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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17th YEAR.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 241

## OUR RESIDENCE.

We fully expected to have been able this week to announce the location of TRUTH VILLA, but circumstances have occurred which prevent us doing so. Some little difficulty is being experienced in securing a house which will be worthy of the well-known enterprise and liberality of the publisher of TRUTH, and which will be a fitting climax to the series of awards which he has so generously given to subscribers to TRUTH. The street and number of TRUTH VILLA will be published soon, and meanwhile let none lose the opportunity of becoming possessed of a beautiful city residence at so small a cost. One dollar will give you a four months' subscription to TRUTH and the possibility of securing the house and lot. Don't fail to compete at once. This last magnificent premium will positively be awarded, and you will forever regret allowing so golden an opportunity to pass if you do not embrace the present one. Send a dollar AT ONCE!

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Happily the war between England and Russia is likely to be averted—for a time at least. It would have been a terrible thing for both nations and for the world to have rushed into a deadly conflict, when a settlement of differences could have been reached by more peaceful means. When the passions of men, or of nations, become roused, it seems as though the desire for blood becomes an infatuation. The jingo party in England now seem to be indignant and disappointed that bloodshed has not been resorted to. No doubt many of them would have been quite willing to have risked their own precious lives, but probably they are not among the men at blatant ones just now.

In regard to the last great war with Russia, costing, as it did, England so many lives and so much treasure, it was the opinion of some of the ablest and most experienced statesmen, including Mr. Gladstone and John Bright, that England had hardly necessity or right on her side, and that the results were in no way adequate to the great sacrifice. The better thinking class of people are already coming to feel that the Soudan expedition was uncalled for, if not unjust, and that the country had no reasonable excuse to give for the great clamour that was raised for vengeance against the people of that land. There is certainly a vast difference between a popular national holiday butchery and a justifiable war.

The excitement in regard to the North-West rebellion grows more intense, as well it may. At the time of this writing fighting is going on, and what may be the result it is difficult to foresee. That the re-

bellion will be eventually crushed out, and the rebels driven from the country, or punished for their wicked acts, there can be no doubt. How long a time may be required for this purpose, and how widespread the uprising may grow, among the Indians especially, it seems hard to tell, even yet. That the disaffection was much more widespread in the outset than was generally imagined there can be no doubt about. How the Dominion Government could have been left so long in ignorance of the matter, with such a large number of officials over the country, is something that ought to be more clearly explained to the country than it yet has been. Surely all the agitation and all the organization could not have gone on without the knowledge of the local officials, if they are men of ordinary intelligence and ordinary faithfulness to duty.

The progress being made each year in increased facilities for higher education among women is very great. The question of co-education appears to be pretty nearly solved, and the doors of the colleges are being thrown open more widely every year to females. No such dreadful calamities are coming out of this innovation as many honestly feared. It is pretty safe to predict that the time is not far distant when the old-time "Ladies' Select School," when "the accomplishments" were the principal things taught, will have had their day. Females are entering every college whose doors have been opened to them, and they are demonstrating their ability to compete successfully in a fair field.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is just now before Parliament for its annual call for aid. This time only a five million loan is asked in ready money. This is quite as little as was expected. It was well enough understood, for some time past, that help would be asked for again this year, and again granted, though the Government organs appeared to try to assure the people there was nothing in it. Of course had it been foreseen in the outset that any such an outlay would have been demanded, the bargain would never have been entered into by Parliament. Now that so much has been expended the Company appears to be the master of the situation, and avails itself of the opportunity of setting nearly its own terms. The country appears to have the alternative of either losing all it has invested, or of investing more. The only serious question now appears to be how much farther we must go before we can safely cry halt. TRUTH sincerely hopes the end of calls for help has come, but it sincerely doubts it. The Canadian Pacific Railway will certainly prove of vast advantage to the Dominion if the people are not financially crushed under its burden. It may yet turn out that it is worth all that it has cost. TRUTH hopes so.

Elevated railways will probably become common before many years in other large cities besides New York. A scheme is now on foot for their establishment in Paris. It is proposed to commence operations very

soon, so as to have all completed and in good running order before the proposed great exposition in Paris in 1889. Probably a similar experiment will be made in the other great European cities, should that of Paris prove quite satisfactory. Whether London may yet substitute overhead for underground railways remains to be seen. Possibly the terrible fogs may stand in the way of its success.

Immigration into the United States continues very large, though there has been a slight falling off during the past few years. It is said that most of the valuable public lands have been already taken up, and that "free homesteads for the million" do not exist, or cannot long exist, as they formerly did. According to the U. S. official returns the number of emigrants arriving at New York alone was 330,030. The average of the three preceding years was something like 400,000. Of the last year's arrivals Germany supplied nearly one half, and Ireland came next on the list, with England a very close third. The number of Germans flocking yearly to the Great Republic is something enormous. They bring with them very loose ideas about Sunday observance and drink selling, and their influence is very largely felt in the politics of the country. The only wonder is that American politics continue in as healthy a condition as they even do, considering the very large foreign population assimilated every year, and the very large number of officers elected by the popular vote.

Baron Tennyson, England's great Poet-aureate, has lately been putting his views pretty strongly into verse in regard to the supposed inefficiency of the British navy just now, and a good deal of offence has come out of it. The Jingo party are delighted with it, but others think it is not just the thing for the great poet to give the Government to which he owes so much such a hard slap. He is now an old man, and has evidently lost much of the poetic fire of his palmy days. It is possible he has lost much of his former good judgment too. Here are the verses that have caused so much comment:—

"You, you, if you have failed to understand  
The fleet of England is her all in all.  
On you will come the curse of all the land  
If that old England fall  
Which Nelson left so great.  
"This isle, the mightiest naval power on earth—  
This one small isle, the lord of every sea:  
Poor England! What would all these votes be worth  
And what avail thine ancient fame of free,  
Wert thou a fallen state?  
"You, you, who had the ordering of her fleet,  
If you have only compassed her disgrace,  
When all men stare the wild wolf's million feet  
Will kick you from your place:  
Will kick you from your place:  
But then too late, too late!"

Few facts give better indication of the fickleness of public opinion among the French people than the short lives of the governments in France. Every few years there is a change in the form of government, and every few months there appears to be a change of cabinet under the present Republic. The Ferry Cabinet, just resigned, held office for less than two years, and yet it is said to have been longer-lived than any other ministry since the fall of Louis Napoleon and the Empire. How long the Re-

public itself will last few will venture to predict.

The live cattle exportation trade is becoming of more and more importance to Canada every year. So far the expenses of shipment from Canadian ports have been much larger than from those of the United States, much to the detriment of the Canadian stock-raiser. It is now announced that a new line of steamers will be established between Montreal, Glasgow and Liverpool, with special adaptations to the live stock trade. This is good news. It is quite probable that, in view of the troubled state of affairs in the East, the English meat markets may be more dependent on Canada than they ever have been. Much greater attention ought to be given to raising heavy stock by the farmers of the province. Good beef cattle will be always in good demand. As it is they are scarce for even our own home markets.

Visits to royalty are always expected to be stately affairs, but very much depends on the location of the palace and who is King after all. A correspondent of the London Times has been paying a visit to King Mankoroane, in Bechuanaland, and reports to the great Thunderer in regard to his gracious reception in the following style: "The King was asleep in his hut. He wore a red flannel shirt, a blue coat, very old corduroy trousers, cloth top boots and no socks. Cigarettes were presented to the queen and two princesses, and I sang to them a comic song, at which they laughed heartily, but the King only awakened when the baby began to cry. He shook hands cordially and asked for some tobacco and a shilling. I happened to drop the shilling on the floor, whereupon the whole royal family went down on the floor and scrambled for it. It was secured by one of the princesses, who held it up laughing, while the entire family bade the correspondent a civil good-bye.

What has been done in Canada during the past few years in this direction is very well known. What is being done in other lands is thus briefly referred to by a leading New York journal:—In Russia women may now pursue their studies in all the great universities. In 1870 women were first admitted to the universities of Sweden. Last year, for the first time, women entered the University of Brussels. Some thirty women, including six or eight Americans, are now attending the choice University of Zurich, in Switzerland, and at the University of Geneva nearly as many are studying. There are more women in college in France than in any other country in Europe, and even Italy has opened the way for girls to pursue a high course of study. Conservative England has, too, been affected by the spirit of the age, and her greatest universities of Oxford and Cambridge are relaxing their sexual exclusiveness, and admitting thoughtful and studious women to the final competitions for the prizes of knowledge. All civilized nations are moving in the right direction, and the veteran Woman's Rights advocates of this country are largely to be credited with the impulse.

Truth's Contributors.

HOW CLAIMS WERE SETTLED.

BY DR. FERDINAND BLACK, A.M., GOODWOOD, ONT.

Once on a time, in the ages long past,  
There existed a country whose forests were vast,  
And the "King of the forest," from just cause or  
Not,  
Found his subjects not all quite content with their  
lot.  
But they that howled loudest, by night or by day,  
Were those we class always among beasts of prey.  
The Tiger and Bear said the cause of dejection,  
Was the fact that their interests all needed "pro-  
tection."  
That the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air,  
And the fish of the sea, like advantage would share,  
By a proper regard for the claims of each class,  
And the beast that denied it, must needs be an ass!  
So the Lion proclaimed it to be his intention,  
To discuss the whole subject in solemn convention;  
And, in view that all classes might thus have a voice,  
He asked each to send there a beast of his choice,  
Declaring some project might thus be got at,  
That would render his subjects contented and fat.  
So broad were his views, and so kind were his wishes,  
That he did not exclude even insects or fishes,  
And, to show you how wide did his bounty prevail,  
Invitations were sent to the shark and the whale.  
The Convention was held, but the number was  
small;  
Of those present, I think, eight included them all.  
The Lion, of course, was then called to the chair,  
And the Wolf, as vice-president, also was there;  
The Fox was selected to act as their scribe,  
Which he took as a mark of respect for his tribe.  
The Vulture's grand representative bird,  
And his voice in convention was frequently heard;  
And the Serpent, whose wisdom's acknowledged by  
all.  
R. presented the interests of creatures that crawl:  
While the Toad represented "Amphibia's" claims—  
A class with queer forms, but with far queerer  
names.  
The insects had claims which they wished to present,  
And a Fly was their choice, and accordingly sent.  
And last but not least, I may mention the Ass,  
Who presented in person a numerous class.  
The others now being duly installed,  
This goodly Convention to order was called:  
And a note from the Shark said, howe'er he could  
wish,  
To be there a good representative fish;  
He had fear that the trip might expose him to  
slaughter,  
And, at best, he'd but "feel like a fish out of water,"  
So he begged to decline; but, if it might be,  
He'd be glad if they'd meet at his cave in the sea,  
Where he'd give them his fin in the absence of  
hand;  
For, at heart, he was one with this movement on  
land.  
And letters were read from Hyena and Bear,  
Expressing regret that they could not be there;  
In fact, letters came there from beasts of all kinds,  
Some expressing their absence, some expressing their  
mildness.  
But I must not, dear reader, attempt to detail,  
If I did go, my time and my space would both fail.  
A series of grand resolutions they gave,  
Each getting the loudest support from the Ass;  
Though speeches were made, you may safely rely,  
By the delegates all, not omitting the Fly.  
The Lion's loud voice was heard many a mile,  
For his speech was delivered in vigorous style,  
And resounded afar over hill and through glen,  
Being caught and repeated by echo again.  
He said that his subjects were weakened by faction  
and urged them to be more united in action;  
And that often unworthy suspicions and fear,  
Prevented his meeting with those he held dear.  
The Wolf, who in turn, took the floor for a while,  
In a bowling, loud-toned, local-praecherist style,  
Said that he with His Majesty fully agreed,  
That more faith in each other was what they did  
need;  
For it was his conviction—though possibly wrong—  
That the weak ought to treat themselves more to  
the strong.  
And pretested, in tears, that there could be no sham,  
In the love that he felt for the innocent lamb.  
The Fox then endorsed all the preceding views;  
Said he thought that all beasts ought to eat what  
they choose;  
If the Bear, for example, got tired of flesh,  
He could then, if he wanted to, try something fresh,  
And the Lion could then make his dinner on grass,  
And the whole intercourse sweet with the Ox and the Ass.  
As for insects and birds, the Fox thought it not fair,  
To be under restrictions to fly in the air,  
Urging all to discard this ridiculous whim,  
And, when tired of flying to go for a swim;  
While the same right of choice should extend to the  
fish.  
To walk on the land, or to fly, if they wish,  
Through the good of all creatures, of course, was his  
care.  
Yet he claimed special care for both poultry and hare.  
The Fox, then concluded, amidst greatest applause,  
For his eloquent speech for the good of the cause,  
And the Vulture replied in behalf of the birds,  
That he thanked the good Fox for his kind, thought-  
ful words;  
That he'd guard all his friends with the same watch-  
ful care.  
Whether clothed in gay feathers, or covered with  
hair;  
And his care did not cease with their lives, for he said,  
He had love for all flesh, be it living or dead.  
The Serpent then said, it was always his way,  
To say nothing where'er he had nothing to say;  
That he'd never forget what was taught him when  
young.  
That "off there is wisdom in holding one's tongue,"  
And to long-winded speakers his maverick appli-  
cations.  
The shorter the speech is, the fewer the lies!"  
And that speakers would stop when they'd spoken  
enough.  
If they knew the deep meaning of *rebus sap. suf.*  
The Toad, in reply, with great power of lung,  
Said he doubted the wisdom of holding his tongue;  
That, indeed, he'd as soon think of holding his  
breath,  
For either, in his case would imply be death;  
And he stoutly maintained that it now was a time,  
When to speak was a duty, and silence a crime

And claimed rights for his clients in language  
emphatic,  
Whether living on land, or of habits aquatic.  
In regard to the claims of birds, insects, and beasts,  
He said that he did not object in the least;  
But, if feathers and hairs alone sympathy give,  
Pray what of those creatures clothed only in skin?  
If provision for these be not laid on the shelf,  
I, for one, said the Toad, shall look out for myself.  
The Fly, who in person is graceful and airy,  
With a voice like a flute, and a form like a fairy,  
Said she thanked the great beasts for their noble in-  
tention,  
So kindly expressed in this open Convention,  
Of guarding the weak with such brotherly care,  
Whether decked with gay plumage, or covered with  
hair;  
And that, when the glad news of "protection" should  
come,  
Among insects, at least, she predicted a "hum."  
The speech of the Ass was both lengthy and loud,  
For to speak in Convention, he truly was proud;  
And he is like others who've nothing to say,  
The less there is in him, the louder he'll bray;  
And, had delegates listened with hearty good will,  
The Ass would, perhaps, have been braying there  
still.  
But the Toad, who'd been watching his chance on  
the sly,  
Flashed out his red tongue and quick captured the  
Fly.  
While the Serpent, as after events fully showed,  
Had been secretly keeping his eye on the Toad,  
For he eagerly seized him as boys seize a roll,  
And with snaky contortions, he swallowed him  
whole.  
From his meal he, however, short comfort did take,  
For the Vulture swooped down and soon gobbled the  
Snake;  
But the Fox on the Vulture full quickly did fall,  
And to him, head, crop, bones and feathers and all,  
Nor did he yield escape from disaster that day,  
For he, in his turn, to the Wolf fell a prey;  
Then out swung the Lion with terrible roar,  
And the Wolf, with his fangs all to pieces he tore;  
And when he had finished his hasty repast,  
He observed, "all our claims are united at last;  
And the Ass then assured him, on fullest reflection,  
He approved of this plan for each other's "protec-  
tion."  
That it, in good time, would its object fulfil;  
And I am told his descendants are saying so still.

NIAGARA FALLS FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

No. 7.

"Did you ever do the Falls, uncle?" asked our bright young nephew of sixteen summers. "No," we replied, "but the Falls once did us in a way that cleaned out our little purse."  
This was over forty years ago. It was spring-time—in the month of April. We were then in Toronto, better known a few years earlier as "Muddy Little York." We had, what we supposed, a well-filled purse of English shillings and half-crowns, amounting, all told, to fifteen dollars and fifty cents. Cash was then scarce in the West. All was "store pay." Fifty to seventy-five pounds a year was then a fair salary for a young clerk, very little of which was paid him in cash. His board cost ten dollars a month, paid in store pay. Then his clothing was charged to his account in the store, so that a young clerk in those days in the West, after his board and clothing were paid, had not much over five to six dollars a month left him for pocket money; therefore we considered ourselves passing rich in having fifteen dollars and fifty cents in our purse.  
We had given up our old situation and made a new engagement to be entered upon on the first of May following, and having a little over two weeks' spare time, and, as we thought, a well-filled purse, the question was where to go and how to spend it to the best advantage in sight-seeing. Fortunately we found a companion, a genuine young Hibernian, well informed, about our own age, having a little spare time, too, and equally rich, our two united purses amounting to a little over thirty dollars; so we joined hands, and a visit to the Falls of Niagara was decided on. The vulgar term of "doing the Falls" was not known in our young days. Our baggage was not heavy. Besides the clothes we wore, a small carpet bag containing a change of linen, socks, etc., a mackintosh and a walking stick comprised our whole baggage. Travelling was cheap in those days.  
It was on a Saturday morning in the month of April, that we walked on board the steamer to cross Lake Ontario to

Queenston, from which place there was a horse car to Drummondville, within a mile of the Falls. The trip from Toronto to Drummondville cost us three dollars.  
We entered the head inn in the village, an unpretending place, and arranged for two weeks' board and lodging at half a dollar a day each. This amounted to fifteen dollars for both of us for the two weeks, by which our purse was lightened one-half. We had comfortable quarters; there were no visitors but ourselves at that time at the Falls. Our host was ignorant of our wealth. We kept that secret to ourselves, maintaining a dignified reserve, no doubt putting on a few little airs, as most travellers do. No personal in the local papers announced our arrival, but our appearance being respectable commanded respect in the village, which we had all to ourselves.  
The next morning, Sunday, an April morning, we strolled down after breakfast to have our first view of the Falls of Niagara. The constant and continued roar, or rather thunders, from the tumbling rapids, rang in our ears the whole of the previous night. It was music grand and wild. It chimed in and was in accord with our youthful tastes. It was a charming morning, with blossom and bloom overhead. There was silence all around—the silence of a Sabbath morning in a quiet country side. Nothing was heard save the song of birds—the early spring notes of those little choristers of the woods, and the thunders of Niagara ascending high and far above, made us feel somehow as if we had been transported to fairyland.  
We cannot, even at this lapse of time, find words to truly express our feelings—the feelings which crept over us as we approached the mighty cataract, where the waters of Lake Erie and the other upper lakes find their outlet into Lake Ontario over a space less than a quarter of a mile in width. Our thoughts—our feelings, as we strolled down from the village of Drummondville on that April Sunday morning, over forty years ago, with the song of birds and the thunders of the cataract sounding in our ears, and blossom and bloom overhead, to have our first full view of the Falls of Niagara!  
"Proud demon of the waters!" we exclaimed, "Thou, around whose dark and stormy brow, circles the rainbow's varied gem!" There we stood for the first time, gazing in wonder and infinite delight on that mighty mass of water as it rolled in majestic splendor over its rock-bound summit, in an almost unbroken wave, into the yawning whirlpool below! "Come," we said, "expressive silence," must its praise!  
There were no guide books in those early days to instruct the visitor "how to do the Falls," as it is vulgarly termed. We were entirely guided by our former limited reading and by our open eyes, and we did them, the falls, to our entire satisfaction, and perhaps better than the many thousands who yearly visit them. We often smile to hear people ask which is the best season to visit the falls? We have often heard the expression of disappointment—"That few visitors were there, no people of note!" What did they go for? Was it to see and meet with congregated shoddy? Or was it to view one of the grandest sights on this continent?  
The Falls of Niagara are the same at all seasons—spring, time, summer or winter. We have since visited them at all seasons, and were we asked the best time to do so we would, without hesitation, say, winter. We once visited them during the month of March, when the whole mass of ice from Lake Erie came rushing over the falls in

such quantities that the river from the town of Niagara upwards got jammed, forming a bridge of ice for miles. Few visitors have seen this grand sight. At another time we saw, on an early frosty spring morning, the whole of the surrounding trees covered with icicles, caused by the spray from the falls, hanging and swinging from the branches, and glistening and disappearing under the rays of the sun, affording a sight which no pen can describe nor pencil paint.  
The whole neighborhood has many attractions besides the falls. It was springtime on our first visit. The surrounding country is famed for its old homesteads and its fruit orchards and flower gardens, being the earliest settled part of Western Canada by the U. E. Loyalists. The whole countryside was then in bloom. The apple, the pear, and the peach orchards, with the cherry and plum gardens, in the old Niagara district, the then garden of Canada, were in full blossom. Couple this grand sight with that of the falls, and the reader will say that we, two young tourists, were more fortunate in our time of "doing the falls" than most visitors.  
After our first few days, still keeping Drummondville for our headquarters, we arranged to visit the different battle fields on the Niagara frontier. The field of Lundy's Lane is within ten minutes' walk of Drummondville; Queenston Heights a little over an hour's walk; Chippewa about the same distance; old Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, some six or seven hours' walk upwards along the banks of the Niagara River; and Stony Creek, about seven miles from Hamilton, on the Grimsby road.  
All these old Canadian battle fields were laid down in our programme of this visit, which we faithfully carried out. In our next we shall fight over "Lundy's Lane," that ever-memorable Canadian battle field.  
OBJECTIONS TO PROHIBITION.  
BY A. HOOD, BARRIE.  
It appears to me to be out of place to discuss compensation before either the justice of prohibition has been proved, or its advisability established; because a failure to successfully defend either of these contentions would leave its consideration unnecessary; if a prohibitory law is wrong no amount of compensation would make it right; if prohibition is proved right it will then be in order to show that compensation should follow. Still, I cannot overlook the fact that those who propose to destroy the value of property and deprive numbers of individuals of their means of making a living without compensating them for losses, are pursuing a very dangerous course. They are establishing a precedent for unjust and oppressive legislation, that may be the stepping-stone to a still more serious attack on our liberties in the future; and at the same time they are by the inculcation of false principles—by the advocacy of such glaring injustice from every platform, and every pulpit, wherever the English language is spoken—disregarding in that advocacy those principles of strict justice by which every right minded man should be guided, and implanting in the minds of the rising generation a habit of allowing strict principle to give place to expediency, and tampering with their moral sensibilities in a way that will inflict a greater injury on their guiding principles, their sense of right and wrong, than liquor will ever inflict on their bodies.  
I will state briefly the grounds on which my opposition to the Scott Act, or any other prohibitory measure, is based. Here let me say that it is strictly for a principle that I contend, never having used liquors of any

kind habitually, or been interested in their sale.

It has been laid down as a principle that "Freedom consists in doing anything we please that does not injure another." "That the exercise of our natural rights has no other limit than their interference with the rights of others."

I am not aware that these premises have ever been disputed, and if admitted it must follow that every individual has a right to sell his labor, or the produce of his labor, or the produce of another man's labor that he may have received in exchange for his own; always provided that in so doing he is not interfering with the rights of others. On the same principle he has a right to employ his own labor in growing grain, or fruit, and in converting those grains and fruits into any other forms he may desire as foods, deserts, or beverages; that he has the right to make beer, wine, or liquors, and to use them himself or sell to others for their use. If these propositions are correct then the whole fabric of prohibition falls to the ground, and the injustice of such legislation at once becomes apparent.

I presume it will be admitted that Governments were established for the purpose of securing to individuals the undisturbed possession of their natural rights, and, however great the power they possess or may have assumed, it is not without limit. They must be guided by certain principles; they must not trample on the rights they were formed to protect. It will not suffice therefore to say, in discussing prohibition, such is the law, and the law must be right; it will be necessary to show that its enactments are not opposed to those simple principles which are the foundation of all rights.

If these premises are correct, and the deductions drawn from them a logical consequence, it will be of no use for prohibitionists in defence to point out the magnitude of the evils that the abuse of liquor produces, the poverty and destitution that may follow such abuse, or the crimes that may affirm it has cause to be committed. All these will be resolved into the answer to one question: "Is prohibition just?" If the answer be in the negative, they may rest assured that whatever be the magnitude of the evils that are said to follow, and to be caused by the consumption of spirits; they have not found the right way of treating them; and if they employ or rely upon any method that attacks our freedom and interferes with our natural rights, they are acting unjustly towards every individual, and will never accomplish the objects they have in view.

Although I do not anticipate that these views can be shown to be unsound, I should indeed be sanguine if I expected everyone to be at once convinced that prohibition is wrong; it will therefore be necessary to strengthen my own view of the case by weakening that of my opponents. I expect, therefore, to be able to show:

1st. That the evils referred to are not by any means such as are usually represented.

2nd. That the statements made by temperance advocates are exaggerated and overstrained.

3rd. That the statistics made use of to show the evils of intemperance under license law, and the abatement of those evils under prohibition, are incorrect and unreliable.

4th. That the effect of liquor as a chemical agent acting on the human system, is not such as to cause men to commit crimes.

5th. That the assertion that from three-fourths to nine-tenths of all crimes committed are caused by liquor, is not founded on fact.

6th. That the sum total of human misery would be very little less than now if liquor did not exist.

7th. That the evils created by the enforcement of prohibition will be as great as those it will remove.

8. And that, therefore, if the principle was just, it is not worth what it costs; which is the same as saying that if just, its enforcement would not be advisable.

### THE BEGINNINGS OF ONTARIO.

#### No. 3.—The War of Independence and the U. E. Loyalists.

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

Events were now about to bring into greater prominence not only the historic "Pass by Toronto," but the region through which the Indian trail led northwards to the waters of Lake Huron, the virgin site of Toronto itself, and the beautiful harbor that lay near to the southern outlet of "the Pass"—the red-covered delta of the Humber. From the fall of Quebec and the period of the dismantling of Fort Rouille, a generation in the haunts of men was to pass away ere we again hear of Toronto, or see sign of renewed life and activity in its neighborhood. Nature was fast resuming its sway over the place, and the little clearing round the trading-post was again being given up to solitude. Meanwhile, the drama of life was proceeding elsewhere, and through the scattered colonies of the continent there ran the pulsations of a quickened existence. Our last article ended with the close of French rule in Canada: this opens with a new era of colonial history in America. European settlements in the New World had hitherto mainly been for trade; now they partook of the character of, and felt the desire to be, a nation. The days of great privileged companies, with their huge land-grants and restrictive monopolies, had passed, and the ties, commercial and political, between the Mother Country and the colonies, were already being sundered. Britain's dream of empire over the New World had been fully realized, and the trading classes of the "tight little sea-girt isle" threw up their caps when she became mistress of the Western Continent. But while she had bravely conquered she could not wisely hold. Her wars in the Old World had financially crippled her, and she looked to the New to have her coffers refilled. Nor was the desire altogether unnatural. The public debt of England had been piled up largely on account of her colonies; and it seemed reasonable that with their growth and prosperity return should in some measure be made to the Mother Country for what they had cost her. But how and in what shape was this to be returned to her? To lay heavier duties on her own imports would be to tax herself, not the colonies. To lay them on the colonies English statesmen never dreamed would lead to revolt. To tax the carrying-trade was first attempted, and when this was kicked at, what was carried was then taxed. But as little was this relished as was the proposed but cancelled Stamp Act. What took place at the port of Boston, and what came of it, are too well known now to take up space to enquire into. With their birthright British colonists had inherited British liberties, and British liberties took ill with taxed teas.

But before we turn this picture to the wall, let us look a little closer at the collapse of the colonial system in America, and see what its effects were upon Canada, and how Toronto came thereby to be the gainer. A month after the capitulation of Montreal, George the Second was gathered to his fathers, as the historians minutely chronicle, in the seventy-seventh year of

his life and the thirty-fourth of his reign. His page went one morning, as Thackeray tells us, to take him his royal chocolate, and behold! the most religious and gracious sovereign lay dead upon the floor. The intractable monarch who succeeded him took the administration of affairs into his own hands, and though he made a mess of things on this continent, he was not lacking in courage, and, when his mind was clear, would brook little interference from his counsellors. But George III. was unskilled in diplomacy; and having his own headstrong way, he brought humiliation on Britain; and after the lapse of some years a pitiful malady fell upon himself. The period of what is known as the "King's Ministry," extending from 1763 to 1782, covers the eventful era of the War of Independence, in which the colonists of the New World, resenting interference in matters of trade from administrations in London, and feeling that liberty was imperilled by the aggressions of the Crown, threw off allegiance to Britain and founded the government of the United States.

Burke's magnificent plea for conciliation bore no fruit, and the eloquent warnings of Fox and Chatham were wasted on the insolent Lord North. For a time British arms met with their wonted successes, and the hopes of the young nation were far from being elated. Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, and Burgoyne had penetrated from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson, capturing the stronghold of Ticonderoga by the way. Brant and his Indians were carrying terror through the valley of the Mohawk, while New York and the lower Hudson were invested by the fleet of Lord Howe. But while the weary years of the unnatural conflict passed, fickle fortune began to change, and the fates to smile on the arms of the Young Republic. The Royalists met with reverse after reverse, until the end came with the surrender at Saratoga of General Burgoyne, and at Yorktown of Lord Cornwallis. Victory finally resting upon the Continental arms, America achieved her independence and was formally admitted into the category of nations. In this she was no little assisted by Britain's hereditary enemy, France, which nation, on the surrender of Burgoyne, not only hastened to acknowledge the revolted colonies, but sent an army to aid them in their struggle with the common foe. But the capitulation of the British generals was not merely the capitulation of an army; it was the surrender of half of Britain's hold upon the New World and withdrawal from the best part of a continent. To the Loyalist "the lost cause" was freighted with evil, for to him and his it brought woe and desolation. With the success of the colonies came persecution and the loss of property. Then was accepted voluntary expatriation, with its trials and privations, and the sad experiences of exile in the wilderness of Canada.

Much has been written about the United Empire Loyalists, on the one hand in disparagement of their hostile attitude towards the new-born Republic, and on the other, in well-deserved praise of their loyalty to the British Crown. Our own view is, that they made great and undoubted sacrifices in abandoning their homes and possessions for a domicile under the Old Flag. Some of their detractors have gone the length of saying that their devotion to the House of Brunswick had not the merit of being even a sentimental one—that they were actuated by mercenary motives; by party alliance with the administration that had provoked the war; and by a spirit of Tory hostility to the Whigs, who were opposed to coercive measures towards the colonies. But this

is surely an extreme and an unfair view of the matter, and a libel on the memory of these patriots. Party feeling, then as now, no doubt, ran high; and faction was almost certain, in a great issue then pending, to have its followers. But rebellion was a serious alternative; and with men who loved the Old Land and revered the Flag, to renounce the one and be untrue to the other was a step they might well be excused from taking, however impolitic may have been the course of British administration, and unjust the measures forced upon the colony.

On the other hand, it may be asked, were there not excesses indulged in by the partisans of the Republic; covetous eyes laid on the possessions of true men and loyal citizens; and taunts and gibes thrown at those who were known to look coldly upon the successes of the Colonists in revolt, and who loved the land of their birth and honored the home of their kindred? It would not be difficult to prove that this was but too cruelly the case. Haliburton, in his "Rulo and Mirulo of the Eng'lish in America," affirms that "tarring and feathering, and other acts of personal outrage, became so common in Massachusetts, that all suspected partisans of the Mother Country were obliged to seek refuge with the troops." Another authority says: "I could adduce instances of conduct in Loyalists that would do honor to human nature; but there is one which I cannot pass over, because it shows with what firmness men will act when they are conscious that they have taken the right side of a question. A fort was reduced by the Americans on the river Savannah, and such of the loyal militia as were in garrison there had the alternative offered them of enlisting with the Americans, or being put to death. Among the Loyalists was a young man who desired a few minutes to consider the proposal, and after a short pause he resolutely answered that he preferred death to disgrace, on which account he was immediately cut down."

But whatever the actual facts, and however varied the motives that kept the Loyalists from yielding up their fidelity to their king, there can be little question as to the hardships they endured in abandoning their estates in what was comparative civilization for a home in the inhospitable wilds of the trackless forest. Few of their number, it may be, who, for the sake of a principle, had the courage to prefer instant death rather than be untrue to their convictions; though many are known to have taken their chances of life or death with the British troops in the varying fortunes of the war. How many after the close of the conflict preferred expatriation to living in a country that had won independence through rebellion, history is here to attest; and these were the men who were to form the brawn and muscle, the mind and heart, of the new settlements of Acadia and Canada. True, the Loyalists received large gifts of the soil in the new land to which they had come, as some compensation for their losses; but these grants were such as any class of settlers would be likely to receive, under any politic system of immigration. And as to the money appropriation by the Crown on their behalf, in view of what work lay before them, as pioneers of a new and unopened country, and deprived as they were of almost every thing their previous toil had secured to them, no generous mind will cavil at, or say that, considering their need, it was not richly their due.

With the peace of 1763, which the Treaty of Versailles secured, lands of Loyalists entered Canada from various points, and settled in the neighborhood of Niagara, round the shores of Lake Ontario, up the Bay of Quinte, down the St. Lawrence, and



by way of Detroit, along the banks of the St. Clair and the Thames. In the east there was also considerable settlement in desirable locations in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Of those that entered Canada by the Niagara River, not a few were to find their way round the head of Lake Ontario to Toronto, accompanied by contingents of disbanded soldiery from the town of Newark, which on the division of the country into the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, was, in 1791, to become the western capital. This Loyalist emigration was composed, for the main part, of the middle and upper classes in the communities they had left—classes that, though well-to-do, were accustomed to hard labor, acquainted with bush life, familiar with the work of the farm, and possessed of a courage and endurance which, often put to the test, were to prove the best qualities for a pioneering life and the gifts most needed for subduing the wilderness. As has been said of them, no portion of the British possessions ever received so noble an acquisition, for they brought to Canada the materials for a nation ready made.

### LIFE IN MEXICO.

A DAY AMONG THE FAR-FAMED FLOATING GARDENS—HOW THE ANCIENT AZTECS BUILT THIS CITY AND FORMED FLOATING FIELDS UPON THE BOSOM OF THE SALT LAKE, TRECOW—SOME CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF MODERN MEXICANS.

(Truth Special Correspondence.)

Throughout all Mexico the flowery gates of Spring are opened by a floral festival. The original intention of this *frista* was to ritely observe *Viernes de Dolores* (Good Friday); but since the days of church power have passed away, it is as liable to occur upon one day as another—any time within March, April, or May—every city and village choosing its own date for a flower festival.

This year, as usual, in the city of Mexico, the *Paseo de las Flores* (Flower Promenade) was held along the *Viga*—that picturesque canal which stretches away between willows and poplars to the far-famed floating gardens of the ancient Aztecs. The scene along this historic causeway was an astonishment to foreigners—as charmingly peculiar as typical of a poetic and pleasure-loving people. They are early risers in this land of the sun, where breakfast is taken at mid-day, and everybody is enjoying a long siesta during those hours when Canadians are most actively at work. At sunrise the *Viga* and its boulevard were thronged with the aristocracy of the city, and a vast concourse of plebeians and Indians; and by seven o'clock festivities were at their height. For miles along the tree-lined avenue a constant procession of vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians packed the space between leafy bowers on either side, while the canal was crowded with caucos and Venetian-like gondolas. Everything imaginable on wheels was here—the stately closed carriages of Mexican millionaires, open barouches, coupes, victorias, dog-carts, waggons, even velocipedes and tricycles; while thousands of horsemen galloped gaily between—the severe simplicity of the English and German style of riding-costume, contrasting well with the gorgeously caparisoned, silver-bedecked equestrians “to the manor born.” Most of the ladies were dressed in what we consider full ball or opera costume—pale silks or satins, no wraps or coverings for the head, except now and then a lace *mantilla* draped, Spanish fashion, upon the back hair, and such a flutter of costly fans and wealth of flashing jewels as these fair *Mexicanas* are

famous for. Though the laws of propriety are so rigorously strict that a gentleman may not ride in the same carriage with the lady to whom he is betrothed, yet

MOST DESPERATE FLIRTIATIONS are openly indulged in, to an extent which would put to blush New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. Following a *senorita* up and down the promenade, and staring intently in her face, is an accepted mode of compliment—doubtless gratifying to the recipient, but fraught with danger to the adorer if she happens to have other devoted swains—and it not infrequently happens that duels are the result, she being pre-eminently the belle who can boast the greatest number of such encounters.

The canal was completely hidden by boats, big and little, the majority being long, clumsy, raft-like barges, each with a covered space in the middle, and a deck at both ends, propelled by three or four Indians, who push their long poles against the river bottom, singing as they go. Others were enclosed in an airy lattice-work of woven rushes, intertwined with flowers, thus shading the happy occupants; many, gay with flags and awnings, were scant imitations of Venetian gondolas; and thousands were simply dug-outs—the same primitive *chalupas* which Cortez found the natives using, nearly four centuries ago. Most of the canoes carried guitar-players, a few were seen with harps or viols, or reed instruments, which may have been patterned from that of “the great god, Pan,” among the river rushes. Here everybody sings, for these happy-go-lucky children of nature are full of music; and the air was vocal with their meaningless folk-songs, rendered in softest Castilian, or high-pitched patriotic hymns, which just now incorporate a great deal about the transcendent virtues of “Porfirio Di—i—i—az i” which rank of society shows the best taste in its mode of enjoyment—these simple people, or the proud patricians, shut up in closed carriages, in full dress and solemn silence on shore—I leave for others to determine; but Betsy and I invariably join the plebeian crowd, preferring to float lazily along the yellow water, and enjoy the sweet air, soft breezes and golden sunshine rather than the gilded discomforts of fashion.

The banks were lined with booths of green branches, festooned with garlands, wherein loads of flowers, lemonade of various colors, *chica* (a delightfully cooling drink, made from the seeds of a flower, and flavored with orange or pine-apple juice), pulyne, orchata, and other Mexican beverages were sold. The great attraction along shore was the flowers, offered for sale by

#### INDIAN GIRLS,

whose deft brown fingers darted back and forth like shuttles as they fashioned bouquets and “button-holes, with surprising rapidity. From earliest days Mexico has been noted for the beauty and diversity of its flora, and here were the choicest specimens in fragrant heaps, of which a carriage load might be bought for a few shillings. These bowers of living green set off the beauty of the flower-girls to good advantage. Each was crowned with a poppy-wreath, black hair falling in long braids down her back, eyes shining like stars, glittering teeth—the whites by contrast to bronze cheeks, short red shirt hanging loosely from an uncorseted waist, and rebozo along over the shoulders with inimitable grace—an admirable foil to the queenly-attired patrician dames who patronized her.

Wicker caskets, lined with moss, were filled with carnations, pansies, English violets, lilies, forget-me-nots, and the most gorgeous roses—magnificent baskets—full, which in New York could not be purchased for less than \$25, here being sold for one or two *reals*. While you of the North are still shivering in biting breezes, the *habitans* of this summer's country are revelling in the height of the rose season.

Near the bridge of the Embarcadero was

an enormous bower of leafy branches, erected by the city council at a cost of several hundred dollars; and beneath it two fine military bands (also paid from the public treasury) played alternately during the day. In this delightful retreat, commanding a view up and down canal and causeway, chairs were let at a *real* (12½ cents) apiece. A detachment of *gendarmes* rode constantly to and fro as guardians of the peace, and police were stationed every twenty feet along the boulevard, from the Embarcadero to the bronze statue commemorating Guatimotzin—the youthful poet, priest, and soldier—King of ancient Mexico. It is estimated that fully 20,000 people visited the *Viga* on this “Friday of Sorrows.” All bore in their hands or on their heads some floral tribute, while boat-loads of blossoms were continually coming down from the great gardens beyond Santa Anita and the floating islands of Ixtacalco. The festivities were kept up, though in a diminishing scale, till late Sunday night. During all those days, the shrill, discordant rattle of TEN THOUSAND “METRACAS” rose above the babel of human voices. These little instruments of auricular torture are made of tin, iron, ivory, wood, even gold and silver, and in all imaginable shapes. Some are in the form of humming-birds, peacocks, birds of paradise, chickens, parrots; others are as gridions, frying-pans, musical instruments, fruits, flowers, or reptiles. Everybody must have one—from the dignified grandparent to the baby in arms—and by twirling them rapidly the wooden springs inside produce a most unearthly rasping, grinding sound. This hideous noise is intended to typify and ridicule the cries of the Jews—“Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” as they followed Christ to Golgotha. Not to be outdone by our neighbors, Betsy bought one in the shape of an ivory fiddle, and I a small bride dressed in white satin, flowing veil and orange blossoms, and, thus fortified, were enabled to add our quota to the general din.

Already the sale of Judases had commenced, for on the following Sunday the strangest of all Mexican ceremonies took place, in the burning of the traitor. An ugly, misshapen monster they represent the faithless disciple to have been—entirely forgetting that the accredited “plan of salvation” must have fallen through had he failed in his part of the programme, as “foreordained from the foundation!” During all Holy Week men were continually perambulating the streets, holding high above the heads of the multitude long poles, encircled by hoops, upon which were suspended the most grotesque figures, in every conceivable color, shape, and degree of deformity, all with horns, and crooked backs and twisted limbs. These are filled with fire-crackers, the mustache forming the fuse, and millions of them are annually exploded. Many are life-size, some having faces to represent unpopular political men of the present day (but those not in power, it is needless to add); while not infrequently a *Protitante* figure in the same guise, or the hated Americans. Some are hung by the neck to wires stretched across the streets, or to the balconies of houses; every horse-car, railroad engine and donkey-cart is decked with one, and even every mule-driver has one or more tied to his breast. At ten o'clock on Easter Sunday, when the dral bells peal forth the joyful fact that Christ is risen, the Judases are all touched off at once, the air is

#### FULL OF FLYING TRAITORS

in streets, parks, yards, houses, everywhere over the length and breadth of Mexico. Little did the betrayer dream, when he sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver, that in the lapse of ages his effigies would be held up to the execration of a Mexican mob; that the secret bargain, perhaps whisperingly made with the fierce Jewish rulers, should be shouted forth eighteen hundred years thereafter, by an unknown people, in undiscovered lands beyond the sea!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### The Franchise Bill

The great attention now being given to the North-West troubles has largely drawn off the public interest from Parliamentary affairs at Ottawa. The party struggle in the House over the passage of the Franchise Bill has been of the most extraordinary character. No wonder that the country is not roused in regard to it to a much greater extent than it is. Either one party or the

other is seriously to blame for the state of things that has exalted in the House of Commons during the past two weeks. On the one hand the Government has attempted to pass their Bill with very little explanation or discussion; and on the other hand the Opposition has resorted to every possible means of obstruction, so that days and days have passed without any progress being made in the work of legislation. The one party charges that an obnoxious measure is being passed by a brute force majority, and the other party retort that an organized attempt is being made to defeat an important measure by mere physical force obstruction. As it is, the scenes in the House have been most disgraceful. Party struggles, even in Canada, have seldom driven men to more desperate expedients

The three leading objections of the Opposition to the new Franchise Bill are: 1. That a Dominion franchise law is not necessary, each of the Provinces having a franchise law of its own, and that these laws have worked well enough since 1867. 2. That the proposed appointment of revising barristers is a dangerous and an arbitrary step, likely to seriously interfere with the fair rights of the people. 3. That it is unwise and unjust to place at once a large number of the Indians of the Dominion on the list of electors.

TRUTH will not attempt any elaborate discussion of these issues just now. Like most of the independent journals it does not hesitate to express grave doubts of the necessity or propriety of the new government measure. Probably the Opposition has greatly exaggerated the evils that may come from such a law, but on the face of it there is a doubtful look. To carry into force the proposed law will involve a very large amount of additional work, and of expense, too, upon the country, when it seems possible to avoid it. If the Provincial franchise laws are allowed to remain to govern the Dominion elections, too, all the expense and trouble may be avoided. It has been estimated that the additional expense of the two hundred or more revising barristers, with all the additional machinery it will involve, will not be much less than half a million dollars a year. It does not seem possible that such a large sum will be required, but possibly each such additional official will represent \$1000 a year to the taxpayers. Whether the work of making out the list of voters under such a system will prove any more satisfactory is a matter of doubt. The preparing of the lists will, to a large extent, be out of the hands of the people and at the entire control of these officials. As they are appointed by the Government they will not be above suspicion so far as party preferences are concerned. It is a well known fact that nearly every important appointment by either Dominion or Provincial Government is, indirectly at least, a reward to some active partizan. We need not expect anything else in this case.

To enfranchise some thousands of the Indians at one time is certainly a step that will take the country by surprise. A good many of the Indians, of Ontario especially, are becoming educated, but we hesitate not to say that not one tenth of the Indians now retaining their tribal relations are yet fully qualified for the important exercise of the Dominion franchise. They have not familiarized themselves sufficiently with the questions before the country to have placed in their hands the power that may turn the scale on some of the important trade and other issues of the country. Few of them are familiarly acquainted with the laws we have; few of them have had business connections of any important character; and few of them, while dependent, as they now are, on the Government officials to transact all their legal business, which they have not authority themselves to do, have had inspired in them that spirit of independence so necessary in the selection of wise and judicious legislators such as Canada now stands so greatly in need of.

On the whole, the Franchise Bill may, if passed and put in operation, turn out a wise and judicious measure, well repaying all the extra cost and labor it will necessarily involve, but, just now, it looks very much as though we may be rushing into evils we know not of, rather than endure those we may have.

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

A SPECIAL PRIZE.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a prize of ten dollars gold for the best original poem having reference to her Majesty Queen Victoria, suitable for publication for May 24th, the length not to exceed a hundred lines. Any person may compete and the Publisher reserves the right of naming any sent, whether awarded the prize or not. All competitions to be sent in not later than May 14th.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best original poem suitable for Dominion Day, (July 1st) to be sent in not later than June 15th.

The proper name and address to accompany each poem sent. Address all directly to Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. P. Beynon, St. Catharines, Ont., acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of five dollars, prize awarded for poem published in TRUTH, March 23th.

THE AWARD.

The following original poem from the pen of Mrs. W. D. Norris, 20 Alexander St., Toronto, is awarded the prize this week. It will be read with real interest just now, when so many absent patriots—many of whom may never return—are being so dearly remembered.

—For Truth.

To One of the Absent.

BY MRS. W. D. NORRIS.

You bade me good-bye with a smile, dear,  
And away to the west, wild and drear,  
At the sound of war's bugle, thrill calling,  
You went without shadow of fear;  
And when I complained of your going  
To face dangers untold in the west,  
You chided me gently by saying:  
"Encourage me, love, 'twill be best."

I know every hour you will miss me;  
You'll grieve while I'm far, far away,  
But it's duty's demand, and I'm ready—  
Could I show the "white feather" to day?  
There, now, you're my own bright-eyed blessing,  
And show the true spirit within;  
Those eyes now so fearlessly flashing  
Shall guide me through war's crash and din;

With your men you wait cheerful and willing,  
To defend and take care to the poor  
Helpless children and sad "prisoned" women,  
Who had homes on Saskatchewan's shore;  
And now I'm so proud of you, darling,  
I can worship a hero so brave;  
While I pray for your safe home-returning,  
When the peace flag shall quietly wave.

Many hearts are now mourning for loved ones  
Who died at their post, true and brave,  
In defiance of one heartless rebel  
Whose life not e'en "millions" should save.  
Let justice be done low, unfeeling;  
Naught but death can atone for his sin;  
Let the fate he has meted to others,  
By Our Dauntless be meted to him.

So strengthen your arm for the fray, dear,  
I'll not wish you back 'ere the fight  
Shall decide or you, country and comrades,  
In favor of honor and right.  
Don't come back until quiet contentment  
Fills the homes, now deserted, out west;  
And the true song of peace finds an echo  
In each sturdy settler's breast.

Then when you are homeward returning,  
With heart that has never known fear;  
Remember the love-light is burning  
Unceasingly, constantly, here;  
And "bright eyes" will give you a welcome  
Which even a soldier may prize.  
While the lips will be smiling with pleasure  
That have prayed in your absence with sighs.

And the whole world will sing with the praises  
Of Canada's noblest and best,  
Who, shoulder to shoulder, defended  
And saved the unhappy Northwest;  
While in coming years, round the hearthstone,  
Will be told how the dark coats, and red,  
Routed every rebel Indian and Hallbreed,  
And avenged both the living and dead.

—For Truth.

Left Alone.

BY MRS. I. L. PETHERSTON.

I am sitting to-night by my window,  
All alone in my cheerless room;  
The evening shadows are falling,  
Fast gathers the deepening gloom.  
But my thoughts, on airy pinions  
Are swiftly wandering afar,  
To the great North-west Rebellion,  
To the loved one gone to the war.

I picture him anxiously longing  
For the comforts of home so dear;  
I see how his eye fondly glistens  
As he thinks of the loved ones there.  
But, scornful to turn from his country,  
In her hour of peril and pain,  
He murmurs a prayer for their safety,  
Then onward to duty again.

But a picture more dark comes before me,  
Disease, death, and danger surround;  
Wherever his footsteps may wander  
Those phantoms of misery abound.  
Oh! if harm should befall him I but quickly  
I turn from the heart-sickening sight,  
Drive back from my mind the dark fancies,  
And call up a vision more bright.

The gloom and the shadows are deepening  
And without darkness reigns supreme;  
But my heart beats lightly and joyous,  
For lovingly, fondly I dream  
Of the time when the war will be over,  
And traitorous foes will be o'ercome;  
Then, with honor and pride can my darling  
Return to his wife and his home.

—For Truth.

My Boy's Last Request.

BY J. M. Y.

Half-raised upon his dying couch, his head  
Dropped o'er his mother's bosom,—like a bud  
Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres  
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand  
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,  
And slowly pressed it to her bloodless lip.

"Mother, dear mother, see your birthday gift,  
Fresh and unsoiled, yet have I kept your word,  
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,  
Did read its pages, with m. humble prayer,  
Until this sickness came."

He paused—for breath  
Came scantily, and with a tollsome strife,—  
"Brother or sister have I none, or else  
I'd lay this Bible on their hearts and say,  
Come, read it on my grave, among the flowers;  
So you who gave it must take it back again,  
And love it for my sake." "My son!—my son,"  
Murmured the mourner, in that tender tone  
Which woman, in her steamiest agony  
Commands, to soothe the pang of those she loves,  
"The soul! the soul!—to whose charge yield you  
that?"

"Mother,—to God who gave it."  
So that soul,  
With a slight shudder and a lingering smile,  
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.  
Woodstock, Ont.

Only.

BY W. FLETCHER JOHNSON.

Only a trifle, yet broken  
Are seals that were heavy and strong;  
Only a word, lightly spoken,  
Yet the soul bursteth forth into song.

Only a dew-drop, yet brighter  
The verdure of meadow and lawn;  
Only a sunbeam, yet lighter  
And fairer the rosy-hued dawn.

Only a day, a mere glimmer  
Of time, as it vanishes fast;  
Only a day, growing dimmer  
'Mid shadows and gloom of the past.

Only a day, yet forever  
Its impulse shall with thee remain;  
And the fruit of its labors shall never  
Be given to ripen again.

Time was, when it glittered before thee,  
A part of futurity's dream;  
And brighter the heavens were o'er thee,  
With hope-star's Utopian beam.

Time is, when it hovers around thee,  
And fingers an hour by thy side;  
While spools of fair promise that bound thee,  
Go drifting away with the tide.

Only a day, nor yet e'er  
Its moments forgotten shall be  
Till bubbles of time's stream forever  
Are wafted in eternity's sea.

The Passion-Flowers of Life.

The setting sun was sinking fast  
Behind the heath-clad moor,  
And as he fell, his rays he threw  
Upon a cottage door.

An old, old man sat in the porch,  
His grey head moving slow,  
For eighty years had round it wreathed  
Their coronal of snow.

A grandeur to his aged locks  
By the bright sun was given,  
Shedding a halo on his head  
As if 'twere ripe for Heaven.

Upon his knee, by holier play,  
To slumber deep beguiled,  
There slept a flower of God's own land,—  
A darling little child.

A tiny little velvet hand  
Within his own was pressed;  
A little tiny golden head  
Lay nestling on his breast.

The old, old man with trembling lip  
A blessing breathed of love;  
And sure am I that old man's prayer  
Recorded stands above.

Though "Time the Reaper" on his brow  
His silver stamp had set;  
And Heaven called one link of gold  
Bound earth to Heaven yet.

Of gold! yes, even angels bow  
Before that influence mild,  
God's dearest, purest gift to man,  
A loving little child.

And thus the buds of childhood's love  
Amid our daily strife,  
Bloom ever in their tenderness,  
The Passion-Flowers of Life!

—For Truth.

An Advice.

BY ALBION W. STEERS.

"A mouth that's always open wide  
Bespeaks an empty head."  
Is a fact that I have somewhere learned  
From something that I've read.

"A tongue that's always wagging does not  
Always speak the truth."  
Is another fact my mother taught me  
In my early youth.

A mouth and tongue that always talk  
Of things that "I" have done,  
Proclaim an egotist at once;  
A foolish mother's son.

I know the tongue no man hath tamed,  
'Tis an unruly evil.  
If it you do not try to hold,  
'Twill send you to the devil.

Let others speak of what you do,  
E'en though they do not praise you,  
Let others judge if what you do,  
Up in the world should raise you.

And when you speak of any woman,  
Or man gone to the wall,  
Speak kindly of them all, my friend,  
Or do not speak at all.

Your evil words heresy may be,  
Perhaps you could not prove them,  
But once they're said and gone my friend,  
'Twill be too late to rue them.

But when you know it will do good,  
An evil work to scan,  
Stand up erect; tell the whole truth,  
And tell it like a man.

—For Truth.

Lion or Bear?

BY F. LYNTON.

Sons of Britain, long renowned  
For your deeds of might;  
Sons of Britain, ever found  
Foremost in the fight!  
Why has all thy glory passed  
From the earth away?  
Why art thou afraid to move  
In the strife to-day?

Lion of England! why not wake!  
Art afraid to roar?  
Why not let thy thunders break  
Over sea and shore?  
Hear ye not the Russian Bear  
Growling loud and deep?  
See! he's rising from his lair,  
While you calmly sleep!

British Lion, or Russian Bear,  
Which of you shall reign?  
Which shall get the lion's share?  
Which shall gnaw the chain?  
Which shall hold the world in thrall  
By the fate of war?

Russia, with her glittering steel,  
And her forced command,  
Ruler with a relentless heel  
And an iron hand;  
But 'neath Britain's gentler sway  
Nations prosper well,  
And throughout her realm to-day  
Happy people dwell.

Let the cloud that's round thee cast,  
In its fury burst;  
Let the threatening Russian blast,  
On thee do its worst;  
If you will, ere 'tis too late,  
To your danger wake,  
Not the Bear, in all his stat,  
Can thine empire shake!

Renunciation.

BY SIDNEY LOCKWOOD.

A door has shut between thy path and mine;  
Late passion flower strewn;  
And I, through life, thy love must e'en resign—  
Must live my life alone!

God hath decreed that I must walk; alone  
The bleak and barren plain;  
Nor on thy loving breast may hush my moan.  
Nor rest in joy or pain.

We two, on earth, must journey far apart;  
Of love I may not think;  
Renunciation e'er must be my part;  
But, just this side the brink.

Come to me, friend of youth's bright happy morn,  
When I a dylog lie,  
And with thy fond arms round my fading form,  
Receive my latest sigh.

And when thou comest to the Fadoless Land,  
In wedding garments dressed,  
Beside the pearly portal I shall stand,  
To welcome thee to rest.

A Poem by Milton.

[The following sublime and effecting production was discovered among the remains of the great epic poet, and is published in the recent Oxford edition of Milton's works:]

I am old and blind!  
Men point at me as smitten by God's wrath;  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;  
I murmur not that I no longer see;  
Poor, old, and helpless I the more belong,  
Father supreme to thee.

O merciful One,  
When men are furthest, then thou art most near;  
When friends pass by me, and my weakness aghast,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines upon my lonely dwelling-place—  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
I recognize thy purposes clearly shown:  
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have sought to fear.  
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand,  
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapp'd in the radiance of thy sinless hand,  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go:  
Shapes of resplendent beauty around me throng;  
From angel's lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy songs.

Is it nothing now,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes?  
When airs from paradise refresh my brow  
The earth in darkness lies.

Waiting.

Learn to wait, life's hardest lesson,  
Conced perchance, through blinding tears,  
While the heart throbs sadly echo  
To the tread of past years.

Learn to wait hope's slow fruition;  
Faint not though the way seems long;  
There is joy in each condition,  
Hearts though suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, however welcome,  
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;  
Giant oaks owe half their greatness  
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow  
Alms not at a higher state;  
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,  
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness  
Spring not from life's sunny side,  
Heroes must be more than driftwood  
Floating on a waveless tide.

—For Truth.

Such a Friend!

I've found a friend; O, such a friend,  
He loved me ere I knew him,  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus he bound me to him;  
And round my heart still closely twine  
Those ties which naught can sever,  
For I am His and His is mine,  
Forever and forever.

I've found a friend; O, such a friend;  
He bled, he died to save me,  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But his own self he gave me;  
Naught that I have my own I call,  
I hold it for the giver,  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are His, and His forever.

I've found a friend; O, such a friend,  
So kind and true, and tender;  
So wise a counsellor and guide,  
So mighty a defender;  
From him who loves me now so well,  
I have power my soul can sever,  
Shall life or death, or earth, or hell  
No, I am His, forever.

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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 Moments," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER VII.

"I HAVE NO MONEY, BUT I'M RICH IN LOVE."

Mrs. Summers was a cheerful old woman, who had grown far more attached to the world than the world had to her. In spite of want of attention, scanty food, and a chronic, wearing-out disease, she still clung with great tenacity to life—though, God knows, it had few joys for her! Year after year she hobbled about her cottage, always complaining, always suffering more or less acutely, and, most wonderful, always alive! Something like a smile passed over her wrinkled face as she recognized her visitors. Tom was a favorite with most of the people here, and it would have been strange had Lily not been beloved.

Tom gave her some necessary instructions, and promised to send down a bottle of medicine. Lily engaged to provide a supply of every pleasant thing, in the way of soups and wines, till Mrs. Cummings was quite at a loss how to adequately express her gratitude. At length she fell back upon that general but terribly irritating device which country people adopt with a view of making things pleasant all round when they see a gentleman with a lady other than his wife.

She simpered from one to the other, and then, with many winks, gave it as her opinion that "Mebbe she'd live to see the doctor and the dear young leddy married yet."

Poor Lily turned scarlet, and Tom left the cottage in some confusion. So confused, indeed, that instead of retracing his steps, or even conducting Lily to her own home, he turned away from the sea, round the rocks, and on towards the thick woods warm in their rich autumn dress. As they left the cottage he silently offered Lily his arm. She had accepted it, and was now walking by his side. She made no remark upon the direction he had taken. Suddenly he appeared to recollect himself. He half stopped, and said apologetically—

"I was so busy thinking that I scarcely noticed where I was leading you. Do you care for a ramble through the woods?"

He spoke seriously, and the laughter had died from his eyes.

"Above everything," she answered readily; "how delicious they look this evening! Did you ever see such a mass of color?"

Tom walked along rapidly, but made no reply. He seemed to be again lost in thought.

"Are you not well?" said Lily, presently; "you do not appear to be yourself this evening."

"I don't often have a fit of the blues," Tom answered with a half sigh, "but somehow or the other I'm 'hipped' to-night. It seems to be such a terribly useless life I'm leading." He went on, with considerable energy; "and I don't see the smallest prospect of it improving."

They were in the woods now. The twigs cracked beneath their feet, and the breeze murmured amongst the yellow leaves.

"You must hope, Mr. Westall—hope and persevere," Lily said kindly, leaning rather heavily upon his arm.

"I'm afraid," he said, with a short laugh, "that I've spent all my hopes as I have my money—bankrupt in both."

"Don't you think that you would do better if you were to live at Ramsbarn," said Lily, sagely. "You see"—she went on with an air of authority—"there are more people there—"

"And more doctors."

"Ah, but two of them are very unpopular."

"A young single man, without money, has not much chance in my profession," Tom objected.

"Then," said Lily, "why don't you get married?"

She was sorry the next moment that she had thoughtlessly asked the question.

"Why do I not get married?" he cried, a flush spreading over his cheeks, and his words coming with a show of passion; "how can you ask me that question?"

He let her hand drop, and his arm stealing round her waist.

"Miss Barr—Lily, are you playing with me—are you trying to drive me mad? You cannot be so blind as not to have seen that, from the first moment I saw you, I loved you; you must know that it was only to be near you that I buried myself in this—this hole. I know my folly—I know how hopeless my love is. I have been a fool, living idly here in the sunshine of your smile, until now it is almost death to tear myself away. My insanity has gone far enough. I can no longer trust myself. Now, now while some little strength is left me, I must break this chain which is destroying my life. For your sake, no less than my own, I must go. God knows I love you, God alone knows what I shall suffer when we part."

"Go," Lily repeated, in a far off voice, nestling closer to him. "Go, Tom."

"Go where I shall forget you, and never see your face again. Will you forgive me for having loved you so very much?"

"Why should you go?" she asked, tremblingly, and dropping her head.

"Because," he said, bending over her, and losing his lips in the golden cloud, "I am not mad enough to ask you to marry a penniless, good-for-nothing, nor am I selfish enough to ask you to wait until that hypothetical time arrives when my balance at my banker's will be sufficiently heavy to justify me in going to your father."

She only sighed in reply, with his arm still round her waist, and with his lips frequently pressing her crimson cheeks, they walked through the waving trees in silence. Anything more unlike a parting could not well be imagined. Tom had spoken bravely and honestly, but now his purpose was growing very weak. He had never addressed Lily so directly before. He knew that she did not dislike him, for she was frequently in his company. But her blushes, her agitation, and her compunction came as a revelation to him. He had never thought that she had given him her whole heart.

"I'm rich enough in love," the great fellow said disconsolately, as the two sat upon the trunk of an old oak, which for ordinary people was unpleasantly covered with lichens; the lovers thought it charmingly picturesque; "but that won't keep a pony-carriage for you, will it, Lily?"

She had her cheek against his heart, and her two wee hands were trying to hold his big one. Presently she whispered—

"I'm sure you needn't go away, Tom."

"Don't you want me to?"

Her voice was almost inaudible as she answered—

"You know I don't, Tom. I love you ever so much, and it doesn't matter about money a little bit."

Then, because she was so intensely happy, she sobbed as though her heart was going to break. It would not be fair to our hero to repeat all the foolish things he said on this still night. The practical result of this walk through the glades was to make Tom as determined to stay and marry Lily as he had before been to leave her and drive her image from his heart.

That night he returned with her to her pretty home, just on the other side of the rocks. Walter Barr received him with much animation, and when Tom, in a quick, desperate sort of way, told him that he loved his daughter, and wished to marry her, the timid old gentleman grew quite elated, and, so far from raising the objections Tom had anticipated, he gave his consent with as much joy as if Tom had been a millionaire.

Leaving the lovers to enjoy their newborn happiness, we must give the reader a sketch of Walter Barr's career since we left him on that terrible night in New Zealand sixteen years ago. His rosy acceptance of Tom Westall for a son-in-law will then be better understood.

In spite of the violence of the storm, Walter Barr succeeded, in some miraculous way, in reaching Stivy Blend's shanty. He told his story to this man, who assisted him to reach Christ church. He had not the

slightest difficulty in leaving the country. He heard no talk of the crime at the port—news travels slowly in New Zealand—and it appeared as though no pursuit had been attempted. When calmness returned, and he was able to quietly consider the terrible position in which he was placed, he realized what overwhelming strength his flight would give to the rest of the circumstances that told so against him.

This reflection threw him into a state of deadly fear, and already in imagination he suffered a murderer's doom. Then he remembered that Gregory Axon had promised to follow him to England.

What if Gregory, when he met him, were to regret his past generosity, and hand him over to justice? What if he had already dismissed his first theory of the crime, and was even now on his track? At the very best, if they ever met, Walter would be at the mercy of Gregory Axon—so completely in his power that he would not dare to exercise any will of his own.

His excited, agitated mind called up a thousand dangers that had no existence; he grew suspicious of every one around him; he felt that there was not a soul on earth fit to keep his awful secret. His terrors made Gregory, who had served him, a treacherous vindictive tyrant—a man it must be his first duty to avoid.

For ten long years he wandered restlessly from place to place seeking seclusion—trying to hide himself from the busy world. He could not stay anywhere long. No sooner did he discover a place which seemed all that he could desire, when some wild fancy would seize him that Gregory Axon was drawing near, and again he would have to fly.

This constant anxiety had aged him, and had made him so excessively nervous that he was the most uncomfortable companion it is easy to imagine. During all this time no word of the murder or of Gregory reached him.

He had left his little girl in good hands in England. As she grew up a double anxiety seized him, and with time he grew morbidly apprehensive. Discovery would be terrible for him, but how much worse for his darling daughter?

At length a ray of comfort was vouchsafed him. He read in one of the papers the death of a Gregory Axon, and he was glad to persuade himself that his old friend was no more. Then, but not without some faint misgiving, he determined to settle in England, in the remote village of Sewton on the Devonshire coast.

His fears were lighter now, but they never left him.

He was very eager to see his daughter married to some worthy man who would protect her should the worst happen. What would become of her alone in the world were he hanged—a murderer's daughter?

So it came that he halted Tom's proposal with such evident satisfaction. It mattered little that Tom was poor; he was a gentleman and a thoroughly good fellow at heart, and Walter Barr could afford to give his daughter a handsome allowance.

The walk through the woods had not only made the young people happy, it had relieved Lily's father of at least one deep care.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## WALTER'S DREAM.

These were gay days for Tom Westall and Lily Barr. No hint of the terrible future was vouchsafed them; but if they had known how brief their sunshine was to be, they could not have made better use of it.

Tom's lack of patients left him plenty of leisure, and this—he not being of a studious turn of mind—had hitherto hung heavily upon his hands. His ill-success in Sewton was now a subject for congratulation. He grudged each hour spent apart from the one he loved.

Lily was not embarrassed by any very exacting household duties, so there was nothing to prevent them from seeing each other every day.

Sewton was perhaps one of the pleasantest places in the whole of England for persistent love-making. There were delicious walks among the rocks, ever changing in their aspect, and ever fresh; leafy lanes, still and fragrant, with nothing but the melody of birds to rise above the sighing and whispering of the wind, led to golden-crowned woods and fairy spots pervaded by a magic silence, where ferns spread their tender branches in graceful luxuriance, and wondrous lichens clung to the creamy oak

boles; hills, from whose tops they could sweep the glassy waters with their eyes, and trace the rugged, capricious coast for many miles, were there to tempt them, and if the beauties close at hand could tire them, there were charming drives by land and delightful excursions on the water.

Walter Barr was with them a great deal. He found great pleasure and a strange sense of safety and relief in the young doctor's company. He had never since that fatal night felt so strong or so free from fear as he did at this period. It was as though he had at last thrown off the influence of some hideous dream. The old fits of abstraction and depression rarely came now, for sometime he had not been seized by those unaccountable fits of terror that had so alarmed Lily; and he entered heartily into all their plans and little jests.

The change was so marked that both his daughter and her lover could not but notice it; they rejoiced in it exceedingly. Lily ascribed it to Tom's amusing conversation and to his lighthearted, cheering manner, and was grateful accordingly. Tom himself, had no particular theory upon the subject. Once Mr. Barr's strange fits had occasioned him some perplexity, but just now he was so lost in his own happiness that he could not stay to think very seriously upon the matter.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, he found Lily's father rather in the way, but upon the whole he was not so objectionable as most parents would have been under similar circumstances. He never troubled them with any wishes of his own. He was quite contented to adapt himself to their plans. In simplicity and easy complacency he was as a child, and had you at any time joined the party you would have thought that Tom and not Mr. Barr was the elder and the master. Not that the young surgeon at all imposed upon the good nature of his future father-in-law. Mr. Barr declined to take the lead in any matter, and Tom without ostentation dropped quietly into his place. More than once Walter had been on the point of opening his heart to Tom, and of confessing to him the miserable secret of his life. Something whispered to him that it was his duty to be candid with the man who was about to marry his daughter, and to lay bare the ghastly secret that had desolated his life. He knew Tom; he knew the goodness of Tom's heart, and surely Tom would not turn from him, when he knew all. No, he would sympathize with him in his horrible trouble, and the secret would draw them closer together.

But if Tom did turn; and he abandoned Lily and refused to wed one whose father had been proclaimed a murderer, it would kill poor Lily, or, at least, her life as his had been blasted. The risk was small that Tom would take this course, but still it did exist, and it was not wise to run it. Better that Tom should never know; better that he and Lily should die in ignorance of the hideous terror that had haunted him through life. He would trust nobody—not even good, noble-hearted Tom Westall. He was happier now than he had been for many years. He must try and bury the phantom that had pursued him for so long. He would feel very glad, though, to see Tom and Lily married. It would be a great relief to him to know that, come what might, she was provided for, and shielded by her husband's love.

One afternoon, as they were strolling languidly round the well-stocked garden at the back of Mr. Barr's house, Tom unconsciously recalled his guest's old terror.

Tom was smoking a huge briar root pipe, and his arm was round Lily's slender waist; Walter Barr was on the other side of his daughter, endeavoring, with evidently but small enjoyment, to consume a tiny cigarette. He was no smoker, but he had formed a notion that it was his duty to join Tom now and again, and he suffered accordingly. He had become a short thin old man, with a wrinkled beardless face, and white hair. His manner was usually strikingly subdued, and in the presence of strangers he was painfully nervous.

"Really," said Tom, "the afternoons here are awfully jolly; the air is so soft and sweet. Quiet as Sewton is, I don't think that I should care very much to leave it."

"I don't know why you ever should, Walter Barr cried quickly. "You had better make up your mind to stay here. I don't suppose that I shall live—"

"Papa," said Lily, warningly, at the same time placing her little hand over his mouth, "you know, dear, you mustn't begin to talk like that."



He patted her cheek and smiled lovingly upon her.

"It's all very well for you to say that now," she went on, looking up at Tom, "but you would soon get tired of the 'hole,' as you called it the other day—if you are not already. Do you know, papa, Tom is a great humbug!"

"For shame!" Tom exclaimed; "those pretty lips were never made to use such ugly words."

"But it's quite true, papa," she insisted; "for while he is pretending to go into ecstasies over the 'soft,' 'sweet' air here, he is sighing to be again in some of those unholy places in London he used to frequent in his college days."

"A libel, a most infamous libel," Tom protested, puffing his smoke into the spiders' webs that hung on the bushes.

"I think you are rather hard on Tom," Walter placidly remarked (he had finished the troublesome cigarette now, and was beaming through his spectacles). "If he is so anxious to return to London, what is to prevent him running up for a few nights?"

"Bravo," cried Tom.

"Certainly not his patients," Lily maliciously agreed.

"And so," Mr. Barr went on, "I'm afraid, my dear, your charge falls to the ground."

"Oh, most wise and upright judge," Tom laughed, triumphantly.

"Well," Lily returned, in desperation, "if he doesn't go to town he does what is almost as bad."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HER WAGES AS WIFE.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife who stood looking rather anxiously at him, after he had paid the factory hands their week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she, "I thought as I had worked for you all the week, I would come for my wages, too. You pay Jane \$2 a week, surely I earn that, and I would like very much to have it as my own."

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculous you talk. You know that all I have belongs to you and the children—and don't I furnish the house and everything? What under the sun would you do with the money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the necessities for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still, but I should like a little money for my very own. We have been married fifteen years, and in all that time I do not seem to have earned a dollar. As far as money is concerned I might as well be a slave. I can not buy a quart of berries, or a book, without asking you for the money, and I should like to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis' mills, worth thousands and thousands of dollars, laughed derisively.

"You're a fine one to talk of independence," he said. "If you would start out to make your own living you'd fetch up at the poor-house soon enough, for what could you do to earn a living? The girls in the factory know how to do their work, and they earn the wages. When I have paid them off my duty is done, but I have to board and clothe you, and take care of you when you are sick. If I had to do that for the girls I would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since I have envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not earning anything now, I leave it to you whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place; and how much do you suppose it would cost to do without me a year? I know the girls have little after paying their expenses, but they enjoy that little so much. Allie Wilson supports herself and mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father to pay the mortgage on the farm, and she is happy that she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is laying by presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas."

"Yesterday an Indian woman was at the house with such handsome beadwork to sell, and, although I wanted some very much, I had not a dollar! I felt like crying when Jane bought half a dozen of the

articles I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but \$5 would have given me more pleasure yesterday, than your hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property did."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of bead trash that would not be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a guardian if she fools away her money like that. She will be in the county poor-house yet if she don't look out. It's very lucky, indeed, that the men do hold the money, for there's not one woman in a hundred who knows how to use it."

"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know better. Look at Jerry and Milly Creg, will you, and say that he makes the best use of his money. She is at home with her parents every night, making her wages go as far as possible toward making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself besides. And why does Mrs. Sarton come to receive her husband's wages herself? Simply because he can not get by the saloon with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they would all go hungry to bed after his wages were paid. And I believe that every woman who earns money here, spends it as wisely as the average man, and I have yet to hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gain-say a word his wife had said, for they were all true. Luckily he thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose Jane will have left when New Year comes? If she got sick how long could she pay for such care as you have?"

"It is not likely she will lay up many dollars out of a hundred a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister new school-books, and the warm, loving letters they sent her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying away a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if any misfortune should happen to Jane they would be only too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question.

Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled angrily as she answered:

"Nobody. If you should lose your property to-day I should be a beggar, without a claim on any one for help. You have always held your purse-strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good; but, although you have always said that all your property was mine, I never could and can not now command a dollar of it."

"Luckily you couldn't, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would spend money as wisely as you do. Who was it that only last week gave a poor, lame beggar \$5 to pay his fare to Burton, and then saw him throw his crutches away and make for the nearest saloon? Your wife could not do worse if trusted with a few dollars."

"You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend as you please, while I can not spend a dollar without asking you for it and telling what I want it for. Any beggar can get it in the same way! Christmas you bought presents for us and expected us to be grateful for them. A shawl for me, the very color I can not wear, a set of furs for Lucy that she did not need, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a lot of worthless toys that are broken up in a week. There were forty or fifty dollars of my money just the same as thrown away, yet when I ask you to trust me with \$2 a week you can not imagine what use I have for it, and fear it will be wasted. I am sure I could not spend \$50 more foolishly if I tried to."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can spend it as I please. I guess you'll know it, too, when you get another present."

"Oh, so it is your money, then. I understood you to say that it was all mine, and so pretended to protest against your spending it so foolishly. If it is your own, of course you have a right to spend it as you please, but it seems to me that a woman

who left parents, and brothers, and sisters, and all her friends to make a home for you among strangers, a woman who has given her whole life to you for fifteen years, may be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars, who are very likely to be impostors. I know that you seldom turn them off without help. Perhaps I would be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar. I might say: "Kind air, please allow me out of your abundant means a small pittance for my comfort. It is true I have enough to eat, and do not suffer for clothing; but although I work for my master from morning till night, and if his children happen to be sick, from night till morning again, yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for want of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger. The other day while he was from home I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and not having a dollar of my own I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified! And not long since the berry woman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl, who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even five cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to ask me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give a little money for so good a purpose, but though the wife of so rich a man I had no money. Of course I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him what I wanted of it, and if he approved of my purpose and was in good humor, he would give it to me, but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted anything."

"People say I am a fortunate woman because I am rich; but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking of my helplessness that if it were not for my children I would drop into the river and end it all."

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband at last, for the far-away look in her eyes as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride if it did not his heart, for he had a good deal of pride in a selfish sort of way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud that when his children needed new shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed.

He did it with a flourish. He was not one of those stingy kind; he liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most spirited young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for a dress or a cloak, he was sometimes tempted to refuse her money just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have felt aggravated if any one had left his wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be free in her purse.

The idea of her earning money as his other work-folks did, never entered his mind. He "supported her," that was his idea of their relations! He never had happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wanted big pay for doing it. He had even thought himself very generous for allowing her money to get things to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him just now. Could it be that he was not generous, not even just to his wife? Had he paid her so poorly for her fifteen years of faithful labor for him that she had been obliged to begin the world for herself that day it would have been as a penniless woman?

How fast he thought, standing there at the office window, looking down at the little houses where the mill hands lived. Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slave, whose labors had been appropriated by their masters, and when a negro who had worked twenty years for his master before the emancipation freed him, came to Jarvis' mills, friendless and penniless, the heart of the proprietor swelled with indignation at such injustice. He was eloquent on that point at home and abroad, about how any one could be so cruel and selfish to commit such

an outrage against justice. He had called him a robber many a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slave-holder!

Massa Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own without even a "thank you" for it. True, when Cuffee ate he had given him food, when he was sick he had given him medicine, and he had clothed him, too, just as he himself thought best.

Mr. Jarvis had married a lovely, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her recompense had been food and clothes, such as he had thought best for her; a little better than Cuffee's, perhaps, but the similarity of the cases did not please him. He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his life been a mistake? Had his wife no more money or liberty than Cuffee had in bondage? Was Donald Jarvis no better than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strangely, his wife, anxious to break the spell, took his arm, saying:

"Let us go home, dear; tea must be waiting for us."

He put on his hat in a dreamy way and then walked home in silence. The children ran joyously to meet them. The yard was so fresh and green, and the flowers so many and bright that he wondered he had never thanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had looked upon them as his, but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars, that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everything around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull, day at the mill. They sat again at the table that had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him for so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long without even thanking the woman who had provided it. True, she had his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed for years? And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home.

He glanced at his wife's face as he buttered his last slice of bread.

It was not that of the fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mills years before, but at that moment he realized it was far more dear to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make her home what it was. His daughters had her rose leaf cheeks, his sons her youthful beauty, all had her cheerful, winsome ways, and comforted him now as she had in those days when, hardly knowing what care meant, she had lived for him alone. And a new thought came to him:

"Who was comforting her now when she had so much care?" Was not that what he had promised to do when he brought her from her old home? He sighed as he thought how far he had drifted from her while in bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her chains were far more binding than any that had ever held the negro, and that his obligations to her were so much the greater.

Something called the children out of doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair. His wife came and stood beside him.

"I fear you are not well, Donald; are you displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had shown him what manner of man he was, and there were words spoken that need not be written, but from that day forth a different man was the proprietor of the Jarvis mills, and there was a brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, for at last she had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."

In studying character do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the virtues of a bitter enemy.

So long as we make sport of slaying man and beast, so long we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battlefields of our mad-adows instead of pastures; so long, truly, the flaming sword will turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions and broken down the inner gates of our own hearts.



## Temperance Department.

### The Senate Amending.

On the 7th inst. the Dominion Senate did its work of destroying the efficiency of the Scott Act so far as it lies in its power to do so. The Bill for the necessary amendments to the Act, passed by the Commons a few days before, was up for consideration, and, on motion of Senator Almon, seconded by Senator Dickey, the following amendment to the Act was adopted:—

"That the dealing in ales, porter, lager beer, cider and light wines containing not more than twelve per cent. of alcohol be exempt from the operation of the Canada Temperance Act of 1878."

The motion was carried by a majority of 42 to 20, and ratified the next day by a vote of 38 to 22. Of course the Scott Act, mutilated in that way, could be a worthless measure so far as the suppression of the drink traffic is concerned. The Senate well understands that matter, and some of the leading supporters, like Sir Alex. Campbell, the present Minister of Justice, Senators Dickey, Frank Smith, Plumb and others have been all along avowed opponents of the very principle of the Act, and certainly their purpose was to kill it.

Fortunately this amendment must be yet adopted by the House of Commons before it can become law, and it is quite probable that no such amendment will be now concurred in by the representatives of the people. What public opinion is in regard to the Scott Act, as it now stands, is well enough understood. On no other controverted question submitted to the electors has there been any thing like such a unanimous verdict. The leading objection to the Act, as it now stands, has been that it is now sweeping enough in its provisions—that it does not mean prohibition, pure and simple, for all Canada against all intoxicating beverages. Many men decline to support the present Act on that very account, and even without them the majorities are often over two to one, when votes are taken.

Of course, in the face of such a strong tide of public opinion, the legislators who are at all amenable to public opinion will be careful how they proceed. As the Senate is now, unfortunately, constituted, the members can go in accordance with their own interests—as some have done in this case—or according to their own personal inclinations—as others have done—setting public opinion at defiance. This vote furnishes the opponents of the Senate, as now constituted, with a strong argument against it.

Nearly all the recently appointed senators—the Plumbs, the McKindays, the O'Donohues, and their like, are anti Scott Act men, and that is one of the reasons why they were defeated at Commons elections, and were, in consequence, appointed to a House in regard to which the electors of the country have no choice. When some of these men were named to the present position, TRUTH pointed out the fact that it boded no good to temperance legislation. That fact is now clearly demonstrated. The senators may yet have reason to thank their stars if the Commons refuses to ratify its foolish act, and thus save them from the popular indignation their own act would bring down on their heads.

### The Royal Gift.

Princess Louise, desirous of showing her sympathy with the Canadian volunteers now on duty in the North-West, has ordered them a present of five hundred pounds of tobacco, with her compliments. Regard-

ing the matter, Mrs. Youmans, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, writes as follows:—

EDITOR TRUTH:—The title of your paper is suggestive, and we look for truth in every subject discussed in its columns. All hearts are now turned to the North West, and many prayers are going up for our noble boys there, exposed to hardships, danger and death. Col. Otter deserves the thanks of everyone interested in our young men for his advice to them to throw away the intoxicating liquor that some might have provided for themselves.

While we are pleased that the Princess Louise has not forgotten the young men of Canada, we do regret that a present more worthy of the royal donor had not been sent to our volunteers; for next to alcohol, tobacco is most deleterious to the human system. There is not the slightest doubt that had the Princess fully realized the physical injury that 500 pounds of tobacco would inflict on its recipients, she would have made a different selection.

Picton. L. YOUMANS.

### The Lapps and Alcohol.

The Rev. J. M. Buckley D. D., the accomplished editor of the *N. Y. Christian Advocate*, has made a journey in Lapland, and writing about it in his journal he mentions the following facts in regard to intemperance in that country:—

"I regret to have to say that the Lapps are great drinkers. They are very sharp at a bargain, and know precisely what they want; but after they have dealt with the visitor and get their money, they go either that day or the next to Tromsø to purchase the necessaries of life, and, like too many of our own countrymen, they spend the surplus for rum. I saw three or four of them, two or three days after we were at their camp, staggering about the streets miserably drunk.

"I ought to say about the Lapps that they are a very religious people, professedly Christians. All are taught the catechism, to pray, and do many things which show that their faith is sincere. Drunkenness is their weakness, and I am afraid that if I were suddenly transformed into a Lapp, and had to live as they live, freezing two-thirds of the year, that the temptation would be strong to indulge in artificial warmth and to take something that would set the imagination free from the fetters of ice and snow in which their minds and their bodies are found.

Drunkenness, however, among the Lapps, as it is everywhere else, gives oblivion and excitement for a little while, to be followed by deeper poverty and depression."

### From Washington.

Bro. A. Kalstrom, P. G. W. C. Templar, of the District of Columbia, writes as follows in regard to temperance in the United States capital:—

A copy of TRUTH lies before me, and I assure it must be a great advantage to our cause and noble Order to have an advocate and champion in such an excellent and prominent journal.

Here at the capital the temperance forces meet the centralized power of the rum traffic—the District of Columbia being by common consent experimental ground, nothing is left undone by the liquor interest to postpone the day when the practical operation of a law of Congress prohibiting the sale and manufacture of alcoholic beverages will be passed, and to hasten which we are pledged as Good Templars to do. Being denied the privilege of determining any question at the ballot box our progress must depend upon our efficiency as educators, as well as upon the success with which we are able to defeat legislation constantly urged upon Congress in the interest of the liquor traffic, not only local but national. We depend upon the temperance people in the States for the election of proper members of Congress, and we endeavor to see that after they are elected they do justice to their constituents, in spite of the strong lobby that is constantly on hand to shape men and measures to serve the purposes of the liquor trade. The presence of these forces compels activity on our part, and this exercise has made us strong in faith

as well as purpose, and in several contests before Committees of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, the drunkard-makers have found out that the eighteen Lodges of Good Templars located in this District mean war to the end of the rum power. God speed the day.

Fraternally yours,  
A. KALSTROM,  
P. G. W. C. T.

### SCOTT ACT NOTES.

STILL MORE VOTING.—The *Canada Gazette* of last Saturday contains the official announcement fixing Thursday, June 18th, for voting for the adoption of the Scott Act in the Counties of Perth, Middlesex, and Lincoln in this Province. There are also other petitions in, and further announcements may soon be expected.

PENDING VOTES.—It has been officially announced that the voting for the adoption of the Scott Act in the city of Kingston and the county of Frontenac, will take place on Thursday, 21st inst. Both parties are now hard at work, and the result will soon be known. There is a prevailing feeling that the chances are in favor of adoption in Kingston, and of a very decisive majority in Frontenac.

A GOOD BEGINNING.—The Scott Act went into force in Simcoe county on the 1st inst. A telegram from Barrie to the daily papers says:—The Scott Act, which went into force last Friday, had good effect on Saturday. Among the large crowds in town not a drunken man was to be seen. Vigilance committees are formed for every municipality, and liberal rewards are offered for information that will lead to the conviction of violators of the Act.

LAW ENFORCEMENT.—A very respectable deputation of gentlemen from Toronto, Halton, Huron and some other counties waited on the Hon. Attorney General of Ontario last week to ask the assistance of the Provincial Government for the enforcement of the Scott Act in this Province. It is desired to have a police magistrate appointed in every county where the Act is to be enforced, as there is the right of appeal from the ordinary Justice of the Peace, besides the latter is not apt to be so independent in the performance of his duty. It was pointed out, too, that in some counties the Dominion Commissioners have been issuing licenses in such an extraordinary way as to bring about trouble and confusion. Wholesale licenses have been pretty freely issued where none should have been issued at all, and to a number of former tavern keepers druggists' licenses have been issued. Mr. Howland also stated that the Scott Act people would like the Ontario Commissioners and Inspectors continued in office in counties where the Act has gone in force, that they might render valuable assistance. The whole subject is now under consideration.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL.—Mr. William Lovie, the well known English statistician and writer, has given particular attention for many years in regard to the extent of the drink traffic in Great Britain. In his recent annual letter to the *London Times* on this matter he gives the following table regarding Britain's consumption during last year:

	Gallons.	1884.
British spirits.....	27,994,727	£27,994,727
Foreign spirits.....	4,785,705	9,702,816
Wine.....	14,075,625	12,083,083
Beer.....	332,714,936	74,453,030
British wines, etc., estimated.....	15,003,000	1,500,000
		£126,340,256

This was no less than \$371,931 in excess of the previous year. "Hard times" may affect the business of the baker, the tailor, and men in many lines of business, but it does not seem to injure the trade of the drink seller.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—A great many people are getting in the habit of using medical preparations of some kind to quiet their nerves and produce sleep. Such practices are dangerous and cannot be too strongly condemned. Alcohol and tobacco are bad enough to use for the sake of the

nerves, or for the sake of anything else, and to add to the list of dangerous things is unnecessary and unsafe. The *N. Y. Christian Advocate* gives an account of a respectable business man, in mid-life, who recently took three doses of bromide to quiet his nerves. The result was a fatal quieting. The conclusion arrived at from this fact is as follows:—"He is most unwise who practices self-medication with such a deadly agent. It is bad to be nervous. It may be much worse to overcome it by such means. Turn morphine, chloral, bromide, alcohol, and all the crew of

"Drugs that, brought from hell's back door, Do its business slow and sure," out of the house, except when administered cautiously by a conscientious physician.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

VERY ENCOURAGING.—Bro. James Johnston, of Parkdale, so many years a successful Grand Lodge Lecturer, having now become too much tied by his large real estate business, desires to still show his active sympathy with the Good Templar work. He has very generously ordered a copy of TRUTH to be sent for one month to every lodge in Nova Scotia, at his own personal expense. We would be glad to have some other active workers follow his liberal example in this respect.

"THE GOOD TEMPLAR."—A new monthly journal, *The Good Templar*, has just made its appearance. It is a very neatly printed sheet of eight pages, devoted exclusively to the interests of the Good Templar Order. The publishers, Stewart and Watson, are both well known Toronto Templars, holding prominent positions, and well posted in the work. There is certainly room for such a journal, giving its entire space and attention to the work, and we will be glad to see it succeed. Published at 4 Adelaide St. East, at 50 cents a year.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Bro. P. J. Chisholm, G. W. C. T., of Nova Scotia, writes most encouragingly regarding the progress of the work in that province. He says:—Since our Grand Lodge meeting last July we have nearly doubled our membership. Fifty-four new lodges have been added, and nearly 1,700 new members have been enrolled, and the great work still goes on. I do not believe our Order was ever in a stronger and more healthy position in this province before. I am just home from Picton County, where I organized a splendid County Lodge. We had only one lodge in that county in July, and now we have twelve, and eleven of them were represented at the county meeting. There were 70 delegates and visitors present. There was a grand mass meeting on the evening. We have arranged for Hon. J. B. Finch to spend thirty days here after the R. W. G. Lodge meeting, and Col. J. J. Hickman an equal length of time some time about September. They are both noble workers, and highly respected here. Arrangements have also been made with Hon. J. Beauchamp, of Ohio, for 30 meetings. You will see that effort or expense are not being spared to push forward our work.

THE LECTURE WORK.—The Grand Worthy Counsellor, Bro. Thos. Lawless, asks us to make the following explanation in reference to the withdrawal of the lecturing appointments of Bro. J. W. Webb in the western part of Ontario:

Bro. Webb, who is a minister of the Gospel without appointment, was working for the Grand Lodge of Oregon when he engaged to come to Ontario, fixing the date when he would probably be able to commence, at the 25th of April. After his engagement with us was made he received a call to the pastorate of a church in Oregon, which he felt a duty to his family to accept. This he no doubt had a right to do, and for doing it perhaps no one will blame him. Unfortunately for us, however, he did not notify us of the change as promptly as he might have done, and it was not until the 22nd, three days before he proposed to commence, that word reached us that he was not coming. Under the circumstances no other course was open to the executive than to cancel the arrangements that had been made. It was with much regret that this was done, because the lodges to which had been assigned the larger portion of his time were in a condition requiring assistance, and offering the prospect that it would be productive of beneficial results. It is hoped that arrangements will be made at the coming session of the Grand Lodge for a vigorous prosecution of the lecture work during the coming year.

## Our Young Folks.

## CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

## IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

## A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT

David here did a very foolish and dangerous thing. He dropped his rifle ran forward like the wind, straight toward the wounded crocodile, and stooped to seize it by the tail. But with surprising quickness the burly monster wheeled around, raised himself high on his fore legs, flung his terrible jaws wide open within a foot of David's face, and brought them together.

"You, Davie! Come away from there!" shouted Ben, terrified at the other's position.

David dodged back, thoroughly scared at the sudden turn of affairs, and sprang round to the end of the huge tail.

"Bring my rifle, quick!" he shouted.

"Come away from that, I tell you!" yelled Ben, running forward, tugging desperately at the empty shell which had stuck fast in his rifle.

Again the crocodile wheeled around, facing his unarmed assailant, raised himself defiantly as before, and uttered a deeply guttural snarl of rage.

"Bring my rifle, why don't you?" shouted the boy, in desperation, as he again ran round to the tail.

"Shut your mouth and come away from there!" angrily commanded his comrade, who was by this time close at hand and shoving in a fresh cartridge. The crocodile whirled around, but again David sprang nimbly out of his reach. An instant later Ben's rifle was at his shoulder, and a bullet went crashing into one of the neck vertebrae of the dangerous reptile, and ended its career.

"Another!" said David, with a white face. Another shot was fired. Five minutes later he was stone dead.

"Look here, youngster!" said Ben, severely. "You don't want to do the like of that again, do you hear? What are you thinking about, anyhow?"

"Well, you see, I was afraid he would go back into the water; and I wanted to—keep him busy and keep his mind off the water until you could come up and kill him. You know we might have lost him but for that!" said David.

"Humph! You intended to catch him by the tail and hold him, that's what you thought about. Why, you could have held a train of cars as easily as you could him, lively as he was! I thought he was going to grab you up and run into the water with you!" said Ben, seriously.

"Oh no!" said the other, airily. "He only wanted to show me what a fine set of teeth he had. But isn't he an old monster, though?"

This crocodile measured thirteen feet five inches, and his weight could not have been less than seven hundred pounds. With infinite labor the hunters removed the thick hide of the tough old saurian, carried it all the way across that wide at-bank to the canoe, and at nightfall paddled back to the camp, thoroughly wearied with their long day's work.

By the end of their first week out they had killed two more fine crocodiles, one ten feet in length, and the other ten feet seven inches. Of these two specimens they preserved the skeletons entire.

The fact that they were hunting with a definite purpose, and that the success of their trip depended upon their skill with their rifles, added an element of interest to their work which it could not have possessed otherwise. They toiled as earnestly for "specimens" as they ever did at home in the field or shop, and their enjoyment of the life they led was both intense and wholesome.

An old Indian turtle catcher occasionally visited the lagoon in his little *couriyara*; and the crocodile-hunters soon made friends with him.

His method of catching turtles called for an artilleryman's judgment and a billiard-player's skill; to the two Americans it was really wonderful.

His weapons were a bow and arrows, the latter made of light reeds with a small iron pin fitting into a socket in the end of the shaft, and tied fast to it by a small, stout cord. The turtle-catcher's mode of attack was to sit quietly in his canoe in the middle of the lagoon, and watch for the turtles to come to the surface to breathe. They seldom showed themselves nearer to his canoe than fifty yards, usually at a good deal more than that distance.

When a turtle came up within range and floated quietly at the surface for a few moments, the old fellow would carefully measure the distance with his eye, take aim and shoot an arrow high in the air, so that it would describe a parabolic curve and fall perpendicularly upon the turtle's back. If the point pierced the shell, it would sink and come out of the reed, which would float on the water, and being attached to the pin, it would keep the turtle from sinking until it could be secured. It was like mortar-firing, only more difficult. Very often the old man missed his aim; but he was sufficiently successful in his captures to be able to make a living by them. David bought two fine turtles of him at a fair price, which were preserved for mounting.

On the eighth day of their stay on the island both the hunters started out on what was to be their last shooting excursion before proceeding down the river. They paddled across the lagoon, landed and separated. Ben went towards the head of the lagoon, while David set out to visit the sand-bars at the mouth.

## IN THE QUICKSANDS.

Close to where the lagoon opened into the river, there lay a low, level sand-bank of about two acres in extent, which rose but three or four inches above the surface of the water. David found two cormorants sitting at its farther edge, one of which he promptly knocked over with a rifle bullet, then started to secure it. As he ran forward, he noticed that the sand-bank which he had to cross was wet and newly formed, but it was firm and hard; without pausing, he ran on and was within twenty feet of where it lay, at the water's edge, when suddenly, without an instant's warning, the ground dissolved beneath his feet and he sank knee-deep in sand and water.

"Ha! quicksand!" he thought, and wheeled about to step on firm ground; but to his horror he found that the very ground he had just crossed securely was changed to quicksand. He struggled forward for half a dozen paces or more, sinking to his knees at every step, but with each step hoping to gain firm footing.

Vain hope. He sank so deeply that he was soon exhausted and compelled to pause for breath. It flashed across his mind, too, that he might be swallowed up here and leave not even a sign of his fate. The yielding sand was half-way up his thigh already. He pitched his rifle as far as he could towards the shore, and sent his hat sailing after it, so that if he disappeared, they would tell the story; all this in less than ten seconds. Then he shouted, "Help!" but his voice was lost in the dead silence which surrounded him like a sea. He snatched his revolver from its case and fired three shots in quick succession as a signal of distress to Ben. Thank heaven, he was in sight, on the shore, but nearly a mile away, and he realized that his faithful friend, who would save him or die in the attempt were he only there, could not possibly arrive in time to help him.

With men who are cool and collected in the face of deadly peril, the mind acts like flashes of lightning, illuminating all their surroundings. David vividly remembered having read that the more an animal struggles in quicksand, the faster it sinks; but he saw it would be folly to give over all effort to save himself, and made one more fierce struggle to reach firm ground. But in doing so, he lost his balance, fell forward, and his arms sank to the elbow. By a powerful effort he recovered himself; the great drops of cold perspiration trickled from his forehead; and with a choking sensation the bitter thought came to him that it was hard luck to die in that miserable way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## What the Birds Say.

BY MARY A. BARR.

Out from the tree-tops a voice called out, "Who, who, who, who's there?" or, at least, so it sounded. Immediately the singing stopped, and one of the negroes answered, "Some folks from de Norf, Massa Owl, an' Cap'n Jo'n'sin, an' me, an' Homer, an' Virgil, an' Pete," read Grandpa to the little gathering of boys and girls who came every week to the old plantation to hear him read from some story book or paper, and to eat some of grandmamma's cake and molasses candy. But "Massa Owl" is not the only bird that can speak English, and now that spring is here and summer coming, the children who read this may hear for themselves lots of pretty sayings from their little feathered friends, the birds, if they will but listen. I think from the number of boys and girls who write about their birds, there must be many who have discovered that their pets can talk (or seem to talk), and if they try to understand them, it will not only be a great pleasure to themselves, but the means of taming many a shy bird.

Of course you have all heard about the cuckoo lady whip-poor-will, and that jolly brown bird which sings:—

"Bob White,  
Pease ripe;  
Coming there  
To-morrow night."

and the mocking-bird, which, the Mexicans say, speaks four hundred different languages, although his English, while he lives in the woods, is confined to three rather ugly words, which are "aha'n't," "can't," and "dare"; but the hawk is almost, if not quite, as rude as the mocking-bird, for, no matter how much right you may have to be on the river or in the woods, he is always saying:—

"It's queer, queer, queer,  
That you are  
Here, here, here."

The redbird is one of the most hospitable in his greeting, for it is "Cheer, more cheer"; and if any of you live near a marsh and will call upon Madam Marsh Wren, she will tell you, "I am so happy, I am so happy, I am so happy," while the Carolina wren will bid you "Cheer up, and come to me, come to me, come to me"; and by-and-by, when it gets to be quite warm, a dear little bird, with the very ugly name of Loggerhead, will sit close beside his wee wife on the wild-rose hedge, and say to her, "So sweet so sweet"; and some warm morning, when you are on your way to school through the fields, the funny old gray fly-catcher will hop on the ground before you and call out, "I kill you, I kill you, I kill you early in the morning"—of course it is all a joke, for I don't believe he would, even if he could, for he is such a jolly bird. Then there's Joe, poor Joe; he is not poor at all, or he lives in the most beautiful house, made of tall reeds and grasses, and trimmed with flowers, and eats the fattest little frogs and fish, and yet every night, and early in the morning just at sunrise, he will call out, "Poor Joe, poor, poor Joe," in the most mournful voice.

I have a little English cousin who declares that her thrush can say, "Jane, Jane, a little game, a little game, a little game, please please, sweet Jenny, sweet Jenny." You may hear in the spring the warbling fly-catcher, who, although not quite so vicious in his remarks as the Southern gray fly-catcher, is very soldierly both in appearance and song, for he says, as plain as can be, "Brig-a-dier, brig-a-dier, brigade," and the Massachusetts Peabody bird will tell you that he is "all day whittling, whittling, whittling," while just at sundown you will hear the green warbler singing, "Hear me, St. The-rose"—and the queer little red navis, who fits about the field while the farmer is sowing corn, will tell him to "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up, pull it up."

The oven-bird of Massachusetts, who sings only at noon on a bright day, and the Maryland yellow-throat, will both declare that they are watching you, although they use different words to tell you so; the Massachusetts bird says, "I see, I see, I see, I

see," while his little Southern cousin sings, "I see, I see you, I see, I see you, I see, I see you."

Of course there are people who do not care for birds who will think it all nonsense to say that they can talk, but I am sure that there are boys and girls who love birds, and who study their ways and songs, that are equally sure that their pets can speak, and speak very plainly to them at least.—*Harper's Young People.*

## Oh! Those Wasps.

BY EDWARD G. RAND.

Screaming, running, tossing up their arms, Patty and Poppy and Fan and Margery Ann came into grandma's kitchen one day. Into a nest of "queer black and yellow flies," as she said, Patty poked her dainty foot when out in the field one day.

How the "flies" did chase them!

"Oh, Katy, they're killing us, the flies!" shrieked Margery Ann at the kitchen door.

"The flies!" said Katy, drawing her stout, red armband of a washtub. "They're wasps, and they are chasing ye, the mane craters! Out wid ye!" shouted Katy to the invaders.

Through the kitchen, into the dining-room, across it, along the hall and up-stairs to grandma dear raced the screaming children, the wasps in hot pursuit.

"Oh, grandma!" cried Poppy, "they're killing us!"

"Why children, what is the matter?" said grandma, whose peaceful face and white cap had just been banding over the family Bible and its picture of Jacob and those angels on the ladder, like morning-glories on a vine. "Sit down on the lounge and tell me what the matter is. Wasps, if I ever!"

Didn't grandma spring then?

"Oh, here comes Katy!" she said.

"Yes," cried Katy, swinging a broom in one hand, shaking a mop in the other, her eyes flashing like an express-locomotive's light, "I'm jist a goin' for 'em. I broom 'em and then I mop 'em up and equeeze 'em. Five quite dead in the kitchen. And here's bad luck to 'em up here!"

While Katy was driving like a tornado among the angry wasps, slaying in every direction, grandma was soothing the bitten arms and legs. There they were on the lounge in a row, eight bare little arms, and eight bare little legs also, for the wasps had put their needles through the children's stockings. Did they mean to darn any holes there?

When Major-General Katy had killed all the enemy with charges of broom and mop, grandma asked for an account of the accident. Then she said: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Let's put them in a pail of hot water," said Poppy.

"Pail of hot water! No; drown 'em in the freezing, freezing ocean," said Patty, shaking her head.

"No, let's go up just as easy as can be and pull their stingers out," said Margery Ann, who belonged to a band of mercy, and did not want to kill them.

"No; I'll tell you," exclaimed grandma, and she looked wise as Moses in the Old Testament. "I wouldn't go near them. That is the best way for children to treat wasps, and a good many other things in this world. Don't go near them, and then you will never have trouble. I'll get Patrick to go out some day with a lot of sulphur, a bunch of hay and some matches, and he will take care of them. The best way for you to manage wasps is to keep away from them."

Patty and Poppy and Fan and Margery thought it was queer advice to such old children as they were. As they all lived in the city, and did not know much about the dangers of the country fields, grandma continued to look more and more like the wise Moses. They thought they would not again go near those "queer black and yellow flies."

It is little the sign of a wise or a good man to suffer temperance to be transgressed in order to purchase the repute of a generous entertainer.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.

## THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 25.

One lady or gentleman's Fine Bold Gold Watch is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must be a subscriber for Truth for at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at Truth office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address.—Editor's Prize Room, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

## MISS BASHBY.

SENT BY MISS MANTHA PERKINS, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

"The old Bee-hive is a-goin' to be tore down," said Keturah, as she placed a plate of buckwheat cakes on the breakfast table. "The Bee-hive torn down!" said mother. "Why, Keturah, who told you?" "Jones's boy, when he kem to borrow the wheelbarrow. He says, says he, 'They're a-goin' to tear down the old Bee-hive;' and time enough too, says I; it ain't been fit for human creeters to live in this long time."

"Edward," said mother; "have you heard anything of this?"

Father slowly emerged from the depths of his morning paper. "What! Oh, the old Weatherbee place! Yes, I believe the town has decided that it is unsafe to live in, and so better be tore down."

"Poor Miss Bashby!" said mother "What will become of her?"

"Poor-house, most likely," answered father dreamily, again absorbed in the stock-list.

The old Weatherbee house, or the Bee-hive, as it was called, stood on a hill just at the outskirts of the village. A winding lane led up to it from the main street, a lane that in summer was a tangle of black-berry and sweet-brier bushes, with here and there a gnarled oak-tree leaning against the old stone wall. People said that it was once a pretty avenue that led up in gradual windings to the fine house on the hill.

But the once fine house was now a dilapidated old building, and only a cart track wound up the hill among the tangle of neglected trees and shrubs. It was a two-storied, squarely-built house, with huge chimneys, and small diamond-paned windows. A flight of stone steps led up to the front door, and a long L connected the main house with huge barns and outhouses.

But the windows were broken, a part of the main roof had fallen in, and only two low rooms in the L had been habitable for many years. There, Miss Bathsheba and her invalid sister, Miss Patience, had lived, dependent for their daily bread on the pity of the two earned by plain sewing and the kindly charity of the neighbors.

Miss Patience, who, Miss Bashby often scornfully declared, "hadn't a bit of Weatherbee pride in her," received gratefully the assistance of friends, but Miss Bashby could not forget that she was a Weatherbee, and accepted what was given her more as her right than as a gift.

Often mother sent us children up the long lane to the old house, with some little delicacy to tempt the appetite of the invalid. I dreaded, yet was half glad to go. The old house, and the two tall women with their queer, old-time ways, had a strange fascination for me.

As I stood on the worn steps, knocking at the door, and heard the slow tread of old Miss Bashby echoing down the long passage, I felt like placing my basket on the door-sill, and running away.

"What do you want, child?" "Please Miss—Miss Weatherbee—mother sent you this."

"Oh!" said Miss Bashby, calmly, as she lifted the snowy napkin, "jelly! It looks nice; I hope it will taste as good as it looks. Tell your mother that the last she sent was a little too strong of lemon; I hope this is better."

Then the soft voice of Miss Patience floated out through the doorway; "is that you, Sadie Allen? Tell your mother, dear, that we are very thankful for her kindness." Then Miss Bashby shut the door with an emphatic bang, and I knew, as well as if I

had heard it, that Miss Patience was receiving a lecture, repeated for the five-hundredth time, on her want of pride.

At last one day, poor Miss Patience, weary of life, slipped out of it quietly, and was laid to sleep with the rest of her grand family in the great Weatherbee tomb.

I have no doubt Miss Bashby sorrowed long and bitterly for her sister, but the tears she shed, if any, were all in secret; no one ever saw her weep. An extra bow of black on the old-fashioned bonnet; a sterner set to the thin lips; a few added crow's feet under the cold gray eyes—that was all.

And now the old house was to be tore down—not fit to live in—but what could be done with poor Miss Bashby? Not many of the neighbors had any sympathy for her, but mother's tender heart was touched. "If she has to go to the poor-house it will be the death of her," she said.

"O children, don't you think we ought to ask her to spend the winter with us? I can't bear the thought of her going to the poor-house."

"Why, Mother Allen!" was the universal exclamation, "how can we?"

"Oh! I don't like her," said Ned, gruffly, "she is so horribly proud."

"O mother!" I said, "do you really think we ought? Isn't there some other way?"

"Never mind," said mother, pleasantly; "we will say no more about it. Perhaps it wouldn't be best. I shall not ask her unless you are all willing."

But the next day there were signs of capitulation among us. Strange to say, our big boy, Ned, was the first to surrender.

"See here, mother," he said, "I don't want to be mean. Let her come. I can stand it if the rest can."

Will said quietly, "Poor old thing! I don't care if Ned doesn't."

Then I, too, said, but with a foreboding heart, "We will try and get along some way."

But there still remained one tower of strength to storm.

When Keturah heard of it, she exclaimed, "The Lord love us! Comin' here? Not if I know it! Now, Miss Allen, do be reasonable! I've lived with ye more'n fifteen year—nursed most all the children—helped fetch 'em through the whoopin'-cough, measles and et obery, but as for havin' that mean old creetur—"

"Keturah!" said mother, warningly—then the kitchen door was shut, and only the occasional sound of mother's pleading voice and Keturah's angry sniffs came to us from the scene of battle.

When mother came out of the kitchen some half hour later, we knew by the quiet smile on her face, and the subdued rattle of dishes from Keturah's domain, that the latter was vanquished.

So the very next day Miss Bashby came. We gave her the south bed-room, and had an open fire, and a cosy arm-chair beside it, ready to welcome her. But if an idea that she would show any gratitude had crept into our minds, we were doomed to disappointment. Hoping she would say that she was pleased with her room, I walked softly by the door, and glanced in. She was standing by the dining bed, closely examining the sheets and pillow cases.

"H'm, h'm," I heard her mutter, "collar, all of 'em; gentlefolks used linen in my day," and then she sighed heavily.

The autumn days went swiftly by, and the cold, snowy days of winter came. Miss Bashby had been with us now two months,

and we got on very well. Keturah was most patient of us all, and was golden opinions from mother. The boys were courteous and respectful, and said very little to Miss Bashby; I think they were half afraid of her. Little Joey was tried to keep out of her way altogether, as, the only time he visited her room, she said she didn't like little boys. But the gaze of her large round spectacles, and the sharp click of her knitting needles, had a curious fascination for the little man. Often when he was unusually quiet, on hunting him up, he was found just outside Miss Bashby's open door. Once, on coming to take him away, I heard him ask solemnly, with his brown eyes fixed on her wrinkled face:

"What makes you look so, Miss Bashby? You is all wizzled up! Is your skin too big for you?"

One day in J-nuary, a cold, clear, frosty day, there came a letter saying Aunt Mary was very ill.

After a hurried consultation, it was decided that mother should start at once for Brunswick, where Aunt Mary lived, and that father should accompany her. After many hasty directions to Keturah and me, they started to catch the early train. Mother's last words were, "Be kind to Miss Bashby."

For a few days things went very well. The boys were less unruly than usual, Miss Bashby was quite amiable for her, and Keturah was as sunny as a May morning. But alas! the peace was of short duration.

One morning, in going down the cellar stairs, Keturah slipped and sprained her ankle. It was very painful, and poor Keturah, with many gasps and groans, could do nothing but lie helpless on the kitchen lounge, and give directions about the work.

"Keturah," I would question, as, with sleeves rolled up and a long apron on, I went resolutely to work, "how much molasses do you put in the gingerbread?"

"O Miss Sadie! Miss Sadie!" poor Keturah would groan, "only to think of me a-lyin' here like a log, and you, such a little spindlin' creetur, a-doin' my work. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"But, Keturah, do tell me how much molasses, or I shall never get the gingerbread done."

"Oh land! Bring me the jug and I'll measure it for you. Goodness, child! not that two quart bowl! What are you thinkin' of? It only takes a cupfull. O Lord! to think of Keturah Skinner ever comin' to this pass!" and so on during the long day.

Miss Bashby was particularly disagreeable just at this crisis. No wonder she complained of the cooking. Poor Keturah, lying helpless on the lounge, couldn't see to everything, and so the bread was heavy, the pie-crust like dough, and the coffee a very unsettled beverage.

The boys, good fellows, laughed and joked about it; said they had never enjoyed anything so much in their lives. But Miss Bashby—she said nothing, but the gesture of disgust with which she pushed away her plate at table, and gathering her shawl about her, marched majestically to her room and shut the door, was worse than anything we had to bear. Poor Keturah, with her promise to mother fresh in her memory, could only shut her mouth resolutely and groan.

One bright, cold Wednesday afternoon, Keturah, whose foot now allowed her to hobble about a little, was helping me finish the kitchen work, and Miss Bashby was safely shut up in her den, when Will and Ned rushed pell-mell into the kitchen with a loud demand for Joey.

"Just let us take him on the ice a while! We won't keep him long. It is such a splendid day; the ice is as firm as can be, no danger at all. Get the little chap ready, that's a good sister, and hurry up about it; we can't wait."

With a questioning look at Keturah, which she answered with an emphatic nod, I hastened to get the little cap and mittens and gray ulster, while the proud owner of these boyish garments danced and pranced and wriggled with delight, till I could scarcely get them on, and I only had time for a word of caution before a grand rush was made for the door, and Joey was off in high glee.

"Old Dr. Wilbur is a-bitchin' up his team," said Keturah, as she glanced out of the window for a last look at the retreating boys. "I guess some of them poor trash over to Hingham's Corner is took sick again. They always send for Dr. Wilbur, 'cause he always goes when they send, and he never charges 'em nothin'. Them kind is mighty 'cate!"

Smiling at Keturah's philosophy, I hastened my work of getting the kitchen tidy. Presently Miss Bashby made her appearance at the kitchen door.

"Sadie Allen," said she, solemnly "I'm going to lie down for my afternoon nap. If any of the neighbors should come in and inquire for me, don't disturb me on any account. I can't be broken of my rest." Then she shut the door and walked slowly back to her room.

"Land o' love!" said Keturah, "Ef any of the neighbors call! Lord help us! Did you ever hear the likes of that! ... reek their akin!"

"Keturah! Keturah!" said I, as gravely as I could, though my lips would twitch in spite of me. "Don't you forget what mother said about—"

"Now, Sadie Allen," retorted my irate help, "you know I wouldn't so much as hurt a spear of her hair, and she ain't got any; but she is most awful aggravatin', that you'll allow."

Yes, I would allow that. But hark! What was that? Loud shouts, followed by an ominous silence, and then a wild, confused murmur of steps and voices. Keturah and I gazed at each other in dismay. Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and Will, with cap and coat off, with dishevelled hair, and face as white as death, staggered into the room and flung himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"Will!" said I, breathlessly. "Will Allen!" gasped Keturah, rushing to his side and tearing his hands away from his face. "What is it? Tell us quick!"

"Oh!" groaned the poor boy, "O mother! mother! And you left him in my care! O Joey! Joey!"

"What about Joey? O Will, what has happened to Joey?"

"Drowned!" said Will desperately. "Went down through a breathing-hole. They fished him out, but, oh dear! he's dead. Oh Joey! Joey! They're bringing him home!"

There was a tramping of feet outside the door, and a crowd of men and boys entered, one of them bearing a dripping, half-frozen burden in his arms.

Was that our Joey?—the little white face set and rigid, the small hands hanging helplessly down, the brown eyes closed, and the long hair, wet and shining, flung back over the dripping clothes.

"Poor little chap!" said the burden-bearer, in a choking voice. "Guess he's done for. You see, he went in under so far, and we couldn't"—Here his voice grew husky, and he turned away his face from us.

"O Lord! O Lord!" wailed Keturah. "What shall we do? Somebody run for the doctor—somebody get somethin' to give him—somebody"—and she wrung her hands helplessly.

No one moved. The man still held his dripping burden; the crowd waited, awed to silence. I stood like a stone, my head whirling, my senses fast leaving me, when a new actor appeared on the scene.

"What's all this?" said a sharp voice, and Miss Bashby's head was thrust in at the door.

She took in the situation instantly. "Keturah Skinner," she said, in a commanding voice, "take the child and carry him into my room. Sarah Allen, get the big scissors and cut all his clothes off as quick as you can and wrap him up in blankets. Will stop crying, and run up-stairs for the brandy! Jim Spooner, go for Dr. Wilbur as fast as ever you went—he's just started for Hingham's Corners—run across lots and head him off. Dead? He shall not die! Hot water, Keturah; hot bricks—everything hot! Now clear out, every one of you" (turning to the crowd) "you can't do any good here!"

Oh, how we worked! we rolled the poor little body in blankets; we applied hot bricks and hot water; we rubbed the icy limbs.

Ten minutes went by—twenty. "O Miss Bashby," I sobbed, "he will never wake! never!"

"Hush, child!" she said, and her voice was softer than I had ever heard it: "I think we shall bring him too. There! I do believe he breathes a little—don't stop a minute, keep right on working. Yes, I'm sure of it!"

Oh, what a moment of suspense that was! Surely he breathed. "O God, only let him live!"

"Yes," said Keturah, hysterically, "just as sure as you're a born sinner, he's comin' out of it!"

When the apparently un- takable sings c "Well done tor; "you ha this time. Bc hard fight. water several

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When the doctor came, Joey, though still apparently unconscious, had shown unmistakable signs of life.

"Well done, Miss Bashby," said the doctor; "you have saved the youngster's life this time. But it must have been a pretty hard fight. They tell me he was under water several minutes."

All day and far into the night we watched by Joey's bedside. Poor little fellow, how like a ghost he looked! Strange to say, when he became conscious and could speak, he would have no one but Miss Bashby about him. He motioned us all away, and nestled his curly head down on her square shoulder as if it was the softest resting-place in the world.

How thankful we were, and how easy the daily tasks seemed! Keturah forgot her lame ankle entirely, and went about singing Methodist hymns in a low, husky voice, interrupted now and then by a spasmodic choke and a hasty application of her cotton handkerchief.

When Joey was able to sit up, what a jubilee we had! though the laughter would melt into tears occasionally at sight of his little pinched face.

Should we write to mother about the accident?

We held a consultation and decided not to do so.

"She'll hear of it, perhaps," said Miss Bashby. "so you better say he fell into the pond, but is all right now." So that is what we wrote.

As Joey grew better, Miss Bashby took up some of her irritating ways again; but do you suppose we minded them?

"If she was forty times as irritating," said Will, "I wouldn't say a word. Only think what would have happened if she hadn't been here!" and the recollection being too much for him, he began to whistle to choke back the tears.

"Law!" said Keturah, smiling, "do you think I care for her grumblin'? she might scold enough to take the roof off and I wouldn't mind! She's a smart one, though, ain't she? How she did take hold of things! Why, you and me was no more use, Sadie Allen, than them shovel and tongs. 'Twas Miss Bashby."

When we tried to thank Miss Bashby, she only said, shortly, "Oh, nonsense, child! I knew just what to do; had done it once before when brother Joshua was fished out of the river—forty years ago that was—forty years ago," and she turned away with a sigh. I said no more, but I thought, mother will know how to thank her.

Joey, though a little pale and languid, was singing about the house in his usual sunshiny way by the time mother came home.

Poor Aunt Mary was dead and buried, and the tired look on mother's face, and the added lines of care on her brow, told of the trouble she had been through. That evening as we sat in mother's room, clustered about the open fire—Miss Bashby, with the everlasting knitting in her hands, sitting bolt upright in the big arm-chair—Joey cuddled up in mother's arms, with his drowsy head laid lovingly against her arm, and the boys and I sitting on the rug at her feet—we told the story of Joey's drowning, and how Miss Bashby brought him back to life.

"All through the recital (told exactly by each of us in turn), mother sat without speaking a word, the light of the fire shining on her face showing how it paled and flashed as the story went on. The tale was ended, and still she spoke no word, but her head was bowed over Joey's sleeping form, and her cheek was pressed lovingly against his. Then suddenly she rose, and, laying him gently on the bed, came and knelt by Miss Bashby's chair, and drawing the poor old wrinkled face down to her own, kissed it lovingly. Then we children crept softly out of the room, leaving them together.

It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade; you must know where to find yourself.

"I wonder what you can see in that Smith girl that you're so much taken with her," said one country youth to another; "she hasn't got no looks to her." "I know," the rustic lover slowly observed, "that she ain't what you might call good-looking, but," and he drew a long breath, "ty goah, you should feel her hug!"

LAUGHLETS.

A cloud with a silver lining is very nice, no doubt, but it doesn't compare with a purasa with a silver lining.

Next thing we know, Bob Ingersoll will be telling us that Joseph's coat of many colors was nothing but a crazy quilt.

O'Donovan Rossa says that no power on earth can keep him from talking. A glass of whiskey can do it for a moment.

"Shall we grow old together?" asks Louise Chandler Moulton in her last poem. Thanks, Louise, but you are too late.

A New Jersey woman planted potatoes while her husband rocked the baby and sang, "Hoe'em, Hoe'em, Sweet, Sweet Hoe'em."

Reverend gentleman: "My child, you should pray God to make you a new heart." Youthful sinner: "So I did, papa, four days ago; guess it isn't done yet."

A modern novel has the following passage: "With one hand he held the beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

Edith.—"They sat in the gloaming" means that they occupied one chair. A gloaming may be obtained at any fashionable furniture store. No parlor is complete without it.

The most ferocious lion quails when a well-dressed woman acts as a lion tamer and mauls him around in a circus cage. He knows how indigestible hair pins and corset steels are.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I am going to the skating rink, sir," she said. "May I go and uphold you, my pretty maid?" (Pointing to her bustle): "I am already upholstered, sir," she said.

It may be harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but when it comes to having the best of everything on earth, the rich man takes the persimmons.

"Your conduct surprises me!" exclaimed the good old farmer, when he caught a neighbor's boy robbing his apple orchard. "No more than your appearance surprises me," replied the incorrigible youth, as he hastily departed.

Paragraphs are floating about to the effect that diseases are frequently communicated by kissing. We supposed every one knew that the most dangerous and swift of all diseases was communicated in that way—heart disease.

"I think your mustache is just lovely, Fred, and I only wish I had it on my face," she said as she gazed into his eyes with a sort of gone look. But Fred, the dolt, didn't catch on, and only remarked that he thought it was very good for a three months' growth.

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in a literary society. After an hour's earnest debate the secretary was instructed to milk the cow and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.

Little prattler to elderly visitor: "Mamma says baby has got my nose. What does she mean, Mrs. Gummer?" Elderly visitor: "She means that baby's nose is like yours." Little prattler: "Then baby's got your mouth, hasn't she? Cos she hasn't got any teeth in it."

Persian Baths.

There are two remarkable restrictions in every Persian city. No Christian is ever permitted to enter one of the public baths. These baths are on the plan of what are called Turkish baths in America. The women bath in the morning and the men in the afternoon. After the bath the bathers lounge in an outer room and gossip and smoke. For the women, especially, the weekly visit to the bath is like resorting to a woman's club. They take their sewing and embroidery, and after the bath they sit for hours chatting, sewing and smoking the water-pipe. When the woman returns home from the bath she is full of the gossip of the neighborhood, and has plenty to talk about for a week to come. In Turkey all sorts can visit the bath, but the Persians allow no one to bathe with them, but the faithful followers of the Prophet.

THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."—Dryden.

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

NO. 112.—AN ANAGRAM.

[Entered for Prize]

An Irishman hungry went home to his dinner, Where Bridget was striving the herrings to fry;

Now Patsy was only an ordinary sinner, And the children were bent "on" their usual cry.

"Why the doose don't you throy to hev the males reddey," Cried Pat, as for a moment his anger ran high.

"Hush, darlint," quoth Bridget, "be aisy, be atheady. Sure the foire won't ourn for the wud izhent dhry."

Then Patsy, relenting, said, "Niver moind, jewel, Gimme hould ov the "pan," as a cook I'm the bhoy."

And in a short while each child on a school Was eating its pratices with smiles and with joy.

Now, reader, this plain, allegorical story Contains a name noted in classical lore; So easy for young heads and heads that are hoary

To solve that you'll not long over it pore. S.I.B.

NO. 113.—EVANESCENT GLORY.

List to my riddle true and clear, and with me you'll agree, Through misty air and water pure I take my first degree.

My life, so wondrous bright and fair, in length is but a span; With joy you often gaze on me, but catch me ye who can.

All colorless, an empty void, I'm globular in face, Refulgent in my beautiful tints, I flit along in space.

Whate'er I am, I do in men to graceful curves incline; And yet no arm, with all its skill, can ever me entwine.

In hydrogen I slyly lurk, and away in nitrogen; In ev'ry phase and ev'ry part I'm largely oxygen.

So frail and dainty in design, on zephyrs soft I fly. My turgid look? Why, don't you know that's due to alkali?

I dance aloft, and on all sides harmonious tints reflect; And, be the weather dark or bright, in iris hues I'm decked.

Behold me as I change! Now blue, now red, then white as snow, I soar on high, a wingless bird, then calmly float below.

With iridescent light I glist and gleam, a fated ray, 'Twixt earth and sky, in sweeping lines, I wind my fiftal way;

O'er sea and land, as lights are down, I to and fro rebound, A sparkling puff, an azure note, an orb devoid of sound!

An hour, a moment I exist, and swiftly wait about, When, presto! I have gone from you. My life is blotted out.

My little rhyme is done, and now I leave you all to guess The name of this bright, glowing myth—this gleam of nothingness. J. A. G. S.

NO. 114.—A CONUNDRUM. What does an invalid most resemble, and why? C. E. SKINNER.

NO. 115.—AN ENIGMA. When a metallic point you spy Upon a string, it may be I; A slight appendage to a dress My name will just as well express; I am a catch-word, or a cue, And something mean and paltry, too; If you at me should get a peep Perhaps you'd call me a young sheep; And yet a frisky lad would say I'm nothing but a simple play. NELSONIAN.

NO. 116.—A PROBLEM.

A disciple of Euclid, whose fame was a wide As the trackless expanse where the hurricanes ride, Propounded a problem, and this was the plan

Of the sum I must do for this wonderful man; To one-sixth of a number add two and 'twill give

One-fifth of the whole, just as true as you live, Three added to this and one-fourth will appear;

Add five to this answer, one third will be here. If four be next added two-fifths it will stand;

Then six, and one half of the whole is at hand. Proceed with the problem; six added again, Three-fifths of the whole is both patent and plain.

If four be now added two-thirds you will find; Next five, and three-fourths of the sum's on my mind.

Next three, and four-fifths of the total is shown. Then two, and five sixths of the sum is then known.

Now this is the thing he demanded of me; Give the sum of the total whatever it be. KNAPPERTANDY.

NO. 117.—A SELECTED PARADOX. A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks in a hamper, to which was affixed the following direction:—

"To Alderman Gobble, with IX. ducks." The servant, having more ingenuity than honesty, took out three of the ducks, and contrived it so that the direction on the hamper corresponded with the number of the ducks. As he neither erased any word or letter, nor made a new direction, how did he manage it? MRS. LAYLAND.

NO. 118.—A CHARADE. [Entered for Prize.] My first you'll find in every street, In crowded thoroughfare will meet, In weather warm or cold, in rain or snow; You'll ask, "Is it o'er tired?" I answer, No!

My first without my second sure would be A useless tool as you will see; My second is a well-known animal, Neither pig, elephant, nor camel.

My whole is used for drawing loads In muddy, wet, or dusty roads; Now, kind friends, come, go with me, And in the city it you'll see. HENRY A. BOARDMAN.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES. 1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.

2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from trial for this premium.

Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

THE PRIZE FOR ANSWERS. Answers in competition for the monthly prize for the largest list should be forwarded each week within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS. 97.—Key. 1. Keys of a musical instrument. 2. Key of an arch. 3. Whisker.

98.—A looking-glass. 99.—S-a-m-u-e-l.

100.—Echo. 101.—A cat. 102.—Plum-ba(a) go. 103.—Sex-ton.

"AN OLD KNOT" UNTIED. (A Solution of No. 51.) When cares like iron letters press, No peaceful sleep our eyes may bless; But when—by unit of adding "S"—Our cares are changed to a career, No bitter thoughts our hearts will cumber, But deep our peace, and sweet our lumber, Stratford, Ont. M. A. M.



Tid-Bits. GOLD GIVEN AWAY. BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of Truth is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of Truth.

Every week a prize of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subscriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected.

The greatest number of votes have been cast for No. 338 Tid-bit, entitled "C. O. D.", published in our issue of 25th April.

Hereafter, instead of giving the entire twenty dollars to one person, we will divide it into four prizes, as follows: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; and 4th, \$2.

Mrs. S. Woods, Montreal, sends thanks for the receipt of \$20, the prize for the best tid-bit in Truth of March 14th.

To a Little One. Only a baby, 'bout any hair, 'Cept just a little fuzz here and there.

(411) Laugh and the World Laughs. Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep and you weep alone; For this brave old Earth must borrow its mirth, It has troubles enough of its own.

(412) For Those Who Fail. "All honor to him who shall win the prize," The world she has cried for a thousand years;

(413) Good Advice. Let each man learn to know himself, To gain that knowledge let him labor; Improve those failings in himself

(414) Gifts for the King. The wise may bring their learning, The rich may bring their wealth, And some may bring their greatness.

(416) On the Rollers. This girl had roller skates, Welland out her home. When she struck eight a pie gave

(417) Not Any Moore. A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to a Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:

(418) What is Meant. Only a line in the newspaper, That somebody read aloud At a table of languid boarders,

(419) Contradiction. Happy that man must pass his life, If freed from matrimonial chains; Who is directed by his wife

(420) "For Posterity." A FACT. Scene—Canadian Village. A jolly old farmer from Erin's fair life Was taking his pipe after dinner the while.

(421) The Best of Wives. A man once had a vicious wife, (A most uncommon thing in life), His days and nights were spent in strife

(422) For Truth. Something original; editor, I fear You are taxing my powers too far,

(423) An Acrostic to "Truth." Truth is a gem I dearly prize, Raise your antlers to the skies; Usher your hearts both great and small,

(424) An Acrostic to "Truth." Truth is a gem I dearly prize, Raise your antlers to the skies; Usher your hearts both great and small,

Halliburton, Ont. Wm. Nicholls.

London, Ont. E. W. Wood.

43 Prince St., Toronto. E. W. P. Kitchin.

100 Queen's Ave., London East, Ont.

(423) Faith's Lesson. -Selected.

I was dreading the dark to-morrow,  
For my heart was oppressed with fear,  
And its burden of sin and sorrow  
Seemed more than I could bear.

But out in the glad, bright sunshine  
My baby was playing the while,  
His face was so bright and joyous,  
Lift up with a sunny smile.

At last he came toddling towards me  
With outstretched hands, and said:  
"Mam-mam, me's wifoo huddy,  
So me's tum for a bit of bread."

I gave it at once to my darling,  
But my eyes filled up with tears  
As I thought on the lesson he'd taught me  
Of faith for the future years.

He came to me in his hunger,  
He knew I would hear his cry,  
And his royal trust never doubted  
That I would his wants supply;

While I, with a Father in Heaven  
Who never refuses to hear  
The cry of His earthly children,  
Was living in doubt and fear.

For am I not one of His children?  
Through a wayward and sin-stained one?  
And has not He promised to hear me  
For the sake of His precious Son!

I know I should live in the sunshine,  
Not in the shadow dim;  
I know that that life is the brightest  
That trusteth in the most in Him;

And that just as my own dear baby  
Came straight with his want to me,  
So with faith as childlike  
I should draw near to Thee.

Come with my heart uplifted,  
Come with the bowed head,  
Crying, "Father, I too am hungry;  
Give me the living bread."

251 Parliament St., Toronto. JOS. M. A. STANCO.

(424) Total Annihilation. -Selected.

He was a Bowers bootblack bold,  
And his year they numbered nine;  
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit  
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,  
Munching an apple red;  
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,  
And "Give us a bit," they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile;  
"No free bites here!" he cried.  
Then the boys they sadly walked away,  
Save one, who stood at his side.

"Well, give us the core," he whispered low,  
That bootblack smiled once more,  
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek,  
"There ain't got'n to be no core!"

O. H. FOSTER,

62 John Street South, Hamilton.

(425) "The Absent." -Selected.

I live with my friends and love them,  
Altho' they are far away;  
The joy of their speaking presence  
Haunts each passing day.

I see their faces and greet them,  
At morning, at noon, and at eve,  
I gather their best thoughts to me,  
And miss around them weave.

Friendship ignites all distance,  
And love outwarth time,  
The features of those we love best  
Are with us in every clime.

There is no death of affection:  
Unceasing, and sweet, and clear,  
Is the chime in my soul repeating,  
"The absent are ever near."

Oxendon, Ont. M. L. RYER.

(426) A Temperance Appeal. -Selected.

"Good will bear ye for others!"  
These words our Saviour gave;  
Then, let thy fallen brethren  
Now be thine aim to save.  
These wretched, crushed and low;  
Bound down by liquor's chain,  
With words, and tokens holy,  
Strive to upraise again.

With trust repose; in Heaven,  
Obey each merciful call;  
God's help to thee is given,  
His care extends o'er all.  
Behold Christ's crowning glory,  
Ye aged, and ye youth!  
He sets His shine before thee,  
Thy guide be Him and Truth.

Resolve with firm endeavor,  
The wine-cup to forgo;  
And nevermore, oh! never  
Yield to that mocking foe.  
Then, where seemed woe and sorrow  
Upon Life's tollsome way,  
The dawning of to-morrow,  
Will break far away.

And sweeter joys possessing,  
Will bide with him that roams!  
And countless untold blessings  
Will cluster 'round our homes.  
Oh! fathers, sons, and mothers,  
Behold the shining ray!  
O! wayward youths and brothers,  
Pursue this heavenly way!

Walton St., Toronto. MRS. DAILY.

(427) Epigram. -Selected.

Life is short and time is swift,  
Ere we fade and shadows shift;  
But the ocean and the river  
Rise and fall and flow for ever.  
Bard! not vainly I save the ocean,  
Bard! not vainly I love the river,  
Be thy song then like their motion,  
Bleaming now, and bleaming ever.

Berley, Ont. R. H. ARCHERSON.

(428) The Great Point. -Selected.

A genial old Chief of Police,  
For a joke once arrested his niece,  
For packing his pants  
With a quilt of her snubs,  
Which, he said, made them breeches  
(breeches) of piece (peace)

Now, the above undoubtedly contains a point, but cannot be considered to gain the prize, as TRUTH only offers that to the greatest point, and, under that rule, I would advise TRUTH to suspend all prizes until somebody presents him with the top of the North Pole, which I consider to be the greatest point, as all civilized nations are striving to get at it.

Chicago, Ill. A. J. POSER.

(429) To Make a Good Tempered Man. -Selected.

First of all catch your man; it is easily done  
If you're pretty, lovable, and about twenty-one.  
When the knot has been tied and you have started  
In life,

Be all that he needs—a sweet, gentle little wife,  
Keep his socks well mended, his shirts repaired;  
And when he comes home have his slippers well aired.  
Have his dinners well cooked; the suppers must be cosy;

Go daily for a walk, so keep your cheeks rosy.  
Assist him with his coat; hang up his hat;  
And when supper is over you can have a quiet chat.  
By keeping these rules as nearly as you can,  
You will have what is rare—a good-tempered man.

Shelburne, Ont. LUCIAN FALCOWER.

(430) A Borrowed Compliment. -Selected.

Kindly imagine the accompanying tid-bit  
spoken by me to TRUTH, and its editor.  
I think it very applicable. I find it in the  
"Woman's Almanac" for 1720, a very quaint affair. The following was a communication from Druselinda:—

When I with pleasure see the wit o' th' age  
With one comment in your applause engage;  
I wish, methinks, I could with them declare  
Your modest exultation and trathless care;  
By which you both oblige and please the fair;  
A task which many have essay'd in vain.  
Whilst you, secure in their good graces, reign  
To whose just praise you have a lasting claim  
Since your chests work e'en any cannot blame;  
For your strict—let's no line have place  
Which might with blushes dye a virgin's face;  
But 'tis throughout so useful and so pure,  
It will the ablest, strictest endure;  
Such worth the brightest gazes must rehearse,  
A theme too lofty for my humble verse;  
Which (since by others 'tis so well expressed)  
I'll silently admire; and (only with the rest,  
Oh! may you thus; they: please e' unmored,  
And be by all judicious men approv'd;  
By us esteemed; and our own sex belov'd  
May the success you merit still attend,  
And even your own wishes crown the end."

St. Lambert's, P. Q. NORAH HALPOND.

(431) He Smelled it All. -Selected.

Complaints about our fishermen had become frequent and loud. More than once the feminine head of our establishment had thrown away Friday's dinner because she did not like the peculiar smell of the leaden-eyed fish. One day my neighbor, Rogers, sent his black man, Sambo, down after a fresh codfish. The darky entered the monger's stall, and having made his way to the bench whereupon the larger fish lay, he took up a cod and began to smell of it. The fishman observing him, and fearing that other customers, then in the store, might catch the hint and the scent, called out angrily, "Hallo! you black rascal, what are you rubbin' your sooty nose against that fish for?" "I ain't rubbin' my nose agin um, mass'r." "What were you dcing?" "Me talk to um, dat's all." "Talk to a fish?" "Yah, yah." "And what do you say?" "Me ask im what's the news at sea." "And what does the fish answer to that?" "By golly! he says he don't know. He hadn't been dar dese tree weeks."

Harrisburg, Ont. MRS. E. DUNHAM.

(432) He Wanted to Make Her Feel Bad. -Selected.

"My dear," said a young wife, who had been married about a year, "will you stop at Smith & Smith's on your way home to-night and get a paper of safety pins?"

"Wouldn't Brown & Brown's do just as well?"

"Certainly. But why do you prefer Brown's?"

"There is a young lady behind the counter there who refused to marry me not many years ago, and I want to buy those safety pins of her."

Windsor, N. S. ELLA HART.

(433) Underselling the fellow Next Door. -Selected.

"Leisure is cheap at that chap's shop, Mr. Spicer," said a fellow-passenger in a Yonge St. horse car, pointing to the sign, "A superior lounge for \$5," in a furniture dealer's window.

"That is rather tempting," replied the other, "but the fellow next door undersells him," and he directed attention to the baker's window, in which was the legend "A family loaf, ten cents."

Rosedale. ALLIE ARTHURS.

(434) A Bad Look Out. -Selected.

Yes, my son, it is a solemn, eternal fact that "Truth once crushed to earth, will rise again." And in these days of awful carelessness, Truth is kept so busily engaged in performing the grand rising act that she looks like a man picking up pins.

Nashville, Iowa. MARY E. KNIGHT.

(435) A King in Disguise. -Selected.

A pleasant story is told of King Humbert, of Italy, who is a skilful and enthusiastic sportsman, and often goes out alone, gun in hand, in search of game, with two setters in attendance. During one of these solitary excursions he was met by a person who was amazed and delighted at the skill with which the king wined a covey of partridges. He complimented the sportsman on his shooting, and told him if he would come to his farm the next morning at day-break, and kill a fox that had been stealing his chickens, he would not mind giving him a couple of francs. King Humbert kept the appointment, killed the fox, ate breakfast with the family, and received his two francs, delighting the humble family with his good nature and affability. Two days afterward the peasant was amazed by the visit of an officer in a gorgeous carriage, bringing presents to the family from the king, and was greatly confused on learning that he had employed the King of Italy to rid his hen-roost of a thief.

Farmerville, Ont. MRS. H. CAMERON.

(436) Spicy. -Selected.

There was a knot of sea-captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain —, of Salem, came in, and seeing the pepper took up a handful of it.

"What do you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper; "it's half peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper; "there isn't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful; "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, spell that," pointing to the word "p-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side of the barrel. "If it isn't half p's then I'm no judge, that's all."

The bet was paid.  
London South, Ont. H. H. NELSON.

(437) Young America at the Wheel. -Selected.

A well known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie some years ago upon one of the lake steamers and seeing a small lad steering the vessel, accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat!"

"Yes sir," was the reply "but you see I can do it though."

"Do you think you understand your business, my son?"

"Yes sir, I think I do."  
"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes sir."  
"Let me hear you box it."  
The boy did as he was requested, when the minister said:

"Well, really you can do it! Can you box it backwards?"

"Yes sir."  
"Let me hear you."  
The boy did again as requested, when the minister remarked:

"I declare my son! You do seem to understand your business."  
The boy then took his turn at question asking, beginning:

"Pray sir, what might be your business?"

"I am a minister of the Gospel."  
"Do you think you understand your business?"

"I think I do, my son."  
"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes."  
"Say it."  
The clergyman did so, repeating the words in a very fervent manner as though trying to make an impression on the lad.

"Well really," said the boy upon its conclusion, "you do know it, don't you? Now say it backward."

"Oh, I can't do such a thing as that."  
"Of course you can't do it, eh?" returned the boy. Well then, you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

The clergyman acknowledged himself beaten, and retired.

JANE A. RATTRAY.  
Walkers P.O., Ont.

(438) Light Kids all the Rage Again. -Selected.

The other day a very recent mother said to her accomplice:

"Oh, William, nurse says the baby weighs only six pounds. I'm so glad!"

"Why are you glad?" growled the husband, disgusted at having received so little for his money.

"Because the fashion papers say light kids are all the rage again!"

Barrie, Ont. EMMA PARKER.

(439) The Reverie of a Bachelor. -Selected.

Somehow I never weary of watching the girl I am going to marry. It is so odd to think that she and I are to pass the greater part of our lives together. As I watch her close her eyes in a moment of reverie, I wonder if she will wake me in the morning with a sweet kiss, or whether she will pull the pillow from under my head with a jerk and make me dream I have fallen down a precipice 10,000 feet high. Will she be ready to open the door and receive me kindly when I come home late, or will she call me hard names and threaten to go home to her mother?

As I take her soft palm in mine and kiss the tips of her pink fingers, I wonder if they will ever give me a box that may make my ears tingle. She has a pretty little mouth and pearly teeth; and will she ever put them to bad use by reading me Caudle lectures? Will those mild blue eyes ever flash in anger at me, and will that wealth of sun-burn hair, so neatly coiled, ever hang in frowny disorder down her back? She has cunning little feet. She says they get cold very easily. Horror! Will she ever put them on me when they are cold?

No; my darling will do none of these things. She is a little lady, and I know that her greatest happiness will be to make me happy. If I began married life by anticipating so many sad things, I should do serve any fate which might befall me.

Eglinton, Ont. JULIA GIFFORD.



# THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

Music by FRANK H. THOMSON.

*f* *Ped.* *ff* *p* *rit, ad lib.* *Ped.* *\* Ped.*

*Andante e con espressione.*

1. "Now I lay me"—say it dar - - ling; "Lay me," lisp'd the tin - y lips  
 2. "Pray the Lord," the words came faint - - ly Faint - or still—"My soul to keep;"

*p*

Of my daughter, kneeling, bending O'er her folded finger tips,— "Down to sleep,"—"To sleep," she murmured,  
 Then the tired head fairly nod - - ded, And the child was fast a- sleep; But the dowy eyes half o - - pened,

*rit. ad lib. (Sing second verse without interlude.)* *f*

And the curly head dropp'd low; "I pray the Lord," I gently add - - ed, "You can say it all, I know."  
 When I clasp'd her to my breast. And the dear voice softly whis - - pered, "Mamma, God knows all the rest."

*Colla voce.* *Fine.*



## Health Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondents on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words "Health Department" written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—Ed.]

### Medical Knowledge in Ancient Times.

In view of what has been said to disparage ancient medical knowledge and science at the time of the Exodus will be a very great mistake, and one entirely fatal as a foundation wherupon to build an argument against "healing by faith."

But suppose it could be shown that medical knowledge at that time was but little better than guess-work, what shall be said about the practice of medicine at the beginning of the Christian era?

Was it so powerless also that God was compelled again to undertake the cure of His people?

Dr. C. C. Bombaugh in his book called "Gleanings" under the head of "Nothing New under the Sun" says:

Hercy discovered the circulation of the blood in 1610; but from a passage in Longinus (chapter xxii), which the "Father of Critica" obtained from the "Timæus" of Plato, we learn that this fact was known at least two thousand years before. Dr. Bombaugh further shows, that the use of anaesthetics to deaden pain in surgical operations, was well known in the time of Christ. Dr. Morton of Boston, in 1846, first practically adopted the vapor of sulphuric ether in surgery, while Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, in 1847, first applied chloroform; but, he adds, the idea of thus deadening the pain and torture under the knife, etc., by the use of juices of poppy, henbane, mandragora, and other narcotic preparations, disappears in the darkness of a remote antiquity. Herodotus, in the fifth century B.C., describes the Scythians as using the vapor of hempseed to produce stupefaction. From the account of our blessed Lord's crucifixion we know that "vinegar mingled with gall" (Matt. xxvii: 34), was one, at least, of the mixtures administered to alleviate the horrors of such a death.

Pliny, the naturalist, Dioscorides, a Greek physician of Cilicia, Apuleius of Madoura, all of whom lived in the first and second centuries of our era, describe the use of mandragora, rocket, and a stone called Memphisia, which, when powdered and mixed with vinegar, was applied to those about to have a member "mutilated, burned, or saved."

The doctor also cites the Chinese, saying, "they understood, ages before they were introduced into Christendom, the use of substances containing iodine, for the cure of goitre, and employed spurred rye (ergot) to shorten dangerously prolonged labor in difficult accouchments."

They used moxa, and gave a preparation of hemp, when incisions or amputations were necessary, and quotes from one of their famous medical works, in the library at Paris, the following sentence: "After a certain number of days, the patient recovered, without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation."

In the winter of 1870, a physician, in the city of New York, said, "To show you that there is 'no new thing under the sun,' I will give you a bit of my experience." He then related how he had been for a long time perfecting a surgical instrument of complicated structure. Going down town one day, and being attracted by some photographs in a store window, he turned aside to look at them. To his complete astonishment he saw his own instrument, part for part, pictured amongst these "antiquities," dug out of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Eighteen centuries ago, therefore, the practice of surgery had reached a point where as complicated an instrument was required as in the same practice in 1870. When we consider the

length of time, experience and knowledge needed to produce such an instrument, we can see to what a state of perfection surgery had been brought at that time. This is a fact of great importance in such an inquiry as the present.

Such, then, in brief, is the testimony as to the extent of medical knowledge at the time when St. James wrote his epistle. Surely it does not appear, from the evidence, that God was obliged to heal Christians on account of any insufficiency in the "healing art."

We, in this nineteenth century, have an impression that we know all things, and look back upon the past as times of comparative darkness and ignorance.

Spiritually, we are the real "Ancients," for we stand upon the vantage ground of the Christian ages, and fulfilled prophecies, and have seen and heard those things, which "many prophets and kings have desired to see and hear." But, intellectually, we are in no way superior to the men of old.

The human mind came from the Creator's hand, fully armed and equipped.

The "Ancients" are yet our models in all that is known, and our superiors in the "lost arts." Because the remaining account of their knowledge in many particulars is limited, that by no means proves their ignorance.

In ancient times, learning was not the property of the many, but of the few. It was a caste privilege, and was kept a secret. Much of it was not committed to writing, and much that was, perished with the destruction of the great Alexandrine library.

But, as the classic saying had it, "Know Hercules from his foot," so from that which remains, we conclude what must have been the knowledge and attainments of those times.

While our argument does not require us to assert that ancient medical knowledge was the equal of that of modern days, we, nevertheless, have no hesitation in saying, that it was equal to all the requirements of the times.

For there is a final argument from the very necessity of the case. Men have always been subject to sickness, accidents, and disease. Either then they died in appalling numbers, or else they were healed and helped.

The former is contrary to known facts, hence the latter must be true.

As God has always worked for the good of His creatures generally, so it is to be believed that He would help them in this respect also, by bringing to men's knowledge the medical properties residing in plants, minerals, etc. Of this there can be no doubt.

But when God undertook to become the "Great Physician" of His "Peculiar People," it was not nearly so much for medical purposes, as for spiritual reasons.

Healing the body is one of His methods of gaining possession of the heart, and soul, and spirit (as experience shows). He wishes also to become ALL things to those who will love and trust Him fully and unreservedly.

Thus have I briefly attempted to answer an objection which might work harm to the cause we advocate.

### About Cellars.

The *Dominion Family Journal* has the following important advice about the proper care of cellars. At this time of year the dangers referred to cannot be too carefully considered.

We have, on former occasions, referred to the probability of a time in the future when man will entirely dispense with the relics of savage life, or of pre-historic man—holes, or caves in the ground, and instead, construct his habitation, his home—so above ground that the air may have the freest circulation under it, as free, indeed, as about it. But so far are we from being at that time that there is hardly a dwelling house to be found without a cellar.

In a large proportion of dwellings the cellar is the receptacle of decomposing organic matter, when it ought to be about the last place about the premises in which such matter should be permitted to lie, for there is no other place where the elements of decomposition can so readily pervade the entire dwelling above.

We frequently find, in our many exchanges, a report of an outbreak of diphtheria in a

family, in which the only cause that could be discovered was the decaying vegetable matter—potatoes, cabbages, &c.—in the cellar of the dwelling. It would seem as if the contagions of the disease had in some way been conveyed to this prolific soil, and there developed and spread.

We would therefore, urge upon our readers the great importance at this season of the year, of looking after the condition of the cellar. Have every trace of decaying matter removed so that every part of the cellar—every corner and crevice—shall be perfectly clean and sweet as any other part of the dwelling. If necessary, as is most likely will be after the winter's use of the apartment, have water, soap, disinfectants and lime-water freely used. Above all, let in fresh air and sunlight freely.

We have recently drawn attention to the importance of dryness in the cellar—as by a system of tile drains. This is indispensable to health. If health officers, inspectors or officers could be appointed to visit every cellar in the land, and have them thoroughly cleaned, it would doubtless save many lives during the next few months, especially of little ones, which we fear may otherwise be sacrificed to either ignorance, indifference, or procrastination.

### Animal Food.

It is only necessary to examine the stomach of a lion, for instance, to compare it with that of an ox, in order to see how much more simply it is constructed. It is a single hollow sack, whereas that of the ox is a compound organ, in fact, four stomachs, through each of which the food must pass after having been returned to the mouth for additional mastication before it is fit to be converted into animal substance. If a flesh feeding animal be killed three or four hours after it has eaten a full meal, the stomach will be found empty; while in the sheep, the ox, and other vegetable feeders the digestive process has in that period hardly passed through its first stage.

Herbivorous animals really serve as the assimilators for those that eat flesh. They convert vegetable into animal matter, and hence save that labor to the stomachs of those that are omnivorous, as is man, eating substances that come both from the vegetable and the animal kingdom. It is apparent, therefore, that when the stomach is weak, as it generally is in weak persons, it should not be subjected to the unnecessary work of converting vegetable substances into a form fit for assimilation so long as it can, by being supplied with animal food, be spared that task.

Second, animal food is more nutritious to the nervous system and to the body generally than that derived from the vegetable kingdom. As we ordinarily meet with it, it consists of nitrogenous matter, in union with certain mineral substances and with fat. We have therefore in it all the essential elements for the formation of the tissues of the body, as well as those for the maintenance of the animal heat, and on it alone it is perfectly possible for man in any climate to exist, and to continue in a normal condition. In cold climates the principal part of his sustenance is derived from this source, and indeed in polar regions vegetable food is never ingested by the inhabitants.

The first food taken by man is derived from the animal kingdom, and it—milk—simple as it appears to be, contains all the elements necessary to the growth of the human body, and to its maintenance in a state of health. The same cannot be said of any one article of vegetable food.

### Dietary.

A point to be insisted upon in a dietary for nervous persons, is that it should contain a more than usually large proportion of fat. The form in which this should be employed may generally safely be left to individual preference. Generally, perhaps, it is best taken as cream or butter, but the fat parts of beef or mutton are very well with most persons. Many nervous people appear to have an instinctive craving for fat, and I have known many a ox to eat as much as half a pound of butter a day, besides drinking a tumbler of rich cream at breakfast,

The nervous system consists largely of fat, and this substance must be supplied in some form or other, in order that the brain and other nerve structures shall be properly nourished.

But it is possible to get all the fat required without taking a single atom of it into the stomach. The digestive organs convert sugar and starch into fat, but in nervous persons in whom as I have said, these organs are weak, it is generally preferable to get the fat required, ready formed, from the animal kingdom, than to compel the enfeebled stomach, intestines and pancreas to make it out of starch and sugar.

Nervous persons require ordinarily a larger quantity of water than those whose brains and nerves are strong. Water not only enters into the composition of every tissue of the body, but it aids in the digestion of the food by helping to render it soluble. Moreover, it seems often to have a directly tonic effect. A quart or two of water, not too cold,—and certainly not hot, for nothing can be more relaxing to the stomach than hot water,—may be drunk in the twenty-four hours, and in warm weather double this quantity will be well borne.

### Only a Headache.

Perhaps no form of human suffering is more common than that indicated by our heading, but for a girl or woman to become subject to either neuralgia or headache is a very serious matter. School girls are especially liable to such attacks from over work, over anxiety, or a badly ventilated school room. A walk in the open air, change of thought and subject, will frequently bring relief; but if such sufferings assume a chronic form it means that life is rapidly becoming a most unendurable evil. The patient at such times undergoes a mental paralysis. Nothing is enjoyable, and only a darkened room, and the soothing influence of a deadly opiate seem desirable. "Health is the vital principle of bliss," and every other possession pales in comparison. Of what use is education when mated with ill-health? If we must choose between the two for our daughters, let us decide for less book knowledge, rosier cheeks, elastic step and beaming eye. Happiness we must have for our children if possible, and a sick girl cannot be a happy one. Perhaps too rich food is responsible for the aching head. Whatever the cause may be, do not rest until you have ascertained it and then, if necessary, change every habit. Our ancient friends gave a magnificent physical training to their girls, and in return Greek mothers bore the finest children in the world, and wonderfully preserved their beauty to extreme old age.

### The Sun Cholera Mixture.

Now that it has been ascertained that the cholera has appeared in Europe, prescriptions are in great demand by correspondents, who write to the editor as if he were a personal friend and the family physician. For more than forty years what is known as "The Sun cholera medicine" has stood the test of experience as the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. As was once vouched for by the *New York Journal of Commerce*, "no one who has this by him and takes it in time will ever have the cholera." Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent thing for the ordinary summer complaints, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, etc., and we have no hesitation in commending it. Here it is: Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wineglass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

SALT RHEUM.—A friend of TRUTH very kindly sends for publication the following remedy for salt rheum, which, she writes, has been the means of curing her. Will others, who may try it, report the result? 1 oz. mercury (quick silver), 2 oz. nitric acid, 1 pound lard. Dissolve the mercury in the acid, and leave the cork out while dissolving. Melt the lard and pour all the ingredients together, stirring them briskly at the same time.

## LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XVII—(CONTINUED.)

"A story indeed I have got to tell," he says, with over-increasing gravity, "but whether the end of it will mean for me mirth or woe, depends entirely upon you. My admiration for you must, I think,—I trust,—have been for some time apparent. I now detain you for the purpose of laying my hand and fortune at your feet."

"And your heart?" says Kit, trying miserably to treat the whole affair with lightness. "What of that? Will you not offer me that too?"

"Impossible!" with a stately bow. "It is no longer mine to give. It has been in your possession for six months and fourteen days precisely."

At this accurate mention of so curious a date Kit may be pardoned if she shows undue astonishment.

"I allude to that hour when first I saw you," says Mannering, answering her look, "in the China Section of the South Kensington Museum."

There is something so honestly earnest even in his pomposity that Kit's heart, a tender thing at all times, is touched; yet she is silent. What to say, and how to say it, is now her chief trouble.

"May I hope that I am worthy of your acceptance?" says Mannering, regarding her silence as mere maidenly confusion. He likes the thought that this shyness has been produced by him. It only renders him still more desirable in his eyes. How sweet, how gentle she looks, with her soft eyes thus cast down, and her color heightened. She was naturally nervous, as a young girl should be under such circumstances, and not unbecomingly so.

"In his high beauty without pride,  
And youth without greenhood or folly."

She is indeed, all that his heart can wish her.

"Am I worthy?" he says again, humbly indeed, but yet with a latent sense that all things will soon be well with him.

"I wish all this had never happened," says Kit, suddenly yet slowly. "I wish with all my heart it had not."

There is something in the profound seriousness of her tone that carries conviction with it and makes itself felt.

"I have taken you somewhat by surprise, perhaps," says Mannering, hastily, the first faint doubt of a favorable ending to his suit dyeing his face crimson. "I entreat you not to answer me too hurriedly. Take till to-morrow, take until next year, if you will only—"

"It would be of no use, indeed," says Kit, ever so gently. "None."

"A young girl cannot always be sure of her own mind; many ideas may serve to change it," says the unfortunate man, his voice growing more and more unsteady. "Do think it over. I can wait. I shall be thankful to be allowed to wait."

"I am sure if you waited forever it would make no difference," says Kit, tenderly, now in deep distress. Why will he not take his rejection reasonably, and go away? But Mr. Mannering has one last card to play before rendering himself invisible. It is indeed his last card, and, as he hopes, a trump.

"There is one other thing," he begins, flushing nervously. "I—I greatly dislike having to bring it before you, and I assuredly should not do so if matters had been different between us. But now,—now every little thing that may help me in my suit is of importance. I cannot afford to let it go by. And—and, in fact, I must tell you"—raising his head—"that my income is fifteen thousand a year."

"I thought it was even more," says Kit, quietly.

This is indeed a death-blow: no other answer she could have given could have been so effectual. To refuse more than fifteen thousand pounds a year! It is all up with him indeed. And yet a final effort breaks from him.

"I would settle anything you like on you," he says, forlornly, in a choking voice that hasn't a vestige of hope in it now. "Anything!—desperately—everything! The whole of it!"

"Oh! I do not talk to me like that," says Kit, with tears in her eyes. "Indeed, it does no good. If I loved you, it would make no difference to me whether you were poor or rich. Would you have me marry

you when I don't love you? No, surely not; and, besides, I could not do it."

"I believe that. I believe you are too true and pure to be bought by any gold," says Mannering, with a burst of dismal admiration. Seizing her hand, he wrings it spasmodically, until pain brings fresh tears to her eyes, and they threaten to overflow; yet, full of martyr zeal, she scorns to make a sign but suffers, and is strong.

"Let me be your friend still," entreats she, liking him better now in his downfall than she has ever liked him before. "You—"

"No! no! not that! Do not let us waste time over such nonsense as that!" exclaims he, miserably. "You will be trying to make yourself out my sister next,—girls always do; but what's the good of a sister to a fellow when he wants a wife? No, it must be all or nothing!" He looks almost tragic as he says this, and stalks away from her (walks wouldn't do at all) to the door, as though all things have indeed come to an end for him and he is meditating an immediate start for the North Pole.

But at the door he comes to a halt, and finally returns to where she is standing near the billiard-table.

"It is Brabazon, of course?" he says, forlornly.

"Yes," says Kit, hanging her head.

"He hasn't a penny," says the wretched young man.

"That has got so little to do with it," returns she, softly.

"Yes, yes. One can understand it; he is a very handsome fellow," says Mannering, in a very desolate tone.

It is so desolate that Kit fairly bursts out crying.

"It isn't that, either," she says. "It is neither beauty, nor money, nor anything: it is only that—that—that he is he! Oh, how I wish that you and he were one, and then nobody need be unhappy!"

As this remarkable phenomenon (the incorporating of two bodies into one) is hardly likely to occur in Mr. Mannering's time, this tender wish fails to convey to that afflicted gentleman the comfort he desires.

"Do—do try to forget me," she sobs, and hurries from the room.

Left to himself, he paces the floor in a state as nearly bordering on distraction as can be felt by a phlegmatic man.

"All love is sweet  
Given or returned."

sings Shelley; but Mr. Mannering in his present frame of mind would have written him down an ass, and voted him laboring under a delusion when giving way to such sentiment. Given! Where unreturned? What gall can be more bitter?

"Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice warbles not ever"

There again, to Mr. Mannering's mind, the poet is at fault: he at least is wearied to death by it. What has it brought him? Only disappointment, sorrow, and loss of self regard. He is still striding up and down the room, sore and sick at heart, and to all things disallied, when to him enters Mr. Browne.

"Have a game, Mannering?" says he, in his most buoyant style, unheeding the blighted look of his companion.

"No," says Mannering, brusquely. Now, few people say "No" in that uncompromising way without adding a qualification of some kind, so that, naturally, Mr. Browne stares hard at him.

"You won't?" he says, mildly.

"No, I won't," says Mannering, who feels that billiards and friends and such like necessities must for the future be regarded by him as less than naught.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" says Dicky, staring harder. There is a touch of concern in his tone, beneath which Mr. Mannering gives way.

"It's all over with me! I'm a ruined man!" he says, letting his head fall forward on his hands. By this time he is sitting down in a huge arm chair near the fire.

"Bless me, what has he done now?" says Dicky to himself. "Is it poison? or money? or Kit?" He evidently inclines to the latter belief, because presently he says, in a low tone, "Have you been having it out with Kit?"

"She wouldn't let me have it out; she rejected me almost before the words passed my lips. I am positively abhorrent to her."

"Oh, come now!" says Mr. Browne, cheerfully. "You mustn't talk like that, you know. She's too nice a girl to abhor anybody. And, after all, a little affair of this sort is really not worth troubling about. It doesn't make a fellow a bit worse follow because one particular girl don't choose to fancy a fellow. Some other girl will, if she won't."

"There is no other girl," says Mr. Mannering, in a deep voice, his face still hidden in his hands. This sweeping assertion is treated by Dicky as it deserves.

"Oh, yes, there is,—lots of 'em," he says, scorning grammar. "Somebody told me yesterday that there are fifteen women to every man in Ireland. Think of that! Kit is number one of your lot; you will be all right when you meet number two."

"I shall not," says Mannering, in a still more hollow tone, grief rendering him feeble. He has fallen so low that he is even glad to air his woes before the erstwhile detested Dicky. Any sympathy is better than none, and Dicky is full of it. "I tell you; she has ruined my life. I shall never meet another girl."

"If no continues much longer in this mad strain," says Mr. Browne to himself, "I shall have to have recourse to violent remedies."

"You're sure to. They are not to be avoided," he says, aloud, with the utmost cheerfulness. "They are everywhere, like the mumps."

"And equally to be desired," says the slighted man, with a groan. "No, no; you mean well, Browne, but consolation is useless here. 'I feel,' smiting his breast, 'that—that—I can't feel!'" (This is obscure, and therefore decidedly telling.)

"All is a void, a chaos! I had so set my heart upon her. She is the only woman I," he was going to say "ever loved," but checks himself in time, a twinkling in Mr. Browne's eye, or some memory of a comic nature, restraining him. "I adored her," he says at last, very dolefully.

"You oughtn't to feel so bad about it, at that rate," says Dicky, comfortably. "We've been told that the pleasure of love is in loving. That ought to stand to you. You can't—severely—" have loved her properly, if you don't feel some of the pleasure now."

"Well, I don't," says Mannering, candidly. "Pleasure is a thing I shall never know again. What's the good"—with vehement indignation—"of my having money? What's the good of anything. It won't buy me a set of Greek features, or the girl I want!"

"It would if you went to the East," says Dicky.

"I'm the most unfortunate man alive. Everything is against me. I declare to you," throwing out his hands, "I never set my heart upon a thing that I wasn't thwarted!"

"I never loved a tree or flower," quotes Mr. Browne, sympathetically, in a carefully subdued voice,—which is strictly true, Dicky's affections being confined to a few chosen friends and—Dicky Browne.

"Yes, just so. That exactly expresses my unhappy state," says Mannering, grasping at the sickly sentiment. "I never loved a dear gazelle,—yes! That is indeed how it is with me."

"Well, neither did I, you know," says Dicky, who, seeing breakers ahead in the increasing tearfulness of his companion, thinks it prudent to fall back again upon the cheerful tack. "And so much the better, eh? They've got horns, haven't they? even the dearest of 'em,—eh? Tough customers to shower one's caresses on! Look here, Mannering, you just pull yourself together, and you'll forget it all in no time."

"I sha'n't," says Mr. Mannering.

"I tell you you will. Take example by me. Love all women, but don't love one. That's the whole law. The one plays the very mischief with a fellow. Take care of Number One."

"I always do," says Mr. Mannering, regretfully, shaking his head as though to insinuate that this advice is superfluous.

"No, you don't," says Dicky, innocently, "or you wouldn't have made such an ass,—that is, I beg your pardon,—reddening—"

"you wouldn't have been such a fool—ahem! Fact is,—growing absolute crimson—"

"you should try and be more fit man."

"I can't," says Mr. Mannering.

"Oh, I say! rouse yours!" exclaims Dicky, in some disgust. But the other is past rousing—intellectually, at least.

"I shall leave here to-morrow morning by the earliest train," he says, in a suicidal

tone. "I shall never willingly see her again. But—but—Browne, I may have wronged you in some ways, I may have thought you light, frivolous, unthinking—"

"Oh, don't mention it," puts in Mr. Browne, parenthetically.

"But I will confide to you my last message to her! Tell her," says the rueful knight, rising tragically to his feet—"tell her that, though she has burst my heart in twain, the fragments shall lie upon her shrine forever. Tell her, one word will recall me to her side, though my tent be fixed upon the arid plains. Tell her—Browne,"

with a sudden collapse from the heights of tragedy to the plains of common sense, "I'll be very much obliged to you if you will just say a word or two to her about the fifteen thousand a year."

"I'll say as many as over I can get in," says Mr. Browne, grasping the proffered hand, and speaking in a tone that suggests the possibility of his choking presently. This possibility (being, as he believes, the outcome of suppressed sympathy) is deeply grateful to Mr. Mannering's wounded spirit, though a less intelligent observer might have thought it the result of suppressed laughter.

"I shall go to my room. I could not trust myself to see her again. Good night," says Mannering, dolefully, and hurries from the room.

Only just in time! He is hardly out of sight when again the door opens, and Kit peeps cautiously in.

"Oh, it's you, Dicky," she says, with an air of undisguised relief; then she comes quite in. "What's the matter with you?" she says, a moment later, looking at Mr. Browne with an austere glance, that young man being in the state that is commonly and vulgarly called "doubled up with laughter."

"It's nothing—a mere spasm," he says, and then chokes, and roars, and wriggles, all over again.

"A very severe one," she says, with ominous calm. "You won't be able to undo yourself if you go on twitting like that." Mr. Brown taking no notice of this sarcasm, she changes her tone. "Dicky," she says, in a careful whisper, looking once more in stage fashion around her, "where—where is he?"

"First 'her,'—then 'he,'—I feel as if I were at school again. It is nothing but pronouns to-night," says Dicky, lifting his brows. "If you mean the man you have so cruelly consigned to an early grave, all I can say is—"

"Where is he?" demands Miss Beresford, ruthlessly interrupting him. "Is he gone? for good, I mean—or—"

"No, for bad," ominously.

"What I mean is," says Kit, impatiently, "is he coming back here again to-night?"

"He is never coming back anywhere again. When he left this room a few minutes since, it was with the avowed design of making way with himself. 'Tell her,' he said, 'I go to put it beyond her power to cast her false eyes upon my face again.'"

"I don't believe one word of that," says Kit.

"Don't you? If it gives your troubled conscience any ease, don't, I entreat you. But my own belief is that your unfortunate victim is now this moment dangling by the neck from the tower window, and that he is dead—dead—dead." No writer could convey to you the rooted melancholy of Mr. Browne as he slowly delivers himself of these last three words.

"I wish you wouldn't, Dicky," says Kit, whimpering, and feeling rather frightened. "I know you are talking nonsense, but it is such nasty nonsense! What I really want to know is whether he is going away at once—out of the house, I mean? Do say he is going somewhere—anywhere, far from this."

"Very far," says Dicky, solemnly. "The rope" employed is even now, now as we are talking here, transporting him to "the turn from which no traveller returns. I hope it is a stout rope: don't you? Poor, poor fellow!"

"Think you might try to be sensible just for once," says Kit, tearfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

The main token of a strong character is not to make known every change and phase in thought and feeling, but to give the world the finished results.



FIG. 14.

No. 3235.—MISSY'S SUIT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.  
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 4½ yards; 28 inches, 5½ yards; 29 inches,  
 6½ yards; 30 inches, 7½ yards; 31 inches, 8½ yards; 32  
 inches, 9½ yards.  
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 8½ yards; 28 inches, 9½ yards; 29 inches,  
 10½ yards; 30 inches, 11½ yards; 31 inches, 12½ yards; 32  
 inches, 13½ yards.  
 Material for underskirt (Cambric, 27 inches wide),  
 2½ yards.



FIG. 20.

No. 3229.—MISSY'S DRESS. PRICE, 21 CENTS.  
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches,  
 4½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards; 31 inches, 6½ yards;  
 32 inches, 7½ yards.  
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 3 yards; 28 inches, 4 yards; 29 inches,  
 5 yards; 30 inches, 6 yards; 31 inches, 7 yards;  
 32 inches, 8 yards.



FIG. 43.



FIG. 45.

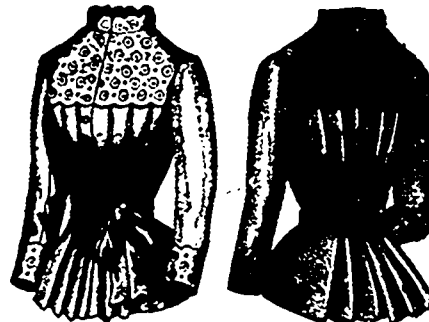


FIG. 19.

No. 3033.—MISSY'S PLEATED WAIST. PRICE, 25 CENTS.  
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches,  
 4½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards; 31 inches, 6½ yards;  
 32 inches, 7½ yards.  
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 1½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards; 29 inches,  
 3½ yards; 30 inches, 4½ yards; 31 inches, 5½ yards;  
 32 inches, 6½ yards.



FIG. 16.

No. 3222.—GIRLS' COAT. PRICE, 20 CENTS.  
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches,  
 4½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards; 31 inches, 6½ yards;  
 32 inches, 7½ yards.  
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 1½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards; 29 inches,  
 3½ yards; 30 inches, 4½ yards; 31 inches, 5½ yards;  
 32 inches, 6½ yards.



FIG. 15.

No. 3220.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS.  
 Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches,  
 4½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards; 31 inches, 6½ yards;  
 32 inches, 7½ yards.  
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 1½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards; 29 inches,  
 3½ yards; 30 inches, 4½ yards; 31 inches, 5½ yards;  
 32 inches, 6½ yards.

No. 3228.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS.  
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches,  
 4½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards; 31 inches, 6½ yards;  
 32 inches, 7½ yards.  
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 1½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards; 29 inches,  
 3½ yards; 30 inches, 4½ yards; 31 inches, 5½ yards;  
 32 inches, 6½ yards.

No. 3234.—GIRLS' SUIT. PRICE, 20 CENTS.  
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 4½ yards; 28 inches, 5½ yards; 29 inches,  
 6½ yards; 30 inches, 7½ yards; 31 inches, 8½ yards;  
 32 inches, 9½ yards.  
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
 27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches,  
 4½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards; 31 inches, 6½ yards;  
 32 inches, 7½ yards.



FIG. 17.

No. 3226.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS.  
 For Quantity, see Fig. 15.

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DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIG. No. 14.—Pattern No. 3235, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for this stylish costume, which is appropriate for any woollen goods. The sham skirt has a narrow pleating around it, front and sides hanging loosely and a round apron of striped goods draped diagonally. The polonaise is cut with extensions that are laid in box pleats; the basque front is cutaway from a short vest of striped material, with divergent points. Collar, cuffs and revers of velvet, or may be of the dress fabric trimmed with braid. The lower part of the tablier has three rows of braid across the edge that match the contrasting stripe.

FIG. No. 15.—The braid-trimmed dress of this little group is taken from pattern No. 3234, price 20 cents. The skirt is kilt-pleated and joined to a snug-fitting waist with a Breton vest buttoned in; the straight collar also buttons over, while a rolling collar ends in points in front. A straight sash is draped around the figure and knotted in the back. The vest is decorated with cross straps of braid, the edge of the sleeves, rolling collar, sash and ends, apron and skirt are similarly finished. Cashmere, serge, flannel and wash goods are prettily made after this design. Pattern No. 3225, price 20 cents, furnishes the design for the quaint dress of this group, which is appropriate for any cotton or woollen goods, the latter being trimmed with velvet of a darker or contrasting shade. The waist is perfectly plain, buttoned in the back, has the usual sleeve, a straight collar, and is sewed to a plain, round skirt with a hem and several tucks; a sash of the dress material, ribbon or velvet is sewed in the side seams and tied in the back. The front of the waist is decorated with a tiny Pompadour plastron of velvet above three graduated straps of the same fabric; the sleeves are finished with similar straps, and the collar is of the same. When made of cotton goods Hamburg embroidery is substituted for the velvet garniture. The remaining design is from pattern No. 3226, price 20 cents, and presents a pretty fashion for Hamburg garniture. The skirt is composed of three gathered ruffles edged with embroidery; the blouse has a snug-fitting back and plain fronts, with a straight collar and ordinary sleeves. Neck, sleeves and rounding collar, with revers to a point below the waist, are edged with Hamburg. A sash of the material or ribbon is sewed in the side seams and tied in front.

FIG. No. 16.—This stylish little cloak is suitable for travelling and general wear; if too warm the cape can be omitted. Any of the cloths usually employed for such a purpose can be made in this manner. The back is tight-fitting and cut off below the waist, where side pleats are added; the fronts are sacque-shaped and held by a velvet belt fastened in the back, with a pointed tab buttoned on and buckled in front. Coat sleeves with velvet cuffs, a cape with high effect and standing collar complete the garment. Pattern No. 3222, price 20 cents.

FIG. No. 17.—This serviceable little dress is equally suitable for wash or woollen fabrics, to be trimmed according to the taste and fabric selected. Pattern No. 3226, price 20 cents, is the design from which the illustration is taken. The dress has a snug-fitting back with loose fronts and the skirt part covered with gathered ruffles, edged with plaid; a sash of the plaid is sewed in the side seams tied in front and the ends ravelled out; the high collar, cuffs and rolling collar ending in long, tapering revers, are of the same plaid material. On cotton goods; embroidery can be substituted for the plaid garniture.

FIG. No. 19.—This stylish waist is especially becoming to young girl's immature forms and can be made of wash or woollen goods, with yoke of embroidery or velvet, according to the fabric selected. The fronts and back are laid in side-pleats (which in cotton goods can be stitched down to the belt) that continue to the lower edge, being carefully pressed into shape; the straight collar and cuffs are of the yoke material, and the belt should be of ribbon tied in a bow on the left side, with a velvet yoke; a belt of the same buckled in front is worn. Pattern No. 3033, price 25 cents.

FIG. No. 20.—White goods, veiling, satin, etc., are prettily made after this girl's design (pattern No. 3229, price 25 cents) and decorated with lace or embroidery. Our illustration is shown in pale blue nun's veiling, embroidered with blue and pink



FIG. 26.



FIG. 25.

scrolls. The fronts are cut full and gathered to a square yoke, the back is laid in a double box pleat and sewed to the yoke, the joining in both cases being hidden by a row of lace, which also edges the high collar and coat sleeves; the lower edge is finished with a pleated ruffle of the material. A bow of ribbon is placed at the right side of the collar, while similar ribbons are fastened under the Watteau pleat, brought to the front, and tied toward the left side.

FIGURE No. 43.—The fan here represented can easily be made at home to match different toilettes. An old fan can be used on the shape, cut from paste-board covered with tulle, which forms a puffing around the edge, and decorated on one side with a multitude of loops of narrow satin ribbon, in the midst of which nestle three gayly-colored velvet butterflies. The handle is wound with the ribbon and innumerable long loops and ends depend from the upper part.

FIGURE No. 45 shows an evening glove. The fingers and wrists are of pale yellow tan, with long arms of silk netting embroidered in silk, gold or silver.

Children's hats are very similar to the designs worn last spring. The rolling turbans, sailor, wide, straight brims and drooping shapes all have high, square or conical crowns, after the Mother Goose style. The silken scarfs, spoken of above, velvet, canvas and moire ribbons, are worn on these designs; numerous loops are massed in front; scarfs are knotted in the back, hanging below the waist, and rosettes fastened on the left side. FIG. No. 25 illustrates a serviceable shape for little ones that never seems to go out of fashion. The simple trimming of moire, Ottoman or gros grain ribbon can easily be arranged from the illustration. The peaked bonnets and "Granny" shapes are in straw, satin and Surah, with inside facings of woollen or Oriental lace, plenty of rosettes on the outside, and a tiny one inside of the front. FIGURE No. 26 shows a fish-wife poke of Surah, with bows and ties of moire ribbon, one inside and two outside frills of cream-colored Angora lace. The little boy has a Tam-o-Shanter of figured cloth, band of galloon, and a bow of ribbon matching the cloth on the left of the front.

Misses will wear the peaked bonnets of fabrics like canvas and gauze for hat; Henri Deux, pinched peaks and coronet hats for ordinary occasions, with canvas or moire ribbon bows in front, long pins thrust through loops and folds, small, dainty flowers mounted as aigrettes, and the long, silk scarfs with the ends well pulled out in front, showing the emblazoned designs thereon. All ribbon and fabric bows are stiff and upright in appearance, many being wired to obtain the desired effect.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

Cashmere seems the standard goods for small folks' costumes, though when one speaks of cashmere dresses they mean cashmere and something else understood, whether it may be velvet, velveteen, Surah, tiny brocades, shot silk or braids. No matter

how fine the goods may be, combinations or garnitures must be added. A very small cushion stuffed with hair improves the appearance of all suits. It is sewed to the lower edge of the waist belt, tapers to a point at either end, and should be about six inches in length. All girls over twelve years of age wear a small bustle, as with the present style of dress it is impossible to do without such small "improvers."

The season has begun again when thoughts turn to flannel dresses and playing out-of-doors. The jerseys come in well now, as many suits have had the waist worn out during the winter, while the kilt-pleated skirts remain good. These can be sewed to a jersey waist, matching or contrasting in color, and the joining hidden by a draped sash of the woollen goods or Surah. More dressy jerseys are of fine wool, the color of the velvet Surah or woollen kilt-pleated skirts; the jersey is decorated with bands of fancy braid across the front, collar and sleeves; the sash is edged with the braid, if of woollen goods, or left plain when of silk. A pretty design appearing this month is appropriate for flannel or lighter woollens. The skirt is laid in broad kilt pleats and the snug-fitting waist buttoned over a straight Breton vest; the sash droops loosely around the front and hangs in two ends in the back; the straight collar buttons toward the left, the round collar ending in revers; sleeves, sash, vest and skirt are trimmed with woollen braids.

Dressy suits have Moliere's of bayadere striped Ottoman and velvet. Loose blouses are again shirred around the neck, fastened with an elastic run in the lower edge, and allowed to droop over the pleated or ruffled skirt. Where blouses have plain, snug fronts they are frequently ornamented with a straight scarf of the dress goods, Surah or piece lace, draped from the right shoulder to the left hip, with a bow at each fastening. The skirt is frequently made of figured goods, the blouse of plain woollen fabrics, and the finishings of striped satin and velvet, or cut and uncut velvet. Belts of broad, woollen braid are tied in front, the ends fringed out and knotted. The popular navy-blue flannel and serge dresses are trimmed with cream, black or gold braid, or the basket woven braids of two colors, that wear better than the gilt. Plastrons of dotted or small figured foulard are worn with woollen dresses, also the shot or changeable silks, that brighten up a dark costume wonderfully.

The Roman striped woollen goods are made up with a plain skirt crosswise of the goods, which is finished with a two-inch hem; sash of the same knotted at the left side; the waist is a plain jersey matching one of the stripes. A Turkish fez of the stripes, with a silk tassel of the different hues, completes the cunning toilette. A mix of ten years wears a pleated skirt, sash tied in the back, and loose plastron of gray woollen goods or Surah, with a Zouave

jacket (having sleeves) of garnet velvet. A suit of blue-gray has bayadere stripes, blue, red and yellow, for the kilt skirt; sash and blouse blue-gray; finishings of blue velvet. All-brown woollen costume are very fashionable for woollen ones. A green serge has the skirt in box-pleats, under a vertugadin puff, and a long loop of green and gold braid over each pleat; loose blouse with revers to puff, sailor collar and cuffs braid trimmed; the plastron is also held by cross rows of the braid.

The plainest of woollen dresses for every day wear have a plain skirt with a wide hem; long, plain waist with a blouse plastron; wide belt fastened in front; band, collar and cuffs of velveteen or Surah. The little Dutch dresses styled peasant and Gretchen appear in several varieties. One of the latest has a plain skirt with hem and three-inch tucks sewn to a plain waist, cut Pompadour back and front, and the opening filled in with a guimpe of tucked Nainsook; below this in front there is a plastron of tiny side-pleats laced across with a wide silk lace and the ends tied at the left upper corners; the sleeves are coat shaped with a bias pull at the shoulders. If preferred, the sleeve can be omitted, and white sleeves like the guimpe worn. Later on these dresses will be made in mull, Victoria lawn, etc., with guimpe and skirt ruffles of Hamburg embroidery. Blue veiling for dressy wear can be made very ornamental at home with small expense, provided the maker can manage a little embroidery. The skirt of veiling is kilt-pleated; draperies short and round; jacket-blouse short in the back, long in front, over a Moliere of cream-colored Surah or Ottoman; sailor collars, cuffs and revers from neck to edge of jacket, of the Moliere fabric embroidered with blue silk, and the entire plastron is dotted with tiny worked bluettes.

Pleated skirts and plastrons of solid-colored wool are worn with a short, cutaway polonaise and apron of brocaded goods; the finishings correspond with the plain color. Many of the cutaway jacket blouses have the centre of the back laid in pleats from the neck to the lower edge. Sashes are immensely popular. The small figured foulard in Pompadour colors and designs is used for a skirt and straight coat-blouse, with a square-cut vest, cuffs, collar and pockets of blue, garnet or brown velvet. The little bonnet can be fashioned out of a piece of the same foulard, with trimmings of satin rosettes, atrings and lace ruche. Larger girls have coat dresses with the back extensions cut long enough to form the skirt, which is kilt-pleated on the front and sides, and short, pointed fronts opening over a loose front or pleated plastron. Pipings of mohair braid of a contrasting color and stitching of the same bright hue are seen on flannel, cheviot and tweed serviceable suits. An English one-piece dress of checked cheviot has a tight-fitting back cut with extensions that are laid in box-pleats; loose sacque fronts opened on the right and shirred in the centre at neck and waist; rolling collar, cuffs, belt and piece down the opening, of plain woollen goods or velvet. This is also a serviceable design for flannel with braid garniture, or wash goods with a trimming of Hamburg, the still worn rick rack, or some of the flat cotton braid.



# \$43,535.00

## A NEW PLAN.

### FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

### FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

### "TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions. As the effort met with fair encouragement he has ever since continued, from time to time, similar offers, carrying out every promise to the very letter, and promptly paying every prize offered. As his publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and he has staked his all in its success, he is fully alive to the fact that the scheme must be carried out fairly and honorably without favor or partiality to any one.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years he has, among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 silver tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

#### READ THIS CAREFULLY.

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. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent. Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now in sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

#### A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he has not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up. This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promises, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

#### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

#### THE REWARDS.

In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

#### FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin..... \$200
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Hirsch, Toronto. 1,650
- 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs..... 800
- 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 500
- 14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches..... 540
- 20 to 24.—Seven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches..... 530
- 25 to 29.—Eighty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements..... 400
- 30.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
- 31 to 34.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs..... 780
- 35 to 39.—Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs..... 900
- 40.—Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 50

#### SECOND REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold..... \$200
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos..... \$1,650
- 5, 6 and 7.—Three fine toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs..... 800
- 8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 750
- 16 to 21.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches..... 1,170
- 22 to 24.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets..... 740
- 25 to 29.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches..... 900
- 30.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings..... 600
- 31 to 34.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
- 35 to 39.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern..... 525
- 40 to 45.—One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 850
- 46 to 49.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 510
- 50 to 51.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives..... 906
- 52.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

#### THIRD REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood square pianos..... \$1,530
- 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400
- 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches..... 400
- 12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
- 18 to 24.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
- 25 to 29.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 300
- 30.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
- 31 to 34.—Fifty-one solid gold gem rings..... 600
- 35 to 39.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
- 40 to 44.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 445
- 45 to 49.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 450
- 50.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

#### THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

### "TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto. Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks. The house is semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, front and back stairs, and all modern conveniences. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

#### FOURTH REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin..... \$200
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Hirsch, Toronto..... 1,500
- 5 and 6.—Two fine toned, 10-stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm..... 500
- 7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services..... 200
- 10 to 14.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 600
- 15 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches..... 450
- 21 to 24.—Nine renowned sewing machines..... 600
- 25.—Ten Dollars in Gold..... 10
- 26 to 30.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches..... 500

- 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..... 300
- 311 to 510.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper..... 80
- 511.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

#### FIFTH REWARDS.

- 1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin..... \$100
- 2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos..... 2,100
- 10 to 30.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches..... 1,000
- 31 to 32.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches..... 1,000
- 33 to 50.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services..... 1,440
- 51 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns..... 2,700
- 71 to 110.—Forty sets (12 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia..... 2,000
- 111 to 132.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 600
- 133.—Twenty dollars in gold..... 20
- 134.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
- 135 to 162.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches..... 540
- 163 to 260.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons..... 900
- 351 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.

#### CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin .. \$200
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,600
- 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 15.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 800
- 16 to 19.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 500
- 20 to 23.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 445
- 24 to 29.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 360
- 30.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
- 31 to 34.—One hundred and thirty nine German Oleographs..... 580
- 35 to 50.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author..... 50

#### 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. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 716 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 511 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

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 anytime 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. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which return will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department Illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M. A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D. D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others.

In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publishers of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

#### WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

## THE WINNERS.

—IN—

## OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION,

NUMBER 13

### MIDDLE REWARDS.

The persons named below have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named:—

#### MILTON'S OR TENNYSON'S POEMS.

(Continued.)

- 710, Allen Adams, Almont, Ohio; 711, Jno. H. Crouse, Knowersville, N. Y.; 712, Annie G. Munro, Elgin, Scotland; 713, M. A. Miller, Miller's Creek, Ont.; 714, O. T. Boulton, Mechanicsburg, Ohio; 715, Priscilla S. Prowse, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; 716, John T. Richards, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; 717, Christina Duncan, Campbelltown, Ont.; 718, Rev. Jas. Hughes, Colborne, Ont.; 719, Geo. Neill, 392 Yonge-st., Toronto; 720, Herman N. Hicks, Ann Arbor, Mich.; 721, Georgia Towers, St. Croix Falls, Wis.; 722, H. D. Winter, Richburg, N. Y.; 723, W. N. Young, Cigarville, Onondago Co., N. Y.; 724, Miss C. McLachlan, Valley City, Dak.; 725, Mrs. E. L. Turney, East Tawas, Mich.; 726, Maynard A. Miller, Miller's Creek, Newport, N. S.; 727, Jno. S. Ware, 178 S. Water-st., Chicago, Ill.; 728, Mrs. Andrew Duncan, Osborne, Ont.; 729, Alex. B. Sweet, Windsor, N. S.; 730, Wm. Cassan, Campbellford, Ont.; 731, Miss Carrie Rogerson, LeRoy, Ont.; 732, Jno. Lowther, 20 Manning ave., Toronto; 733, C. A. Sorrick, Nimitilla, Summit Co., Ohio; 734, C. Mottinger, Akron, Ont.; 735, Marius Bottenberg, Astoria, Fulton Co., Ill.; 736, Mary J. Long, Peoria, Ill.; 737, L. Bryden, Superior City, Wis.; 738, Mrs. W. J. Stewart, Marine Mills, Washington Co., Minn.; 739, Robt. Thompson, Maple Green, N. F.; 740, Wm. W. Anderson, Piquette, N. B.; 741, Addison Bennett, Shubencade, N. S.; 742, F. Hillon, Indian Head, N. W. T.; 743, Jas. Sinclair, Prince Albert, N. W. T.; 744, Chas. A. Weston, Woodlawn, Neb.; 745, Marian Morrison, Mission Creek, N. C.; 746, Mrs. R. Ennoifer, Newport, Ky.; 747, Chas. Irish, Dickvale, Maine; 748, Mrs. L. Pemberton, Gore, N. S.; 749, Jas. Waddle, Tunnelton, Pa.; 750, Gideon Thompson, Upper North River, N. S.; 751, Mrs. R. McGlance, Hamilton, Dak., Tenn.; 752, L. R. Hawkes, Sandusky, Ohio; 753, Mrs. Thos. Breckenridge, Clarkson, N. Y.; 754, E. M. Algie, Conesus, N. Y.; 755, B. Howie, Britington, Ont.; 756, Thomas F. Young, Port Albert, Ont.; 757, W. Jewitt, Lucknow, Ont.; 758, Mrs. F. Griffiths, London, Ont.; 759, J. Gorley, Manitowaning,

Ont.; 760, Mrs. J. Deacon, Rowick, Ont.; 761, A. Greston, St. Joseph Id., Ont.; 762, A. R. Withrow, Trempealeau, Wis.; 763, Mr. A. Woodworth, Pope's Mills, N. Y.; 764, W. Burns, Delhi, N. Y.; 765, G. H. Houghtaling, Oregon Hill, Pa.; 766, Mrs. T. Bigelow, Franklin, Mich.; 767, Miss M. Shields, Los Angeles, Cal.; 768, Alice J. Macdonald, Valley City, Dak.; 769, Josephine Miteham, Cristleplanes, Kan.; 770, W. Powell, Grandin, Dak.; 771, D. Wells, Shreve, Ohio; 772, Mrs. J. Beattie, Lennox, Ohio; 773, W. Morson, West Shefford, Q.; 774, R. Baynes, Bradford, Ont.; 775, C. F. Nelson, Prince Albert, N.W.T.; 776, Wm. Walklate, Richmond, Que.; 777, Hy. Jennings, Penstanguisheno, Ont.; 778, E. B. Crompton, Barrie, Ont.; 779, Geo. Ellis, jr., Garafraza, Ont.; 780, Mrs. E. R. Hunter, Lowville, Ont.; 781, Mrs. J. S. McFarlane, St. Johns, Que.; 782, J. S. Campbell, Rose Point, Pa.; 783, Mary Drisko, Jonesbow, Me.; 784, Marian Fleming, Rookton, Ill.; 785, John Moote, Vanatter, Ont.; 786, Mrs. S. Hiekes, Englewood, Ill.; 787, Mrs. G. Stout, Perry Centre, N. Y.; 788, S. M. Chambers, Atlanta, Ill.; 789, Wm. Helliwell, Winsted Lake, Minn.; 790, R. D. Roberts, Black Earth, Wis.; 791, H. E. Mitchell, Malvern, Ark.; 792, J. McDermid, St. Paul, Minn.; 793, F. Willcox, Malton, Eng.; 794, Alex. Shiman, Shrigley, Ont.; 795, F. E. G., 44 Pembroke St., City; 796, Wm. Graham, 83 Portland St., City; 797, Clara Clendenan, West Toronto Junc.; 798, John McNabb, 9 Lum'ey St., City; 799, Miss M. O. Pattison, City; 800, Miss H.E. Roadhouse, 27 Lilly St., Winnipeg, Man.; 801, Nora A. Goodwin, Hydeville, Vt.; 802, E. L. Sanders, Menden, Kan.; 803, W. B. Thorne, Walkerville, Mon.; 804, Thos. O. Edgar, Port Perry Ont.; 805, Fannie Fowler, Liberty Corners, Pa.; 806, Emily Wastell, box 749, Brantford, Ont.; 807, Mrs. Eliza Fowler, Liberty Corners, Pa.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

GOLD WATCHES.—J. W. Forsythe, Pembroke; J. C. Pomeroy, Oakwood; Emma Armstrong, Avening.  
POEMS.—J. H. Drifill, Bradford; H. M. Patterson, Box 244, Hamilton; E. C. Boyd, Toronto; Mrs. Noel Kondean, Joliette, Que.  
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WORLD'S CYCLOPEDIA.—Nassan R. Preslaw, Winnipeg; Carrie Cherry, Bowmanville; C. H. Rockett, Walnut St., London West; C. A. Powell, Ellilboro; Benj. Phillips, Stouffville; Thos. Clarke, West Lorne; Benj. Ellis, Bismarck, Ont.; Martha Brown, Wauchee, Man.; Mrs. E. Wood, 972 Queen St., Toronto; Geo. Balmer, Brighton; Mrs. L. S. Hall, Churchville; A. C. Johnstone, —  
TEASPOONS.—Catharine J. McBain, Garafraza; A. C. Johnstone, —; Alice Woodall, Hagerman; Kathleen Monkman, Castlederg; John W. Britten, Lindsay; Emma F. Hilborn, Kettleby; S. A. Huntington, Westneath; Mrs. Jas. Bescock, Cartwright; L. G. M., Toronto; W. Batten, Solina.  
MISCELLANEOUS.—Miss J. Graham, Zephyr; L. L. Logan, Bridgen; Wm. Hood, Hensell; Mrs. J. W. C. Galt; Jas. A. Gilhehinse, Welland; F. B. Norton, Bay Fortune, P.E.I.; Mrs. Mattie Sharp, Staunton, Ohio.

A lady reader of TRUTH says that the making of silk curtains of cut up strips, something in the same way as rag carpets are manufactured, has become the "rage" in certain localities, and she is anxious to know just how it is done, and from whom the information can be obtained. Probably many other ladies are anxious for the same information. Can some one give the necessary information?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERPLEXED.—The word "episcopacy" is from the Greek *episkopos*, which means "to inspect."  
STUDENT, Cobourg.—Watson's "Apology" for the Bible" is the best known of contemporary replies to "Paine's Age of Reason." A modern edition is published at 25c.  
J. McC.—The Chinese empire has the largest population in the world; it is estimated at 434 millions. The British empire comes next with 240 millions; Russia next with 102 millions.  
ENQUIRE.—The Russian national debt is estimated at 740 million pounds, but it is really much larger owing to the system of forced paper currency and to her numerous foreign loans.  
YOUNG FARMER, Glencoe.—We think you would better ensure your future happiness and success if you chose a wife from your own circle in the country. There are, no doubt, many young ladies in this city who would be glad to accept you as a suitor. You would, however, be running considerable risk in marrying a city girl. The mode of living in a large city is so different to life on a farm that it would only be by the merest accident that you would secure a wife who would be able to adapt herself to your station.  
D. H. B. AND W. M. E., Port Stanley.—The conduct of a young lady on being introduced to a gentleman will be governed nearly altogether by circumstances and her feelings. The lady you refer to committed no breach of etiquette by remaining silent, and if the person took offence on so slight a pretext, he manifested not only gross ignorance but also displayed conduct unworthy of a gentleman. The young lady should not let the circumstance (even if the gentleman is lost to her) cause her one anxious moment. Remember the old saw, "There are as good fish in the sea," etc.  
WILL F. R., Napanee.—It would be unfair both to you and ourselves to do as you request. In the first place it would be unfair to you, because, independent of the participation in awards, the value received in TRUTH is really as good an investment as you can well make; it would also be an injustice to ourselves to establish a precedent of this kind. In becoming a subscriber for a year instead of four months, you have two additional chances in the distribution of premiums. Having already competed in the first award you can now, by sending the answers to the questions in the manner given in the advertisement, also compete in any of the middle or later rewards. This, we think, is the only way by which justice can be done to all concerned.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 800 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators and restaurants supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

The first newswelder was Joseph. Pharaoh made a ruler out of him, and he became stationary.

Catarra: A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarra. Out of 1000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is not the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of a living parasite in the tissue. Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarra is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarra in this manner and no other treatment has ever cured catarra. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 70 King-street West, Toronto Canada, and send one stamp for their treatise on catarra.—Montreal Star.

Upholstery crepes are handsome French novelties for furnishing purposes.

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

Exchange Department.

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

Soll from Missouri, for an 8c Canada registered stamp. H. GAMBLE, 3019 Lucky St., St. Louis, Mo.  
A printing-press and five fonts of type, for old coins and curiosities. WILLIAM WADLER, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Four French and 2 German stamps, for rare stamps not in my collection. Send lists. FRED PARKER, 60 South St., Utica, N. Y.  
Old coins, Indian relics, a few minerals, and 2 bound books by Verne, for curiosities and minerals, the latter especially desired. All correspondence answered. FRANK D. STORY, McConnelville, Ohio.

Ten postmarks, for every stamp from St. Helena, Allice, Antigua, or Paraguay; 15 postmarks, for every stamp from Shanghai or Fesjee; 5, for every stamp not in my collection. H. J. S., Box 11, Connecticut, Tloga Co., N. Y.

A good second hand pool table with balls, bridges, and cues will be given to the person making the most words from the word "America" before May 10th. 25 cents must accompany each answer. Address, I. J. LAIBRON, Box 60, Farmingdale, New Jersey.

Twenty foreign stamps, for a 3-cornered Cape of Good Hope; 15 foreign and U.S. stamps, for a 3 cornered Newfoundland stamp; 5 foreign stamps, for every 1 from Turkey, Antigua, Sierra Leone, Egypt, or Nova; a green Centennial stamp, for a red one. ALLAN CUMMINGS, Banker Hill, Ill.

1/2 acre of choice garden land for sale, part lot 24, concession 1, London Township, County Middlesex, opposite the waterworks, 2 1/2 miles from the city of London. Healthy locality, frame house and frame barn and stable, good orchard, etc. Address with stamp enclosed, to ROBERT NUTTALL, London E. O., Ontario.

To exchange 100 acres, six miles from Fisherton and two miles from the village of Eugenia. Seventy acres cleared. A good wheat-growing farm. Most of it in crop. Free from stumps. Good fences and never-failing springs, small orchard and buildings; to exchange for cattle, or village property. Valued at \$1,500. Apply to WM. J. EATON, Fisherton P.O., Ont.

Wanted to exchange the following songs and instrumental pieces: 3 instrumental, by J. B. Duvernoy; 2 instrumental and 1 song; "Our Old Canadian Home," by Woodlawn; "Wedding March by Bartholdy; 1 song, "Will He Come," by Arthur Sullivan. All in very good condition. For the following songs: "Before," "Save Father on the Sea," "Hail Mast High," and "Stay Angry Tide." Instrumental—Sweet Violets (Waltz), and Pleasant Songs. All pieces must be in good condition. Address all offers to ANNIE M. KERRAN, Carville, P.O., Ont.

EPPE'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. Eppe 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 EPPE & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

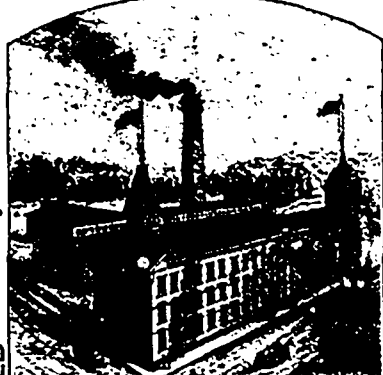
No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

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BRITANNIA COMPANY.

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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.,

HAMILTON, . . . ONT.

Music and Drama.

"Lost in London" enjoyed a successful run at the Grand last week. It is a cleverly constructed drama of the better sort. There are several startling situations, and many exquisite touches of nature in the plot, whilst the moral pointed is unmistakably good.

The first three nights of this week the patrons of the Grand were treated to a season of Mme. French opera. Theo, the celebrated Parisian diva, and a strong company, presented Boccaio, Mme. Angot, and Francois Pas Blous, to the delight of the large audiences which greeted her.

On Thursday evening Mr. Lawrence Barrett opened in "Francesca da Rimini." Mr. Barrett's return to the city after an absence of five years was hailed with a great deal of pleasure and enthusiasm by his many friends in this city, and he received a flattering ovation. Of Mr. Barrett's interpretation of the hunchback, Lancelotto, it would be difficult to speak too highly. We had always placed Mr. Barrett in the front rank of tragedians, but in his new creation of Lancelotto he surpasses even himself. The character of the hunchback demands in its portrayal an intensity and abandon which few actors can command. Mr. Barrett, however, rises superior to the occasion, and so loses himself in the impassioned personation of the deceived Lancelotto as to completely carry all before him. Friday evening "Richelieu," and Saturday evening "Julius Caesar."

Montford's Museum this week is drawing full houses. Misco's Company is first class in every respect, and a good two hours' fun can be had by dropping into the museum this week.

WM. LLOYD,

DECORATIVE PAINTER!  
Gilder, Glazier, Paper Hanger, Kalsominer, and Sign Writer.

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DEALER IN FANCY GOODS.

393 GERRARD ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

Miraculous Water!

THE FAVORITE AND UNRIVALLED PREPARATION.



OF PARIS, LONDON AND BERLIN.

For softening and beautifying the complexion. Perfectly harmless. Most beautiful effect. Removes Sunburns, Tars, Pimples, Freckles, Black Heads. See what the 'Lion of American Stage says'—  
New York, May 8 1885  
DEAR SIR,  
After giving the Miraculous Water a good trial and finding it to do all you claimed to me, I do carefully recommend it to the world. Respectfully Yours, MARY PALMER.  
Ask your Druggist for it. P. BRUNET & CO., Sole Agents for Canada, 125 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

Borrowed Herself Out.

It often happens that the loan of some household necessity may be of great convenience to a neighbor—such as flour, eggs, matches, tea, etc., but how often these things are paid back by an inferior article or else entirely forgotten; or perhaps the show of making payments is gone through, when a less quantity than was given is returned. I remember hearing a story which is so apt to this last point that I cannot help but relate it.

"A plain frier had for a neighbor one who was a constant borrower, and as she saw the articles when returned less in quantity than she had given, she resolved to put the following plan into execution: She bought one pound of the very best tea and put it into a separate box, and when the neighbor borrowed a cupful it was taken out of this box: when she returned it, it was put back in the same place, but as she always returned a much less quantity than she borrowed, the result was in time the box became empty. So one morning, when she came for the usual cupful of tea, which she would return after she came back from the store, the following conversation took place:

"Dost thou see this tea-box, Sarah Ann?"

"Yes."

"Well, some time ago I filled it with a pound of the very best tea, and kept it for thy use. I took from it only what I loaned thee, and I put back into it what thou returnedst. Now it is empty; therefore I say unto thee, thou hast borrowed thyself out, and I have no more to loan thee. Farewell!"

THE MAY MAGAZINES.

LIPPINCOTT'S for May is well up to its usual standard. The leading article, "Is the Monopolist Among us?" is well written, and amply repays perusal. There are one hundred pages of well written matter. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. \$3 a year; 25 cents per copy.

The May number of the Canadian Methodist Magazine is a good one. This is, we believe, the only literary magazine yet published in Canada that ever proved financially self-sustaining. It certainly deserves success. The editor, Rev. Dr. Withrow, gives a very interesting and well illustrated paper on "Venice from a Gondola." Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young gives a valuable paper on the Indian problem—a subject on which he is well qualified to write. There is a large amount of interesting miscellaneous reading. The magazine, like everything else from the Methodist Publishing House, is very neatly printed. Price, \$2 a year, or 20 cents a number.

The Century for May is the commencement of the thirtieth volume. The splendid success of the Century, especially of late, is something wonderful. It now issues quarter of a million copies each month. We do not hesitate to say that the literary merits of the magazine are well deserving of grand success. Each number contains 175 pages of first-class original matter, and the illustrations are gems of art. The "War Papers" are still continued, and their interest is well sustained. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan gives a paper of rare interest on "The Peninsular Campaign." Gen. Adam Badeau, "Memoranda on the Civil War," and A. Lampman, on "General Grant." There is scarcely a dry or dull paper in the entire number. The Century Co., New York: \$4 a year, 35c. a number.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

Right habit is like the thread on which we string precious pearls—the thread is perhaps of no great value, but if it be broken, the pearls are lost.

The heights and trimmings are as exaggerated as ever, and yet comparatively few of these exaggerated shapes are seen in the streets as yet.

The French productions of silk handkerchiefs in Oriental colors and designs shot with gold, are utilized to an enormous extent for trimming fine hats and bonnets.

More and more golden grow bonnets, hats, scarfs, accessories of the toilet, dress trimmings and broche stuffs of all kinds, either for dresses or upholstery and house decorative effects.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"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 LIFE 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 services..... 500
14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
20 to 25.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330
26 to 30.—Forty-five nickle silver case watches, 400
31 to 35.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 110
36 to 40.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons..... 730
41 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 150

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 g. women's solid gold watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 482
12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
18 to 20. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
21 to 25. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 300
26. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
40 to 90. Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
91 to 121. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
122 to 200. Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons..... 415
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes 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..... 500
19 to 25. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 500
26 to 30. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 412
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..... 600
201 to 400. One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 70

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. 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 specially 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.

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 suffering. I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 148 Post-street, BOSTON, N. Y.

Golden oats and wheat are sold by the head for bonnet and hat trimmings.

A Wide Spread Evil.

The great source of consumption and of ugly sores is scrofula in the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the entire system and cure scrofula, as well as the more common blood humors.

The jersey is the best bodice for lawn tennis, for it is a game that is rough on aleeves.

Easily Caught.

It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best remedy for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tendencies.

If fish is good for the brain Jonah ought to have developed ability.

The Recamier colifore requires the use of an old-fashioned comb of tortoise shell or jewelled metal.

Lardine Machine Oil is the only oil that will not gum or clog the machinery, and will outwear lard or seal oil, and costs but half the price. One trial ensures its continued use. For sale only by all dealers.

China crape and sailcloth canvas is an admired, frequent combination in the trimming of French hats.

Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Billousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."

There is no escaping the mill that grinds slowly and grinds small; and those who refuse to be living stones in the living temple, must be ground into mortar for it.

Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.

As the Dead sea drinks in the river Jordan and is never the sweeter, and the ocean all other rivers and is never the fresher, so are we apt to receive daily mercies from God and still remain insensible to them, unthankful for them.

The sun uses its power of brightness to shine; the violet on the bank uses its fragrance to breathe it forth; and all things are using their powers up to their highest capacities. All but man; man alone is guilty of what may be called the great sin of unused power.

If you have a cough or a cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attend me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

Red woollen lace trims admirably dark blue cloth and wool etamine suits for seaside and mountain wear.

A Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton, declares that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds, and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

More and more marked grow the differences between street and indoor frocks, morning, afternoon, and evening toilets.

A Sad Neglect.

Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and Bowels.

English mohair fabrics, plain and broche, are found in all the large retail dry goods houses in both single and double widths.

By land or at sea, out on the prairie, or in the crowded city, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best for purgative purposes, everywhere alike convenient, efficacious, and safe.

For sluggish bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, bad breath, flatulency, and sick headache, they are a sure remedy.

Veils of tulle and crepe lace in every imaginable shade of color and black are finely dotted with gold, silver, steel, bronze, or jet.

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

Even silver gray can be made loud and striking by too free use of bright steel or silver braid, tinsel, fringe, ball, embroidery, or motifs.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil and found it gave instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

Morning dresses and elegant house toilets are made dressy with profuse use of ribbons in bows, flots, cascades, panels, and floating loops and ends.

Drive it Away.

Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it.

Thou By rivid gl... cures m... or pates... to their... insane... perform... mention... the tim... Although... TT... of testu... volunta... as they... medicin... it has r... give re... similar... to any... hood in... cures by... "A pro... patient... health... said: "... earnest... talked... doctor... with it... The f... tax a m... visit, o... ance al... Bitters... and all... "Is i... at work... "I s... tively... Bitters... gave hi... kidney... "I s... on the... staff wit... Notw... about t... medicin... has nev... Think... bottles... evils o... consti... the su... Beng... favor... If yo... give t... minato... and mu... Face... street... "A... For... ankle, annoy... comm... it. I... used I... value... Oils, a... Eclect... Eto... worn... Em... These... most... Domb... Disco... forms... and li... digest... blood... rapid... Rec... are in... A c... reme... Oil to... to spe... house... joints...



Thousands Hastened to Their Graves.

By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands!!!

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

"A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters." The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughed at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors at \$3 00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Beware all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Notwithstanding much has been said about the importance of a blood purifying medicine, it may be possible that the matter has never seriously claimed your attention. Think of it now! If, by the use of a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla you avoid the evils of scrofula, and transmit a healthy constitution to your offspring, thank us for the suggestion.

Bengalines grow slowly in fashionable favor.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Face veils are de rigueur with dressy street toilets.

A. M. Hamilton, Warkworth, writes: "For weeks I was troubled with a swelled ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Maybee, of this place, recommended Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is an article of great value." Beware of Electric or Electron Oils, as they are imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Eton, Spanish, and zouave jackets are worn by young girls in their teens.

FIRST RELIEF ULTIMATELY A CURE.—These are the successive effects of one of the most deservedly popular remedies in the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels, and liver, invigorates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and turbid into a pure, rapid, and fertilizing stream.

Red and yellow, golden brown and tan are immensely popular spring colors.

A Throat Cure.

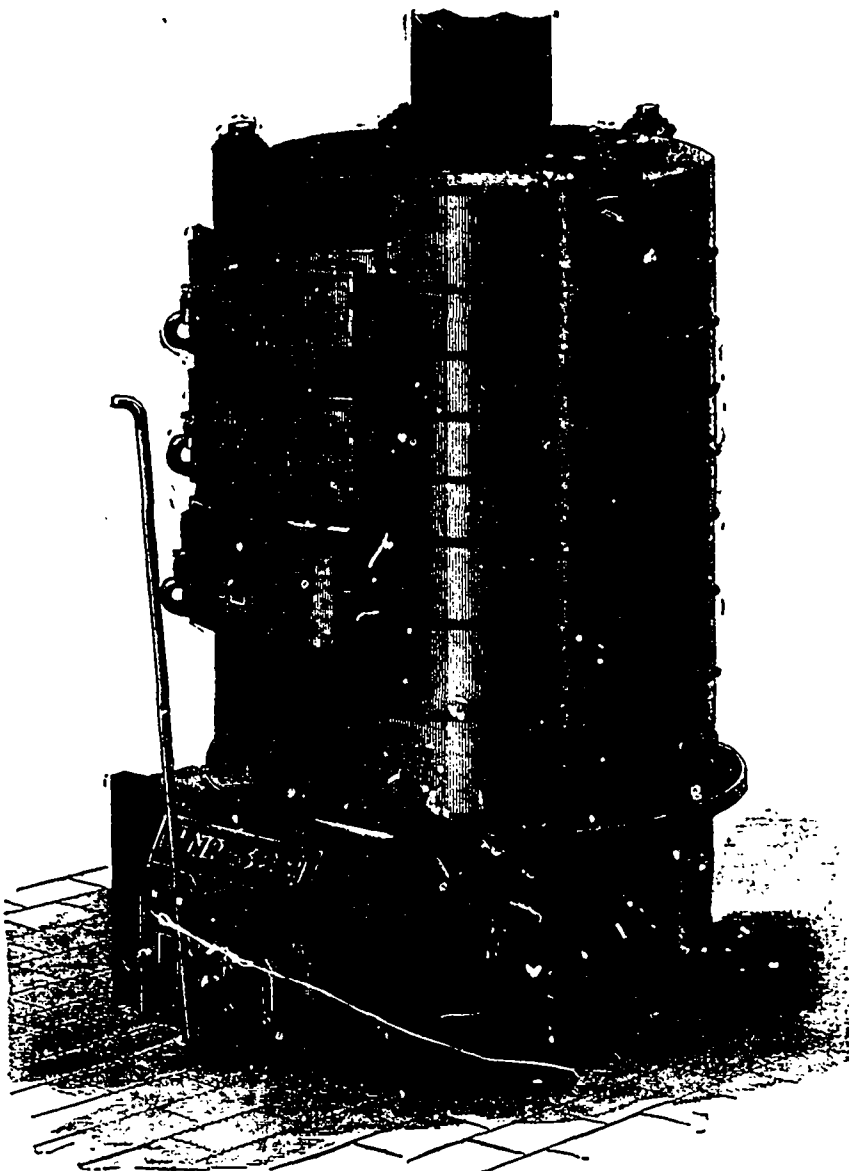
A cure for Croup. There is no better remedy for Croup than Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken internally and applied according to special directions. This is the great household panacea for rheumatism, stiff joints, pain, inflammation, &c.

HOT WATER HEATING BOILER!

THE E. & C. GURNEY CO.

TORONTO,

HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG



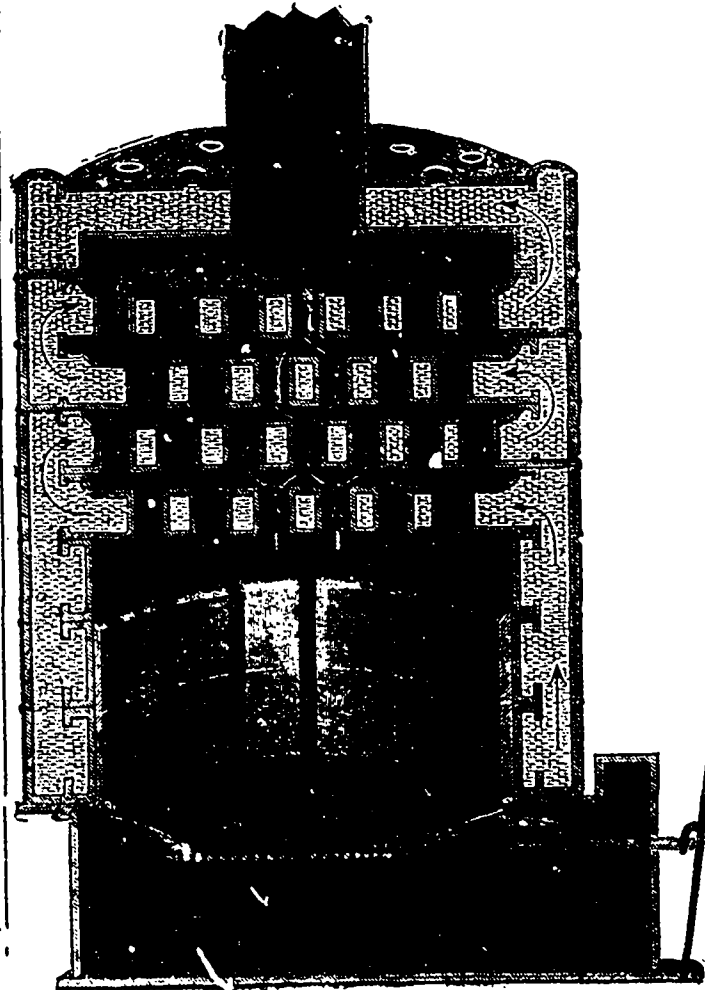
These Heaters

Arenot 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 Astonished the Public**  
to hear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congressman & devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afflicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, cough, heart disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy, neuralgia, goitre or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

Speak well and little if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.

"Say, why is everything  
Xl her at sixes or at sevens?"  
Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the backache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Beryl green comes with a bluish metallic lustre among the spring greens in millinery goods.

**The Worst Urethral Strictures** speedily cured by our new radical methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

**What will he do with it?**

A most interesting chapter could be compiled showing the peculiar means sometimes resorted to to relieve pain in some suffering member. Numberless cases could be cited showing the frequency of amputation of a toe to get rid of a troublesome corn—a radical remedy to be sure—but one that many will hesitate to adopt. He that is wise will choose milder and safer means and use the sure pot remedy Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails, always acts painlessly and costs little. Beware of dangerous substitutes and imitations. Sure, safe and painless. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston, Ont.

Jotham Johnson, of Durham, Me., read a newspaper without the aid of glasses on his one hundredth birthday.

**Those who have Tried it Say**  
The best proof of the great power of Polson's NERVILINE over every kind of pain is obtained by the use of a 10 cent bottle. Nerviline requires no puffing; every bottle tells its own story. It cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies known to medical science. Nerviline is equally useful in external or internal pains. Try the great remedy. Ten cent bottle at any drug store. Large bottles only 25 cents.

Many a dandy before marriage becomes subdued after it.

**MYRTLE NAVY.**—The success which the Myrtle Navy tobacco has with the public is because it is composed of the very finest Virginia leaf grown, and is manufactured with the most scrupulous care at every stage of the process.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

**Young Men—Read This.**  
The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belt, and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

"What's the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing. "Oh, nothin' much," was the answer. He's only hatching teeth."

There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving soul which will do more to dissipate prejudice, and kindly charity, than the most elaborate arguments.

Purchase not friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.

**DENTAL.**  
**FRANK M. SEFTON,** Surgeon Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Streets. Over Martini's drug store.

**J. G. ADAMS, L.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 210**  
Yonge street, entrance on Elm street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

**MEDICAL.**  
**REV. J. EDGAR, M.D.,** ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.  
**Chronic Diseases a Specialty.**  
64 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.  
**DR. E. T. ADAMS.**

258 KING ST. WEST  
SPECIALTY:—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free.  
OFFICE HOURS:  
9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5 P.M., Sunday, 1:20 to 3 P.M.

**WATSON, THORNE & SMELLIE** Marriages and Coronations, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

50 Lovely Chromes with name, and our own Case of 50 Samples for 10c, or 25 Floral Beauties with name in gold and Case of 50 Samples, 1/2c. STAN OARD Co., Knowlton, P. Q.

**Fruit Trees, Roses, Grapevines.**  
**Large Stock, Best Sorts.**

**HENRY SLIGHT,** - 407 Yonge St., Toronto.

**ORGAN FOR SALE!**  
Imitation Pipe, High Back, 12 stops. Cost, \$450.00. First-class order. A bargain.  
Address, 21 WATERLOO AVE., TORONTO.

SEND A POST CARD TO THE  
**Brighton Laundry,**  
7 Bloor Street East, and have them call for your washing. Best work. Lowest prices. No fluids used.  
**MRS. POFFLEY.**

**WANTED LAJRS or GENTLEMEN** to take light, pleasant employment at their own home; work sent by mail (distance no objection), \$2 to \$5 a day can be quickly made, no canvassing, no stamp for reply. Please address Globe Mfg. Co. Boston, Mass. Box 5344.

**A \$50 GOLD WATCH FOR 25c.** The person sending me the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word "Charlestown" on or before June 15th, will receive a Ladies' Solid 1 1/2 Gold Hunting Case Watch, full jeweled, nickel movement, valued at \$50. Each competitor to enclose 25 cents silver, with list. Abbreviations and proper names not allowed. No letter to be used more than once in the same word. Prize will be fairly awarded. Name of winner will appear in "Truth." Try your skill. Address:—J. E. PEARSON, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia.

**NEW PATRIOTIC SONG.**  
**"Canada the Free,"**  
BEAUTIFULLY GOT UP.  
Full Sheet—music size. Pictorial Title Page.  
PRICE, 10 CENTS.

**IMRIE & GRAHAM,** 25 Colborne Street, TORONTO

**THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, ONLY \$1**  
BY MAIL POST-PAID.



**KNOW THYSELF.**

**A Great Medical Work on Manhood.**

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in man, Errors of Youth, and untold miseries resulting from indiscretions or excess. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 112 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the author, whose experience for 27 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 500 pages, bound in beautiful French marbled, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this country for \$1.00, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only \$1.00 by mail, postpaid. Illustrative samples sent. Send now. Gold medals awarded by the National Medical Association, to the President, of which, the Hon. P. A. Hiss II, and associated officers of the Board, the reader is respectfully referred.

This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—*London Lancet.*  
There is no number of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman. It is now  
At the Toronto Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Balfour Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such HEAL treated successfully with  
out an instance of **THYSELF** failure.

**CARDS** 50 Lovely new styles, French and Gold Floral Chromo Cards, with name; also funny illustrated book, one Agent's Sample Book, all for 10c. Send 5c. for pocket Sample Book, and special terms. Agents: large Album, 25c. Blank Cards at Wholesale Prices. **GLOBE CARD CO., ST. THOMAS, ONT.**

**A. MERCIER,**  
**CARPENTER AND BUILDER,**  
131 Bay St., Next the Fire Hall.

Orders left at Residence (220 Robert St., near Bloor) promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts and Fittings a specialty.

**THIN FACES!**  
**By Prof VORNBERG'S Method**  
In a very short time the Facial Muscles can be so developed as to make the  
**CHEEKS PLUMP AND ROBY,**  
and fit out the neck. Failure impossible. No medicine. Only 50 cents by mail. Descriptive circular for 5 cent stamp. **McKAY'S Bureau, 129 Queen Street East, Toronto.**

**REMINGTON STANDARD**  
**TYPE-WRITER.**  
General Agency, 31 King St. E. Toronto.

**ITS WONDERFUL DURABILITY**  
London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, Head Office, Toronto Mar 25th, 1883. Dear Sir—I am sending you my Type-Writer to be remodelled. As I think you are aware I have had this machine some seven or eight years. I have done an immense amount of work with it, and have never yet had breakage, nor has it ever been out of order or had a penny expended on it for repairs or anything else. Yours truly, A. Sims, Manager for the Dominion. Circulars on application.

"Cleanliness is the Index of Civilization."

**DOMINION**  
**STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS**  
We wish to call your attention to the fact that we have recently fitted our place with the most complete machinery for the purpose of cleaning carpets, rugs, robes, &c.

This is to certify that I have patented M. S. Gawett & Sway, proprietors of the Dominion Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, and also personally investigated their method of cleaning carpets, and have no hesitancy in recommending them to the public. They do their work thoroughly, and without any injury whatever to the carpets.  
**JOHN WRIGHT, Walker House.**

**GAWETT & SWAY, Proprietors,**  
OFFICE AND WORKS:  
29 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST, TORONTO.  
TELEPHONE 406.



**TENDERS.**

**SEALED TENDERS,** marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Honorable the President of the City Council, Ottawa, will be received up to Noon on THURSDAY, 14th May.

Printed forms of tenders, containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, at any of the Mounted Police Posts in the North West, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.  
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian Bank Cheque for an amount equal to ten percent of the total value of the articles tendered for, 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 services contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No pay will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.  
**FRED WHITE,** Comptroller.

Ottawa 23rd March, 1883.

**VULCANIZED RUBBER HECKTIES**

These beautiful ties are made of pure vulcanized rubber, and will last for years without a single wearing out. An ordinary silk tie has a soft and warm look, and is very worn a short time, and is consequently thrown away long before it is worn out. Unlike this, most of the ties now made are made of wool, and are always coming to pieces from the fraying in which they are made. All these troubles are avoided by the use of our Rubber Ties, the equal of which has never been produced. They are warm and last in durability, made in the latest style, and fit the neck perfectly. They are the most economical in the market, for one of them will outlast a dozen silk ties.  
These ties have a thoroughly natural appearance, and when worn cannot be told from the finest silk. The fact that they have been adopted by the "best mode" throughout the country, attests their popularity, and the more since their introduction have been something remarkable.  
We cordially recommend them to all our patrons, and the lowest and best quality is now on hand for sale. Sample by mail, 25 cents, or ten by \$1. One dozen \$2 postpaid. **J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.**

**A HOME DRUGGIST**  
**TESTIFIES.**

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

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

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

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

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

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

**S.F.S.D. 10c.**—40 Lovely Satin Finish Chromo Cards, your name on each, 4 kinds. Prepaid, or ever sold. Address Eureka Card Co., Bolton, Que.

**TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER.**

Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and deodorized by Marchant & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which will do free of cost, and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. **W. W. MARCHMONT & CO.,** City Contractors, 9 Queen Street, East.

**WM. BARBER & BRO.**  
**Papermakers,**  
**GEORGETOWN, ONT.**  
**NEWS, BOOK & FINE PAPERS**



**\$12.00 Watch for \$6.00**

**Biggest Bargain Ever Offered**

On receipt of price, \$6, we will send, per registered mail, \$6, a Silver Key-Wind Watch, jewelled chronometer balance, with dust band in Men's size, dust proof silver case, smooth or engraved.

Same Watch, in 4 oz. Silver Dust Proof Cases for  
**\$8.00.**

Send for our 150-page Catalogue, illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

**CHAS. STARK,**  
31 Church Street, Near King, Toronto.