pointed French ones are considered the latest, but people of the best taste find that an oval shaped nail, a little longer and about the shape of the finger, gives a better taper to the finger than the pointed ones. However, that is a matter of individual taste; but no matter what the shape, they must be left to grow quite long.

After a filing, a chamois polisher and powder are used until they shine beautifully; then comes a thorough washing and brushing in the tepid water, and again are they polished with the attendant's bare hand, the oil from the human hand giving a higher degree of polish on finger nails as well as on wood. This process consumes about an hour, and is rather enjoyable. Many people pay a stated sum quarterly and go to the manicure twice a week, but this is not at all necessary; after they are once well attended to a few minutes care and attention daily will keep the nails in good order. Every time the hands are washed the flesh should be carefully pushed back with the towel; this will keep it loose and in good shape, and two minutes' rubbing will give them a good polish.

Marriages in Mexico.

Marriages are arranged here much the same as they are in Europe and the United States. The gentleman sometimes manages to get introduced into the family, and is acknowledged the "novio" of the young lady by the father and mother, even before there is any formal engagement; but it is rather difficult to deal with assiduity a Mexican house until after the engagement, and even then the vows are paid in the presence of the entire family. It is generally a person of influence who acts as an ambassador in asking the hand of the young lady. Engagements are of long duration in Mexico, and very often come to nothing. First, the civil marriage takes place, which is followed by a breakfast, dinner or ball at the house of the "novia," and a few days afterward the religious ceremony is performed, to which a great number of persons are invited, and at which the ladies attend dressed entirely in black, with a handsome silk, satin or velvet toilet, and a black lace mantilla. To dress in black at a wedding in another country would be considered a bad omen, but here it is considered quite the thing. There are no bridesmaids here; only one "madrina," who may be married or single, but who is generally married, and a "padrino." The number of witnesses required is three, and the bride is given away, as in the United States. In Mexico the regular white wedding dress with orange flowers is always worn, and the bridegroom has to provide it, as also a number of other handsome dresses, jewels, etc. Immediately after the ceremony the newly-married couple, go to a photograph gallery and have their photographs taken in their bridal attire. Marriages take place here very early in the morning, and always in church, as it is not permitted to perform the nuptial ceremony in the house. A breakfast is given by the family of the bride, and afterward the bride and bridegroom leave for some estate, or for their own house, which is prepared some time before. The outfit is sometimes provided entirely by the bridegroom, but generally the family give the underclothes and some of the simple dresses.

Advice is like snow: the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in our Midst Unknown to the Public—The Details in Full.

(Detroit Free Press.)

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 237 Michigan Avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to rise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent to the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bleed fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: 'It is an animated something, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead, my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear, and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no trace of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience. Mr. Crombie" said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital,

"Yes I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any one other complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham Eccentric, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I know about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the Eccentric; but he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most remarkable case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie, was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physician as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recovers, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.

England's Bad Weather.

You learn in England to realize the force of the Shakespearian quotation: "For the rain, it raineth every day." Meteorologically, the weather is always suggesting that strings are at very loose ends in the upper regions. It rains on an hour, then ceases, and seems to brood for the next over the possibility of letting down a more moisture at any moment. Then it will rain hard for the next two hours, stop one and rain the next. This it does week in and week out. Then the clouds will sulk for days. They look wet and gloomy, but won't shed a drop. What they want is to catch you out of doors without your umbrella. You go out time after time with that umbrella and find it a very useless incumbrance. No Englishman goes out without this umbrella.

But the American gets out of patience. So, without his umbrella, he at last ventures out, and is caught. An ugly black mass of cloud takes up a position directly over his head. The sky here in places does not seem over forty-five feet high. These clouds do not pour themselves all out at once. What they want is to entice you a long way from home. They send down a patter of a drizzle a few minutes or two. The drops seem to say:

"Oh, excuse me; really I did not know that you were going out without your umbrella. But don't go home, we shall soon be through."

So they delude you with the impression that they will stop directly. They keep you imbued with this idea until you are well moistened and then all the windows in heaven over England are opened, and it pours. Just before you get home, wet to the skin, and your heels churning muddy water out of your boots at every step, the shower all at once tapers down into the mildest of drizzles. The clouds break away, and their red-faced, toperish-looking English sun bursts through.—*Prentice Mulford in San Francisco Chronicle.*

SELECT VARIETIES.

Principle is a passion for truth.

The two powers which in my opinion constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.

If any one say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.

As we are not allowed to be idle in this world and to do nothing, so we are not allowed to be wilful and do what we please.

It is a hard thing, whether it be in age or youth, to sound the deepness of one's own spirit, and try how far down the pains can go.

The most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men. Sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs better of their character and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever.

Farmers' Department.

Preserve Some Forest.

BY R. W. PHIPPS.

There are opportunities enough, if we avail ourselves of them. All over the country, on many farms, there are still portions of the original forest. Great trees, under which Pontiac and his followers used to check the advance of the white man as Hotepur might have checked that of his after tyrant—

When his blood was poor
Upon the naked beach at Havenspug,"

Patches of forest which were forest when King Charles hid in the oak top,

"While far beneath the Roundhead rode
And beneath a surly hyman."

That interminable expanse of splendid woodland, that world sufficient storehouse of timber,—that ere while home of the springing deer, the greedy wolf, the stolid bear—is now no more. But here and there are the remains—no farmer has ten, another twenty—if he be rich he may sometimes have two hundred acres—of the ancient trees. Can we not preserve some of these portions? The axe is unceasingly wielded, and, if no check be given, in a few years settled Ontario will be destitute of forest. One farmer says, "I will cut down mine; I can buy fuel;" another says, "I also;" and yet, a little while and all will be gone.

A few words may be said, but this short article cannot, at length, lay before you the reasons why it would be so valuable to preserve, throughout Ontario, on every farm, ten or fifteen acres, at least, of sturdy hardwood and of towering pine. You say, "Grass is getting in, the trees seem dying—these oaks are dead at the top; look at that maple, you can feel under its rotten roots—even those young trees—something seems killing them. Let me cut the rubbish down and make a good pasture—I can mow it now and then, and when the roots rot out I can plough it and get good wheat, and good grass afterwards."

Or you may say, "the trees are all blowing down, I cannot keep them; the patch may lie till I am ready; it will give firewood, but when I have some time I shall clean it up and make a field of it. I would have kept it—I would have liked a patch of wood left on the farm, but the plaguy thing would blow down."

But it need not have become the prey of the grasses—it need not have blown down. Throughout the land there are yet many remains of strong and vigorous forest. Surround them, I pray you—each of you what he can afford, ten or twenty acres, while yet the land is forest ground, moist, rich and fresh—with a sturdy fence. Keep cattle utterly thereout—it will not be a year till you shall see the result. All over the earth will rise the lusty sapling, all round the edges trees will grow, themselves immovable by the tempest, themselves also the strong shelter of the inner wood. The grass will be kept from covering the ground by the shade of the saplings, by the heavy annual coat of falling leaves, and by the forest shade above them all. The object of keeping grass away is this. Trees receive their nourishment by a number of little mouths projecting from their roots to near the surface of the ground. A thick grass coat prevents this action. Secondly, where grass is, tree seeds cannot take root; but if you fence the forest ground, it will not be long till beech and maple, oak and elm will rise high, young and vigorous among the older trees, ready to replace them when you need their timber or their room, your forest, instead of a place of desolation, half grasses wild and unattractive, half dying wood, will be a mass of sturdy living healthy vegetation, beneficial to you yourself in many ways, to the country round about in many more.

Keep a portion of the forest bright and living on your farms. There at the heat of noon day you can rest there, when for a few hours you can retire from the too absorbing pursuit of material advancement, you can repose without disturbance and contemplate without effort. Let the forest air breathe around you—it is not to be had in the house, it is not to be found in the field. There the great trees, stately of trunk and magnificent of branch, each humbly performing his part, set forth by his creator to do his allotted share, passing in due time into visible forms, let one atom of them being lost, let one appearing in fulness of youth and of beauty in other ways, shall teach you that you also have a future change which is

not now apparent, but which shall surely be. Let the little creature of the forest—the woodcock bright of plumage, the rabbit, timidly glancing from the covert—pass by you without fear, their lives are in your hand, spare them, your life is in the hand of Another. Spare some of the forest—protect it, it will not be ungrateful—that belongs to the reptile alone, the nobler natures, forest and field, tree and herbage—all dumb and all insensible though they appear to be—yet have their gratitude, and many a means of showing it to the protecting hand. Do you reduce your farm to a desert of clay—spare some forest land—let the great trunks stand by the pastures edge; let the vast branches chant their murmurs in the summer evening air; your wife shall sit in their shade—a beautiful picture, her dark eyes glowing beneath her clustering hair; your children, bright and rosy play around. As they grow up they shall say "Others destroyed utterly the forest and dried up the fertility of the land which God had given them, our father did not so, those nodding oaks, that changeful surface of summer tinted foliage preserve his memory."

Ensilage.

Prof. Brown's recent experiments, at the Ontario Experimental Farm, in preserving various green fodders by means of portable or permanent silos, are amongst the most interesting, valuable, and carefully-conducted that have come under our notice, and will be studied with interest by shippers and breeders of cattle. In portable silos three experiments were made with ordinary airtight barrels, two of which had square boxes fitted inside so as to secure more uniform packing than is possible in a simple barrel. These barrels were packed with green, succulent pasture fodder. A large tun was used for the fourth experiment, and filled with the green grasses and with green oat fodder. After eighty-six days' enclosure the tun was opened and the grass fodder found to be juicy and sound in fibre, though it had a strong, sour taste and smell. The grass in the small barrels was found to be similar. The green oat fodder preserved in the tun was, however, "sound, sweet, and as palatable as that from the permanent silo." The permanent silo, the walls of which had been made smooth, was filled with 28 tons of green oat fodder, packed and covered with boards and earth. After 89 days, or on Dec. 31st, it was opened, and the ensilage was found to be, to quote Prof. Brown, "one body of sweet, well-colored oat-stalks, leaves, and heads." Generally the material "has a brown but not dark tinge, very slightly spoiled by fermentation or other form of decay, and when taken out actually smells sweet and tastes slightly salty," but acquires a smell and taste on exposure. In addition to the successful issue of these experiments with the silo, Mr. Brown secured by carefully conducted thermometer tests the daily variations and degrees of heat prevailing in various parts of the silo during the fermentation in progress. The average of the whole mass after the first week was 68°, and of the central parts 87°. That this heat continued for three months did not destroy the fodder will no doubt be interesting to those who know how heat and moisture combined very quickly ruin grasses and grains on the open field.

Composition of Manure.

The value of manure depends not only upon the character of the feed allowed, but also upon the condition of the animal, the breed and the age. The principal substances of value in manure are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, the former substance being the most costly. In the artificial fertilizers, nitrogen exists in the shape of sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of soda, or as Peruvian guano, while ground dried blood, leather and other substances containing it are sometimes used. Potash is usually supplied in the form of the sulphate (kainit) or muriate, its quality depending upon the grade of the salt used for the purpose, while the phosphoric acid (usually combined with lime) is derived from bones and sometimes from guano deposits and marine formations. The Carolina phosphate beds have been largely instrumental in cheapening this article, while that from bones is usually associated with proportions of nitrogen.

Barnyard manure and artificial fertilizers differ only in form. The active ingredients of barnyard manure are the same as those of fertilizers, excepting that the manure contains small proportions of magnesia, soda,

and a few other substances not always present in fertilizers, though easily added to them if necessary. Manure contains, however, a large quantity of carbon, which is considered by some a valuable fertilizer, but others contend that as plants appropriate carbon from the atmosphere through the agency of the leaves, such matter only adds to the bulk of the manure without improving the quality. When food is fed to animals it undergoes a chemical process in the body, which extracts the nutritive portions for sustenance, according to the digestive capacity of the animal, the residuum being voided as being no longer useful in that respect.

The amount of available fertilizing material in the manure thus voided, depends upon the character of the food, and its relative proportions of nitrogen, which is always costly. A growing animal requires not only food for warmth, but for growth also, the manure from such is less in value than from animals that are matured. And as more food is required to assist the body against cold winter than for any other purpose, the warmth of the quarters is a factor in the matter also especially if it be correct that carbon is beneficial as a manure to the roots of plants.

Assuming that animals are well fed an average quality of food, then, for every 1,000 lbs. of manure from horses more than 700 pounds consists of water, while the remainder is estimated at about twelve pounds of phosphoric acid, twenty-eight pounds of potash and five pounds of ammonia. The manure from the cow contains nearly 860 pounds of water in every 1000, the amount of phosphoric acid in the remainder being about five pounds, potash ten pounds and nitrogen three pounds, the manure from the horse being double the value of that from the cow in all the substances except nitrogen, and even in nitrogen the horse manure is nearly twice as rich. Of the different kinds of manure, that from fowls and the human species is the richest in nitrogen, but this includes the urine, the solid portions being very deficient in that respect. Manure from the sheep is the richest in phosphoric acid. Urine is always rich in ammonia, (nitrogen,) with proportions of potash and small quantities of phosphoric acid. Considering this fact, too much importance cannot be given the saving of liquids, that from the human species being valued at half a cent per pound. The value of the solid portions of manure from a horse for one year is said to be about \$10, while the value of the liquids from the same source for the same period is nearly the same.

Considering the high value of the liquids, which are always immediately available a plant food when applied to the soil, the manure must be protected from drenching rains and melting snows, for as part of the inert matter of the manure is changed by chemical action in the heap during the process of decomposition into soluble matter, it is always lost unless protected.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Short-Hair Craze Among Women.

The fashion of cutting woman's hair close to the head is said to have become very common in Chicago recently—to such an extent, in fact, that it amounts to a craze. Some women are alleged to be carried away with the novelty of the matter, and to some are given a striking appearance which measurably improves their looks. This class appear animated by a desire for admiration and the attention naturally attracted to them. But there are others who emerge from the barber-chair with sandpapered craniums who evidently feel as silly as they look. Others are prompted by the erroneous belief that it will make the new growth more luxuriant, for it is said to be a fact that the hair will not grow out thicker and heavier, and, as a rule, wavy hair is transformed by the operation into locks that are perfectly straight. Besides, submitting to such wholesale work at the hands of the barber at this season of the year is very dangerous, as the exposure of the head, after it has been used to bountiful protection, is certain to cause severe cold, which might lead to more serious disease. The craze is principally confined at present to the young women of 20 years of age, and so on up to the middle-aged.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

The Last of Ten Millions.

An order was made in the United States district court, recently, directing the sale of the uncollectable assets of Peter Herdic, the bankrupt, who was at one time worth \$10,000,000. The assets that his assignee was directed to sell yesterday are fair samples of the rocks upon which his fortune was wrecked. They include a claim against Mahlan Fisher's estate for one-sixth of the whole capital stock of the South Williamsport Land company, 163 shares of the Susquehanna Boom company's stock, which were deposited with Fisher during his lifetime as collateral security for loans; 2,032 shares of the stock of the Susquehanna Boom company that were deposited with John G. Reading as security for notes, and also among the claims. The assignee classifies under the head of uncollectable assets the further items of four shares of the Williamsport Passenger Railway company's stock now on the books in the name of Henry C. Parsons; \$25,000 worth of the stock of the same company deposited with Samuel Filbert as security for a loan of \$17,500; \$600 secured to Herdic from Geo. Rose by a mortgage; a mortgage given Herdic by John Ardell for an amount not named; various unsettled accounts against the Lumberman's National Bank, 2,210 shares of the capital stock of the defunct Mutual Life and Accident Insurance company, a claim of \$1,000 against the same, 27 shares of stock of the West Branch Lumber company, and various claims against William Weitzman. The assignee has been unable to collect or dispose of any of these claims, and was authorized to put them up at public sale.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

Educating Zulus.

The Rev. William Mellon, who has returned from Zululand, says that it is very hard to instruct the Zulus, because they want nothing.

"They crawl into their low huts, lie down on a mat with their feet to the central fire, and sleep, with their heads on blocks. That is their height of happiness, and their hearts desire nothing more.

"They at first look upon clothes of all kinds as impediments, and in square houses with several rooms feel lost and uneasy. We first teach them the benefits of a hat. They feel the heat of the sun upon their heads, and hold up their shields for shade. A hat is to them a shield which fits the head.

"I find that if a man wants one thing and has it supplied, he straightway wants two or three things more. Soon our negro wants boots to protect his feet from the sharp stones, and the wearing of a shirt reconciles him to the use of light clothing.

"He may be the bearer of a letter from one missionary to another, and he marvels exceedingly that the man seems to be talking with the paper while it talks with him. He then wants to know if the paper can talk, and how it can do so is explained to him. He now feels an intellectual want, and is taught to read and write.

"We then talk to him of heaven, and he wishes to know how he can get there. He never thought of such a thing before, but he now feels a spiritual want, and it is supplied."

How Hot is Boiling Heat?

A subscriber asks: "At what degree is boiling heat?" He is informed that the degree of heat necessary to produce ebullition depends on the liquid, on the elevation of the place above the level of the sea, and the pressure of the atmosphere at the time. At the level of the sea, with a normal pressure of the air, or when the barometer indicates a pressure that sustains a column of mercury thirty-nine inches high, water containing the ordinary amount of air boils at 212 degrees by Fahrenheit's thermometer scale, 100 by the centigrade, and 50 by Reaumur's. In a complete vacuum water boils at 98 degrees Fahrenheit. As the pressure of the air diminishes, the degree of heat necessary to cause water to boil becomes less. On the top of very high mountain water boils at so low a degree that it can not be employed for ordinary cooking purposes. In some deep mines 212 degrees of heat are not sufficient to cause it to boil. A greater degree of heat is required to make water boil that contains no air than that which does contain it. Liquids for the most part that are lighter than water boil at a lower temperature. Those that are heavier, as mercury, require a greater heat,

HIGH UP IN A BALLOON.

A Thrilling Adventure in the Wilds of the Sierra Nevada.

Late on a clear autumn afternoon of 188— the well-known "Woodward's Gardens," in the city of San Francisco, could scarcely contain a surging crowd come together from all quarters of the city to witness the ascent of a monster balloon. In that ascent our artist and the faithful reporter were directly interested; nor was the flight into ether which they and the captain (an experienced aeronaut) of the undertaking proposed by any means a common-place affair, being no less than an attempt to cross in mid-air the mighty range of the Sierra Nevada, and land far on the other side of that tremendous palisade in Salt Lake City itself.

It is hardly necessary to state that this aeronautic feat had never been accomplished. Undertaken, the truthful writer regrets to confess, it had been, and by the same venturesome trio, who, sitting in shame on the roof of the cow shed where they had collapsed at the very outset of their trip, railed at the brick chimney which had wrecked their air ship, endured the jeers of the throng below with humility, and vowed to repeat the attempt within a week. A charity picnic afforded an excellent opportunity. The balloon had been patched, the temper of the trio restored, and once again the immenso swollen bag toppled in air, pulling upward with all of its 34,000 cubic feet of gas.

Our party were fairly prompt. We took our places amid the cheers of the crowd. Every thing was looked to quickly. "Are you ready?" rang out the question. "Ready; let go!" assented the captain. The cables were jerked off; with the sweep of the hurricane our aerostat shot up into space. The ground, the crowd, the buildings surrounding the gardens, the tallest treetops outlying us, dropped like enchantment below—still further below—far beneath. Our undertaking was well begun.

So much has been said of the impressions which the air voyager derives during the first half hour of his ascent that space may be saved here. The thrill of intense excitement as all connection with earth seems sundered; the upturned faces and black coats in the concourse of spectators becoming black and white dots; the universal "fore-shortening" of all creation as one looks down upon it—all combine to produce a feeling that can never pall. The fascination of floating at so vast an altitude as a balloon can soon attain is delicious. Few persons are troubled by giddiness. Confused sounds rise lu'lingly to the ear, one scarcely distinguishable from the rest. A kind of intoxication steals over the navigator. To live and move thus seems a rapture. Small wonder that the man who "balloons" once will "balloon" again and again, each time becoming more infatuated in tempting fate.

Our evening was perfectly serene and cloudless. A gentle breeze wafted us northward. The earth became a pale green and gray map as we reached the level of 2,000 feet above the bay of San Francisco, which stretched out glimmering toward the horizon. We could discern the city, the Golden Gate, the Farallone Islands. On the east rose Mount Diablo and the Coast Range summits. Northward rippled Sacramento Bay, with a golden dust of cloud hanging over it. The prospect invigorated us, and soda water was appropriately absorbed by all present, stronger beverages being interdicted.

Sunset came on. We had been gradually reaching the speed of ninety miles an hour. Not that it was possible to perceive the fact without scientific help. Even if a hurricane be blowing, there is still the endless sensation of floating, floating; for the air current and the air-ship keep exact pace. Thanks to the pieces of tissue paper which were flung out lavishly from time to time, and to

the gauze streamers fluttering from our cordage we could ascertain the direction of the wind. Even a few handfuls of sand thrown out from the ballast bags hanging over the rail caused us to rise perceptibly, for the best and most delicate scale in the chemist's laboratory cannot register the fractions of an ounce as does the balloon. The sun went down. Dusk advanced. "We must descend and put up for the night, friends," said our captain. With the vault above turning to a deep indigo, we sank gently, and skirted along the country from which the Coast Range rises.

We were just in time to attract the attention of a number of farm hands returning from work through the fields. With much shouting back and forth our dragging ropes were caught and made fast. "Tie it to anything from a gate post to a steoplo," suggested our artist, in a series of whoops worthy of a calliopo. After a stiff battle, in which some of our kind assistants were pretty severely pulled about, we found ourselves on *terra firma*, and on the way to a neighboring farm house. There we made light of a famous supper, washed down gayly with superb California wine. Our first stage was accomplished, and we slept the sleep which it would be a great pity for only the just to enjoy.

"Daylight already?" was the common exclamation when our vigilant captain administered sundry shakings to each of us. In an hour breakfast was over, and we were retracing our steps through the fields. The anchors were loosed after hearty handshakes with our hospitable hosts; once more the delightful sensation of boundless freedom and buoyancy. "Isn't this rising early in the morning with a vengeance?" queried one of the fraternity, as the Captain announced us to be overtopping sixteen thousand feet.

"The man who will make a joke of that character under such matutinal circumstances deserves to be thrown out of this conveyance," responded the Captain grimly. But our atmospheric conditions were not long favorable to joking. The cold grew intense. Our voices seemed mysteriously muffled, and it was necessary to shout instead of chat. Ears tingled, and the rush of blood to the head foreshadowed the sudden nose bleedings that followed. Our Captain, prudent sailor, thoroughly approved of husbanding the ascensional powers of his craft. We dropped ad space to a warmer and more normal level, where life was livable at lower pressure.

By this time our second day was well begun. The morning mists evaporated around, above, and below us. The west wind spun us toward the gigantic peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which finally mounted the eastern sky in full sight. We greeted them with cheers.

"Ah, old fellows, we will be on the other side of you soon!" cried one of the party.

"Take care," responded the Captain, smilingly. "you are by no means there yet."

Beautifully penciled in green and black, the forest slopes extended to our view. "Look over there," ejaculated the Captain. "Do you make out the track of the Central Pacific? See! There is a train climbing up that grade!" Our artist did make out railroad and train, and contrived to sketch the same. In a little time we passed nearly over both, and caught the rumble and roar of wheels and the sight of a flutter of saluting handkerchiefs from the car windows. But our mighty air ship could not delay for courtesies; the lightning express fell far behind. Steadily, wind and all else favorable, we rose and swept forward. With a fresh cheer we saw the highest peak of the lofty mountain wilderness lying 3,000 feet beneath us. "At this rate we shall be on the other side, and asleep in Salt Lake City to-night," cried two of us.

Alas! this boast was scarcely uttered before its punishment came upon us.

Streaks of cloud suddenly appeared above the great Nevada table lands. The wind veered to the north. Its speed and ours increased. Our Captain's uneasiness grew evident. A moisture like dew began to freeze over us. We began to sink rapidly. Clearly we were in train for experiences of a most unexpected sort.

"Throw out the ballast!" called our Captain. Rising once more, we darted into a dense cloud, and there drifted with lightning speed still northward. Water froze upon our cordage. There was only one thing now to do. "Over with all the ballast!" commanded our leader. It was in vain. We shot down perpendicularly with the speed of a bullet—1,500 feet in each second. Presently the whizzing of the gale in the tree tops of the mountain summits became terribly audible. To land under such conditions was impossible. Everything we possessed was tossed overboard—our spare clothing, our provisions—still to no purpose.

A moment or two later, with a series of crashes and bounds and leaps that made us hold on like grim death itself, our basket was dragged through the thick-set pine tops. Who could fitly describe the frightful sensations that ensued? With all visions dissipated of success in our expedition, and possible reaching Salt Lake City or anywhere else alive, we crouched with clinched hold and set teeth in the wicker car. Occasionally, as we were borne across some depression in the mountains' sides, we were free from collisions, and were swept somewhat upward. I will remember that during one of these intervals our Captain, finding the rope of the escape valve had become entangled above, with masterly address clambered the network of the bounding globe, and, cinging tightly to what slender hold he found, adjusted it. It was a feat to tremble at in recollecting. In less than ten minutes after it had been accomplished we struck the tree tops again, and were hurled more mercilessly than ever among their creaking branches, until with one tremendous shock our basket struck the stronger limbs of a mighty forest giant and held firm. To pull the ripping rope was the work of a second. With a crack a whole seam of the balloon parted. The gas fell about us in our wretched situation, nearly choking us. Our late tyrant collapsed and hung suspended from its colossal peg, the pine tree. We were safe.

Upon the remaining adventures of that luckless day neither reporter nor artist is disposed to dilate. Our valiant Captain being mired to such untimely ends to all the pomp and circumstance of glorious ballooning, was subsequently seen to smile over the affair.

With vast difficulty we managed to glide down the slippery trunk of the pine, whose only branches, among which we were perched, grew eighty feet from the ground. We had landed on the summit of a spur of the Sierras. By compass we took our bearings, and set out for shelter. Around us rose the wilderness pure and simple. There was no trace of road or habitation, and we were forced to fight our way through the dense undergrowth until nightfall. Without provisions, and utterly exhausted, our little party threw themselves down under the thicket's shelter, and slept till the pallid dawn. A second day of such fruitless wandering meant something so nearly approaching to death that we hardly cared to contemplate it as we trudged onward.

By noon of the second day the strength of one of the party had given out entirely. The other two were manfully preparing to carry him between them when a roaring brook was struck, and feebly followed with reviving hope. It was scarcely a quarter of an hour before the expected flume was discovered, at the foot of a steep declivity. A solitary Chinaman stood beside it plying a spade. We made our way toward him. At first our haggard appearance and scarcely understood tongue made the suspicious Celestial little disposed to listen to us or have aught to do with us; but, speedily becoming con-

vinced that we had no designs upon his claim, he lent a very wondering and compassionate ear to the narrative which our Captain communicated, and presently summoned all his pigtailed fellowship to hearken and aid us. We were, in truth, very kindly cared for by our yellow-faced friends during the two days which we found we must pass in that lonely camp before mules and wagons and men could be summoned from Nevada City, fifty miles distant.

When they arrived the balloon was looked up, and ripped apart, forwarded to Reno. The overland train was finally taken, and our trio speeded to San Francisco, in defeat, but with thankful souls.

Machine Guns in War.

The announcement that an American officer has received permission to inspect the British machine guns at Woolwich has called attention to their advantages and disadvantages in war. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* thus criticises the employment of machine guns on the field of battle: "If the range is correct and the mark remains steady great execution will be done, but the slightest error will throw every bullet out, except at short range. Thus the French found that their attempts with the mitrailleuse, even at such short distance as 1,200 yards, were perfectly futile, and that their new weapon had not the slightest chance against the field artillery of that time. Since then the German field artillery has more than doubled its efficiency. Against their sharpshooters, thrown with the present velocities, the mitrailleuse would have less chance than ever. The reply of the German army to the question, 'What is the place of the machine gun in the field of battle?' has been, 'It has no place, and whatever additional men and horses can be given should be devoted to increasing the field artillery.' Accordingly, machine guns have not been largely increased in proportion to the other arms. Exactly the same course has been pursued by the French and by every other great continental power. None have adopted machine guns for the field; all have increased and developed their field artillery. When we remember that France, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, have all lately passed through the turmoils of war, and had most of their crochety dross burned out of them, their unanimous opinion ought surely to outweigh the theoretical ideas of a few partisans who still cling to the notion of finding the machine gun a weapon worthy the cost of the men and horses required for its use. They admit that it cannot face field artillery at artillery ranges, that its projectiles have no power whatever against walls, or buildings, or earthworks, but they believe that, when two hostile bodies of infantry are closing the machine guns can be brought from cover, where they have remained until then, and will exercise a great influence over the result of the combat. No doubt they would in such a case, provided the infantry fight happened to be where they could go.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.

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One of the prize winners, Mrs. W. E. McBride, of Elmvale, writes: "I received the watch on Thursday and was very much pleased with it. Your paper itself is well worth the money, and I assure you I wish it every success."

The *Merchant and Manufacturer*, an excellent monthly journal published in this city, says:—"The **TRUTH**, Toronto, is offering Premiums for correct answers given to Bible questions. The party competing is required to deposit two dollars which will cover the price of the subscription for one year. The journal is well edited, and is both interesting and instructive. All will not get the prizes but one thing is certain they will get a paper worth more than the money paid out."

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The publisher of TRUTH has determined to encourage all boys and girls reading his paper to study the Bible. He will therefore offer the following prizes for the first three correct answers to the following questions:—

THE BIBLE ALPHABET.

A was a man who denied his wife.
B was a place of confusion and strife.
C out of envy his brother did slay.
D was a woman who a friend did betray.
E unto life once restored a youth.
F was a ruler who feared the truth.
G was the place where our Saviour died.
H was a Persian whom one man denied.
I was a son who was named by the Lord.
J was both prosperous and favored by God.
K was the death place of a woman devout.
L was a spirit from Heaven cast out.
M was an isle whom they entertained Paul.
N was a city Jonah threatened should fall.
O from her mother-in-law went quite away.
P preached the gospel by night and by day.
Q was a brother sated by Paul.
R was a maiden favored by all.
S was a ruler for wisdom renowned.
T was the place where Saul was first found.
U was a man whom a king caused to slay.
V was a queen whom a king put away.
W with W, our Saviour a miracle wrought.
X was a free day which the Jews long sought.
Y when Christ gives it, is easy to bear.
Z was a publican, for whom Jesus did care.

Write the names alone in answer to each of the twenty-six lines. The name to begin with the letters at the commencement of the line.

The answers may be sent by any boy or girl of not over sixteen years of age, and they must all be correct. They must be sent before March 1st.

I. To the Boy sending the first correct answers, a nicely bound volume of "The Arabian Nights Entertainment."

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Hurry up your answers. They will be filed as they come, and the award made after March 1st.

Look out for more Bible questions from time to time, as more prizes will be offered.

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Under the old standard for every 15 miles travelled westward one found his watch 1 minute, and for every 900 miles traveled, 1 hour too fast. Under the new system of dividing the country into divisions running North and South, each 15 degrees, or 900 miles wide, every town or city within that division will have the same time. As the traveller leaves the Grand Union Hotel, New York City, and crosses the street to the Grand Central Depot, he will not only see \$3 carriage hire and have his baggage transferred free but he can set his watch by the large clock in this depot's tower, and if journeying westward the minutes and seconds, under the new system, will always be right until he has passed a division (900 miles), then his watch will be an hour too fast. Travellers, as the general public, appreciate the conveniences embraced in the new system almost as much as they do the "new" 153 rooms just added to the Grand Union Hotel, which now contains 600 rooms at \$1 and upwards per day. While the time under the new standard changes after passing a division, the prices, the service, and courteous attention at the Grand Union Hotel, ever remain the same.

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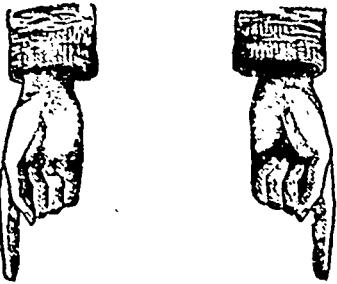
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Beware of that Cough! It may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

A Special Invitation.

We especially invite a trial by all those sufferers from Kidney and Liver complaints who have failed to obtain relief from other remedies and from doctors. Nature's great remedy, Kidney-Wort, has effected cures in many obstinate cases. It acts at once on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleansing the system of all poisonous humors and restoring a healthy condition of those important organs. Do not be discouraged but try it.

He who has no character is not a man; he is a thing.

Wisely Adopted by Dairy-men.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairy-men and farmers of the United States, of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all winter butter is colored in order to make it marketable, and this color is the best, in regard to purity, strength, permanence and perfection of tint.

Learn as if you were to live forever; live as if you were to die to-morrow.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes: I have been watching the progress of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis and soreness of nose; while not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall only be too happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child.

Genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study, that is the very nature of it.

GREAT RESULTS ARE SPEEDILY ACCOMPLISHED by the leading alterative Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Indigestion ceases, biliousness disappears, constipation gives place to regularity of the bowels in consequence of taking it. Ladies suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex experienced long wished for relief from it, and impurities in the circulation no longer trouble those who have sought its aid. Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your bitters. I am now well able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated. MRS MARY STUART.

He never was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is; he never will be better than he is, that doth not fear to be worse than he was.

The disfiguring eruptions on the face, the sunken eye, the pallid complexion, indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was devised for that purpose; and does it.

Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates. It does not uproar.

The cruise of the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean separates him from his family for six months.

PECTORIA! Pectoria! Pectoria! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Pectoria loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per Bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria, all Druggists and General Store-keepers sell it.

He who well and rightly considers his own doings is not likely to judge hardly concerning another.

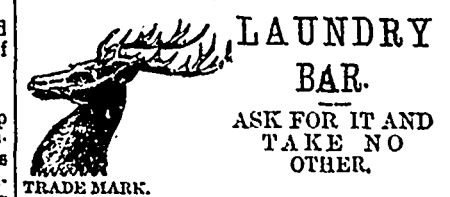
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165 YORK STREET, TORONTO. Clothes cleaned and repaired. Gentlemen's cast off clothing bought and sold. Families waited on at their residence.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADIET, Montreal, over all competitors.

THE QUEEN'S



LAUNDRY BAR. ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

MADE BY The Albert Toilet Soap Co.

RENNIE'S SELECT Field, Garden AND Flower SEEDS ARE THE BEST THE HANDSOMEST AND MOST COMPLETE CATALOGUE FOR 1884 FREE TO ALL INTENDING PURCHASERS. WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

"HEADQUARTERS" TORONTO SHOE CO., COR. KING AND JARVIS. 148 THE OLD FAVORITE RESORT. 144, 146, TORONTO. THE NEW LADIES' PARLOR. IMMENSE STOCK AT Cash Prices Only. SQUARE DEALING Orders by Letter have our Best Attention



The Seal Islands of Alaska.

The seal islands are a mere group of rocks, situated in Behring Sea, enveloped in fog during one-half of the year and shrouded in snow the other half. There are two seasons at the seal islands—the humid and frigid. During the humid season there is no sun visible, nor is there darkness, for this print may be read at any hour of the night, without artificial light, in what is there accepted as summer. But during the humid, foggy, long day season, there is not a moment when the roar of seals may not be heard for a mile at sea off the coast of those islands. During the frigid season the days are cut very low in the back and quite short in the skirt, so that they would be hardly worth while mentioning were it not for the exceedingly emphatic weather, which drives the seals away to sea, and make itself felt even by the cleaginous natives; and a gale howls all the time. During the frigid season, the surf never ceases to whip itself into foam upon the shores. And yet those rocks are cheap at \$5,700,000. If we should advertise them for sale at \$10,000,000—allowing ourselves a profit of \$2,500,000 in the purchase of Alaska—they could be sold.

The islands in question were called by the Russians the Pribylov group—so named in honor of their discoverer, who was cruising around about one hundred years ago in search of sea otter, which were then found to be almost as scarce but not quite so dear as now in the Aloutian chain. The Pribylov group consists of the islands of St. George, the most southerly and the first discovered, St. Paul, Otter Island, and Walrus Island. A few seals haul out upon Otter Island, but none upon Walrus Island. The seals killed by the lessees of the islands are all taken upon St. Paul and St. George. The maximum number for St. Paul is 75,000 seals each year; for St. George, 25,000; making altogether the full quota of 100,000 seals per annum.

The seals begin to land there about May 1, unless prevented by ice, and the killing (except for food) does not begin before July 1, by which time they are there in thousands. By July 1 there are millions of seals upon the two islands—doubtless four millions upon St. Paul, and a million upon St. George. Literally, they are in countless numbers. They are estimated by counting all those lying within a well marked small section of the breeding grounds and then measuring the entire space of the "rookery," as it is called, after they all leave later in the season, and allowing a given number to each square yard or rod. This is the only process by which the number of seals resorting to the islands can be approximated. "Seal fisheries" is not only a misnomer, but it is absurd when applied to the mode of taking skins.

When skins are wanted, the natives walk to the "rookeries," crawl along the sand until they arrive in a line between the seals and the water, then spring to their feet, yell and flourish clubs simultaneously, and the selected victims intended for sacrifice upon fashion's altar, stampede up the beach, and once started, are driven like sheep to the slaughter. They pull themselves along as one might expect a dog to travel with his forelegs broken at the knees and his spine over the kidneys. For locomotion on land, the fur seal depends mainly on his forequarters, the hind flippers being dragged along. At sea, the hind flippers serve mainly as steering apparatus, though they have some propelling power, being twisted like the propeller of a screw steamer; but, his fore flippers perform most of the propulsion in the water as well as on land.

The hair seal, on the contrary, derives more propelling power in the water from his hind than from his fore flippers. The seals on St. Paul and St. George Islands are often driven two or three miles from the "rookery" to the killing ground adjacent to the warehouses where the skins are salted. The killing is easy enough after the seals are once arrived at the ground selected for the slaughter. Sup-

por one thousand seals to be driven up, forty or fifty are cut out from the large drove. The smaller group is moved a few rods away from the others, and then knocked down by men with hickory clubs five feet in length. Being knocked senseless, the seal is quickly stabbed to the heart, and generally dies a painless death, after receiving the knock down blow. The work is divided; some men knock down, some stab, and some draw knives around the neck and flippers and along the belly, so that the skimmers have only to separate the skin from the blubber. All the men employed in this work are natives. The skimmers are experts, with such professional pride as prohibits dulling their razor edged knives upon the outside of the skin, which contains more or less sand from the drive.

All the time of the knocking down, the seals in the main drove sit on one hip like dogs, panting, growling and steaming, but apparently not interested in the fate of their friends dying before their eyes, nor caring for what may befall themselves. They do not seem to be at all sensitive on the subject of death. They can be driven up and over the warm, bloody carcasses which cover the ground, without manifesting any concern whatever. The skins are taken off with wonderful rapidity by the natives, and with very few cuts or slashes. As soon as the skins are cool, or at the end of a day's killing, they are hauled to the salt house and laid in bins, the flesh side up and salted. In the course of a week they are taken from the bins and examined. Those in which the curing process has not been perfected, have more salt applied to the pink spots, after which they are again packed in layers to await the bundling process, which takes place at any convenient time after the booking.

The system with which the work is pursued has been reduced to such an exactness that, though the season begins after June 1, generally not before the 10th or 12th, the one hundred thousand skins are sometimes aboard the vessel for shipment to San Francisco, by July 25, and always before August 1. Neither King Solomon nor the queen of Sheba—no, nor the lilies of the field—ever wore richer raiment than the modern sealskin cloak; but when the skin is taken from the animal to which nature gave it, when it goes into and when it comes out of the salt, or when it is first sent to market, is not what it appears later upon fashion's form.

Before the fur seal skin becomes the valuable article of commerce which goes into the manufacture of a fashionable garment, it is shaved down on the flesh side until it is not much thicker than a sheet of letter paper, the long coarse hair must be plucked, and the fur dyed; it may be a brown or almost black according to the prevailing taste, which now runs to a darker hue than formerly. The raw skins are sold at trade sales in London before they take on their artificial hue, the greater portion of their cost to the "consumer" being added after their purchase at the sales. Returning them to this country, paying duties, and the expense of making them into garments, constitute the major portion of the final cost.

Try to be happy in this very present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come; as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours.

Sincerity is an opening of the heart. We find it in very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others.

One of the novelties in London is the literary bracelet. It is made of twelve tiny books (silver or gold), attached to each other by a double chain. Each little book bears the enameled name of a favorite poet or novelist. There are also musical bracelets of the same model, only they, of course, have the names of operas or composers.

Miffin's Terrible Gun.

On the floor in one of the rooms of the Norwalk Iron Works Company is a long, heavy cylinder. Its length is about twenty-eight feet, and the diameter of the bore is about four inches. In another department men are at work constructing an air compressor. When the latter is completed it will be connected with the tube mentioned above, and what the inventor confidently believes will be a most tremendous engine of war will be completed and ready for trial. Several years ago, while in Washington, a gentleman from Ohio heard a naval officer say that if a gun could be constructed that would throw dynamite it would thoroughly revolutionize modern warfare. Mr. Miffin—that was the gentleman's name—proceeded at once to invent such a gun, and he has reason to believe it will be a perfect success.

It would not do to use powder as a propelling power, for its sudden action would explode the dynamite cartridge at the start and blow the gun to atoms. Compressed air, at a pressure of about 300 pounds to the square inch, will take the place of powder, and the gun now in South Norwalk is expected to throw a three-pound cartridge a distance of two miles. Imagine the effect of a cartridge of even so small a weight striking the side or deck of a vessel, or the ramparts of a fort. The explosion would be terrible in its results. If the gun is a success others of a size sufficient to throw 100 pounds of dynamite ten miles will be constructed. The gun, loaded with sand instead of dynamite, will be tested in South Norwalk at an early day in the presence of naval officers, scientific men, and others.

[Continued] CHAPTER II.

wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is Harmless to the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients."
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism, Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!
Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

A statement was lately made in a public meeting in London that in some establishments twopence halfpenny, or about 5 cents, is paid for the complete making of a lady's ulster, which means nearly a day's work! One contractor pays his men a penny a ton for discharging coal from vessels.

Don't fail to read the Publisher's announcements on page 22 regarding Competition No. 4. Get your friends interested, and so help them and Truth at the same time. Read the list of successful competitors.

FOREIGN STAMPS. Agents wanted. A good commission allowed. Send postal card for circulars, or 3c stamp for circulars and 15 Foreign stamps. CANADIAN STAMP CO., Montreal, P. Q.

WM. BERRY,
Odorless Excavator and Contractor.
RESIDENCE—151 Lumley-street,
6 Victoria-street, Toronto.
Night call removed from all parts of the city at reasonable rates.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public."
E. F. HARRIS,
Silver St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

KIDNEY-CURE

THE SURE CURE
FOR
**KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
CONSTIPATION, PILES,
AND BLOOD DISEASES.**

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Dalton, Monticello, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. E. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

DIANOFORTE TUNING & REPAIRING.
P. H. DALTON, 211 Queen Street West
Leave orders personally or by post card.

Notice of Removal.

MRS. MILLAR,
Dress-maker, late of Elm Street, has removed to 100 YONGE STREET, where all orders can be fulfilled. A fine stock of spring goods just received.

MRS. CAMERON,
391; QUEEN STREET, WEST.
Ladies' Underwear & Children's Clothing
Furnished at moderate rates.
Call and inspect goods.

DRESS MAKING A SPECIALTY.
MRS. MALLORY
is prepared to furnish all the latest
SKIRT IMPROVERS
—ALSO THOSE—
Perfect-Fitting Corded Health Corsets,
made to measure, and satisfaction guaranteed; also
"DOMESTIC PATTERN" AGENCY,
306 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS.

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY R. F. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H. Sold by all Druggists.

Watson, Thorne & Smellie, Barristers and Attorneys, 49 King Street West, Toronto.

MISS M. DOOLF, 455 QUEEN ST., WEST.

Fashionable Dress Maker. London, Paris, and New York Styles.

MADAME RISTORI.

Ladies wishing their lives correctly read should at once consult the above lady.

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STAR LAUNDRY! 23 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. Three Doors West of Grand Opera House.

Collars and Cuffs 25 cents per doz. Shirts done in first class style.

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Private Medical Dispensary. (Established 1855, 27 Gould St., Toronto, Ont. Dr. Andrew's Purification, Dr. Andrew's Female Pills, and all of Dr. A's celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address R. J. ANDREWS, M. D., Toronto.

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"A Horse, Sir, is Like a Child."

Standing, a few days, since, just outside the cabin of a ferry-boat on the Hudson, looking listlessly over the water through which we ploughed our way, I heard at my side the movement of harness, and then a voice saying, in a playful tone, "Now, Kate, behave yourself." I looked round, and saw that the words came from a pleasant-looking fellow, and were addressed to a bright-eyed, powerfully built horse, against whose shoulder he was leaning.

As he stood there, the horse would throw her head round, and opening her mouth, would reach after him, while the young man would draw back, repeating the words which had drawn my attention to him, "Behave yourself, Kate." In her ungainly way, the animal was sporting with her owner, and he was answering her playfulness.

"You seem," said I to him, "to have an intelligent and playful horse, there."

"Yes, sir, she knows all I say to her. I am accustomed to play with her; and as I am standing by her head, and touching her, she thinks that I wish to have some fun with her now. She will follow me at my call, and do anything I want her to do."

"Have you owned her a long time?"

"Not very long, sir; about a year and a half. You see she is not a young horse. She is some twelve years old. But she can do more work, and more willingly, than any horse I ever owned, and though I am a young man, I have owned a good many."

"You did not, then, train her from the start to this gentleness and docility?"

"Well, sir, not exactly. Yet when I first bought that horse she was a very different beast. Why, sir, she was ugly and stubborn, she would, likely as not, refuse to budge a step. But when I saw how she was handled by the man that owned her, I knew what was the matter. The owner was cross and ugly to her. He beat and banged her about, and hallooed angrily to her. That made the horse ugly. You see, sir, a horse don't like that. If you are ugly to them they will be ugly to you. He could not make her move with the load of twenty-five hundred we had put on the dray. I said to him, 'Let me take the lines.' He gave them to me, and I went to the horse's head, patted her, and spoke softly and kindly for a few moments to her, and then told her to go on. Why, sir, she moved right off! Then we put on the dray a load of forty hundred, and I just said to her, 'Go on, Kate,' and at once she started, as if the load was nothing. You see, sir, a horse is like a child; he will be just what you are to him. The man that owned her said, in surprise, 'If she would only do as much as that for me, I would never let you have her.' He did not understand that you must be kind to an animal like her. When I am harnessing her, or when I come home with her, I romp with her and she enjoys it. She will do anything for me."

I let him talk on. To a man who has a good horse, you can do no greater favor than to listen attentively and with interest while he tells you all about the qualities of the animal. You could cool off an angry man, if you could only get a chance to stroke the neck, and look admiringly at the flank of his horse. We soon reached

the wharf, and parted. We shall not meet again, but I shall remember one thing that he said, "You see, sir, a horse is like a child." That remark showed insight.

I wish that a good many parents, some that I have seen, and whose words I hear in my walks, could learn just a little of what my acquaintance on the ferry-boat knew so well. "If you are ugly to them, they will be ugly to you, sir." So he said, and he was right. "He banged about that horse and spoke angrily to her, and it made her stubborn." That was it. It was not wonderful.

It is so with children. Do you think that it is in human nature to be otherwise? Just remember. Were you ever called at sharply and angrily? Do you not remember just how the voice seemed to stir up all that was determined in you, and make you, almost in spite of yourself, stubborn and willful?

When I hear how some mothers and fathers speak to their children, I am not surprised in the least that they are disobedient. I think that I would be so too. I could not help it. The only relief I could find would be in being ugly. The very tone of voice has something in it that rasps you that are older, while it tears into the sensitive nature of a child.

"Oh, they got used to it," some one says, "and do not mind it." There is what is very sad in that, if it is so. It can only be because your child has grown hard. The feelings must be callous, when harsh words do not wound or excite anger. You can make an infant lip quiver by the tone of voice. You must not forget that the cords are not broken. They will vibrate at your call in the after-time.

You that have spoken roughly and often harshly to your children, try the gentler ways. Soften the voice. Let it have the melody of kindness and affection in it. There are little faces that will look up wonderingly, perhaps, at first, but the boys and girls will surprise you with their smiling obedience and manifested affection.—From "A Bachelor's Talks about Married Life."

YELLOW AS A GUINEA. — The complexion in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile, which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains directed from the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancer, humors, female weakness, jaundice, and lumbago. It tones the stomach, rouses the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it; and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a facsimile of their signature. Sold by all medicinal dealers.

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's softness.

It may not be generally known to our readers that the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., who are the largest manufacturers of Fine Gold and Silver-plated Ware in the world, have established a branch factory in Hamilton, Ont., for the purpose of supplying their CANADIAN CUSTOMERS with their wares at the same prices as they are sold for in the States. They have justly earned a reputation for quality and durability unexcelled by any other makers, and have always been awarded the highest prizes wherever they have exhibited, from the World's Fair in 1853 to the present time. The immense popularity and demand for their goods have induced other makers to imitate their name and trade marks, and for the sake of protecting our readers from such imposition we have prepared copies of their trade marks, and purchasers will do well to cut out and take with them when wishing to get the genuine MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY'S GOODS.



Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc.

1847 ROGERS BROS. XI, —OR— 1847 ROGERS BROS. XII. This trade mark is stamped on all Knives, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Coffee Outlets, etc.

JOHN HALL, Sear., M.D., HOMOEOPATHIST, M.O.P.S. OFFICE AT HIS OLD RESIDENCE, 88 & 85 RICHMOND STREET, EAST. OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday, 6 to 6 1/2 p.m. Also in the evenings of Monday and Thursday, from 7 to 9.

DENTAL CARD.

Special attention given to the filling and preservation of the natural organs. Artificial Teeth inserted, so as to appear perfectly natural and life-like. Teeth extracted without pain. Fees moderate. T. H. SEFTON, Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Sts., over Ross's Drug Store, Toronto.

J. WOLF, Watch Maker and Jeweller, 41 1/2 YONGE STREET. A good assortment of Silverware, Watches and Gold Jewellery Goods made to order. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Gold and Silver Plating done at reasonable prices.

Misses Rutherford, DEALERS IN FASHIONABLE Millinery and Fancy Goods. DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING. A fresh supply of Laces and Spring Goods just arrived. Orders promptly attended to. 288 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

COAL & WOOD

At Lowest Prices, for Present Delivery. Best Beech and Maple \$6.50 per Cord. Best Birch and Maple, Cut and Split 7.50 " Best Large Slabs, dry 3.50 " Best Pine, dry 4.00 " Slabs, by Car Load ... \$2.40 and 2.60 " Brick Pine, by Car Load 2.15 "

Hard and Soft Coal, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Prices, delivered dry and clean, promptly.

Office & Yard Cor. Bathurst & Richmond. Wm. MCGILL & CO.

THE NOVELTY STORE!

201 YONGE ST. Is the place to get plain and fancy stationery. School Requisites, Fancy Goods, &c. A. MOORE, Proprietor.

THE YANKEE DISH CLOTH!

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Buy the truth and sell it not. He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

But where shall wisdom be found? It cannot be gotten for gold.

The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.

In all labor there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

He that loveth wine shall not be rich. Who hath woo? They that seek mixed wine.

The prosperity of fools shall destroy them, but whose hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet but tendeth to poverty.

A perfect and just measure shalt thou have, that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Though he (the unjust man) heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay; he may prepare it, but the just shall put it on, and the innocent shall divide the silver.

Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in mete-yard, in weight or in measure, just balances, just weights, a just ephah (a dry measure) and a just hin (a liquid measure) shall ye have.

London Truth gives currency to the rumor that Lord Lorne will be called up to the House of Lords by one of his father's minor titles shortly after the meeting of Parliament. The object of the Court politics appears to be his early appointment either as Viceroy of India or as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

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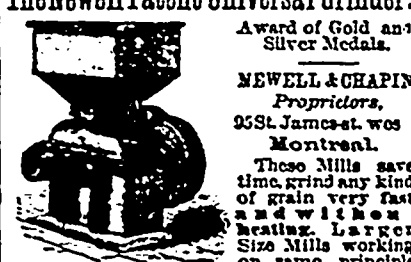
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