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TORONTO,

CANADA

Weekly Magazine

of Current Literature

\$2.00 per Year 10¢ per Copy

... until the author
to be published
amendable
... done

TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL 19, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 408.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

We had pleasure last week in presenting to our readers the opening chapters of a new story, "The Ace of Clubs," by Lubomirski, the most powerful of the new school of Russian Novelists. This new novel is not only one of the most exciting and dramatic stories of recent years, but it contains some of the very best pictures of the horrors of the Siberian exile system of Russia ever written. It is a singularly powerful exposé of Russian bureaucracy, cruelty and intrigue. At the same time the novel possesses all the most interesting elements of a charming love story, dealing with the almost successful efforts of Russian officials to accomplish the destruction of the hero and unhappiness of the heroine. Just now, when the civilized world is roused by reports of Siberian outrages, and by the investigations of George Kennan, the story will be of peculiar interest. The novel is strongly dramatic, its descriptions of Siberian life singularly thrilling, and strictly truthful. It is full of such exciting scenes as the knocking of a Russian officer, the meeting of the exiles in a cave on an island of the Baikal Sea, etc. We can promise that those who follow out the story will do so with the utmost pleasure. The copyright is ours and infringements will be prosecuted.

The *modus vivendi* which Great Britain and France propose as a means of settling the long standing dispute between the Newfoundlanders and the French colonists on the western shore of the island, instead of proving the "oil on the troubled waters" is meeting with very strong opposition from the islanders who are on the verge of open revolt. That the situation may be more clearly comprehended a brief historical reference may not be without benefit. Originally discovered by the Cabots, father and son, in 1497, after a series of vicissitudes, owing to the wars between England and France, Newfoundland finally fell into the hands of Great Britain, who was confirmed in possession of the island by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. By the provisions of this treaty there were reserved to France rights over a portion of the Coast which is known as the French shore. These rights are the liberty to catch fish and dry them on the shore. This concession, made solely in reference to catching fish and drying them, has been interpreted as though it gave to France the right to hold in fee simple the whole of the disputed coast between Cape St. John and Cape Ray, passing round the north of the island, and to prohibit others not only from fishing but from establishing any industry whatever. By this preposterous claim the British population of a British Colony are excluded from the occupation of the soil and from the work of mines in a large portion of the interior. On the other hand, the British

inhabitants contend that the provision of the treaty has respect to fish alone, and has no reference to any other industry. Consequently, as these coasts abound in lobsters, which have never been placed by naturalists in the piscatorial family the British have engaged in the lobster industry, and have established several canning factories on the so-called French coast. In harmony with their interpretation of the treaty provision, the French object to this intrusion, and, having taken the matter into their hands, have violently destroyed several of these canning factories. Now, the *modus vivendi* which has been negotiated between Great Britain and France practically concedes the French claim, and virtually acknowledges their right of proprietorship to the disputed coast. Naturally the British population object to such an interpretation and are remonstrating in a manner not to be mistaken.

A mass meeting was held at St. Johns, the capital of the island, a few days ago, at which, it is estimated, ten thousand persons were present. Prominently seated on the platform, were representatives of all classes and of all creeds. Among the resolutions passed was one setting forth that: "Whereas, the claims put forward by the French—(1) to catch and preserve lobsters, (2) to erect lobster factories, and (3) to exclude our people from the prosecution of that industry on certain parts of our coasts—are utterly without foundation or show of reason; and, whereas the exercise of such claims involves in its consequences not only directly the deprivation of our people of a valuable maritime industry, but also indirectly the settlement of a new French population with a permanent footing upon our soil, the locking up of the territorial resources of the Colony, the extinction of every valuable industry and source of wealth to our people, and the virtual concession of the sovereignty of the soil to a foreign Power; and whereas the terms of the so-called *modus vivendi* not only accord to these unfounded pretensions the force and status of bona fide and reasonable claims, but confer upon the French the immediate actual possession and enjoyment of rights territorial and maritime to which these claims relate; therefore, resolved, that for these and further reasons this meeting indignantly protests against the making of this arrangement, that the claims now set up by the French in relation to the lobster fishery ought to have been met only by an absolute and unqualified denial, and that to no arrangement either for arbitration or otherwise involving even the consideration of any possible right or claim on the part of the French to catch and preserve lobsters on our soil, or to hinder or interfere with our people in the prosecution of that industry will we ever give our consent." How far these demonstrations will affect the Imperial government's action, it is impossible to say. It is certain, however, that the people are in no temper to be trifled with. It is stated that "delegations will go to England, Ireland and Scotland to present the matter to the British public and enlist their sympathy against Lord Salisbury and his officials."

making the treaty. Prominent men will be sent to all the British Colonies to show the great wrong being done a sister Colony of the Empire." As might be expected, opinions differ as to whether the islanders are justified in their opposition, or whether they have been treated kindly, and justly by the Imperial government. It seems, however, to be generally conceded by the English press that a grave mistake was made in not having a representative of Newfoundland present at the time the negotiations were pending. Had this courtesy been extended to the Colonists it might have prevented much of the ill-feeling that has unfortunately been engendered.

How any Chicagoan can contentedly pursue the even tenor of his way, with death lurking in every draught of water taken to cool his parched tongue, is something unaccountable to those who cherish any affection for this mundane sphere. Lately one of the best accredited scientists, recognized all over the country as an expert and an authority, has been testing the common drinking water of the city, only to find it filled with deadly poison. This is how he represents the case: "As to the present unsafe condition of our drinking water I have no doubts whatever. The twenty-fold increase of free ammonia tells a story of filth. It shows that the soluble matters, coming from the decay of many tons of excreta and other organic waste, were washed out into the lake and into our drinking water. To speak of this as a slight contamination would be foolish, and to try to conceal it would be criminal." It is not to be wondered at that the more thoughtful citizens have shown some alarm, and should be casting about for some means of sending down the Mississippi or anywhere, the poisonous matter which threatens the very life of the city. The "twenty-fold increase of free ammonia" is a prophecy of still greater contamination, and still greater danger to life. Even under ordinary circumstances the condition of things is alarming, but in view of the coming World's Fair in 1893, it becomes particularly grave. It would be criminal in the highest degree to invite millions of people from the States of the Union and the foreign countries of the globe to come to Chicago merely to die there from the effects of such poisons. If Chicago would win the blessing and not the curse of the nations, let her put herself in thorough order before she opens her show.

A ballet dance at a Methodist entertainment is a performance for which the traditions and practices of that church are done no precedent. It appears, however, that the citizens of Watertown, Mass., are favored with the novel sight, which, on this wise: The Golden Rule society arranged a "gipsy festival" to collect and please the society. The young actresses of the part of the

sult. "The older people," it is stated, "are greatly exercised over the affair, but the young folks think it a pretty good joke." One hardly knows which to condemn the more; the breach of faith on the part of the young people, who knowing the sentiments of the responsible members of the church under whose auspices the entertainment was held, or the system of raising money which opens the door for such questionable and scandalous performances. As a matter of fact the Watertown young people are sinners only a little greater than many church societies all over the country. Their sin differs in degree and not in kind from that of many others. It is one of the reproaches and weaknesses of the Christian church, shared in by nearly all sections that she has adopted such means as bazaars, amateur theatricals, etc., etc., for the replenishing of her coffers which ought to be filled with the direct and voluntary contributions of her members. Until those who have been benefited by the institutions of the church, and who possess to hold these institutions above all price, shall show in a practical manner the regard they say they feel, unbelievers will have good reason to question the sincerity of their professions, and to discount considerably the benefits the church is said to bestow. In this connection church members would do well to pray the prayer of the immortal Burns:

"O, wad some power the gift gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

The accident to the magnificent steamer, City of Paris, which so nearly resulted in another being added to the pathway of wrecks which strewn the bed of the sea, still engages public attention. Many are asking why did the starboard engine of this ship so suddenly collapse? Thus far the owners of the vessel are provokingly silent on the question. No answer has been volunteered, and it is stated that since the ship has arrived at Liverpool no person has been allowed on board without special permission. There is a suspicion that the engine was down either from an original defect developed by wear and tear, or, more probably because the ship has weathered at excessive speeds to understand the reason who are in the way of the ship's progress until the truth is made plain.

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come from the ranks of the nobility, must be extended to include those noble by character, in order that the sons of honourable middle-class families may hold appointments in the army. The same rule will also apply to the Civil Service. Radical though the principle involved in this decree is, so far as Germany is concerned, it is one that is destined to prevail more and more, according as knowledge and truth extend, and the intrinsic value of things becomes more clearly perceived. Changing somewhat the old adage it may be said, "noble is, as noble does."

It may yet transpire that in providing the great cataract of Niagara, Nature had other than merely spectacular ends in view. At any rate it seems as though some of her sons are resolved upon utilizing the incalculable power represented by that world of falling waters. Word comes from Lockport to the effect that a number of New York capitalists have contracted to construct a tunnel thirty feet square, starting at a point near the water's edge, a short distance below the Falls, and extending under the village, and above about two miles, where large manufacturing water from their wheels into the tunnel. The tunnel is of a capacity to provide for development of 120,000 horse power, and is to cost three and a half million dollars. The work is to be commenced as soon as machinery and material can be got on the ground. Certainly this a big scheme which, if successful, might greatly change the aspect of things in the vicinity of that historic spot. But whether it will materialize or collapse like all the former plans to harness the mighty torrent and turn it to utilitarian ends, remains to be seen.

A novel feature of life insurance has lately been introduced by some of the leading companies in England. Hitherto the universal rule has been to require all applicants for insurance to pass a rigorous and searching medical examination before being accepted. This requirement is now dispensed with, and instead, the applicant for insurance is given the privilege, if he chooses, of taking out a policy without undergoing the usual medical examination. The condition is that if the insured dies within five years the policy will become void, the company undertaking to return all premiums paid upon it, with compound interest at five per cent. The scheme is favorably regarded by some of the best insurance authorities, who claim that a policy holder lives five years this is a safe risk as if he is a safe risk in the first place. The scheme is popular, for, not to be surprised, which many feel

goes without dispute that whatever means may be employed, if the benefit is to be permanent, they must be radical, must deal with the evils in their very beginnings. To this end many are turning their attention to a reconsideration of their franchise laws. In Massachusetts they have introduced the Australian ballot law, which, owing to its educational test and property qualification of a poll tax, has been found to antagonize to some extent the universal suffrage system hitherto prevailing. And now a committee of one hundred Bostonians propose a second step towards ideal ballot reform—one which involves a religious test. In their appeal to the public they say: "We have no hesitation in affirming that the oath of allegiance to our Government taken by Romanists, by which they have obtained the rights of the ballot, citizenship, and office, amounts to nothing, if they are good Romanists, and has no binding obligation where the interests of the Church or the Pontiff require it to be disregarded. We do not hesitate to say, as a measure for the nation's self-protection, that no man who confesses allegiance to the Pontiff should be allowed to participate as a citizen in either holding an office or casting a ballot. The United States Supreme Court has decided that the law of one of our States disfranchising Mormons is constitutional, on the theory that the man who takes the oath the Mormons are required to take cannot be a good citizen. Why should not this principle be applied to those who confess allegiance to the Papal hierarchy? No ballot for the man who takes his politics from the Vatican."

This is certainly a radical position, to secure which a revolution more bloody than that which reddened the soil of the South a quarter of a century ago would be required. Still, the justice or injustice of their plea is not affected by the question of the feasibility of any measure looking towards its realization. Whether it is just to the Roman Catholic citizen of the Republic to deprive him of all civil rights, depends upon whether or not he exalts the behests of his church above the laws of the State in which, for the time being, he may chance to live: whether in a possible conflict of authority he would adhere to the Vatican and disregard the authority of the chief magistrate of this country. If this be the feeling or view of the Roman Catholic citizen, which many contend is the case, then the fact, taken in connection with the ever-recurring complaint of his Holiness that a great injustice is done him in depriving him of the temporal power which he claims as his right by virtue of his position in the church, furnishes some ground for the contention that a good Romanist cannot in the nature of things be truly loyal and patriotic. But just here comes in the force of the *if* in the preceding sentence. The Sole tenor of the recent Baltimore Conference and various express statements made at the Conference by representative Catholics, notably that of Cardinal Gibbons, go to the effect that the Roman Catholic citizen of this continent at least, has no objection to the idea that the possession of temporal power is essentially necessary to his Holiness may carry out the interests of the Church, and that he will consider himself bound to oppose any measure which would deprive him of this power. It is evident from the vigor with which the opposition attacked the educational policy of the government, that this will be made a leading issue at the ensuing election. This is the vulnerable point of the government's policy. Little can be done with the question

of financial management. Whatever other sins may be successfully laid at the door of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues, extravagance and mismanagement are not among the number. But the educational policy is not above censure, and some of its objectionable features are bound to confront them before the summer is past and gone.

Venor is dead, "Moses Ostes" has retired to the obscurity from which he so suddenly came, while Wiggins, having so often displayed his consummate ignorance of the intentions of the "clerk of the weather," has become discreetly cautious, and only once in a great while lets the world know that he is still on the land of the living. Nothing discouraged by the fate that has befallen the New World prophets, if indeed, he was aware of the existence of those who pretended to announce beforehand how the wind would list to blow and the storms to travel, an Italian, by name M. Luigi Palmieri, the learned Director of the Observatory of Vesuvius, announces "that the time of absolute prediction of the weather is no longer an unrealizable, Utopian dream." In favor of the new prophet is the fact that he has discarded the old agent employed in such prognostications, and has invoked assistance from the electrometer instead of the barometer, that is, his predictions have respect to the electrical action of the earth and of the atmosphere. For forty years he has been studying the problem, until he has made himself a specialist in questions appertaining to the electricity of the earth. According to him the time is near when "we must discard our old friend, the barometer, as the indicator of weather changes, which cannot achieve more than 80 per cent. of success in prediction, and take the electrometer, which never is found in default." It must be confessed that this gives a new turn to the question of weather prediction, which will lead those, who, thinking of the past failures might be disposed to treat the matter lightly to pocket their objections and their cavils, and patiently wait and see. In these days of surprises no one can afford to poke fun at the experimenter with electricity.

One hundred and forty-five ratified measures constitute the completed work of the Ontario Legislative session, which finished its labors on Good Friday morning. Of these bills the great majority contained no special interest for the general public, being promoted by private individuals or companies seeking incorporation for the purpose of carrying out some financial scheme. Among the more important measures passed, were acts to amend the license law of the Province, the Public and Separate Schools Act, the assessment law, laws relating to mining operations, the treatment of youthful offenders, the erection of Houses of Refuge in connection with Industrial Farms, and a bill granting \$160,000 for university restoration. Though much quiet and useful work was done, the session was not distinguished by anything which will cause it to stand out conspicuously on the page of history. In his prorogation speech His Excellency expressed his gratification with the work that had been done and breathed the hope that their successors in office might be found to be not less earnest in fulfilling their duty to our common country, and that like the present administration they may at all times show a just appreciation of the high trust which, as representatives of the people, will have been committed to their safe-keeping. The only really exciting discussion was that upon the Public and Separate school act which was the debate of the session. It is evident from the vigor with which the opposition attacked the educational policy of the government, that this will be made a leading issue at the ensuing election. This is the vulnerable point of the government's policy. Little can be done with the question

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How far the negotiations relating to the fishery dispute between Great Britain and the United States have proceeded, does not appear; but sufficient progress seems to have been made to have encouraged Hon. Mr. Blaine to hope that, so far as the Behring sea trouble was concerned, the rapids were passed and that henceforth there would be smooth sailing. It now transpires that this conclusion was premature, and that the whole subject will have to be reopened. This action of the Canadian Government in objecting to some of the features of the convention is said to have greatly incensed Mr. Blaine. Certainly if he has made all the concessions that justice and a due regard to the laws of nations in such matters demand, he does well to be angry; but if he has succeeded in persuading Sir Julian Pauncefote to accept terms which are manifestly unjust (and this is the more likely explanation) his indignation is greatly out of place. No doubt Mr. Blaine will find it exceedingly difficult to make the full concessions which justice demands, especially after the arrogant claims set up at Washington as to the jurisdiction of Behring sea. But unless settled right now, Mr. Blaine may set this to his seal that he will have occasion again to be angry, and again, until justice is done.

An interesting retrospect is afforded the citizens of Toronto in connection with the

public schools of the city. Looking back not quite half a century one beholds wonderful changes. In 1844 the registered attendance at the schools was 1,104, while in '80 it was 28,287. The most rapid increase, as would be supposed, has been during the last decade, the attendance in '80 being only 8,097 and in '70, 4,106. Thus it appears that while in ten years from '70 to '80 the attendance little more than doubled, between '80 and '89 it considerably more than trebled. At present there are 47 Public Schools in the city, with a seating capacity for 24,086 pupils, and with a cash value of \$1,214,088, including \$1,175, the value of furniture in nine temporary buildings rented by the Board. There is only one frame Public School in the city, viz., the Island school. All the others are solid brick. The value of the school sites is \$453,230, and the furniture is valued at \$41,375. Some of the rules of the old Boards are interesting. For instance, rule 28, "Corporal punishment must be applied only on the hands, and with the strap supplied by the Board." Rule 30, "One or more slaps given for the same offence, to the same pupil at the same time constitutes a case of corporal punishment." Rule 33, "The strap shall be kept in the Principal's room and sent for as required." Rule 34, "The pupil to be punished shall not be sent for the strap." Rule 36 is a wonderful one, "Corporal punishment shall not be inflicted on any pupil unless he or she is willing to submit to it." When we read this last regulation we are amazed at the spirit of submission to authority possessed by our fathers of the former generation. Had they been like their sons of the present the strap would have muldowed in the principal's room through lack of use. Not many offenders submit to the strap now-a-days because they want to, but because they must.

There is a "great big" interrogation point which will persist in obtruding itself before the mental vision of many lay minds when they begin to consider the subject of Unrestricted Reciprocity between Canada and the United States, the policy which is being somewhat definitely avowed by Opposition at Ottawa. And the question takes this form: Supposing for the moment that Unrestricted Reciprocity would promote the prosperity of our country, and that the government should adopt this as their policy, what then? Until the government of the United States shall adopt a like policy, it would be madness on the part of Canadians to open their ports and to invite all and sundry to come in bringing whatsoever they might choose. And certainly, present appearances give little encouragement to hope that the United States would consent to any such arrangement. Whatever suspicion Canadians may entertain touching the motives which actuated the administration at Washington when framing their tariff bills, their speeches in defence of their policy are not flavored with the idea of retaliation, but with the notion that protection is absolutely necessary for the benefit of their own people. If this profession on their part is sincere, Unrestricted Reciprocity does not appear to have come, as yet, within the sphere of practical politics; for the Hitt resolution, though it looks in that direction, has yet to be approved of by the House. Will some political genius inform the public, seeing that none of its advocates appear to have deemed it necessary, how this policy can become practical without the consent thereto of both parties concerned?

How far the party press is responsible for

the unfavorable opinion entertained by many of what is popularly understood by the term politics, it would be difficult to say. There can be little doubt, however, that the practice of magnifying the faults and minifying the virtues of leading men in the opposite party, has done much to lower the popular estimate of our legislators, and to create the impression in many minds that those who make our laws are a lot of boodle hunters, knaves and rogues. Of course, the instructed know better, know that though there may be and are some who have more respect to the honor or to the "loaves and fishes" than for their country, there are not wanting honest, upright men, who for their country's sake are making large sacrifices every year in a financial way; in order that they may attend to the duties which their fellow-citizens have imposed upon them. They know, too, that the representations of the party press are always partial, and that while the statements concerning the actions of a given member of parliament may not contain falsehood in what they affirm, they are false to fact in that they do not represent the man in his integrity by faithfully exhibiting his whole conduct, the praiseworthy as well as the unpraiseworthy. But while the instructed are aware of these things, and are therefore prepared to appraise the onesided representations at their proper value, there is a large section of the community with whom the case is very different. Being ignorant of the tactics employed by the partizan, they are disposed to over estimate the charges of incompetency, selfishness, etc., with the result, that politics come at length to be regarded as a questionable occupation in which no respectable and truth loving man will consent to engage.

It would be unjust, however, to lay the blame for this state of things altogether at the door of the party journals. Without controversy they are sinners in this respect and sinners exceedingly; but they are not the only, if indeed, the greatest transgressors. The churches are not entirely free from censure in this matter. "Many ministers," says the *Chautauquan*, "and not a few prominent laymen, seem to have lost all respect for our present political methods. They claim that it is a sacrifice of one's good name to enter political life; that no man can become a legislator, use political machinery, represent his fellow-citizens in the halls of legislation, and breathe the air of political life at the capital without being contaminated, soiled and spoiled for any work of moral reform or Christian activity thereafter. It is an admission that politics are so intensely demoralizing that the average Christian character now building cannot stand up against it. This logic teaches us that good men should keep out of politics, have nothing to do with it. We should hand our legislation over to men of weak conscience and damaged character. Besides it is an insinuation that men in our public service are of doubtful reputation." Unfortunately this charge as against many ministers and members is too patent to be denied. They have fallen into the mistake of condemning all political methods and politicians because some methods have proved defective or been abused, and some politicians have basely betrayed their trust. It does not seem to have occurred to them that without some political method society is impossible; that if wholesome laws are to be secured, men of character must help to make them; and that if justice and equity are to be maintained, we must have lawmakers who "do justly and love mercy." If politics, as they say, are degraded, they

must be lifted up; if they are corrupt they must be purified. And the only way in which the reformation can be accomplished is by the introduction of good men with conscience and character, men who recognize their responsibility to Him who has ordained that politics must be, and our duty to their fellowmen whom in love they are bound to serve. On this matter the church must herself become converted.

The difficulty of framing a law so as to preclude all possibility of the original intent being disregarded, is forcibly illustrated in the case of Major-General Laurio and the mileage allowance. The provision touching the allowance to members of parliament for travelling expenses reads thus: "There shall be allowed to each member of the House of Commons ten cents for each mile of the distance between the place of residence of such member and the place at which the session is held, reckoning such distance going and coming, according to the nearest mail route, which distance shall be determined and certified by the Speaker." No doubt the supposition of the framers of the law was that the representative would live somewhere within the bounds of the Dominion, and generally within the limits of his own constituency. Nothing, therefore, was said concerning those members who might choose to take up their residence abroad. This Major-General Laurio, who represents Shelburne, N. S., has done, having gone to reside in England. He is said to have declared that his residence is London, and to have drawn \$600 as his mileage between London and Ottawa, instead of \$190 which he received last year as his mileage from Shelburne. Though it is not to the credit of the Major-General that he should have insisted upon the larger sum, as it exhibits a mercenary spirit not to be envied, it is doubtful whether he could be compelled to disgorge seeing that the letter of the law is on his side. But that it happens not again, the law should be altered so as to cover such cases.

Were it not for the circumstance that marvelous events are transpiring every day, and that it is the unexpected that always happens the credulity of Canadians would be overtaken by the report of a resolution about to be introduced into the Senate at Ottawa, touching the constitution of that body. The man who is likely to get his name into history is Senator Poirier who has given notice of the following resolution: "That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying for the amendment of the B. N. A. Act so that Senators shall henceforward, as their seats become vacant, be appointed by Provincial Legislatures; the Crown to retain the right to the appointment of three or six additional Senators, as now exist under the Constitution." When Senators themselves, whom the outside world have been regarding as the most highly favored of the nation, receiving a handsome indemnity for a work so light that the session can be compared to nothing but a continuous picnic, begin to find fault with the Constitution of their Chamber, the electorate generally will be disposed to listen. It is a pity that Senator Poirier had not gone further and asked for such modification of the Constitution as would have placed the appointment in the hands of the people. It is certain that the proposed change will not satisfy the popular demand, which will, before long, insist upon it that legislators irresponsible to the people shall be done away with in a country which claims to have a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The promoters of anti-Chinese legislation at Washington have evidently not yet been found of a centenary by the best ship.

the members of Congress. This time it is the religious bodies of the country that are beginning to move. Alarmed at the prospect of retaliatory measures on the part of the Celestial government, they realize that not only are the foreign Christian missions there in danger of extinction, but that the doors may be permanently closed against them so as to prevent further evangelistic effort on behalf of the L. atchen Chinese. This would certainly be a great calamity, viewed from a Christian standpoint, and must be prevented if possible. The first gun was fired at the New England Methodist Conference, which passed a resolution the other day denouncing the anti-Chinese policy of the Government, and calling upon Congress to defeat the pending Deportation bill. An understanding, it is stated, has already been reached between the Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Baptists throughout the country to inaugurate a simultaneous political crusade against Chinese restrictions, and to compel Congress to permit them more free access to the country, as once here it was easiest to convert them. Considering the numerical strength of the churches mentioned it is not likely that the government at Washington will have the temerity to disregard their united prayers. There is such a thing as greed overreaching itself, a fact which these western politicians are likely soon to find out to their cost.

An interesting reference to the early home life of the German Emperor, than whom no man living is attracting more attention from the civilized world, is found in an article in the *Illustrated American*. Says the writer: "From his birth the young prince enjoyed the affection and care of parents, conspicuous by their love of democratic simplicity and purity of home life. No mother ever watched over the sleeping and waking hours of a favorite boy more intelligently and conscientiously than the Empress Victoria. She inspected the nursery at unexpected hours, tasted the food, saw that the ventilation was sufficient, followed nurses and governesses into every detail of their work, and seconded her husband in his ambition to have their son respected for his own worth, and not merely because of the crown he might some day wear." We are not surprised at this statement when we reflect that Empress Victoria is the daughter of our own beloved Sovereign, who, peerless among earth's rulers, is one of the wisest and most judicious of mothers. Did all parents, and especially those whose worldly position offers the temptation to dismiss their children to the care of hirelings, exercise the same loving supervision, and have the same ambition to have their children respected for their own worth and not because of any adventitious circumstance, the number of families disgraced by profligate sons would be greatly diminished, and character would soon come to be esteemed at its proper value, as that which is above all things.

The constitutional amendment proposed by Mr. McDougall, concerning the Rykert investigation, has been disposed of off-hand, and that Parliament has cognizance of a member's name, and that no further action will be taken until the matter is brought to the attention of the House.

Truth's Contributors.

LIVE OTTAWA TOPICS.

What Obliterates Party Lives - Mr. Davin Always Listened to Mr. Blake Baises a Point - A Good Story From Keelato Mr. Charlton - Budget Chaff.

Party lines are never more completely obliterated and members are never more thoroughly individual than during a discussion as to the advisability of taking a holiday. Each man consults his own desires as to taking a trip home and wears his notions on his sleeve. The British Columbians insistently oppose all holidays, on the ground that they cannot possibly cross the continent no matter how long a recess is taken. Maritime province members favor long holidays as a rule, but bitterly oppose short ones. Those living near the capital are quite indifferent on the holiday question, because they spend every Saturday and Sunday at home, as it is, and thus it goes. It does appear to an Ontario mind that some of the religious holidays observed by Parliament, are conceived in an excess of courtesy to the usages of the Roman Catholic Church; but if, on the other hand, it were proposed to hold public dinner on Sunday evenings to save time, Ontario would revolt most violently, while Quebec would wonder what the trouble was all about. The only safe road before us is the broad one of mutual concession, and courteous deference to each other's opinions. It is really no sacrifice of principle to be polite, and we can afford to pay a good price in holidays and the like for a peaceful, united and prosperous country.

The House was fuller than usual at the wretched hour of 1.30 a.m. the other morning, when Nicholas Flood Davin spoke in the closing moments of Budget debate. Mr. Davin is one of the most interesting speakers in Parliament, and seldom fails to bring together a fair number of his colleagues. In a generous immigration policy he sees the hope of the North-West and he never loses a chance to press the need of this upon the House and the Ministry. His style of oratory is at once scholarly and effective, and he has the happy faculty of making a strong speech without overshadowing it with dullness.

Mr. Blake raised, the other day, a most important point in questioning the right of the Dominion Government to reserve certain lands. The scheme is favorably fixed for the public. The best insurance pointed out that the policy holder old standing is that to...

ministers are responsible for this breach of precedent an explanation must be given.

John Charlton is not best known as a humorist but he told a story the other evening, that I did, for a Presbyterian deacon, was pretty good. He told of a farmer that was led, by the high taxation on the goods he most wanted to commit suicide. Take the rest of the story in Mr. Charlton's sodate circumlocution:

We have the rest of the transcript, only through the spirit medium, and I do not know whether it was true or not, but as represented that he went to Hades, and his Satanic Majesty met him and took him kindly and cordially in. He put him into a chamber where there were a great many Conservative politicians and Conservative editors, who died in their sins, but the farmer did not feel at home there. Then he moved him into a place where there were a number of doctors and lawyers, but there he did not feel at home either. Then the Devil came around and asked him what he and said to him; "What are you?" and the other replied: "I'm a farmer." "Where are you from," said the Devil. "I am from Canada," he replied, and "who did you vote for?" "I voted for Sir John A. Macdonald and the National Policy," was what he said; and the Devil said: "why did you do that?" "Well," said the farmer, "I did that under the impression that it was going to raise the price of produce." "Oh," said the Devil, "then come along, I have a place for you;" and he took him to another large room, a thousand feet long, three hundred feet wide, and one hundred feet high, with a line stretched across it and a great number of people hung up, and the farmer said: "What does this mean?" "Well," said the Devil, "these are Canadian farmers who voted for Sir John A. Macdonald and the National Policy, under the impression that it would raise the price of grain, and as they are too green to burn I have hung them up to dry."

During the debate on the budget, a good many of the effects of the proposed changes came into clearer relief. It was shown that in numerous cases the taxes on the foods of the people have been raised. For instance, flour will cost twenty-five cents a barrel more than formerly, and, though this may benefit the millers in the country, it will seriously affect the poor in our country who now live on the ragged edge of starvation. Then the duties on pork and beef have been increased, and this will be severely felt in the poorer portions of the cities. It is a pity that there exists no party in Canada prepared to stand or fall on the platform that the necessities of the people shall not be taxed. Taxed flour, taxed beef, taxed coal, taxed sugar, taxed pork, making up a surplus of two millions would cause a riot in England.

A. R. C.

The Sabbath Chime.

"Spirit, leave thy house of clay,
Lung ring dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away,
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies.
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

"Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe:
Welcome to a land of rest!"
The choir of angels sing,
They bear the soul on high,
The halcyons ring
The bells of the sky.

"Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe:
Welcome to a land of rest!"

ELECTRICAL.

Old Strasbourg Cathedral now Lighted by Electricity - Advantages of the Electric Motor - Electricity in Fiction.

A method of transmitting sketches by telegraph has been devised. The fugitive from justice will now find his path strewn with obstacles, for his portrait can be sent to any number of points along his line of travel.

The first German Catholic church to be lighted electrically is the grand old cathedral at Strasbourg. Arc lights have been used outside with fine effect, and it is stated that many of the noble lines of the architecture are accentuated by night as they never have been by day. It was feared that the electric light would spoil the dim, religious effect of the interior, but the light of the incandescent lamps which are disposed around the piers and columns is described as soft and harmonious.

Instances occur daily which illustrate the particular advantage of the electric motor, viz., the ease with which repairs can be made in case of accident. An incident which occurred last week at Lynn, Mass., may be mentioned. There was an accident to the Thomson-Houston motor which operates the printing presses in the Bee office, and a message was sent at once to the Thomson-Houston factory. In response a young man was sent, who hired a team, took out the injured armature, drove back to the factory, secured another armature, which he took to the Bee office, and in exactly forty minutes from the time of the accident the machinery started up again. This included a delay in the street caused by the harness breaking and having to be repaired.

The tendency of authors to use electricity to assist in the working out of their plots has of late been very marked. So no startling effects are secured in a new romance by following the possibilities of electricity and showing that the relatively inconceivable is by no means the absolutely impossible. The hero is an experimenter in electric pathology, who restores his patients who have lost their vital force by his own peculiar electric appliances. Another character thinks he is a storage battery. He recharges himself by touching persons brimming with vital force and the victims of this deprivation are left to die, unless they are found by "his beneficent zero." In another story, the publication of which may be shortly looked for, the author utilizes the idea that the invisible dust floating in the air fixes itself, in conjunction with the exhalations of the breath, on the surface of objects exposed to it, and that this film receives an imprint of passing incidents which may afterward be developed in the same way as the photographer's negative. A murder has been committed in a room in which there is a large mirror. The room is immediately shut up, and no trace of the murdered is discovered. Years after, an electrician with a taste for photography comes by chance to the house, and hearing the story of the murder resolves to put his theories to the test. The mirror is taken down and treated as a negative, and by the instantaneous flash of an electric light of immense power a picture is developed on its surface which reveals the whole history of the murder.

The complaints in regard to the Paris telephone system have induced the Minister of Post and Telegraphs to decide upon the erection of a large telephone exchange in the centre of Paris with accommodation for 30,000 subscribers.

It has been said that the Japanese possess more imitative ability than originality, but it must be admitted that they exercise wonderful discretion in the choice of many of the points which they strive to imitate. The Government of Japan is about to establish a meteorological observatory in the Liu-Chin Islands, a position of considerable importance, more especially with regard to observations in the course of the typhoons which are encountered in the China seas. Systematic observation in these regions may be made most valuable to shipping, particularly in conjunction with a complete system of telegraphic communication. That the Japanese thoroughly grasp the situation is shown by the fact that the Government is considering the connecting of the Liu Chin group with Japan by means of a submarine cable.

Some European railway companies have adopted a system of portable electric lighting

plants on their lines. The object is to have a light at hand for application at any given point for important purposes, such as the illumination of the scene of an accident, the disembarking of troops, &c.

A system of stringing wires in cities, called the Aerial Conduit method, has just been made public by Mr. A. A. Knudson, a well-known electrician. The conduit, which is but 8 1/2 by 8 inches, and will contain as many as 500 telephone or telegraph wires and twenty or more electric light wires, is supported on hollow wrought-iron pillars, from 18 to 20 feet high, placed 60 feet apart, on the sidewalks on a line with the gas lamps.

(One of the signs of the times in electrical developments is an order which has just been received in this country from a mining company in the Transvaal for dynamos, motors, and other electrical apparatus for the transmission of 75-horse power. Some time ago a well-known motor company of this city received an order from the same company for a plant for the transmission to their mines of power from a waterfall three miles away, and the present order is simply the result of a conviction on the part of the mining owners that electricity is the most convenient and economical agent for transmitting power over long distances. The efficiency of the whole electric system will be about 70 per cent. When finished this will be one of the largest transmission plants in the world.)

FUNNICRAMS.

A spoiled child—"The one that played with a lighted lamp.

How do you like your beau, Jennie?" "He's a fellow after my own heart."

"We say mouse, and we say mice. Now, why isn't the plural of spouse spice?"

Why are rats better than tomatoes? Because tomatoes make only catsup, while rats make a cat supper.

The man who threatens to commit suicide when he is in low spirits is a safe enough venture for a life insurance company.

When a man is fortunate in business he attributes the fact to his ability. When he is unfortunate he attributes his bad luck.

City Girl (pointing to the starry sky)—"That cluster of stars is the dipper." Country Cousin—"Is that so? Which cluster is the pail?"

Lake—"What did I tell you? The bustle has gone and now the corset has got to go!" Squeers—"You mistake. The corset has got to stay!"

"I seem very popular with your father's dog," said Herbert to Mabel. "Indeed?" "Yes; the last time I tried to take my leave he did his best to detain me."

Proprietor (firmly)—"Your account, Mr. Weeks, has now been running for six months." Weeks (blandly)—"Well, suppose we let it rest for a year or two!"

Popinjay (passing store)—"Good gracious! What is the matter with that man leaning over the counter in there?" Blobson—"Got a counterfeit, I guess."

A little boy who had to rock the cradle for his baby sister astonished his mother thus: "Mamma, if the Lord has any more babies to give away don't you take 'em."

Jack (leaving the lodge with Jem) "Does your wife wait up for you when you are out late, Jem?" Jem (w a melancholy snake of the head)—"She does, Jack, she does, I'm sorry to say."

She (just gone into housekeeping)—"How did you like the shirt I ironed for you, Alfred? Didn't I do it beautifully?" He—"You do nothing by halves, my dear. You did it up brown, of course."

Millionaire's daughter (entering photograph gallery and posing gracefully)—"Will you take me, sir, just as I am?" Photographer (who can hardly make both ends meet)—"I'll be glad to—without one plea."

The Rev. Mr. Slim—"You must remember, my young friend, that the soul is the body's guest." Young Friend (staring him over)—"Well, it must sometimes make very impolite reflections on the accommodations."

He (at breakfast)—"I shall never ask you again what you do with your pin money, my dear." She—"Why not, Henry?" He—"I have found out! I stripped on about six hundred of the darned things when I got home last night."

THE VERDIOT.

The morning of his trial. The sun is shining gloriously outside the jail, and he stands at his barred window and looks out over the green fields that lie around the village. He smiles when the jailer brings him his breakfast, and it is no forced smile, for his face retains its brightness after the man has retired.

His dress is meager and coarse, and the roughness of his hands indicates that he is a laborer. He is a carpenter, but the intelligence of his face suggests that he might have succeeded in a higher calling. There is something indescribably poetic in his bearing—something hidden in the man that gives great power to his eyes.

"I can't make that young man out," said the jailer to his wife, as he returned to the breakfast-table. "They have got all the proof in the world against him; he must have stolen the money—there is no disputing that—but I never saw such an honest looking face. He seems as confident that he will come clear to-day as if he had been promised so by the judge and jury."

"He is only acting a part," answered the woman, as she poured out a cup of coffee. "Wait till he is sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary—then you will see him will. It is easy enough for him to put on a confident look when he hears some one coming to his cell."

"I want to see my client before court opens," said the prisoner's lawyer at the jail door. "I must have a short talk with him."

The heavy iron door swung open. The accused and his counsellor were together. The prisoner's face grew expectant. He wiped his lips with a napkin and pushed the tray of eatables from him.

"I feel as if you bring me good news," said he. "I have never for one instant doubted that I would be declared innocent. I never knew a man to suffer for a crime of which he was not guilty."

The lawyer looked at him penetratingly for a moment; he looked as if he were vexed somewhat.

"My time is valuable," said he with a trace of impatience in his brusque tone. "I am your legal adviser. There is one thing I would like to say just now. You do not seem to comprehend the position of a client toward his legal adviser as well as you might. It is customary for one under trial for breaking the laws to confide wholly in the member of the bar to whom he intrusts his case. Nothing should be withheld. You may rest assured that what you tell me will never reach other ears; such disclosures are regarded as professional secrets and are held as sacred. It may be well to tell you frankly that a lawyer can not act with as much confidence in his own ability as when there is a thorough understanding between himself and his client."

The face of the prison-pale man had taken on a puzzled expression.

"I don't understand," said he, giving the lawyer his eyes unflinchingly.

The attorney frowned and twirled his watch chain impatiently.

"I will give you an example," said he, looking at his watch and then winding it as he continued. "I once defended a man for murder; I looked over the case closely; everything pointed to my client's guilt. I told him that all was against him, but that he could trust me completely, and that a detailed confession of how he committed the crime would enable me to be ready to combat as far as possible every point the prosecution could adduce. He confessed in full. I saw what had to be disproved and I cleared him; he is a free man to-day."

The prisoner turned two startled eyes full on the lawyer and said:

"And you want me to confess that I did it?"

"It would help me."

"But before God I am innocent."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders and half smiled meaningly as he rose to go.

"Well," he said curtly, "I shall do the best I can for you as much as any member of the bar could do. But I am sorry to say that your case is almost hopeless. You were at work in the room from which the purse was stolen, and on the same day. When you were arrested you had the empty purse in your coat pocket, and had just changed a bill of exactly the same denomination as the one stolen. You are unable to show where you got the bill beyond your own statement that it had been the savings of a number of years."

"The thief must have taken the money and hidden the purse in my coat, which lay on a table outside of my room. I know I am innocent, and am not afraid of being convicted."

The lawyer had reached the door; he turned back:

"I feel it my duty to impress on you the fact that if you were to plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court your punishment would be lighter. If you decide to do that you may let me know in the court-room. At all events I shall leave no stone unturned to help you. I must go now."

The prisoner's head hung down and he was in deep thought for a moment. Then his features grew tender as he moved nearer the window and saw a woman coming across the court-yard toward the jail leading a little boy by the hand. When she got to the window she lifted the boy up in her arms.

"Here I am, Jennie!" called out the prisoner. "I can see you, but you can't see me back here in the shade."

"Have you had your breakfast?" she asked tremblingly.

"Yes, and have eaten heartily. You told me you would find out whether our neighbors believed me guilty; did you do it?"

The wife lowered her head and was silent.

"Jennie, did you hear me?"

"Some do believe it, and others won't speak to me about it."

He was silent, and the pained look that was settling on his face deepened.

"Jennie, now go get your seat in the court-room before the crowd comes. They will take me there as soon as the court opens."

As his wife walked away he rose on tiptoes to see her.

"God knows I have done all I could to teach my boy to be honest," he murmured to himself. "If they were to convict me to-day what a lesson it would be for him! As he grows up he would learn that his father was a convict. No, they will not condemn me. I shall speak to the jury; my words shall convince them, if all else fails."

A few moments later he sat on the prisoners' bench and scanned the faces of the jurors who had been chosen. They looked like honest, feeling men—men who had wives, perhaps, and children. His face showed that he had not lost hope even while the attorney for the prosecution was citing the strong circumstantial evidence against him. But the accused could not catch the eyes of the jurymen. They had looks for none save the speaker. When the prosecuting attorney took his seat there was a craning of necks over the vast crowd to catch a view of the prisoner. He wondered why they were looking at him so fixedly and pityingly. He looked at his wife; she was regarding him with such a look of hopeless misery that his heart sank within him. He saw his lawyer move over to her and whisper in her ear. She nodded her head, and then they both came to him.

"There is not a chance left," said the lawyer. "Judge, jury, and spectators are against us. If you will plead guilty your punishment will be lighter. I bring your wife to plead with you."

"Do it, John," said she, sobbing in answer to his startled glance of inquiry. "I know you are innocent, but the lawyer knows best what you ought to do."

"Confess that my boy is the son of a felon and that you are the wife of a convict! I will not do it. Go back to your seats. Let me speak to the jury."

The lawyer employed by the defendant rose and made a weak argument. Nothing he said could refute the evidence advanced by the prosecution. He sat down. Again the eyes of all save the jury were cast upon the accused, bearing looks pregnant with sympathy. Some looked at the pale-faced woman and the little boy and sadly shook their heads.

"Yes," said the judge, "the prisoner is entitled to make a statement."

The voice of the prisoner was very unsteady when he began to speak. He said that he hoped all would pardon his embarrassment inasmuch as he had never spoken in public before. He went on plaintively to tell about how he was at work in the room from which the money was stolen, how he had left his coat in the hall. He could not remember leaving the room, but once, and that was to go to the well in the yard to get

a drink of water. He thought some one had entered while he was out, had taken the money, and put the empty purse in his coat-pocket. The money he had changed was some of that he had been saving for several years for fear that he might be taken sick and not be able to earn a support. He had not told his wife of the savings. He seemed to want to say more, but his voice broke down and he began to shed tears.

The jury withdrew to a private room to make up their verdict after the judge had charged them as to their duty. They shut themselves in and the foreman handed each jurymen a small slip of paper and told them to write the word "guilty" or "not guilty". When all had written he took up the slips in a hat. After he had read them all he said:

"It is unanimous. Every ticket contains but a single word."

They slowly returned to the court-room and refilled the twelve chairs made vacant by their withdrawal. The foreman stood up and announced that they had found the prisoner guilty.

The prisoner had the eyes of the whole room. A wild, haunted look, in which lay the shadow of a strange, sudden determination, came into his face and eyes. He thrust his hand into the breast of his coat and held it there. Many thought his hand was pressed against his heart, but it was not, for he had taken hold of something in his breast pocket and was clutching it with a grasp of iron.

The house was as still as a grave, for he had risen to his feet. He was deathly pale and his lips were twitching as if he were in a spasm. He faced the jury, then he turned to the wondering judge.

"I have something to say!" he gasped. He paused, looked toward his wife and child, and continued: "I would not care to—to say it before them. May I ask them to retire?"

The judge nodded his head and the prisoner went to the woman. He kissed her tenderly on the lips, and then he kissed his boy and motioned them to leave. The wife wept freely, and her sobbing could be heard through the court-room as she went across the court-yard.

"He intends to confess now," a man said to a woman at his side.

"Yes," she answered, in a whisper, "and loved his wife so much that he could not do it before her. He has a good spot in him. He must have been strongly tempted."

The convict put his hand into the breast of his coat and stood near the judge and jury. There are people living to-day who say that tears were in his eyes.

"You have found me guilty," he began. "I hoped, when I had told you with all the earnestness God has given me of my innocence, that you would credit me. You have not done so. The world is ready to look upon my child as the offspring of a thief. Ask yourselves in the quiet of your own bed-rooms to-night if I am guilty. Something tells me that you will not think so tomorrow; you will know that I stand acquitted."

His words clogged in his throat and he was silent. His hand under his coat seemed to ball itself. Every body was filled with intense surprise. Was he mad? Had his troubles dethroned his reason? He stepped back a step.

"I have made my last request: you will understand."

With a lightning-quick movement he tore open his coat. A knife blade glistened in the sunlight that streamed through the window. His arm went from him, and as quick as a flash the knife descended upon his breast with a thud that sent a thrill of horror into every heart present. The blood spouted out and dyed the hand that clutched the weapon. He dropped the knife, reeled, and fell. They ran to him and tried to stay the blood that was flowing from the gash in his heart, but they saw there was no hope. He was dead.

They bore him from the room. The jurors were awed so that scarcely a word rose from them.

The court is adjourned till the next day, said the judge, and he turned to the street. The jurors sat still for a moment, then they went to their homes.

hastened home to his wife and children with such a mien as might have been on a man who believed the world was about to end.

No one was in the court-room except the twelve jurors. They had not exchanged one word with one another. The noonday sun was shining full into the room. The foreman was the first to break the silence. He passed around some slips of paper.

"For our own satisfaction," said he, meaningly, "it might be well for us to know one another's opinion now."

"God knows we owe to his memory if—if we were mistaken," added a man as he reached for his slip of paper.

"And his wife and child," said another as he wrote on his knee.

The foreman took up the slips and ran over them nervously.

"Not guilty," said he with a groan. And then they dispersed.

A TRUE HERO.

A Pathetic Story by a Traveler.

A correspondent furnishes us with the particulars of the following incident, of which a friend of his was an eye-witness:

At a point on the side of a mountain where at one time used to arrive transshipments of passengers from the west, was moored a canal boat, awaiting the arrival of the train for the east. The captain of the boat, a tall and sunbrowned, rough and somewhat profane man, stood on his craft superintending the labors of his men when the cars came in; and in a few minutes a party of gentlemen came along and deliberately walked up to the captain and thus addressed him.

"Sir, we wish to go east, but our further progress depends on you. In the cars we left a sick man whose presence is very disagreeable to us. If you will deny this man passage on your boat, we will go; if he goes, we remain. What say you?"

By this time many others had come from the cars.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "has the sick man no representatives here? I would like to know both sides of the question."

To this unexpected reply there was no answer. A moment's pause; the captain crosses over to the cars and entering, beheld a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature whose life was eaten up by the fell disease, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke kindly to him, as he grasped his bony hand.

"O, sir," said the invalid, trembling and looking up in his face with hope and expectation mingled with tears, "you are the captain; will you take me? The passengers shun me and are unkind. You see, sir, I am dying, but if I live to see my mother I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer and the only child of my mother on whose arms I wish to die."

"You shall go," said the bluff captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip."

By this time a crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat with their baggage piled on the tow path and themselves awaiting the decision of the captain. A moment more and that decision was given. They beheld him coming for another sick man cradled in his arms, pushing directly through the dying burden. He laid in the choicest part there he laid the poor care of a parent. The astonished crowd his men.

The sick man cradled in his arms, pushing directly through the dying burden. He laid in the choicest part there he laid the poor care of a parent. The astonished crowd his men.

Men and Women.

Mrs. Helen Allingham, a London artist and a niece of Rev. Brooke Horford, of Boston, is the first woman to be elected a member of the Royal Society of Water-color Painters.

Mrs. Hattie Green, of Brooklyn, who is worth about \$50,000,000, has endowed over one hundred churches and established fifty schools. She says that benevolent objects absorb a large portion of her income, and that her son will continue the good work after she is gone.

An American paper thus describes Lord Stanley: "Lord Stanley of Preston, the governor general of Canada, is broad shouldered, patrician mannered, and 49 years of age. He wears a closely cropped black beard, is devoted to a cold tub, and has taken kindly to tobogganing."

Miss Lydia M. Von Finkelstein is the most popular lecturer now living. She is attracting great gatherings in Australia. She made in three seasons in Britain over £3,000 and has already cleared upward of £5,000 in Australia with her tableaux entertainments illustrative of Eastern and Biblical life.

Mrs. U. S. Grant leads a quiet life, partly on account of delicate health, and partly from preferences. Her eyesight has become poor, and she is seldom seen outside the family circle, except when she drives in the park in her well-appointed brougham. One of her most frequent and welcome visitors is General Sherman.

A sister-in-law of Frank Stockton, who is a missionary to India, was called upon to fill a position temporarily vacated by an English teacher in a female school in Siam. In some way the Siamese girls heard of her connection with the novelist, and were electrified by the information. Surrounding her en masse they exclaimed, "Now we shall find out whether it was the lady or the tiger!"

Professor Huxley will no longer attend public meetings, alleging that he is not able to do so, owing partly to growing deafness and partly to a curious liability to become rapidly fatigued and voiceless by talking. This statement surprises his friends, as his great industry, range and activity led them to hope for many more years of good work from him, especially as he is not yet 65 years of age.

Henry Irving has been nominated for Parliament, and has declined in a letter in which he says: "It would not be possible for any actor in the actual discharge of his calling to aspire to parliamentary honors, as not only do the circumstances of his work forbid such a possibility, but that work itself needs a calmer atmosphere than is to be found in the strife of public needs and personal ambition. The scheme is far too lofty kind."

Insurance

policy holder correspondents were not

of the news of Bismarck's

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dred and fifty years old. His story, as handed down by the Franciscan missionaries, shows that when Father Junipero arrived in Monterey in 1769, Gabriel was already a grandfather. His long life was greatly due to his habits of personal cleanliness, which were strict, and the regularity with which he ate his simple meals. The other Indians, however, attributed his longevity to the fact that he was the first of their number to be baptized by the priest. Up to five or six years ago Gabriel's faculties were well preserved, but later on they failed rapidly.

African Exhibition in London.

Most people would probably prefer to take their glimpses of tropical Africa in the latitude of London, particularly when so fine an exhibition of African objects may be seen as that which has just been opened in that city. It is certain that no other African exposition ever began to equal this remarkable show. Most of the African travellers now in Europe have contributed to its success, and many curious and interesting relics of the great explorers from Mungo Park and Clapperton to Livingstone are now gathered together for the first time. For years great collections have been growing in England, Belgium, and France, to which scores of explorers and missionaries have contributed, and many of the best things in these collections may now be seen in London, the whole comprising an epitome of the history of exploration and the present condition of things in tropical Africa.

All classes of visitors, from earnest students to mere curiosity hunters, may here find entertainment. While some will be deeply interested in Ravenstein's fine series of historical maps, showing the progress of our knowledge of Africa from the earliest period to the present day, others will dismiss them with a glance and turn at once to Livingstone's battered old cap, sword, and camp stool, to Mungo Park's famous letter in which he said he would find the sources of the Niger or perish in the attempt, to the originals of the last telegrams Gordon sent from Khartoum and to hundreds of other exhibits which have a peculiar interest, though they may be less instructive.

It is, however, as a panorama of the peoples of equatorial Africa, as a picture of their lives and occupations, of their arts, generally rude but sometimes surprisingly developed, considering their place in the scale of being, that the show far surpasses anything of the kind ever seen before; and while the many hundreds of weapons in the show may convey the impression that war is the chief end of the African man, he is also exhibited in many less brutal phases of his character. There is a great array of his musical instruments, of his grass fabrics, many of them of tasteful patterns and as soft and rich as plush; of his ornaments of gold, copper, and brass, and a bewildering variety of other specimens of his handiwork.

A day spent in such an exhibition with a first rate catalogue in hand, would give one a more comprehensive idea of exploration and tropical Africa than he could derive from a long course of reading. London seems to be the best place just now for stay at home travellers to study the Dark Continent.

A Railway Seized.

The Shore Line railway, which runs from St. John, N. B., to St. Stephen in the same province, has been seized by the Dominion Government for smuggling. This is perhaps the first instance of its kind in the history of railroading, and has created a sensation in the lower part of the country and will probably be heard from in the United States, as Russell Sage, the New York millionaire, is the principal owner of the road. It is given out that certain subordinates in charge of the railway have been indicted in smuggling in rolling stock, wire rails and indeed all the important articles which it requires, the duty on which amounts to many thousand dollars at the termini of the line.

It is stated just across the border that traffic has been stopped. A recent case showed that had been among to

THE FLOGGING OF MME. SIGIDA.

Dr. Gurvich's Protest Against the Cruelty That Caused Her Death.

The well-known English medical journal, the *Lancet*, in last week's number presents at some length such details of the atrocities to which political prisoners at Kara, in eastern Siberia, were subjected last November as are of especial interest to the medical profession. Most attention is devoted to the famous case of Mme. Sigida who died from the effects of flogging.

Dr. Gurvich, the prison physician, was strongly opposed to the flogging. He furnished the Governor of the prison with a certificate setting forth that Mme. Sigida was receiving treatment at his hands for heart disease. It had long been customary for prison officials to accept such a certificate as sufficient warrant for suspending the infliction of corporal punishment. But under the order of Baron Korff, Governor-General of the province of the Amoor, directing that the prison rules should be rigidly enforced in the case of political prisoners, the Governor of the prison decided that the flogging should be administered in spite of the physician. Dr. Gurvich thereupon remonstrated strenuously and refused to be present at the flogging. Despite these remonstrances, the lady was rudely seized, her clothes were stripped from her in the presence of soldiers, and she was thrown upon a bench and held down while a hundred blows fell upon her bare back.

The *Lancet* applauds Dr. Gurvich for his refusal to be a party to this frightful barbarity. If he is persecuted for the stand he took, the *Lancet* thinks that the physicians of England ought to unite in some action to effect his rescue.

THE FRIEND OF HELPLESS SAVAGES.

Steps the Congo State is Taking to Prevent Wanton Destruction of Human Life.

For a long time the Congo State has maintained only three stations, Equator, Bangala, and Stanley Falls, along the hundreds of miles of the great northern bend of the Congo. It is now, however, establishing fourteen secondary posts along the river between Equator and the mouth of the Aruwimi, where with the consent already secured of native chiefs, small forces will be maintained. The purpose is as soon as possible to strengthen these posts so that they may be able to exert an influence for the suppression of conflicts among the natives, human sacrifices, cannibalism, and the slave trade.

Instructions have just been issued to the posts that have been established near Equator to capture all canoes loaded with slaves that come from the Luongo, Mobangi, and other rivers. The purpose is to break up the practice of ascending these rivers to procure slaves for cannibal banquets among the Congo tribes. Several slave-laden canoes have already been seized and their cargoes liberated.

According to *Le Mouvement Geographique* the slaves all through this region are beginning to learn that if they can reach the stations where the blue flag of the Congo State floats they at once become free men.

At Bangala there is a village of the liberated slaves, and the State officers are training them to make brick and perform other labor.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same handwriting in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight, — Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Presses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cigar Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c. Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Elton's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The enthusiasm at the Grand on Monday evening at the first presentation in this city of "The Still Alarm," was quite extraordinary. The piece had come with a good deal to be expected from it, and it certainly realized all expectations. There are some exceptionally fine realistic and sensational parts, especially when the gong sounds and the firemen, roused from their slumbers, slide down to the hall beneath, attach the horses, and draw the engine out with the sparks flying from it. At this the spectators were all silent with a deep interest, and as the curtain fell on the exciting scene, many of them rose to their feet and cheered long and vociferously. "The Still Alarm" will run all week with the usual matinees. Next week the Juch Opera Company.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"Little Nugget" is having a good run this week at the Academy. The company is well suited for the play, which abounds in songs, dances, concertina solos, choruses, quartettes, and other specialties, all of which were very well received and numerous encores called for. Facial contortions of H. S. Cawthorn as Barney O'Brady kept the audience in roars of laughter. J. Cawthorn as Jakey Kumper, a musical German, was also good. The concertina duet by these two was much appreciated, and they had to respond to enthusiastic encores. The character of Old Grinder, the villain of the play, was fairly well taken by F. N. Meader, whose deep bass voice added considerably to the effect of the choruses in the last act. Miss Jennie Goldthwaite, as Little Nugget, Grinder's ward, has a very pleasing appearance, and her impersonation of the school-girl was a very free rendition of that character. Miss Susie Forrester has a good voice, and as Mrs. Simpkins, a bashful widow, who finally gets married to Barney O'Brady after an amusing courtship, she contributed very largely to the fun of the evening.

WITH A CHILD ON THE ROOFS.

A Drunken Man's Blood-Chilling Feats of Agility in Newark.

A scene that for nearly an hour chilled the blood of those who witnessed it was presented at Newark the other day. One of the occupants of a certain tenement is George Arbutnot, an ice man. While he was crazed with drink he went up on the roof with a two-year-old child in his arms. He then began apparently to show what he dared to do. He sprang from roof to roof of adjoining houses over the narrow alleyways like a cat. His friends tried in vain to coax him down, while some of the neighbors ran for the police.

Several policemen arrived soon. At their first appearance Arbutnot rushed to the edge of a roof, and, with a wild look, threatened to jump off. He changed his mind, however, and renewed his perilous feat of springing from roof to roof. A policeman went up to the roof, and putting his head through the scuttle, tried to coax the man down. While he was thus engaged two other policemen got to the roof of an adjoining house, and stealthily approaching Arbutnot from behind, were upon him before he was aware of their presence.

After a struggle he was overpowered. The child was taken from him unharmed, and he was conducted down to terra firma and to the police station, where he was locked up. In his flight over the roofs before the arrival of the police he tripped once and fell on a large skylight, crashing in the glass. He clasped the child safe, however, and neither was hurt.

He Has the Drop on Them.

A Chinese mandarin has power to order a subject's head lopped off at a moment's notice, but within three months he must forward to the Emperor an affidavit from two citizens that such execution was in the interest of religion and good government. He has no trouble in procuring these affidavits, as the man who refused to make one would also lose his head.

Tit-Bits.

A New Way to Cut Beefsteak.

A young married couple have just gone to housekeeping. The other morning the neighbors were treated to this bit of colloquial entertainment as the two parted at the gate:

Ho—"What shall I order for supper, precious?"

She—"A piece of beefsteak, and oh, darling, do tell the man to cut it the right way of the goods, so it will be tender."

The Ruling Passion of an Advertiser.

Weeping Spouse—"I shall erect a monument to you, dearest, when you are gone. I shall have 'Loving Husband' engraved at the bottom of the column."

Dying Advertiser—"Good gracious, Pauline, that will never do! Top of column, eighth page, next reading matter—or—I refuse to die!"

The Secret in Painting.

Mrs. Artless—"Good morning, Mr. Palette. I've but a moment to spare; can you tell me briefly the secret of your art?"

Artist Palette—"Certainly, madame. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right spot."

Mrs. Artless—"Oh, I see. Thank you, very much."

Be an to Look as Though They Couldn't Agree.

Tom Dabbs and Mort Spillers, two colored gentlemen, formed a copartnership to do a general plastering business. One morning, the second day after articles of agreement had been drawn up, Dabbs seized an ax-handle and knocked Spillers down and beat him unmercifully. Spillers got up, rubbed his head and, turning to a white man that stood near, said:

"Dis proves one thing, sho'. Ef it keeps on dis way me an dis man kain't agree."

At the Barber's.

Ministerial Patron—"My! but you seem bent on carnage this morning. Surely there never was anything duller than that razor."

Barber—"I am sorry I can't agree with you, but you see I was at church yesterday and heard one of your sermons."

Rapid Promotion.

Mrs. Pongee—"How is Thomas getting along in college this season?"

Mrs. Brindle—"Splendidly. Last year he was third base and this year he is first. His pop sent him fifty dollars when he heard of his promotion."

Two Ways.

Sollum—"How do you manage to make your home happy?"

Jolly—"Oh, I let my wife have her own way in everything. How do you manage?"

Sollum—"I always go away."

Killed Five.

Father—"Well, Charles, it's nearly six months since you hung out your shingle. How do you get along?"

Young Doctor—"Pretty well. I've had seven cases and two have completely recovered."

Father (cheerfully)—"Good. I guess you'll soon be able to give Jack the Ripper points."

It Wouldn't Fit Her.

George—"Accept me, Lucille, and I will feed you for the rest of your life on angels' food."

Lucille—"George, I cannot be yours. I have it on the best of authority that angels do not eat."

A Test of Bachelorhood.

Landlady—"That new boarder needs't make me think he is a bachelor. He's either married or a widower."

Millings—"How can you tell?"

Landlady—"He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocketbook to pay his board."

The Old, Old Story.

Bashful Rustic Lover (trying to work himself up to the sticking point)—"Sally, does your ma like me?"

"Sally—"Ma says you are a splendid feller!"

B. R. L.—"And does your pa like me, Sally?"

Sally (encouragingly)—"Pa said the other day he wished he had a son exactly like you."

B. R. L.—"And—do you like me, Sally?"

Sally (leaning her head on his manly breast)—"La, Tom, you know I do!"

One minute later Sally was engaged to Tom, and the disagreeable job that he had dreaded for five years was a thing of the past.

Not Such a Very Lovely Creature.

This is the way a Western chap publishes the girl who went back on him:

"She is five feet eleven in her stocking feet. Her backbone is as straight as a poplar. She is forty-five years old. She never was married and never will be. There isn't enough fat on her to grease the hinges of a butterfly's wings, and she sits amid the fermentation of humanity and the crash of thermometers and laughs the boiling mercury to scorn."

Not for Publication.

Rev. Charles Poundtext (who has been writing his sermon, locking up suddenly)—"Maria, will you take the children out of the room for a few minutes?"

Mrs. Poundtext (in surprise)—"Certainly, my dear. But—are they annoying you?"

Rev. Poundtext—"Not at all; but I have just dipped the mullage brush in the inkwell, and I would like to be at liberty to make a few remarks."

A Clerical Admonition.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever celebrated, thought it was a good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said solemnly, "you have well considered this important step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very, very bold step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, amazed, and seeing his fee vanishing before his eyes, took a more cheerful view of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course, it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when the people love, each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your riverence," they both replied, and were soon made one; but that young minister is now very careful how he introduces the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.—[English Ex.]

Why She Called a Halt.

"George!" It wasn't what she said so much as the way in which she said it. She took the word and drew it out until it was a long tremulous filament of sweetness. Yet there was a tinge of reproof in her tone.

"George!" She only said it once in reality, but it is customary with story writers to say George twice under these circumstances.

"What is it?" "You have been squeezing my hand with great regularity and emphasis for some time."

"I know it," he replied, with the frankness that was characteristic of his manly nature.

"Please don't do it any more," and her voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"No more?" This sounded like heart-throbs of anguish (whatever they are), and his form shook with emotion. "Why not?"

"Because," she faltered.

"Go on."

"Because, I'm getting a corn on my left finger."

The Ago of Reason.

Mr. Chevy Chase—"I think I'll take that copy of the Society Scorpion home with me. I want to square myself with my wife."

Mr. Harry Hounds—"But why will that square you, as you put it, with Mrs. Chase?"

"Because there's an article in it pitching into Mrs. Busby."

"But is she down on Mrs. Busby?"

"Certainly she is. It was at Mrs. Busby's house that I met Mrs. Crasher."

"And what's the matter with Mrs. Crasher?"

"Why, it was Mrs. Crasher who committed the unpardonable sin. She told somebody, who told my wife, that it was a wonder to her that such a fascinating, agreeable man as Mr. Chase, meaning your humble servant, had remained single. Somehow, I never told her I was married. That's the reason Mrs. Chase will be glad to see Mrs. Busby roasted. If you were married, my boy, you'd know something about the subtleties of a woman's logic."

A Liberal Citizen.

Musician—"Beg pardon, sir, but I'm around collecting subscriptions to buy the village band new instruments. The old ones are nearly useless."

Suburban Resident—"Is it the instruments that's the matter with that band?"

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Great Wagner! Why didn't you say so before? I'll order a new set for you to-morrow."

Romance and Reality.

Romantic Miss—"Do you love me well enough to do battle for me?"

Ardent Suitor—"Ay, against a thousand."

"Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me?"

"Yes, I would."

"Could you defeat him?"

"No, he'd probably thrash the life out of me."

"Mercy! Well, never mind. I'll take you without any fighting; and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor, that if you ever see Mr. Bigfish coming, you'll run."

More Important to the Readers.

Foreman (whistling down the tube to the editor)—"One of these articles must be left out. There isn't room for both."

Editor—"What are they?"

Foreman—"Earthquake in Europe, fifty lives lost, and a piece about selling more papers in Quohosh than all the other dailies combined."

Editor—"Leave out the earthquake."

Didn't Need to Know.

Tourist—"What is the name of that ruin?"

Peasant—"I don't know."

Tourist—"And what is that mountain called?"

"Don't know."

"Oh, excuse me. I thought you belonged to this place."

"So I do, but I don't need to know all these traveler's things."

Her Recommendation.

"I understand," said a handsome young woman entering the printing office, "that you employ only girls and that you are in need of a forewoman."

"Yes," replied the printer. "Can you make up a form?"

"Just look at me and see," she answered, turning herself around.

She was engaged.

Literary Items.

Book Reviewer—"The Spectro of the Spectre."

He should do better.

The Spectro of the Spectre.

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He Took Her at Her Word.

Wife—"What! Drunk again? You ought to crawl into a hole in the ground and hide yourself."

Husband—"That's sho, my dear. Give me key to the wine cellar."

A Crasher.

"Is there anything you wish for, dear?" said the young wife, fondly, to her husband, at the breakfast table, on the morning after the wedding.

"Yes, I wish somebody would give me \$10 for that five-thousand-dollar check your father put among the wedding presents."

An Altogether Too Observing Darcy.

A Southern planter hired a colored man and put him in his field to work. After a little the planter came to the colored man and asked him:

"Did you see a coach pass along the road a while ago?"

"Indeed I did, boss. One ob de hosses was a gray hoss and the older hoss was r roan, and lame in his off leg."

"Did you see those hunters that were over there to the left?"

"Indeed I did, boss. One ob dem was Kurnel Jones; he was de tall one. De second one was Major Peters, and de third one was Tom McSnifter. Kurnel Jones had one ob dese newfangled breech-loading guns wh breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over a while ago?"

"Yes, indeed I did, boss. Dar was ninteen ob 'em, and dey lit in an old corn-field down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man who is hired by the day to work. Here is your day's wages. When I want to pay a man to see what's going on, and not to work, I'll let you know."—Texas Siftings.

Decidedly Awkward.

In a volume of reminiscences recently published, the writer, an English clergyman, narrates an amusing dialog between himself and Doctor Tait, then bishop of London and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he had applied for holy orders.

He was charmed with the bishop, he says. So grave, kindly and courteous, but neither the young candidate's reverence for the office nor his respect for the man restrained him from asking one embarrassing question.

The bishop gave men private examination, as was his wont in all such cases.

"I propose," he said, "to have a little talk with you about the lesson for to-day."

I bowed and waited for the talk to begin.

"What are the lessons for to-day?" said the bishop.

I felt nonplussed, but thought best to be quite candid.

"I don't know what they are, my lord. In point of fact, I never read the lessons for the day."

"You never read the lessons for the day?" exclaimed the bishop, in a rather horrified manner.

"What do you read, then?"

"I find it more convenient, my lord, instead of following the selection, to take up some book of mine and read through it."

The bishop looked at me.

"And a very good one."

"However, on the next wish to speak about are they?"

"Will you allow me to say, my lord, that I have just read and thought of myself, I said, 'The Spectro of the Spectre.'"

"Why?"

"Because, my lord, I'm getting a corn on my left finger."

A CAST FOR A FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER III.

Seen first in the light of a sunset which filled the whole earth and sky with roseate flush, Guadalajara, with its slender towers and shining domes rising out of the wide, verdant plain, seemed to Derwent like a city of a dream,—as fair and white and graceful as if builded of marble and ivory instead of common bricks and mortar. "La Perla del Occidente," a friendly Mexican fellow-traveller told him it was called; and the poetical name suited its appearance well, as it lay steeped in sunset color, the spires of its cathedral rising against the pellucid sky, its Byzantine domes glowing with iridescent color, shaded avenues leading to its gates from all directions, and exquisite ranges of azure heights framing the beautiful expanse of the great valley which encompassed it.

"What a picture!" said Derwent to himself, as he craned his neck out of the window of the railway car to take it in more fully. "And what a country!" he added, as his glance swept from the pearly towers to the wide, luminous horizon, over miles of level plain covered with tender green and set with gleaming villages. "As beautiful as Europe, as picturesque and romantic as the East. I hadn't the faintest idea of what I should find here!" he ended, prosaically, as the train, slackening its speed, passed through a gap in the city walls and made its slow way to the station.

"You were inquiring for the Cosmopolita," said the conductor, as it finally stopped. "Here is the porter." And he pointed to a tall, slender Mexican, wearing a short, braided jacket, and the name of the hotel in large letters around the crown of his sombrero.

This disguised person took Derwent's valise, invited him by a gesture to follow, and threaded his way easily through the crowd toward the place of exit. Declining a carriage,—for the exquisite evening air made walking a delight,—Derwent followed his guide along a street which led past a beautiful old church with an elaborately-sculptured front of limestone, through a lovely plaza green with trees and fragrant with roses and violets, where a military band was playing and numbers of people were sitting and walking, up a crowded thoroughfare lined with handsome buildings, and finally into the courtyard of a large Spanish house, where at the head of the broad stone steps he was met by an English-speaking land lord, who relieved him of all further necessity to think for himself.

An hour later he was seated at one of the small tables placed invitingly around the gallery which overlooked the large inner patio, or court, with Señor Fernandez opposite him. The scene was altogether charming to eyes fresh from a more northern latitude. The polished tiles that formed the floor of the wide open space stretched to a stone balustrade. The scheme is for tropical plants were set in the best manner through the great arches of the gallery, to fill the dark spaces between the golden stars, looked at with various other tables set here and there as Oriental and forth over the soft as a more, tender: may I offer you a cigar?"

It was accepted and lighted, the table cleared, and then the two men looked at each other with a glance of mutual interest.

"Let's get to business now," Derwent said. "You have heard from Morell, of course, and know that I am here to examine the mine that you and he are offering to sell me. If you like, I will take the dinner with you here, and then we will go to see the mine."

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but when you find one who is thoroughly Americanized it is generally safe to watch him."

This warning from a shrewd practical man had struck Derwent as rather an amusing commentary on the higher civilization which at another moment the speaker would have been ready enough to arrogate to himself and his people. But he remembered it when Morell said to him, "You'll find Fernandez speaks English perfectly—he lived sixteen years in California—and is thoroughly conversant with American habits. He's a capital partner for me. He manages the Mexicans and gets the mines, while I introduce them to the notice of inquiring investors like yourself. You'll like him, I know."

Derwent was doubtful on this point, and he still remained doubtful when he met Señor Fernandez. Yet there could be no question of that gentleman's agreeable qualities. As they dined together he proved a very pleasant companion,—waived the discussion of business, talked of the attractions of Guadalajara, lightly sketched its history, and deftly changed his tone when he found that Derwent had scant sympathy for the aggressions and tyrannies of the so-called "liberal" government. Señor Fernandez, it appeared, was one of those gentlemen who always find it convenient to uphold the existing order of things. He spoke familiarly of ministers and governors, shrugged his shoulders when Derwent denounced the wholesale robbery and persecution of the Church, was evidently too highly civilized to possess either religion or patriotism, and thought that the golden day of promise would dawn for Mexico when, giving up her "antiquated customs," she would be recreated according to the admirable pattern of her neighbor across the Rio Grande. He was somewhat astonished by Derwent's reply to this.

"When that day comes if it ever does," said the young man, "your country will cease to be worth caring for. She will lose her individuality and become a feeble copy of a civilization altogether alien to that which has made her what she is. All that renders her most attractive to those who have any cultured appreciation will disappear,—the foreign charm of her beautiful old cities, the exquisite manners of her people, the decorum of her women, the respectful obedience of her children, the grace of her picturesque, unhurried life: but, more than that, the things in the civilization she desires to imitate. There can be no doubt that 'sharp' American practices will be among the first improvements that American admirers will import into Mexico."

Señor Fernandez smiled, but it was in a somewhat disconcerted manner, as he bowed over his glass of claret. "I am delighted to find that you have so high an opinion of Mexico," he said. "Most Americans think that we have much to learn, and that we cannot do better than copy their more fortunate country."

"Most Americans—like their English kinsmen—are too narrow-minded to understand that patent Anglo-Saxon methods of civilization don't suit every people," said Derwent. "God knows, they had better reform themselves before setting out to reform the world. But you take nothing more, tender: may I offer you a cigar?"

It was accepted and lighted, the table cleared, and then the two men looked at each other with a glance of mutual interest.

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realized from the Buena Esperanza; but now the water is troublesome, the cars have grown rebellious, the present owners are too poor to handle the property, and so they sell. It is a wonderful mine to go for such a price, Mr. Derwent. You will say that when you see it."

"If so, the price will be promptly paid," said Derwent. "But what is that Morell was telling me about a difference of opinion among the owners with regard to the sale?"

"Oh, there is one of them who is dissatisfied,—thinks the mine ought to bring more, doesn't want to sell at all in fact, and regrets having joined in the bond. But the others brought pressure to bear on him and made him sign: so you need not fear about the title."

This was explicit enough, and sufficiently plausible; but the same instinct of distrust which he had been conscious of at first made Derwent say to himself that there was something in the transaction which might not perhaps reflect credit upon Señor Fernandez if known. It plainly did not concern him, however, to take up the vaguely-suspected grievance of an unknown Mexican. That must be settled between the parties concerned. All that he had to do was to look at the mine, and, if assured of its value, pay the price asked, in case a good title could be given him. It was settled that they would start the next morning, and, since nothing could be determined until this journey was made, Derwent, who heard seductive hints of music near by, proposed that they should finish their cigars in the open air.

"We will go to the plaza," said Señor Fernandez. "Every one is there to-night. You will see some very pretty women. Guadalajara is famous for its beauty."

"There are very pretty women in Mexico," observed the young man. "In fact, I think that one face which I saw in the Alameda last Sunday morning is the most beautiful I ever saw anywhere."

"Oh Mexico, being the capital gathers its beauty from all parts of the country, and of course it has more fashion, more style," replied Fernandez. "But it is hard to surpass Guadalajara for lovely girls. Come and judge for yourself."

They passed out into the soft, tropic night. The plaza from which the music proceeded was only a block distant, and when they gained it Derwent thought that he had seen nothing more handsome and imposing even in the city of Mexico than the surroundings of the beautiful garden which occupied the center of the large hollow square, the old Plaza de Armas, that was always the scene of tumult and fighting whenever revolution arose or war invaded the city. To-night, however, it was difficult to imagine that it had ever witnessed such scenes. In the middle of the garden rose a light Moorish pavilion, from which a military band was pouring forth music. Orange-trees that filled the air with the fragrance of their blossoms lined a broad walk surrounding the parterres of turf and flowers and fountains, where between opposite rows of well filled benches two streams of promenaders were walking, all the ladies in one direction, all the men in another, thus passing and repassing each other as often as the circuit of the square was made. Electric lights shed their white radiance over the scene, people were coming and going constantly, joining the ranks or dropping out of them, sitting down to talk with their friends, or passing from group to group. There was animated movement, but not the least disorder, for the perfect manners of the people are never more fully displayed at than these large open-air gatherings, where the same courtesy and decorum reign which would distinguish a private company in the most exclusive drawing room.

Derwent sat down with his companion on the first bench where vacant seats presented themselves, and looked at the setting of this attractive scene. One side of the square was faced by the long and handsome front of the Governor's palace, the other by the great mass of the cathedral building, a picturesque mixture of Byzantine and Greek architecture with its tall towers rising against the deep violet sky. The remaining two sides were lined by brilliantly-lighted arcades, and the whole effect was of a long-established order and elegance.

"Oh, yes," said Señor Fernandez, in reply to a remark to this effect, "Guadalajara has been a place of great wealth and

importance for more than two hundred years. It is only second in importance to Mexico itself. But observe whether or not I have spoken to you correctly of the beauty of our ladies."

"I have already seen a number of pretty faces," answered Derwent. "Guadalajara is evidently 'La Perla del Occidente' in many respects. But—by Jove! it can't be possible!—yes, it is— Well, this is certainly extraordinary!"

As he uttered these quick, disjointed remarks, his companion turned, stared at him for an instant, and then, following the direction of his glance, saw in the line of promenaders a tall, handsome man of distinguished bearing advancing with a beautiful girl on his arm. She walked with a step as firm, a carriage as stately, as his own, and they were both of appearance so striking that they would have attracted attention anywhere.

"Oh! you know Don Maurizio, then!" said Fernandez, in a tone of surprise, which, had Derwent observed, would have struck him as not being very well pleased. But he did not observe at all. He was looking at the lovely face of the girl passing by, as he answered, absently,—

"Don—who? No, I don't know the man at all. But that is the same lady I saw in the Alameda in Mexico last Sunday. How curious that she should be here!"

"No more curious than that you are here yourself," answered the other, smiling. "Those people have a large hacienda near this place, and Don Maurizio has evidently come in to meet his daughter on her return from Mexico."

"But Morell told me that her father was an Irishman."

"Well, so he is. Do you think he looks like a Mexican? He is Don Maurizio Ormond, who married the great Cardella heiress. She had a magnificent estate, but he has doubled or trebled it since it came into his hands. He has remarkable business capabilities; but then he had such opportunities as do not come to many men. His daughter is very handsome, and a greater heiress than her mother. It is said that her father will look at no one less than a prince for her."

"But princes do not exist in Mexico." "No; but we have only a few great landed aristocrats to represent them. But Don Maurizio, it is said, will go to the Old World for an alliance for his daughter. He comes, I believe, of a noble family himself: and as for the Cardellas, everybody knows that they are of pure Spanish descent and have held their lands by royal grant since the Conquest."

"The matrimonial prospects of the Señorita Ormond seem to be a good deal canvassed," said Derwent. "Morell told me, when I saw her in the Alameda, that she would probably marry her cousin, the representative of her mother's family, in order to restore the land to the name."

"The Cardellas are, of course, anxious for that; but it is said that Don Maurizio does not favor the idea. How Don Zarifa stands herself I have never heard, but she will certainly have a word to say in the matter, or report does her injustice."

"She has too noble and too strong a face not to have a word—the most important word—to say," Derwent remarked, positively. "That girl will never allow her hand to be given away for considerations of family or ambition.—But they do not return, Surely they have grown tired of walking very soon."

"Probably they were only taking a turn around the plaza while looking for seats," said Fernandez. "Shall we walk and look for them?"

"By all means," answered Derwent, rising lightly. As with his companion he fell into place in the circling masculine throng, he did not think of the difference between the first time he had seen Doña Zarifa, and the present. The first time he had been indifferent whether he saw her again or not, while now he was conscious of a strong desire to look once more on a face that fascinated him, like a rare and exquisite picture.

But, although he made several circuits of the plaza, and scanned as closely as compatible with good manners the row of faces on each side of the promenade, he had no further glimpse of Don Maurizio or his daughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There is a steady increase of the popularity of English novels in Germany.

The Poet's Corner

—For Truth

Farwell.

My native vales, my native hills,
Fain would I stay with thee,
Fain would I make thy very rills
As fabled as Eden's be,
For they are dear and far more fair
Than any here I see;
And my small share of peace was there,
All that may come to me.

But fare thee well, still fare thee well,
'Tis all my song can say;
The waves that swell my bark impel
High on the bounding spray:
With tearful eyes remembrance cries,
Canst thou no longer stay?
To which my weary doom replies,
Away, away, away.

Torn from the ties that baffle time,
That burn in each hot vein,
And set the exile's mournful rhyme,
To melodies of pain.
So fare thee well, still fare thee well,
'Tis all my song can say;
The waves that swell my bark impel
Far on the weary way.

ANDREW RAMSAY.

Unexplained.

There's many a way in this feverish life
Where the rocks are grim, and bare;
With no soil for the tender plants and flow-
ers,

Nor rain, nor dew is there.
Aye! the sterile rocks, and black bare hills,
And the skies o'er-shrouded and gray;
And the sweep of the winds from a desolate
sea,

Where there's never a Summer day;

And a burning sun, in a desert land,
And the winter stern, and cold;
And the wandering feet without a home,
Weary, and poor, and old.

And the poor in heart, where love hath
died,
And the dreary, haunting years,
And the friendship dead, and the broken
home,

And regret, and pain, and tears.

And the hopes that died, and the broken
vows,

That severed far and wide;
And the toil worn hands, and sad unrest,
And the loss on every side.
And the favoured ones, "neath sunny skies"
That dream the years away,
And the struggling poor in barren lands,
Where sad day—follows day.

And the ships that sail, o'er angry seas,
But never reach the shore;
And the aching hearts, and the weary
watch

For the lov'd that come no more!
Ah! Father—I cannot still these strange,
sad thoughts,
Or stay these falling tears;
The lone way is rough, and O'er long
Through all the unkind years.

And sometimes in the solemn night time,
I sink by the way alone,
With the dim, and the silence around me,
And my troubled rest "a stone";
I often think when the journey's o'er,
That rest will the sweeter be;
When our feet have touched the mystic
shore
Of the Sea of Eternity.

J. R. WILKINSON.

If We Knew.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we love the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's error
With more patient charity.

If we know the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at his source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good:
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

In Westminster Abbey.

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your poets. Kings and
queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance;
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb
not there!

But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought up-
borne

To finer ether and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread,
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamant heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspecting sand.
The dress men toil for often stains the
soul.

How vain and all ignoble seems that greet
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!

This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden
this;

The spark that once illumed it lingers still,
O, ever hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august shades at midnight here cor-
vene

In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly
throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

A Swinburnean Spring Symphony.

All over the meadow the warm sun's stream-
ing,
The snow plume's gone from the solemn fir,
And the windflower's beaming, dreaming,
seeming

A part of the airs that its pale stars stir:
The lamb in the oven is slowly baking,
The Ethiopian busy with the carpet shaking,
And the balmy zephyr is rapture waking
In the breast of the wandering flute player.

On the garden god is the green vine wreath
ing,

The country tavern repairs its bus-
The wild rose out on the slope is breathing
And making the bobolink clamorous.
The maiden is out, spring fabrics matching,
And the aboriginal is either busy hatching
Or the dear life out of the back yard scratch
ing.

Which makes the old gardener jump and
cuss.

Away with the ulster and old goloshes,
Away with the muffler and fur lined
gloves;

When the negro your ceiling and walls
whitewashes,
And his brush through your favorite
painting shoves.

The arbutus is over the mosses creeping,
The frog round the wind-wrinkled pool is
leaping,

And all now is scrubbing and washing and
sweeping.

While the wood's full of wooing, cooing
doves.

The scent of the rain-coated lilac's dainty,
So is the scent of the bloom of the plum;

To all in the house is the odor faintly,
As 'twill be for more'n a week to come.

The bee in the flowering shrub is humming,
And the circus, hurrah, hurrah, is coming,
And the boy on the fence is wildly drum-
ming,

His rumpety, tum, tum, tum!

Upon the syringa the blue birds settle,
And sing till the very air is glad.

While the poodle that capers before the
kettle

Is angry and vexed and almost mad.
In vain we endeavor to get a focus
In the mead on the mellow yellow crocus,
While the venter trumpets his hocus pocus:
"Asparagus, strawberries, lettuce, and!"

The "Dickens" Gallery.

Within the town of Weissnichtwo
This famous building stands,
And there the picture-lovers go
From all adjacent lands;
And once I also chanced to stray,
Among the rest to see
This exhibition of the day
The Dickens Gallery.

And first the face of little Nell
Smiled on me from the wall,
And many a maiden form as well
Around the spacious hall.
There Little Dorrit's weary face
Recalled the Marshalsea;
And child-wife Dora filled with grace
The Dickens Gallery.

Sweet Dolly Varden stood beside
The Pecksniff sisters twain,
And little Dot and Florence vied
With Kate and Madelaine;
And Sairey Gamp the next I found
With Betsy Prig at tea,
And spreading scandal all around
The Dickens Gallery.

And opposite a motley crew,
Smike, Toots and Marley's ghost,
Micawber, Squeers, and Pickwick too,
And others, quite a host.
And Captain Cuttle, walking out,
With thoughtful face, we see,
Engaged in "making notes" about
The Dickens Gallery

And fraternizing in a row
Sit Wegg and Carrier John,
And Snrooge, and Trotty Veck, and Jo,
No longer "moving on;"
And Barkis, "willin'," "waitin'" still
Upon the wall, we see,
And many more whose portraits fill
The Dickens Gallery.

And last, within a tarnished frame,
A face well known to me,
And, written underneath the name,
"I spells it with a we."
Then homeward wended on my way,
Across the Northern Sea,
In hope to find, some other day,
The Dickens Gallery.

Age of Birds.

How long do birds live? This is an in-
teresting question, for everybody who
loves birds, and any information regarding them
is generally acceptable. Those who have in-
vestigated the matter tell us that some birds
are very long lived; for instance, it is as-
serted that the swan has reached the age of
300 years. Knauer, in his work entitled
"Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen
a falcon that was 162 years old. The follow-
ing examples are cited as to the longevity of
the eagle and the vulture. A sea eagle
captured in 1715, and already several years
of age, died 104 years afterward in 1819; a
white headed vulture, captured in 1706,
died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoen-
brunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had
passed 118 years in captivity. Parquets
and ravens reach an age of over 100 years.
The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes
equals that of several human generations.
Like many other birds, magpies live to be
very old in a state of freedom, but do not
reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The
domestic cock lives from 15 to 20 years, and
the pigeon about 10. The nightingale lives
but 10 years in captivity, and the blackbird
15. Canary birds reach an age of 10
to 15 years in the cage, but they live
longer in their native islands and
more advanced age.

A Crown Under

There was
Singapore
Singapore
Singapore

Lord Brougham.

Lord Brougham was the *ultimus Romanorum*
who welcomed the youth of the time with
kindly greeting. Many a lesson of political
life we learned from him. I recall that on
one occasion he laid down as the principle of
the first element of success the power of
concentrating the mind on one subject.
We had been talking of the French Revolu-
tion.

"Do you mean, Lord Brougham," I asked,
"that if you had been sentenced to be guil-
lotined at 10 o'clock you would have forgot-
ten it till the hour arrived?"

"If I were sentenced to be guillotined at
10 o'clock I would not think of it until 8
o'clock," he replied. "On the occasion of my
speech on the Queen's trial, when all my
reputation depended on it, I determined to
banish it from my mind. I slept so sound
the night before, I only awoke in the morn-
ing in time to go to the court."

A keen sense of the ridiculous he con-
sidered a proof of genius. He possessed an
amusing sense of his own importance and
his popular estimation. One day I went
with him to dine at the Trafalgar, at Green-
wich. We were a party of six; it was a
picnic dinner, and we each of us paid our
share. Lord Brougham called for writing
materials and wrote a check. One of us
suggested that if he had not any money
we could lend it. "No, no," said Lord
Brougham, "I have plenty of money; but
don't you see, the host may prefer my sig-
nature to the money."

Simple Life of the Kaiser.

It is significant of the simplicity of life at
the Berlin Court that the Emperor's regular
dinner hour is, like that of the majority of
his subjects, at 1:30 in the day. Of course,
when there are distinguished guests to be
entertained, there is a state banquet at 6 in
the evening. In his ordinary life, writes the
Berlin correspondent of the *London Stan-
dard*, "the Emperor is not given to luxury.
He rises very early, takes a very light first
breakfast, and then goes out for a ride or
walk, and sometimes for a little shooting,
according to the season. During the bad
weather, such as we have had for some days
past, his Majesty takes about an hour's exer-
cise on foot in the large quadrangle of the
Old Palace. After exercise he takes a second
breakfast, consisting generally of an omelet,
ham and eggs, a mutton chop, or a chicken.
At the principal meal, at 1:30, which the
Emperor insists on calling dinner, not lunch-
eon, the first course consists of bouillon broth,
with rice or macaroni, or of Russian soup;
then boiled meat with vegetables, followed
by roast beef and pudding. If there are any
guests at the ordinary dinner an entree and
ice are added. The Emperor's supper consists
of meat or fish and pudding. His favorite
dishes are *potatoes au gratin*, with potatoes or
baked fish, especially perch, pike, sole, or
turbot."

Some Old Horses.

The longevity of horses is a subject that
has again attracted public attention. The
London Sporting Magazine for
the death of a chestnut horse
at the age of thirty-nine
"an unheard-of instance."
Again in the same
for March, 1893,
horses had died at
thirty-six and
a pony at the
ages of all the
enough to
ing one
instance
Code
Gr

JULIUS VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY."

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

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

CHAPTER XII.

When Mr. Clayton learned from his daughter of Frank Holmes having been there and of the efforts he was making in Faune's behalf, he was touched by the young man's generosity. This was greater than he knew, but he knew enough to appreciate it. It somewhat altered, however, an opinion he had half formed—which events had forced upon him—that Holmes was himself in love with Mary. Mr. Clayton had never had a firm opinion as to this; for if Holmes were a lover, why did he suffer himself to be cut out by Faune when the field was open to him? It indeed seemed on the whole, to the banker, that as regarded his daughter and Frank Holmes—who had both had ample opportunity of knowing each other's sentiments before Faune came upon the scene—there was a failure of love on one side or the other, or both. Faune's success seemed to have been easily won; and if Holmes loved Mary, he would hardly be so zealous a defender of his rival now.

And thus brought Mr. Clayton to consider the situation that would arise in the event of Faune being acquitted. It occurred to him this evening to mention it to his daughter, because that telegram from Holmes stating that the meeting with 'M' in the Park had no reference to the murder, had inclined him to a more favourable view of the prisoner's case. When he told his daughter about this matter, he found that she had already heard of it, and learned from her the important deduction which Frank Holmes had indicated—namely, the explanation of Faune's leaving Cadogan Place so early.

"That is very important, Mary: it takes away one of the most serious links in the case against him. I am beginning to feel that he has been the victim of very unfortunate appearances."

"I hope so, papa," she replied, without seeming to share his confidence.

"In case of his acquittal, Mary, of course a good deal of reparation will be due to him."

Mary Clayton said nothing, and in truth her father found it difficult to get at his position. Assuming Faune to be acquitted, no stain could be presumed to remain on his character on account of the awful charge. Should he not be entitled, then, to resume his former social position and to receive the warm congratulations of his friends? Only one thing barred this—the matter of the obnoxious transaction, enough, however, to cast a shadow on Faune's honour. But, happily, he was still under the influence of the stiff-necked fellow's manners, and if the scheme is to be resumed for her reparation, the man would cover over the policy holder's name. And—assuming that the man was proved guilty, and against him than the man who was acquitted, it might be open to Mr. Clayton in his own mind why he should be so zealous.

He believed that to Mary Clayton's pure and delicate sense there was no gilding over, with love's poor art, that which was unworthy of respect. But supposing him to be innocent, the man would come out of prison after suffering most cruel wrong, and it was far from unlikely that the girl would regard herself as in some measure responsible for the wrong. How far, then, would the combined forces of pity for his suffering and anxiety to repair her own share of the injury go towards counterbalancing the opposite feeling? To offer herself as an expiation is just the sacrifice at which some girls, of Mary Clayton's character, would not hesitate.

In the opinion of Holmes, the event would hardly occur to demand the sacrifice; none the less was the possibility distressing to him. If he did not love her so truly himself, and if he could exonerate himself from the silent reproach of having delivered her over to this rival without one attempt to win her for his own, he could regard the contingency of her becoming after all the wife of Faune with as much pity, but with much less pain. He did not think that Faune would be acquitted; but Mr. Clayton had strongly impressed him with the possibility that, if acquitted, the man would still be able to win his prize. With a heavy sigh, Frank Holmes wished it were all over. One way or the other, there was no hope for him; he was long too late for that; and was so sure of his strength that he was ready to come to her whenever she called in the old manner. All the while she needed kindness now.

Now she needed kindness now. He was paying to Faune's solicitor, and he intended to take in his own hands the case, and to see that he could do something to help her. He was sure that he could do something to help her. He was sure that he could do something to help her.

He was sure that he could do something to help her. He was sure that he could do something to help her. He was sure that he could do something to help her.

wife of a man whom she despises, or has good cause to despise? This was the problem that filled the reflections of poor Holmes as he trudged wearily towards the offices of Mr. Crudie, Faune's solicitor, after Mr. Clayton had called on him next morning. Mr. Clayton had asked him to take his daughter out, and Holmes had promised to do so, after calling on Mr. Crudie. Then Mr. Clayton went on—unconscious of the pain caused to his patient listener—to state his anxieties regarding the situation on Faune's release, should he be released. The tendency of the banker's feelings was plainly indicated; and it seemed clear enough to Holmes that, if Mary Clayton consented, the marriage would eventually take place in the contingency of an acquittal.

Of course he expressed no opinion, but consented to think it over; however, that which Mr. Clayton was most anxious to find out was the attitude his daughter would be likely to take in the eventuality contemplated. Frank Holmes could have told him that his daughter loved Faune; but past that, he knew nothing.

Could she marry Faune, if he should be acquitted? He remembered what she had said to him on that matter. He knew that she could never respect the man. But certain powerful forces had come into operation since then, and who can count on the decisions of a woman when her affections are concerned? We find women who are worthy of all the reverence man can give them, wedded to worthless husbands; but it was probably after marriage they discovered the clay their idol was made of. Sometimes we see such women voluntarily giving themselves to men whose worthlessness they know; alas, for the forlorn hope of love making the creatures better! There was no variety of the melancholy case that Holmes did not turn over in his thoughts.

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said Holmes. "but I am afraid it would be of little use."

"It would be very little use, Mr. Holmes," said the solicitor emphatically. "He is the most impracticable client I have ever had. I am afraid I cannot do much for him; and but that it would prejudice his case, I would throw it up."

This was a surprising statement. "Is his case so bad as that?"

"We have practically nothing to go upon, Mr. Holmes, unless the prisoner's friends find something for us. Our position is simply a negative one. The only point the Crown have not yet established is the identity of Faune with Julius Vernon, or the fact of communication between him and the governess. This is something in the dark which we do not know, and which it is important we should know."

"Will he tell you nothing at all?" asked Holmes in astonishment. "If he closes his lips, he may as well plead guilty. Does he give any account of himself on the night of the 10th of June?"

"Merely that he left Cadogan Place soon after nine o'clock, that he met you at Albert Gate about a quarter past, and that he kept an appointment at half-past nine."

"Who told you that?"

"Then you were aware of it?" said the solicitor, a little surprised. "I happened to find it out.—I may say more about it presently.—What does Faune say about it?"

"Nothing more than what I have told you." He sullenly says: "You ask me what I did that night. I met a man by appointment inside the Park railings opposite the top of South Street at half past nine; we spent about three minutes together; then he went back by Hyde Park Corner, and I went home.—He has refused to give me either the man's name or the business they had."

"But he did not go straight to his rooms, Mount Street was close by, and it was with in five minutes of ten when he entered his lodgings."

"He says he had a smoke."

"And the previous night, Friday, has he mentioned where he spent it?"

Mr. Crudie took a paper from a drawer and referred to it. "Wednesday, dined at Cadogan Place; Thursday, at club, did not leave till 11.30—that's the Schools Club; Friday, at club, left at 9, and smoked in the Park till past 10 o'clock."

Holmes felt the gravity of that last statement. Inch by inch, from unproved quarters, conviction was creeping upon the doomed man. The solicitor marked the change in his visitor's face.

"I know the man he met in Hyde Park on the Saturday night, Mr. Crudie, and I know why he met him. At first, I thought the fact might be important as accounting for Faune leaving Mr. Clayton's when he did."

"Don't you think so still?" Mr. Crudie asked with interest. "Is the man to be had?"

"Mr. Crudie, it was chiefly to warn you against that mirage that I decided to see you. The man is gone out of the country. It is unnecessary to say more. Accept my assurance that it is best to ignore that incident, as matters at present stand. Should they take another turn, of course I would put everything I know into your hands. If Faune refuses to help himself, his friends are powerless."

"That is very true, Mr. Holmes. There is his disappearance from London on Saturday the 11th, which Faune obstinately refuses to explain. It was not done in the fashion of a murderer, was it? Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but the method of the murder, the manner of his disappearance from London and reappearance in an East-end lodging-house, are not to my mind suggestive of the same origin."

"You think it possible, then, that his conduct had reference to some other motive?"

"What can I think?" cried the solicitor with a gesture of impatience. "The man's manner to me is reserved and sullen even; he seems apathetic, indifferent as to his fate. Now my experience is that a guilty man is seldom able to keep up a show of that sort. But a man's fortunes and character may be so desperate, that an acquittal would be felt by him as no boon; that, in fact, being hanged for a crime of which he is innocent may be regarded as the less of the two evils; the other being the usual catastrophe of such a case, to get rid of a miserable and hopeless man."

Holmes was growing interested.

He was much about Faune that some-

times suggests these thoughts to me. Mind, my theory is only a theory, and a speculative one, and the furthest I will go is to think that it leaves room for a doubt as to his guilt. Of course it would be no use mentioning such a theory in court. What do you think of it, Mr. Holmes? You are better acquainted with his affairs than I am."

Holmes thought over it for a few minutes. The theory was that, if guiltless of the murder of Margaret Neal, Faune was sunk to that low ebb of existence whose only available cure is suicide, and was willing to accept judicial death with the melancholy consciousness of innocence, as a relief from the moral responsibility of self-destruction. From his own point of view, Holmes could not admit that the man's case in life was desperate, but he did not see it with Faune's eyes. All the same he shook his head.

"I do not think it is that, Mr. Crudie. It is something he is afraid to confess even to you. Has he accounted for himself in no way at all since leaving London?"

"Yes—to some extent he has.—Was he, to your knowledge, addicted to drinking?"

"To my knowledge, as long as I knew him, his habits in that respect were as delicate as a lady's. I have heard, indeed, that he gambled, and lost a good deal lately from taking too much brandy; but I have hardly credited it."

"Nevertheless, he had been drinking heavily before his arrest. I saw the evidence of it myself. He has admitted to me that all that fatal Sunday in his rooms he had been taking brandy; that he had hardly a recollection of his departure from London; that, however, he slept in the train, and therefore remembered his arrival in Dover; that there he drank more, and believes—without being certain—that he wrote a letter to Miss Clayton: what the letter contained and whether he posted it or not he does not recollect at all. Then he darkly refers to some act of perfidy which he refuses to explain; after this his memory is a blank until he finds himself, shattered and penniless and degraded, in a low lodging at the docks.—What do you think of that story?"

"I am afraid it is of little use to you, whether true or not. Miss Clayton received no letter from him, I am certain."

"Perhaps he failed to post it, or never wrote it at all. But it is of no consequence. The only leg, in fact, we have to fight upon," said the solicitor, "is to stick fast to the theory that no person on earth had any motive to kill Margaret Neale except her husband, and make the Crown prove that Faune was the husband before they can ask the jury to convict him. Cases have been won on weaker grounds."

"You mean to fight on that line, then? They will challenge you to account for the prisoner's movements the night of the murder, and I warn you again, you dare not produce the man he met in the Park, even if he was to be had."

"That's a difficulty; but we may get over it. If they don't find evidence connecting Faune with the governess, we will make it warm for them, at all events. That is how we stand at present."

The only hope, therefore, of an acquittal depended on the Crown being unable to establish the prisoner's identity with Julius Vernon, or his correspondence with Margaret Neale since his return to England; in which event an able counsel might succeed in so shaking the jury as to compel them to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Silver-Gilt Insignia Instead of Gold.

The insignia of the Bath, which has hitherto been made of gold, is in future to be merely silver-gilt. The representatives of deceased Knights of the Bath always returned their insignia until the Crimean War period, when, for some reason or other, it was ordered by the House of Commons to be retained, which thus proved a costly piece of nonsense for the country. In most cases the representative of a deceased Knight took his insignia to the Queen's jeweler and sold it to him, the result being that it was later on supplied to another Knight, the same insignia might serve for several, each one being given it to keep, but the heirs invariably preferred to convert it into cash. It was a very nice arrangement for the Knights, and not unprofitable to the jeweler, but expensive for the taxpayers. In future the insignia will be made by a Birmingham firm, in silver, by contract.

THE GRIM MONSTER.

A Thrilling Struggle With Death Under the Operator's Knife.

A Hospital Incident.

The writer was one of a small group of spectators some time ago who had one of the most thrilling experiences that ever occur around a surgeon's table. The story has been told once, but it is worth telling again. A man of about 40 years was placed in an operating chair in a hospital amphitheatre. The case was a desperate one, and the surgeon was to operate with a bare chance of success, which the patient had elected to take. It was a choice between a slow, agonizing death and the possibility that he might survive an operation which would probably kill him. A hard, cancerous tumor rather larger than a hen's egg had grown in the tissues on the right side of his neck beneath the ear and the corner of his jawbone. The growth had crowded upon the carotid artery, the larynx, and important nerves, and for days the man had lived

IN CONSTANT AGONY.

There was no possible relief for him except the knife, and the surgeon offered him no encouragement even as the result of his skill. To operate even upon a bare chance of success was the only merciful thing to do.

The neck is a dangerous location for an operation of any kind. It is full of great nerves, arteries, and veins which it is death to touch with a knife. In the present case some of the more important organs were probably directly involved by the tumor. The surgeon explained the situation to the students, and said he should attempt the complete extirpation of the tumor. If the patient survived that radical operation he would probably recover. The patient had borne the etherization well, and the surgeon went to work at once. By a slight incision he laid back the skin and thin tissues beneath covering the tumor. He began to work around it, dissecting the tissues with greatest care. It proved to be an extremely hard growth,

FIRM AND DEEPLY SEATED.

He had worked but a few minutes when the patient began to show signs of collapse. An assistant surgeon quickly injected a strong stimulant by means of a hypodermic syringe. The principal operator kept steadily on, working as rapidly as the delicate nature of the task would admit. But a moment or two later the collapse of the patient became complete. The breath grew fainter, and ceased altogether. The pulse at the wrist disappeared. The heart itself stopped beating. The features took on the strange gray look of death. The man was dead.

Instantly the scene among the doctors changed. There was no excitement. The expected had happened. But the surgeons did not surrender their patient to the grim messenger so easily. The operator withdrew his instruments and abandoned his work. The surgical chair in which the patient was seated was tipped back to a reclining position, and an assistant endeavored to restore breath to the empty lungs by the manipulation resorted to with persons rescued from drowning. Another doctor applied the full current of an electric battery at various points on the man's body. Nothing had any effect, but the efforts were not relaxed for an instant.

The situation was one of awful tense for those who looked on. Every kind of restorative had been applied in vain and it seemed that

NOTHING LESS THAN A MIRACLE

could relight the spark which had utterly gone out. Ten full minutes passed. Finally there came a slight twitching of the muscles of the chest in response to the intense electric current there applied. A little later there was a flutter of breath from the lungs, and slowly the gray look of death merged into a more natural pallor. Other signs of life came back, and finally the patient suffered was called back from a merciful death to another space of pain. Then arose the question whether to pursue further the operation which had been undertaken. The chief surgeon explained that collapse of the patient thus early in the work proved that the tumor penetrated even deeper than he feared, and that it involved the pneumo-gastric nerve. To continue the original operation would result in immediate death, beyond

possibility of reviving. The surgeon said he would content himself therefore with removing some of the outer portion of the tumor in the hope of thus relieving somewhat the pressure upon the vital organs of the neck. This was rapidly done, and the wound was closed up. The patient came back to consciousness, and to a lessened degree of suffering, but he lived only a few weeks.

Neatness in Dress.

The most perfect neatness in dress is that of the demure Quakeress or the gentle Sister of Charity. They have made the cleanliness, next to godliness, possess a certain coquetry that is as attractive as it is quiet. The most beautiful dress in the world becomes, when out of order, unbecomingly. And the finest lace in a ragged condition is on a par with the commonest of cottons that is whole. Neatness is one of the leading feminine virtues, and an untidy girl need never expect to be treated with as much consideration as is she who is always just right. Dress undoubtedly has a great influence on the mind, and as the poor little Russian girl wrote in her diary "I cannot understand how a woman who goes about with her hair in papers, cold cream on her face and a dirty gown can expect to keep her husband," so it may be taken for granted that the girl whose skirt is torn, whose untrimmed bodice is hidden under a fancy wrap, whose bonnet is just pinned together and whose ripped gloves are hidden in the muff, can never be quite right at heart. She is a deception in one way and she is very apt to become one in another. It only takes a minute to sew on the loose braid, not all of an hour to mend the bodice, a half an hour to brush the American soil from the skirt, a little time to sew up the gloves and behold a feeling of security comes over your body and extends itself to your manners. No woman can be at her ease mentally whose clothes have reached the rag-tag and bobtail condition. And no woman can wear dirty finery and be self-respecting. Better a thousand times just have the one neat dress, wear it day in and day out, know that it is brushed and in good order and be happy. If I were a man I would pick out for my wife the woman who understood the value of personal neatness, which is personal sweetness.

En Route for the Guillotine.

A never-ending procession of victims passed down the Rue St. Honoré to the place de la Revolution—ci devant Place Louis XV.—where the principal guillotine had been erected. There were guillotines, however, in several other parts of the city, and it was no uncommon matter for a person going out shopping in the morning to meet with three or four processions of unhappy beings proceeding to execution. A well-organized band of furies usually accompanied them, shouting and howling insults and cries of "Death!" Early in 1794 protests were made by residents along the lines of route to the guillotines that sensitive persons were beginning to avoid those streets, and that this did great harm to their commerce. They therefore petitioned that the routes should be at least occasionally changed. Later on another request was made to the National Assembly concerning the unhealthy condition of the Place de la Revolution, literally steeped in blood, which emitted a horrible and dangerous stench.

Strange, however, as it may seem, many of these executions, notably those of important personages, were attended by great numbers of apparently respectable people, and the *Monsieur* contained many advertisements to the effect that "So-and-so hires out chairs to witness the guillotining of, say, Louis XVI., or Mme. Roland, or in deed of any conspicuous person, at so much an hour." A contemporary engraving representing the execution of Louis XVI shows us a crowd of well-dressed people, comfortably seated in their chairs, placed on a high and well-built wooden stand, and not a few of them are using their opera glasses. Davaul is shocked when he records that during the massacres of September "on dansait en l'air." In fact, the gay and volatile nature of the Parisians could not be wholly suppressed, and some by no means badly intentioned people made a sort of fête of the tragic events which were actually occurring. *The Saturday Review*

Dry Rot—The paper's estimate of the oration eloquence.

PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC.

A SINKING BARK ABANDONED AND BURNED.

Desperate Chase of a Small Boat's Crew After a Ship.

The German bark Western Chief was abandoned and set on fire on March 19 about 360 miles northeast of Bahama Islands. The crew left the vessel in two boats, and of which has not since been reported. The remainder of the crew were picked up after having been in an open boat thirty-six hours, and they arrived here yesterday on the brig Pearl, Capt. Knapp, from Ponce.

Chief Officer Herman Kruse, who was in command of the rescued boat's crew, says that the Western Chief left Hamburg for New York with a general cargo on Dec 21, and took the southern passage. Violent westerly gales prevailed steadily for twenty-eight days, and during the greater portion of this time the bark was holed to. She pitched and strained in a violent manner, and finally sprang a dangerous leak. The pumps were manned and were kept going constantly, but the water in the hold gained steadily. During the night of March 18 the leak suddenly increased. In the morning soundings showed that there were five feet of water in the vessel. Capt. Rohling and Officer Kruse held a consultation and decided that as the bark was liable to fill suddenly and sink at any moment it would be advisable to abandon her. They were in the track of vessels bound to and from the West Indies. The weather was fine, and there was a good chance of the crew being picked up. At the worst, the Bahamas were only 360 miles distant.

Food and water for five days were placed in two boats which were launched. Capt. Rohling decided to take charge of the long boat, and selected for his crew the second officer, four seamen, and a boy. To the chief officer was assigned the care of the carpenter, cook, four seamen, and a boy. The latter was Alois Boecher, the son of a wealthy German, who had been sent to sea for his health. Before getting into their boats the crew set fire to the sinking bark, thinking that by so doing they might attract some passing vessel. The two boats left Western Chief about 9 o'clock in the morning, and remained near her all day. At 10 o'clock in the evening the bark sank. Half an hour later Officer Kruse lost sight of the long boat. He has hopes that Capt. Rohling and his men were picked up, or that they succeeded in reaching the Bahamas. At day break next morning Officer Kruse saw the spars of the Pearl, but it was evident that the boat could not be seen from her decks. The Pearl, however, was proceeding slowly. The distressed sailors bent on their oars and drove the boat in the direction of the brig. The latter was heading to the northward before a southerly wind which blew in puffs. The boat would gain upon the brig until her hull would begin to show above the horizon. Then would come a puff of wind in which the boat would heel over in a dangerous manner, while the brig would rush on until only her spars remained above the horizon.

Three men struggled desperately at the oars until long past noon, gaining ground only to lose it again. At length, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the wind shifted to the northward. The brig was no longer able to head her course and stood to the eastward. The shipwrecked men now strained every muscle in a last struggle to come up to the brig. They gained steadily upon her and at length, to their joy, they saw her heave to. Chief Officer Christiansen of the Pearl had seen the boat just as his vessel was about to come upon the other tack. When they came up to the Pearl they were exhausted from the effects of the hours' struggle at the oars. There was now seen at some distance to the westward, and appeared to be a vessel, but these were not needed. The Pearl was treated with the same courtesy as the Pearl.

paul in order to die in the holy city that gave Rama birth, and which is to the Hindu what Mecca is to the Moslems, and far more than Jerusalem is to Christians. On hearing of his arrival the English magistrate at Fyzabad went to see him, the day before his death, as it proved to be. He found the Rajah lying on a low wooden bedstead, such as is used by the poorest natives, in a bare, unplastered little room, having neither window nor a single article of furniture except the bedstead in it, and with his silver dishes and drinking vessels spread about on the mud floor. To English eyes it seemed truly a strange and comfortless deathbed, but such a view of it would not have struck any of the Hindus present; the dying man, they would have said, had all he needed, and God was gracious to have let him live till his journey was accomplished.

I know of no Western parallel to this scene. Princes and nobles in the Middle Ages have doubtless suffered voluntary privation, and courted physical pain by way of an expiatory or at least meritorious act, but we know that they were keenly alive to the full merit of such penances, and did not fail to put them down to the credit side of their account with heaven. But this Indian noble had no such feeling, and would have been genuinely surprised at its being thought that he had done anything worthy of admiration. His wretched and poverty-stricken surroundings were to him a perfectly indifferent accident of this quickly-passing life, and counted as nothing. He had attained his heart's desire and was now happy, waiting for death. — *Temple Bar*

London Bridges.

Including London bridges and Hammer smith bridges, there are fourteen bridges over the Thames within the metropolitan area. London bridge sustains over 30 per cent. of the whole traffic, which averages about 400,000 foot passengers and 80,000 vehicles in every day throughout the year except Sundays, when, of course, there is considerable diminution.

Why is a beehive like a rotten potato? A beehive is a bee-holder and a beholder is a spectator, consequently, spectator is a rotten potato.

New Goods TO HAND.

- We have received a large stock of new Stamped Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:
- Stamped Toilet Sets in wood designs 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c and 20c per set of five pieces.
- Comb and Brush Sets, newest designs, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c and \$1 each.
- Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 50c, 60c and \$1 each.
- Splashes, 15c and 18c, per pair.
- 50c and 75c each.
- Carrings and Tray Cloths, 15c, 20c, 25c and 50c each.
- Sideboard Scarfs, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c each.
- Stamped Laundry Bags, 15c and 20c each.
- Stamped Umbrella, 15c each.
- Stamped Goods, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c and \$1 each.
- Stamped Goods, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c and \$1 each.
- Stamped Goods, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c and \$1 each.
- Stamped Goods, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c and \$1 each.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," "Between the Gates,"

AND REV. HERBERT D. WARD

CHAPTER XV.

In the village of Bethany gossip was agog. The extraordinary rumour of the healing of Ariella had scarcely been set in motion before it was overtaken by another of a startling character.

Upon the day following the wonder, the neighbors flocked to the house of Malachi, and demanded to see proof of the case. But the maiden remained invisible. The house was inhospitably closed. No visitor was allowed entrance. No excuses were offered. Silent and sullenly, the locked door replied to all advances. The people grew restless at this treatment and became clamorous, raising a cry without.

"Malachi hindereth the maiden! He denieth the deed, and refuseth the proofs thereof. Shame on him! Shame on the Pharisee!"

Malachi, who loved to stand well with his neighbors, and at all events, if he did not, objected to being told of it, presented himself promptly at this turn of affairs. He opened the door and stood without it, a scowling man, too evidently on the defensive for his smooth words to be received with easy admission.

"Alas, my neighbors, and alas, my friends," said Malachi, "condole with me for the calamity that has overtaken my house. The damsel, my daughter whom the pretender hath so basely wronged by false hopes and injurious excitement which might even prove fatal to so sick a person, has no miracle to offer you. No healing hath been wrought upon her. As she was she is and remains. Ariella cannot lift her head from her couch. I have reasoned with her to come forth and show herself to her neighbors, and offer proof of the marvel which was reported to the village yesterday. But she ariseth not. She is helpless upon her bed. A condition hath set in, consequent upon the excessive agitation to which she has been subjected, which causes me the deepest anxiety. If she becomes dangerously ill, or if, indeed, her former helplessness increaseth, as I fear me it may do, I promise you this fellow shall be arraigned for sorcery and evil charms."

"How can that be," interrupted a cool voice from the crowd, "when it seems he hath wrought no wonder upon the maiden?"

The speaker was Amos, the proprietor of Gethsemane, a calm man accustomed to weigh his words, and habitually undisturbed by his loyalty to the Nazarene.

"I replied Malachi in some emotion, "I do not see the poor girl, permit me to exchange a word with Hagar, her mother." But Malachi replied, sharply, that Hagar, his wife, was in close attendance upon the urgent needs of Ariella, and could receive no person. With this he retreated, closing and barring the doors of his house, as before.

Excitement now ran high in the hamlet. Rumors of the event had reached Jerusalem and many sightseers and curious folk came out from the city, and swelled the little group of residents interested in the affair. Lazarus, absorbed at that time in the excitement of love and business, took no part in the public tremor over his invalid neighbor; and Mary, his sister, was always a home-keeping, quiet woman. Martha made several efforts to approach the facts of the mysterious case; but, being adroitly baffled by Malachi, soon abandoned the subject, for the more satisfactory interests of preparing sweetmeats of dates and figs for the winter supply of her family. Rachel and Baruch, alone, of the neighbors of Ariella, persisted in their attempts to obtain a personal interview with her. But these were as persistently foiled.

Baruch was in a state of pitiful agitation. As days swelled into days, and Ariella remained invisible, his misery became so acute that his mother's sympathy with Ariella wavered in sheer sorrow over her own flesh and blood; and she added to her son's distress by bewailing the hour in which she had consented to the execution of the miracle within her gates. Baruch's position, take it altogether, was a hard one, and growing worse, when the news reached the blind man that public opinion had taken a decided turn.

Malachi was flatly accused of imprisoning his daughter, that the recovery should not be verified of the people, and the claims of the Nazarene emphasized by so merciful and beautiful a cure.

This view of the case did not seem to lessen, but rather to increase, the unhappiness of Baruch. Between his vision of the old Ariella flung down from the heights of hope to the old, sad, familiar face, and the new Ariella condemned, in the first thrill of recovery, to a brutal, mock assumption of that fate, he had not much to choose. Either was had enough: either at moments seemed worse than the other. Worst of all was the cruel shock given, by the turn events had taken, to the touching faith of Baruch in the Nazarene.

It was impossible to say what was the effect of this shock. His mother observed him with a motherly impatience which vitiated her power to interpret his condition. The blind man, always possessed of the reticence of his infirmity, sunk into a systematic silence and inner solitude, in which a sensitive nature may easily perish. He frequented the environs of the house of Malachi patiently, but with admittance he had ceased to hope or ask. Ariella remained invisible; nor did any reliable report of her condition reach the villagers, among whom curiosity and indignation were increasing steadily.

One afternoon Baruch, being led by the hand with whom he was accustomed to go, disappeared altogether from Bethany. He did not return at dusk. Night fell and he was not seen of him. At parting from his mother he had her feel no concern at his disappearance, but she expected him till she should see him. He therefore awaited him with a patience which was the unconsciousness of a man who has no other occupation. At length he was seen, and he was seen by a woman, who had been waiting for him.

"I do not see the poor girl, permit me to exchange a word with Hagar, her mother." But Malachi replied, sharply, that Hagar, his wife, was in close attendance upon the urgent needs of Ariella, and could receive no person. With this he retreated, closing and barring the doors of his house, as before.

sign or message. So long an absence he never made from home, in a fashion so unprotected. It occurred to Rachel to seek the advice of the Nazarene; for it was said by the common people that he was never too weary or too busy or too indifferent to give counsel to any person who did need and ask it; but she learned that he was absent from Jerusalem; some said this way, some that; he was in Tiberias, Capernaum, Jericho, this place or the other, no one knew, and every one knew where; but he was not to be found.

Meanwhile the situation at the house of Malachi remained unaltered. Crowds gathered daily before the doors, and cries and jeers arose from the people whenever the big figure of the Pharisee appeared in sight. Malachi had lost so much sleep by dint of noisy demands that he come forth and account for the condition of his daughter, that he became at length overcome with drowsiness and ill temper, and abandoning all attempts to treat for decency's sake with the crowds, barred his doors and threw himself upon a rug before it to rest. The women of his household remained closely concealed; whether by choice or of necessity, who could say?

Upon the day following that upon which Baruch disappeared from Bethany, a stout but tired ass, ridden by a man and a boy, might have been seen in the outskirts of Tiberias, stopping to rest. The animal was an excellent one, capable of making a forced journey; but he looked as if he had made it. The lad was tired out and fretful. The man was blind. All three bore signs of the need of sleep.

"Go yonder, Enoch," said the blind man wearily, "unto the first house you pass and inquire for food and drink and fodder for the ass. I will pay therefor whatever is required. You are weary and need food at once. Bring to me—but partake first yourself. I wait here with the animal. He whom we seek cannot be far away. We shall accomplish our errand to-day, God willing, and return home as we came."

When the lad had departed, the blind man sank upon the ground beside the ass, and keeping his hand closely upon the rein, that the creature might not stray from him, he yielded himself without the little disguise that he maintained before the boy, his guide, to the saddest of his thoughts. It had been a hard, and so far a fruitless journey. Traveling in the rear of a large caravan passing that way, he and his little companion had been, as chance had it, well protected from such dangers of the trip as their defenseless condition might have exposed them to; but the object of the journey was still unattained. He was disheartened and perplexed.

"Baruch," said a gentle voice close to the blind man's ear, "whom seekest thou?"

A vivid color shot violently across the helpless face which Baruch lifted to the speaker.

"Master! Thou."

"And to what end?"

"Master, that the wonder that thou wroughtest may be confirmed." In hurrying, broken words, Baruch began to tell the tale of the events which had overtaken Ariella; but in the midst of his own recital he checked himself abruptly, and in a tone of piercing conviction said:

"Lord, I do but cast drops of water upon the Sea of Gennesaret, in making words with thee. Thou knowest my speech before it mounts unto my mouth; and all that occur-reth to the maiden, thou knowest. Master, I am dumb, as I am blind before thee. Be merciful unto me and save the maiden from her plight."

Then he who stood beside the blind man did converse with him, in a tone that was wonderful and kind, and pity dwelt within his voice, and it was like none other of the voices of men upon the earth. The exquisite car of the blind man quivered before it with a sense of pleasure richer than the sight of those who saw. The Nazarene spoke with him of the length and weariness of the journey, of the uncertainty of his errand, of the persistence of his trust; and demanded of him whether he had felt no doubt of the wisdom of the undertaking in view of the difficulty of finding whom and what he sought.

"I expected to find thee," said Baruch simply, "and thou art here."

"Believest thou," asked the Nazarene, with a sudden change of tone, into which nothing almost like sternness had crept, "altest thou that it is with the maiden, that thou art here?"

"I do not see the poor girl, permit me to exchange a word with Hagar, her mother." But Malachi replied, sharply, that Hagar, his wife, was in close attendance upon the urgent needs of Ariella, and could receive no person. With this he retreated, closing and barring the doors of his house, as before.

"Then do thou return," said the Nazarene in a deep voice, "unto my place in Bethany. Follow my bidding, and go thou back unto thine own house. There shalt thou be justified of thy faith; for it is mighty."

The blind man started immediately. This seemed a poor ending to all his toil and travel. But he arose, and turned his face about.

"If the lad who guideth me were here," he said, "I did depart at once."

"Baruch, blessed of God!" cried the Nazarene with evident emotion, "again I say unto thee, hast thou naught to ask of me for thyself?"

"Lord," said Baruch humbly, "What have I to ask? What thou doest to the maiden, thou doest unto me."

"But," insisted the Rabbi with what seemed to Baruch to be a break in his own voice, "art thou then without a need, or a desire like other men, that thou forgettest thyself in the case of another as a star is forgotten in the midday sun?"

"Lord," said Baruch, after a long and tremulous silence, "if I had a thing to ask of thee, it were that I might look upon her face for the space as so much as goeth between the opening and closing of an eyelid, before I die. But I was born blind."

"Go upon thy way," replied the Nazarene solemnly, "take the lad who cometh, and return in peace. Safety travel with thee, and speed bring thee unharmed to thine own house! At the door of thy house, in Bethany, at the hour of thy return, fall upon thy knees and call upon my name, and between the opening and closing of an eyelid thou shalt be blessed of God, for thy faith's sake."

But, when the lad came, the Nazarene had departed, and Baruch stood alone beside the ass. So they saddled the animal at once, and returned as they came. And Enoch the boy wondered at this greatly. But Baruch said nothing to explain himself.

Upon the third evening after the departure of her son, Rachel sat in her house at Bethany, oppressed at heart. A summons at the gate started her strained ears, and she answered it herself, with the nervous haste of the anxious.

"Let us within, Rachel," loudly whispered a familiar voice, eagerly, "let us within, quickly, and shelter us in the name of the Nazarene."

Rachel's face fell; it was not Baruch. Two women stood there trembling. These were Hagar and Ariella.

"In the name of the Nazarene, enter ye!" cried Rachel. Hospitably and heartily she drew the two women within her door, breathlessly demanding:

"How came ye here?"

"We walked," said Hagar laconically in her bass tone,

"But how came she here?"

"Ariella walked—all the way—like other people."

"Then the Rabbi was as good as his word. Baruch thought so, all the time. I confess when I heard the tongue of the people wag, I knew not what to think. But enter ye, enter, my neighbors, and sup with me."

"I go as I came," said Hagar hurriedly.

"I return to the house of Malachi, for he is my lord, and I am subject to him. But over Ariella he shall tyrannize no longer, since I am her mother and have legs of my own and a mind to move them. All these days we have been prisoners in the house of Malachi my husband, shame to him that I must own it to the neighbors. To night as God willed it, he did fall asleep until he doth more, praised be Jehovah, upon the rug before the door. Then I arose and did pinch him to make sure of him and I did pinch as hard as I dared, for I found it agreeable; but he awaked not. So I fled in the dark with Ariella. And she moved as if she had wings upon her feet, and we ran here all the way, that we might free her. Take the maiden, neighbor Rachel, I pray thee, and shelter her till I demand her again of thee."

With these words Hagar departed as unexpectedly as she came; leaving Ariella with her friend.

"I told Baruch," observed Rachel dryly "that he might trust a sho animal with her young, and Hagar, the mother of Ariella, against Malachi, who was naught but a husband."

But Ariella replied not. She was cruelly excited by all that she had undergone. Her eyes and cheeks blazed. She seemed like a creature on fire. She could neither speak nor rest. Her feverish glance averted about the room inquiringly.

The Home.

"She misses Baruch," thought Rachel "but she will not say so. Sit down, Ariella. Sit and rest and tell me all about it."

Ariella obeyed so far as to seat herself upon the nearest divan. But she told Rachel nothing at all. She looked at her appealingly. She seemed unable to articulate for weariness or fright.

"Thou art a poor lamb!" cried Rachel in a more motherly tone. "How shall I comfort thee? I would that Baruch were here. My heart is sore over Baruch my son, for he hath been lost from me, this is the third day."

"Baruch?" cried Ariella suddenly finding her voice, "Baruch lost? Let me go and find him!"

She sprang to her feet and bounded to the door; widely flung it open, and dashed out into the night. Rachel followed her with a cry of dismay.

The blind man reached Bethany at dark of the seventh evening. He dismissed his weary littleguide with the ass and the wages at the foot of the familiar hill that rose to his mother's house; and being quite sure of his way, where every pebble, nay, every grain of sand, was better known to him than neighbors and friends to men who see, he climbed the ascent alone.

He was exhausted; but he was quiet and his face was filled with a divine light. He walked slowly, with his head bent; his heart was full of high thoughts; he put out his hand and groped for the latch of the gate.

As he did this it was flung open suddenly, and a girl's voice cried:

"Baruch! I came to seek thee, and thou returnest to me. Baruch! Baruch!"

Then the blind man remembered the saying of the Nazarene, and he fell upon his knees at the gateway of his own home, as if he bowed his head and clasped his hands in prayer.

"Lord," he said aloud, "I call upon thy name that thou mayest be justified of thy works, and mercy come to the maiden who is dearer to me than eyesight to the blind."

Now when this had happened, Baruch opened his eyes and lifted his face, and "between the opening and shutting of an eyelid," the man born blind looked, and he beheld he saw.

And what he saw was the fairest sight in all the world—the maiden of his heart's desire, Ariella, bending forward, panting a little with her slight from the house to the gate—Rachel, his mother behind her holding high a torch that she had snatched to follow the girl—and the fire-red light of the torch shinning all over Ariella's face and body. Her eyes burned like stars in the mid-heaven; her delicate lips were parted; her cheeks were as red as the roses of Sharon, and her soft hair floated in the wind over her forehead and about her sweet face. Her slender form swayed toward the kneeling man; her white robe was blown against him; she stretched out her thin little hands.

"Thou God of my people!" cried the blind man, "Have mercy upon me, for I do behold an angel!"

Now, at this, Rachel, his mother, gave a mighty cry, and flung down her torch in ecstasy and terror. But Ariella restrained her, took it from the ground, held it aloft, and stood resplendent and self-possessed, as she had been an angel indeed.

"She whom thou beholdest is only a girl, dear Baruch," said Ariella gently, "and blesteth thee."

Baruch stretched out his arm to her. He did not touch her. But he lifted seeing eyes to Ariella. Wonder, awe, delight, delirium dwelt in them. The two women who loved him stood dumb before that transcendent look.

"Lord," said Baruch, "I bless thee that between the opening and closing of an eye lid I have beheld the maiden. Now do with me as thou wilt at. . . . Now, though, I return unto my darkness forever, yet am I blessed of God among all seeing men."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why He Closed His Eyes.

They were having an argument when one man said to the other:

"Why do you close your eyes to these facts?"

The man addressed did not reply at once, and another man in the crowd answered for him:

"He has to close his eyes. He's a honest trader, and he can't look a fact in the face."

The world will tolerate many vices, but not their diminutives.—[Arthur Helps.

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

Some Housecleaning Hints.

Who does not dread the inevitable housecleaning? And yet the coming of the troublesome fly warns us that the time is at hand when the house needs renovation.

As the fly comes in, stoves go out, and we almost forget the summer annoyance in the charm of putting them up, and the comfort they give.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that if stoves are blackened when entirely cold the operation does not need repetition for a long time, and if the zinc under them is cleaned before it is put down, instead of afterward, the work is easier. This is done by washing with a hand-mop dipped in diluted sulphuric acid. One part of acid to five (5) parts water, then rinsing them and polishing with polishing powder of most any sort. If the zincs are painted they can be wiped off easily and last much longer in fresh condition, which is better, and a deal of work saved.

Unless rooms are very much used, carpets need not be taken up oftener than once a year. A thorough sweeping, followed by wiping them with a cloth wrung from clear water, will remove the dust quite thoroughly. Ammonia and water brighten the colors and take out spots. Moist sawdust or pieces of wet newspaper scattered over the carpet will gather the dust. Many housekeepers sprinkle fine salt or tea-leaves on their carpets and then sweep them. It is a much better plan, than to do all at once, to take up some carpets in the fall, and the rest in the spring, and so divide the work, unless you want to feel that it is all out of the way at once.

If you have painting and calcimining to be done, the spring is decidedly your best time. Hard finished walls may be washed with soap-suds and wiped dry. A bit of pumice-stone will remove stains from them. White paint may be washed with ammonia water or with whiting and water, which is not so trying to the hands as the ammonia. All grained work should be washed with cold tea and wiped with a soft flannel cloth. For windows and picture frames soft flannel cloths with soap-suds, and, after wiping dry, polish with chamois leather, is far better than anything else. They leave no lint and better than paper, which often scratches glass—and if you would best rid your walls of dust, wrap a cloth round a broom—while a solution of hot salt water, or hot alum water, will drive away insects of all sorts.

Furniture covered with rep, or similar goods, should be first whipped; then carefully brushed, and all dust wiped away with a damp cloth. A soft cloth is best for satin covered furniture. Black walnut or mahogany furniture may be washed quickly with soapy water, and a soft brush, then wiped dry and rubbed with an oily cloth. Rotten stone and sweet oil are used to polish and are excellent. Then all that can be rubbed off is removed and chamois skin makes it as good as new.

A fine polish is made by the use of the following recipe: Alcohol, half pint, resin, half an ounce, gum shells, half an ounce, a few drops of aniline brown. Let stand over night and add three gills of raw linseed oil and half a pint of spirits of turpentine. Shake well before using. Put on with cotton flannel and rub dry with another cloth.

There are many new fangled ways, but as a housekeeper for nearly fifty years, I can speak for the long tried practices, which have stood the test of time and change, and always proved satisfactory.

Let me suggest that the top of the house is the place to begin the housecleaning, and, in each room, closets and drawers should first be put in order. If the work needs any repairs, they should be made before the cleaning begins. If one or two rooms at a time are put in order the discomfort experienced by the family during the renovation will be comparatively little. It is rarely necessary to turn the whole house upside down all at once; but when this must be done, let an army of workers shorten the agony as much as possible. Yet it pays to go through

all, if done as it ought to be. The contrast is so blissful! For this never grudge the misery, as it is only temporary.

But while this upturning is going on, there should always be kept as a refuge, one room in harmonious condition; a place where the tired workers may find rest, and where the head of the house may go without molestation. If this were so, there would be less grumbling at the necessary evils, and the time less dreary as the seasons roll round.

Make a List.

Sister housekeepers: In your daily rounds which make you weary and sometimes half sick, are any of our good friends ever troubled with forgetfulness, and shall I add fretfulness? If so, I offer an aid to your memory, which shall at the same time alleviate that disturbance over which your conscience grieves, but which should be remanded to the physical realm for treatment. Remove the mental strain, and the fretting will cease of itself in the case of an ordinary amiable woman like yourself!

Here is the aid. *Make a list.* You smile incredulously and say, "Just as if I hadn't enough to do without spending time to make a list of my work! There are probably fifty things I ought to do to day, and if I forget half of them, I shall still remember more than I want or feel able to do."

So you will go your way, and with an aching head and tired back you will become so confused that you can not well judge which should be done first or last, or hardly know whether anything is finished or not, and having worked at such disadvantage all the day or week, you may find at last that you have forgotten some of the most important duties on hand, to the great annoyance and discomfort of your family; and a lowering of your own self-respect as an efficient housekeeper, and a general discouragement which too soon will become chronic. This is hard and pitiful. Perhaps you really need another hand or two at your work, but quite likely you only need a little more system and—a list!

Now don't despise this help, dear, weary soul, but take this bit of paper and pencil, glance over your work, and jot down the items for to-day. Yes, put down everything, all the little odds and ends, for some of them may prove the most necessary of all. There, the list is pretty long, to be sure, but you feel better already. It is worth much to know definitely what is before you. It does wholly away with the driven feeling that the work is endless, and the haunting sense that something is being neglected or forgotten.

Next, time the list wisely. Some of these labors fall more naturally and easily into the first hour, some into the fifth or sixth. With other items, economy of time, strength, fuel and other outlays must be considered. The list before you suggests ways in which you can systematize, which in itself is a help that often saves many minutes and hours of time, which is money, and avoids worry, which is waste.

See here, good lady. You have been at work scarcely an hour, and have done already a dozen tasks out of the fifty. Catch up the pencil and score them off. Here the fun comes in. There is a real childish delight at seeing so much finished, and a prospect of freedom ahead, and you are inspired with a child's ambition to attack a dozen more of those formidable items, and see how soon and how well you can do them. Be childish as you please about such things. All the better. It is good to have a child's interest and impulse.

Now you are scoring again, and smiling too. No wonder. You are to be all through this weary work by afternoon, and have a little walk down to the spring in the cool woods, or a little ride over the hills, or at least a pillow and hammock on the shaded porch, or a quiet rocker in the parlor, or a nap with baby on the lap. I should not recommend a list.

It would in its turn, and so defeat its end, if you were to spend days and seasons in making a list, and you just found when the time came to do the work, that you had no list.

writing to be done, and the busy matron even dares to look wistfully forward into the far, dim future, to fancy work. Now these articles needing attention are not found upon a table in one room, or hung upon a line, each visible, and so the memory may play treacherous in regard to their exact number and condition.

Just here, as a remedy and relief, apply the kindly list, and you will say in many coming days, "Blessings on the memorandum." Go through each room from attic to cellar, and examine its contents, taking careful note of each article to be wrought upon.

Great is the peace and satisfaction of an exhaustive list, with each item faithfully and tidily done. This extolled list does not claim to be all of good housekeeping or of religion, but it helps.

HOPE HARVEY.

Women in Elections.

Elections were held last week in a large number of cities and towns in Kansas in which women took part. In one town women had charge of the election machinery, and were successful in securing all the offices from mayor down, the whole corporation being composed of women. At Emporia the women took an interest in the election of a woman candidate for the School Board on the platform of "good salaries for good teachers." The platform deserved to win without regard to the candidate. In most other places the women took little interest in the election. There were no issues which called them out, and they do not seem inclined to take the trouble to vote on general principles. A writer in the *Forum* says that "nothing shows the necessity of suffrage for women more plainly than the unwillingness of men to grant it." This apparent unwillingness is largely based upon the indifference of the majority of women to the possession or exercise of the franchise. If four-fifths of the women of Canada would declare by vote or otherwise that they desire the suffrage four-fifths of the men would, in our opinion, vote to give it to them.

There are cases where moderate gum chewing is positively healthful. Bolting one's food is the besetting national weakness. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti after each meal.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles of a bilious state of the system. Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsical Swelling, Pain in the Side, Acidity, and remarkable success has been achieved.

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally effective and prevent it. They also cool and stimulate the system. Even if they do not cure it, they will relieve it.

A SUBMERGED RAILWAY.

The Ingenious Scheme for Loading Ships
Near a Rocky Spanish Coast.

The mines of Onton, near Bilbao, north Spain, have long been celebrated for their richness in the yield of iron ores suitable for the manufacture of steel, but great trouble has heretofore been experienced in the shipment of the mineral on account of the difficulty of placing it on board of the ships. England and the Continent are the great markets for this product. The coast adjacent to these mines is high and rocky, exposed to the full force of the sea, there being no harbors in the immediate vicinity. At the foot of the rocks there is a sloping shore which extends out to a considerable distance, with an even grade. It is upon this incline that the remarkable railway we are about to describe has been constructed.

The roadbed of the railway has a length of about 650 feet and a width of 20 feet, upon which two sets of parallel tracks, each 24 feet wide, are placed constituting a four-rail railway. The grade is five feet to the hundred. The car which traverses this railway, upon which the ore is conveyed from the cliffs to the ships, consists of a high metallic tower made in the form of a pyramid having a wide triangular base. The tower is mounted on wheels, which run upon the quadruple railway track before mentioned. The platform of the tower upon which the load of mineral is placed is about 70 feet high from the track, a height which is sufficient to rise above the decks of ordinary vessels when the tower is run alongside thereof; and from the platform the discharge of ore is made directly into the hold of the vessels. This great rolling tower is operated automatically. It is connected to the shore by means of a strong wire cable, which passes over pulleys fastened to the rocks. At the land end of the cable there are attached some weighted cars that move up and down upon an incline. These form a counterbalancing weight for pulling the tower when empty in toward the shore.

The mineral to be loaded upon the vessels is brought from the mines, which are not far distant from the coast, upon ropeway railways mounted upon posts. From the mineral dumps upon the rocky heights the mineral is conveyed part way down the cliff through a chute, the end of which projects beyond the cliff, and when the empty tower is drawn to shore by the cars before mentioned it automatically opens an end gate in the chute and allows the mineral to drop upon the platform in a continuous stream until a weight of ore sufficient to overcome that of the counterbalancing weight or weighted cars has fallen upon the platform, and when this takes place, the tower, by its own gravity, begins to move down the inclined railway, and the gate of the chute automatically closes. The tower continues to glide down the inclined way through the water until it reaches the side of the ship, which is anchored fore and aft, and then by means of a lever, the platform of tower with the mineral, the whole load upon the incline, is most instantly deposited upon a platform which is drawn down through suitable slides into the hold of the vessel. As soon as the platform reaches the platform, the counterbalancing weight or weighted cars are drawn up the incline, and thus the tower is ready to be drawn back and forth automatically.

The groom was loving, the bride was fair,
Her eyes met his with a witching air;
She was tender and meek as a maid could be,
And she had no more sense than a babe of three.

"Youngster, beware!" the old man said,
"We've tried the pass"—but he shook his head,
He shook that head oracularly:
"In marriage, 'Love is enough,'" quoth he.

Breakfast at home. How strange and sweet!
But something was wrong with the things to eat:
Something war queer in coffee and tea—
"Nay, give me a kiss instead," said he.

Dinner at home—but he could not eat,
O rawish potatoes! O kiln-dried meat!
"You've left out the taste from the soup,"
moaned he.
"I'll make it all right with a kiss," smiled she.

Supper at home, and he could not eat
O bread like putty! O mush of wheat!
O slimy pickles! O tea of tan!
He rose from the table a starving man.

Alack, what aileth the bridegroom now?
He stamps and roars as he knots his brow,
"Go home to your mother and say from me
That love is not nearly enough," quoth he.

A Short Way with Wives.

In a paper on Tangier in the New Review, "Vernon Lee" reports that she had with a Moorish gentleman, one Hasan: "He related to me the history of his three marriages and descanted on the perfection of his present wife. The first, he said, was his cousin. He bought her beautiful clothes and furniture, but, after some time, she gave him words. Instantly he sent her back, with all he had given her, and took another wife: remarks that she had given him three girls, dead, and a boy who still survives. The second wife went all right till one day she took it into her head to go to the vapor bath without his permission. 'Who gave you leave to go to the vapor bath without me?' he asked. 'I don't require anybody's leave,' answered she. 'And immediately,' he added, with that energetic downward pointing gesture, 'I sent her home with all the things I had ever given her.' As regards the present wife, he was quite delighted with her. She made all the children's clothes and her own, she could sew with the machine, she cooked, she never required to buy a bottle of orange or rosewater, so excellently did she prepare it herself above all, she never wanted to go out! 'Never once,' he said 'has she asked leave to go out—not from one year's end to another! Never wants to leave the house or to see any one—never even crosses the street. Ah, he said, 'she is a woman of excellent reputation!'"

Treatment of the Hair.

No woman need expect to have her hair look beautiful who goes to bed without taking it down and giving it its night dressing. A woman who has wonderfully beautiful hair says: "I take out all the pins, brush my hair well, and then plait it carefully but loosely, so that in the morning it is not in a snarl. I usually try to brush it ten minutes, but when I can get somebody else to do it for me the operation is so delicious that I allow them to keep on forever. Of course I let down to brush it, because standing up is too much. I am one of those who believe in learning the art of brushing for really the best result. I am the one who rushes across the floor and stands while the result of my hair is being brushed." "I am the one who rushes across the floor and stands while the result of my hair is being brushed." "I am the one who rushes across the floor and stands while the result of my hair is being brushed."

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S STORY.

It is About the Late Emperor Frederick, and is Curious.

Some time ago Col. Stoffel, an authority in the military affairs of France and Germany, published in Paris a pamphlet concerning the possibility of a Franco-German alliance against Russian pan-slavism and Russian barbarism generally. The *sine qua non* of such an alliance, Col. Stoffel said, was that Germany should return to France her lost provinces. The general discussion of Col. Stoffel's novel ideas was interrupted by events of greater importance at Berlin and Paris, but it has been revived by some rather sensational comments on it by the venerable Marshal MacMahon. Since the accession of the present German Emperor to the throne, Marshal MacMahon thinks, there is no hope that France may get back her provinces peacefully in the near future. Had young Williams's father, however, lived to execute the foreign policy he had in his mind, France would have recovered Alsace and Lorraine without the firing of a shot or the spilling of a drop of blood.

"On the day after the battle of Sedan," says the Marshal, in explanation of his unique opinions, "the Crown Prince Frederick called on me. I could not receive him on account of my wounds, but d'Abzac, my Adjutant, saw him, and talked with him and on the following day related the conversation to me. The Prussian general staff expected the war to end very soon, and had no idea that Paris could offer much resistance. The Crown Prince Frederick said: 'Herr von Moltke is, in my opinion, about to make a grave mistake. He wishes to compel you to cede to us part of your territory; I gave my views on the matter, and declared I held such a proposal to be a bad error. I think I know the French and that they could forgive everything except just such a crippling of their country. As soon as they regained their strength after thus losing territory, they would try to get back all they had lost. They would, therefore, always be threatening the peace and safety of Prussia.' These words of the Crown Prince, reported to me by d'Abzac, impressed me deeply. I have never forgotten them. I am sure that Frederick, as Emperor, would not have altered his views but would have been true to his former conviction that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine was a permanent obstacle to my reconciliation of France and Germany. Under him Stoffel's proposal for a Franco-German alliance could have been considered seriously. Now it is out of the question."

All the German daises which are not entirely occupied with the recent developments of Imperial politics at Berlin are trying to prove that the old French soldier is attempting to manufacture history and that Unser Fritz never made any such utterances as those attributed to him by d'Abzac.

Women Professionally Athletic.

The Republic of France is at war with the King of Dahomey, and a French newspaper published the information the other day that a battle had been fought in which eight combatants were killed and many wounded. Later on the Dahomians, who had succeeded in capturing a number of Frenchmen and other Europeans, made another attack, but were finally repulsed with a loss of 400 killed.

The interesting fact in the dispatch lay in the last lines: "Among the dead were found some of the female warriors of the King of Dahomey."

Who are these Amazons?

Dahomey, now for the fifth time at war with a European nation, is a kingdom of Western Africa, in Guinea, its limits being exactly defined, but with an estimated area of four thousand square miles. The Dahomians are Pagans, and the tiger is their principal fetish. They are bloodthirsty, but hospitable and courageous. Once a year the monarch (whose people approach him by crawling with their faces in the dust) sprinkles his ancestor's graves with human blood. There is an annual festival which takes place about October and lasts several weeks. During the Saturnalia many human victims are put to death with great barbarity.

At one stage of these "customs" the unfortunate wretches, chiefly captives taken in war, are dressed in long shirts and long trousers, and tied on baskets. They are then taken to the top of a high platform and paraded on the heads of Amazons,

together with an alligator, a cat and a hawk in similar baskets. After the King has made a speech, the victims are hurled down into the midst of a surging crowd of natives, and meet with a horrible death. The skulls are used to adorn the palace walls, and the King's sleeping chamber is paved with the heads of his enemies. The skulls of the conquered kings are converted into royal drinking cups.

About one-fourth of the females are said to be married to the fetich, many even before their birth, and the remainder are entirely at the disposal of the king. The most favored are selected as his own wives, or enlisted into the regiments of the Amazons, and then the chief men are liberally supplied.

The Amazons form the flower of the army. They are marshaled into regiments, each with its distinctive uniform and badges, and they take the post of honor on the flanks of the battle line. Their number has been variously estimated at from 1,000 to 6,000. Their weapons are blunderbusses, flint muskets and bows and arrows. They are in part recruited in a remarkable manner. If a woman in Dahomey is found to be unfaithful to her husband she is at once sent to military headquarters and enrolled among the Amazons. If she has an acrid temper or fails to bear children, or if her husband wants to get rid of her, he honors himself by presenting her to the King, who, if she has the requisite physical qualifications, turns her over to his army officers to be drilled as an Amazon.

The garrison of Aghome, the King's Capital, is composed almost exclusively of Amazons. A recent visitor to the Capital says there were only thirty male soldiers in the garrison. The Amazons are so trained to fill the peaceful role of ballot girls. One of the big sights of Dahomey is to see the Amazons on gala days frantically brandishing their weapons, uttering their warcries and going through their dances before the King.

It is said that at the death of the King a horrid scene ensues. The wives, after the most extravagant demonstrations of grief, attack and murder each other, and remain in an uproar until order is restored by the new sovereign.

The Wardrobe of Queen Beza.

An inventory taken in the year 1600 of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth enables us to estimate the sumptuous attire with which the Virgin Queen at once delighted and astonished her subjects. She had at the date named, 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 289 gowns (round, loose and French), 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 saveguards, 85 doublets and 12 lap mantles.

Her gowns were of the richest and costliest materials—purple, gold tissue, crimson, satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, cloth and satins of dove color, drake color, horse-flesh color and a very popular color known in those old times as "lady blush." Some of the queen's dresses are worthy of special note, says the London Lady. A frock of silver cloth, checkered with red silk like birds' eyes, with demi-aloeves, a cut of crimson velvet twisted with silver and lined with crimson velvet. A French kirtle of white satin, cut all over, embroidered with loops, flowers and clouds of Venice-gold, silver and silk. The forepart of one dress was white satin embroidered very fine with border of the sun, moon and other signs and planets of Venice gold, silver and silk of sundry colors, with a border of beads beneath, likewise embroidered.

Old gowns were adorned with bees, flies, spiders, worms, trunks of trees, pannels, oak leaves and mulberries; while some were resplendent with rainbows, suns, clouds, fountains and flames of fire. Her buttons were of fantastic device, some being in the shape of flowers and butter-flies, and those on one gorgeous dress were in the similitude of birds of paradise. Altogether, the Virgin Queen, when arrayed in all her glory, must have resembled a preliminary edition of "The History of Animated Nature."

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck; and wed be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or the tented field, if it ever the same fair play, and admits of no foolish distinctions. Despair and post-ponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.—*Thoreau*.

WONDERS OF THE FAR NORTH.

Interesting Things Found in the Wilds of British Columbia.

There are a few very curious things about British Columbia rivers. Everybody knows that they flow in the wrong direction while they are young. For instance, the Peace and Liard persist in going to the Arctic Ocean, in defiance of the Rocky Mountains and the laws of nature; while the Columbia, Fraser, and Kootenay only consent to travel seaward after going in the opposite direction some hundreds of miles. But they also have very peculiar ways of making ice, quite opposite to that laid down in the text books. In the Skeena I have observed the ice in autumn to form on the river bed among the boulders in globules, like a mass of fish spawn, this often growing until the reef actually reaches the surface; but more often it breaks away in large pieces and floats off down stream, bearing pebbles and even boulders for many miles. I have seen the river in December entirely covered with this ground ice adrift, the globules being the size of peas and cohering like loose snow.

There are many natural bridges on the rivers also. In the Kicking Horse, three miles below Field station, there is a rock bridge, in a slate formation, which is inclined so as to present sharp edges, very unpleasant to walk upon. Every observant passenger on the Canadian Pacific Railroad has noticed this snow bridge on the Illecillewset, but there are records of ice bridges also. I think I have heard of one on the Homathco River, but of the Stickeen a marvellous story is told. There is a great glacier descending out of the high snowfield to the north, and this in ancient times flowed right across the valley, meeting a lesser ice stream from the south opposite. The Stickeen flowed under the ice in a tunnel, and at very low water the passage was too small for it, although the water must have been banked up into a lake at the spring freshet.

Now, the Sicano Indians of the upper valley used to regard this tunnel in the ice as leading to the "sweet by and by." They were therefore very anxious to avoid the place, but once the tribe was encamped not far above the glacier, and there was a very old man and his wife with them who were too mean to die because of the expense of giving a funeral feast. They were very rich and of no use, and had large appetites, and their relatives at last consented to part with them. They were therefore set adrift in a leaky canoe and consigned to the current, and all the people, conscious of self-sacrifice, stood on the bank and watched the canoe vanish into the tunnel, and felt good. Now, the old people were very frightened and squealed a good deal, but when the blue shadows of the ice closed over them they thought they were dead Indians, and behaved accordingly. Presently the old lady thought it was getting light. And became curious and looked about her. Then she kicked the old man and asked if he didn't wish they were at the funeral feast. He looked up and found the canoe out in the open again, the glacier behind them and the world pretty much as usual. They got ashore, cut paddles and poles, and prepared to go home again. The old man began to be hungry for the grease and berries, and they both determined to get home for the banquet, since they had assisted at the fair val. Well, by dint of making the old lady walk, while he steered and gave good advice, they succeeded in making their way up through the tunnel and home, and were in ample time for the feast. In fact they lived happily ever afterward. But how shall we condole with the relatives, whose sweetest and most pious traditions had been shattered about the sweet by and by?

Not least among the natural wonders of the coast is McKenzie Passage, a little to the westward of Kingcome Inlet. It is a chasm about six miles in length, leading to the base of an isolated and broken peak, 5,665 feet high. The walls are very close together, vertical and snow-crowned. The sun never shines in this awful gorge; the vapor from its waters hangs dark and bitter cold, unmoved by any wind, and no living being enters its solitude. I find but two records of this place having been visited by white men.

Scarcely less wonderful is an inlet tributary to Dean's Canal, and the scene of one of the most important events in Canadian history. It is thus described by Vancouver:

"The width of the channel did not anywhere exceed three-quarters of a mile; its shores were bounded by precipices much more perpendicular than any we had yet seen during this excursion; and from the summits of the mountains that overlooked it, particularly on its northeastern shore, there fell several large cascades. These were extremely grand and by much the largest and most tremendous of any we had ever beheld." In conclusion of a long description he named the place Cascade Channel.

Two months afterward arrived there the greatest of Canadian explorers, having been the first man to cross North America. Much threatened by a large body of Indians, he fortified himself on a rock for the night, and the next day mixed some vermilion and grease and painted on the enormous mountain wall the following words: "Alexander McKenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." And in his record the explorer says that as he stood on the rocks a native spoke to him of Vancouver. "At some distance from the land a channel opened to us, at southwest by west, and, pointing that way, he made me understand that Macabuh came there with his large canoe."

La Perouse, the great French explorer, entered Lituya bay under the shadow of the St. Elias alps, and said. "I suppose that this is the most wonderful place in all the world." This bay, entered by a very narrow aperture, was shaped like the letter T, the head of which was a fathomless abyss, surrounded by mountains of from two to three miles of vertical height. Glaciers broke off the summits of its walls, forming an icy cornice from which ponderous masses fell at times into the sea with a crash that resounded more heavily than the loudest thunder. The tides surging out of this cause an overfall, and a party of officers being out mainly on pleasure, one of the boats was caught in this and overwhelmed, with the loss of all hands.

Some of these tide sluices are very dangerous, and many lives have been lost in them. A great puzzle they were to early travellers, who found cataracts of sea water pouring into many of the inlets. They are explained by the existence behind them of large basins filled by the flood tide, the outlets being too small for its ready escape at the ebb. Some of these salt water cataracts are as much as twelve feet high. There is a miniature example at the George, near this city.

On the Yukon River the upper waters are rendered quite clear by the deposit of all their silt in a chain of lakes, but lower down a stream called White River enters from the south, so charged with glacier mud that the Yukon from thence to the sea is too dirty for even the bottom of a cupful to be distinguished. Graylings rise readily to the fly above. No fishing without nets is possible below. Moreover, where the great river crosses the Arctic circle the tributaries from the tundra lands are like rivers of tea, so deep is the stain of vegetable matter from the moss swamps of the far north.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Sergeant Palmer's Experiences After the Battle.

The men had been suffering so fearfully from thirst before they reached the canal that I saw some of them drinking the blood that ran out of the wounded camels. When we had drunk our fill of canal water, the "Assembly" was sounded and the roll was called, when many a poor fellow had to be marked as "absent." Men told one another of their adventures, narrated their escapes, and had time now to examine their bare legs, from which much skin had been lost in falling into and clambering out of the trenches. The most remarkable escape I remember was that of a Color Sergeant who was looking at the enemy through a binocular when a bullet came along, shivered the glass, and then dropped spent into his mouth, from which he spat it with the loss only of a couple of teeth. Some of us were detailed to search the Egyptian camp to make sure that none of the enemy remained lurking in it. A guard was set on Arabi's tent, through which I had passed in the advance, and had snatched a cutlet from the table, little waiting to whom tent and table had belonged. I had the luck to chase a small shed full of melons, nuts, boxes of cigars, and a tin of Turkish tobacco.

I filled my water bottle with eau de cologne, my haversack with cigars, and with a tin of tobacco and a bottle of eau de cologne in my hand went in search of my Captain. He was not to be found in the tent of which the officers had taken possession, and I handed the eau de cologne bottle to a Major, an Irishman, who swallowed the contents neat at a gulp, and then exclaimed, "Holy Moses, isn't that good stuff?" to the great amusement of the other officers. Presently I met my Captain, to whom I gave the cigarettes, and showed him where he could get all he wanted of lemons, tobacco, and eau de cologne; he gave me a sovereign for my trouble.

Volunteers were now called for to go and assist the wounded. I made one of the party, and started well equipped with pipe in mouth, a haversack full of cigarettes, a water bottle full of eau de cologne, and plenty of water. The sights of the battlefield were gruesome, now one looked at them in cold blood. The artillery had wrought fearful havoc. I remember one heap of twenty-four corpses, some blown absolutely into fragments, others headless, others with limbs lopped off. Some of the dead Egyptians were roasting slowly as they lay; their clothing had been ignited and was still smoldering. A man of the rifles came along, drew his pipe from his pocket, and lit it at one of those bodies, remarking, somewhat brutally it struck me. "By — I never thought I should live to use a dead Egyptian for a light to my pipe." In the outer trench our dead and wounded lay more thickly than those of the enemy, but in the inner trenches and on the spaces between, for one man of ours there were certainly ten Egyptians. In the redoubts the black gunners lay dead or wounded almost to a man, for they had been fastened to the guns and to one another by small chains attached to ankle fetters, so as to leave them free to work the guns, but hindering them from running away. Among them poor Lieut. Rawson lay mortally wounded; it seemed bitter hard, after his fine service in guiding the army, that he who had contributed so much to the victory should lie dying in the hour of triumph. When Sir Archibald Alison was told of his being wounded, he at once went to see him. "Didn't I lead them straight, Sir?" were the dying man's last faint words faithful unto duty even to the end.

The first wounded man I attended to was an Egyptian, whose moans were pitiful, and on examination I found him severely wounded in the belly. I poured some eau de cologne down his throat and used my own surgical bandage to bind up his wound so as to keep the flies from it. Then I lit a cigarette, put it in his mouth, placed more beside him, and gave him a drink of water. He kissed my hand and muttered some thing about "Allah." I had not left him far when I heard the crack of a rifle and a bullet whizzed by my ear. Looking round, I saw the smoke of the shot drifting away from where my wounded man lay, and noticed that he was quickly taking aim at me again. He had time to fire a second shot, which also missed me, before I reached him, and I had no compunction in driving the life out of him with my bayonet, remarking to myself as I took the weapon out of him for the last time, "You won't come that game any more, you ungrateful brute!" Many such instances of this treacherous hate had occurred. I myself had to wipe out four more wounded Egyptians whom I caught in the act of firing at our men after they had passed. To run the bayonet into a man who is down, one feels to be hardly the thing, and it was done reluctantly, but in such cases as I have described it was a clear act of compulsory duty. — Arthur V. Palmer, late Seventy-ninth Highlanders, in *The Tenth Century*.

Put two doors side by side and a boy will go through the opening.



The Spread of Leprosy.

According to Dr. Mbrell Mackenzie, leprosy, the scourge of the Middle Ages, has not become practically extinct among Europeans, but is really spreading. It has between ten and twelve hundred victims in Norway, is found also in Portugal, Greece and Italy, and is rapidly spreading in Sicily, in the Baltic provinces of Russia and in France, while the British Islands are not exempt from it. In the United States cases have been found in California, in some of the States of the Northwest, in Utah and Louisiana. Many cases exist in New Brunswick. In the Sandwich Islands the disease first broke out in 1853, and there are now 1,100 lepers in the Molokai settlement alone. The disease is extending in the West Indies.

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HEADQUARTERS
BOOTS



AN ANTHRACITE IDYL.

"She's the purtiest little Irish gyurrl that iver was bar-n in this country," said Tim's grandmother. Tim sat on the steps, and his grandmother sat in the doorway, a white cap with large frills surrounding her face as the petals of a sunflower surround its great seeded centre. She might have been carved out of a hickory-nut, so brown and hard was the texture of her countenance, but big, bright, grey eyes, and wide, smiling lips that could never quite draw together over two enormous separated front teeth, helped, with a nose of true Hibernian piquancy, to produce an effect of ugliness that was typical, and far from unattractive. In her exquisite cleanliness she contrasted strongly with the black fellow at her feet, who reeked of mine oil, and out of the creases of his boots and trousers scattered fine coal dust upon her immaculate steps.

She was knitting a coarse sock, and kept the ball under her apron lest it should roll away; never looking at her work, but casting quick glances all around, not to miss whatever of interest might be going on in the neighborhood. Now and then she "shooed" away a cow possessing an undeveloped bump of locality, or a predatory pig whose appearance betokened riotous living, though not wasted substance; and sometimes she shouted, in her rich, deep-throated brogue, at reckless infants who sat in the middle of the road, facing an approaching coal wagon as calmly as if it were the car of Juggernaut, and they its self-destined victims. But with all this care over the outside world, Granny Grant was not oblivious of the nearer and dearer interests within her gates. The mere surface of her mind—her outer senses—took note of pigs and babies; deep below were the real faculties at work, and from out these depths came the sentiment which we have heard her express on the subject of Rosy, eldest daughter of Mrs. Burke, their next-door neighbor but one. Rosy was often granny's text, and Tim had ever been a willing audience, even suggesting new leads to the discourse, or developing those he deemed too lightly touched upon; but to-day he hardly seemed to be listening to the oft-repeated panegyrics; he sat with head thrown back against one of the rough supports of the porch, mum, and gazing at nothing in particular.

Granny took up a clay pipe that lay beside her, puffed it vigorously into life, and went on talking through drawn lips. "Yis, Rosy's a purty gyurrl." Then, in a discriminating tone, twisting her head from side to side, and screwing up her eyes. "Et's not to say that her fa-ace is purty, it's the look she has from her fa-ace. An' wheeriver ded she acquires thait look? Et's not her perne as get et to her. Frank Bour-rke ez as oogly—as oogly as iver I seen a mahn wid a nose on um, an' God knows her mahther ez'n't mooch fer shtoil." Which crushing criticism needed no heavenly witness to corroborate, but only a glance at the woman herself as she hung over her work with hair first cousin to the fretful white quills, and attired in a not over-the-hill, whose cut displayed mercilessly her endurable policy.

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use o' the hands what God A'moighty fur-rinshed ye."

One other item closes the brief list of Mrs. Burke's objects of pride, to wit, Rosy's white petticoats, of which that young lady owned more betucked and beruffled specimens than all the other girls together who dwelt in the twenty-four uniform cottages, single and well-pointed, that made up the aristocratic neighborhood known as Empire Row; and, strange to say, Granny Grant, who could be moan the waste of good scarp in "haythen ish" washing-machines, and who made her self intolerable at times on the general subject of thrift as not practiced in the Burke household, found no fault with what she evidently considered indispensable to a T-ish girl's wardrobe. Indeed, it is not unlikely that she regarded Rosy's superfluous petticoats as dowry, thinking her the more eligible for Tim in proportion to the number of such articles which she could bring along with her.

But Tim took no interest in the bravery of those rustling ornaments about his sweetheart's feet. He would have kissed the feet, and given away in advance all the neckties he ever expected to own to anybody who could have assured him that Rosy did not look upon him with indifference.

There was a time—not very far back either—when he knew she did not. He had known her all his life; they had sat in the road as infants, and thrown coal-dust in each other's faces; they had wallowed in the same ditch, and sailed chips together upon the pond formed by escape water from the nearest mine. If the French proverb be correct, that "who teases, loves," then he must have loved her before the bones in their legs had hardened, for surely Kathleen O'Bawn never suffered more from her ardent Rosy's attempts "to please" than did poor Rosy when little Tim Grant used to creep over on all fours to torment her in ways peculiar to himself, such as sticking twigs in between her bare baby toes, poking pebbles and ashes down the neck of her gown, or—and this was the sorest trial—licking her dirty clubby face all over with as little mercy as an old mother cat who thinks bath-time has come always to her kitten.

When Rosy was able to get up and run away, Tim was obliged to invent new methods of torture, though he still licked her face whenever he got the chance. On being caught by his grandmother as to why he did so, he replied, "Tause she allus has tasses on her," which was not far from the truth, albeit as a reason for his conduct the statement had no cogency whatever, since Biddy Hart, who lived between the Grants and Burkes, was literally smeared with molasses from morning till night without offering the slightest temptation to Tim's "sweet tooth."

After a while Rosy began to go shod, and to wear her "towry" light brown hair in broad braids tied with ravishing blue ribbons. Tim thought not a connoisseur in white starched petticoats, had a decided eye for color, which developed itself in an early passion for neckties, and his admiration for Rosy's blue ribbons was so great that he never left one on her hair if it could be gotten off, which deed was sometimes accomplished by fraud, but oftener by force. He himself much preferred the latter method, since the inevitable trouble usually ended by his getting her into his arms, and making her "show her corn"—corn being Master Grant's vernacular for *enags*, a term ironically applied by Rosy's father to her white, even tooth. Rosy would resist to the death, but all efforts at keeping her mouth shut only resulted in more bewitching positions of the lips, which to any one understanding the said plainly, "Kiss me if you dare."

Tim was not without a reasonable amount of daring and English.

The finale of these ribbon fights was a shriek from the victim, a kernel of "corn," and to the last molar.

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study and his readiness for mischief would naturally have placed him among those pupils classified as "troublesome," but that an innate reverence amounting to awe for the hired dispenser of knowledge, kept his spirits in check and such mind as he had in a tolerably receptive condition.

But to these admirable motives must be added one not less admirable, namely, a desire to keep up with Rosy Burke. It remained a desire only; for although she was nearly a year his junior, he could never bridge the chasm that yawned between himself, wallowing in the vexations of multiplication, and her whose serene intellect the Rule of Three could not bother, nor practice drive mad.

Through successive promotions Rosy was at length rapt away into the upper heaven of Grammar A—a heaven utterly unattainable for Tim, who withdrew from school soon after entering the B room, and began his own support at slate-picking, only to feel more and more separated from Rosy, as she went winging her flight yet higher, alighting at length upon that top peak—the High-School. He could never explain to himself how the separation grew, nor the exact point of time when he was first conscious of it. Who is there that can put his finger on such a point?

There had come a day when Tim actually found himself marching up the school-room steps behind Rosy, yet not daring to so much as tweak her long thick braid, with its delightful "stiff" flowing out beneath the fascinating bow of blue. When had he pulled that braid or stolen that ribbon? It was only yesterday. What had happened between today and yesterday? Nothing that Tim knew of. Time had passed; that was all.

After he once began to perceive a difference in Rosy, it was wonderful how many things came to substantiate it in his mind—things unnoticed at the time that now crowded around his bar of judgment, all too eager witnesses to signs of variation and quick change in the mistress of his heart.

Tim was far from being of a jealous disposition, and even had he been so he could have found little cause for jealousy. It was not that Rosy looked at any other boy, but that she did not look at him; that is, not so much as she used to, and when she did in such a queer way. Tim thought there was no sense in a girl's looking that way. Why couldn't she hold her head up, and give a fellow a square eyeshot, the kind he always gave her? But suddenly—or was it gradually, he could not tell—she must take to glancing at him sideways, like an old hen, or after the fashion of granny's tabby-cat, pretending not to see him at all, with a superior air of seeming to say, "I'm here, but you're not there."

But this was not all, nor the strangest part, either. What puzzled Tim most was the occasional thawing out of Rosy's manner. The times she chose for thawing out were very inopportune times for him. If ever he took special pains with his toilet, arraying himself in the full glory of store clothes, boiled shirt, and a cravat the latest and most flagrant marvel of aniline, these seemed only as signals for a certain charming nose to turn up even more than its Celtic origin would warrant, followed by a chin whose soft under fulness had often in bygone days mirrored the dandelion in assurance of its owner's predilection for butter, and which could now hardly express more than the merest shadow of anything so ungentle as scorn.

But let him happen to be in a particularly disreputable mining suit, and black past recognition, then it was that his fair neighbor saw fit to recognize him, and with just enough of the old effusiveness too to make him wild for the sweet revenge of bestowing a good black hug that would leave its mark on her dainty freshness.

Before Tim attained to the advanced position of "outside" mule driver, Rosy graduated with high honors, and shortly thereafter shadowy rumors began to float about of her having passed a superintendent's examination, and applied for the primary department of Ironbrook School.

These rumors first spread themselves like a thin veil over Tim's sky, casting upon all things that light which is like a certain fearful looking for of change; then suddenly they gathered into a black cloud, which burst with the thunderous news that Rosy had gained the place she sought, and was to be a teacher.

It would be difficult to describe the exact position of Tim's mind at this point. His

granny, in what was intended for low tones (she was incapable of a whisper), confided to Mrs. Hart, leaning over the fence and knitting the while, that "he was hur-rted in his saylin' to an extent that tuk the vary taste oot o' pay-nuts"—an extent of hurt truly alarming to any one who knew of the elective affinity existing between those underground esculents and his palate. Tim himself in the pregnant words "all broke up," perhaps sufficiently expressed the totality of wreck which the view of his inward state would disclose.

Had Rosy been made Empress of all the Russias she could not thereby have acquired a more transcending dignity in his eyes than she now possessed as a "school-marm." His awe of her high office set her apart as upon a throne, and invested her with robe, sceptre, and crown. Rosy was one who knew things! She could explain "sums," and hear lessons without a book! Also she had authority (under the principal, of course), and might thrash—judiciously.

This idea of remoteness was intensified by her boarding at Ironbrook, and spending only Saturdays and Sundays at home. Tim did not know which he dreaded most—the dull pain, the "scrow without torment" of her five days' absence, or the exquisite anguish of seeing her, or at least knowing that she was near, from Friday night until Monday morning. She boarded with Mrs. Hugh Wilson, who represented the top cream of Ironbrook society, and small airy tattlers were very busy in carrying word of how Rosy was "making a regular wash of it" over there.

Once, after she had smiled upon him at intervals all day Sunday, Tim plucked up heart and made a pilgrimage to Ironbrook the very next evening, only to call himself a fool for doing so. In the first place, Miss Burke had on her best company manners, of which it might be said that, like her petticoats, they were able to stand alone. Then Tim, who had spent one solid hour in his adorning, and felt himself irreproachably clad, was mortified to the dust to find all the Ironbrook fellows wearing that style of collar which concedes the existence of a larynx, and is called "Piccadilly," while he was still risking agassination from a two-inch "cutthroat." Lastly, he was subjected to the horror of encountering two teachers instead of one, for the principal was also making a call at the Wilsons, and talked upon matters connected with the school, to which conversation Miss Burke contributed her share in a way that was appalling. Moreover, she had a private talk outside the door with the principal, who was plainly heard to say: "All right! I'll thrash him for you."

Now Tim's moral system was at a low ebb, owing to the utter downfall of self-respect caused by his discovery that cutthroats were "out," and those ominous words of the great man made him wince.

What was more likely than that Rosy should enlist a powerful champion as skilled in the manly art of thrashing as Mr. McKenna? Had her of a savior whose room was evidently preferable to his company?

When she came back smiling, and told Mrs. Wilson that Mr. McKenna was going to settle Jakey Devers for her to-morrow, Tim felt safe in his skin again; but possibly the consciousness of being where you are not wanted is more uncomfortable than the prospect of breaking your enemy's cane by the hardness of your skull. At any rate, Mr. Grant thought best to withdraw before his bodily substance had become so infiltrated by Miss Burke's calcareous smile as to render him valuable to dime museums as "a bona fide fossil man."

Once outside, he crumpled his obnoxious collar with both hands, as if that innocent structure of triple linen was solely responsible for every disagreeable incident of his visit, after which he felt somewhat better, and resolved never to go there again, amounting his wounded self all over with the mollifying thought that when Miss Burke should return for her next two days' stay at home, he would try his hand at the petrification business. He alternately amused and comforted himself for several days with highly-colored mind-pictures illustrating conversations which richly set forth his own skill in sardonic repartee, and cruelly exposed her feebleness of wit.

However, as Friday evening approached, he began to have an unpleasant sensation of being pulled two ways at once; and while still rehearsing his carefully prepared speeches, and practicing looks and attitudes expressive of withering contempt, he would have welcomed a water-spout, a cyclone, a

BRITISH NEWS.

general cave-in, or any other casualty that might temporarily release him from the necessity of assuming his role before a public which, being concentrated in a single person, aggravated his self-consciousness and produced premature stage-fright.

It is in such a condition that we find him at the opening of this history, leaning back on the steps, and hearing his grandmother's animated speculations as to the origin of Rosy's "look," as if they were but the whirring of the pan-house, or the rattling of coal down the iron shoots. Granny Grant enjoyed talking for talking's sake, looking not for base rewards in the form of sympathetic response. She talked not as one who is in feverish haste to empty herself of perilous stuff, nor as one merely possessing a morbid desire of communicating something; nor, again, as one who fears that time will not hold out; but rather as if she had all the time there is, and more too, her speech gliding on with a rich serenity, a continuity and copiousness which seemed like so many assurances of faith in a future existence, and in plentiful opportunities throughout all eternity for saying anything that might chance to be left unsaid here below. This made her a delightful companion in case one did not wish to talk one's self. Tim did not wish to talk just now, and his preoccupied air was far from being an annoyance to his grandmother, since it offered no check to the simultaneous flow of ideas and words.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Russian Student.

The students at the St. Petersburg University gave a very discourteous reception to Lieutenant General Gresser, Chief of the St. Petersburg Police, when he tried to pacify them the other day. They threw him on the floor and kicked him. Possibly they wanted to see if the true Tarter was in him. Kick a Russian and you will find the Tarter as a rule. It was somewhat novel treatment no doubt to a Chief of Police. In Russia the police usually do all the kicking. The Czar seems to fear that the students might apply the same radical remedy to him, and has ordered that all the universities in the Empire shall be closed for a year. It is a reactionary policy with a vengeance that the unhappy Czar is adopting. Closing all the colleges will not put the students out of existence. It will not incline them to keep on singing "God Preserve the Czar," which anthem they sang after kicking the Chief of Police, just to show that no personal offense was meant to their Imperial ruler. The chorus of the Nihilists is more than likely to be swelled by many of the young men cut off from their studies. How long can this state of things go on in Russia? It is all very well to kick Chiefs of Police, send threatening letters to the Czar, and protest against the existing system of government in all sorts of childish ways, but is it not time that the Russian people shook off despotism? The measures of the oppressor are desperately silly. Think of shutting up the universities because the students ask for reforms in the management! There can be but one end to all this. The sooner the revolution comes the better.

Dom Pedro's Illness.

The illness of Dom Pedro, Ex-Emperor of Brazil, seems to have reached a critical stage, although his physicians assert that he is not in immediate danger. At his advanced age recovery can hardly be expected from any serious ailment, and he is known to be suffering from a complication of diseases. In Brazil he was a sovereign with many amiable traits, but he had behind him the most corrupt and the worst possible system of centralized administration. While he had good impulses and was most lavish in his private benefactions, he hardly deserved the reputation which he won, especially in English-speaking countries, of being a progressive ruler, whose mind was swayed by liberal ideas. The condition of Brazil at the time of his downfall was almost a conclusive demonstration of the superficial character of his liberalism. He was as much of a pedant in political reform as in scholarship. The circumstances of his expulsion from the throne and the country in his old age were not without elements of pathos, and a sympathetic world was moved to compassion. The same feeling will be renewed now that he is known to be nearing his end; but public sympathy will be misdirected if it entirely obscures appreciation of the bad system of government for which he and his house were responsible in Brazil.

Female lobbyists are recognized factors of legislation in England, and are said to be very successful.

The British soldiers in Egypt had a drill, sham battle, and other manoeuvres beneath the shadow of the Pyramids a few days ago.

A fan made of human hair is displayed at a London store. Even what appears to be beautiful lace fringing the sticks is real hair.

At a recent sale of skins in London one of the lots was 250,000 Australian opossum skins. At another sale 30,000 African monkey skins were offered.

A London woman announces that she is about to open a barber shop where all the barbers shall be women, and the newspapers speak favorably of the scheme.

The sliding railway which was in use at the Paris Exhibition is to be tried in England. An experimental length of about a mile is to be laid down at Neasden.

Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang have been collaborating upon a story which will be called "The World's Desire," and will be published serially in one of the reviews.

Steve Bredie will be interested to know that a man named Fuller, who jumped from the London Bridge in a sack, cut it open after reaching the water, and swam safely ashore.

The mosaic with which a large portion of the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral is paved is made by the female convicts at Woking prison. In course of time it is probable that the whole floor may be covered with it.

The bear that has been bothering the farmers in the vicinity of the Aber Mountains in Wales has been killed by a hunting party, but not until the life of an innocent brown donkey dozing under a tree had been taken by mistake.

The construction of the pillars and foundations of the great Forth bridge consumed 21,000 tons of cement and 70,000 cubic feet of granite. The total amount of resulting masonry is 117,000 cubic yards. The weight of the steel in the bridge proper is 51,000 tons.

While the compositors of the Bombay Gazette were at work in the composing room one evening recently a full-grown cobra dropped in upon them through window in the roof. It was as badly scared as they were, and attempted to escape through a window, but was killed with an iron bar.

There was considerable curiosity at the last drawing room held by the Queen at the appearance of an individual in a perfectly plain dress suit, who was personally conducted by a high official of the Queen's household. He was supposed to be a member of the American embassy until he pulled out a pad and began to take sketches for an illustrated paper.

An English photographer claims to have obtained a photograph in which the natural colors were reproduced when the exposure was made, by accident, just at the moment when there came a blinding flash of lightning. He says that a friend of his once got a colored plate under similar circumstances, and believes that electricity has to do with photographing colors.

According to private information from Persia, the competition of Russian traders with the English can already be considered as completely unsuccessful. It is said that Russia must consider the Persian market as lost forever if she do not without delay begin the construction of a railway from Baku to the Persian frontier, and simultaneously obtain the consent of Persia to the construction of a railway from that point of the frontier to Teheran.

The English Postal Department is advertising for bids for the carrying of the mails by coaches between London and several near by places. The coaches are to run only at night and to take the mails, which now go by train. There are now several mail routes in the United Kingdom where the mails are carried by coaches, although the routes are paralleled by railroads, and it looks as if the department was seeking to enlarge this branch of the service.

Prior Glynn of the Irish Augustinians well known in Ireland and America in connection with the Church of St. Patrick, which he is striving to build in Rome as the Irish National Church, presented to Pope a piece of shamrock set in silver.

went to the Vatican with Monsignor Persico, who was to present the shamrock to the Holy Father in Prior Glynn's name, the latter remaining in the ante-chamber. When told of the fact, the Pope requested that Prior Glynn himself should be presented to him that he might receive it from the hands of an Irishman, at the same time telling him that he would wear it in honor of St. Patrick over his heart, where he always kept Ireland.

An English woman writing from Johannesburg, South Africa, says: "Typhoid and typhus are raging, and last week forty-two people died of the two fevers in one day. The hospitals are badly overcrowded. The lack of business is so great that people are actually starving. Last week a friend was seventy-two hours without a mouthful, not having a penny in his pocket, and too proud to beg. You know the mule wagons used for transport. Last Wednesday their owners fitted six of them up with boards for seats and an awning over the top, and they went down full to Kimberley of young men who could get neither work nor food up here gentlemen all of them. They were taken down for £2 a head. Fancy spending three weeks like that!"

A remarkable story is told in connection with the explosion at the Morfa colliery in Wales. It is stated that recently the firemen of the pit - men who are always selected for gravity and responsibility - have heard inexplicable noises, "shoutings" as they are described, in the workings, and that these have not been heard by one person alone, but by several, when in company examining the pit. Further, a miner returning to the surface felt himself to be accompanied by some invisible presence, which, although not seen by him, was perceived by the banksman to land on the bank, and hastily make its way to the shed where the injured and dead are now carried. It is alleged that these strange phenomena were described previously to the explosion, and caused several colliers to refuse to descend, in spite of their thus becoming liable to prosecution.

The speech with which Oliver Cromwell turned Parliament out of doors in 1653 has come to light through the researches of Dr. Wolfgang Michael, and there is strong evidence that it is authentic. It was this: "It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would like Esau sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes, have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. You, country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house, and which, by God's help and the strength He hath given me, I am now come to do."

mand you, therefore, upon peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! See! Take away that shining bauble there, and lock up the door."

Animal Sagacity.

A correspondent of London Field tells a curious story of animal sagacity. He once knew a dog who used to run on the legs of one side—a sort of one-sided shambler. The animal would start in the usual way, and when he had acquired a sufficient momentum tucked up the legs of one side and leaning over toward the other side, scamper along on two legs until tired. He would then acquire fresh impetus, and give the other a turn of this exhilarating exercise. The correspondent writes from Cyprus—not Crete. And this recalls the story of the greyhound, whose master was an expert bicyclist, and was accustomed to run down hill, with his legs tucked up on the machine. The greyhound, a speedy and highly intelligent creature, always seemed to take extreme pleasure in this feat, and one day, to his master's astonishment, suddenly drew all his legs under him and shot past the bicycle at an elevation of some five feet from the ground. Three times only, in the course of a long descent, he just touched the ground with his left hind foot, and met his master at the foot of the hill with frisks and bounds, having travelled nearly 300 yards in the air. It is a curious fact, but the chronicler asserts that, on the death of this dog, elementary wing processes were found on his shoulder blades, which seems to indicate that he had a natural predilection for flying.

He Was Excused.

A tramp who was making his way around to the back door of a house on Third avenue found a man sawing wood in the rear yard and after gazing at him for a moment called out:

"Are you workin' for old clothes?"
 "No, sir," was the reply.
 "Hain't sawing wood for your dinner?"
 "No, sir."
 "Haven't quit the purfesh?"
 "No, sir."
 "Say, what are you doing at that wood-pile, anyway?"
 "Working at my business. I saw wood for a living."
 "Oh! Then you don't belong?"
 "No."
 "And it's regular?"
 "Yes."
 "Then that's all right and I've no fault to find. When I walked in here and saw you at work my heart jumped right into my mouth. I didn't know but it was one of the boys making a break and calling down the purfesh. Regular, eh? Well, you keep right on, and never mind me. I'm after a warm meal and a respectable looking suit for Sunday wear, and if she's the right sort of a woman I'll hit her for half a dollar in cash besides."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, has placed in his hands by an East India merchant the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma and Lung Affections, also a positive cure for Nervous Debility and all the complaints. Having tested its powers in thousands of cases, he believes human suffering to be put to all who wish it, by French or English, comparing and using with stamp, marking \$50. Power & Block.

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 you with the neatest and most
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 Brooches, &c., &c.
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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKY,

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

CHAPTER II.

Alexander Wernin was 60 years old. He was a senator, Counselor of State and a knight of many orders. He had an income of 100,000 rubles a year and only one daughter, the fair Jana, who was to inherit his whole fortune.

Wernin was a favorite. Court and devoted heart and soul to the Emperor. In every reform or innovation he saw revolutionary tendencies and believed firmly that since the French Revolution of 1789 the reign of the Antichrist had begun. His respect for the hierarchy of the civil service was very extraordinary, subordination and etiquette were to him Christian virtues. As soon as he saw a Privy Councillor he rose; a General he accompanied bareheaded to his carriage in the bitterest cold, and always bared his head when any one uttered the name of the Czar in his presence. He required, however, something like it from his inferiors, also, for himself; he called every inferior officer by his Christian name and only became respectful with Privy Councillors. He often repeated the words: "In my eyes no one is anybody who is not a Counselor of State or a Colonel."

The only exception he made was in behalf of the surroundings of the Czar. Whenever he appeared at Court—and this occurred quite often—he bowed even to the lackeys who wore the imperial livery. In spite of these eccentricities Alexander Wernin was one of the best men in the world, courageous, noble, ever ready to help others and benevolent. He won the love and esteem of all who came in close contact with him.

Jana, his only daughter, whom he loved with his whole heart, was in every sense of the word a spoiled child, and the enormous fortune of her father enabled her to gratify every whim. Gradually she came to tyrannize over him entirely; he never ventured to check her in her caprices and she trembled at a look from her. Jana did not look at all like a fair daughter of the North. In her dark eyes, overshadowed by heavy, black brows, every moment flashes of impatience or wrath would shine forth; her gestures were quick, passionate, full of life and energy. Her beauty was enchanting, and everybody soon recognized in her the omnipotent woman, before whom all in the house knelt down. And Jana was, by nature, not bad at all; there was nothing devilish in her eyes as in those of George Sand's heroines; when she was at rest her features reflected the satisfaction of a Queen whose every wish is silently fulfilled by her subjects. Wrath was not infrequent, but it was short-lived. Her heart was good and her joy greatest when she could make others happy. Unhappily, she became so proud that when she conferred a benefit she felt that her presence

was the remarkable Ministry of the Interior, and she was already secured a high position; he looks very well, too, when he puts on all his order and decorations. To punish father for saying this, I forbade his going to the Minister, and told him to use nothing but empty excuses. He wanted to make excuses," continued Jana, laughing merrily. "but I did not let him get his breath, so that, to this day, he has no idea what sort of a man he is. He does not care in the least."

"I never saw him," answered Jana. "To tease father, I asked him if my unknown worshipper was handsome and young. 'He is not 40 yet,' was the answer, and has already secured a high position; he looks very well, too, when he puts on all his order and decorations. To punish father for saying this, I forbade his going to the Minister, and told him to use nothing but empty excuses. He wanted to make excuses," continued Jana, laughing merrily. "but I did not let him get his breath, so that, to this day, he has no idea what sort of a man he is. He does not care in the least."

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Christian name, "you are in love with me, are you not?"

The young man blushed, then turned pale, and was barely able to fold his hands as if in silent prayer.

"I love you also," continued Jana, and her voice, which was generally icy cold, became of a sudden soft and gentle. "Will you make me your wife?"

Count Lanin fell on his knees overwhelmed by his unexpected good fortune, kissed the hem of her dress and was so rejoiced and so deeply moved that the haughty beauty did not repeat having given him such vigorous encouragement.

The next day Jana informed her father of her engagement. The Councillor was unable to oppose any wish of his daughter, and moreover, Lanin possessed all that could be desired in a son-in-law and was certainly an excellent match. Alexander Wernin gave his consent most willingly.

As Jana knew only one will and that her own, and as she never liked to wait, she determined to have the wedding at once. Wernin knew no difficulties and no impediments when his daughter's wish was made known to him, and he turned everything upside down in the house in preparation for the wedding on the following Sunday.

On Tuesday Lanin was already busy sending out invitations, which he did very methodically, having gone through all the cards of friends and acquaintances, selecting those to be favored and now appending their names to engraved invitations. Lanin paused for a moment in this occupation. Examining one card which evidently caused him great surprise, he read it once more, laughed aloud and asked, showing it to his betrothed:

"Who might this be?"

Jana raised her eyes and said smiling:

"I must see the name; I cannot read it from here."

"Onophri Schelm, Privy Councillor, Head of Division in the Ministry of the Interior, Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas, I. Class of the Order of St. Ann, &c., President of the Society for the Protection of Animals, &c., Caravan street, 35."

Jana laughed aloud.

"He is one of my adorers, who last Saturday asked my hand through the agency of a very high personage. When father brought me his card he said very solemnly: 'This is a man recommended to us from high places; and if Lanin did not have our word he would not be a man to be despised. At all events, we must be careful not to offend him and I shall at once go to the Minister and tell him that Mr. Schelm came too late. Monday I shall call on Mr. Schelm himself.'"

"Do you know this admirer?" asked Lanin.

"I never saw him," answered Jana. "To tease father, I asked him if my unknown worshipper was handsome and young. 'He is not 40 yet,' was the answer, and has already secured a high position; he looks very well, too, when he puts on all his order and decorations. To punish father for saying this, I forbade his going to the Minister, and told him to use nothing but empty excuses. He wanted to make excuses," continued Jana, laughing merrily. "but I did not let him get his breath, so that, to this day, he has no idea what sort of a man he is. He does not care in the least."

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Lanin was hesitating, but Jana frowned and he quickly did as he was bid.

"What is now to be done with his visiting card?" he asked, after having copied it exactly.

"Throw it into the fire," she said eagerly, "even his memory shall perish. A man whom I never saw in all my life, who did not even condescend to appear in person as a suitor for my hand, he dared to ask my hand. I have indeed a right to be angry!"

Lanin tossed the card into the fire and rang the bell.

"Now I have done with the first list of invitations," he said, turning to Jana, "may I send them off at once?"

Jana consented, and the Count handed to the servant a pile of letters to be carried to the Post Office; then he sat down near Jana and looked enraptured into her eyes.

"When I see, my love," he said in a whisper, "how you treat other mortals, I wonder and rejoice at my own great good fortune. I love you, not merely because you are delightfully enchanting, witty, wise, and fair, but also because you are conscious of yourself and respect yourself."

She pressed his hand.

"I seem cold to you, perhaps, Vladimir, but believe me, I can love! Hear in mind, my darling, all my life I have been spoiled and flattered. Thus I probably overestimate myself; but, at all events, I demand to be loved passionately, alone and above all others. For him who loves me thus—and you, Vladimir, I think, are capable of doing so—for him I am ready to make every sacrifice and to surrender everything. It is not difficult to love, surrounded with almost regal luxury as we are, but I sometimes feel as if I wish my dream was fulfilled?"

"What dream, dear heart?" asked Lanin.

"I sometimes see you, in my dreams, alone, forsaken and unhappy. I see you in a far-off country, in a hut, hopeless and almost despairing. I step into the poor, wretched hut, but not in rich dresses and full of joy, not, as now surrounded by flatterers and admirers, but fatigued by a long journey and in rage. And yet I am fair and you love me still. You were despairing mainly because you thought you would never see me again. My presence makes the hut look beautiful to your eyes; I bring you new hope, happiness, the best consolation, and I am myself happy. Oh, so happy!"

Lanin fell on his knees before her and covered her snow-white hand with ardent kisses. Tears were in his eyes as he cried: "Jana, do not say such things or you will drive me mad with sheer happiness. I could almost wish to be unhappy, to find you near me, to live for you and in you, and then to die at your feet, but I cannot imagine your living in such a condition. Luckily, it is all a dream," he added, smiling, "an idle dream, that can never be realized, for if you should ever follow me to foreign lands it could only be to Paris or London when I am appointed Secretary of Legation!"

At this moment the doors opened and Wernin entered, dressed in his gala uniform and covered with stars and orders. He shook hands with Lanin, kissed his daughter and said:

"Your obedient father reminds you that this is the last of the three days during which your last admirer was not to be mentioned, and I was forbidden to make my excuses to the Minister. You see how your slave obeys you, but longer I dare not wait!"

"Dear father," replied Jana, "do what you like, I set you free. So that was the Minister of the Interior: Count Perowski was kind enough to be interested in my fate. I am exceedingly obliged to him!"

You are forever jesting child, because you do not know what life is. You do not know what trifles may suddenly become of the utmost importance. People who hold the rudder must never be offended!"

Jana interrupted him: "You can take my excuses, too, when you call on the Count and on Schelm: I have just played a good trick on the head of the division!"

Old Wernin was almost beside himself.

"You are not in earnest, I hope, when you say that. You surely were not childish enough to offend a man who has never done you any harm? What frivolity that would be!"

"He has done me no harm, you say, father. A man who dares ask for my hand through his Minister, without knowing me, without ever having entered our house?

Who does he think I am? Dear father, you almost make me angry."

"For four years Mr. Schelm has been at every ball given in our house and two years ago he hinted at his intentions, although so obscurely that I took it but for general politeness."

"Then, I suppose, he belongs to the ugly old men who play whist during the ball or watch our dancing from afar off. All the greater is his guilt."

"He is neither very old nor very ugly. The Minister was kind enough to come in person and solicit your hand. I was not at home. To-day I shall explain the matter, and I beg you will not cause me any new anxiety with your frivolity."

"But, dear father," said Jana laughing heartily, "I did not dream of jesting with you. In answer to his demand for my hand I have sent Mr. Schelm an invitation to my wedding, giving him carefully all the titles on his ridiculous card."

"Did she really do that?" asked Councilor Wernin.

"Certainly, Councilor," replied Lanin, smiling, "and we have actually committed that crime."

Old Wernin turned very pale.

"Foolish, impudent children!" he exclaimed. "Do you know who that man Schelm is? Do you know that from his office in the Ministry of the Interior he disposes of our fortunes and our lives? Do you know that he decides questions which we dare not allude to in conversation? You all tremble when you hear the head of the gendarmes mentioned. Well, Schelm is a hundred times more dangerous than Count Orloff. Do your duty to the Czar and to Russia, and you need not fear the high officials. But tremble when those subordinate people approach you who have such formidable powers in their hands; tremble when you hear their names mentioned! This man Schelm disposes of an equal power with the head of the gendarmes, but it is hidden, mysterious, and he is capable of using his power readily to gratify his ambition and his revenge. You laugh if I tell you, if you have wounded his self-love, we are lost! No money, no influence, can save us from ruin!"

Jana did not mind her father's ominous forebodings in the least.

"He must be a Chamberlain," she said, ironically, "or you would not esteem him so highly. How is it that this title is not on his card?"

Perhaps for the first time in his life the old man cast a stern look at his daughter.

"My child," he said very seriously, "your jests are out of place here. No Schelm is not a Chamberlain; he does not even hold a high place, but his power is great. I am not a Liberal, and I do not despise the men who are necessary in order to watch over the life of His Majesty and who honorably do their duty. I know Schelm too little to say what sort of a man he is, but his hatred fills me with apprehension for you, my child, my dearest Jana—here the poor old man's eyes filled with tears and he pressed his daughter to his breast. "I tremble for you, Vladimir, and for my own child."

The young diplomat, who had silently listened to the old man's words, looked proudly up and said:

"Fear not, Councilor, for us! My life is blameless. I am loyal to my Emperor and always shall be. I fear nothing, but against vile calumny the influence of my uncle, the Adjutant of His Majesty the Emperor, will protect me."

"And if he were the Adjutant of St. Nicholas himself he could not protect you against Schelm's denunciation! Do you hear that, young Hotspur?"

Never had the Councilor shown such excitement—never had he uttered the names of the Emperor and of St. Nicholas in such a way. Jana became at last aware that her ill-timed jest might find result in evil consequences, and as in the depths of her heart she loved her father dearly, she stepped up to him, kissed him tenderly and said:

"Be calm, I beseech you, dear father! If this Mr. Schelm holds such a high position he cannot be a fool. He must see the real meaning of our invitation and look upon it as a poor joke."

"Schelm is a vain, ugly and malicious man," replied Wernin, "forgetting what he had just said. 'He makes all the greater pretensions because he feels how little he deserves them.' Perhaps it would be better for you if you had conspired against the Czar, than to indulge in such a dangerous jest. But this is no time for complaints—

we must see what can be done. Tell me quickly where he lives."

"Vladimir, do you remember his address," asked Jana.

"No! But it was near the Nowski Perspectives in one of the side streets."

"His card must be here somewhere," exclaimed Wernin. "Look for it quickly; it will soon be 5 o'clock and there is no time to be lost."

At the sight of the old man's visible anxiety Jana and Vladimir lost their heads entirely and became confused.

"Father," said Jana, folding her hands, "I have burned the cards and cannot remember the address."

"What a chain of mishaps!" said the old man. "Jana, my angel, what is to become of us? I will hasten to see the Minister and if they cannot tell me there I shall have to call at every house near the Prospective and inquire." He left the room hastily.

"My father is so easily disquieted," said Jana. "I cannot see anything in this that we should be so frightened."

"Unfortunately," said Lanin, "I, also, have become anxious. I never saw your father in such a state of excitement."

Count Ivon, the owner of the house in which Schelm lived, had arranged it after French fashion. The portier inhabited a small room, from which all the staircases started that led to the different apartments of the tenants. As in Paris, he also received all that came by post for the inhabitants of the vast building.

It might have been 7.30 when Schelm came home and passed the portier's lodge.

"Here is a letter for you!" cried the latter.

"Give it to me at once!" said Schelm, stopping a moment.

As soon as he had received the letter he stepped under the lamp that lighted up the hall. At the sight of the imposing address he began to frown; quickly he tore open the envelope and found this letter:

The Privy Councillor, A. A. Wernin, has the honor to inform you of the engagement of his daughter Jana with Count Vladimir Lanin, and at the same time to invite you to be present at the wedding ceremony in the Cathedral of Our Dear Lady of Kasan, on November 2.

For a moment Schelm stood as if struck by lightning; he grew fiery red, the perspiration covered his forehead and his knees trembled. With one hand he took off his spectacles, with the other he sought his yellow silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, looked blankly at the portier, who smiled stupidly, and crushed the letter wrathfully and threw it down; then he rushed out into the street without his hat and spectacles.

"What a look that was!" said the portier to himself. "he must have gotten bad news."

Faithfully following the example of his Paris colleagues, he picked up the letter on the floor and tried to read the contents. Schelm could not have gone far when a carriage drove up, and a gentleman, covered with decorations, called the portier and inquired for Schelm.

"He has just left," answered the portier, carefully concealing the crumpled letter in his hand.

"Did he get any letters?"

The portier looked very much surprised, but did not answer the indiscreet question. Wernin did not like to wait any longer, and repeated his question in a voice of thunder.

The frightened portier's conscience smote him. The letter was beginning to burn his fingers, and he thought the impetuous stranger might punish him for his curiosity. He stammered, therefore:

"Yes, Your Excellency; he had just received this note, and had thrown it, crumpled, to the floor—so I thought."

"Quick! Hand it here! You ass," cried Wernin, tearing the ball of paper from the portier's hand. "Too late!" he whispered, after he had read the fatal invitation.

Then he returned the letter to the portier and stepped into his carriage, saying to him self, "I was not mistaken! We shall have to fight a fierce battle!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A. J. Cassatt, the Laird of Chesterbrook, and a number of prominent Philadelphians will leave Philadelphia shortly for Toronto to attend the great running meet of the Ontario Jockey Club on May the 23 and 24, at which a number of Philadelphia horses will compete. A novel feature of the trip will be the fact that the party will travel the entire distance in a four-in-hand.

STRANGE LOOK IN THE DIGGINGS.

Instances of Sudden Ups and Downs in the Fortunes of Miners.

It is impossible for any one at all familiar with mining adventures in the Rockies from 1860 to 1870 to deny the existence of that mysterious and capricious influence on men's lives and fortunes known as luck, and it seemed to attach itself mainly to those who knew the least and were accepted as the fools of the camp, thus illustrating the old proverb, "a fool's luck." Old and experienced miners quit locations in disgust after months of labor, and these were afterward taken by men who scarcely know the difference between a shaft and a level. After a week's scrambling work the latter became rich men. One instance I can give:

A man named Relf, a forty-niner, opened a prospect hole on Goose Creek, within a mile of the Idaho border. It seemed to pan out well at first, and he spent \$3,000—all he had in the world—in development; but the vein began to pinch out, and Relf gave it up. Another man took it with the same result. Then one of the best miners in the Territory put in \$3,000, and after months of hard work shot himself in despair at his ill-fortune. The location was thereafter dubbed the "Last Chance" by neighbors. It lay a year, when a man named Gadsen came to Silver City. He was looked on as a harmless and decidedly weak-minded fellow, and he annoyed Col. James Fisher, a well-known mine owner, by constantly asking his advice about locating, until Fisher told him to try the "Last Chance," adding: "You're just fool enough to have nigger luck."

Gadsen started off to get a team and supplies, and amid the jeers of the camp left for "Last Chance." Four days afterward his team was seen coming into camp on a dead run, and it stopped at Col. Fisher's office. Gadsen, with a bag on his back, entered, and drawing a chunk of rock, laid it before Fisher, who examined it and said: "Well, Gadsen, you have the proverbial fool's luck. That will assay \$3,000 a ton. You've struck it rich this time." An examination of his mine showed that only a foot of rock lay between the last owner and uncoined wealth, and this Gadsen broke through the first day.

A syndicate was formed and Gadsen sold out for \$35,000. The new owners took out \$25,000 in three weeks and then struck a mass of porphyry rock that it would have taken all the money in San Francisco to remove. No trace of the lost treasure was ever found, and the "Last Chance" was permanently abandoned. Gadsen's good luck followed him. He left the mountains, bought a home in Missouri, and saved his money.

The history of the firm of Bower & White is one of the romances of the mining camps. Sandy Bowers came into the Washo district about 1860. He cooked for a party of freighters, and his wife, a tall, bony woman, told fortunes, sold lucky numbers, and interpreted dreams for the credulous miners. With some of the money made in this way her husband took up a claim and made money, and for the next ten years had continued good fortune. He was grossly illiterate and no business man, but still he prospered. He broke all the gamblers in the Territory, and no one cared to play with him.

His partner, Lorenzo D. White, was a different kind of a man. He neither drank nor gambled, but was mad as a hatter on the subject of religion, believing himself to be John the Baptist. In business matters, however, he was shrewd and enterprising, and his luck was phenomenal. Whatever he touched turned into gold. It was noted that whatever Bowers sold turned out well for his customers, while it was reversed in White's dealings, although he was believed to be an honest man. The mystery was as to what he did with his gain. He depleted his bank account every now and then, drawing out large sums in coin and then disappearing for a time. It was believed that he buried his wealth in the mountains, and he was followed and dogged by the camp ruffians, who would have taken his life for a dollar, but it was part of his good fortune to escape.

The end came at last. Sandy Bowers got involved with a party of Eastern adventurers and lost \$300,000. After this he went down hill rapidly. He had at one time half a million in the Bank of California, but this all went. He became a drunkard, and one

day got together a few dollars to buy an outfit. With a borrowed mule he started for Nevada, and was, no doubt, killed by the Ute Indians, as he was never heard of again.

White was not known to have any serious losses, but he, too, disappeared. He was supposed to have gone back to Minnie, his native State. Inside of a year he came into the little mining town of Mercedes, on Rio Grande River, Colorado, in rags and exhausted from hunger and fatigue. He was followed by a saggy Mexican burro, about as big as a Newfoundland dog. This carried his miner's outfit—a pick, pan, and shovel. He was at once recognized and relieved. He went to an assayer and showed a large mass that looked like burned limestone, but which evidently contained gold. The assay astonished the expert, and he declared that the specimen showed 80 per cent of gold.

In an hour's time the camp was wild with excitement, and this was the beginning of the craze known as "White's Cement Mine." At first the old man refused to tell the location, and some of the ruder spirits advocated hanging, but, after much persuasion, he agreed to pilot a party to the spot. The next day Mercedes was deserted. Everybody joined the procession. After eight days' rugged travel they reached Green River Valley, in Utah. While ascending a narrow ravine a volley of rifle balls, fired from the chapparal, killed three of the foremost of the gold hunters and stampeded all the animals. The Ute Indians had been awaiting them. In the confusion White escaped and the party broke up. From time to time White would reappear in mining camps with a fresh supply of his gold-bearing cement, but his mind was clearly gone and he could give no information that was of the slightest use.

About 1870 a party of prospectors on their way through the Colorado River Valley, in Southern Utah, found in the wildest part of the mountains the body of an old man with a beard reaching to his waist. Around him were a number of specimens of his gold cement and a quantity of gold coin. He had evidently died of starvation, as there were no indications of food to be seen. By means of a large diary on his person he was identified as the once millionaire, Lorenzo D. White. This diary contained numerous directions to find landmarks, but these were unintelligible to the readers, and his mine and buried gold may still reward some fortunate seeker.

Mr. James Titus of Sacramento, Cal., who is now head of the great hydraulic mining companies in that State, owes his fortune to the following circumstances: In 1864 he was working at his trade as stone mason in St. Paul, Minn., when a man named Eldridge failed, owing him \$175 in wages. This debtor left the city, and a year after Mr. Titus went to Carson City, Nev., where he met Eldridge, who told him that he had not prospered and had no money, but could get some mining stock for money due him, and this he would give Titus in satisfaction of the debt.

Mr. Titus took 100 shares of Comstock Mine, valued at about a dollar a share. It was original stock, and in a few months the great deposit of silver that was to make the fortune of Flood, O'Brien, Fair, and John Mackay was discovered. The stock began to go up and Mr. Titus sold out for \$3,000 per share. In two years he was a millionaire by fortunate investments in Crown Point.

But success of this kind was demoralizing to most of the pioneers. Johnny Skey died as Sandy Bowers did, a broken-down prospector, after rioting away five millions, and Comstock, the original discoverer of the Virginia City Eldorado, died a poor man. If America is ever to produce a distinct and national school of fiction, the inspiration can be best found in the wonder working history of the Western mining camps of years back.

Pearls Will Burn.

The Queen is said to be surrounded by a cloud of pearls. She has all her daughters shall have a share in her jewels. One of her first-born daughters has a pearl necklace, and every year she adds a pearl to it. The Queen's pearls are said to be the finest in the world. They were found in the wonder working history of the Western mining camps of years back.

Rheumatism,

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

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

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

No More Bald Heads!

Seven Sutherland Sisters' Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner Never Fails.

Cannabis Sativa Indian Consumption Remedy!

THOUSANDS are being healed and sending in their testimonials as to its virtues.
DAN TAYLOR & Co., 133 Yonge St., Toronto.
Sole Agents for Ontario.

Wringer Repairing a Specialty, W. C. SHOREY,

Manufacturer and Dealer in
CLOTHES WRINGERS
MANGLES, CARPET SWEEPERS, &c.
284 Parliament St., Toronto, Ont.

ago her Majesty bought from a well-known London jeweller three very beautiful pearls, the united cost of which was not far short of £500.

A little while after the purchase made the merchant was surprised to receive a letter from a lady at court. "The Queen wishes very much to know whether pearls will burn, this somewhat tardy answer to an assurance that they would not, to oxygenize pearls, would find them burning in a fire. The Queen's pearls are said to be the finest in the world. They were found in the wonder working history of the Western mining camps of years back.

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES.

An Explanation of the Situation.

Mail advices from St. John's, Nfld., show that the agitation in that island over the *modus vivendi*, negotiated between Great Britain and France in reference to the lobster fishery, intensifies and gives promise of immediately assuming the proportions of a question of international magnitude unless immediately grappled with and satisfactorily settled, and will almost certainly result in driving that island either into annexation to the United States, or confederation with Canada. Public meetings are still being held in every settlement and fishing station in the colony; the most violent speeches are made, and the imperial authorities and their *modus vivendi* are vehemently denounced. The public feeling is at fever heat. The people are in no mood to submit to what they term such an outrageous and unwarrantable violation of their right of local self-government as that attempted by "the ignorant and lazy officials of Downing street." There is a universal demand for abrogation of the treaties made two hundred years ago, which are absurdly out of keeping with the nineteenth century, and throughout the island the cry echoes, and re-echoes, "The French must go," even if at the point of British bayonets, and if England fails her in this supreme crisis Newfoundland will appeal to the United States, who, it is felt, has no desire to see another European power firmly established so near its coasts.

The situation is briefly this: By the treaty of Utrecht and subsequent treaties the French were given certain "concurrent fishery rights" along 1,000 miles of the west coast of Newfoundland, but they were not to erect buildings "except those necessary and usual for drying fish." This part of the island is most fertile and abounds in timber and mineral wealth. For the purpose of opening it to colonization the Government is about spending \$10,000,000 in building a railway. By the treaty of Paris of 1814 it was expressly provided that the French right of fishery should be replaced upon the footing on which it stood in 1792. That referred exclusively to the cod fishery. Of recent years a valuable lobster fishery has developed along this coast. St. Pierre Miqouel is the base of operations for the French fisheries. About 300 vessels come out from France every spring to engage in these fisheries. They are dependent upon Newfoundland for their bait. Four years ago with the avowed object of crippling the French fisheries the Newfoundland Government prohibited the export of bait to St. Pierre or its sale to French fishermen. By way of retaliation the French government immediately advanced the claim of concurrent rights to the Newfoundland lobster fisheries, erected permanent factories, drove away the British inhabitants on the ground that their participation in the fishery interfered with the right of the French, imported all their goods free of duty, set Newfoundland's laws and Government at defiance and recognized only the authority of French warships. Newfoundland not wishing to quarrel with Great Britain in this matter, tacitly supported the French policy and the French and British governments were tacitly united to support the French claims against the rights of the Newfoundland Legislature.

TO THE QUEEN

The most fervid loyalty in a pointed and suggestive manner is being shown by the Newfoundland Legislature.

We are not afraid of the French and we will resist their encroachments. France has no more title to take lobsters in our waters than we have to put a pistol in our hands and demand our money or our life from their side. We could set our foot upon their heads and we would do it. We are not afraid of the French and we will resist their encroachments. France has no more title to take lobsters in our waters than we have to put a pistol in our hands and demand our money or our life from their side. We could set our foot upon their heads and we would do it.

Adams' Eden is stone deaf and that her life is feared for, although she is but 45 years of age. All these stories may be true and then again they may all be yarns. What is true is that the Queen and her grandson, Emperor William of Germany, are shortly to meet at Darmstadt.

obligations and of international law, and a gross trespass upon the rights of British subjects, for which an exemplary compensation should be demanded from the Government of France." The Imperial Government was called upon to assert and protect the rights of Her Majesty's subjects in Newfoundland against the aggressive and unwarranted claims of the French subjects and for the avoidance of discord, tumult and disturbance between the subjects of the two great powers. It was declared to be necessary that some firm and vigorous action should be taken by Newfoundland with the co-operation and assistance of Her Majesty's Government.

The address specifically demanded Imperial action in reference to the following points:

1. Protection of British lobster fishermen.
2. Resistance of French claims now first asserted in respect to lobsters.
3. Removal of all lobster factories or other buildings erected by the French upon Newfoundland territory.
4. The assertion and protection of the right of British subjects to the use of British territory in Newfoundland for agricultural, lumbering or mining purposes without interruption, molestation or interference of the French under any pretended treaty claims.

And to demand the co-operation of the North Atlantic fleet was requested. The reply of the British Government to this unanimous demand of the Legislature is the secret negotiation of the *modus vivendi* (without the knowledge or consent and against the strongest protest of the Island Government), which maintains that the status quo recognizes and establishes the French position and takes the government of a thousand miles of coast out of the hands of French and British naval officers. The *Daily Colonist* urges the lobstermen to arm their factories with a rebel crew and gatling guns or Enfield rifles as the only means of galvanizing the barnacles of Downing street into a wholesome apprehension of the inherent rights of Newfoundlanders. The resolutions passed at indignation meetings affirm that even temporary recognition of the French claims by the *modus vivendi* is a virtual concession of the sovereignty of the soil to a foreign power.

Ex Attorney-General Sir James Winter, who was knighted for his attendance at the negotiation of the last Washington treaty, in a speech at the great demonstration at St. John's, attended by 10,000 people, said: There must be no trifling, no show of timidity, no disposition to forfeit one right we now enjoy. This *modus vivendi* is illegal, monstrous and destructive to our most sacred rights. It must never be enforced. What did this *modus vivendi* mean? A claim based upon no treaty right was advanced by the French. We indignantly repudiated it. Britain stepped in and to buy a transient peace provisionally yielded to claim which were monstrous and absurd and we were the sufferers. A burglar enters your house and seizes your plate. You threaten to yield him up to justice and he proposes a *modus vivendi* under which he shall retain possession of that plate for three months, reserving your just right of possession to be adjudicated upon hereafter.

Would you accept such a *modus vivendi* as that? Yet that is the very arrangement which was forced upon us by Britain, without our consent. The French had no right of lobster fishing in our waters. They nevertheless threatened to insist upon their right to such a fishery and Britain had yielded. What would be the next claim? Was this policy of concession to be forever pursued at our expense? No! a thousand times no. We are not afraid of the French and we will resist their encroachments. France has no more title to take lobsters in our waters than we have to put a pistol in our hands and demand our money or our life from their side. We could set our foot upon their heads and we would do it.

Adams' Eden is stone deaf and that her life is feared for, although she is but 45 years of age. All these stories may be true and then again they may all be yarns. What is true is that the Queen and her grandson, Emperor William of Germany, are shortly to meet at Darmstadt.

Hypnotism.

The new thing called hypnotism (formerly known as mesmerism) is revealing fresh wonders every day. People of a scientific and inquiring turn of mind are busy with it in every city, and some very remarkable experiments have been made. Whatever this curious force is, it is certain that it puts the hypnotist in possession of a startling power over the actions of his subject. There is nothing scarcely that he cannot cause the hypnotized or mesmerized person to do. So completely, in fact, is the latter at his bidding, that if he should tell him to kill his wife, burn down his house, or cut his own throat he would immediately do it. Recent experiments have all demonstrated that the obedience of the subject to the hypnotizer is implicit, and that he is utterly powerless to exert any resisting will of his own while under the hypnotic spell. In Paris recently a physician put a knife into the hand of a hypnotized patient and told him to go into a park and kill a gendarme, to whom he pointed. The patient did as he was bid and would have accomplished his murderous mission had the object pointed out to him—and into which he plunged his knife—been a gendarme instead of the tree which it really was. At a recent meeting of mental scientists in New York one of the gentlemen stated that he knew of his own knowledge that hypnotism had exercised an important part in the recent wrecking of a bank in that city, one of the officials having compelled the others by his hypnotic influence to enter into his schemes. The gentleman added further that "a man who has the hypnotic power can do almost everything with his fellowmen; he could draw Jay Gould or any other wealthy man to his office and make him invest millions in fraudulent enterprises." The idea that Mr. Gould might be done out of a few millions with hypnotism is a startling illustration of its power and full of suggestion of its utility and value to mankind. With such unlimited control of his subject, it would seem possible for right-minded hypnotizers to accomplish a world of good. Indeed, almost every great reform, it would seem, might be accomplished by this curious psychic force. Were the hypnotic power rightly employed would not the fondest dreams ever conceived for the happiness of the human race be easy of realization? Turn a few thousand first-class hypnotists loose upon the evils and abuses of the land and the thing would be done. They would find plenty of work. Every ring, trust and combination should be hypnotized and bidden to disband. Mill-owners and factory proprietors should be hypnotized into paying better wages and telling the truth about their affairs. Evil doers of all kinds and the foci of all reforms could be made to fall under the spell of a patriotic moral and reformatory hypnotizer and be turned from the ways of wickedness and corruption. Hypnotism, though now but a fad, may yet become a great moral force.

Duncan Roy's Blanket.

This anecdote of Sir Ralph Abercromby, the victor of Aboukir, shows that even in the presence of death he did not forget that consideration for others which is the ruling spirit of really great men. After the battle at which he was mortally wounded he was carried on board one of his ships and a soldier's blanket placed under his head to ease it. He felt the relief and asked what it was. "Only a soldier's blanket." "Whose blanket is it?" "Only one of the men's" was the reply. "I wish to know the name of the man to whom the blanket belongs." "It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second," said Sir Ralph. "Then see," said the dying General, "that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."—*Chambers' Journal*.

The news-monger has been busy with the English Royal family. First of all the Prince of Wales' second daughter was to marry a commoner; then Prince Henry of Battenberg had been reconciled to the Queen and his wife, Princess Beatrice; then Her Majesty was going to abdicate; next the Prince of Wales was in delicate health and the late Queen is that the Princess of Wales is stone deaf and that her life is feared for, although she is but 45 years of age. All these stories may be true and then again they may all be yarns. What is true is that the Queen and her grandson, Emperor William of Germany, are shortly to meet at Darmstadt.

"After a varied experience with many so-called cathartic remedies, I am convinced that Ayer's Pills give the most satisfactory result. I rely exclusively on these Pills for the cure of liver and stomach complaints."—John B. Bell, Sr., Abilene, Texas.

The next morning after an Austin minister had preached against the National sin there was a universal exchange of umbrellas.

C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says:—"I have sold at retail price since the 4th of December last 150 bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction. In my own case, with a badly Ulcerated Throat, after a physician penciling it for several days, to no effect, the Electric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in threatened croup in my children this winter it never failed to relieve almost immediately."

Boston wants a medal struck for John L. Sullivan. Why not let John strike it?

Mr. R. C. Windlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fullness after each meal."

A New York policeman is like Dr. Sam Johnson, he loves a "clubbable" man,

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

There is a city in Ireland that should be popular with men who tipple privately—Sligo.

There are cheap panaceas for various human ailments continually cropping up. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure has no affinity with any of these. Unlike them, the article is derived from the purest sources, is prepared with the utmost chemical skill, and is a genuine remedy and not a palliative, for Biliousness, Constipation, Kidney troubles, Impurity of the blood, and female complaints.

They have an earthquake in Java every two weeks. Wonder that a cup of Java ever gets an opportunity to settle.

Left a Legacy.

Last winter left a legacy of impure blood to many people, causing tired feelings, lack of energy, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, etc. From 1 to 4 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters never fails to cure any of the foregoing diseases by unlocking the secretions and removing all impurities from the system.

A good time for farmers to get in their hay is when it rains pitchforks, if there isn't any other shelter handy.

Bickler's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It gives a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and affections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate cough is overcome by its penetrating and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of the lungs, croup, quinsy, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

"Papa, what is a green grocer?" "He's a grocer who tries to sell sugar without sand in it."

"FACTORIA O will cure that cold
"FACTORIA" has no equal.
"FACTORIA" loosens the phlegm.
"FACTORIA" put up in 25c bottles.
"FACTORIA" the people's remedy.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year...

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance...

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters...

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

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

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

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 16 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, \$1 per year, 10 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO. printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE WILSON ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

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

Publishers will kindly send their paper for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St., W., Toronto

Living in a Fool's Paradise.

Many neglect slight symptoms of disease, hoping that nature will restore health. True nature will aid, but she must also be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from 1 to 2 bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

It is the man who peddles a biography of himself who takes his life in his own hands.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Always in liquor—U and I.

Many people who pride themselves on their blue blood would be far happier with pure blood; but, while we cannot choose our ancestors, fortunately, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, we can transmit pure blood to our posterity.

A sugar-bowl—sweet girl exercising in a bowling-alley.

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

Breweries never care for a water front; it is a beer front they want.

In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary. This widely esteemed remedy also cures crick in the back, rheumatic complaints, kidney ailments, pains, etc. It is used inwardly and outwardly.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO. 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, provided always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINGS; 2, LEOS; 3, FEET.

FIRST REWARDS.

- First, one very fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm, \$500
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$40
Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols, \$20
Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3

SECOND REWARDS.

- First one, Fifty Dollars Cash
Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash
Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dore Bible Gallery, \$7
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell
THIRD REWARDS.

- First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15
Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet \$5
FOURTH REWARDS.

- First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, \$40
Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$10
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, \$2
Next one, Family Knitting Machine.....

FIFTH REWARDS.

- First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash...
Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60
Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, \$2
Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, \$1

SIXTH REWARDS.

- First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service, (5 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a well-bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15
Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, \$2

SEVENTH REWARDS.

- First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold
Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7
Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1

EIGHTH REWARDS.

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"Bad cooking" writer, And...

Is there any...

Having...

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Our Young Folks.

HOW IT ALL ENDED.

Katy Marsh and Flora Harwood were out on the ocean sailing—and bound directly for Paris! To be sure their steamer was only a wheelbarrow—and their ocean, the back yard! But what of that? And what is the use of little girls having an imagination if they're always going to adapt themselves to circumstances?—I'd like to know.

Howe, it all seemed very real to Katy and Flora, and as the steamer rocked again and again in the most alarming way, the little girls clung to the side of the vessel, and said "Whatever in this world shall we do, if we're drowned!" And, as no one could answer that question, they prepared themselves for the worst! But just then the sun came out from behind a cloud, and Katy said, "The storm is over and we are saved."

"Yes," answered Flora, "and now we must sing—don't you know, Katy? Shipwrecked crews always sing something."

"Do they? I should think they'd be drying their clothes."

"O, Katy Marsh! you're so queer. But then ours wasn't a real shipwreck, you know; we only came near it; any way I think it would be lovely to sing just as we are entering port."

"All right, Flora, go ahead." And Katy, who generally gave in to Flora, straightened up the dollies, pinned the silk handkerchief again on the kitten (for during the storm everybody and everything had been more or less disturbed), then said, "I'm ready, go on."

Oh, it was just lovely! Even the kitten enjoyed it, for she purred delightfully as the little girls sung airs appropriate to the occasion. "A Life On the Ocean Wave," "Speed My Bark," "O'er Waters Blue," "The Breaking Waves Dashed High" and "Dublin Bay" followed each other in quick succession.

"Katy, do you know 'My Father's at the Helm'?"

"No! Is he? I didn't want to play when any one was around."

"O, Katy Marsh! You'll be the death of me some day. I mean the poem; it's perfectly lovely."

"Is it? But what is a hellum?"

"Helm, Katy, don't ever say hellum. A helm's—a helm! It's a something that always goes with a ship; I don't know as I can explain it; a sort of ornament, like a flag-staff, I guess. Any way, it isn't very important—I know!—But the poem is elegant, and makes me want to cry."

"Oh-h," said Katy. "I don't believe I'd like it then. Don't sing it, Flora, please; it's ever so much nicer without fathers and helms, I think. You know if papa was out here, he'd say, 'Katy, you'd better go in the home now and help mamma.' That would be horrible; we don't want to even think of such things."

"Oh, no indeed! let's sing—"

"Katy, Katy Marsh; where are you?"

"Oh dear, Flora! That's mamma after the school, that old dress to try on. I know—she's in the kitchen, and through a hole in the door she's carrying in her arm a white kitten. You see, you know that?"

"Do you, mamma?"

"I want her, she had been so nice."

"I had said to Katy that she was being one near."

"Together, Mrs. Marsh, from of mind."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

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"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know what you mean."

Katy well knew what that cry meant for her; there was no going out now till "that child" was amused in some way, or put to sleep again, and it was worse than useless to expect mamma to take him; so with a most unhappy heart Katy went into the little bedroom to quiet her baby brother.

What if at all other times, he was "just too sweet to live, and the most beautiful baby in the world?" He was not sweet when he cried, and not the least bit beautiful; besides it wasn't very nice to look after a baby when one would rather look after a kitten!

What if she had called mamma only the day before, when she promised to make the dress like Flora's—puffs on the sleeves and all—"too perfectly lovely." She was far from lovely now! And Katy wished something would happen to make mamma put up her work and pity her poor little girl!

Just then remembrance of the long days of last Spring came to her; how, when she was "so sick with that fever, mamma had been so good and patient all that weary, long time." Even Katy's papa, at the last, said "Katy was getting cross," but mamma hadn't thought so. Surely her little girl ought to be willing to help mamma when she could. So almost before she knew it the angry thoughts had all gone, and Katy was singing a lullaby to baby Ned, who, as he listened, forgot to cry and settled himself down to finish his nap.

Now mamma, out in the other room, heard the sweet voice singing, and then mamma began to think.

"Poor little girlie! It was too bad to have to leave your play, even to try on a new frock; and though you came in unwillingly, I cannot blame you so very much. I was hard I know, to give up Flora and the fun in that sudden way. I ought not to have been so hasty. But, dear me! I was so tired waiting, and then—that cat! I never could endure a cat. They're always in the way."

"Meow, meow," went something right beside Mrs. Marsh, and looking down, she saw the dearest, little kitten in the world! All gray but the two fore paws, and a spot of white on the top of its head. "Meow, meow," went pussy—and looking up at Mrs. Marsh said as plainly as one could wish—"I'm not a cat, I'm a kitten!"

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Katy's mamma, "you're the very thing Katy had in her arms; where did you come from?"

"Meow," answered kitty.

"Now what can I tell by your meows? I must say, for a cat, you're pretty."

"Meow, meow."

"Well really now, I believe you know you're cute and pretty," and Mrs. Marsh took from her work-basket a ball of knitting-cotton, and threw it on the floor, for the kitten to play with, and actually stopped her sewing to watch a cat! Think of it. Once, at a very funny little jump and tumble, she laughed out loud!

"Oh my! what would Katy say if she heard me? Say I'd lost my senses, I guess. But this is such a dear little thing, I could almost like it myself. I wonder if it's hungry."

"Come cat, do you want something to eat?"

"Meow."

"Well meow it is." And out into the kitchen, and down the cellar-steps went that very sensible woman to get some milk for a cat!

But where was Katy all this time? Ah! this is what happened to Katy: after singing the pretty lullaby, she started the baby's favorite "Bye O Baby Bunting," and coming to the line about the rabbit's skin she changed the word rabbit to kitten, and began to wonder if a kitten's skin was as soft as a rabbit's skin, and if any one had ever tried it, and if it would hold a baby any way—and, oh, lots of things! As she considered she kept singing over and over "Bye O Baby Bunting."

"Bye O Baby Bunting, wrap our baby in a kitten's skin to wrap our baby, by—Bunting be by—"

And around Katy Marsh was lost in a daze of thought, and travelling far away from home, she was singing with softest intonation, "Bye O Baby Bunting, wrap our baby in a kitten's skin to wrap our baby, by—Bunting be by—"

And when she came to herself, she found she was sitting on the floor, with yellow tails all round her, and she was all alone.

"What a dream!" she said, and she looked at her dress, and she saw that it was all torn and her face was all scarred up.

"Sara Johnson—Nuffin, how nuffin will speaking of. I jins had a little chat wid say nat and only lub, what I met for de first time since I married Swayback Larry."

"They Met by Chance."

Col. Yergers—What's the matter with you? Your clothes are all torn and your face is all scarred up.

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vanished, and Katy was walking through the grove.

All around were cats and kittens of every size and color.

Some were climbing trees; some playing with fluffy balls; some swinging in the golden swings; some sleeping on velvet cushions scattered all around, while the most beautiful sight of all was a throne of red and gold upon which sat Prince Grimalkin!

At his right stood the "cat with the fiddle"; at his left, three cats were singing, "Sing, sing, what shall we sing. The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string!"

At the foot of the throne, were the "three little kittens" who once "lost their mittens," but who now wore them fastened around their necks with tiny golden chains—oh, it was all so beautiful Katy gave a great "ah-h-h" right out! Whereupon all the cats began to purr, and all the kittens to mew at once! Then for the first the Prince espied Katy.

"Little girl, why came you hither, and what is your name?"

"Katy," was the trembling answer.

"Katrina, you mean."

"At that all the cats stopped purring and all the kittens mew to look at the little girl with a cat's name!"

"Katrina, can you purr?"

"No," said Katy.

"Can you mew?"

"Oh, no indeed!"

"Then what are you doing here?" growled Prince Grimalkin.

"Please, sir, I don't know."

"I should say not. Well, well, can you sing?"

"Oh yes, I love to sing."

"Cats and kittens, do you hear that? This little girl can sing—shall we listen?"

All the cats bowed and all the kittens nodded.

"Very well, you may sing, Katrina, but remember to choose something appropriate, for if you fail to please us after coming to Catland without an invitation, you shall receive a whipping for this." And the Prince drew forth a whip of cat-o'-nine-tails, and shook it threateningly at Katy.

"Purr, purr, purr," went the cats.

"Mew, mew, mew," said all the kittens.

"Silence!" said Prince Grimalkin. "Little girl, begin."

Oh, what a funny, faint little voice! Katy did not feel it was her own, and yet all the while she heard:

"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm. And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm."

"I'll sit by the fire and give her some food. And pussy will love me, because I am good."

"Fine, fine, very fine," said the Prince, as he stroked his whiskers and with a satisfied smile bowed to Katy.

"You have shown excellent taste, and your voice is very sweet. Had you chosen a song about the 'little doggie,' or some such thing, we would all have come to the scratch and punished you. As it is, we feel you are what you said in your song—a good little girl."

And now, if you will promise never to come here again, you may take this with you, and go. And as he descended the throne with the most beautiful kitten of all in his arms, Katy felt herself, sinking, sinking, and the music growing fainter, fainter, until it ceased altogether; and there she was in the little bedroom, and baby Ned was sitting up in his cradle playing with his rattle!

"Oh, dear me!" said Katy, as she rubbed her eyes, "it was only a dream, after all, and what will mamma say! I must have slept an hour!" And Katy went out to see if mamma was getting supper, when, there in the kitchen, leaning an empty saucer, was her darling little kitten!

"O mamma! you're just like other mamma's after all, and it was a true dream!"

"Humph!" said her mother, "why am I different? And what was the dream?" Then Katy told her all, and though Mrs. Marsh said when she finished "It's perfect nonsense from beginning to end,"—the kitten—said,

["Ladies Home Journal."

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The Old Sermon to a New Text.

A preacher, whose name we will call Birch, was famous for preaching on the subject of paying old debts. One of his auditors, who had been wearied with Brother Birch's iteration on the subject, once said to a neighboring minister,—

"I wish you would suggest a subject that I can give Brother Birch, out of which he cannot get anything about paying old debts."

"Give him the conversion of Saul of Tarsus," said the minister.

Soon after this the wearied brother met his pastor, and said,—

"Brother Birch, I would like to hear you preach a sermon on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Won't you do it?"

"Certainly," replied the pastor. "It is a capital subject. I will preach on it next Sunday."

On the following Lord's Day Brother Birch announced the text, Acts ix. 6: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and opened thus:—

"My brethren, I shall preach to you to-day on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Saul, my brethren, was a truly converted man, and my sermon will be a discussion of the marks of genuine conversion. And the first mark, my brethren, of a genuine conversion is that a man will always pay off his old debts."

Wm. Kemmler the murderer, who is awaiting death by electricity, at Elmira, N. Y., professes to have experienced a change of heart produced by a vision of Christ, which appeared to him in his solitary cell. Application for permission to be present at the execution are reaching the warden from all parts of the United States. It will be the first execution of a criminal by the new method and is set for April 29th.

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THE MAJESTIC IS A HUMMER.

She Beat, With Ease, The Maiden Record From Queenstown.

They Didn't Drive Her This Time, but Possibly They Will Later, and Then the City of Paris Look Out.

The White Star line retains the glory of having the ship that has made the fastest maiden voyage from Queenstown. It was the Teutonic last year. Now it is the new twin-screw flyer, the Majestic, which arrived at New York last week.

Capt. Henry Parsell, who formerly commanded the Teutonic, was unaware that he had broken a record until Mr. J. Bruce Ismay went abroad and enlightened him. The log of the ship shows that she made the voyage in 6 days 10 hours and 30 minutes, 8 hours and 23 minutes faster than the maiden trip of the City of Paris, and more than four hours quicker than the first run of the Teutonic.

Capt. Parsell said, and Chief Engineer John Sewell corroborated the observation, that the engines of the big ship were not run at full speed. He didn't deny that they might be later in the season. He said he was satisfied that the Majestic would prove to be a very fast and steady ship. High head seas and strong gales on two days of the voyage had prevented her from going as fast as she might have gone in more favorable weather. The record that she is a larger boat than the Teutonic and has more steam generating power in the shape of an extra boiler, Capt. Parsell said, was not true. Of course her constructors had profited by observing the defects in the machinery of the Teutonic, and had avoided duplicating them. The propellers of the Majestic have only three blades, like the screws of the fast war ships in the British navy, instead of four, like the Teutonic.

"The three-bladed screw," Capt. Parsell said, "gets a better grip on the water. There is no waste of power. The four-bladed screw churns too much. The propellers of the Majestic make 86 revolutions a minute, ten more than the Teutonic's. Now that we have demonstrated the superiority of the new screw we will try a pair on the Teutonic."

To break the record for first voyages the Majestic's furnaces consumed 290 tons on the run from Queenstown. The engines worked very smoothly, and were not slowed down once because of overheated journals. The general impression among the shipping men is that the Majestic is going to be a hummer. She took a long westerly route to avoid icebergs, a few of which she passed far away to starboard. Between noon on Tuesday and noon on Wednesday she gave a hint of what she may do if she is pressed. She logged 471 miles in twenty-four hours, eight of which she was forced to go at reduced speed, because of the fog along the coast.

Like the Teutonic, the Majestic is built of steel and measures 10,000 tons. She is 322 feet long, 57 1/2 feet beam, and 39 1/2 feet deep. She was launched in June last. She is propelled by two independent sets of triple expansion engines, made by Harland and Wolff. She has three pole masts, on which fore-and-aft sails may be set. She is fitted up like a palatial hotel, with everything to make life enjoyable.

The relations between the Southern German States and Prussia have recently undergone an ominous change, and according to the statements contained in a Vienna letter, published lately, the former are beginning to manifest signs of revolt against the despotic and encroaching nature of the domination exercised by the Berlin Government. Feelings of veneration for Old Emperor William, of affection for Emperor Frederick, and of fear for Prince Bismarck have led the Southern States to bear their heavy yoke in silence until a few weeks ago. But new conditions now prevail in Prussia, and they feel that there is no longer the same reason for unquestioning obedience and submission to the Berlin authorities. So serious has the situation become in Wurttemberg that the Prussian General in command of the Thirteenth Army Corps has been summoned north in order to discuss with Emperor William the measures to be adopted in view of possible eventualities.

Polar Expeditions.

Polar enterprise at present seems to be confined to Scandinavia, and these three northern lands are all contemplating a renewal of research in the ice zone. In Norway, the conqueror of the Greenland inland ice, Dr. Nansen, is now developing a plan for an expedition having the North Pole for its goal. He thinks the route through Behring Sea offers the best chance for success. After steaming to the new Siberian Islands, his project is to force his vessel among the ice floes and drift wherever the ice takes him. He has plenty of faith that the ice drift will carry him almost due north, and that after two years he will have passed somewhere near the Pole and reached open water between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

In Denmark, Lieut. Ryder of the navy, who has long been engaged in mapping the fiords of West Greenland and studying the inland ice, is preparing for an expedition to the wholly unknown part of East Greenland between the most northern part of this coast attained by Capt. Holm and the southern limit of the explorations of the Koldewey expedition in 1869 there are about 450 miles of the East Greenland coast line that have never been visited. It is the purpose of Lieut. Ryder to explore this unmapped coast. He expects to devote about two years to the work, to have only nine picked men with him, and to travel along the coast in small boats, providing also sledges for use when navigation fails. The natives whom Holm met knew nothing of the existence of human beings in this unexplored stretch, and the region probably has no human inhabitants. If Ryder succeeds in trying out his enterprise, the entire coast line of Greenland will have been studied, some parts of it much more minutely than others, except that portion which extends between Koldewey's highest point on the east and Lockwood's furthest on the west coast. For a long stretch, however, in Melville Bay, on the west coast, the shore line is known only in a general way.

The third expedition, which Baron Nordenskiöld is arranging in Sweden, has the unexplored area of the Antarctic Ocean for its goal. Some of the Australian colonies and Dr. Oscar Reissner, the liberal proponent of Polar enterprises, will provide the financial backing for this exploration.

Whether Nordenskiöld will lead the expedition himself is not yet certain. He does not expect to have the expedition reach the field of operations before the Antarctic summer next year.

Fast Railroad Runs.

400 Miles—7h. 25 min., London to Edinburgh, Scotland, August 6, 1888.

18 Miles—15 min., special train conveying the Duke of Wellington, Paddington to Slough, England.

1 Mile—30 1/2 sec., 3 miles in 2 min., 36 1/2 sec., 5 miles in 4 min., 50 sec., West Philadelphia to Jersey City, September 4, 1879.

36.7 Miles—34 min., special extra 253 and two cars, Pennsylvania Railroad, Rahway to Trenton, N. J., May 6, 1885.

53 1/2 Miles—47. min broad gauge engine Great Britain, four carriages and vans, Paddington to Didcot, England, May 11, 1848.

44 Miles—43 min. 30 sec., special train conveying newspaper correspondents, last 16 1/2 miles in 14 min., Washington Junction to Washington, June 10, 1884.

157.74 Miles—165 min., special train, Niagara Falls to Syracuse, N. Y., March 1, 1876. 158 miles in 178 min., west coast flyer London to Crewe, England, August 6, 1888.

Jersey City to San Francisco, 33 hr. 20 min., 16 sec., Jarrett & Palmer's train, combination passenger, mail and baggage car and Pullman hotel car, June 1 to 4, 1876. No stop between Jersey City and Pittsburg.

111 Miles—98 min., Fontaine engine and two coaches, Amherstburg to St. Thomas, Can., May 5, 1881, 102 min., locomotive, baggage car, one coach and one Pullman palace car, St. Thomas to Amherstburg, September 12, 1877.

813 Miles—23 h. actual running time, 19 h. 30 min., special train conveying Washington newspaper correspondents from convention, Chicago to Washington, over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, June 7, 1884.

90 Miles—1h. 37 min., actual running time, 90 min., special extra 253 and two cars, Pennsylvania Railroad Jersey City to Broad street station, Philadelphia, May 6, 1885. 1 h. 47 min., train 19 engine 703 and six cars, two regular stops, Jersey City, N. J., to Broad street, Philadelphia, February 12, 1880.

THE DEATH OF THE DEER.

A Hunting Scene in the North Woods.

The paddlo of the guide never leaves the water, as it turns and turns in his deft hands, and the old log canoe, like some preadant lizard, slowly swerves with hardly a ripple toward the centre of the lake. Eagerly four sharp eyes are searching the shore line, not with hasty motions of the body, but with all the caution such hunting demands. In the pure air and full glory of the sunlight every bit of beach, rock, fallen tree, bed of rushes or tiny bay shows sharp and clear with the border of shadowy green forest beyond. Suddenly the dugout jars, as if it had touched a hidden snag, and turns as sharply as its ponderous length will permit toward the lower end of the pond, and he in the bow sees something that doubles the pace of his heart beats, control them as he may. There, upon a shingle, nearly a hundred rods distant, but so plainly seen that the ear listens for the sound of hoof beats, stands a deer feeding. A beautiful picture he is, fittingly framed by this wild spot, and as he slowly moves, now stamping to rid himself of some galling insect; now raising his stately head to listen and look, and again pausing to feed daintily, but hungrily, upon the soft water grasses at his feet: he is in truth a noble animal.

Slowly but surely the old canoe holds its course, and the rifle, ready for instant use, rests its deadly muzzle upon the strained and broken bow, quietly waiting. The deer seems nervous, yet with all his motion—and now he half trots up and down the little beach—he never looks out across the pond. If fear assails him it is of something within the leafy fastnesses and shadows of the wood, not of the fate that steadily glides toward him upon the placid water.

Nearer and still nearer, until as the quarry suddenly raises his head, with a half whistle the paddlo pauses, the canoe moves more and more slowly, and in a whisper so low that it almost fails to reach the ear it is meant for, the guide says "shoot!"

The steel tube rises steadily to the hunter's shoulder, his head drops to its stock, his eye catches a bit of the red just behind the fore-shoulder through the sights, and as the deer half turns toward the sheltering shadows behind him the sharp crack of the gun rings wildly out.

The same instant, and while the smoking muzzle still hides the shore, the guide shouts: "You've got him! Good shot! Forty-five rods if it's an inch! And with a half pang of remorse the hunter, now all of a tremble, sees the deer lying still and dead upon the shore.

THE IVORY SUPPLY.

Will Probably be Exhausted Fifty Years Hence.

The yearly destruction of elephants is enormous, and obviously there is a limit to the supply; but it promises to hold out for a long time yet. Occasional times of scarcity have been experienced, as, for instance, during the recent blockade of the East African coast by Germany, but the shipment to Europe continues with remarkable regularity. The perennial talk of an ivory famine has as yet come to nothing, a rise in price being sufficient to stimulate the supply and to some extent counteract the demand. Those in the trade will tell you that magnificent tusks are now rare, but of medium size there is comparative abundance. How long that will last is impossible to say, but as Africa is opened up the elephant's bounds will be circumscribed, and some fine day the last wild animal of the species will record a quietus. Fifty years is the period which authority in the trade ventures upon as a practical drying up of the ivory supply.

We obtain a certain quantity of supplies of ivory from the coast of East Africa, and the best quality from the great part of what is really African, and Mozambique, as are now the only sources of ivory in the world.

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE HON. SIR CHARLES T. HOLT, Canada's High Commissioner, Lord LALOR, Toronto, Ont., Musician, Specialist, Professor of Music, etc. etc. The perennial talk of an ivory famine has as yet come to nothing, a rise in price being sufficient to stimulate the supply and to some extent counteract the demand. Those in the trade will tell you that magnificent tusks are now rare, but of medium size there is comparative abundance. How long that will last is impossible to say, but as Africa is opened up the elephant's bounds will be circumscribed, and some fine day the last wild animal of the species will record a quietus. Fifty years is the period which authority in the trade ventures upon as a practical drying up of the ivory supply. We obtain a certain quantity of supplies of ivory from the coast of East Africa, and the best quality from the great part of what is really African, and Mozambique, as are now the only sources of ivory in the world.

SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKES.

Their Deadly Bite and the Remedies Therefor.

It would, we presume, be safe to assert that in spite of all modern appliances and helps to scientific methods of research, man has hitherto lamentably failed to discover an infallible cure for snake-poison.

We will for the present confine ourselves to a few remarks regarding the treatment of snake-bites at the Cape. It is noteworthy that the typical fresh arrival, or "new chum," as our Australian cousins designate him, sets his foot on African soil with ludicrously exaggerated ideas as to the prevalence of venomous reptiles.

SUCH STARTLING INCIDENTS.

of travel as waking up in the morning to find a snake confidently secreted in the folds of his blanket, with a further consignment of one in each boot, to make his hair stand on end when he attempts to pull on those humble though useful peripatetic appendages.

The most common practice with the natives in cases of snake-bite is to kill a black fowl, divide it lengthwise, and apply the separated portions alternately to the wound for the space of about fifteen minutes.

The Namaquas, Bushmen, and Damaras have a singular and implicit belief in the all potent efficacy of the snake-charmer's or doctor's night-cap, a decoction of which is made and given to the patient to drink!

VELOCITY OF THE POISON

which from time to time he in person. One of the methods employed to obtain the desired result is to apply a goodly number of leeches to a bullock hide, and rolls and infarcted in the veins to the assistance of the faculty of extracting from imperious of information a good deal of what they really are.

next of kin. Croft made immense profits out of the sale of his "Tincture of Life," as he used to charge fifteen shillings for a small bottleful, the ingredients of which did not probably cost him so many halfpence.

MAKING AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY.

How Capt. Speke Made His Maps From Descriptions of Natives.

When Mr. Stanley was last in this country he referred in the warmest terms to Speke, the discoverer of Victoria Nyanza, as perhaps the most remarkable explorer of the age.

It remained for Mr. Stanley to secure, on his last journey, some of the most remarkable evidences yet adduced of the brilliancy and accuracy of Speke's generalizations.

Capt. Speke was in Karagwe, over 200 miles from the scene of Stanley's discoveries, near Muta Nzige, when he gathered all the native travellers around him and coaxed them to tell him about the countries they had visited.

Capt. Speke wrote out their testimony, and, summing up the long interviews, he expressed the opinion that northwest of Karagwe there was a comparatively small lake called Luta Nzige, and that not far from it was a mountain or range of mountains from whose tops the snow never disappeared.

The great explorer thus sifted from his conversations with the natives the most important facts in geography of an interesting region which he never saw. The little lake was the Muta Nzige of Stanley. The snow-capped mountain was Rwenzori, up whose rugged flanks Lieut. Stairs toiled for two days while Stanley was on his homeward way.

Capt. Speke believed, however, that the mountain were somewhat further than they really are.

he drew a map of one of the largest inland seas in the world, which was a surprising approximation to the actual outline of Victoria Nyanza. It was this feat that excited Stanley's unbounded admiration when he mapped the lake himself, and that led him to call Speke a geographical genius.

A Mourning Woman.

The woman who puts you into mourning is making herself indispensable. She has long existed in England, but we have only just imported her. A bereaved family sends her a telegram. She appears, takes your measures and those of the children.

A Cheerful Explanation.

Passenger—"C-o-o-n-ductor, why have you let the fires go out? We are almost frozen to death."

Conductor—"Well, you see, gents, we soon come to a very rotten bridge, and if there should be an accident the Company don't wish the newspapers to lay the blame against the car-stoves."

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them.

It takes a Derrick to raise a laugh in Oil City.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and it doesn't care particularly.

With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes, He seeks the couch and down he lies; Nausea and faintness in him rise, Brow racking pains assail him.

Not will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

Collars in Queen Elizabeth's time were raff on the neck.

We notice our friends, the Steele Bros. Co., Toronto, are offering choice English heavy two-rowed barley, (Canadian grown), a \$1 per bushel free on cars, Toronto, bags for same 20 cts each. This is an opportunity for all enterprising farmers to procure a supply from these reliable seedsmen.

Court is hand-sparking a female telegrapher.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutu Fruit-Gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

C. B. U.—Mr. Thos. Bengough, founder of the Canadian Business University and Shortland Institute, Public Library Building, Toronto, has associated with him Mr. W. A. Warriner, of Jamestown, N. Y., who will take charge of the Commercial department, as teacher.

There is no such thing as a really happy selfish man. Man was not made to live for himself alone, and if he try he finds himself out of his native element. There is no higher style of life than to live to do good.—(Rev. J. E. Stebbins.

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden circles, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured.

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PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The man is not wise who tries to induce one woman to be kind to another on the ground that she is young.—Eleanor Putman.

What we see exclusively we are apt to see with some mistake or proportion.—George Eliot.

What men call luck Is the prerogative of valiant souls, The fealty life pays its rightful kings.—James Russell Lowell.

O blessed they on whose pillow no remorse sits! Happy you who have escaped temptation.—Thackeray.

Folks who think too much of what's coming, most likely won't attend to what there is.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

What a state of society is that in which the birth of a child may be a calamity to its family.—Arthur Schopenhauer.

Happiness gives nothing but memories.—Balzac.

When one sees life as God made it, there is nothing left to do but thank him for having made death.—A Dumas, fils.

Trice is he armed that has his quarrel just, and he but naked, though locked up in steel, whose conscience is corrupted.—Shakespeare.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.—J. G. Holland.

In the forming of female friendships beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.—Fielding.

Fashion is the bastard of honesty dressed by art.—Fuseli.

It seems to me that a truly lovable woman is thereby unfitted for friendship, and that a woman fitted for friendship is but little fitted for love.—Alexander Walker.

Repentance is second innocence.—De la Motte.

Reputation is like money; the principal is often lost by putting it out to interest.—H. W. Shaw.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.—Goldsmith.

Silence is one of the hardest kinds of arguments to rout. There is no good substitute for wisdom; but silence is the best that has been discovered.—H. W. Shaw.

Sophistry is only fit to make men more conceited in their ignorance.—Locke.

God intended for women two preventives against sin,—modesty and remorse.—Miranda de Piedmont.

Women should be doubly careful of their conduct since appearances often injure them as much as faults.—Abbe Girard.

Age is noble and grave, but youth is so very beautiful in its follies.—Arctur Houssaye.

We are surrounded, ambushed, by the robber troops of circumstance.—Hafiz.

Decency is not defined by statute, but the laws of instinct are stronger.—Duclos.

An Able New Potato.

At the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences M. Aime Girard gave some interesting information respecting the Emperor, or Richter's Emperor, potato. He stated that, after testing it on a small scale for some years, he grew it largely in 1888 and 1889, and also gave out tubers for experiment to forty growers in different parts of France. It appeared that while the average yield of tubers in France does not exceed 7,500 kilogrammes (say 147 hundred weight) to the hectare, a hectare being 2.4 acres, the variety known as the Emperor may, under certain conditions yield as much as 35,000 to 40,000 kilogrammes per hectare of tubers, with more than 20 per cent. of dry starch. These figures were quite borne out by M. Girard's own experience, his crop of 1889 yielding 39,000 kilogrammes of tubers per hectare, with 20.4 per cent. of starch, equal to 7,956 kilogrammes of dry starch, which is more than the general average weight of tubers themselves in France. In thirty three out of forty experimental cases throughout the country the general result was a yield ranging from 22,000 to 44,000 kilogrammes per hectare, with a proportion of 20.4 to 24.2 per cent. of dry starch, the average yield being 36,000 kilogrammes per hectare and 7,800 kilogrammes of dry starch.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT: I take My Meals, I take My Rest; AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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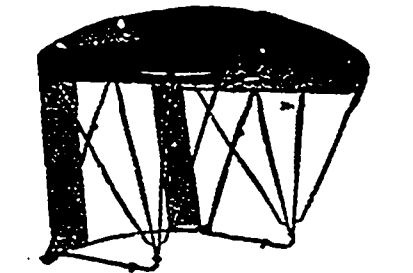


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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 126 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



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THE SHORT PATH.

A Thrilling Incident of Alpine Travel.

Chamois hunting offers some of the most thrilling experiences, for there is always an element of danger present in pursuing the graceful little animal up among the boisterous crags and wild wind-swept cliffs, among which it is the only quadruped at home. Far above it, soaring on huge, outstretched wings even over the highest snow-crowned tops, that great Lammergeyer, looking down upon an empire both desolate and sublime. There is an irresistible charm about those snow-capped mountains, which grows stronger every time they are seen. Eternally old, yet ever young, they stand unchanged through countless ages—solemnly grand when their vast extent of peak and dome lies outlined against a cloudy sky—radiantly beautiful when the rising or setting sun lavishes all the tints and colors of the rainbow upon their dazzling, icy heights—yet leaves the valleys filled with a black and misty shadow.

In the glistening gardens of the snow queen man seems an intruder. There is nowhere a sign of his handiwork which might give him a claim to venture up among those Alpine thrones. In that vast silence and surrounded by the colossal structures of the icy elements the human voice and form lose all significance, and when, perchance, with mighty deafening roar and rush of wind as of a hurricane an avalanche tears its fearful path adown those mountain sides, he stands helpless, humbled and subdued.

Lieut. von Barenhaupt and the writer had spent the last two weeks of October in the chase but had shot only four chamois. We were in the Austrian Tyrol and had free access to the preserves, but the game was remarkably scarce and for some days we did not see any.

One night Peter Heffner, an imperial forester, came to us and offered to lead us to a spot where he had seen a large troop the day before. We were only too glad to accept his services and started out early the next morning. After five hours hard climbing we reached the spot where Peter had seen the chamois but not one was in sight. While we rested he went forward to investigate.

We were on the borders of the snow line and patches of everlasting snow lay around us in the cavities of huge cliffs. Bar masses of rock rose on every side, pointing proudly upwards to where the snow queen reigned supreme, dressed in robes of spotless purity.

Peter soon came back and announced triumphantly that fifteen chamois were grazing quietly on the side of the mountain north of us. It would take fully three hours to get to them by going down the easiest way, but he knew a path that would save us an hour and a half, possibly two. It was risky for a man with a weak head but he had no hesitation in showing it to us. We congratulated ourselves on having such a guide, and told him to go ahead.

Only the boldest of mountaineers could have discovered that path, even with our ropes we had great difficulty in reaching a safe foothold. A glance downwards would have made the clearest head swim—it was the hardest piece of climbing either Barenhaupt or myself had ever ventured upon—but the worst was to come. About a thousand feet above the valley rose a huge, perpendicular, rounding wall of rock—a narrow, irregular ledge jutted out from it and disappeared as it turned a corner. Peter pointed it out and said: "There's the path. Once around that cliff and the rest of the way is easy climbing. It's a bad looking spot, but I've been around it twenty times at least. A firm hold of hands and feet and a few careful steps will land us all safely on a broad plateau and we will get at least three of those chamois."

I was to go first, Barenhaupt second and Peter last. My friend proposed that we should rope ourselves together, but Peter objected, as if one of us fell it would be fatal for all.

I stepped forward and grasped the sharp edges of the rock. No one spoke—I, for one, was too nervous to say a word. Slowly and anxiously I put out one foot and found a safe striding place, then carefully brought the other beside it. Twelve such steps, then came the turn. As my right hand clutched for a hold that was out of sight I must confess I felt pretty fearful, but I found a good one and got past that ugly corner safely. Six more steps and I reached the plateau Peter had mentioned. As I called out "Safe!" the

right hand of Barenhaupt came in sight, and in a few seconds he stood by my side. Then came a crashing roar of falling rock and Peter cried: "Great God! the ledge has given way!" "Go back! go back!" we shouted hoarsely. "I can't," cried Peter, "I'm standing on my left foot and dare not raise it—six feet of the ledge has fallen to my right!" The hopeless position of the poor man was at once apparent to us. He could neither advance or retreat—hanging there to the face of the cliff he must await an inevitable death, unless we could get assistance; but his strength could not possibly hold out long enough. With white, scared faces Barenhaupt and I looked at each other, and my friend said, with trembling lips: "We can do nothing by ourselves. I saw a cottage in the valley—I will hasten to it and get some tools to build a platform. If God is willing I shall return in time. Stay with him and encourage him." He rushed away and, in as calm a voice as I could command, I said: "Cheer up, Peter! Barenhaupt has gone for tools to enable us to build a platform to reach you. You know the cottage below us—they will come with him and in an hour or less we will be talking this adventure over by the side of a cheery fire." Peter groaned and said in a low sobbing voice: "My poor wife and little child! God help them!" "They shall never know want, old fellow," I cried, "I gave you my word for it; but don't think about the worst, keep up your courage—try and forget where you are. How many young chamois were there in the troop you saw?" A long silence followed. Trembling and overcome with pity for the sad fate which had overtaken this brave son of the mountains I could say no more. "I can't hold on much longer, my arms are getting cramped, I am shaking like a leaf, but I can die like a man. Give my love to Elsa, my dear wife and to Heinrich, my little one." "I will! I will! my brave Peter, but don't despair!" "Sing Andreas Hober, herr lieutenant, and I shall die without a word." With choking voice and streaming eyes I sang that favorite song of the Tyrolese. The last words of the third verse were trembling on my lips when—great God! a sharp scraping sound and then the crashing of a something falling echoed through the crags. "Peter!"—"Peter!"—no answer—the Alps had claimed another victim.

CANADA'S LEPROUS COLONY.

The Disease Dying out at Tracadie, but New Cases Found in the Neighborhood.

The Dominion Government have asked Parliament to make an increase in the appropriation annually made for the maintenance of the lazaretto at Tracadie, New Brunswick, where all the leprosy cases known to the Government are being cared for. The official report from the officer in charge which has just been presented to Parliament, reads as follows:

There are now in the institution twenty persons suffering from the dread disease, leprosy nine males and eleven females. Since my last report five new cases were admitted, one being from Cape Breton, none from Tracadie (heretofore so prolific in new cases), but four from the adjoining parishes of Caraquet and Shippegan. Three inmates died during the year. I am pleased to again report that the general health of the patients continued good, and there was observable but little of the acute suffering peculiar to the advanced stages of the malady. Showing the primary symptoms of the disease were five persons, the rest were more or less advanced, but of the latter not one is altogether confined to bed. The man dismissed some years ago as the girl set free last year, continues in good health, and I have to report that on the occasion of my last visit I released a patient who had also been admitted when young and on the appearance of the first symptoms of the disease. Although apparently free from the malady, I do not regard these cases as permanently cured, and shall therefore hold them under close observation in the future.

"A visitor from the happier world of health to our lepers is first impressed with the thought that their life is indeed a funeral march to the grave, overawed, as he must be, by the serenity depicted on those poor faces. Yet this calmness is but the mute product of a happy change, for when in former years the institution was in charge of a Board of Health its inmates were an excitable and distrustful body, living without law or order, and sleeping on rude wooden couches, infested with vermin, and scantily



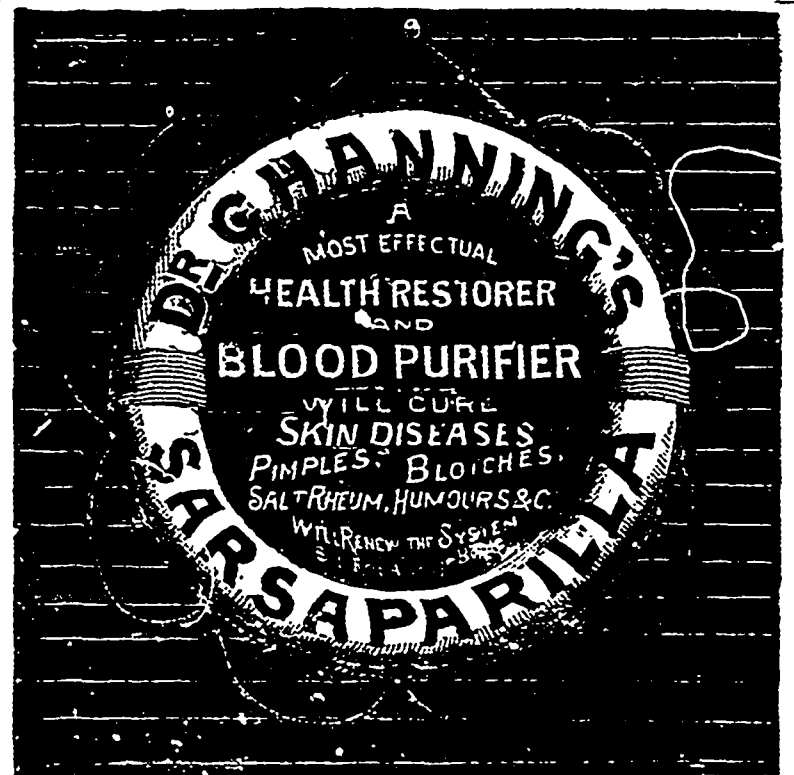
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supplied with filthy coverings. Iron bedsteads, with clean, comfortable bedding and bed clothes, have since been substituted, the hours of rising and retiring are regulated, a complete separation of the sexes is rigidly maintained, a watchful discipline exerted, and so the patients, feeling that there is an assured and kindly help near by, are possessed of a contented mind and sustained in their hours of sadness by those consolations charity and religion alone can give. No attempt is ever made to leave the Lazaretto grounds without permission. One refractory individual did, it is true, escape some years ago to the United States, but he has recently returned, and assures me that he will shortly seek readmission to the hospital. As illustrating the way many appreciate removal to their new home, I may state that the man McKinnon, admitted from Cape Breton last summer, expressed regret that he did not come sooner. All this is accomplished although the Lazaretto is an antiquated structure with no modern conveniences. The Sisters, having a happy faculty of making the most of their surroundings, the poor patients surprised and gratified. Of late leprosy has been reported at Tracadie, but, finding no other leprosy in the neighboring districts, the authorities have of the disease.

referred to above, the chaplain of the Lazaretto kindly accompanied me, but it was made so alarmingly unpleasant for both of us that we hoped the Government would secure the passage of an act authorizing the inspecting physician to enter the houses of the suspected persons for the purpose of examination, and, if such a course were warned their neighbors, and take gentle steps toward enforcement of the act. The direction of the department were on the statute books, and the violent resistance showed both the Government and the people is forced to be more lenient.

Health Department.

To a Hopeless Dyspeptic.

Bad as you are, you are still young, and if you will take our advice, we will cure you, and not only cure you, but give you a stomach like that of an ostrich. The first thing you have to do is to consider that what is called modern cookery is a conspiracy against human health. Among simple people living on a few things, it would not be necessary to take precautions that you will have to take if you want to get well. First of all, get into your head a list of things that are bad for you and tend to produce the state in which you now are.

WHAT TO AVOID.—Alcohol in every form, beverages (effervescing), biscuits, bread (bakers' and fermented), butchers' meat (in quantity), butter, cakes, cheese, coffee, confectionery (every sort), creams, curries, dried meats, duck, dumplings, eels, fish (oily), fruits (acid and dried), goose grease, herring, honey, ices, jams, jellies, lard, lemons, liquid food (in every form), mackerel, made dishes, malt liquors, marmalade, medicines (of every kind), meats, salted, dried, smoked, and otherwise preserved, milk, nuts, oil, pastry (baked or boiled), pickles, pies, pills (of every kind), pork, preserved meats, puddings, rhubarb, salads, salmon, salted meats, sauces, sausages, smoked meats, soups, spices, suet, sugar (and all foods containing it), tea, tinned things, tobacco in every form, tonics (of every kind), veal, very hot food, vinegar, wines.

WHAT TO EAT.—Every fool, and, above all things, the untravelled fool, will probably laugh at this, and tell you there is nothing left to eat; but that would be a great mistake. One of the mistakes of the untravelled person, and particularly the cockney, is that he does not appear to have the slightest idea that whole peoples—some of the best of peoples—live on one or two simple things exclusively. You have several important classes of food.

Cereals.—Rite, oatmeal, barley, wheat, and its many products, like macaroni (which is a much better food than bread) and vermicelli, hominy and tapioca.

Vegetables.—Many delicate things, from asparagus to spinach, the best being the green vegetables; roots like turnips, carrots, and parsnips are not quite so easily digested nor so good for delicate people as the green vegetables like French beans, young pea and asparagus.

Fruits of Europe, America, and the Tropics, which are introduced in abundance. For delicate people some fruits are perhaps too rich—like some pears and bananas—but others are most delicate and wholesome, especially eaten as food raw or simply stewed.

Fish.—In our country plentiful, and most excellent food—any of the white kinds of fish, like sole, turbot, whiting, pike, speckled trout. Oily fish, such as salmon, mackerel, herrings and eels, should be avoided. Fish should be eaten fresh, and grilled, and broiled. Fish is excellent, so

of our country, and is for dyspeptic people. Butchers' meat is not so good. You can do more with a few things than you think. So

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bakers' bread, because that is irritating to some people. If you want more, there is broiled fish or broiled game.

Lunch about 1.—For a sedentary man lunch ought to be of one or two light things, such as bread (of the right kind) or stewed fruit with plain rice or other cereal, or a little plain mutton broth, without grease, and a little bread; or, in cases where cookery cannot be had, a couple of such a good apple as the Newtown pippin, and a piece of brown bread; or a sandwich of fresh meat.

Dinner about 6.—Fish, broiled or roasted, with meat, or meat alone. This is the best time for delicately boiled vegetables, such as spinach, or other green stuff, which may be varied according to the season. A great variety at a meal is bad, not only in itself but because it prevents change from day to day. If we do with few kinds of meat or fish it will be much easier to provide a change day by day than if we bring them all out every day as some people do. A change of food is most important, but variety of food at a meal is bad. An occasional dinner of fish, without meat, and even a purely vegetable dinner, if you can design a good one, is desirable. Stewed or fresh fruit is much better in your case than heavy milk puddings, which are forbidden.

RULES.—Some rules must be followed which are as necessary as the preceding. Take three meals a day at regular hours, about 8, about 1, and 5:30 to 6. Country people, and those not tormented by rushing about town all day, had better dine in the middle of the day, but you must dine at night when your day's work is over, or ought to be. Sip a glass of pure spring-water on waking and half a glass when going to bed. Let it be the best you can get, and at any temperature you desire; in summer the temperature of the air is the most agreeable. You must not drink at meals. In the end you will find this the most agreeable way. If thirsty, drink quite between meals or half an hour before meals. Each day sponge with water, and give a vigorous general friction with a towel. Use hair gloves all over the body twice a day. No food whatever should be taken between meals—no tea, cake, or anything of the kind. A cure will be hopeless unless you sleep well. Should anything prevent you sleeping let nothing prevent you from having seven hours in bed, whether you sleep or not. Take exercise between the meals, and after the latest meal of the day walk not less than half an hour. Do not work after dinner. Masticate the food well and slowly. Always open the window in your bed and working rooms, but the body well clothed or at night well covered up. Never overload the stomach; never eat to satiety. Sedentary people must take exercise morning or evening or at some time they will get ill.

Romance Reduced to Figures.

There is an English literary man who at the end of each year penetrates into the published fiction and extracts therefrom very often some exceedingly interesting figures. The results of his researches into last year's fiction are entertaining: Of the heroines portrayed in novels, he finds 372 were described as blondes, while 100 were brunettes. Of the 562 heroines, 437 were beautiful, 274 were married to the man of their choice, while 30 were unfortunate enough to be bound in wedlock to the wrong man. The heroines of fiction, this literary statistician claims, are greatly improving in health, and do not die as early as in previous years, although consumption is still in the lead among the maladies to which they succumb. Early deaths, however, are on the increase. The principal charms of the heroines included "expressive eyes" and "shell-like" lips. Of the 437 who had a dreamy look, all the remainder had no eyes of brown and blue. There was found to be a number of heroines whose eyes were blue. In 47 cases the eyes were blue.

SERBIA'S BOYISH KING.

The Child of 13 Who Rules the Debatable Lands of Eastern Europe.

By the abdication of King Milan of Serbia the throne of that small but important kingdom is left to a lad only 13 years of age, says *Sunshine*.

Alexander I. of Serbia is thus, with the exception of the little king of Spain, the youngest monarch in Europe. The eyes of emperors, statesmen, and people all turn with interest and anxiety on this boy whom destiny has called in troublous times to the throne of Serbia.

Alexander is represented as a bright, brave, handsome lad; but he has a sad history behind him in the domestic and political troubles which have ended in the divorce of his royal parents and his enforced separation from his mother, Queen Natalie; while the position of Serbia, as a frontier kingdom between Austria and Russia, will in the near future demand the utmost wisdom, firmness, and patriotism for the maintenance of its independence.

In 1886 the young Prince Alexander made a journey with his mother to the Crimea; thence to Florence, and finally to Wiesbaden, where Queen Natalie had hoped to remain and educate her son.

But in 1888 a demand was made for the boy through Gen. Protesch, and he was taken to Belgrade to assume the grave responsibilities that might well daunt the bravest of men.

The education of the young king is being carefully superintended by Dr. Lazar Doitch, assisted by Mme. Pelingre, a talented lady of Swiss birth, who instructs her royal pupil in the elementary branches.

Alexander already speaks German, French and a little English; but until recently he has not been taught Russian. Russian influences, however, seem now likely to assert themselves in the royal household of Serbia. The czar has sent to the young king an autograph letter and the decoration of the grand cross of St. Anne.

It is difficult to predict the future destiny of Serbia; but the young people of the present generation will follow with a peculiar interest the career of Alexander I., the boy king, who now holds such a conspicuous position among the monarchs of Europe.

It All Depended.

Landlady (to applicant for a room)—Now, here's a room I think you would like. It's warm as toast.

Applicant—Is the room warm or cold?
Landlady—Didn't I tell you it was warm as toast?

Applicant—It depends on the toast. If you mean boarding-house toast it must be a mighty cold room.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti Gum after meals and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

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In its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Bircard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

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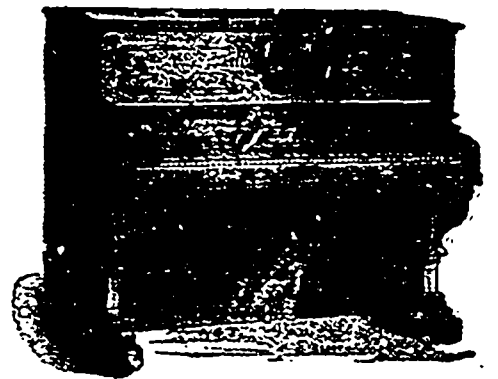
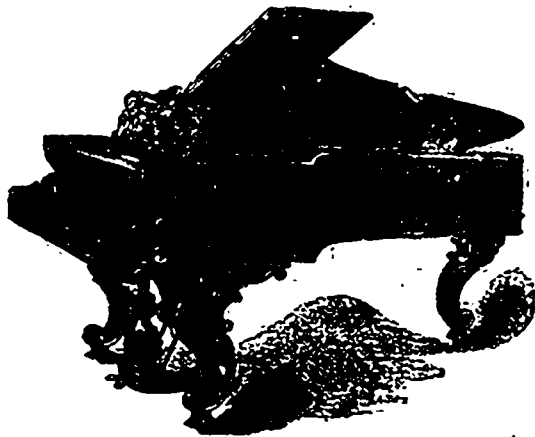
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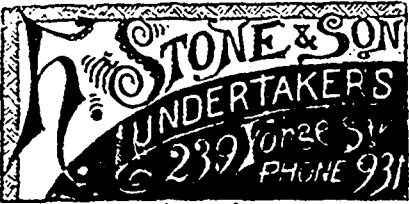
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