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# TRUTH

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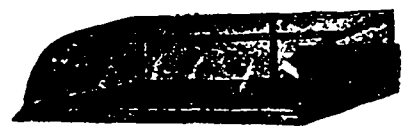
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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 258.

## POSTPONEMENT.

In view of the comparative indifference which the public has thus far manifested in our last great Bible Competition, we have been forced to postpone the award until the 30th of October. The manner in which our earlier competitions were received led us to expect that when the number and value of the prizes were increased the interest in the competition would increase in proportion. Such has not been the case, however. The results thus far have been very disappointing, the number competing being by no means commensurate with the liberality displayed by the publisher in his truly regal offer in another column.

The list of awards embraces cash prizes in gold, pianos, organs, watches, and silver plate, besides a handsome residence in the city of Toronto.

These awards will positively be given as stated, and when they can be had by sending a dollar for a four months' subscription to TRUTH, the opportunity should be seized upon by thousands instead of hundreds.

Subscribe now and participate in the grand distribution of awards which will take place on 30th of October next.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The by-elections in several constituencies have afforded the party organs an opportunity for calling one another hard names and of holding each other responsible for the hard times, the hot weather, and the prevalence of the whooping cough. When the leading papers of the country are able to rise above petty personalities and rancorous jealousies, we may look for a better state of things in the political world. At present no intelligent discussion of public affairs can be had, either in the press or on the platform, because of the prejudice and wilful blindness which party feelings have engendered in the public mind.

The reappearance of small-pox in Montreal is due entirely to the insane prejudice of the French population against vaccination, and the culpable negligence of the authorities in not enforcing the vaccination law. The effect upon the commerce of the city of this visitation of the odious disease will be very serious if the scourge is not speedily stamped out. At latest accounts the epidemic was abating, but unless the Health Board of the city compel the *habitants* to submit to vaccination, the disease will re-appear at the first favorable opportunity.

There is generally a considerable amount of fear of injury from lightning during a thunder storm, but upon the whole there is not much ground for such fear. At such a time the safest position is in a wood, if the largest and tallest trees be avoided. The greatest risk is, undoubtedly, when people are travelling over a bare wide plain, because they are then themselves the most elevated objects. Cattle are frequently killed under a tree. This is because such a tree is generally isolated, and because the animals huddle

much together, and the moist column of steam arising from their bodies and breath form from the superior conductivity of water, a favorable passage for the electricity. A herd of cattle, even in the open plains, are always in greater danger than human beings. Under a tree they are exposed to a double danger.

Meantime the announcement of Parnell's programme has created a great sensation, especially as it is now believed that he and Davitt have come to an understanding. This understanding is nothing more nor less than a mutual agreement to unite for Irish separation and the disruption of the union. These revelations have made it necessary for the Conservatives to change their attitude towards Parnell. A later rumor is to the effect that the Tory and Parnellite party managers have arranged a scheme of local self-government for Ireland, which would be tantamount to Home-Rule. These rumors have lately been strengthened by certain occurrences which seem to prove the existence of a good understanding between the present Premier and the uncrowned King of Ireland. Under these circumstances it became very desirable to get an authorized statement of facts from Lord Salisbury, and the Cable News telegraphed to the Marquis asking him for a plain answer to the question, whether there was an understanding between the Tories and the Parnellites. The answer came promptly and was to the effect that no such understanding existed, nor has ever existed. The statement was made as emphatic as language could make it but the Liberals are still sceptical. Prominent Englishmen and the leading newspapers express the earnest hope that partisan strife is not so acute as to prevent a permanent understanding between English and Scotch Liberals on the one hand and the Tories on the other, to resist all special legislation intended for Ireland in the direction of separation.

The mania for roller skating is already subsiding. Capitalists who have invested largely in roller skating rinks are finding that the desire to glide about on wheels is measurably decreasing. Its principal attraction was the novelty of all classes intermingling on the polished floors of the rinks. A new standard of morality was created, and it was lower and more lax than that which obtains at park picnics or summer excursions. This has led people of better perceptions to refrain from patronising the rinks, and as a consequence the receipts at these resorts have shrunk to losing proportions. There is no disguising the fact that numbers of our young girls have become utterly depraved through frequenting the roller rink. It is therefore matter for sincere congratulation that the time is almost at hand when respectable people will refuse to attend them, and when these resorts will exist only by the support of the heedless and vicious.

Cholera is of Oriental origin. An acquaintance with Oriental climate, Asiatic people, their constitutional peculiarities,

and domestic customs, their cerebral powers, and mental exercises consequent upon these powers, will convince one of the teutonic race, that cholera is generated from a blending of these peculiar elements. The disease is never begotten in a cold country and transmitted to a warmer one. The sun's rays will give vitality to a certain quantity of rain water. The same properties, when acting upon the human system, carry with them a vitalizing germ for the production of a result foreign to health—the dimensions, color and organization of the germ are too minute for description—they are rather known as electricity is apprehended, that is, by their results. The probability is that this accounts for the disastrous effects which fear will often have upon the person who says he is sure he will have an attack of the malady. He diets himself, avoiding vegetables and looking with suspicion upon different kinds of meat. All the while a dread of what is to come pre-disposes him to the reception of the germ of the dire complaint.

On the other hand, take the cheerful person, who is cleanly in his habits, eats, drinks, and sleeps without an anticipation of dying within a few hours by the influence of the disease, and he will be less likely to succumb to its presence. Do not stint nature; do not check it in what it can receive and ask for. Treat nature generously and she will not repudiate your acquaintance. If nature says eat, drink and be merry, do it; if she says spare my hygienic powers, familiarity with such a quality of meat, with that particular vegetable, or with a beverage she fails to assimilate with her blood, then be careful and kind to her suggestions.

As we are speaking of cholera, we may as well say a word about small-pox and its remedy—vaccination. It is a simple thing to vaccinate; one would think that even the most uncivilized of all people would hear of and adopt vaccination as a protective act against a visit of the loathsome disease. And yet, not only they but the more favored of our race will take no trouble to vaccinate,—on the contrary they will not do it—having a prejudice against it. If we are not mistaken the prejudice exists in countries where alone the religion of Rome is professed, more than it does in those latitudes where it is not only argued against but put to the protest. Why this is so we do not at this moment explain. But we do explain how simple it is for almost every one to obtain from a medical man a small quantity of vaccine matter. Put a small piece about the size of the head of a large pin upon a piece of clean glass. Moisten it with water and rub it down to the consistency of cream. Scratch the skin of one of the arms above the elbow with a lance or sharp knife until the blood begins to appear; apply the softened vaccine matter to the abrasion and the whole operation is over with. A little care of the wound as it inflames and produces a healthy scab about the size of a large pea, will suffice to guard an individual against an attack at

all of small-pox, or at least against one which will destroy life. In visiting a small-pox patient nature is further protected by the visitor fortifying his stomach with healthy food and good beverage. Experience, in such an emergency, is rather against than in favor of the expulsion of potential liquids. Law should compel vaccination as peremptorily as it demands the payment of taxes.

TRUTH is not a sectional paper. It confines itself to no party lines as opposed to unanimity of policy in joining together and cementing colonial interests. A view of the Dominion geographically is sometimes presented to show that tropical productions are not indigenous to the north of the southern boundary. To the south of this line, it is asserted in disparagement of the country north, that all products of all climates are to be had. It is omitted to be stated that the colonial system covers this planet—"No pent up Utica" contracts its powers—the whole boundless continent is ours. What ever grows upon the habitable globe can be truthfully claimed as a product of the united colonial system. We are a comprehensive country, and the more we realize it the more intelligent we become. Steam travel, electric correspondence, and conversations over the telephone place, the grocer in communication with Ceylon, and he asks whether their crop of spices, tea, and coffee are a good yield this year? Is the plum-bago market full, and how are prices per ton ranging? Are you shipping ebony, white wood, and mahogany for furniture manufacturers in America? and how stands the market in respect to all your valuable wood? Then in respect to education. Philanthropists can ask about the graduates of Widyodaya College, the graduates of the Buddhist's Theological Institution at Colombo,—how many students they have, &c. The Principal, who is High Priest of Adam's Peak, and whose name is Sumaigala can be complimented upon the attainments of his pupils, thus opening an intercourse with these people of ancient philosophy and religion and preparing the way for enlightenment. While the Government itself can be interviewed respecting those civic questions which may more or less affect the prosperity of a sister colony.

Wool from the far colonies of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and other distant places can be enquired after, and if results are likely to be favorable, shipped directly to supply the twelve millions of pounds we annually use in Canada. Egypt is fond of making known abroad what it can do, and she can, and will do many things as to value and utility surprising to our inland population. So, in respect to all which constitutes to prosperity, political strength, and civilization a colonial unanimity is indispensable. We predict that in a few years the absorbing topic of the day will be this, and every one, uninformed upon what constitutes unanimity will be held to be disqualified for holding either honorary or substantial appointment.

## BRONCHO BERTIE.

The Daughter of the Rangers—A Texan Romance.

Late in the Winter of '80, Jeff and I were members of a raiding party that penetrated the fastnesses of the mountains of Death, in search of a family of cow and horse thieves named Taylor, writes a correspondent. The scattered remnants of Chief Victoria's band were lurking about that section of country then, awaiting an opportunity to cross the Death plain to a more secure hiding place in the Sierra Diablo. And we were continually finding fresh signs as we slowly trailed the cow thieves to their mountain camp. One morning we entered a little canon, through which ran a stream of water. About midway down the canon, on the bank of the run, the scout in advance made a horrible discovery, and we were quickly to his side. The three Taylor boys, whom we were in search of, and a Mexican vaquero had been ambushed and killed by the Indians, and their stiffened bodies, bloody and scalped, lay across the trail. They had been killed during the previous night, and the coyotes had not scented them out. All their arms and their ponies had been carried away by their murderers.

We hastily dug a shallow grave with our hunting knives on the bank of the creek and buried them side by side. Then continuing on we crossed the next divide and reached their camp in a canon similar to the one we had just left. The Indians had taken a nearly opposite direction, climbing the other wall of the canon.

The camp of the outlaws was a rude affair, consisting of a small tent, a camp fire, a brush corral and a heavy wagon. Several head of ponies and cows were grazing in the canon, and the sergeant commanding our party ordered several of the boys to round up the stock, while he dismantled and inspected the camp. Just as he was about to lift the fly of the tent a shrill treble voice, which came from the direction of the brush corral, cried:

"Say, thar, mister man, that's my tent. Keep out'n hit."

We all turned at sound of the voice and the queerest little girl, in a dress of faded calico, and bare-headed and barefooted crept from under the corral gate and walked toward us. She was not above 7 years of age, and she had the shrewdest face and brightest eyes imaginable.

"Keep out'n the tent," she repeated, walking toward the sergeant. "Hit's mine, I tell ye."

"And who might you be?" asked the sergeant, smiling and dropping the tent flap. "I'm Broncho Bertie," was the quick answer, and she tossed her head saucily. "Leastways, that's what the boys call me."

"And who are the boys?"

"My buddies, Jim, Bill and Dan. Ye all know 'em well enuff, an' I know you; you're rangers, an' if you think you'll git the boys, yer left. They're out yonder in the mountains, an' they'll shoot quicker'n a wink."

We crowded around the little maiden, and one of the boys, in as tender and simple words as he could command, told her of her bereavement. She didn't shed many tears, but a great lump that rose in her throat was swallowed with difficulty, and her shrill voice softened and trembled when she spoke.

"I knowed they'd git laid out some day," she said, shaking her head mournfully, "but hit's better that-a-way than to be drapped by you'ns."

She peered into the face of every man, and finally, stepping to the side of Reckless Jeff, laid her brown hand in his.

"I like yer looks," she said, "an' I'll go with you."

We took her back to camp, and on the road she taught us several lessons that set the men to thinking. We were a pretty rough lot, and when on man, for some trifling cause, began to curse, she raised her small hand warningly, and said:

"Ye mustn't cuss. 'Tain't perlite when ladies is about, an' hit's wicked, too."

When we made camp that night Broncho Bertie ate her supper in silence, and when one of the boys spread some blankets and told her it was to be her bed for the night, she thanked him gravely, and, folding her hands, knelt down and prayed. I noticed that the eyes of several of the boys were moist when she finished, and, when she walked around the circle and lifted up her dimpled mouth to each bearded face to be kissed, she received a succession of convulsive hugs that must have bruised her frail body. The entire company held a consultation over the matter the night we reached our permanent camp, and it was formally decided to adopt this brown waif as "the child of company E." When Bertie was informed of our action by a committee delegated for the purpose, she nodded her head and made answer in her quaint fashion.

"I like ye, boys, an' hit's a go!"

The best tent was fitted up for her especial use, and if a man had gone to the post and not brought back a present for "The Broncho," his life would have been placed in jeopardy. She exerted a wonderful influence over these rough men, and there was not one in the company who would not have laid down his life for her. Reckless Jeff in particular was her devoted slave, and "The Broncho" was always in his company. She loved him and would sit for hours in his strong arms listening to the stories that fell from his lips, occasionally commenting in her old fashioned way. Never was princess draped out more gorgeously with ribbons and fine dresses than Broncho Bertie. Once when she was sick, a man killed his horse riding for the post surgeon, and the men tip-toed their way about camp lest "The Broncho" should be disturbed. Mad Milton taught her to read and spell, and the captain bought her the gentlest pony that could be had for money.

One day—no member of company E will ever forget it—Reckless Jeff and Mad Milton went to the post and came back to camp under the influence of liquor. We had just finished a shooting match when they rode in, and both men laughed at our marksman ship.

"See here, boys," cried Jeff, pulling out his six-shooter. "I'll show you what shooting is, Broncho!"

The little maiden stepped forward, and, whispering something in his ear, Jeff handed her an ordinary bottle cork. She ran to a tree about 20 paces distant and, facing us, set the cork on top of her curly head and folded her arms. Jeff cocked his six-shooter and slowly raised it.

"Don't, Jeff!" we cried in chorus, for he lurched unsteadily.

Two of the men started forward to prevent the rash act, but they were too late. Jeff's eye ran along the barrel of his revolver, his finger pressed the trigger and, as the report rang out, Broncho Bertie threw up both her arms and staggered towards him.

"My God!" he cried, and ran toward her. The blood was streaming from her head and she was reeling blindly, but when he caught her in his arms she smiled faintly and gasped:

"You—didn't—mean to—Jeff—good—"  
Her curly head dropped and she was dead. He laid the body down and stood for a moment regarding the lovely form. Then starting suddenly, he lifted his still smoking six-shooter to his temple, pulled the trigger, and his soul joined hers in the unknown.

## New Naval Devices.

The demonstrated fact that a huge iron-ore, costing millions of dollars, can be sunk by one blow from a properly placed torpedo has caused all the leading nations to busy themselves with the double problem how to make their own torpedoes effective and how to parry the attacks of an enemy's. France and England have just made two noteworthy contributions to this problem, one on the side of attack and the other on that of defence.

The new English device, the invention of a young Australian named BRENNAN, who has already the guarantee of a fortune from it, has been tested for several months at Garrison Point Fort, Sheerness. Without going into minute details, it may be briefly described as employing a steam engine for driving and steering the torpedo toward its object. To the drums of the engine are fastened the ends of coils of wire wound on reels in the torpedo machine, and the unwinding of these coils, with their rewinding upon the drums of the engine, sets two screw propellers at work, which drive the torpedo through the sea with the velocity of an express train. By getting the greater pressure on one screw or the other the torpedo is steered. Lights screened from the enemy show its position at night to those who direct it, while the very small portion above the surface of the water greatly decreases the chance of its reasonable detection. Exactly what its capabilities of progress are can as yet hardly be said; but on each of the many occasions of its trial, the torpedo machine, which looked something like the section of a boat, on emerging from the Sheerness fort ran down a short railway to the beach at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour and plunged into the sea. It is obvious that the principle of the new device is wholly unlike that of the Whitehead or the Harvey torpedo. Indeed, one of its striking peculiarities is that since the unwinding of its tight coils proceeds most rapidly toward the end, the speed of the torpedo will apparently be greatest toward the end of its course, or at the time most necessary.

The satisfaction of the British authorities with this new apparatus is undisguised. The experience of its inventor in being welcomed instead of snubbed is exceptional, and as a consequence the British Government will have the device as its property, instead of seeing it taken in disgust to some other country, like the Whitehead torpedo, and thence served out from a foreign factory to all who will pay for it.

The French device is directed to the contrary purpose, that of diminishing the destructiveness of torpedoes, by finding a new protection against them. The substance thus chosen is a most extraordinary one, consisting of a composition made from the fibre of the husk of the cocconut. It was first used as a shield for the masonry of quays, and its extraordinary action under these circumstances caused it to be applied to the protection of vessels. In pulverized cocconut tissue there lies an extraordinary counterpoise to the damage caused by hostile shot entering at or below the water line. In sundry experiments at Toulon a target was composed of a felt-like mass of this cellulose, as it is called, fourteen parts being ground husk, and one part the fibre, which helps to hold the mass together like hair in mortar. The target, which was about two feet thick, as representing the lining that would be given to a vessel, was perforated at short range by a nine-inch gun. In each case no sooner had the shot passed through than the cellulose closed up so firmly that a strong man was unable to insert his arm into the hole. A tank of water was poured

upon the place where the shot had entered, and only after several minutes a small amount of water began to trickle through; and soon the soaking of the cellulose, by augmenting its volume and density, stopped the slight trickling altogether. The cellulose having thus been proved practically water-tight, the experiment was concluded by showing it to be also incombustible, burning charcoal placed in and around it being unable to set it on fire.

## Music and Drama.

Lotta's reception at the Grand last week was hearty and spontaneous. The talented little lady was always a favorite with Toronto play-goers, and though the audiences she met on this visit were composed of many people who had never seen her before, yet the greeting tendered was even more cordial than on any former occasion. A *Denise de Flavins*, in "Nil Nitouche," Lotta appeared to better advantage than she does in any of her other impersonations. This is saying a great deal when it is remembered how famous she became in some of her earlier characters. The company supporting Lotta is exceptionally strong, and their efforts were deservedly applauded.

A strong Company is playing "Michael Strogoff" this week to good business.

Mr. O Neil, familiarly known as "Ty," has resigned his position in the box office of the Grand and taken the road as manager of the "A Night Off" Company.

## 'Tis Fashion Makes the Man.

The demand of the public of the present day is for good fitting well made garments of fashionable materials. In order to anticipate the wants of their patrons for the coming season, Petley & Petley have made a special effort to place before them a very superior stock of fine woolsens, selected by their Mr. J. W. Petley in the best markets of Europe. They have also made a complete change in their cutting department, and have secured the services of Mr. Wm. Brookland (late of London, England) as principal cutter, and they have every reason to congratulate themselves on the wisdom of their choice. We would therefore advise our readers in want of first class clothing for the coming season to visit the well known house of Petley & Petley, where elegant, perfect fitting and well made garments are to be had at very moderate prices.

The British museum has just received the great Hume collection of Indian birds. There are 63,000 specimens, of which 50,000 are new, thus making the museum's collection an unapproachable one.

In the wedding presents of Mile. De Bralvure, a young lady connected with the princely Russian house of Suwaroff, who married the Hon. L. Stanhope recently, was a quaint little model of a Russian house in gold, with a door of emeralds and diamonds, which, when it is opened, discloses a portrait.

Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas Ont., has full staff and complete course in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, and Commercial Science. Re-opens September 10, 1885. For 50 pp. announcement, address Principal Austin, B. D.

The laborer who is worthy of his hire is also worthy of his lore.

**Prevention Better Than Cure.**  
Many of the diseases so prevalent in these days are caused by using soap containing impure and infectious matter. Avoid all risk by using **PERFUMION** Laundry Soap, which is absolutely pure. Ask your grocer for **PERFUMION**. Manufactured only by the Toronto Soap Co.

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## IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom o' the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Morsels," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A GENTLEMAN OF WEALTH AND POSITION.

"He's generally home afore this. I never knew him to be so late. It's queer."

The speaker was Silas, the vendor of baked potatoes whose oven, it will be remembered, stood all night at the top of the street in which Walter Barr lived. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning; the person he addressed was a woman. Her face was coarse and blotchy and bloated, but even now it was easy to find traces of a long lost beauty in it. Her hair had escaped from its fastening, and was hanging down her back, heightening her wild and disreputable appearance. She wore a tawdry dress, torn and mud-stained. She stood close to the fire, for the night was raw and damp, munching a steaming potato.

"I'll wait a bit, anyhow," she said. "If he does not come soon I must try my luck to-morrow night. Maybe he's gone into the country."

"Two o'clock's about his regular time—not often afore. And so you think he'd help you if you was to meet him?"

"He'd help me," the woman repeated, with a short, jeering laugh, very unpleasant, to hear. "Oh, yes, he'd help me. He couldn't help himself."

"Then why don't you go straight up to the house some morning when you know he's at home?"

"You're very soft," said the woman, with a sneer; "very soft, for a man in your line of business. If I was to do that he'd perhaps tell the servant to turn me away, and if I kicked up a rumpus he'd lock me up. But if I meet him accidentally in the street he'll give me something to get rid of me. Or," she added, in a savage undertone, too low for Silas to hear, "I can give him something and get rid of him for ever."

"That's right enough. And how long is it since you knew him?"

"A matter of twelve or fourteen years ago. That's a powerful long time. D'ye think he'd know you?"

Again the woman gave that grating, jeering laugh.

"The life I've led," she said, "has not improved my looks, I dare say; but he'd know me—oh, yes, he'd know me. I've been five years looking for him," she went on, fiercely—"five long years looking for him day and night, but I've found him at last, and he shall not escape me now. There, don't listen to my wild talk. Give me another spud."

Silas eyed her suspiciously. Handing her the potato, he said, warningly:

"Don't you let your passion run away with your reason. It's a dangerous game you're after."

"What game? What do you mean? I tell you I only want to get a pound or two out of him. You can't blame me for that?"

"No, I don't blame you, if that's all. But just take my advice, and be careful, my girl."

The woman laughed defiantly.

"You take care of yourself. I'll see that I don't get into any mess. I shan't wait any longer. It's no good to-night, I can see that. It's commencing to rain, too. Good night."

Drawing her gaudy shawl more closely round her, she walked unsteadily away.

As she wandered on, she eagerly clutched a something she had concealed in her breast.

"When I do meet you, Gregory," she muttered, "it will be a bad night for you."

"She means mischief," Silas reflected as he watched her retreating form, "that's what she means. Bless if I don't think I ought to warn the gentleman. I will, hang me if I don't. I'll get myself up in gorgeous array in the afternoon, if I don't see him afore I close up business, and give him a call. I knows she means mischief."

Silas kept his resolution. The following afternoon he knocked at Walter Barr's door, and asked for Mr. Axon. He was acquainted with this gentleman's name, for since Lily's disappearance Gregory had often spoken to him upon the subject.

Mr. Axon, Mr. Marl, and Walter were busily discussing some notable scheme for making money elaborated by the fertile brain of the first named, and Mr. Axon left them to speak to Silas with an ill grace.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered, "what does he want to disturb me now for." Silas stood humbly in the hall, hat in hand.

"Well?" Gregory cried sharply, "what do you want?"

"I should like to have a word in private with you, sir."

The man's earnestness excited Gregory's curiosity. He led him into a small room at the end of the passage, originally intended to be used as a smoking room. A special apartment of this kind was not required in Mr. Barr's house, for Gregory smoked in every room indifferently.

"Any news of the young lady?" Gregory demanded, after he had carefully closed the door.

"Not of that lady, sir. I've come about another lady—leastways a woman."

Silas spoke solemnly, and Gregory as he asked:

"What woman?" looked uneasy and anxious.

"Well, sir, there was a woman came to me last night and commenced asking me a lot of questions about a certain gentleman; from the description I knew she was alluding to you."

"Well, well?"

"Well, sir, she waited for you till near three o'clock, but you didn't come."

"I stayed with friends on the other side of the water. Did she tell you what she wanted with me?"

"She said she wanted money."

Silas spoke with great significance.

"You think she wanted more?" Axon asked nervously.

"Yes, sir, much more. As she talked to me, she kept continually putting her hand to her breast. She had got something concealed there."

What? Gregory wondered. Perhaps a dagger. He had known such things.

"She wanted more than money, sir. It's my firm conviction that she wants your life."

Gregory recoiled.

"Do you mean that?" he gasped.

"I do, sir. I've had a good deal of experience with them sort. Partly through always being up at night, and partly

through keeping my eyes open, and if ever any woman meant murder that woman did last night."

Silas was surprised to see the strong effect his words had upon his listener.

Gregory turned ghastly white, and beads of perspiration rose upon his face.

"Ah," the baked-potato merchant reflected "he's a bad 'un at heart, or he wouldn't turn that color. I desay he didn't do the right thing with her in the years gone by. Howsomover, it was my duty to warn him, however bad he may be."

"Describe her to me?" Gregory said, and as Silas did so his agitation increased.

"Did she tell you how she found my address out?"

"She said that she recognised you as you was driving home one night in a Hansom cab. It happened that she was acquainted with the driver, and when she met him he described to her the position of the house he had taken you to."

An oath escaped Gregory.

"She is to be on the watch again to-night, you say?"

"Yes. She'll be at my shop about eleven. I told her that you were out every evening."

"Quite right. When you see her to-night don't let her think that you have told me anything. Let her wait and be hanged to her!"

"You won't pass, sir?"

"No, no."

"Don't you think, sir, it would be better if you was to?"

"Why?"

"Well, sir, you could have some one in readiness to seize her arm when she attempted to strike, and then you know, sir, you'd be able to get her bound over, or something of that sort."

Gregory shuddered.

"No, no," he repeated decisively; "it is better for me to avoid her. You have behaved very well in this matter. Here's a sovereign. Keep her airing her heels in the street to-night and induce her to do the same to-morrow night, and there will be another coin of the same value for you."

"I'll see it's done, sir."

"Ain't he in a jolly funk," Silas muttered as he left the house, fingering the sovereign with considerable satisfaction.

Left alone Gregory sank into a chair.

"It's that fiend, Mary Hop," he muttered. "She's a desperate woman, and if she has made up her mind to destroy me, nothing will turn her from her purpose. But I'll get away. I shall have Barr's money in a few days, and then for the Continent. That move will effectually baffo Mary Hope."

When he returned to the room wherein sat Marl and Mr. Barr he looked pale, worn, and anxious.

"Bad news?" asked the first-named.

"No. But I find I shall have to go a little way out of town this evening, I shall not be back all night."

The last part of his speech was directed to Walter Barr, who bowed in silent acquiescence.

A great change had taken place in the appearance of the erstwhile dilapidated Mr. Marl. He wore a new suit of well-cut black. His linen was scrupulously white; a neat, narrow black tie was round his neck, and beneath this a small gold stud might be seen. A pair of gold links were in his cuffs, and a small, thin chain of the same metal nestled in the folds of his waistcoat. Dress, in this case, had certainly made the man. Mr. Marl had now an exceedingly gentlemanly appearance, and, as Gregory had predicted, he would very easily pass as a wealthy capitalist.

Mr. Axon had introduced him to Walter Barr as a "gentleman of wealth and position," and his poor victim had not doubted the description. The truth was the affairs of the world were now of so little interest to Walter that he did not stop to question any of Gregory's assertions. Whether Gregory was deceiving him or was acting straightforwardly, was supremely indifferent to him. The plotter had a most easy victim, and more than once the question arose in Gregory's own mind whether he had not taken unnecessary pains with his plans.

"Howover," he reflected, "it's as well to be on the safe side, and now I've commenced I must go on. It would have been better if I could have kept that fellow Marl out of it; but it's too late now, and what I shall give him won't hurt me."

"You see," said Gregory, resuming the conversation that the arrival of Silas had interrupted, "the scheme is a capital one, and is sure to be remunerative."

"It is impossible for it to fail," declared Marl, in slow, measured accents.

"And if you like to put all your money into it," Gregory went on, "there won't be any occasion to go to the public for support at all. We'll keep it snug and quiet to us three. In a couple of years' time we shall each have a fortune."

"You know," said Walter, in an indifferent tone, "I am quite in your hands, Gregory. If you think well of the scheme, I will go in for it."

"I should like Mr. Barr to be quite satisfied himself before receiving his money," declared the scrupulous Mr. Marl.

Walter waved his hand.

"I am quite satisfied," he said, "as you say the scheme is a good one. I say do all that is necessary, Gregory; these business discussions weary me."

"I shall want you to sign this," said Gregory, drawing a formidable document from his pocket.

"What is it?"

"Merely your instructions to Mr. Wicks to sell all the stock standing in your name in the Bank of England."

Walter signed it.

"Wicks will sell out, you know," Gregory proceeded, "and then lodge the money to your credit in the bank. If you like to give me the cheque now so that Mr. Marl can draw this money out, I shan't have to trouble you again."

Without hesitation the unhappy man acted upon Gregory's suggestion. With an unconcealed air of triumph Mr. Axon placed the document in his pocket-book. He was now master of every half-penny Mr. Barr possessed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Efforts made by the National Fish Culture Association, England, to acclimatize the American whitefish have met with most encouraging results. Many of those which had been hatched at South Kensington, after their transference to the ponds at Delaford, threw remarkably well.

Experiments made under the direction of the administration of the Dutch State railways with various paints on iron plates are reported to have proved that the red lead paints resist atmospheric influence much better than those of brown-red and iron oxides. The red lead paints adhered closer to the metal, and possessed greater elasticity, than the others. It was also found that better results were attained if before the paints were applied the plates were pickled, instead of being merely scraped and brushed. The test plates were pickled in muriatic acid, washed with water, thoroughly dried, and, while warm, carefully oiled.

TRUTH.

# LOVE IS NEVER IN VAIN.

Moderato.

RICHARD STAILL. Op. 79.

1. In si - lence and hush of a dream,..... With nev - er a sound to be heard, But the

touch of true lips in the gleam Of the fire and nev - er a word, The

ech - o will o - ver re - peat, Break - ing the si - lence a - twain.....

Sto - len kis - ses are always sweet And love is nev - er in vain.....

Sto - len kis - ses are always sweet, And love is nev - er in vain.....

2

3

For a kiss would a maiden wake  
 From the charms of a dreamful sleep,  
 And the touch of sweet lips would break  
 The peace that the blue eyes keep;  
 For ever the echo repeat,  
 Like songs of a ripening rain—  
 Stolen kisses are always sweet,  
 And love is never in vain.

When hearts and lips have grown cold,  
 And love lives but an hour,  
 When life's romance has been told,  
 And kisses have lost their power,  
 Then shall soft mem'ry fleet,  
 With never a dream to enchain,  
 For stolen kisses are always sweet,  
 And love is never in vain.

## Health Department.

### The Inroads of Disease.

How often do we hear the remark made by one who has been confined to the house with a long illness, "I don't see how I happened to be taken sick."

Without entering into a confusing analysis of the causes of disease, we may in general terms divide them into two classes: visible and invisible. The former we can easily understand, and we need but cite a few examples to illustrate. There is not usually much doubt or mystery attending the case of a man who has been injured by an explosion of gunpowder, a railroad accident, a fall from a building, a runaway horse, or an overdose of poison. The query usually in such cases is, not how did it happen, but the wonder is why the result was not more serious.

But with the latter, or the invisible, doubts and questions will always arise. It is true that there are many diseases which are hereditary, but scientific investigation compels us candidly to admit that the list of so-called hereditary diseases is not at present so large as it was ten or fifteen years ago. Recent research seems to point clearly to the fact that it is not so much the disease that is transmitted from one generation to another, as it is a low, impoverished and feeble constitution which is unable to withstand the attacks of such maladies as are generally met with in the course of an ordinary life.

But it is to the manner in which these invisible attacks are made upon the citadel of life, and which bring in their train the long list of fevers and other wasting diseases, that we wish now to consider, and, if possible, to guard against.

Medical treatises teach us that there are three avenues of approach to the human system: the stomach, lungs and the skin.

Now, with the exception of a few diseases which, either in a latent or more advanced form are present in the system at birth, the cause of any disease must exist outside of the body, and, if subsequently taken into the human system, must be conveyed to it through one of the above mentioned channels.

The question then to be decided is, can these avenues be guarded so as to keep out the enemy. The answer must be, no. This is inevitable, for in order to sustain life these ways of approach must be kept open in order that the functions of the body may be carried on. We must eat; the lungs must take in and exhale air, and the pores of the skin must be kept open and free from any obstruction.

The dismissing of this factor leaves but two others to be considered, one, is the removal of expurgating from food, air and water, which substances are known to be either poisonous or detrimental to health; the other is to fortify the system so that it will not submit or be impressed by these outside or external influences.

To one of these belongs the province of sanitary laws and the best methods of preventing disease, which have already been made the subject of previous articles in this series. To-day we take up the consideration of some of the best means of preventing the inroads of disease by a well nourished and evenly balanced mind and body.

That a weak and impoverished body is peculiarly susceptible to disease of any kind can be no longer questioned. It is therefore the duty of every one to keep up his normal standard of health.

This can best be accomplished by regular habits as to food, sleep and exercise. In

this connection also a word should be spoken with reference to variety in labor and periods of recreation. It is the steady and continuous round of the same work, day after day, that wears out our people. The treadmill will wear out three horses, where the road will one. We need a change in order to equalize the forces of the physical system.

To think that everything will go to ruin unless you are there to "run it," is a mild form of insanity, and to think nothing can be done in the home, on the farm, in the store, mill or office, is one of the first intimations that the work can be done without you.

Again, it is a mistake to force labor which must be done at the expense of the body braced up by stimulants.

Another cause of debility, and which soon produces an injurious effect upon the body, is long continued over exertion. This is specially true of domestic and out door labor on a large farm. The result of such over exertion is to enervate the system so that when in the fall, typhoid or typhus fever is prevalent, the system is not able to prevent the taking in and absorbing its poisonous germs, and thus preparing the way for a long spell of sickness. Additional help is cheaper in the end than to try and do all the work alone.

A man's length of days is largely in his own hands; certainly he may not cut short the Scriptural limit as so many do. But in order to do this we must be regular in our habits, cheerful in our disposition, willing that others should live and have an equal chance with ourselves, and lastly, remember the trite saying of one of the celebrated physicians in medical history, "Keep the head cool, the bowels open, and the feet dry."

### Healing Properties of Water.

There is no remedy of such general application and none so easily attainable as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and wrung out of hot water and applied around the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and quickly wrung out of hot water and applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. We have known cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to all sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from the height of 10 feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate any case of dyspepsia.

### Nursing as a Fine Art.

Few facts in reference to the sick and their welfare are more noticeable than the development of the art of nursing in recent years. Twenty years ago nursing was a luxury very much monopolized by hospital patients, and even in their case the luxury was somewhat

of a coarse character. There were, of course, good, kind, wise women in those days who had quick sympathies with the sick, and whose presence and ministrations in wards were like those of mother or a good angel, but they were not plentiful, and the work done was often performed unskillfully and unkindly. It is not pleasant to recall what must have been the sufferings of the sick in earlier days in poorer hospitals, especially in poor-law hospitals, when given over for the night to the care of a nurse not considered good enough for day duty, and who prepared herself for her nocturnal work by copious potations of beer. The cry for a cup of water or for a change of posture by a thirsty or restless patient was often unheeded, or only heeded to be rebuked. When kindness was not at fault, intelligence was often wanting, and superstition and ignorance had it all their own way. The best proof that this is not an exaggeration is to be found in the prejudice which still survives against professional nurses. There are large numbers of educated people who would not consent on any terms to have a "hospital" nurse. It can scarcely be imagined that their objection is to the training received in the hospitals. It must be traceable to experience of the older order of nursing, or to the survival of some of its bad traditions. The older order of nursing is not quite extinct. Practitioners of any standing could still give instances of nurses whose coarse ignorance and unkindness brought discredit on the order, who put the wrong end of the clinical thermometer into the mouth, who seemed to think less of the patient than of themselves, who conceived of nursing as a calling requiring a large amount of stimulant, and who disgusted all the other members and servants of a household by the assumption of airs of superiority which neither their nursing powers nor their general intelligence justified.

### Exercise and Its Effects.

Strictly speaking, exercise signifies the performance of its function by any part of the body; thinking, for instance, being an exercise of the brain, digestion an exercise of the stomach and respiration an exercise of the lungs; but when we speak of a person taking exercise, the term is generally accepted as meaning exercise of those muscles of the body which are under the control of the will and which are called voluntary muscles.

The editor of the *Western Plowman*, Moline, Illinois, has "struck it rich" in the publication of the "Game of Flying Dutchman." It consists of fifty-six cards, each containing a letter of the alphabet and a number. By means of these cards an infinite number of words can be formed, and by adding a number found on them the numerical value of each word is formed. To stimulate interest in the game, the publishers of the *Western Plowman* offer a premium of fifty dollars in gold to the one who makes the highest numerical value out of the letters contained in the words, *The Western Plowman*. Besides this prize, a great many independent prizes are offered by outside parties, among which are three life scholarships in business colleges, worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars each, grinding mills, feed mills, foot lathes, churns, plows, washing machines, scales, cockle mills, patent gates, books, bee-hives, evaporators, etc. The award is to be made January 1, 1886. This innocent, fascinating and instructive game is sent free to every subscriber to the *Western Plowman* at thirty cents for six months, or fifty cents for twelve months.

It seems appropriate for a druggist to subscribe himself, "Cordially yours."

## NEWSPAPER READING.

### Education and Intelligence Increasing the Demand.

This is emphatically a reading age. Relatively with our enlarged educational facilities the reading public has increased in number. Where heretofore those who could not read were in the majority, the rule has been reversed, and now a person who cannot read is regarded as a curiosity, but yet deserving the sincerest sympathy. In every department of life the demand for newspaper reading is ever on the increase. The boy at school, the young man in the workshop or in the office, the young girl in domestic service or behind the counter, the master at the desk and the mistress in the parlor, all look with equal eagerness for the regular appearance of the local journal. To supply the growing demand for newspaper reading the city dailies publish large weekly editions, made up almost entirely of the matter which appears from day to day in the daily. These weekly reprints of the great dailies are supplied at such a ridiculously low subscription price as threatened at one time to totally extinguish the local country sheet, which could never afford to furnish the quantity of reading matter given in the large foreign weeklies. To meet the difficulty which here presented itself, the ready-print system was inaugurated. Firms were established which make a specialty of furnishing to country publishers ready-printed sheets, containing the essence of each week's happenings, and clippings from sources available only to a large city publisher.

This system has rapidly grown in public favor, until, in the Dominion at least three-fourths of what are known as the country press are published on the auxiliary plan. The prejudices which once existed against the ready-print system have entirely disappeared, and proprietors find that in order to compete with contemporaries using the system, and with the city dailies, and to ensure a profit at the end of the year, they must comply with the inevitable and adopt ready-printed sheets.

Some idea of the popularity which this system has attained with country readers will be gained when we state that a firm in this city supplies between one and two hundred publishers with ready-printed papers. To do this three separate and distinct editions are issued every week, containing matter entirely different each from the other, and the system is becoming so general that those who have, from prejudice or other cause, heretofore refrained from adopting it, find it necessary to do so to maintain their circulation and give satisfaction to their patrons.

### The Washing of the Kismet.

A family enjoyed the services of a neat-banded little waitress of Irish extraction, who proved herself very fond of using any large words she might hear at the table. On one occasion a young lady spoke of reading "Ki met," and upon being questioned as to the meaning of the word explained that it was "fate." A few days afterward, Biddy having spent a longer time than usual in dressing to wait at dinner, her mistress inquired as to the cause, and was told: "Sure, ma'am, I was washing my Kismet."

M. Percy, a Dijon astronomer, offers a novel explanation of the frequency of the earthquakes which have produced so much disturbance on the surface of our planet of late. His theory is that they are caused, like the tides, by the attraction of the sun and moon.

**BOSTON BAKERY!**  
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## The Last of the Ingestyres,

## CHAPTER II.

Two little girls came running out on the verandah, looking very hot and dishevelled, as though they had been disturbed in some wild romp. At sight of the stranger the older of the two stood back oppressed by awkward shyness; but the younger, a handsome girl of nine or ten, came forward with a stare that was as bold if not as embarrassing as that of her brother.

"Who is it, Frank? I do not know her," she said, in a loud cheerful tone. "If she is one of your friends she looks very nice; and I heard ma and Flora say the other day you did not care to be civil to ladies."

"You are a pert, rude little girl, Kitty; and Blanche, in her way, is just as bad. Do you not know that when your mother is out it is your place to welcome her guests? This is Miss Vane."

Blanche coloured at the rebuke, and extended her limp hand in a helpless half-hearted fashion, but the unabashed Kitty shook back her bronze curls, and proucted gaily on the steps as she said, with a saucy laugh—

"Miss Vane does not carry her name like a label, and we could not tell her by instinct, as I suppose you did, Mr. Frank. Besides, she is not a guest, she is to be our governess, you know; ma said so this morning."

"I know that I shall box your ears if you do not learn to behave decently, and hold that magpie tongue!" the young man said, in savage disgust, and with a quick side glance at Magdalen's pale sad face. "Blanche, take Miss Vane in and give her a cup of tea, for heaven's sake; it is of no use speaking to that monkey!"

Blanche did not much relish the task he gave to her, but there was an authoritative ring in his tone that for the moment quelled even the dauntless Kitty, and that her meeker elder sister never dreamed of resisting. So she led the way into the long low verandah-shaded room, which should have been so picturesque and pretty, but somehow was not, even in the eyes of the girl who had had so small an experience of comfortable English home life.

Magdalen looked round her with a little shiver; and Frank Talbot, who had followed her up the terrace steps, and now stood framed in the open French window, shrugged his shoulders, and said impatiently—

"When will you two cease your tomboy tricks, I wonder! Set that chair straight, Kitty. Did you ever know young ladies who amused themselves in such a manner in the drawing-room before, Miss Vane?"

Magdalen only smiled as she took the tea-cup that Blanche rather thrust into her hand than offered her; and Kitty, as she stooped to raise the plush and satin chair that lay with legs elevated in the centre of the room, said pertly—

"You are determined to let Miss Vane know what she has to expect at once, Frank. She must have a good idea of us already. Now, by the way of change, suppose I warn her against you."

Frank Talbot twisted his moustache, and answered, with rather a concealed look.

"Unfortunately for me your conduct will concern her more than mine. I am afraid Miss Vane will not have much to do with me, Kitty."

His eyes sought Magdalen's fair troubled face as he spoke, and his words were addressed more to her than his sister; but it was the unabashed Kitty who answered them, with her over-ready and aggravating giggle.

"Well, I don't know; mamma says Miss Metcalf had a great deal too much! Does she not, Blanche?"

The young man's face grew scarlet, and Magdalen felt her own burn in indignant sympathy. Shy and wretched as she was—and with every second her heart seem-

ed to grow heavier, the faint hope fainter still—she felt that she must at all costs make an effort to turn the conversation into a more becoming channel.

"Will your mother be very long gone, do you think?" she asked, addressing Blanche, who sat glowering at her across the tea-pot, and who seemed in her silent awkwardness the less objectionable of the unprepossessing pair.

But the result was not encouraging. Blanche answered or, by a frightened scowl and an incoherent stammer that sent her younger sister into hysterical agonies of amusement.

"Oh, Blanche, you will kill me!" she gasped between the shrill peals of her mirth. "Cannot you trust yourself to answer a plain question, to utter a mere 'Yes' or 'No'? Miss Vane will not eat you!"

"I can answer your question," Frank broke in, from his place of vantage at the window; "the carriage is at the door now, Miss Vane."

Though the announcement renewed her old nervous terror, Magdalen heard it gladly. Mrs. Talbot might be unsympathetic, and even unkind; but nothing could be worse than this long hopeless wait in the company of two rude children and an uncomfortably attentive young man.

She rose with nervous haste, and stood waiting in her shy schoolgirl fashion until she door opened and Mrs. Talbot, followed by her eldest daughter, swept majestically into the room.

"So—Miss Vane has come, I understand!" Mrs. Talbot began, raising her gold-rimmed glasses to a nose aristocratically arched, and letting the eyes that hardly seemed to need their aid travel leisurely over every object within their range of vision before they finally settled on Magdalen's face. "Ah, you are here, I see! Pray be seated, Miss Vane."

She waived her hand towards the chair from which the girl had just risen, and took her own place upon the centre ottoman, shaking down her abundant flounces, and saying with a sort of careless condescending graciousness—

"We were quite sorry not to meet your train, as we had fully intending doing—"

"But you had an accident on the road, I suppose," Frank Talbot broke in sarcastically; and his mother turned her eyes on him with a look of great displeasure.

"We had no accident," she answered coldly. "But we called at the Towers and stayed later than we thought."

"I see! Ingestyre came down last night, did he not Flo?"

The tall, haughty-looking girl, who had stood silent and motionless until now, raised her dark eyes at the direct question, and said indifferently—

"Why ask me, since you know already? Yes, Lord Ingestyre was there!"

Frank whistled in an aggravating way, and Mrs. Talbot went quickly on, more because she wished to stop the skirmishing between her son and daughter than from any desire to set Magdalen Vane at ease—

"And I suppose you took a fly from the station? You could hardly have walked that distance, knowing nothing of the way."

"I did not walk, and I did not take a fly; a lady who travelled down from London with me drove me here."

Flora Talbot, who had been regarding the new-comer with anything but approval of her youth and fairness, raised her slight dark brows disdainfully.

"You make friends very easily, Miss Vane," Mrs. Talbot said in a stern tone. "You will learn by-and-by that that is not an English habit. However I suppose this lady means no harm—"

"Harm," Magdalen flashed, all her shyness forgotten, all her impetuous nature in arms to resent this most unjust attack—"harm! She saw I was alone and friendless, not knowing what to do! Was it harm to befriend me then?"

Mrs. Talbot raised her glasses again,

and surveyed the charming flushed face with eyes that wore to the full as unfriendly as her daughter's.

"I said it was no harm," she repeated with heavy emphasis. "I would counsel you to curb that hasty temper, and receive advice that should be instruction with submission if not with gratitude. Did you not even ask this benevolent lady's name?"

"She gave it unasked," Magdalen replied in a dull stifled voice. She was so utterly weary, so broken in mind and body, that she seemed robbed of all resistant force; even the angry energy of a moment back died out in the one quick flame. "She said that you know her well, and her name was—"

"Well!" Mrs. Talbot repeated, with not unnatural irritability as the girl paused, hesitating over the utterance of what seemed to her now more than ever an absurdly unreal name.

"Miss Muffet—Little Miss Muffet—she told me to say."

Mrs. Talbot's face grew suddenly crimson, and she half rose from her seat, while Frank broke into a roar of irreverent laughter, which seemed only to add fuel to the flame of his mother's wrath.

"Bravo, Miss Vane!" he cried, choking still, but making a struggle for speech. "I never saw the tables so neatly turned, or an angry old lady more completely concerned!"

"If this is a joke," Mrs. Talbot said, her voice quivering with indignation, her triple chin and heavy pendulous jaw seeming to shake in company—"If you intend any jest at my expense, Miss Vane—"

"What nonsense, mother!" Flora broke in coldly. "How could she possibly see any point in, much less plan, such a jest? The joke, such as it is, is of course all Miss Meredith's."

"Of course it is," Frank agreed with alacrity. "She saw the way of giving you a dig through an innocent stranger, and she took it, of course. I cannot say I blame the poor old girl, though I have not the honor to be her favorite; I always rather felt for her myself. But—with a fresh peal of laughter—"did you not think that the queer little body was awfully well matched for her name, Miss Vane?"

"Is it not her name?" Magdalen asked piteously, wondering why this seemingly sympathetic stranger should have deliberately set stumbling-blocks in her hard path, and made her painful entrance into this ungenial home more painful and difficult still. "I thought of course she spoke the truth. Do you not know her then?"

"We know her—yes—but not under that name." Flora Talbot answered the general appeal with icy civility, and slow distinctness. "To call herself by that was merely an ill-bred and rather pointless pleasantry. She is Miss Meredith of the Hall."

"Our local swell!" Frank said affably, supplementing his sister's information, and quite uncrushed by her disdainful glance. "We all bow down and worship but we none of us get on very well with her, so you may consider yourself lucky indeed to be taken at once under her wing."

Magdalen did not answer, and Flora turned to her mother.

"Probably Miss Vane is tired after her journey," she said suggestively.

Utterly indifferent as the tone was, it was the pleasant sound that had greeted Magdalen's ears since she crossed the threshold of Mellin House. Mrs. Talbot assented with a sulky nod, then turned to Magdalen.

"As you will like to see Mr. Talbot tonight, and as he will be home in about an hour, you may have to make some change in your dress, so I will not detain you now. To-morrow I shall have a few questions to ask you, and a suggestion to make. Blanche, show Miss Vane her room."

"No; let me show her, ma. Blanche

would take her into yours or Flora's!" Kitty cried, thrusting herself forward, to her sister's infinite relief. "Come with me, Miss Vane—I know where you are to sleep!"

Nobody opposed the lively young lady's wish to act as conductress, and Magdalen followed her thankfully enough up to the top of the house.

"There is your 'sky parlor,' as Frank calls it, Miss Vane," said Kitty. "It takes a good deal of climbing to get to it, but Miss Metcalf used to say that the view made up for everything."

"It is very nice, I think!" Magdalen answered with weary sincerity. It was a mere garret, poorly and scantily furnished; but the girl, whose whole life had been spent at a cheap foreign school, was not likely to look for luxurious surroundings, and any place that promised rest and solitude would have seemed an ante-chamber of Paradise just then.

But solitude at least was not to be hers at once. Kitty seemed in no hurry to leave her, but, perching on the ledge of the open window, watched her every movement with unabashed bright eyes.

"I wonder how you will get on with us," she observed at last, dangling a slim black-stocking leg from her high perch. "We are rather unlucky with our governesses, you must know—or have been as yet—perhaps because they never take the trouble to understand us properly."

The absurdly reflective air and assured criticisms of this mere child made Magdalen smile in spite of her misery, in spite of herself. Kitty saw the smile, and answered it at once.

"You think I am talking nonsense, but you will see. They all do the same things at first. Make much of me because I am clever, and snub Blanche because she is a goose; then they let mother bully them—and—which makes her most angry of all, they make love to Frank. Oh, they do!"—with a fresh outbreak of the giggling laugh as she saw Magdalen flash indignantly. "Both Ma and Flora declared, when Miss Metcalf went, that they would have some one very old and ugly next time. I suppose they did not know what you were like!"

The words were most unconsciously complimentary, but they brought no comfort to poor Magdalen.

"You should not talk so much, Kitty," she said, with a troubled sigh. "I am sure your mother would not wish you to discuss family affairs so freely, or repeat servants' gossip."

"It is not servants' gossip. I listen to what ma and Flo say, the child retorted, with a pert toss of her dark head. "And it was Flo that insisted that the governess should be ugly—though I believe she is more afraid of Lord Ingestyre than of Frank."

Magdalen saw that, if not absolutely impossible, it would at least be difficult to convince the shrewd little observer of the impropriety of her remarks, and wisely decided to change the subject.

"Why do you call me your governess, Kitty?" she asked, with an attempt at a lighter tone. Mrs. Talbot asked me here on a visit."

"Yes; and she will make it a short one if she can," Kitty laughed. "But long or short, you will be our governess while it lasts, and I hope you mean to be good-natured and let us have a real jolly time while you are here. We do not get much fun, Blanche and I—of ma is a Tartar, and pa is a goose, and Flora wants us always kept in the school-room; but you look good-natured. I think I could get on with you. And with this expression of opinion she quitted the room.

And Magdalen, left alone at last, knelt by her little white-curtained bed, and with her head bowed on her outstretched arms, sobbed her very heart out in an access of weariness and lonely pain. Was life to be all like this, she thought, with a shudder—unwarmed by one ray of love, unlighted by one silver star of hope?



## CHAPTER III.

"I am glad to see you, my dear; you are very like your father. I hope you will be happy here. Very like your father, indeed. You do not remember him, my dear?"

Mr. Talbot dropped the hand he had been limply shaking, and turned with the last nervous question to his wife.

"I do not!" she answered curtly. "And perhaps, Arthur, you will allow Miss Vane to take her place at the table. You had enough to say about the likeness between her and her father last night."

"But it is even more remarkable in the daylight," the banker persisted, with the feeble defiance of the utterly hen-pecked. "You looked a little worn and pale last night, but you are fresh as a rose this morning. I hope you slept well."

"And did not dream of Miss Muffet?" put in Frank, who, falling to secure a seat beside the pretty stranger, had been vainly endeavouring to attract her attention across the table, and now thought that he had attained his end.

"Eh, what is that? Some friend of yours, my dear?" the banker asked curiously; being a little deaf, he caught the words only in an imperfect fashion, but he saw the quick half-frightened, half-appealing look in Magdalen's blue eyes, and scented, as he thought, a mystery.

"No," Mrs. Talbot broke in, in a tone that warned the well-trained husband to ask no further questions. "Miss Vane travelled down from town with Constance Meredith, and was driven here in the Hall carriage."

Mr. Talbot nodded two or three times, and stroked his white moustache with a long shaking hand. He was a tall slender man, with a handsome weak-looking face, and a manner in which timidity and good-nature seemed ever struggling for the mastery.

Magdalen felt, in the first moment of meeting with her father's cousin, that he at least would be her friend if he dared; but she felt also that his daring would carry him but a little way in any conflict with his wife's imperious will.

So it was rather the removal of a friendly than a protesting presence that she regretted, when at last Mr. Talbot rose to go; and he himself took his departure with evident relief.

"I wonder why women hate each other in such an unreasoning fashion?" he thought, as he shook the shadow of domestic despotism from his shoulders and drove down to the bank, where he was recognized as lord and master, with less than his usual leisurely content. "There does not seem anything in that poor little girl to excite antagonism, and yet they were all against her from the first. I can see that Margaret only tolerates her as a useful drudge, and Flora certainly will not take her part."

In the meantime, while the master of the Melina House thus moodily discussed Magdalen's prospects there, its mistress formally, and with no superfluous regard for her feelings, informed her what her duties and position in that well-disciplined establishment would be.

"You would rather, I am sure, earn your bread than receive it as alms," she said agreeably—"at least, any well-principled young person in your place would prefer it."

"As I should," Magdalen answered promptly; and, with a sort of gentle pride—"I think I understood last night that I was to remain here as the children's governess."

Mrs. Talbot smoothed down the frills of her immaculate morning-dress, and alighty shook her glossy dark head.

"Subject to certain conditions, that is what I intended to propose. But in the first place, we have still the conditions to discuss, and in the second—"

"You are disappointed in me; you have changed your mind!" Magdalen broke in, as the other paused and seemed to hesitate for a word, and, struggle with the weakness as she would, the girl could not quite keep the tears out of her eyes.

Ungodly as was this home, it had long been the goal of her hopes; unkind as were its inmates, they were the only people in the world upon whom she had even the most shadowy claim of kinship.

"I did not quite mean that," Mrs. Talbot cried, with chilly graciousness. "I am not able to judge of your acquisitions yet; and, on the other hand—in short there are reasons—"

Flora, who had been sitting in the window apparently absorbed in the columns of the Morning Post, looked up from her paper now, and said, in the clear disdainful tone she seemed to use habitually to her mother—

"Why can you not say exactly what you mean? It is far easier, and in the end kinder to all parties."

"Do not interrupt so rudely, Flo," the mother retorted, with a peevish shoulder-shrug; "or, if you think you can do it so much better, explain the matter yourself. I have already told Miss Vane that the arrangement can only be a tentative one."

"Precisely; but you have led her to imagine that, if she succeeds in keeping those unruly children in order, and making something more of them than the ignorant dunces they are, she will have fulfilled all your requirements, and may look on this place as her home! Now, this is not exactly the case. If Miss Vane is to remain here we shall ask something more of her than a little music, French, and German!"

"As, for instance?" Magdalen asked, with outward calmness, but a fiercely beating heart. Mrs. Talbot's cold severity was hard to bear, but she rebelled with much more passion against the insolent dictation of this mere girl.

"As, for instance, a little discretion and tact!" Flora Talbot answered placidly. "You may think the warning unnecessary, Miss Vane; but we have had a cruel experience of governesses, and you suffer for the sins of your predecessors. There must be no presuming on quasi-cousinship—no flirting with my brother, nor thrusting yourself upon the notice of any visitors to the house."

Magdalen's eyes glowed with a dangerous light, and her fair face changed from rose red to lily white, with a rapidity that alarmed Mrs. Talbot, who hurried to cut short her daughter's insolent harangue.

"Come, come, Flora, that is quite enough," she said sharply. "When we see any signs of levity or forwardness in Miss Vane it will be time to reprove her. No, no, do not answer now"—as Magdalen was about to speak passionately in—"I have no doubt that you are wounded and hurt, and it will be wiser not to say all that you feel. We will talk the matter over later, but go back to the children now!"

Magdalen hesitated for a second, feeling that, if she did not speak out the burning indignation that seemed to change her whole nature, her heart must break. Gentle as she was, she was a proud, acutely-sensitive girl, and the cool deliberate insult stung her like the cut of a whip. But, after all, she went in an absolute silence that made Mrs. Talbot anything but comfortable. The pale proud face said, plainly as any words, how fierce was her pain—that of course was a small matter; but it said as plainly also how lasting her resentment would be, and Mrs. Talbot's conscience suggested several ways in which even-handed justice might commend the chalice, of which she had poor Magdalen drink freely, to her own lips or those of her favorite child.

"Your temper is really intolerable, Flora!" she cried, turning angrily upon her daughter the moment Magdalen had gone. "That girl will never stay in the house now."

Flora turned the broadness of the paper and ran her dark eyes down the column, as she answered with a listless yawn—

"As my primary object was to get rid of her, I cannot say that I regret achieving that result. But you, I confess I do

not understand you, mother; I suppose you mean to pet this protegee of my father's after all."

"You talk like a child!" Mrs. Talbot said, with glowing anger. "I like the girl no more than you do—she is much too pretty to be a safe inmate of such a house as this; but I do not let a senseless jealousy blind me as you do. To drive Magdalen Vane out of the house without a pretence of trying her as a governess after bringing her here would rouse even your father to be her champion, and make Constance Meredith her fervent friend!"

Flora laughed. "You know how to quench my father's chivalry, I fancy; and, as for that wretch of ill-temper'd little scarecrow at the Hall, what does it matter whether she makes Magdalen Vane her toady companion or not?"

"It matters much to me. While Constance lives alone there is always the chance that time may soften her to me and mine—that she may forget that foolish cause of quarrel, of which mischief-makers have made so much, and perhaps fulfill her old promise."

"To remember you in her will!" Flora finished mockingly. "I would sell that remembrance for a song mother, if I were you. Little Miss Mureau showed by her message of yesterday how the old insult rankled still."

Mrs. Talbot frowned. The hope her daughter ridiculed was one to which she clung with a desperate tenacity, and the reminder was anything but welcome.

"Even from your selfish point of view, and I know you will see it from no other," she said with spiteful emphasis, "Miss Vane will be a dangerous visitor at the Hall. She is twice as likely to meet Lord Ingestyre there as here!"

It was Flora's turn to start and color angrily at this suggestion. She was evidently discomposed by it, though she raised her dark head proudly, and said, with a great show of scorn—

"Absurd! Why should the thought of such a meeting trouble me? Magdalen Vane is—well, yes, I suppose she is—rather a pretty girl; but by no means the all-conquering beauty you seem to imagine. Lord Ingestyre is not bound to fall a victim to her charms, and even if he does so"—with a shrug of exaggerated indifference—"well, we can only say—so much the worse for him. The catastrophe will affect the Towers more than Melina House. Lord Ingestyre is nothing to me."

"Unfortunately he is not anything at present," was the swift, shrewd answer; "if he were, I should feel very much more at my ease. If he were in any way bound, he could not as a gentleman and a man of honor draw back; but a more admirer, however ardent, is so fatally free to change his mind."

"And is not more free to change it than he is welcome!" Flora cried, with angry pride that deceived neither her mother nor herself. Both knew how entirely the ambitious girl's heart was set on the conquest of the young peer, and both felt that their ambition had no very stable support.

Lord Ingestyre, though he had danced and ridden and chatted with Flora Talbot during a season in town and a country house visit, had certainly in no way committed himself as a lover, though, with perhaps more than judicious encouragement, he had permitted himself to pay her a noticeable amount of attention, and had made his admiration for her brilliant brunette beauty manifest enough.

"In spite of himself!" Flora Talbot admitted to herself with cynical frankness. "I know very well that, though he admires, he by no means approves of me, and he has a high ideal for his wife. He even tries to avoid me by fits and starts, and for every *te-a-tete* that he contrives I plan half a dozen, at least. But, what of that? When I do catch him he is docile and attentive enough, and he knows that I, at least, am in earnest. After all, perhaps it is just as well that

he should feel what is expected of him. He is a man who likes to do his duty in any circumstances, and is quite unlikely to be pushed or drawn into an engagement as to leap into it with his own free will."

Flora Talbot was a clever, as well as a daring girl, and there was a certain amount of wisdom and reason in her argument; but for all that, and though she did not spare the pushing and drawing by which she hoped to attain her end, Lord Ingestyre bade her adieu, as he had met her, in the unsatisfactory character of an admiring friend, and she had almost begun to fear that the attraction had been but an unimportant interlude in his life when her brother's announcement that he had arrived at the Towers revived her hopes once more.

The meeting between the two had been, if not quite all that she could wish it, satisfactory enough in its way. Lord Ingestyre was cordial, and frankly pleased to see her; but he never allowed that she was the magnet that brought him to Craymouth, did not even suffer her to infer it in any way.

"Yes, it is pleasant to meet you here," he said, slipping into his accustomed place by Miss Talbot's side, while her mother and Mrs. Chester, the dignified mistress of the Towers, sat sipping their tea at the farther end of the long room. "I should have made my way to your place to-morrow but for this charming accident!"

She let the black curled lashes rest on the hot velvet cheek just long enough for him to observe and appreciate the contrasted hues, then lifted her dark liquid eyes and murmured softly—

"And you will not let the charming accident change your purpose, I hope. Are you staying here long?"

"I hardly know as yet. Chester asked me down for his coming of age affair."

"Oh!" Flora Talbot's softly drawn breath was hardly a sigh, yet, coupled with the half-reproachful upward look, it had a suggestively sentimental sound. "Then you came down only for Mr. Chester's coming of age?"

"Not only for that—I had another reason. You know Miss Meredith of the Hall?"

"Yes," Flora answered, doing her best to cover the disappointment the last words caused her; her heart had fluttered so sweetly to the opening phrase—"I had another reason"—that the following explanation came upon her as a distinct shock. "Yes, we know her, of course; but—"

Lord Ingestyre smiled as though at some amusing recollection.

"I think Frank told me that she and Mrs. Talbot fell out: but that was many years ago. You do not mean to say that the feud is still in force?"

"My mother would gladly make any amends in her power. I know, for she is warmly attached to Miss Meredith; but—"

"But Miss Meredith is inflexible," Lord Ingestyre finished. "Well, I am afraid she is a little warped in disposition, but we can hardly blame her, remembering what she has to bear."

He spoke warmly, and with a ring of genuine feeling in his pleasant voice. Flora opened her large eyes in amazement. Much as they had been together, she had hardly ever heard him discuss a serious subject seriously before.

"I did not know that you knew Miss Meredith," she said at last, feeling that she must say something if she intended to maintain her sympathetic role—"that is, of course, I knew she was some connection of yours."

"She is my mother's cousin; but until lately she has kept us at a most respectful distance. However, I met her quite by an accident in town this year, and she and I grew so friendly that she gave me permission to call at the Hall if ever I found myself in the neighborhood; and here I am."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



FIG. 21.

## MILLINERY.

The growing heights of hats and bonnets is somewhat startling, although the eye soon gets accustomed to it, and begins to consider the low ones dowdy and unbecoming. The bonnets are more trying. One's eyes rest in surprise on a cluster of life-sized fruit, pecked at by a bird, perched on the summit of what looks like a bent basket turned upside down; or on a bunch of currants with poppies starting up in the centre; or, perhaps, a gladiolus stands up in stiff defiance from a base of leaves foreign to the plant. However, some designs of what is termed the height of fashion are very pretty, and the variety is so great that every one can please and satisfy themselves.

Canvas bonnets, to be worn in the fall, are made over a frame with many folds and gathers, besides three pipings on the edge and one of velvet next to the face; a full bow of velvet on top is mingled with woolen lace, from which velvet ties start, and are fastened with pins at the side. Figure No. 22 illustrates a capote of ecru canvas with brown velvet figures; the border and ties are of velvet, and the edge is stylishly finished with a row of bronze buttons, over which gold cord loops are fastened; a bunch of yellow roses and bronze leaves ornament the front of the design. The child's bonnet shown in this figure is of blue straw, with a high crown and flared brim in front, which is slit in the middle and faced with red; the ribbon bow is made of glace silk showing red and blue, and pinned down with gold key pins; it may be worn with or without strings. Figure No. 23 represents a bonnet of French piece and edging lace, the former forming the puffed crown and the latter the ratchet on top, ties and edging around; the front of the brim is filled with a thick ruche of cream or ecru lace and a dash of color added by the two loops and ends of yellow ribbon on top.

A favorite ornament for French pattern bonnets consists of two pigeons, with their small bills resting over the hair, while their wings form a large aigrette. A great deal of gold gauze is yet used, together with a gold transparent, which is laid over velvet so that the pile comes through. There is also a new galloon one inch wide, with straw beading intermixed with silver tinsel sewn in loops on the surface. An oddity is a coronet bonnet formed of a trellis-work of jet beads and trimmed with plums admirably copied in india-rubber. Cherries and golden saxifrage are fancied, also apricots and plums. These fruits are made in a novel manner with india-rubber; the bloom and spot are imitated to perfection, and if they fall they do not break like the wax specimens of yore. Figure No. 21 illustrates a stylishly simple hat of brown straw, with a lining of ecru straw; the bow is of golden brown velvet or moire ribbon with upright sprays of golden flowers and brown leaves.

Bonnets imitating a huge sunflower are worn in Paris, the heart of the flower forming the crown. A new hat, called "Mercurie," has the brim tied down over the ears and raised in front; the crown is, of course, high. The "Amazon" has a narrow, up-turned brim and high, narrow crown. The trimming is arranged very high in front in fan-shaped bows, upon which rests a butterfly and dragon-fly which are placed to set off from the velvet bow, as though just alighting; the brim is faced with velvet to match the bow. A French idea is to have the bows on top of the bonnets made of several materials—moire ribbon, velvet, Angora lace and a bit of gold gauze, etamine, or whatever fancy fabric the design is made of. High crowns promise to prevail throughout the fall, although it is too early to predict the exact style for the coming season.

Bonnets of Neapolitan straw are fancied for their lightness; they are general



FIG. 22.

trimmed with black lace and roses, that, according to the present caprice, are to be veiled in tulle or lace. Tulle crowns are shirred around or in lengthwise puffs, straw or bead brim, velvet ribbon holding a knot of flowers on top and for strings. Crepe in light colors and poppy red is used in the same manner, and looks well with a brim of jet beads strung on wires. Brims of tulle in scalloped ruffles are seen with canvas crowns embroidered in gold and beads. A dash of gold and silver embroideries and laces is fancied with tulle and lace designs.

Figure No. 25 shows an attractive little bonnet for a small child. The straw is garnet in hue, with a trimming of velvet ribbon somewhat brighter, which is knotted in and out, as represented, and confined at the top with a cluster of pins; the lace is ecru-colored and embroidered with garnet chenille; the inside of the brim is faced with plain ecru lace, and the design may be worn with or without ties. Figure No. 24 illustrates a shape fancied for small boys; the crown and narrow head-piece are of brown or blue straw, with ribbon binding, ends and a silk puff around the side of the same shade, the pompon on the top also agreeing with the straw in color. Young girls fancy black straw sailor hats with a facing of red velvet; garniture of black granadine dotted with red and a bunch of poppies of currants in front.

FIG. No. 21.—The coiffure here represented is becoming only to a round face. The hair waved and drawn back in a French twist, with a comb placed high on the right side. The hair on the side of the face is loosely waved, as are the locks at the back of the neck, but the hair is drawn back at the centre of the brow. The Medici collar shown on this figure is new and stylish, being composed of cut beads strung on wires; those forming the edge are of a larger size than the remainder.

In the Congo State there is only one doctor in a country 300 by 600 miles in extent. That explains why it is so exceedingly healthy there.

Host (to Missionary)—"You see, Doctor, society compels young ladies to dress in these low-necked—" Missionary (interrupting)—"Oh, don't apologize. No necessity, I assure you. I have lived ten years among the Fiji Islanders."



FIG. 23.

## STRANGE BUT TRUE.

M. Leplay has discovered the remarkable fact that the sugar contained in the sugar beet disappears almost entirely as the seed ripens.

A record of observations on sixteen trees and shrubs has shown Dr. N. L. Britton that the Spring of this year was about ten days later in the vicinity of New York than that of 1884, and nearly a month later than that of 1878.

Among the "curiosities of commerce" none perhaps, is more curious than that the major portion of the produce exported from South Africa is simply used for the adornment of women. Out of the total value exported of £7,500,000, ostrich feathers and diamonds account for £5,000,000.

There are no hod carriers in Germany. Bricks are passed by hand. The higher up the brick-layers are, the more men are required to toss the bricks. Two men to a story is about the average, with enough more to lead from the front of the building to the places where the bricks are needed.

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## A Guardsman's Luck.

"Sentry, will you kindly keep your eye on my bag for a few minutes? I am going to have a plunge in the Serpentine," said a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman to me, one warm Summer morning a few years ago, as I was on duty at the park gate of Knights' bridge Cavalry Barracks.

"All right, sir," I replied. "If I am relieved before your return, I shall hand it over to the next sentry."

"Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour at the latest, as I must be in the city by nine. It doesn't contain very valuable property—only a suit of clothes and a few documents of no use to any one but the owner," as the saying is. All the same, however, I have no desire to lose it." So saying, the gentleman turned away.

The request to look after his property did not in the least surprise me, as numerous robberies from the clothing of persons bathing had for some time before been reported to the police. The barrack's clock struck eight. Fully half an hour had elapsed since the owner of the bag departed, and as yet there was no sign of him; the "quarter past" was chimed from the neighboring clocks, and still he did not turn up. About half past eight I perceived a great commotion in the park. Men were rushing from all quarters in the direction of the Serpentine; and soon afterwards I ascertained from a passer-by that the excitement was caused by one of the numerous bathers having been drowned. An uneasy suspicion was at once excited within me that the person who had come to such a sad end was the gentleman who had left his valise in my charge, which suspicion was intensified when I was relieved at nine, with the article still unclaimed. I handed over the bag to the sentry who relieved me without mentioning to him any of the circumstances of the case.

I went on sentry again at one o'clock and no one had come for it. It was the height of the London Season, and Hyde Park presented its customary gay appearance, but the imposing array of splendidly-appointed equipages, dashing equestrians and fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at other times was to me a most interesting spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded, as all my thoughts were centred on speculations regarding the fate of the owner of the bag. Before being relieved at three I had it conveyed to my room in the barracks, and after coming off guard placed it for greater security in the troop store.

After stables, I left barracks for my customary walk, and purchasing a copy of the *Echo* from a juvenile news-vendor, I read the particulars of the fatality of the morning. Friends had identified the body, which was that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had resided at Baywater.

"Nixon! That corresponds with the initial 'N' on the bag," I thought to myself, now perfectly convinced that the deceased was the person I had seen in the morning. I also ascertained from the newspaper report that a man had been apprehended on suspicion of having attempted to rifle the pockets of the clothes of the drowned man, and who had been roughly handled by the crowd, before a policeman could be procured to take him into custody. After a moment's reflection I decided to call at the address given in the paper, in order to arrange about the restoration of the bag to the relatives of the deceased.

I was shown into a room, and immediately afterward was waited upon by a young lady, the daughter of the deceased, who naturally enough, was perfectly overjoyed with

grief. I explained to her in a few words the object of my visit.

"I am uncertain whether poor papa had a valise of that description when he left this morning," she said; "but possibly you may recognize him from the photograph," submitting one she took from the table for my inspection.

I experienced a strange sense of relief—the features in the photo were those of a person bearing no resemblance whatever to the individual who had left his bag in my charge.

The young lady thanked me heartily for the trouble I had taken in the matter; and I left the house of mourning and returned to the barracks in a very mystified state of mind.

"Could the owner of the bag be the chief who was caught in the act of plundering the dead man's clothes?" I asked myself, but immediately dismissed the idea from my mind, as being absurd and improbable.

After this the bag ceased to interest me, as the valueless character of its contents caused me to speculate less on the unaccountable conduct of its possessor in never returning for it.

Some time afterwards I was on Queen's guard, Westminster. I had just mounted my horse and taken up position in one of the two boxes facing Parliament street, when a gentleman stopped opposite me and scanned me curiously. Addressing me, he said, "Don't you remember me?"

There was no mistaking the voice it was that of the owner of the bag! Otherwise he was greatly altered, as he had denuded himself of the luxuriant whiskers and moustache he wore when I saw him previously.

"What has been wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning when I came out of the water, and was taken home in an unconscious state. I have been very unwell ever since, and I have left my house for the first time, to-day. I wish to get my bag at once. I presume you have it in safe-keeping at the barracks?"

"It's much nearer at hand," I replied—"just across the street from here," and then I told him that it was in the custody of the police authorities at Scotland Yard.

This information apparently disconcerted him.

"It is very awkward indeed," he said. "I have to catch the six train for Liverpool, as I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't you come across with me to get it?"

"You forget that I am on sentry," I replied. "I won't be relieved until four. I daren't leave the guard."

During the interval that elapsed until my period of duty was ended the gentleman paced about in a most impatient manner ever and anon seeming to relieve his feelings by stopping to pat my horse. At length I left my post, and dismounting, led my charger to the stable, and handed it over to a comrade; then divesting myself of my carriage, was ready to proceed to Scotland Yard. One of the corporals on guard received orders to accompany me; so, together with the gentlemen, we started, and crossing the street reached the police headquarters in a minute or two, and on making enquiries, were directed to the "Lost Property" department. We stated our business, and an official, after receiving an assurance from me that the applicant was the right person, speedily produced the valise. "Why didn't you see about this before?" he asked, addressing the gentleman.

"Because I was too ill to see about anything," was the reply.

The gentleman then signed a book, certifying that his property had been restored to him, giving as he did so the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr. Nobbs

caught up his property and we left the office.

When we got to the door we found assembled a small crowd of men employed about the establishment; for the unusual spectacle of two helmeted, jack-booted guardsmen had caused a good deal of speculation as to our business there. Mr. Nobbs hurriedly brushed past them, and gaining the street hailed a passing cab, and the driver at once pulled up. "Here is something for your trouble," he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand. I, of course, thanked him heartily for this munificent douceur. Declining the offer of the driver to place his bag on the dicky, he put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands with the corporal and myself, he said to the driver: "Eusten, as fast as you can," and entered the cab.

The driver released the brake from the wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy horse with a view of starting, when the poor animal slipped and fell. The man belonging to the Scotland Yard who had followed us into the street at once rushed to the driver's assistance, unbuckled the traces, and after pushing back the cab, got the horse on its feet. All the while Mr. Nobbs was watching the operation from the window, and I noticed that one of the men was surveying him very attentively.

"Your name is Judd, isn't it?" the man at length remarked.

"No it isn't.—What do you mean by addressing me, sir?" indignantly replied Mr. Nobbs.

"Well," said the man, who I at once surmised was a member of the detective force, "that's the name you gave anyhow, when you were had up on the charge of feeling the pockets of the gent's clothes who was drowned in the Serpentine a week ago. I know you, although you've had a clean shave."

I started on hearing this statement; my suspicions, ridiculous as they seemed at the time, had turned out to be correct after all; while Mr. Judd, *alias* Nobbs, turned as pale as death.

"Come out of that cab," said the detective.

"You've no right to detain me," said Nobbs, "I was discharged this morning."

"Because nothing was known against you—But look here, old man, what have you got in that bag?"

"Only some old clothes, I assure you," said the crest-fallen Nobbs.

"Come inside, and we'll see," said the detective, seizing the bag. "Out of the cab—quick! and come with me to the office."

Mr. Nobbs complied with a very bad grace, while the corporal and I followed, wondering what was to happen next.

We entered a room in the interior, and the bag was opened; but it apparently contained nothing but the clothes.

"There is certainly no grounds for detaining this man," said an inspector, standing near.

Mr. Nobbs at once brightened up and cried: "You see I have told you the truth, and now be good enough to let me go."

"All right," said the detective. "Pack up your traps and clear out."

Mr. Nobbs this time complied with exceeding alacrity, and began to replace the articles of clothing, when the detective seemingly acting on a sudden impulse, caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous shake. A slight rustling sound was distinctly audible.

"Hillo! what's this?" cried the officer. Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he produced a pocket-knife, and in a trice ripped open a false bottom, and found about two dozen valuable diamond rings and a magnificent emerald necklace carefully packed in wadding, besides a number of unset stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared

them with a list which he took from a file, and pronounced them to be the entire proceeds of a daring robbery that had recently been committed in the shop of a West End jeweller and which amounted in value to fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Nobbs, *alias* Judd, now looking terribly confused and abashed at this premature frustration of his plan to clear out of the country with his booty, was formally charged with being in possession of the stolen valuables. He made no reply, and was led away in custody.

Before returning to the guard, I remarked to the inspector: "I thought, sir, when you gave me a sovereign for looking after his bag, that it was more than it was worth: but now I find that I have been mistaken."

"A sovereign!" cried the inspector. "Let me see it."

I took the coin from my cartouche-box, where I had placed it in the absence of any accessible pocket, and handed it to him.

He smilingly examined it and threw it on the table. "I thought as much," he remarked; "it's a bad one."

Mr. Nobbs, *alias* Judd—these names were two of a formidable string of aliases—turned out to be an expert oolner, burglar and swindler, who had long been "wanted" by the police. He was convicted and sentenced to a lengthened period of penal servitude.

A few weeks after Mr. Nobbs had received his well-earned punishment, I received a visit from a gentleman, who stated that he was cashier in the jeweller's establishment in which the robbery had been committed. He informed me that his employer, having taken into consideration the fact that I was to a certain extent instrumental in the recovery of the stolen jewellery, had sent me a present of thirty pounds. I gratefully accepted the money, which, as I had seen enough of soldiering, I invested in the purchase of my discharge from the Household Cavalry.

### Indestructibility of Gold.

Gold may be said to be everlasting, indestructible. The pure acids have no effect upon it. Air and water are alike prohibited from working its destruction; while truer metal they are decay, to gold they are innocuous. Bury it through long ages, and when the rude tool of the excavator again brings it to light, while everything around it, and originally associated with it, has returned to dust from which it sprang; while the delicate form which it adorned has become a powder so impalpable as to be inappreciable! while the strong bone of the mighty warrior crumbles as you gaze upon it; and his trusty sword lies a mass of shale rust, the delicate tracery of gold which encircled the lofty brow of the fair dame is there in its pristine beauty, perfect as when it left the workman's hands and became the joy of her fleeting moments. Yes, days, years, centuries have rolled by, mighty empires have risen and fallen; dynasties that dreamed their power was to be everlasting have passed away; armies have marched conquered and become nerveless with decrepit old age; cities, teeming with population and commerce have become the dwelling place of the owl and the bat; the very pyramids themselves, raised in the pride of power, and destined to be forever, have crumbled and are crumbling, and yet that thin filament of gold has stood unchanged through all these mighty changes; it has stood triumphantly the destroying hand of time; it is to-day what it was three thousand years ago. Surely it is a noble metal, worthy of all admiration.

Have not the clock to make when it begins to rain.

## AN EMPRESS' FATE.

The "Living Death" of Princess Carlotta.

Surely the most mournful of all the sad stories of modern history is that of Carlotta, the daughter of that Leopold of Belgium whom the great Napoleon describes as "the finest man he had ever seen." The young Princess, when but 17 years old, was married to Maximilian, younger brother of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. This was in 1857. From 1857 to 1863 Maximilian and Carlotta dwelt, as in Eden, at the palace of Miramar, on the East coast of the Adriatic. It seems that their life there was a perfect idyl, love and literature supplying its rhythmic tones. Art in all shapes, music, sculpture, painting, words—all combined to make their brief six years of happiness one of those delightful episodes the mere reading of which suggests happiness and love to all mankind. But the tempter came. Maximilian was ambitious of worldly renown; he knew the sweets of acquisition as a scholar; he was brave, a sailor, and a Hapsburg. An empire was offered him. The timid Emperor of a great nation, the fellow who inherited a name without a particle of blood-right to the inheritance; the smaller Napoleon, before whom the Sino-Tigres kneeled for a few years, gave vent to one of his grandiloquent decrees. He would "create a Latin empire in the West to redress the balance of the East. Plagiarist, even in this rotund phrase, he blinded men's eyes to his folly, and Maximilian was seduced into becoming his instrument. Poor Carlotta, the faithful wife and brave woman, followed her Austrian husband to Mexico, where the new empire was to be founded and maintained. The scheme was skillfully contrived. Napoleon the Little had money and prestige enough pending the Civil War in the United States to buy up a party in Mexico. They were called a party, but were really a lot of stock jobbers and speculators who, with hearts absolutely cold as to humanity or patriotism, sought to make a profit out of Mexican bonds—to say nothing of Mexican blood. They went to Miramar, and in name of Mexico, offered throne and fealty to the hapless Prince. Through one of those miracles of blindness which sometimes affect the best educated men Maximilian swallowed the bait. Napoleon III. not only needed a new Latin empire in the Western world, but the prestige which a political alliance with the Hapsburgs would give him. Maximilian became his tool, and the faithful Carlotta followed her lord. But the imperial pair—to use the phraseology of the European Court journals—had not been many weeks in Mexico before the wife, with true wifely instinct, saw and understood the false position in which she and Maximilian were placed. Carlotta fled from Mexico, having besought her husband in vain to fly from the death-trap. He, haughtily declaring that a Hapsburg had better die than fly, remained. She went to France, to Paris; saw the spurious Bonaparte and begged for aid; begged for the only aid that could save her husband's life—military aid. Her answer was a cold declaration that France could not sustain the Mexican Empire, which the French Emperor had created; that a war with the United States would be certain to ensue; and that, instead of sustaining the Emperor of Mexico the French army under Bazaine would have to be withdrawn. This almost broke the poor woman's heart; but, with a woman's faith in the impossible, she sought for comfort in Rome. A Protestant herself, she deemed that the Papacy would come to the rescue of her Catholic husband—compel the Catholic Mexicans to become Maximilian's obedient subjects. She knew nothing of politics. All that she knew and all that she

considered was the danger of her husband, who was all the world to her. When her prayer was denied at the Vatican she stopped not to reason out the right or wrong of her unhappiness; she could not. Reason swooned, and from that time to within a few days past, for nineteen long years, she has been an amiable maniac—dead to the world.

## The Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea is an old and decrepit salt lake in a very advanced stage of evaporation. It lies several hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a very considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to 85 feet below the Black Sea the Dead Sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposer to build a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan Valley, connect the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday school classes. Now, when the Dead Sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineer's lake—spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, any rate from Dan to Edom, or, in other words, along the whole Jordan Valley, from the Sea of Galilee and even the Waters of Merom to the southern desert. (I will not insult the reader's intelligence and orthodoxy by suggesting that perhaps he may not be precisely certain as to the exact position of the Waters of Merom; but I will merely recommend him just to refresh his memory by turning to his atlas, as this is an opportunity which may not again occur.) The modern Dead Sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters are now very concentrated and so very nasty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them, and so buoyant that a man can't drown himself, even if he tries, because the sea is saturated with salts of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which the swimmer floats, will he, nil he. Persons in the neighborhood who wish to commit suicide are therefore obliged to go elsewhere; much as in Tasmania, the healthiest climate in the world, people who want to die are therefore obliged to run across for a week to Sydney or Melbourne.

Bhasker Vansayek Rajwade, a Hindoo, has been learning the art of glass making in New Jersey in order to practice it in Bombay, where he is now establishing a glass factory.

It does not follow that because a man has invested in "wild cat" stock he will make a fair purr-scent-age on his investment. We would add another clause—he oftener has hard scratching to keep even.

Mamie—"Why, Sadie, you have let your hair grow dark again. Last time I saw you it was a lovely blonde." Sadie—"Yes, dear; but you know I am in mourning now for poor, dear papa. I am not wearing light shades at all."

"Mildred"—Do not say, "Pull him up with a round turn." It is slangy and vulgar. When you feel a yearning desire to bring him to a condition of stability use the Bostonese phrase: "Intercept him, with an orbicular dexterity."

## A DOUBLE EXECUTION.

Two Murderers Guillotined at Daybreak Before a Paris Crowd.

The two notorious criminals—Gaspard, who murdered the old Delaunay in the Rue d'Angouleme, and Marchandon, who cut the throat of the Creole lady, whose service he had entered, according to his custom, for the purpose of plunder—were guillotined shortly after daybreak. It was expected that the wretches would be reprieved, as Gaspard had had an accomplice, and Marchandon's friends had made energetic efforts to save him from the guillotine. Their appeals, however, were rejected, and both the criminals were handed over to the common executioner.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the Place de la Roquette, outside the prison of the condemned, was full of people, who, as is customary on such occasions, had remained up all night to witness what, in the annals of recent sensation, was an exceptional sight, namely, a double execution. The police had considerable difficulty in keeping the crowd of sightseers in their places, and the mounted gendarmes were frequently called into requisition to clear the approaches to the places of execution. The usual horseplay, low jokes, and badinage were freely indulged in by the expectant crowd in the roadway, composed as it was of the lowest strata of the Parisian rabble. Snatches of obscene songs were even sung by some of the villainous gamins and vicious girls who pressed through the crowd to obtain a view of a scene which seemed to have no terrors for them.

At 1 o'clock a moving light was seen approaching. It preceded a dark mass scarcely discernible through the enveloping darkness. This was the car conveying the terrible *bois de justice*, or guillotine, which had once more been removed from its resting place in the vicinity of the prison. It was followed by Delbier and his assistants, and was well guarded by policemen. Turning the corner of the Rue Folle Regnault, the ghastly caravan lumbered heavily into the Place de la Roquette, and stopped before the door of the jail.

The guillotine was promptly dismounted and by 2 o'clock everything was ready. Delbier, having superintended the preparatory measures, went into the jail with two of his men, and there was then a long spell of waiting and expectation, during which the day dawned on the impatient and chattering crowd that filled the Place de la Roquette. At 4 o'clock the numbers were increased by workmen and others who were obliged to be up early, and barricades were put up by the police to prevent the people from filling up the approaches to the place of execution.

A long narrow basket was now placed near the block of the guillotine, and at ten minutes to 5 the huge, heavy and gloomy doors of the prison swung open amid a deadly silence, only broken by the sharp rattling of the gendarmes' swords as they were drawn from their scabbards. Gaspard was the first of the felons led to death. Tall and muscular, he walked firmly between two priests, whose ministrations he had rejected until the approach of his term.

His face was pale and his features contracted convulsively as he neared the guillotine. Here he stooped toward the prison chaplain, the Abbe Faure, and embraced first the priest and then a crucifix held by the latter in his hand. He was now seized by the executioners, his head was placed in the lunette, and, after an awkward pause, during which Delbier seemed to have lost the momentary control of his instrument, the knife descended, and the headless trunk of

the criminal fell away from the *bascule*. The head was then put into the basket.

The guillotine was now washed, and everything set in order for the next execution. After an interval of seventeen minutes, during which the olamorous crowd seemed to have lost its grotesque gaiety, the doors of the prison again opened, and Marchandon looking like a pale boy of 17, tottered feebly out, supported by the Abbe Faure and the other priest who had assisted Gaspard.

The criminal was evidently more dead than alive. He still wore the patent leather boots with pointed toe caps which he had on when arrested in his country house at Compiègne. After having convulsively embraced the priests he was caught sharply by Delbier and thrust into the *lunette*. The knife again refused to work, and nearly four seconds elapsed before it fell on the criminal's neck. When it did so a double jet of blood spurted out for nearly two yards, and sprinkled the adjacent ground. The bodies were then taken, escorted by mounted gendarmes, to the Ivry Cemetery for mock burial, after which they were handed over to the School of Medicine for the usual experimental purposes.

## Fifteen Wives.

George Neuville, is known as a "much-married man." He seems to have been one of that fascinating class to whose charms womankind yielded with indiscriminate haste and, with noble Russian blood coursing through his veins, attained probably an unparalleled record.

Beginning when young, he wooed and won maiden after maiden in a manner known best to himself. With each of these he married but briefly. Marriage with him followed quick upon courtship, and the honeymoon waned before it was fairly begun. Poetry, music, statuary, and the finer arts—for he seems to have been an accomplished scoundrel—added for a day to his own and his latest bride's happiness, and then each of them awoke to find him gone. They called, but he came not, and sought to follow, but he eluded. Fifteen wives in all laid their loving cheeks upon his breast.

Philosophers have pondered ere this on how some men elude the just penalty of their many misdeeds, and pessimists have insisted that wrong-doers often escape scot-free. It is not true. As Webster once said, crime is its own detector. It may be concealed for a time, but it will run the door down at last. While the Count, for so he styled himself, was pillowing his head upon number fifteen's breast and wondering which would be the best direction to take in search of the sixteenth, the law's strong hand tore him ruthlessly from his enviable place. The loved and deserted appeared in court against him and conviction followed. Away from his fifteen brides, or at least from the fifteenth, he pined and grew drearily thin. His loving, trustful nature could not endure such lonely imprisonment. In its solitude he sickened and died.

Let us hope that his sleep will be sweet. He erred and suffered—what man with fifteen wives may escape that fate?—but death seals the lips of scorn and lays the much-married by the side of the man who isn't married at all. Perhaps his mission here was to serve as a warning to other men. Perhaps it was to be a warning to silly women not to wed until the bridegroom was known. Too many of these are abroad looking for Russian and other Counts upon whose breasts they may fall, and if anyone shall be saved from making a fool of herself the Ohio much-married man will not have lived and died in vain.

## Young Folk's Department.

### The First Tangle.

Once in an Eastern palace wide  
A little girl sat weaving:  
So patiently her task she plied  
The men and women at her side  
Flocked round her almost grieving.  
"How is it, little one," they said,  
"You always work so cheerily?  
You never seem to break your thread,  
Or snarl or tangle it, instead  
Of working smooth and clearly."  
"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,  
Oursilk so frayed and broken.  
For all we've fretted, wept and tolled,  
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled  
Before the King has spoken."  
The little child looked in their eyes,  
So full of care and trouble:  
And pity chased the sweet surprise  
That filled her own, as sometimes flies  
The rainbow in a bubble.  
"I only go and tell the King,"  
She said abashed and meekly,  
You know he said in everything—  
"Why, so do we?" they cried, "we bring  
Him all our troubles weekly!"  
She turned her little head aside:  
A moment let them wrangle;  
"Ah, but," she softly then, replied,  
I go and get the knot untied  
At the first little tangle!"  
O little children—weavers all!  
Our broodery we tangle  
With many a tear that may not fall,  
If on our King we would but call  
At the first little tangle.

### A Cherry Festival.

A curious festival takes place in the German city of Hamburg, when the cherries are ripe. It is a festival for the little folk, who march in a procession through the streets, waving cherry laden branches. The Cherry Festival has been held for more than 400 years, and it serves to put all the people in mind of a victory won by none but little children over an army of fierce men—an old, old story that is very touching and beautiful, and which the citizens of Hamburg do not wish to forget.

In the year 1432 Hamburg was besieged by a great army. The army of Hussites it was; its leader remembered in history as Procopius the Great. The war had been raging for many years, and on both sides it had become very bitter and cruel; and so the people of Hamburg were terribly afraid, for they could not hope to hold out against a great multitude of men who had been trained to war. A council of the chief citizens was held to consider what they should do; and at length some one suggested that they should send out the little children, for when the great army of soldiers saw them the sight would melt their hearts and they would do no more harm to the town.

Then all the children were gathered together from their homes, and they were put in order in the streets, and the city gate was opened, and they were told to march out and meet the army. The soldiers lying outside, and who had come to destroy the city and murder all who were in it, were surprised to see the gate swing open, and greater still grew their amazement when they saw the little children, clad all in pure white robes, come forth, and when they heard the pattering on the road of little feet; and when the little ones drew timidly up to their tents, the eyes of the rough soldiers began to fill with tears, and (as there were cherry orchards all about) they threw down their arms and gathered beautiful branches off the cherry trees, full of fruit, and sent back the children to their parents with answers of peace.

And that is why the Hamburg children down to this very day get their cherry feast every year, and the people turn out to look

at them, and think with grateful tears of the army of little ones who gained the sweet, bloodless battle, and saved the good old town from destruction 450 years ago.

### "Cheats Never Thrive."

A School Board Inspector, says an English exchange, tells the following story: The next composition I examined was that of a not particularly intelligent looking little lad, with a sallow visage, and lank, red hair, his daily employment being to assist his widowed mother, who kept a "leaving shop" in the neighborhood. Master Hollier had taken for his theme the time honored axiom, "Cheats never thrive," but his treatment of it was remarkable chiefly from the circumstance that he had altogether mistaken the sense in which it is generally applied. "The way to thrive," wrote the widow's son, "is to make all that you have a cheat of making. When you goes to buy a thing, and the man arstes you so much, if you do not bate him down then you cheat yourself, and so you wont thrive. So the same when you want to sell a thing, and you do not arst so much as you might get, though perhaps it might not be wuth it to any one what knew, then you will not thrive. It is rong to cheat anybody, but it is very fooliah to cheat yourself. If any body wants to borrow any money on an article you mite cheat yourself if you lent her mor'n 'bout a quarter what she arst, then you might be sure that you have not cheated yourself, and then you will thrive. The way to thrive is to get all the money that ever you can.—Yours ever trowly, William Augustus Hollier."

### Unselfish Heroes.

When, at the battle of Zutphen, the wounded Sir Philip Sidney was given water to quench his thirst he is recorded to have handed it untasted to a dying soldier: next him with the exclamation, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." A similar instance of unselfish thoughtfulness during suffering is recorded of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby.

Being mortally wounded at the battle of Aboukir, he was placed on alliter and taken on board a ship then lying in the harbor. To raise his head and thus to place him in a more comfortable position, some one took a blanket from a soldier who was standing by and put it under the hero as a pillow.

Sir Ralph immediately experienced great relief from its use, and asked what it was.

"It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply.

"Yes," said the General, "but whose blanket is it?"

"Oh?" said the person addressed, "only one of the men's."

"I wish," persisted the dying officer, "to be told the name of the man whose blanket this is."

"Well, then, Sir Ralph, it belongs to Duncan Roy, of the 42nd."

"Then see," answered the thoughtful old veteran, "that Duncan Roy gets back his blanket this very night!"

The Chinese have a proverb that every man who rules himself is a king. Any man can be a king—if his wife will let him.

Lillian Spencer, the actress, has written a novel called "After All." Insatiable female! Would n't three or four suffice?

## Exchange Department.

A Check-based breech-loading gun for most English words, alphabetically arranged, made from "Kearlworth," 1111 Sept 25th. Expires 15th. R. Jones, Kearlworth, Ont.

### Printers' Errors in Bibles.

The recent revision of the Bible has called attention to Bibles generally, and especially those famous for their curious misprints. The earliest is the "Place-makers Bible," printed at Geneva in 1561, in which the letter l was substituted for an e in the seventh beatitude. The "Vinegar Bible" was published at Oxford in 1717, the word vineyard being misprinted vinegar. In the "Wicked Bible," only four copies of which are now in existence, the negative was left out of the seventh commandment, and the printer was fined £3,000 by Archbishop Jaud, though it is said to have been commuted to £300. The "Persecuting Printers' Bible," in which the Psalmist is made to say Printers have persecuted me without a cause," dates from 1702. The "Ears-to-ear Bible" was printed at Oxford early in the present century, the mistake occurring in Matth w xii. 43, and no less than thr. edition, the latest being 1823, transformed the word fishers, in Ezekiel xvii. 10, into fishes, so that the phrase reads "fishes shae stand upon it." There was also what was called the "Breeches Bible" (1579), so called because Gen. iii. 7 was rendered, "The eyes of them bothe were opened.....and they sewed figge-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

"Why, how wonderfully lifelike," said Mr. Derrix, gently caressing a bumble-bee which reposed among the artificial flowers and insects of his wife's new bonnet. "If it was a garden flower I'd swear it was a—G-r-eat C-a-u-s-e-r!" he suddenly shrieked, inserting a wounded finger in his mouth and dancing around like a whirling dervish. "Why, the blamed thing is all wa."

Black silk will be more worn than black satin next season.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Stripes must be horizontal, not vertical, in a fashionable frock.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease.

Olive and reseda shades of green are very popular.

The great results which have attended the regular use of Quinine Wine, by people of delicate constitution and those affected with a general prostration of the system, speak more than all the words that we can say in its behalf. This article is a true medicine and a life giving principle—a perfect renovator of the system—invigorating at the same time both body and mind. Its medical properties are a febrifuge tonic and antiperiodic. Small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, create an appetite, enable you to obtain refreshing sleep, and to feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated. In the fine Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, we have the exact tonic required; and to persons of weak and nervous constitutions we would say, Never be without a bottle in the house. It is sold by all druggists.

White frocks are worn to excess in England.

### A Dangerous Condition.

One of the most dangerous conditions is a neglected Kidney complaint. When you suffer from weary aching back, weakness and other urinary troubles, apply to the back a Burdock Porous Plaster, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best system regulator known for the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels.

No one who is afraid of the recoil of a gun can make a good score. Never wince before you are hurt; there is plenty of time to do that afterward.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 140 POWERS' BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Red veils are as popular as ever  
Poisoned.

Scarcely a family exists but that some member is suffering with bad blood and poisoned secretions from constipation giving rise to Rheumatism, Scrofula, Eruptions, Catarrh and other complaints indicating lurking blood poison which a few bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters would eradicate from the system.

Redingotes are all the rage in Paris.

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

The days of flounces are no more.

### A Fruitful Season.

The fruitful season of the year is prolific with many forms of Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, &c., as a safe-guard and positive cure for those distressing and often sudden and dangerous attacks nothing can surpass that old and reliable medicine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

All gray greens will be much worn.

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

Plomb, or lead, is a leading fall color.

### A Sure Thing.

A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS.—Procure from your druggist one 37½-cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and Cholera Infantum.

Belts, to be fashionable must be very wide.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure, or money refunded.

Short and long waists are equally fashionable.

CAUTION.—Now that the warm weather has set in it would be well to have your Hair mattresses thoroughly renovated and purified by a new process that has given satisfaction. The cost is reasonable only \$2 50. Send a postcard to T. F. CUMMING & Co., the upholsterers, 349 Yonge St.

The V-shaped corset is very popular in Paris.

### There is no Excuse.

There is no excuse for the many pale, sallow, weary looking females throughout our land, when Burdock Blood Bitters will regulate their troubles and renew their health, strength and vigor at so small a cost.

Huge bridal bouquets are no longer in vogue.

### To The Rescue

"When all other remedies fail" for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., "then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crocker, druggist, Watford, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing."

QUEER WEDDINGS.

"Thought He'd Just Fetch Her Up to the Parson's."

A popular preacher was "taking turns" with the hired man in running a lawn-mower over his front lawn. He had paused to catch with a handkerchief a salty pearl of perspiration that threatened to drop from his nasal tip to the cavity beneath, and to remark about "all flesh being grass," when a slouchy-looking man stopped at the gate and asked if the preacher lived there.

"I want to be married," he explained "and right away, too." The preacher promised to get ready at once, and go to meet the bride with the groom.

"You needn't mind puttin' on nothin' or goin' nowhere," said the man

"But where's the bride?"

"She's right here. I left her in the alley till I could find you. She's a backward sort of gal, and there's no use trying to get her to no church or into no parlor. But the license is all right, and you come along and tie the knot."

By one of those fortuitous circumstances which so often are meted providentially to the reportorial fraternity, a reporter happened along, and was called as a witness. He followed the coatless preacher and the innocent bridegroom to the head of the alley, and the groom cheerily called to "Clarie" to come out. The papers were examined, the blanks filled out in full, and the wedding ceremony performed then and there.

"Do you have many calls of this kind?" was asked of the preacher.

"A great many more than might be supposed. Very often these quiet parties come to my house, usually having first notified me, and are married in the presence of a few witnesses. I had a case of this kind this week, and very reputable people they were. Not long ago I was stopped on the street and called up into a block to marry a couple. After pronouncing them husband and wife, in accordance with my custom, I said 'Let us pray.' The groom abandoned his bride left her standing in the middle of the floor, and walked across the room to a bed, where he knelt throughout prayer. I admired a sentiment which prompted him to a return, no doubt to a boyhood custom, but in pity for the loneliness of the bride I made the prayer unorthodoxly short."

"It hasn't been ten days since a bride and bridegroom drove up to my door in a delivery wagon. The groom was the regular driver, and upon his rounds he called for his Dulcinea and "thought he'd just fetch her right up to the parson's." He was in his shirt sleeves and work clothes; she was dressed in white, with a great cluster of red ribbons knotted at her side. She looked and acted the part of a bride, but he was more like a last year's groom."

Two New England pastors exchanged pulpits, and one delivered a sermon which the congregation had within a month heard from the mouth of the other. The Baptist Weekly vouches for this story, and would like to know the real author of the discovery.

Being informed that a man whom he had discharged for drunkenness was the sole support of a wife and six children, a Lowell mill superintendent replied: "It happens that the man who takes the place has a wife and seven children. If should be borne in mind that every expulsion of a bummer makes a job for a decent worker."

J. P. LENNOX, DENTIST, YONGE STREET BROADWAY, BEST SET OF TEETH, \$8.00.

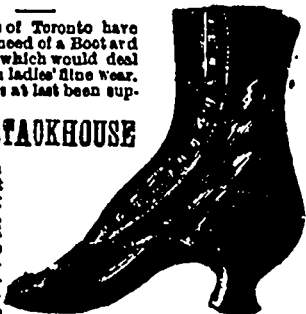
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Physio-Medical Physicians cure many who have been abandoned as incurable by the old modes: Because they never use poisons as medicines: for they, in their inherent nature, being harmful, tend to cause: a prolong sickness, and often prevent a cure—actually kill!

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Advertisement for Eureka Hair Remover. Includes 'BEFORE' and 'AFTER' illustrations of a woman's face, and the text 'DOREN WEND'S HAIR REMOVER'.

Advertisement for Dorenwend's 'Eureka' Hair Destroyer. Text: 'WHAT A PITY It is to see so many LADIES disfigured from a disagreeable growth of Superfluous Hair on Face or Arms. The discovery of DOREN WEND'S "Eureka" Hair Destroyer Has now been greeted by thousands of Ladies. Wonderful cures and results are achieved every day. This preparation is sure to do its work without pain. Sold in bottles at \$2.00 each, or 3 for \$5.00. Sent with full directions enclosed to any address on receipt of price. Address, "Eureka" Mfg. Co., 105 Yonge Street, TORONTO. A. DOREN WEND, Manager.'

Advertisement for Meriden Britannia Company Electro Plate. Text: 'Meriden Britannia Company FINEST Electro Plate CAUTION Goods stamped Meriden Silver Plate Co., are not our make. If you want reliable goods insist on getting those made by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.'

# LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"I shouldn't 'a' thought Mither Burke would be so hard to tackle in the wather," says his rescuer, as he lands him safely in the boat. "But he lost his head altogether. He kept a tight hold o' the young lady, till I thought he meant really to dthrow her out right."

Whatever he meant, as he recovers from his senseless condition (which is in a minute or two) he exhibits the most terrible grief and remorse as his gaze falls upon the pale, limp, senseless figure of Vera, now lying on the deck, with Lady Clontarf and the others bending over her.

"Ah! she breathes! she breathes!" says Doris, suddenly; and then the poor little thing's eyes unclose, and consciousness returns.

"Doris," she says, faintly.

"Darling, yes. I am here," says Lady Clontarf, who has her sister's head on her knees. "It was terrible, but you are safe now." Then, seeing some anxiety in Vera's pale face, and anticipating some sad confidence. "You want to say something," she says. "You have something to—"

"Fling your scarf over my head," whispers Vera, with difficulty, "and then take me below. Wet hair is so unbecoming!"

So the pretty silky curly locks are decently covered, and she is carried below and put regularly to bed.

That it has been anything more than a most unfortunate accident has not occurred to any one. Even Doris, though a little frightened by the anger on Gerald's face a while ago, honestly believes now that the mishap was caused by a false step backward on the part of Vera and an effort at rescue unsuccessfully attempted by Burke. And Vera, when she is warm and dry again, and has been compelled to swallow some brandy, says little or nothing about the affair likely to throw light on it. Gerald has been equally silent, and, beyond a passionate request to be allowed to see and speak with Vera, lets no words pass his lips.

"Can't he see her, poor old chap!" says Clontarf to Doris when Vera is lying with recovered color in her tiny berth. "He is so distressed about this unlucky affair that it would be a positive mercy to let him behold her once again in a dry and living state."

"I'll ask her if she will see him," says Lady Clontarf.

"And you will, won't you, darling!" she says, bending over her sister a minute later.

"Oh, I can't!" says Vera, with a shudder. "But, why dearest? The accident was not his fault, you know."

"Oh, no—of course not."

"Then do see him. He is very, very unhappy. So—so—Donat tells me."

"Is he?" She laughs a little. "Why, I wonder? Is he disappointed?"

"Oh, more than that. He is naturally very distressed that your day should have turned out such a failure."

"The failure is his," says Vera, with the same curious amusement in her tone. Then, quickly, "I did slip—I know that—but when he caught me, why did he draw me forward instead of backward, and why did he hold me so when the waters closed over us?"

"Vera, what are you thinking?" says Doris, receding from her.

"Nothing. It is nonsense, I dare say. And he only meant to save me. So my deliverer (shall we call him that!) wants to see me? Tell him no! no! that I don't want to see any one."

"You have some strange anger in your

heart toward him. Yet he is miserable about you. Surely his love cannot anger you?"

"No. I am not angry with him about that."

"About what, then?"

"Well, let us say because he has put my hair out of curl," with a provoking smile. "No man with any heart could have done me such an injury. Indeed, you must not ask me to see any one, Dody, now when I am looking so ugly."

"You could never look that." Coaxingly—"See, your hair is almost dry again, and quite lovely. Now, darling, you will be kind to him?"

"You are very tender to him," says Vera, with a sudden flash.

"I pity him from my soul," says Lady Clontarf, with a quick sigh. "He loves—and he is miserable!"

"So he ought to be,"—pettishly. "Even if my words of a moment since cruelly wronged him, still but for him I should now be dry and able to amuse myself. And if he does love as you suppose, why, then misery should be far from him, according to your own theory revealed to me a long while ago. Do you remember it? You used to regret your own inability to fall in love, and tell me you believed the very fact of being able to lose one's self in an affection for another should be sufficient for the earthly happiness of any one."

"True. 'Out of my own mouth you condemn me,'" says Doris, with a faint smile. "But," growing very pale, "one says many foolish things in one's time, and—it was, as you say, a long while ago. I have now in my later years thought it all over again, and it seems to me that love unrequited is 'sharper than a serpent's tooth.'"

"Like the ingratitude of a child," says Vera, sippingly. "But you, Dody, what should you know of love unrequited? you who have never loved?"

A great wave of color sweeps over Doris's face; she lifts her head as if to make some careless reply, but her lips refuse to obey her. Tears rise to her eyes. She grows crimson—a shamed crimson—and with a sad little effort to conceal it she turns away as if to hide her confusion.

"Doris! Doris!" cries Vera, sharply. She catches her sister's hand, and drawing it to her lips, kisses it with such feverish fervency that the caress leaves a pink mark upon the fair white flesh. The girl's whole face changes, the inexplicable rush of almost violent emotion that crosses it driving out of remembrance (for the moment) the careless, soulless, mischievously childish expression that usually characterizes it. This glimpse of soul Doris alone has had it in her power to conjure up on one or two very rare occasions.

"I have hurt you, but I don't know how," says Vera, with keener contrition. "Look at me! I promise to do whatever you wish. I will even see him, and I will be kind to him—kinder than you know—if you will only forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," says Doris, calmly. "But I shall be glad if you will try to assuage poor Gerald's grief."

"Bring him to me," says Vera, throwing her arms round her sister's neck with a most unusual betrayal of feeling. "I will do any thing for you!"

He comes!

He falls upon his knees beside her, his mad passion now quelled, and deadly remorse reigning in its stead. He does not attempt to touch the small hand lying outside the

coverlet like a pale snow-flake. As though afraid to look at her, he bows forward and bows his head upon his arms.

"My soul," he says at last, in a stifled voice, "to be forgiven by you—that I know is not possible for me; I only wanted to see you—to hear your voice again—to know you had not passed away from me, I still living!"

Mindful of her promise to the one thing dear to her in her life (*fatal promise*), to be kind to him, Vera stretches the outlying hand a little further until it rests on his.

"I do forgive you," she says.

He bursts into tears, silent but terrible, and, clasping the little hand, presses it between his own as though with its touch salvation has come to him. Speech is to him impossible, and for a long time a strange stillness falls upon the tumultuous heart beating so wildly in the tiny half-lit cabin.

"I think you might say you are sorry," says Vera, at last, oppressed by this violent calm.

"I cannot."

"You cannot?"

"No," rejoins he, fiercely lifting his haggard face at last. "I am sorry for one thing only—that my plan failed. I wish with all my soul we two were lying now dead and cold under those merry blue waves out there."

"Oh no! no!" says Vera, shrinking from him. "Do not talk so horribly. No sun, no light, no flowers, only darkness and cold, forever!"

She shivers violently, and with a sudden movement he takes her in his arms.

"You are my light and my sun," he says, with passionate fondness. "I live but for you. I cannot—I will not see you live without me. But we shall live together. Is it not so, beloved? Oh, Vera, my life's life! tell me you will not forsake me."

"You seem very determined that I shan't," says Vera, with a bewitching smile. "And now, one little word; keep our secret a secret. Say nothing to anybody of this day's work. Don't make confessions to inquisitive friends, because your 'heart is full,' or for any other absurd reason. Remember, it was a mere accident, as—" here she looks at him intently, and a puzzled expression grows within her eyes, "as perhaps it was."

"I shall remember," says the young man, slowly. He neither refutes nor acknowledges the truth of her insinuation.

"Now go," says Vera, gently.

Without another word he departs, and so quietly that Doris, who is standing in the saloon beyond, with her palms religiously pressed against her ears, lest she should by chance overhear a word that is passing within, unaware of his departure. She is unaware too, of Clontarf's approach from the other side, until he lays his hand upon her shoulder.

"What on earth are you doing?" he demands, naturally surprised at her attitude. "Trying not to hear," returns she, speaking low.

"Hear what?"

"What Vera may be saying to Gerald, or he to her."

"Well, you may save yourself any further pain in your arms," says Clontarf, "because I am listening with all my might, and I can't hear anything."

"Perhaps they are whispering," says Doris, preparing to listen herself.

"Perhaps so," says Clontarf. Doris has now approached the door leading into the cabin where Vera lies, and is bending forward in an anxious attitude; Clontarf, following her, bends forward also, and tries to look as anxious as she does, as hard as ever he can. This naturally brings their heads very close together.

"I can't hear a sound," says Doris, in a subdued undertone.

"Nor I," in a tragic whisper. Here the

yacht lurching somewhat to the right, Doris staggers a little to the left—that is, to Clontarf, who instantly places his arm round her and brings her to anchor so.

"Very unsteady at times, isn't it!" he says, with quite an absent air.

"Very," says Doris, with her eyes immovably fixed upon the keyhole of the door before her.

"It is sure to be unsteady again in a minute or two," says Clontarf.

"I shouldn't wonder," says Doris.

"At that rate, I think we had better stay as we are; don't you?" suggests Clontarf.

"You—you don't much mind, do you?"

"Not much," says Doris. Another lengthened pause.

"Dear me, I wish some of them would say something," whispers Doris, at last, rather nervously. "This silence is very strange."

"You think she has forgiven him his awkwardness!"

"Oh, yes, I think so; I hope so. He loves her so dearly she should be able to forgive him anything."

"Does she love him?"

"I cannot be sure of that; but I think it would not be difficult to a woman to find him very dear. He is in many ways most lovable."

"Is it such a man that you could love?"

"No," she says, with a suddenness that surprises even herself, and sends a warm rush of color to her cheeks and brow. Then she grows pale, and stirs uneasily. "I think I had better go in and see how she is," she says, with some nervousness.

"Wait a moment; you may as well give them two minutes more; and, besides, there is something else I want to ask you: I—"

"No, I am anxious about her; I must go now," says Doris, breaking from him gently, but with determination, and entering Vera's room, to find her there—alone.

"Why, is not Gerald here?" she says, with quick surprise.

"No; he left me quite a quarter of an hour ago," says Vera, lazily.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Her mouth was sweet as bracket or as mecha."

"To look on her him thought a merry life."

"For she was wild and young, and he was old."

Already the fiddles are beginning to squeak, although none of the guests as yet have arrived, except the Kilmalooda party, who have dined at Coole, and are now roaming idly here and there through the rooms and galleries, which are brilliantly lighted. It is the Thursday night, the night of Monica's ball; and up and down the picture-gallery (undaunted by the dreadful frowns of grim cavaliers and the still more dreadful simpers of long-buried ladies) Brabson and Kit are having a preliminary waltz before descending slowly and decorously to the ball-room.

In the library, Vera too is doing a little preliminary business, but in a manner far more staid. She has quite recovered the effects of her submersion, and is now sitting opposite Sir Watkyn (who is looking very many degrees more ghastly and shrivelled in his evening clothes, and is evidently in spirit hankering after the furred coats) in the daintiest costume Worth could produce, and the happiest mood.

Sir Watkyn bending tenderly towards her tries to infuse into his powdered and painted old face an expression of sentimental grief and regret, whilst the lovely guileless face opposite to him smiles encouragingly and entreats him to forget the unhappy accident that so nearly lost her to her friends two days ago.

"How did it happen?" asks Sir Watkyn, anxiously. "I was looking on, yet could



see nothing to cause so terrible a catastrophe." "My foot slipped," says Vera, lightly; "so silly of me, wasn't it? But there are moments when I am the silliest thing alive."

"There is never a moment when you are not the loveliest thing alive," says Sir Watkyn, with an elaborate bow.

"No! no! no! you must not say pretty things like that to me," says Vera, with a smiling frown, and, unfurling her fan she taps his withered cheek with childlike coquetry. "You will turn my head. That is what Dody says."

"I wish I could turn your heart," says the old beau.

"What! Away from you!" a delicate incitement in her tone. "No! not another word. Such an unkind little speech cannot be condoned."

"You know I was far from meaning that; to you, then? Ah! hypocrite! That would be impossible, because—well, never mind the because!"

Her manner is a distinct admission that her heart has been already so turned. Sir Watkyn is in a seventh heaven of delight—a very fool's paradise, into which, however, the serpent of jealousy entering, mars in a degree his satisfaction.

"What was Burke saying to you just before you made that unfortunate movement?" he asks, referring again to the scene on board "The Cloud."

"I think," says Vera, with a charming downcast glance, that makes the absence of a blush sink into insignificance, "he was asking me not to go on that little expedition up the cliffs with—you! and I was refusing to listen to his absurd demand."

"If I am anything," says Miss Costello at this instant, "I am strictly truthful!" And so indeed she always is, when it does not interfere with her comfort so to be!

This last speech is, of course, cakes and ale to the elderly suitor. His ancient blood grows almost tepid as he tells himself this lovely, shy (?), embarrassed girl ignominiously refused for his sake, to listen to the request of a man so much his junior.

"But you mustn't be conceited about all this," says Beauty, with a tremulous sauciness. "I only insisted on going with you because—because I wanted to see the perfect view from those hills. You understand?" She leans toward him, and the subtle perfume of violets that always seems to belong to her wafts from her to him. "You know it was only that?" she asks, with a slow smile that challenges a contradiction.

"No; I will not know that," says Sir Watkyn, growing bold. Never before has she given such open encouragement.

"Well, know what you will," she says, with a little youthful shrug of her soft rounded shoulders. "At all events, I wanted to go with you; and then came my false step, and then Gerald, springing forward to save me, got a bad—bad—wetting himself, poor fellow!"

"Lucky fellow, I think. I wish I could have been in his place," says Sir Watkyn, meaning to be gallant, and succeeding nobly in being unutterably foolish.

"I wish indeed you had been," says Vera, with the utmost sincerity. And again she speaks the exact truth. If Sir Watkyn had been her companion at that luckless moment, there would have been no passionate abandonment to despair, no *eslandre*, no spoiled gown, no curly hair hopelessly disarranged.

"But don't let us talk any more about it," says Vera, clapping her hands with childish vivacity. "It is a gruesome subject; let us forget it. Let us talk of something happy. You would like me to be happy, wouldn't you?"—raising and coming closer to him.

"What a question!" says Sir Watkyn,

with extreme fervor, looking up with a faded smile at the dazzling fair-like vision standing before him.

"Then promise me something," says the fairy softly, coming nearer still.

"You have but to speak," says the old man.

"But it is a great, great favor I ask," says Vera, and then suddenly, with one of her wild graceful movements, she seats herself on the arm of his chair, and lets one of her bare white arms fall across his shoulders. It may be only the careless action of a thoughtless child. It may—be something more.

"What is there I could refuse you? What need is there for you to doubt my reply?" says Sir Watkyn, amorously.

"Dance the first quadrille with me, then," whispers the siren, bending over him.

The pretty anxiety she betrays to obtain her simple desire would be flattering to any man. In the dilapidated specimen of manhood beside her it produces something akin to intoxication that displays itself in hysterical mirth.

"On! Eh! He, ha, ha!" cackles he, with foolish delight. "I—I really, you know—I—er—pon my word, I never dance, you know. Against my principles,"—with an attempt at a feeble joke. Alas! what a poor attempt even at that!

"But you will with me," says Vera, fresh and fair, with childish persistence. "You can't refuse me when I ask you, can you? Do you know,"—confidentially—"I have set my mind upon stirring you up a bit. Nerves and rheumatism are all nonsense until one is quite old! You will grow 'quite old' before your time" (ye gods!) "if you let yourself dream away your life any longer. Come, I ask you to dance with me, and"—coaxingly—"I will tell you a secret: nobody ever says 'No' to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Much Creaking about Marriage.

The average society journal devotes about one column per week to the discussion of the so-called marriage problem. In this the tendency toward celibacy is again and again repeated and every remedy which could possibly be thought of is invented at some time and place. In nine cases out of ten, while some responsibility is attributed to men, the blame for the falling off in marriages is placed upon women. They are accused of being vain, extravagant, incompetent, and frivolous, and utterly without qualification for any sterner work than flirting or idling away whole days over sensational novels. The merits of the young man who minds his own business and doesn't get married are lauded to the skies; those of a girl who does exactly the same thing are never mentioned.

Of course, the young men are not to blame for the falling off in the number of marriages. Who ever heard of a young man who was lacking in any single or double respect? As a rule, they never smoke, drink, or idle their time away, but are busy day after day developing their mental qualities by industrious study, and saving their hard-earned wages for the purpose of getting married at a later day. Girls frequent beer saloons, play pool, and organize expensive clubs, but the young man has no time for such frivolous entertainment. If he did he would fall quite to the level of his sister, and such a fate must be escaped at all hazards.

The marriage problem will doubtless solve itself in a little time, as most evils work out their own solution. At any rate, there is no reason to fear the depopulation of the country from the falling off in the

number now. Nearly every institution that the world has ever sanctioned at some time or another has passed through some species of trial. The desire for congenial feminine society is natural to every man, and will continue to be gratified in spite of high rents and extravagant markets. And while it is being gratified, just a little less of the one-sided arguments against women would be acceptable.

On the whole, women are as sensible as men,—very often more so,—and given a fair opportunity, with a husband worthy of the name, they are usually able to do their part towards keeping the wolf from the door and making home pleasant for those who share in its happiness.

MECHANICAL ITEMS.

Most of the private structures in Russia are built of wood, and it is estimated that the bulk of them burn down every seven or eight years. There is said to be always twenty fires, at least, in different parts of the empire.

"To clean the teeth use a mixture of emery and sweet oil, following it with plenty of kerosene." This would be queer advice, but as it is taken from a machinist's magazine, and from a chapter relating to circular saws, we have no doubt it is given in good faith.

A railroad journal gives a description of a projected locomotive and track by which a speed of three miles per minute is to be attained. A road bed with no curves less than 3,000 feet radius, the grade not to exceed twenty-seven feet to the mile, nine feet gauge, metallic ties, two trio of driving wheels twenty-four feet in diameter, are the more radically new features of this proposed devourer of time and space. The *Railway Age* thinks somebody will have to invent cast iron passengers to ride after such a contrivance.

In welding iron, as is well known, the pieces are heated to whiteness. When iron is to be welded to iron this plan answers well, but if iron is to be welded to steel the white heat often destroys the steel. To prevent this—according to a newly invented process—the surface of the metal to be welded is moistened with water, and on the wet surface there is sprinkled a compound of one pound each of pulverized calcined borax and iron filings, and four ounces pulverized prussiate of potash, intimately mixed. The two surfaces are then wired and raised to a red heat, or about 690 or 700 degrees Fah. When subsequently subjected to rolling or hammering, the joint is completed, while the steel is not sufficiently raised in temperature to be at all injured by the operation.

An Amsterdam firm is busy with the erection of a special workshop in which the cutting of the largest diamond of the world, is shortly to be commenced. This diamond, which has recently been found in South Africa, weighs 475 carats, and is said to be greatly superior in color and brilliancy to all the other famous diamonds of the world, the largest of which, the "Grass Mogul," is in the possession of the Shah of Persia, weighing, after being cut, 280 carats; next in size follows the "Orloff," of 192 carats, which adorns the point of the Emperor of Russia's sceptre; the English "Kohinoor," originally weighing 116 carats. The "Regent," one of the French crown jewels, weighs 126½ carats. The time spent in cutting this last jewel was two years, during which time diamond powder to the value of \$4,500 was used. The "Star of the South," which has been cut at Amsterdam, weighs 127.7-16 carats.

KILLED BY HIS OWN SON.

A Quarrel in a Farm House Over a Game of Backgammon.

The county of Morris, N. J. has another murder case, which, following so closely after the killing of James Laurent by Samuel Wade, causes unusual excitement. Thomas Smith, about 45 years of age, was the farmer who managed White Meadows, the country residence of County Collector Mahlon Hoagland, about two miles from the village of Rockaway. He is very excitable and hot tempered, although not addicted to liquor drinking. He has a son named Loui, aged eighteen years. Late the other evening this boy came into the village and gave himself up to Constable Daniel Morgan, with the startling information that he had killed his father. The story of the fraticide which the young man gave is as follows:

In the evening his father and mother, Bridget Nolan, the work girl, and himself sat down to play dominoes, the two former and the two latter being partners. The first game was won by the boy and girl, which so incensed the father that he swept the dominoes from the table. The second game was won by the father and mother, which put the former in a more happy mood, but in the third game the boy and girl won, and the father's anger became uncontrollable. He again swept the dominoes from the table, and struck his wife. He also caught up from her chair a little girl who was sitting at the table, and threw her to the floor. The son fled into another room. The father followed him with a stick of wood, and declared with an oath too horrible to be repeated that he would kill him. The boy then drew a 32-calibre revolver and fired at him. The father turned and made a move to come toward him. The boy fired and a second time. Still the father came on, then the boy fired a third shot. With this shot the father fell to the floor. He lived only a short time. He uttered nothing but groans. One bullet had struck him in the left shoulder, another in the upper part of one eye, and the third went into the forehead.

The boy then started for Rockaway at once to give himself up. He expressed regret at what had occurred, and said nothing but a fear of danger to his life would have induced him to do what he did. He had always been a quiet, well-behaved boy, and was much liked in the community. The father was a war veteran. Coroner J. P. Stickler next day committed young Smith to the county jail at Morristown and proceeded to hold an inquest. During the proceedings Smith made a voluntary statement to the jury. The other members of the family corroborated his account of the homicide. The proceedings were adjourned until next Tuesday for further testimony. The son says that his father had on several other occasions abused his family and had threatened the lives of all. Some time ago they were compelled to flee from the house in the evening and they remained hid in a barn throughout the night.

"Waiter, can you bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?" "No, sah. We doesn't kill 'em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

A young married couple of Salisbury have named their first boy "Neptune," because they became engaged while on a sailing voyage. There's an ocean for you!

A Berlin physician claims to have invented a machine for looking into the brain. It is probably a newfangled corkscrew, although the old kind will uncover the brain most any man.

Publisher's Department.

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BOOK NOTICES.

A second edition of that valuable little volume by Mr. J. D. Warde, "The Joint Stock Companies Manual," has been issued.

THE MENTOR.—This is a little book by Alfred Ayres, the author of "The Orthoepist" and "The Verbalist," two works that are widely known to persons who are interested in the study of English.

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You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time.

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SEE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

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- FIRST REWARDS
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8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....750
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23 to 40.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets.....780
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71 to 90.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings.....600
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41 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....300
51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400
101 to 210.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....900
211 to 210.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....60
511.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

FIFTH REWARDS.

- 1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 100
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10 to 20.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000
21 to 22.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches.....1,000
23 to 50.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,440
51 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, 12-gauge, breech loading shot guns.....2,700
71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set), complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia.....2,000
111 to 121.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....600
122.—Twenty dollars in gold.....20
123.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
125 to 152.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches.....540
153 to 200.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons.....900
251 to 500.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).....100

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

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METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good any time between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address.

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NUMBER 13.

**CONSOLATION REWARDS.**  
TENNYSON'S POEMS.—(CONTINUED.)

- 303, John W. Van Dumtle, Sitka, Alaska;
- 304, John Sim, Peterboro, from B. C.;
- 305, Mrs. F. Baldwin, Victoria, B. C.;
- 306, S. Hartford & Co., Minnedosa, Man.;
- 307, James Black, Ellsboro, N. W. T.;
- 308, Penzy M. Williams, Deerfield, N. S.;
- 309, L. George Rocher, 361 Spadina Ave., City, sent from Bavaria;
- 310, Chas. T. Price, 10 Darling Ave., Toronto, from B. C.;
- 311, Robert Geggert, Claude, Ont. from England;
- 312, Mrs. A. E. M'Keen, Parisboro, N. S.;
- 313, Daniel E. Culp, Lunenburg, N. S.;
- 314, John M. McHenry, Mt. Holby, Ark.;
- 315, Mrs. H. W. Holmes, Tuam Island;
- 316, M. G. Watson, 33 Temperance St., Toronto, from England;
- 317, E. McPherson, Seattle, N. Y.;
- 318, Martha Gowan, 26 Thomdyke St., Belfast, Ireland;
- 319, John W. Churry, Victoria, B. C.;
- 320, Geo. Nowlove, Yorkton, Assa. N. W. T.;
- 321, Chas. McIntyre, Clinton, B. C.;
- 322, Sarah Sutherland, Advocate Harbor, N. S.;
- 323, P. E. Johnston, Postmaster, Balcarras, N. W. T.;
- 324, E. A. Lockhart, Rounthwaite, Man.;
- 325, Annie Cameron, Green's Brook, East River, St. Mary's, N. S.;
- 326, Mrs. Jno. Cameron, Green's Brook, East River, St. Mary's, N. S.;
- 327, Mrs. F. Laurence, Aweme P. O., Man.;
- 328, Richard Smith, Pownal, P. E. I.;
- 329, N. W. Hanna, Port Moodie, B. C.;
- 330, Jos. Taylor, Port Moodie, B. O.;
- 331, Jas. W. J. Brown, Empire Branch, B. C.;
- 332, W. H. Fallis, Elgin, D. T.;
- 333, Mrs. S. L. Elmer, Livingston, M. T.;
- 334, Mrs. Jas. Wilson, Stodderville, Man.;
- 335, E. M. Sneed, Mataqui P. O., Fraser River, B. C.;
- 336, Mrs. O. S. Griffith, Santa Anna, Cal.;
- 337, L. J. Bene, North Point, Ark.;
- 338, Mrs. S. Kintrea, Thessalon River, Algoma;
- 339, Miss Fannie Oliver, Port Haney, Fraser River, B. C.;
- 340, Mrs. Daniel Lawrence, Haldane Hill, Parry Sound,;
- 341, Joseph McCrea, Ashdod P. O., Ont.;
- 342, Katie Buchanan, North Sydney, C. B.;
- 343, Fred Brown, Byng Inlet, Ont.;
- 344, Mrs. S. F. Mackintosh, Victoria, B. C.;
- 345, W. A. Oke, Harbor Grace, Nfld.;
- 346, Mrs. E.

- J. Clutterham, Portage La Prairie, Man.;
- 347, Mrs. Belle Hill, Franklin Centre, Vt.;
- 348, Mrs. John Finlay, Pelee Plain, Pelee Island, Ont.;
- 349, M. Seabury, 101 Walton St., Toronto, sent from Halle, Denmark;
- 350, H. E. Sutherland, 202 Adelaide St., Toronto, from Halle, Denmark;
- 351, Nellie Jones, Weymouth, N. S.;
- 352, J. F. Tabor, Hanford Brook, St. John's Co., via, St. M. J. N. R.;
- 353, John Stewart, Pugwash, N. S.;
- 354, Madame Barronede Louchin Ducherque Midi Vingard, Paris, France;
- 355, M. G. Watson, 33 Temperance St., Toronto, sent Oldgate, England;
- 356, Mrs. W. H. Holmer, Tuam, Galway, Ireland;
- 357, A. L. Mammond, West Rosendale, Wisconsin;
- 358, John M. McHenry, Mt. Holby, Union Co., Ark.;
- 359, Rev. G. W. Stevenson, Thornbury, Ont., sent from Victoria, B. C.;
- 360, Miss Jessie Hutson, 2971 Butterfield St., Chicago, Ill.;
- 361, Wm. Greene, 66 Julian St., Chicago, Ill.;
- 362, Richard Jane, Clarksburg, Ont., sent from Carlisle, England;
- 363, T. R. Harvey, Cobourg, Ont., sent from Bristol, England;
- 364, Master James A. Steenhoff, Wallaceburg, Ont., sent from Belfast, Ireland;
- 365, Mrs. J. R. Hill, Box 131 Whitby, Ont., sent from Hull, England.

A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Crocodile farming is rapidly becoming a leading industry in certain localities. The largest animals are killed and skinned, their flesh being used to feed their descendants. One dealer last year supplied a tanner with 5,000 skins.

The great diaphoretic and anodyne, for colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, is Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed; also, cures colic, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery, or bloody-flux. Only 50 cents.

A Baltimore man called a letter carrier a liar and was promptly knocked down. He is now punishing the Government by going to the post office for his own mail.

"Love Sees No Faults," it has been said; but, when a woman is dragged down, emaciated, wan, and a shadow of her former self, with never a cheerful word, she can be no longer beautiful or lovable. Nature may have been generous in her gifts, and endowed her with all the charms of her sex, but disease has crept in unawares and stolen the roses from her cheeks, the lustre from her eye, and the rashine from her heart. But to be well again lies in your own power. Take Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," it will cure you; thousands have been cured by it. Nothing equals it for all the painful maladies and weaknesses peculiar to women. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

In the case of a miser it is much easier to take things as they come than part with things as they go.

**The Way of the World.**

That many with the glad consent praise new-born remedies, especially if they pay a larger profit—no one conversant with the substitution practiced in this respect will deny, and when you are told by interested parties that such and such a preparation is as "good or better"—than the great sure pop corn cure—Putnam Painless Corn Extractor. Just for a moment consider if your benefit prompts the advice, or if the small additional profit secured by the sale of inferior or poisonous substitutes lies at the bottom of the suggestion. We say then, buy only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor; the safe, sure and tested remedy for corns will be found in Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

If you wish to paper a whitewashed wall, brush it over with a strong alum water.

**Short, Sharp and Decisive.**

**\$31,000**

—IN—  
**"LADIES' JOURNAL"**  
**BIBLE COMPETITION**  
NO. 10

**FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.**

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

- BIBLE QUESTIONS.**
  - 1. Give first reference to the word **LEAF** in the Bible.
  - 2. Give first reference to the word **DEATH** in the Bible.
- The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

- FIRST REWARDS.**
- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins..... \$100
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, 1,550
- 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, \$10
- 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea-spoons..... 500
- 14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
- 20 to 26.—Eleven solid gold silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 230
- 27 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches..... 400
- 31.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100
- 32 to 36.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen—fine silver-plated tea-spoons..... 750
- 37 to 50.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125
- 501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

- THE MIDDLE REWARDS.**
- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos..... \$1,520
- 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 450
- 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 450
- 12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
- 18 to 29.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
- 30 to 38.—Nine solid gold silver hunting case or open face watches..... 700
- 39.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
- 40 to 50.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
- 51 to 151.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
- 152 to 200.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons..... 415
- 201 to 400.—Two hundred volumes of fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450
- 401.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.**
  - 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins..... \$ 200
  - 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,500
  - 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
  - 8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300
  - 11 to 18.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 200
  - 19 to 26.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 500
  - 27 to 30.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 442
  - 31 to 150.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300
  - 151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
  - 152 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 500
  - 201 to 400.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 40
- Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES'

JOURNAL Office from all points. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

**AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.**  
The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but especially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

The above Bible Competition will finally close the 30th of September. All parties competing will kindly bear this date in mind. Fifteen days will be allowed after date of closing for letters to reach this office from distant points. All letters must, however, bear post mark of 30th September.

**Demonstrated.**

Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man; very often less is required, but in the case of Polson's NERVILINE, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10 cents foots the bill, and suppers enough Nerville to convince every purchaser that it is the best, most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nerville is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and sure to cure cramps and all internal pains. It is also nice to rub outside, for it has an agreeable smell, quite unlike so many other preparations, which are positively disagreeable to use. Try it now. Go to a drug store and buy a 10 cent or 25 cent bottle. Polson's Nerville. Take no other.

When a very mad woman begins practicing with a revolver the wise man always dodges in front of her

The manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco invite the very closest scrutiny of its quality. The expert whose trained senses teach him to recognize the exact quality of tobacco, and the smoker who judges by his experience in smoking it, will both come to the same conclusion that it is of the very highest quality anywhere to be found. It is made of the very finest of Virginia leaf and is manufactured with the greatest possible care.

Green in various subdued shades will be a leading color in fall and early winter fashions.

The Chinese Viceroy of Chen-ai and Kansu explains that the earthquakes which have done much damage in his jurisdiction were chiefly occasioned by the mildness of the winter, which caused an excess of the yang or male element of nature; but they were due in a measure to the perfunctory performance of their public duties by the local officials, who failed to call down the harmonizing influence of heaven.

## The Household.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cheese, when excessively acid, is likely to produce alarming gastro-intestinal irritation.

Cold tea should be saved for the vinegar barrel. It sours easily and gives color and flavor.

A pound of sugar is one pint, an ounce of any liquid is two tablespoonfuls, a pint of liquid weighs sixteen ounces.

Hot wood ashes applied to a stove when cold will remove grease. Cover the spot entirely; do not be sparing of the ashes.

Silver spoons that have become discolored from contact with cooked eggs, may be easily brightened by rubbing with common salt.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink, and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

Mosquitoes, flies and other pests will not enter a room in which the castor-oil plant is growing; or, if they should enter it, they are soon found dead beneath the leaves.

A simple test for the detection of lead in drinking water is provided by tincture of cochineal, a few drops of which will color the water blue, if there be the remotest trace of lead present.

One of the best and most convenient receptacles for table cutlery is a cotton flannel knife case tacked to the inside of a cupboard door—to be so constructed that there will be a separate compartment for each knife or fork.

A lump of gum camphor in the closet where silver or plated ware is kept will do much towards preventing tarnish. Coal gas, and the near presence of rubber in any form are two things that cause silver to tarnish quickly.

Any one who doubts as to the best way to have clear jelly is assured on strong evidence and many proofs that to allow the juice to drain through a flannel bag without squeezing it, will render this matter easy and satisfactory.

Better than an iron spoon for mixing sponge for bread, and for similar uses is a "muddle" or a piece of oak shaped into a round smooth handle at one end, and the other end flattened like a thick knife blade, then sand-papered smooth.

In a damp closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place a saucer full of quick lime, and it will not only absorb all dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight, or as often as it becomes slacked.

When a knob comes off a door-handle you can fasten it on again by filling the cavity of the knob with sulphur, then heat the iron end of the handle which goes in the knob just hot enough to melt the sulphur, put the knob in, and let it cool. It will be firmly fixed in place.

The *Scientific American* states that plush goods and all articles dyed with aniline colors, faded from exposure to light, will look bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well, and is less expensive than the purified.

If children are hungry between meals give them bread or biscuit, as these will "stay the stomach" and not interfere with digestion. I know a family of children who have as much dry bread as they wish between meals, or an apple; never butter or jam or preserve, and they are as healthy and rosy as heart could wish.

Wax beans make a delicious salad. Choose your beans, remove the strings,

break in inch long pieces and cook in salt and water. While still warm cover them with a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Be sure and remember in mixing salads the old saying. "A spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt and a mad man for mixing." Use at least twice as much oil as vinegar.

### Free and Easy Manners.

When girls assume a swaggering manner upon the street, use coarse expressions, and greet each other with a rough "Hello," they cannot expect much deference from their male friends. A lady's manner always controls that of a gentleman; and if she does not respect herself she will not respect her. When boys and girls, young men and maidens, are allowed to fall into the absurdities of low foolish, meaningless talk, it seems to dwarf them intellectually; they can find nothing of interest or importance to say, and therefore make up for sense by filling every sentence with needless exclamations, exaggerations, or misused adjectives. It requires much patience to be compelled to listen to half-a-dozen folks and hear the strange inappropriate use of language. They will assure each other that it is "awful" warm, or the concert "awful nice"; the serman "horrid" dull; a young lady is "awful pretty," but her dress "horrid ugly"; the teacher "horrid strict," such a young gentleman who called had an "awful swell" team of fast horses. If young people could hear themselves as others hear them, it might result in their reformation.

### Refinement in Manners and Society.

Refinement of feeling and perception has a much broader field in which to manifest itself in the narrow circles of home than in the wider sphere of society, where there is so comparatively little to cause friction. And she who is not a lady in her deportment to father, mother, daughter, son, sister or brother, cannot be such when she enters the larger arena of society, no matter what suavity of manner or polish of exterior she may bring to bear with which to charm and delight those about her. Nor is the inner refinement spoken of at all inconsistent with decision of character. In fact, the one possessing it is the one best adapted because of her clearness of perception, to be firm for the right and against the wrong, insisting upon the former in every case where, by virtue of her position in regard to it, she may in any measure be responsible for the wrong. Such a one rules her home with a gentle grace which, while it records a tender deference to inherent right and wrong in all their relations, insists upon the former.

### Disinclination to Marry.

"It is true," said a young lady, "I scarcely know a girl who wants to marry. They are learning something that will interest them as well as support them, two roles in which husbands just now fail. The truth is we are all scared away from any desire to marry by seeing how wretched those who do marry are. Where would we look for husbands? Among the snipes and sports and characterless young men that fill our drawing-rooms? They are insufferable as mere acquaintances or beaux; who could contemplate them as husbands? I have always thought that if I could find a young man at all like my father I could love him and marry him, but that school of men has vanished from the younger ranks."

### Women of the Future.

The young men of the future have got to look sharp. In the seminaries and colleges whose doors have been opened to girls it is a notable fact that the girls this year have got away with the honors, by a large ma-

majority. As there is no institution thus opened which will close its doors against the girls, young men would do well to take their lesson in time. The girls have knocked the doors open to stay, and, what is more, they are there to make good use of their opportunities.

### Barring a River in Newfoundland.

The process of barring a river is to stretch a net across from bank to bank, staked up above high-water mark. This is backed up by another net, placed directly behind it, which is of smaller mesh than the first, so that if a fish can manage to pass the first net he is sure to be caught in the second. In this way I once counted seven nets, one behind the other. Of course all this is illegal, the law permitting a net to be set from the bank extending to one-third across the water, but this would never suit the Newfoundlanders. Even if his net does not reach the opposite bank, he takes care to bar the deep water channel, up which fish always go; and not content with that, he sets his net with a "trap" at the end, or middle, as the case may be, so that nothing can escape.

Having reason to suspect that a lovely salmon river in Bonne Bay was barred, and had been so for twenty years, I left the ship at midnight in the steam-utter, towing a boat of light draught. We had twelve miles to go to the mouth of the river, which we reached just as dawn was breaking. The first object we saw was a boat with a man in it, making up the river as fast as possible; but, alas for him! not fast enough.

We were seen alongside, when, with a cheer, "Good morning," we asked if there was any prospect of sport up the river.

"No, sir; not a great deal."

"Then you don't think it worth while putting up a rod even for a cast?"

"No, sir; I hardly think it is. There hasn't been a fish in this river for many years."

"Well, it is a pity, after coming so far, to be disappointed. I think I'll just wet a line."

The old innkeeper's face dropped, and he disappeared into the bush, while we proceeded. We had not gone a mile further before a slight net was enough to make any true angler collapse. Right across the river, from bank to bank, staked high above the water, was a splendid net, and suspended in the meshes just as the water had left them, were several salmon and some noble trout, of 3 and 4 lbs. weight. Above this net were three others, all containing fish; and above that again—not a living thing, and no wonder. Chucking away our rods, gaffs, &c., we set to work, lifted all the nets, and put them in the boat, together with the fish; drew the stakes, and sent them down the stream; and then dropped down the river to enjoy our breakfast, which we all felt we had earned. Presently our old friend hove in sight.

"Well, sir, did you have any sport?"

"Yes, thank you, pretty fair, and better than I expected"—at the same time holding up a fine salmon.

"Lor', sir, you don't say so! I really didn't expect," &c., &c.

"Yes; the next time I come I hope to have better; for if ever I catch you again, you will be fined 50 dollars in addition to the confiscation of your nets."

The old reprobate didn't wait to hear more, but retired into the bush with the "compliments of the season."

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

### BRILLIANTS.

Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Love is like honesty—much talked about but little understood.

A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.

You may shrink from the far reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them.

One who is content with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do, he has lain down to die.

Plato will have disciples, but Socrates will have adorers; because if the one knew how to think, the other knew how to die.

The Winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the nut is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart to discover the real worth.

Those who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present, but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed, but wit and talents cannot prevent the discovery of want of politeness.

The beginning of hardships is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to go on.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Green in various subdued shades will be a leading color in fall and early winter fashions.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, Cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Bastles have probably reached their maximum in size for at least six months to come.

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Franklin, writes: "I was afflicted with pain in my shoulder for eight years—almost helpless at times—have tried many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. After a few applications the pain left me entirely and I have had no pains since. Do not take Electric or Electron Oils, but see that you get Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil." White woolen frocks are dressy and pretty for sea-side and mountain wear.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over fourteen years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

Mantles and short vizites are worn by young girls as well as older women.

By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeons knife because of malignant sores and scrofulous swelling, might be saved, sound and whole. This will purge out the "corruptions which" pollute the blood, and by which such complaints are originated and fed.

**HARPOONING HOGS.**

Central American Sport For Those Who Like It.

A man who has been engaged in the novel sport of harpooning hogs in Central America tells about it in this way: All the members of our party were at peace with themselves and all the world until the ubiquitous guide made a discovery which turned his yellow face to an ashen hue and brought him from the stream, where he had gone for water, yelling: "Chanca del monte! Chanca del monte!"

A slender-legged hog was trotting about fifty paces in the frightened man's rear. It had a couple of glittering white tusks on either side of its jaw which it proceeded to whet on the roots of a walnut tree in which Rafael took shelter.

"Climb, climb, seniors!" he exclaimed, as soon as he was safely out of reach; "there is plenty of them coming. Take up much powder and much shots, or they will keep us treed until we starve."

But the seniors did not mean to be treed at all. They recognized in the animal the hog against which the harpoons were to be used, and, instead of leaping into a tree, they got into the saddle and unstrapped the spears, which were beside the guns on the mules backs ready for the march.

A patter of little feet in the forest told that Rafael's "plenty of them" was coming and Davys spurred at once toward the brute which was still grunting at the foot of the walnut tree.

When it saw me coming it trotted toward me, and it took all my strength in my left hand to keep my mule from turning tail and bolting. But I kept her head well to it, and as the boar closed with us my blade caught him close at the base of the scull and shaved away the skin along his spine clear to the tail. It was awkward work for a green hand, and if my mule had not shied violently to one side the rush of the pig would have certainly broken his fore leg. The first taste of the harpoon seemed to make the brute furious, and with blood streaming down his back he came back at me gnashing his tusks with a noise like the rattle of a pair of bones at the Minstrels'. This time I missed him altogether, and his sharp teeth took a couple of square inches of skin from my mule's off fore leg. But at the third charge I gave him the harpoon square in the eye. He reared up on his haunches and fell over backward, taking the lance out of my hand in his fall.

By this time Smith had closed with the leaders of the drove, which had broken cover when they heard the struggle going on, and I saw there was no time to get out of the saddle and pick up my spear, so I tore my gun out of the fastenings which held it on the saddle behind me and put a load of buckshot into the throat of the bristly boar who was goring Smith's mule in the rear. After that I had all I could do to take care of myself. The little beasts, none of them bigger than an ordinary bulldog, came at me like a whirlwind, and for the next 10 minutes I expected to be thrown into the middle of them. The mule was doing her level best to upset me, and all the indications pointed to her being brought to the ground with broken legs. The skin was torn from her shanks into ribbons, and if I had gone down it would have been all day for me. Smith soon saw that the case was too serious to trust to the harpoons any longer, and, after sticking one through the neck, he threw the spear away and joined me in thinning the drove out with his rifle. This was quicker work, and after we had bowled over six and wounded several more the whole party became panic stricken and raced away into the woods like so many deer.

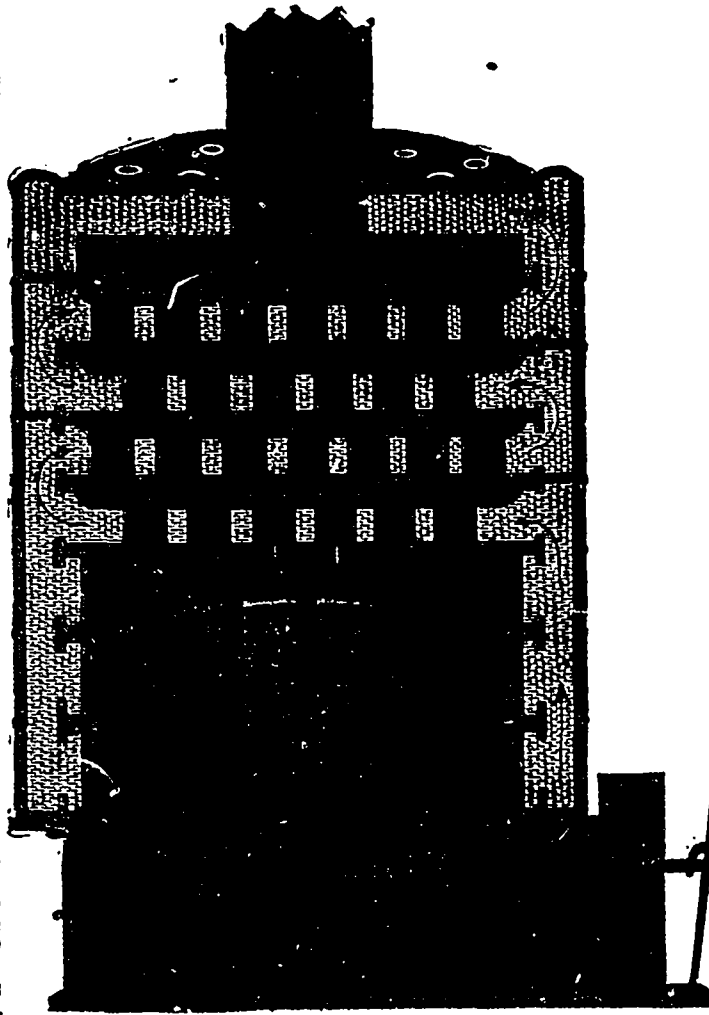
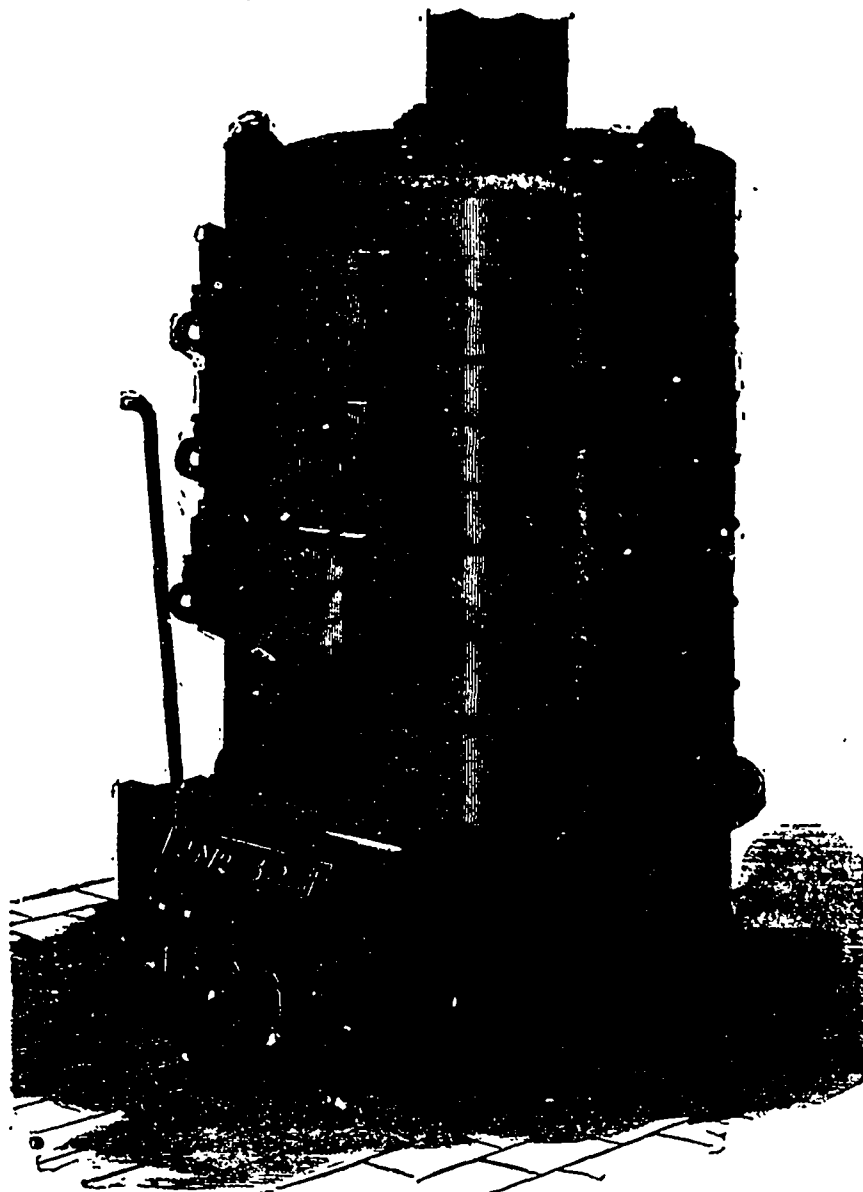
**HOT  
WATER  
HEATING  
BOILER**

THE

**E. & C. GURNEY CO.**

TORONTO,

HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG



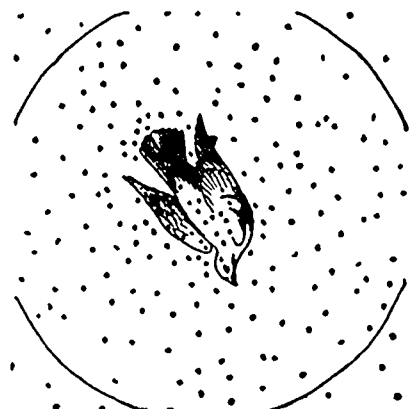
**These Heaters**

Are not only the Cheapest Manufactured, they are also the simplest being easily operated by any one competent to care for a Hall Stove.

**WE SOLICIT EXAMINATION  
BY THE TRADE.**

It will be noted that the proceeds of combustion, after passing through the first row of tubes, pass into a combustion chamber, when after expanding they pass through a second set of tubes, and so on to the exit to chimney flue.

It is said that during the last twenty years there has been taken from the Sierra forests on Lake Tahoe and the Truckee basin timber amounting in value to \$300,000,000 and paid for at the Virginia (Nevada) mines.



### ENGLISH SHOT GUN.

On receipt of \$18 will forward to any part of the Dominion a Double Barrel, Break-Loading Shot Gun, centre fire, side snap, genuine twist barrels, finely bored, with steel case, hardened locks, walnut stock, checkered in hand and fore end; weight from seven and a half to ten pounds; 30 or 37-inch barrels, 10 or 12 gauge. Every satisfaction guaranteed. All other grades of guns at correspondingly low prices.

Large shipments of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, and Sporting Goods are arriving weekly, direct from the Manufacturers, which were recently purchased and carefully inspected by our Buyer when in Europe. Kindly write us for prices.

### GUN REPAIRING.

Boring bench just arrived from Europe, which now makes our Gun Repairing Shops replete with all modern machinery.

Send in your old guns to be

**Choke Bored, Re-Bored, Restocked, or Cylinder Bored.**

Repairing of every description executed in quick time and at lowest prices.

### CHAS. STARK,

52 Church Street, TORONTO.

Agents for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s Colts Pat. Firearms Manfg. Co., J. Stevens & Co.'s Rifles, Marlin, Kennedy, Remington & Whitney Rifles, Baker's Pat. Three-barrel Gun, Smith & Wesson Revolvers, Ligowaki Clay Pigeon Co., Canada Target Ball Co.

#### ASSORTED PACKAGE.

25 Sewing Needles, 25 Darning Needles, 12 Hairpins, 1 Thumb, 1 Pair Earings, 1 Lady's Usard Chain, 1 Pair Cuff Studs, 1 Hat Pin. All in a neat box postpaid for 50 cents; four for \$1. J. LEE & CO., Montreal.

#### FUN AND MYSTERY PACKAGE.

Contains Heller's conjuring pack, the Mystic Oracle, Guide to Vibration, 10 new Evening Games, set of 25 Hold to Light Puzzles, 1 set of Coloured Chromo Cards, the Star Puzzle, 25 Ways to get Rich, the "13" Puzzle, 5 Beautiful Face Pictures, Language of Jewels and Flowers, 101 Selections for Autograph Albums, 11 Songs, with Music, 13 new Tricks in Magic, Pack of Fun and Comic Cards, 1 Chinese Block Puzzle, the Roman Cross Puzzle, great 25 Piece Puzzle, 1 set Transformation Pictures, and Games of Fortune, all for 50c. postpaid. Two packages for 50c., and five for one \$1. J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P.Q.

#### The Ladies' Guide to Fancy Work.

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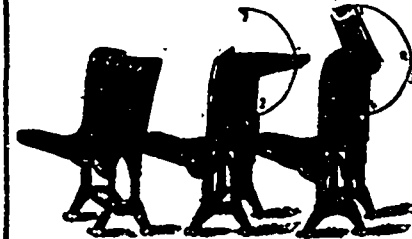
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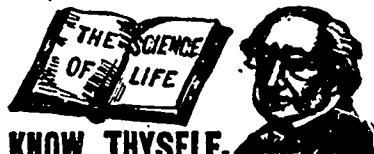
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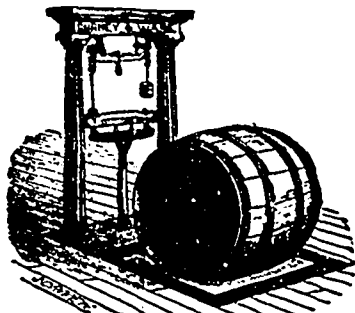
Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

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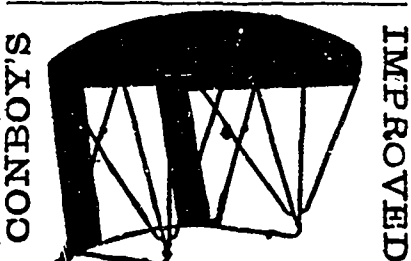
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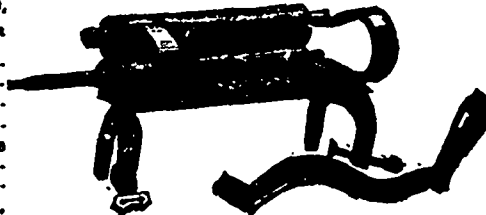
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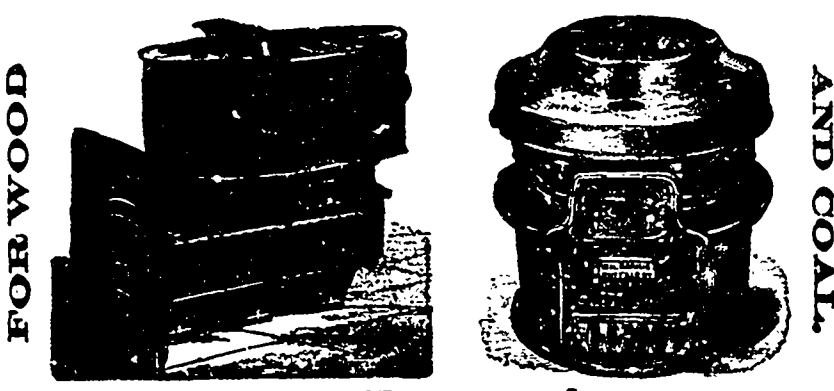
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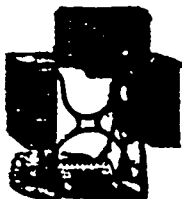
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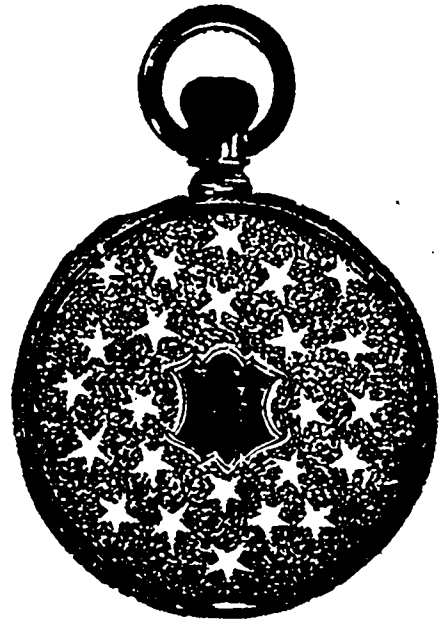
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