

Orion

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It will require an official count of the vote of the State of New York at least, before our neighbors can determine who is to be their President for the next four years. Indications, however, point almost conclusively to the election of the Democratic candidate. They also make it evident that the Republican tactics of 1876 are likely to be resorted to again, and if better counsels do not prevail,

serious trouble, if not bloodshed, is imminent. On the whole we think the American people are to be congratulated upon their choice, provided Mr. Grover Cleveland has been elected. A Republican innings of nearly a quarter of a century has, without doubt, left a political Augean stable which sadly needs cleansing, and judging Mr. Cleveland by his public record he is the right man for the herculean task.

The only questions of political economy which have, to any degree, influenced the campaign, have been issues between Protection and Free Trade. The Republicans went to the country as pledged supporters of the present high tariff, but the Democrats by skillfully avoiding a discussion of the question left it to be pretty well understood at the "solid South" that the Chinese wall would be lowered considerably, while throughout the North, notwithstanding the assertions of the Republican press to the contrary, they have not been credited with any serious intention of interfering with the existing fiscal policy. The struggle was carried on almost entirely on a basis of recriminations against the personal characters of the rival candidates, and a memorable and bitter one it has proved.

The readers of TRUTH are, of course, aware of the charges of political corruption brought and proved against Mr. Blaine; and also of the allegations of lewdness and immorality made against Mr. Cleveland. So much has been made public in reference to both gentlemen that, if we judge them by a very high standard, neither would prove eligible for the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. But if TRUTH might venture an opinion upon a subject about which so many differ, we should say. Judge a candidate for a public office upon his public or business record, rather than by his private life. It is, of course, most desirable that he should be a pure and moral man. But honesty, ability and morality do not always centre in the same person; and not unfrequently the public is forced to decide between a candidate of mediocre public capacity and irreproachable private character and one of splendid talents, but charged with private vices. The trouble with our neighbors has been to choose between acknowledged abilities but soiled public record on the one hand and on the other an honest, fearless and independent discharge of public duty, but a private character alleged to be bad. In the election of Mr. Cleveland, we think our cousins will have chosen the least of two evils.

The vote recorded was not a strict party one by any means. Many of the best men in the Republican party refused to support Mr. Blaine by reason of his corrupt public acts, and a large section of the Irish element of the Democratic party deserted to the standard of the Republican leader, because of his alleged Anglo-

phobism, and because it was asserted that British gold was being freely spent to elect Mr. Cleveland in the interests of English capitalists and Southern free traders. It is not improbable that the result of the contest will be the blotting out of old political lines and the formation of new parties. Abraham Lincoln owed his election to a split in the Democratic party, between the advocates of Slavery and the opponents of the system. He was swept into power a second time upon a wave of war issues. Those issues also secured for General Grant two terms of office; but upon the expiry of his second term they had lost their force; the ranks of the Democratic party had closed in, and Tilden defeated Hayes, although the Republicans succeeded in fraudulently "counting out" the former. In 1880 the Republican bribery fund, it is alleged, proved too much, for Hancock and Garfield carried the day; and now, in 1884, Grover Cleveland, deserted by a large force of his party following, has carried the Democratic person to victory, through the assistance of the honest men of the Republican party who are sick of bribery and corruption.

To us, in Canada, it makes little difference whether a Republican or Democrat is the tenant of the White House, but as it has been found impossible to arrange amicable trade relations upon a just basis with the Republicans we can at least hope for better treatment from their opponents. So far as the American people, and the world at large are concerned, the greatest requirements for the Presidential Chair at present, are honesty, fearlessness and independence. Grover Cleveland has already proved himself the possessor of those qualities, and if he is but wise and consistent during the days of his administration, he can so establish his party in public favor that a long term of office will be within their grasp.

It is said that a German physician, Schweningor by name, has discovered a new way of reducing corpulency, and one, too, that is more efficacious than any of the methods heretofore in use. The plan is never to eat and drink at the same time, but to let two hours intervene between the acts. Bismarck, it is said, has been cured of obesity in this way. There are now four systems which fat folks may choose from if they wish to reduce their bodily substance. These are: 1. The original Banting, which forbids the eating of anything containing starch, sugar or fat. 2. The German Banting, allowing fat, but forbidding sugar and starch. 3. The Munich system, in which the would-be-reduced fat person clothes himself with wool, and sleeps in flannel blankets instead of sheets, and 5. The Schweningor system, forbidding eating and drinking at the same time. There is a great deal of folly, by the way, both talked and acted about physical fatness. Many otherwise

sensible people harbour the silly notion that a plentiful supply of adipose tissue is essentially an encumbrance and disfigurement, instead of being, as it actually is, one of nature's best adornments. Of course there is such a thing as being too fat, but then it is a disease, and needs to be counteracted as other diseases do. But it is not difficult to distinguish unhealthy fatness from plump, healthy fleshiness, than which nothing is pleasanter to look upon.

The people of Winnipeg got themselves worked up into a wholly unnecessary and quite undignified state of indignation over the admonitory strokes administered to the prisoner who had attempted to escape. It turned out that the report of the affair had been grossly exaggerated. And in any case the man whom the foolish mob burned in effigy and even talked of lynching, was entirely innocent. A more conspicuous example of mob-folly was never afforded by any community. It is too much the case that in such circumstances people make jolly big asses of themselves.

A very small straw can show in what way the wind blows, says the old proverb and a very little incident is sufficient to demonstrate the degree of respect in which men or nations are held. A very apt illustration of this was recently afforded in a town in Havana. An account of the occurrence was sent to one of the Chicago papers:—

"It originated in a street row," said the narrator. A crowd speedily gathered. For some reason the wrath of the mob seemed to be particularly directed against one poor fellow who, entirely defenceless and unarmed, appeared like a dog, when the American consul, before whose house he then stood, quietly descended his steps and enveloped the poor creature in the United States flag, thinking they would at least pay outward respect to that sign. Instead of so doing, the mob continued to advance, yelling and demanding the life of their victim, at the same time leveling their weapons to riddle with bullets the man and the flag together. At this juncture the English consul dashed up, and flinging over the insulted American banner the British colours, stepped back, calling out "Touch that who dare!" Like a flash the disturbance ceased, and the English consul, unresisted by a single man, bore off to safety the covering object against which threats had but a moment before been so boldly hurled.

Everyone will admit that the incident is a very striking one, even making some allowance for exaggeration. The British flag has not yet lost its power of making itself respected.

An astonishing occurrence is reported from South Carolina, being nothing more nor less than a praying match for \$500 a side between two colored deacons. Reports differ somewhat as to the cause of it, some saying that it arose from personal jealousy between the deacons, leading to a direct challenge from one to the other. Others, that certain godless fellows in the neighborhood made a bet as to which deacon could pray loudest and longest. Happily for the good reputation of the neighborhood, the profane contest did not take place, one of the deacons having yielded the supremacy in favor of his rival.

The contest in Britain over the Franchise Bill becomes more and more embittered. Nor is it so evident as some would imagine, that Gladstone has the overwhelming majority of the people at his back. He may have of the more eager and earnest thinkers and politicians, but the immense numbers that turn out to hear Salisbury, and who cheer him to the echo, show that the fight is not by any means a merely one-sided one. By the force of circumstances the Conservatives are nearly as eager in their bid for popular support as their opponents. The fact is, the people as a distinct factor in human affairs is coming more and more to the front and will have to be dealt with. There is no use in saying that great masses of them are ignorant, and therefore not fit to be entrusted with the franchise, for the franchise they must get, ignorant or not ignorant, and the great work of statesmen will have to be to accept this fact and try to make the new as well as the old electors as fit for their work as possible. It is not the ignorant labourer or the needy mechanic who has betrayed trust and sold his vote. The rascals in broadcloth have been, and are as numerous, and for their numbers, a great deal more so than the other kind of rascals, and it is just as well to acknowledge as much at once. The voters under the old regime before the Reform Bill of 1832, were a pitiful set of venal wretches who could generally be bought like beasts in the market place. There is not an ignorant clod of an English peasant who could be worse. The fact is the Conservatives hate all extensions of popular rights, but they are hungering for office, and in order to secure this would be quite ready if need were, to jump down their own throats.

Who has not suffered from a tradesman's promise? If any let him send his photo to this office and it shall be preserved in the finest setting. It is not apparently thought that there is any thing wrong in such promises, made generally to get quit of importunity and without the slightest idea of their being made good. Sir John Macdonald is not the only man entitled to the name of "grand old to-morrow." There are little "to-morrows" as well as great ones, and young as well as old. Did ever a man get a pair of boots at the time they were first promised? The man who can lay his hand on his heart and say he has, is a phenomenon. It is the same with clothes of all kinds. While as to a lawyer's promise! Pah! Nobody thinks anything of it, any more than of a politician's. The whole social atmosphere is thick and nasty with such more or less covert lies. It is easier, however, to point out the trouble than to suggest a remedy. The influence of a religion that lays down the fundamental duty of speaking the truth might be supposed to have some effect, but alas the most of these same promise breakers are members of churches, ay! and elders and deacons, too. We have known some of them very powerful exhorters at revival meetings and conductors of prayer meeting at Young Men's Christian Associations. We shall say nothing at present of the conventional lies of society, the love that is expressed but not felt, the admiration

professed that is not meant, &c. They help to trade lies at present and we affirm that their extent, variety and flagrant sinfulness are something perfectly awful. Instead of *lie not* one might fancy the law was *lie* everyone to his neighbor and the officer and the more monstrously so much the better.

We were never so forcibly reminded of the saying that *brains* so called are not the only thing needed to help a man along in this world, as the other day in a business establishment we had occasion to visit. Our business brought us into contact with two men, but how different was the behaviour of the two! the one almost surly, curt in his answers, and all but positively rude at times. He had no tact, no address about him, no polish of any kind. He may have been a good enough fellow at heart, probably was for all we know to the contrary, but we had neither time or inclination to make enquiries, and so put him down as an ill-bred boor. There may have been special circumstances in his case, which, if known, would have materially altered our opinion of him, but these circumstances, if they existed, were unknown, and so our opinion was as it was. The other man on the contrary was frank and polite, without being in any way obtrusive. There was no boldness about him. On the contrary we thought we could detect a vein of shyness about him, which if yielded to would have materially affected his usefulness. It was neither his dress alone, nor his appearance alone, nor his manners alone, which made the good impression, but rather all those together, with the very evident disposition to please. And yet it could not be said that he had any more brains than the other one, perhaps not so much. All this of course is but another illustration of the everyday truth that a man's bearing and manners are matters of very great importance as regards his worldly success. They are important on other grounds too of course, for it is every man's duty to be polite and courteous, but leaving the higher reasons out of view, for the present, there can be no doubt that a pleasant manner or the reverse has often made the greatest possible difference in a man's worldly prospects.

The Conservative press is doing its best to foster want of harmony, at least, and as far as they can manage it, positive ill-feeling, in the ranks of the Reformers. They are skillfully harping on the George Brown and Alexander Mackenzie string now, the friendship between the two, the trust reposed in them by so many of the yeomanry of Canada, and the cavalier manner in which Mackenzie was set aside to make room for Blake. It is a shrewd game and the Tories are evidently bound to play it for all they are worth. It is a point in their favor too that a good many staunch Reformers are of a good deal more than half a mind that Mackenzie got but scant fair play from his party. And there is another thing too, which to some extent at least tells against the Reform party—whatever the reason may be, Mr. Blake, with all his ability, honesty of purpose, patriotism, eloquence, does not seem to inspire the personal

affection that is greatly to be desired in any leader who would successfully cope with Sir John Macdonald at the present moment. Many even of Mr. Blake's warmest friends and admirers admit this. It is no fault of his. Very far from it. It is, however, under the circumstances, a party misfortune.

One of the latest things that Labouchere has been saying in his own blunt fashion, and which has called down no little condemnation on his head, is that the only "Scandal" he can see about the Madame Kalomine affair is the scandal that Her Majesty Queen Victoria, should have lent herself to such a discreditable piece of business as a man's shuffling off the burden of a wife to whom he was legally enough married though in a somewhat left-handed way, in order to wed Her Majesty's daughter. Even people who are not Radicals by a very large majority, and who would as soon go to Bedlam for their views on politics, or social science in general as to Henry Labouchere, will confess that in this matter of Duke Louis of Hesse and his morganic bride, Queen Victoria has not taken a position that they can heartily commend.

So it seems that we are to have a memoir of the Honorable Oliver Mowat some of these days, and from the same pen as has done a similar work for Sir John Macdonald. The memoir writing of living men is a painful nuisance, and an evident infraction of book making and book work in the worst form, to the utter degradation of anything like true literary effort. No man can be truly gauged and no life can be truly written, till death has intervened. In every case where the memoir writing of a living man has been attempted, it has been a foolish failure, for either it has been a mere dry catalogue of facts, or it has been an absurd caricature, sometimes in the way of eulogy and sometimes in that of detraction.

The professional memoir-writer of those who have not left the stage is not only a great deal worse than Southey actually was; he is almost as bad as he is represented to have been in the well-known lines when he is made to offer to write the life either of Satan or of the Archangel Michael:—
"He had written Wesley's life"—here turning round

To Satan—"Sir, I'm ready to write yours in two octavo volumes, nicely bound, with notes and preface, all that most allures the pious purchaser: and there's no ground for fear, for I can choose my own reviewers. So let me have the documents. That I may add you to my other saints. Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you, with amiable modesty, decline My offer, what says Michael? There are few whose members could be rendered more divine. Mine is a pen-of-all-work; not so new As it was once, but I would make you shine Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own Has more of brass in it, and is well blown."

Poor Mowat! Now he is going to be "dished," sure! A base conspiracy to make a decent man ridiculous, and to counteract all the glories of the triumphant Award!

Why is it that young parents will persist in forcing their blooming infants on the attention of all visitors? All young

parents are alike in this respect. At least we never had the good fortune to meet with any that were otherwise. Well perhaps with one or two exceptions. The great majority, however, of young fathers and mothers, to whom their babies, first born ones especially, are as much of a rarity and an astonishment as if there never had been babies before, are perfect nuisances in the way of silently expecting or openly asking for compliments on behalf of their offspring, from all their visitors. When these visitors are women, it is all very well. Admiration for a baby is as natural to most women as playfulness to a kitten, or lying to a party political wire-puller. But when a man is in question, and more especially an unmarried man, and more especially still a young unmarried man, and a shy young unmarried man to boot, to offer a baby for his admiration, comes to be sometime a very heinous offence. In many cases, it is cruelty to animals of the most pronounced description. No more pitiable spectacle can be presented to the sympathizing eyes of men and angels, than that of a poor bashful youth making a call, and upon whose attention a baby is either forced by one of its admiring parents, or if it be old enough, forces itself. The poor wretch feels he must do something, or say something, or run the risk of social damnation in that house for evermore. So he mutters some idiocy about the healthy good looks, or its great likeness to papa, or mamma, or its great size for age, etc., etc., or, crowning touch of helpless imbecility to which a man may be reduced! he even ventures to poke his finger at it, in a presumably playful fashion, or to take it on his knee. And all the time the thoughts of the miserable man are such that could they be made visible, the devoted mother would snatch away her babe as from a pestilence and fear the little "precious" would be contaminated.

Not a few Canadians seem to enjoy a very Pharisaical self-satisfaction in rejoicing that they are not like their neighbors across the border. Now the truth of the matter would seem to be that for the size of us and our opportunities we are not much better than these neighbors. When we have grown as big as they are now, and have as many troublesome elements in our population to look after, it may be found that Sabbath breakers and adulterers, and swindlers of every variety, are no greater rarities in Canada than they are in the United States.

A well nigh marvellous account of human endurance was recorded in a recent dispatch from Port Jarvis, N. Y. A brakeman on a freight train was missing and had evidently fallen from the train. Two men were sent back to look for him. They met him walking on the track, his clothing almost all torn from his body. His right arm had been cut off at the shoulder, and he was carrying the severed member in his left hand. His collar bone, moreover, was broken in two places, four of his ribs were fractured, his head was cut, and he was bodily bruised in various parts of his body. In this condition he had walked nearly a mile. He had never once lost consciousness. Now, if all this be true, it certainly affords one of the

most striking examples on record of nerve and endurance. There is nothing absolutely impossible about the story. The account given seems to be circumstantial enough. The endurance of which the human frame is capable is sometimes very wonderful, as has been proved time and again in the tortures endured by martyrs and other victims of savage cruelty. But the cases are rare indeed of vitality enough to enable a man to walk so considerable a distance as a mile after all the loss of blood entailed by the severance of an arm, to say nothing of other terrible injuries, and the severe shock to his whole system by being thrown from the train.

One cannot but feel annoyed at the airs put on and the efforts put forth by those who are struggling to rise in what they call "society." And yet, poor wretches, why should they not struggle as they best may? The women especially are simply awful sometimes, but let them pass. A good many in Toronto and elsewhere are very trying, especially when they take to patronizing, which they frequently do. When they affect literature or art they are simply dreadful. Peace be with them.

At a meeting of Collegiate Alumnae held in Boston a short time ago, some interesting statements were made regarding the donations made by women for the cause of education. It is somewhat curious, that, in the United States, where of all places in the world one would be inclined to think women are most anxious for the education of their own sex, less than half as much money was last year bequeathed by women for the education of their own sex, than for that of men. And yet such is the case. Of all the donations given last year by women to the different colleges in the United States, only \$750,000 was given for the benefit of women, while more than \$2,500,000 was given for the benefit of men; \$137,000 was bestowed by women on co-educational institutions, not counting the immense sums left by Mrs. Fiske to Cornell, and which are now in litigation. A good deal has been done by women's colleges by their own graduates. Vassar graduates in fifty years have given \$25,000 to their alma mater. The Harvard Annex has received \$45,000. Wellesley College has received over \$100,000 from Miss Valeria Stone, while Smith College, founded by Miss Sophia Smith, has been endowed with \$365,000.

It is sometimes foolishly asserted by people who ought to know better, but whose desire to defend the drinking customs of a country, and discredits as far as they can, the efforts of Temperance Reformers, is allowed to interfere with their judgment, that over-eating causes as much mischief as over-drinking. They never bring a shadow of proof to support this monstrous assertion, but nevertheless proclaim it with as much assurance as if it were as susceptible of proof as any proposition in Euclid. Dr. W. B. Richardson, so well known as a Temperance authority, joined issue directly with these people in a recent lecture. He flatly denied that excessive eating is as injurious and dangerous as excessive drinking and gave the experiences of his thirty four years' professional work in

support of his denial. In that time he said he had known but one case of a person who had died from intemperance eating, and then it was joined with intemperate drinking; but on the other hand he had known 300 cases of death brought on directly by immoderate drinking. And all of these moreover passed to death "through the door of moderation." When anyone arrived at the conclusion that alcohol is a necessity, that person, said the doctor, is in the first stages of the alcoholic disease. The sense of the necessity was the first symptom of the disease, the declaration of the necessity, was the declaration of the disease. All true as truth!

If all were as frank in stating their honest opinion as some whom we have heard, there would be a consensus of belief that ordinary people had by this time heard enough of the Sage of Chelsea. It may very well be, it no doubt is, perfectly true, that, as he said himself, the world can't know too much of its greatest men. At the same time it is given to comparatively few to feel all the interest which theoretically perhaps they ought to feel in the great men of this world. To a certain extent every intelligent person is glad to learn about the struggles and ambitious of genius, its mortifications, too, and humiliation, no less than its exaltations and triumphs. But there is a point beyond which the endurance of ordinary men and women ought not to be pushed. In the case of Carlyle, it is a question if that point is not already dangerously near. Everyone admits that he was a wonderful genius, and that his earthly tribulations were neither few nor small. It is by no means certain, however, if there have not been thousands and millions of very worthy men and women, who suffered as much as or even more than either Thomas Carlyle or his wife but who were denied the satisfaction that comes from utterance, and were forced to suffer in silence.

Nova Scotian apple dealers were very successful in carrying off prizes at the recent exhibition in the Crystal Palace, London, (Eng). Dr. H. O. McLatchy, of Wolfville, N. S., took first prize, a handsome silver cup, presented by Messrs Nothard & Co., the London fruit dealers, and valued at £810. The doctor's exhibit consists of ninety dishes of finely colored apples, of moderate size, but more even and clean than the other exhibits. His best varieties were Red Doctor's Gravenstein, five o'clock tea, Twenty ounce Pippin, Gloria Mundi, Snow, Pound Sweet, Emperor Alexander, Summer Belleflower, William's Favourite, Cat's Head, King of Tonkins County, and Red Astracan. The second prize was by some error of the judges given to the Fruit Grower's Association of Nova Scotia, who sent an exhibit as an advertisement, but with no intention of competing for prizes with private individuals. The third prize was won by H. O. Duncanson, of Falmouth. These three prizes were given for large collections. For small collections R. W. Starr, of Starr's Point, N. S., took first prize with sixty dishes; Messrs E. & O. Chase, of Cornwallis, second with twelve dishes, and E. E. Dickie, of

Canard, with the same number. Some of the English papers, such as the *Garden* and the *Gardening World* claim that products of some Kentish gardens at the Exhibition exceeded both in size and weight the finest of the Nova Scotian apples. The latter they say were most conspicuous for their high color. The largest among them were Emperor Alexander and Gloria Mundi.

Women's Curses and Whiskey.

The poor woman in Hamilton who was lately fined \$2 and costs with the alternative of ten days in gaol, for knocking down before a whiskey store and cursing the liquor traffic that had ruined her son, seems to us to have been pretty hardly dealt with. We once knew a very worthy clergyman who, according to his own account, never passed a brewery or distillery without lifting his hat and with all earnestness saying, "Oh Lord! bring this man's business to confusion." We have heard a great many more foolish and irrelevant prayers. The whiskey maker and seller can expect nothing but very strong prayers from those who have been injured by them, either personally or in their relatives.

Free Speech.

Poor Father Chiniquy has again been mobbed and nearly murdered in Montreal, and yet the organs of no other political party dare to speak of the outrage as it deserves. There is no freedom of opinion or of speech in such cases. Father Chiniquy may be right or he may be wrong, but in a British colony and under the shadow of the British flag, he ought to be able in his own hired house or hall to say what pleases him, so long as he breaks no law. If he can't, except at the risk of having windows broken and his own head smashed, then that country is not free. Nor can we say that this outrage is the result of a foolish misguided zeal on the part of a few young men. It is no such thing. If the heads of the Roman Catholic Church had not countenanced it, it would never have taken place, and if they had disapproved of it, they would have denounced it and its perpetrators in language both strong and unmistakable. But they have not, and this because they are themselves persecuting and intolerant in heart and have all the will they ever had to put down opposition to their church, not by argument but by blows. We are sorry to have to say this, for we should be happy if we could affirm that there was blood upon the skirts of the Church of Rome, but that the blood was dry. It is to be feared that if it is dry, no thanks to those who would only make it wet enough if they had the opportunity. The cheap liberality of the Toronto Archbishop does not look well placed, side by side with these gravely brutal doings lately enacted in Quebec and Montreal. We have nothing to do with the truth or falsity of what Father Chiniquy says. All we are concerned for is free speech and fair play, and that he is not getting among the brutal and blood thirsty bigots of Quebec. If protestants had acted so we should have said much and a great deal more, for they would in such a case have been going contrary to all their principles and professions. The idea of such a riot being

possible in a British city and not a single arrest made is monstrous. We tell the hierarchy and priest-hood as well as the people of the Roman Catholic faith that they make a grand mistake in not doing their very best to bring such miscreants to justice and to prevent the recurrence of such scenes. If Chiniquy speaks falsely all the more reason why he should be let severely alone. He will evidently in that case hurt nobody but himself. These are not the days when truth is to be defended by brick bats or bludgeons. The man who stands by the tongue must be put down by the tongue and that alone. If the authorities of Montreal had been worth their salt, they would have said, "This man must be protected in his citizen rights though a hundred men should be shot down." They lost a fine opportunity of teaching the mob a lesson which would never have needed repetition. Talk of toleration. The very idea is preposterous. And the church officials are responsible, for if they passed the word such things would never be known. The one great thing in a free country is that people learn to bear with equanimity discussion and contradiction. If a man can be answered, answer him. If not let him alone. It will be the worse for him and the better for you. What idea can any sensible man have of opinions that produce such fruit and breed such defenders?

Church Parade.

It is quite surprising what an amount of bitter feeling has been stirred up in Brantford over the action of the Ministerial Alliance there, with reference to the Church parade of the Dufferin Rifles. Instead of the matter having been quietly allowed to drop after the clergymen had done quite enough, one would think, to let their views on the subject be fully known, one letter after another appeared in the papers denouncing the ministers and calling forth replies hardly less bitter. To make matters still worse an Episcopalian clergyman did what, if intended to act as oil on the troubled waters, was singularly ill adapted to the purpose. He threw open his church to the volunteers, welcomed them heartily as the representative of the Established Church of the Empire, and, it is said by some, had the indiscretion to give the other ministers of the town a certificate of character, which was taken in anything but good part. It appears that the whole trouble grew out of the Ministerial Association objecting to the band. To the parade itself, they appear to have been, if anything, rather favourably inclined. It strikes us that from their point of view it would have been more more consistent to object to the parade as a whole. Such things are got up merely for a show, they are of no practical utility whatsoever, and the marching into church, and listening to a sermon on some more or less warlike subject, is a formality of the very biggest description. So far from objecting to the band accompaniment, we should be inclined to condemn it, the only genuine thing in the whole fandango. Possibly, however, the ministers are pretty shrewd in objecting to the band. They want the whole thing done away with, and they know that to deprive the boys of the band would cut the props from beneath the observance altogether.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

Six Months of a Girl's Life.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PASTOR NELSON'S STUDY.

Theo and Lois are sitting in "Violet Dell," as, to please her, the big cousin has facetiously named the little cousin's room.

Theo, perched upon Lois' lap, is busily unloading her baby mind of various thoughts and conjectures. She bids fair to show an imagination as active as Lois' own. But to-day her questions are answered idly, almost at random. The dear nursemaid is preoccupied, so Theo amuses herself with the "theory" Lois has told long after it is finished. Theo has heard it, now, the twentieth time, but that does not matter. She talks away about the little Joseph, and his wonderful adventures, and finally, like Gail Hamilton, she wonders why the great Prime Minister didn't let his fond old papa know he was safe somewhere!

"Now thee here, couthin," says the baby with a final toss of her curly head and a pull at Lois' sleeve, "I sink they wath funny folkth! They wathn't good folkth at all. The boyth didn't like each other, and their papa liked two more'n he did the rotht, and give Joseph a nithor coat than he did the othert,--and then Joseph didn't care if nith papa worried himself to deff! Why aint he telegwath!"

Lois rouses herself and discourses concerning manners and customs for half an hour; but, instead of things becoming clearer, the bright little town-bred child is greatly dazed to hear of lands and times when there were no telegraph wires running along the streets, no post-offices, even; still it was very delightful to hear of the strange camels, and of the beautiful desert-walks, and of the shepherd families and their life--the migratory life which was a kind of perpetual packing up and going elsewhere.

Theo thinks she should like that herself. She is especially interested in the cloth residences that could be folded up and carried from place to place, and she means to try this umbrella sort of house herself when Lois goes out. It is all as marvellous as the things in her fairy books, and it leaves an impression upon her baby brain which presently she discloses.

"Of courtho it wath yearth and yearth ago--hapth it wath when mammas wath a little girl, before Columboth discovered the world, and evy lug wath ah treuth and Indianth. I sink, perhapth Joseph's folkth wath the bad becauch they wore wath Indianth--wathn't it the, couthin?"

The little tongue has been tumbling so long, and "couthin" has been so absorbed with her own thoughts, that she has ceased to hear. But now she is dully conscious of a pause, and of the rising inflexion of the last sound.

"Yes, dear," she answers at a venture, and, rising, puts Theo down and goes out.

In the corridor she hesitates. "Must I really ask permission to go for a walk as if I were Hannah, or the cook?"

Yes, thus she feels obliged. For a brief space Lois stands opposite her aunt's door. In her ear Pastor Nelson's sermon preaches itself over. She tries to "endure," tries, in her proud bitterness, to feel some longing for the "living loving Help."

But her ideal of Christian meekness, and the instincts of self ownership, clash. Each time she raises her hand to rap upon the door, she hesitates--she cannot go in and ask the servile question.

At last there is a sudden sob. The paling lips set, and she raps upon the door.

Saideo, however, is in her mother's sitting-room. As she catches the import

of Lois' words she dispatches the disagreeable business in a trice.

"Of course, you can go! she says with a flushing face. "What an idea, that none of the rest could see to Theo for an hour or two!"

Lois turns back. But her aunt's eye is observant of a very unusual expression upon her face.

"Where are you going? she asks point-blank.

Saideo again interposes. "Now, mamma, you shall not demand things of cousin Lois like that! Under cover of this Lois herself pretumes to leave the room without making her destination known."

Saideo's face remains painfully overcast. It is several moments before she can speak in a tone sufficiently respectful to satisfy her idea of daughterly propriety. Even now it is none too respectful.

"Mamma," she says, "I must say I think it quite shameful that Lois should feel she may not go out without asking leave. Mamma, I am so ashamed of everything, that I scarcely know what to do. It has become a trial for me to look her in the face. I believe she is perfectly wretched; and, what is more, I have a curious feeling that she is going to do something about it. I remember what Elizabeth said--that she would marry some day. I do wonder if Elizabeth will ever live to treat one of my girls so!"

Saideo is so wrought upon by this curious idea, that she rises and paces the floor.

Mrs. Hurd answers grimly. "Your daughters, Saideo, should they resemble you, will, I trust, teach their mother just how much trouble you must have made yours."

Saideo goes out to see where Theo is, feeling most unhappy. She is sorry for Lois, dissatisfied with herself because she has spoken sharply to her mother, and utterly discouraged because she cannot see more plainly where lies her own duty in the matter.

Lois, indeed, is going to do something about it. She believes that, at least, she has a definite plan for her future life. She hurries along strangely determined and brave. Even to herself the plan is a startling one. Lois is poor, but on one side she comes of a family that knows nothing of rendering service. The proud Leo blood, and the Gladstone good sense have had a hard fight.

She has dashed the plan aside more than once, turned her back on it. Yet every time she has looked around there it has stood, right in the doorway of her future, so calm, and so vigorously commending to her consideration her own words, "Were I either servant or relative."

Indeed, these angry words to Saideo first suggested the plan. Long thought, earnest prayer and tears have followed--at last it occurs to her to lay the whole before the wisest person at hand--Mrs. Whitney? No, Lois is not upon the way to her, although Mrs. Whitney figures prominently in the plan. Instead, she is following up that little card again. She takes it from her pocket and looks at its reverse, and turns up the streets in the direction of the ivy garlanded church among the elms.

"No. 32 Halbert St." proves to be a modest white house, all vines and veranda. She follows a path around to a side entrance, rings the bell, and then stands trembling in every nerve and fibre.

Pastor Nelson himself comes to the door. He looks down at Dr. Gathrie's little parishioner with a momentary surprise, for both her face and manner bear

strong traces of trouble. But she draws a long breath of relief as she sees him.

There is, indeed, something strikingly ministerial even in Pastor Nelson's everyday aspect, in his face, voice and bearing. In fact, he has never striven to de-ministerialize himself as so many of our modern clergymen have; you never find yourself in his presence overtaken by a sudden shock of recollection that he is a minister.

No, no! He never forgets,--and therefore neither do you,--that above and beyond the duty of being a good man, and a true man, and a strong man, he has assumed the office and the dignity of an Ambassador of Christ. The chief expression of his face is sympathetic; but there is about him that which strikingly suggests the apostle, the bishop, the prophet; and as he stretches out his hand to her, Lois impulsively says:

"I have come to inquire the Lord's will concerning me."

That a sudden thought of the girl's own pastor flits through Pastor Nelson's mind is not strange. But it is followed by the swift reflection that a timid girl might very naturally turn to a plain, humble man like himself rather than to his reverend and deeply learned brother.

He takes her to his study. Once there, Lois in a few words lays her troubles before him, together with her plan. She speaks so directly to the point that her listener feels she has given long thought to the matter.

"I must work for my living," she says, "that is evident. Would it not be better, then, in the beginning, to take up my lot in a straight-forward manner, work for wages, receive wages, and make the most of them, preserve my independence and self-respect, allow no one to consider me a burden, and, above all, stand in no false social position? My position now is so false, so uncomfortable, so hateful to me!" She speaks these last words vehemently.

Pastor Nelson has never been called upon in quite such a delicate matter as this. Two answers rise to his lips--his own personal opinions, and the conventional ideas of others. He remembers, also, that he is about to advise Mrs. John Hurd's niece.

"I judge you to be a somewhat sensitive young person, sister Gladstone--have you considered well what it would be, in a town like this, to become a servant girl--an acknowledged servant-girl?"

"I already know what it is to have my entire time at the disposal of others. It surely would not be more unpleasant to take my orders from one who buys my time and pays me for it."

"But I refer, sister Lois, to a servant-girl's position--not, understand me, to what a sensible man feels that it should be--but to what--you will excuse me--it really is."

Lois colors faintly. There is an indescribably contemptuous lift of the little head. "I can imagine--still I should much prefer that position to my own. I suppose that I should be ignored by the fine society that openly neglects me now, but I could console myself that I had no claims upon it, and therefore ought not to feel hurt."

Pastor Nelson cannot fail to understand how this girl is situated. He does not doubt that she has force of character sufficient to enable her to leave her "false social position," go out alone into the world, and carry out her resolutions, resolutely, and--even to the happier for it. He has good cause to meditate awhile.

Lois goes on. "What else can I do? Sewing, for me, is deadly work. I am not equipped in any one particular to be a successful teacher. But I really like housework--housework in all its variety, and could I secure a place in a Christian household, I believe that I could make myself valued, and, in my own sphere, respected."

"Have you such a place in mind?"

"I have." After a pause, she adds, "Mrs. Whitney's," pronouncing the name with just a shade of inquiry.

"Yes," he says, heartily. He rouses himself and continues. "Sister Lois, you have looked at a dependent person's position very sensibly--at one side of your duty toward yourself very sensibly indeed."

Lois listens attentively. "At one side of her duty toward herself--" what does he mean?

"I think I should catechise you a little, my young sister."

Lois smiles, inclines her head. "Well!" "Should you grieve any one of your uncle's household by taking the step you propose?"

Lois wishes to settle upon the truth. "Yes," she says at last. "I should mortify my aunt, and, I suppose I should really grieve my cousin Saideo--and probably break Saideo's heart," she adds with a faint smile.

"Ah! they must be attached to you, then. Do you know, my child, that you gave me the idea that you were quite fearless there? Now we have peculiar obligations toward persons who love us, more, believe me than toward those we love."

As he speaks, Lois suddenly remembers what Mrs. Whitney said to her concerning Saideo and her influence over her, and she is startled to think how many warnings she has had concerning her duties of late, and how she is like that servant of old who said, "I go, sir," and went not.

Pastor Nelson continues. "Have you been all, as a Christian, that you might be to this cousin? If she has needed you in any way, and you have failed her, you should pause before you take this step. It is never safe to leave a post, at which God has set us down, for any other until after we have discharged every duty of that post."

Lois drops her head with an involuntary movement, as of defeat. As in a flash of lightning, sweet, bright Saideo stands before her--doubting, irresolute, half skeptical Saideo. Has she done any one thing since the day of her arrival which would increase her cousin's admiration for the dear old-fashioned Christianity? Has her daily life been beautiful and winning--has it made religion seem beautiful and altogether to be desired? Alas! she knows, instead, that Saideo has been obliged to hold her, has had need to be very tenderly patient with her, and she sees, now, how she might have consecrated the days as they passed, sees now that, like Paul, she might have been to the furtherance of the Gospel in all the palace.

"This little Theo has, perhaps, been in your hands to train and to mould?"

"Yes, she has."

"Would her new maid probably be a Christian?"

"Nine chances out of ten--no."

Pastor Nelson allows her a moment in which to think this over. Then he goes on.

"Have you tried to make the best of your situation? tried to be as lovable as possible when you have been thrown with your aunt? ever put yourself forward so much as to show your uncle--I know him to be an excellent man, my child--what a nice human sort of girl you were in reality? In short, have you made one honest earnest effort to win the love of your relatives?"

No. Lois has left all making of advances to others. She has never considered that she had any duties in that direction. It flashes over her for the first time, that it was her privilege to have tried to render herself a favorite in the household. She sees herself going about day after day, silent, smileless, meeting all attempts at conversation with briefest "yes" and "no." "I, myself," she is constrained to add, "should not have taken any great pains for a person so forbidding and cruel."

She sits sad and discouraged. Pastor Nelson seems to have nothing more to say, and, at last, she sobs forth, "I know I have not done right, I know I have not been lovable, but oh, I have been so lone-

ly there at uncle's, so lonely at church, so lonely and so frozen everywhere!"

"Ah!" A quick little change passes over his face. Young people exactly like this girl, in some respects, have come into Pastor Nelson's own church.

"So lonely," did you say—and at church? Now, my child, I know the people here not to be ogres. It makes me somewhat curious as to how you have met the advances of those with whom you have been brought in contact—I must, I believe, inquire of you."

He pauses, but receives no reply. "Have you really met them half-way? shown a pleasant willingness to be acquainted?"

Another silence. Lois is thinking of her up-and-down refusals to see Anna Francis and Caddie Greenough, and to attend the church socials.

"Have you ever inquired of any one what work the church was doing? and whether there was any place in the ranks for a stranger who loved to work?"

Silence still. "Have you ever sought to remind Dr. Guthrie of your existence? There are many methods, my dear, quite legitimate, of finding your own way into Sunday-school work, and Bible classes, and conference meetings, and projects of charity, and thus making yourself known—known as one who loves the Master's work. Have you not rather shrunk away, shrunk into corners, glided off by yourself whenever it was possible? yes, and then moaned drearily when you got by yourself, because you were so lonely and unnoticed? You never have once thought, have you now, that the stranger has a duty as well as the people she goes among?"

No, she never had. For the moment she is freshly overwhelmed. But, suddenly, she looks up at Pastor Nelson half pathetically, half searchingly.

"But if it is I who am to blame, wholly I—why was last Sabbath at your church such a happy season for me? Every one of your people seemed near to me, and I never shall forget them—I was not lonely there."

Pastor Nelson smiles, and yet he could find it in his heart to wish she had not asked this question—not in this connection, at least. He cannot answer however, save in truth.

"Sister Lois, I have trained my church—I train all my churches to be 'not forgetful to entertain strangers.' Perhaps it is a specialty of mine. But just as warm hearts are in all churches—believe me. I know that there are many in Dr. Guthrie's church."

Lois rises to go—she knows how the case has been decided, what sentence has been pronounced.

As Pastor Nelson shakes hands with her she says.

"Sister, I would reflect carefully, before I took any decisive step. I would thoroughly satisfy myself what the post where God has stationed me would prove, provided I did its duties."

CHAPTER XII.

THE DUTY AT HAND.

Absorbed by perplexing thoughts, Lois goes unattentively along the streets. Looking up, at last, she finds herself only a square from home. She is not quite ready for home; she hesitates, then turns into an opposite street. She walks and walks, thinks and thinks.

She is recalled to herself by the familiar aspect of the house she is at that moment passing—a low, large, leasing sort of white house, all vines and blinds and veranda. Yes,—she has taken a circle and come around back to the c. zy Nelson parsonage.

"Ought I not to do it?" she murmurs, after the moment's surprise. "Ought I not to accept this as a sign?"

And now there is no indecision in her air. She walks rapidly around the house and rings. This time a little girl opens the door. She has Pastor Nelson's own great grave black eyes—they are quite as striking as her father's, set in such a child-like face.

"I wish to see your papa." Lois says to her, smiling.

"Why, you just saw papa a moment ago!" says the self-possessed little dot, but admits her all the same.

"I have come back," Lois says as he opens the study door, at her knock, "and, Pastor Nelson, I want to stay!"

Pastor Nelson is naturally somewhat astonished; but Lois hurries on. "I can see what I need—why may I not come into your church? Among your people I felt as if I had suddenly arrived home, as if I were sitting down before a warm Thanksgiving fireside. I know if I could attend your church every Sabbath I should get the strength to do, and to be all you have pointed out. I know that if I could only get once thawed out, and well rested, and safe back into my old ways of thinking and feeling, I could go on nobly and worthily."

Lois' looks are beseeching, her tones pleading. A warm, cloudy moisture gathers in the eyes of the warm-hearted shepherd of the warm-hearted flock.

He motions her to a seat. He quietly rearranges the books on his table before he answers.

"Sister, do you not see that you are putting your trust in us instead of God—that this is only another way of creeping from your post? Should I bid you come now, you would always feel a sudden chill whenever you thought of your own church. There would inevitably be a cold spot left in your heart. Sister, that cold spot would widen out, and I believe you would 'freeze' again. It would end, I fear, in making you a bitter and sectarian kind of Christian. God forbid I should have a hand in any such thing! No, my child, go home, and bravely take up the duty nearest at hand, glorify service with the spirit in which you perform it, and I truly believe you will find that duty the door-way into a land of sunshine and of peace."

His words are final. Lois does not reply. She goes out in silence—but even as she went before—she utters a face to face with her own personal duties—those old hard undone duties at Mrs. John Hurd's.

It is now fast growing night. But she walks as slowly as before, and feels so hopeless, so utterly unequal to the work of making herself seem to those around her what Pastor Nelson expects. All at once she catches herself by the arm in a passion of self-scolding. "Seem! Seem! Oh! Father," she whispers with a sob, "help me to truly be what I would seem!"

She has come to the corner of Gramercy Square again, but she still feels like turning aside to gain time and strength. She looks up at the stately house with dreamy eyes, as she thinks of entering it all bereft of her brave plan. It is her lot, she wearily feels, to be of the St. Paul class of Christians,—a runner of a race, a wrestler for a prize, a soldier of the good fight. Her tired heart reverts longingly to more restful smiles, to the peaceful summer imagery of a happier kind of religion,—the sheep of the shepherd, the branches of the vine. Oh! to feed in the green pastures, to stray beside still waters, to grow heavenward in the beauty and peace of a sunny, prayerful, meditative daily life!

It is a long time that the little plain gray girl goes up and down the stately Square, trying to just once say, "Thy will, Thy will."

She turns toward the house, finally, and at the very last there is a sigh instead of a smile, and the step is, oh, how weary.

Coming from the opposite direction, she meets her uncle at the gate. He opens it for her. From a new impulse she waits to walk with him as if—well, as if she were one of the family.

"Been making calls, eh?"

"Yes, uncle, one."

"That's right," he says with a short laugh.

His manner immediately strikes her. She looks at him. His rosy face is rosier than ever, but the expression is unnatural.

"Are you not well, uncle?"

"Oh, I'm all right, and so are you, my girl, and I'm glad to see it," he replies. "When everything goes crash and smash, it's pleasant to see that the butterflies are flying as usual—it really quite consoles a man to find that the butterflies are all right."

The portly Mr. John Hurd makes a little stiff obeisance toward her, and then toward the lighted windows of the drawing-room.

Lois is startled. She instinctively detains him at the door. The hat lifted for that singular bow has disclosed his forehead white and wet with sweat and corrugated with pain. She lays her hand up on his arm. "Uncle, what is the matter? What did you mean by crash and smash?"

He locks down at her with an odd sly imitation of her anxious air, and then merrily cries out, "The little butterfly wants to know what I mean!"

Lois is thoroughly alarmed. She keeps her hand on his arm—but he seems quite willing to stand there on the gravel and talk as long as she chooses—he is, in fact, very unlike her uncle. Within she hears the drawing-room door open, the gas tinkling of the piano dies away, the soft sound of many footsteps is in the hall, the soft gay confusion of voices—there is company, and they are just going out to dinner. She has an intuition that, admitted to this gay scene, her uncle's strange mood might burst forth into madness.

"Uncle John," she says quietly, "you look tired, so am I. I wish that we might have a quiet tea by ourselves."

A softened, byish sort of look steals over his face. "The very thing," he says, "then we could talk it over."

"Come, then," she says lightly, but, inwardly, she is frightened at the responsibility she assumes. With her hand still on his arm, they go around through the twilight to a distant side door, and she ushers him into a little retired sitting-room that the servants use sometimes.

Oh! she trembles, you may believe. But Mr. Hurd steps along briskly, his hand in the breast of his overcoat, and, leaning towards her, he talks in a low, confidential business tone.

"The trouble, you see, my girl, is, that the banks are panic struck, all of them, and have agreed to make no loans even to regular customers. No paper, save an actual draft, will bring a cent. And every confounded dollar I owe comes due this month—Sheldon holds the whole, I find, and, what's worse! he has no more consideration for an honorable old name than he has for a shoddy upstart, since he has found that I am in a tight place, and that holding half gives him the chance to sweep the whole! it's all got to go, my girl! Well, well! But how comes it about that you are not as fine as the others? where's your flounces and feathers?"

Her uncle stops by the great chair she has drawn for him, and fixes his eyes upon her.

"Oh, I'm not a butterfly," little Lois says lightly. "I'm a quiet, clerical little person interested in business and money matters. I'll order tea here by ourselves, and you shall tell me all about it."

She rattles the coals into a cheerful blaze, runs up the back stairs for his slippers, and then down into the kitchen to say a few low words to the trusty Hannah—all in a strange dream, where the strangest part seems that she should feel so strong, and brave, and determined.

Hannah brings up the supper. When it is ready Lois approaches her uncle who has for the last few minutes sat silent. He is doing, but she rouses him, and he draws up to the table at her suggestion. But, presently, she is aware that he wonderingly looks around the room and at her.

"Bless me! I thought Sheldon was to be here—but he has eluded me all day! He picks up knife and fork, as at a restaurant, without preliminary of grace, or any courtesy toward herself.

Lois sits, silent, opposite. She begins to suspect the truth. She feels fresh alarm. Her habit is to glance over the

dishes, and she has, of course, noticed the dining headings, "Suspension of Clow's Failure of Jay Cooke & Co. Suspension of the Spragues—Fish, Hatch & Co., &c."

As the silent meal draws to a close, she queries what she ought next to do. Before she has decided she sees that Mr. Hurd, knife and fork still in hand, has fallen asleep. His head drops heavily forward upon his breast, his breathing is long and heavy.

Lois stands over him altogether irresolute. Pleasant sounds from the distant dining room reach her as a door opens and shuts. She knows how smiling and how bland her fair aunt is looking at this very moment, she fancies merry, graceful Saidee, and the beautiful Elizabeth—how like a lightning stroke from out the blue noon-day sky would her news fall upon them! She has already settled that that is ruin and poverty. She feels she ought to screen them, if she can, from careless eyes in their first hour of terror and helplessness; feels instinctively that the news ought not to be spread; feels, too, that for her uncle's own personal safety everything like alarm and excitement ought to be avoided.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The World's Telegraphs.

Canada has been represented to be a "slow going" country. We don't believe it. In the matter of great internal improvements, she stands first among the countries of the world, regard being had to population. In railways she has gone ahead with wonderful rapidity, and in canals she is not wanting, and in telegraphic lines she is as prominent as she is in railways. A recent report of the Public Works Department points out that our telegraphic accommodation is greater than either that of the United States or any European country. The number of offices in Canada is 2,259, or 1 to 1,314 of population, as based on the census of 1881. In the Scientific American it is stated that the number of American telegraph offices in 1882 was 12,317, and the number of telegrams forwarded during the year was 40,681,177. The number of telegraph offices in Great Britain and Ireland in 1882 was 5,747, the number of telegrams forwarded being 52,965,029. Germany has 10,803 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 26,260,124. Russia had 2,819, the number of telegrams forwarded being 9,800,231. Belgium had 835 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 4,060,843. Spain had 647 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 2,830,186. Prussia had 1,025 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 2,032,005. Switzerland had 1,160 offices, Italy 2,590, and Austria 2,606. The number of telegrams forwarded in the last three countries mentioned was 3,940,182, 7,026,367, and 6,626,263, respectively. It will be seen by these figures, having regard to population, that Canada stands A No. 1, while she stands only third or fourth among the nations in the absolute magnitude of her commerce. To say, under these circumstances, that Canada is a slow-going country, is to pronounce upon her an unimagined lie.—[Brantford Telegram, Oct. 31.]

The wages of a gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga was recently cut down 10 cents a day. Instead of striking they cut an inch of their shirts blades at night. The boss asked what it meant, and one of the men replied, "Not so much pay, not so much dirt left, all right, job last the more long; Italian no fool, he no strike."

Little Nellie. "We had a lovely time at the seashore this summer. Where did you go?" Little Jack. "We staid in the city." Little Nellie. "Did you? How awful it is to be poor. We used to stay in the city, but we got to the seashore every year now." Little Jack. "Well, we're going next summer. My pa is going to fall, too."

THE PRIZE STORY.

The following story has been selected as the best among those sent in so far. The Gold Hunting Case Stem Winding Elgin Watch offered as a prize, can be obtained by the competitor on forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

The charming and very readable paper which follows, appeared anonymously in a once famous English Annual entitled "THE FOLK-LOVE." It was edited by Frederic Shoberl, and published by Akermann & Co. London, from 1824 to 1818. The very best writers of the day contributed to it. Among the names we find those of Charles Swain, Major Campbell, Mrs. Sigourney, Mary Howitt, James Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, and many others. The reader will find no effort necessary to fix his attention on the subject from the beginning to the end, and will be especially pleased to find that it ends well.

E. P. HARPER
Collingwood, 25th Oct. 1884.

ROSANNA.

CONRAD, Count of Wolfenstein, lord of the Castle of Tyrol, was one of the richest proprietors of the Tyrolese. He was also one of the most favoured courtiers of Joseph II.; yet no characters could be more contrasted. Joseph was hard, dry, and obstinate. The Count was gay, jocund, and flexible. Joseph affected philosophy, Count Conrad laughed at it; Joseph attempted to reform everything, and succeeded in nothing but souring his subjects. Count Conrad affected to reform nothing, and succeeded in being the most popular of all the landlords in the province. Joseph was tall, meagre, and with the visage of a Calmuck; Count Conrad was short, plump, and with the visage of a jovial German. Joseph scorned the sex, and dreaded matrimony; Conrad laughed and loved, loved and married; had three wives, and would have had a dozen more if the law of Christendom had been the law of Mohammed, or his last choice had not been the stern, stout-framed partner, who promised to see his portly figure laid with all due honors in the vault of his ancestors. At the Emperor and the courtier had been born in the fifteenth century, they would have supplied some Cervantes with a pair of heroes; but the Emperor would have been the Don Quixote, and Count Conrad, Sancho Panza.

The Count loved the Castle of his ancestors, and would have willingly spent his days, hunting, shooting, and galloping, at the head of his mountaineers, and his nights, in laughing, drinking, and sleeping away the toils of his hunting matches. But, of all men, great men are least their own masters. The Count, without a necessity on earth that he could call his own, had himself under the necessity of carrying a white wand before the Emperor during the court residence at Vienna. He often declared that he felt this white stick heavier than all the pine-trees in his forest, but a courtier must "do his duty" and his was to carry the wand. The Count uniform, laced from top to toe, and more resembling a harlequin's jacket, or the livery of a court footman, than the dress of either elegance or comfort, he often declared melted the very soul within his ribs, but it was his duty, and his soul must be melted. To stand six hours in the circle of a lover, bowing, smiling, and talking to every body, though he did not care a feather if they formed a terrace en masse at the bottom of the Danube, the Count professed to be the heaviest burden ever laid on the shoulders of man; but, "it was his duty," and the burden must be borne. In some of his hours among the mountains, when he sat in the cool of the morning gazing on the delicious landscape at his feet, or watched the sun rolling off the vapours in blue and gold from the valley, like the rising curtain of a theatre, he now and then thought that he might as well remain where he was, and exchange it for the dimmed orb, struggling through the smoky air, and enlightening the two roofs and chimney-tops of Vienna. At other times, when after a day of hunting he sat surrounded by his vassals, monarch of all he surveyed, with every hill to the horizon lighted up with

the descending glory of the evening, marble peaks tipped with vermillion, valleys steeped in violet, forests waving in emerald, the sky like a sheet of azure above, the song of gaiety returning from its task, rising from a chorus of peasants home-ward bound; and round him a circle of bold, honest, good-humored faces, whose fathers and uncles, and mothers and brothers, he had known from his infancy, and fought with, feasted with, danced with, and flirted with; and every one of whom would have laid down their lives at a nod from him in field or flood, the lord of Wolfenstein often thought of the little ante-room of the palace, where he had so often stood, cloaked by the well-dressed multitude, and squeezed almost to suffocation by dowagers eminent for deformity and diamonds. He would accordingly make a solemn determination, before he went to rest to demand his *cotage* by the first opportunity.

But in the morning some courtier galloped into the courtyard, with an order signed by the Imperial hand for a new supply of imperial toothpicks, the announcement of an Imperial *filz*, on a drill of a company of Imperial Guards. The sense of his duty instantly came over Count Conrad's mind, the mountains vanished, Vienna was Paradise, the little Chamberlain's crowded room was the centre of the earth, and in two days the lord of a hundred hills was melting under the harlequin's jacket, or carrying the white stick, panting for his life among the piles of dowagers, and become the most miserable of all great lords in existence.

But the Count had another treasure that he valued more than even the smiles of an Emperor, a daughter, fair, intelligent, handsome, and the best dancer that ever astonished Vienna in an Imperial quadrille. The Lady Adela of Wolfenstein had been just twelve months in Vienna, was an object of universal admiration, and besieged by the whole staff, the three regiments of guards, and a brigade of Imperial Cavalry stationed in the Capital, for the over-duties of playing ombre with the old ladies, dancing with the young, hitting the pit of the opera every night, and making the prater brilliant with dancing charges, Hungarian picares, and mustaches worthy of a Khan of Tartary. Yet she was still unmarried, more miraculous yet, she was still without a declared lover. The showiest epaulettes of the court passed by her as if they were so much dust, and the most dazzling exquisites of Vienna seemed to be looked on as so many mountebanks. In fact, with all the gaiety of her father, she seemed to have imbibed a portion of the Emperor's philosophy. Her smile, all Vienna said, was catching, but her silence all the court said was terrific. The poets compared her to Cary, capturing every one at first sight, and then smothering them out of their lives. The exquisites said that she was fit for nothing but to be put in a museum—a Venus, carved in marble. The ladies of the court wished that she was put anywhere, provided the court exquisites and the guards would but cease to talk about her.

At Vienna everything is military, the

gentlemen curl their whiskers to the sound of the drum, the ladies make their toilet to the trumpet, epaulettes seem to grow to the shoulders by nature, and sabres are a part of the man. When the Emperor means to honor a guest, he orders a regiment out to drill. When he means to give double honor, he orders out two. When he means to exhibit the glory of his kingdom to a king or an emperor, he takes the field with the garrison, and fires away a thousand florin's worth of gunpowder. But all those glories were lost upon the lady Adela; her barouche, with its six Spanish coursers, was never seen on the review ground. She was even guilty of the extravagance of saying that she hated reviews, and once hazarded her reputation for loyalty by saying that she preferred a line of Tyrolese cottages to the finest encampment under the sun.

Yet all this changed in a moment; her barouche with its Spanish steeds was seen suddenly glittering at the Imperial parade. At every review in a circle of ten miles round the Capital, she was more regular than the Emperor himself. Matters were now in a worse condition than before; the court beauties voted that this caprice of the most beautiful of them all was intolerable. The truth was that lady Adela in her chamber, with no other companion than her parrot or her guitar, acted a much less obnoxious part than Lady Adela on the review grounds, gazed at by all eyes as she swept past, worshipped by all when she stood still, and whether she passed or stood, surrounded by a circle of the most brilliant of the imperial Hussars, barons, counts, and princes, all twinkling with orders, and in their own opinions by far the most brilliant personages on the face of the globe.

However, there are but few secrets in the world, and no secrets in court. It was discovered that the only Hussar among the *cortege* to whom the Lady Adela never uttered a word, and who never uttered a word to her, was Theodore Sternheim, a cornet in the Hungarian Guards. This would be, perhaps, no great matter anywhere else, but in courts silence is more expressive than words, looks are volumes. Several volumes of this unwritten correspondence, this communication unsaid by ink, and unexpressed in rose colored bluffs, fringed with cupid's, were suddenly detected, and instantly divulged. Lady Adela, with the loveliest bloom in the world was observed regularly to kiss it as the cornet rode up to the side of the carriage, and, though now and then a *remission* of the roses returned, yet the effect was decided paleness. The cornet carried off the colors, in more senses than one—*vis-à-vis* is quick in its movements, even in courts—the handsome farinates of the guards, indignant at being superseded, were doubly indignant at being superseded by a Tyrolese mountaineer, who, though a handsome fellow, yet had not so much as a baron in his family since the flood, and whom everybody wondered at for his presumption in figuring among the showy squadrons of the guards. The news soon reached the ears of Count Conrad—of course by no means diminished in atrocity. The horrible waste of the Lady Adela's birth, beauty, and dowry half a million florins a year, was paraded in its natural colors, and the Count was called upon to lose no time in asserting the dignity of his blood, and avenging the insult to his name, by sending the young offender to serve his country in Transylvania, Siberia, or the antipodes. The Count did none of those things; he laughed at the charge, which he deemed impossible, laughed at the rivals for troubling their heads about Lady Adela's blushes, laughed at Lady Adela for taking the trouble of notifying the maids of honour, but, with all this *levelling*, took his measures the next morning; and on that morning the cornet by a particular message was summoned to the little apartment in feet square in the fourth story of the Imperial Palace, where the Chamberlain of his

majesty was content to squeeze the master of a hundred hills, and which apartment served him for dining room, study, and council chamber. Theodore Sternheim appeared at the appointed hour, was received with the affability of one mountaineer by another, breakfasted, and was then required to tell all that he could touching the Lady Adela. Theodore was ardent, straight-forward, and sincere. He told that he long thought Lady Adela the most beautiful creature that ever had been in the world, that he longed to live and die for her, but that it was unnecessary to, all the Count that his fortune exactly amounted to his pay; that he had not a drop of noble blood in his veins, and that his sole hope of fame and fortune was in the sabre at his side. "All those are excellent things, my dear Theodore," was the Count's reply, "but no man above one and twenty ever talks of love in a cottage, women of every age may talk of them, but they never think of them at any. Let us discuss the matter like countrymen, as we are, and friends as we ought to be. The Lady Adela has the handsomest equipage of her court while she remains with me, she has five thousand florins a year for dress and diamonds, she has six attendants out of my household, and ten thousand florins a year more to throw to the moon if she likes—all this while she remains with me. Now, my gallant friend, all the question is, can you bid higher?"

The Count was thunderstruck, but rallied, and attempted to say something about courage and constancy, high hopes, and the prospects of a soldier. "All very good," said the Count, "but the prospect of a good estate is the only one that pleases my eye at this time of life. Still I am certain that you would not wish to reduce my daughter to the proprietorship of a donkey, the carrying of a camp-kettle, and the pleasure of superintending your knapsack until you are a Colonel, an event which may be confidently looked for within the next forty or fifty years. For, until I die, Adela is not worth a six-dollar, and I do not mean to die before my time."

The interview was decisive. There was no *cul-de-sac* in the affair. In twenty-four hours the war minister received a note from the Cornet requesting permission to transfer his services to the Smolensko Chasseurs, a favourite regiment in the hosts of the Autocrat of all the Russias. The farewell to Lady Adela was conveyed in a letter. The letter was a fine specimen of all that could be said on the subject of *incalculance*. All men are eloquent when they are angry. There is, in fact, no eloquence without it. But Theodore was desperately in love besides, and, if paper could take fire with words, the letter would have been consumed in its own flames before it reached the bag of the palace courier.

It was a strain of mingled pathos and passion, declaiming bitterly against the prejudices of Courts and Counts in favor of high blood, exclaiming against the infinite cruelty of breaking hearts for the sake of making fortunes, vindicating the superiority of principle to title, and finishing by a promise to adore her in spite of fathers and family pride, to his life's end, a promise rather oddly contrasted with his resolve to shorten his life as much as possible by "dying in the very first battle," and thus lose a life which was clouded, eclipsed, extinguished "by the criminal and antiquated folly of thinking more of empty title than of imperishable love."

How Lady Adela's high spirit bore this *contempt* even court history says but little. She was seen no more at the reviews, her six Andalusian steeds no longer excited the pious wish that they might hazard the fairest neck in the Empire, the other court beauties had their fair share of aides-de-camp once more, the Imperial staff were no longer perplexed in their duties on parade by the glance of the most brilliant eyes that ever bewildered a field-marshal, in short the Lady Adela had disappeared. But time either kills or cures every

thing; Theodore was gone where it was impossible to follow him. He was now with his regiment fighting barbarians in the Caucasus, the warm weather Siberia of Russia. The few tender inquiries hazarded for his existence either fell into the hands of the Russian War office, who threw them into the fire, or were caught in their first flight by Count Conrad himself, who strangled them without a pang.

Year on year thus rolled away, the fair Adola was still fair, still single, and still contemptuous of Vienna and its cavaliers. At length, when a crowd of suitors had successively failed, she gave her hand to a noble friend of her father's, a great diplomatist, and a great proprietor of flocks and herds, and, notwithstanding, an honest and good-natured man, whom everybody liked, and some said they loved. Lady Adola was of the former class; she married, and the birth of an heir was celebrated by mountain bonfires, round an horizon of a hundred and fifty leagues. She was now the Princess Waldemar; the carousals were magnificent, long, and costly. Amongst other things, they cost the prince his life. He died after a three days' festival, in which more wine was drunk than in any feast of the mountains before or since the accession of the house of Hapsburg. He died with the cup in his hand, and was carried to the vault of his ancestors, with a pomp worthy of the festival which had sent him thither. The Lady Adola now had boundless wealth, boundless influence, a multitude of vassals, and everything but happiness. Her infant absorbed all her thoughts; she refused other princes, who were in want of a fortune, and had no objection to take it, accompanied with a lovely woman; remained a widow, and watched over her son. But the times and the world began to change. France, so long the dancing-master to mankind, had become its executioner. The rabble of Paris poured out to plunder Germany. Austria came in for her share of the spoils. A French army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, under Moreau, drove her Emperor from hill to valley, until it drove him within the walls of Vienna. Tyrol, always faithful, and always unlucky, was first sacked by the French, and then seized by the Bavarians. The Princess Waldemar suffered the natural fate of those who have any thing to lose, where Republicans offer liberty, and Infidels talk of justice; for she lost all. Her high spirit had taken a high part in the contest. She had raised a regiment of Chasseurs on her estates for the Emperor, and, as the reward of her loyalty to Francis, found a price set upon her head by Napoleon.

We now drop the curtain for ten years. At the end of that time, on a fine summer's evening, in the suburbs of Buda, a handsome matron might be seen sitting in a remarkably neat but small cottage, in deep conversation with a young man, whose features with the fire of youth, exhibited all the expression and almost the beauty of his mother. That son was telling a love tale; his Hungarian cap on one table, and his sabre on another, showed that he was an officer in the most distinguished corps of the Empire. His gesture showed that he was excessively in earnest; and the paleness of his cheek, that his passion had not been prosperous. He was in love, and had been in love a month, with the prettiest face and form in the court circle of the capital. Rosanna de Schulenberg was the name of the lady. She was the daughter of a general officer, who had distinguished himself prodigiously against the French, had cut up camps and cut off convoys, frightened field marshals, and taught the Austrians once more that they had fingers which could draw the trigger, and hands which could push bayonets. The general had been loaded with honors accordingly, was pronounced the national genius, and, as a foretaste of everything short of a throne, had just been made Governor of Vienna.

The point in debate between the young officer and his mother was, whether he

should make formal proposals for the young beauty, carry her off without any formality of any kind, or put a pistol to his own forehead. The matron argued against all three points, and produced conviction on none of them. Within a fortnight, a note from her son, dated from the Hungarian guard house, informed her that he was under arrest; that he had made his proposals to the Governor of Vienna; performed the part of a man of honour by acknowledging that he was not worth a louis d'or; had been laughed at, been insulted for being laughed at, been turned out for being indignant; sent a challenge to the General for being turned out; been arrested for sending the challenge; and was now left to consider the alternative, of being stript of his commission, or shot in a square of his own brigade. The matron was the Princess Waldemar, and the captive lover was her only son. On the utter ruin of her estates, she had retired into privacy, disdaining to claim the rank which her means were unequal to support; though still handsome, thoroughly weary of the world, she hid herself in the obscurity of a second-rate city, and there, changing her name and concealing his birth from her boy, she suffered the world to forget her and forgot the world. But this was a new terror; her life was wrapped up in the young Chasseur, whom she had contrived to call Theodore, notwithstanding the profusion of lordly names showered upon him by the genealogy of the Waldemars.

She collected the family documents that remained to her, her few jewels, and with a beating heart and an aching head, set out that night for the capital. At the hotel where she alighted, she received intelligence which made both head and heart heavier. The Court-martial had sat upon her son; sentence had been given against him; and the sentence was before the Emperor, and with a thousand recommendations to character, amid the indignation of the soldiery that so dashing a *sabreur* should be lost to the service, and the sorrows of the ladies that so handsome a cavalier should dance Mazurkas no more, there was not a doubt that he would be shot within the next twenty-four hours.

There was no time to be lost, and, terrified and in tears, she instantly sought an audience of the Emperor. Sending in her name as Madame von Lindorf, and dressed in mourning as one of the peasants of the district, she was the more readily received by Francis, who was fond of being thought the father of the peasantry. She told her tale with infinite pathos, palliated the offence of her son as best she could, and finally declared that his loss would send her to the grave. But Francis was an innocent little man of routine, and it would have been a less offence with him, as an Austrian, to have robbed the Imperial Treasury, or carried off a princess of the blood, than to have touched the whisker of an Austrian grenadier; much less to have threatened to send a bullet through the brains of the most gallant officer in the service, a Chevalier of a dozen orders, and Colonel of the Imperial Grenadiers besides. The Emperor took his kneeling petitioner by the hand, raised her from the ground with infinite kindness, told her that the sentence must be executed, saw her drop fainting on the ground, and then went to his Imperial breakfast, satisfied with having done a deed of justice, which would add infinitely to his reputation with all the old women of Vienna. When she awoke, she found herself in a small chamber of the palace, with one or two females supplying her with *cu de luce*, in the intervals of their attendance on a beautiful girl, who was lying on a sofa, hid from the light of day, wringing her hands, bathed in tears, and uttering sighs that seemed to come from the very depth of her heart. One of the attendants whispered her name to the matron, it was Rosanna von Schulenberg. The whole story flashed into her mind. The lovely creature was the object of her son's

passion, the excuse of his error, and the source of his ruin. As she gazed on her excessive beauty, she felt, if possible, additional grief for the fate of the youth led into madness and death by the nobles of all the passions. But another thought also flashed into her mind. She would find this inexorable father, who thus condemned his own child to misery for life, and her unhappy son to a premature grave. Of General von Schulenberg she knew nothing, but that he was a soldier of desperate bravery, and that the empire rang with his exploits; but, if he was anything more humane than a tiger, he must listen to an unhappy mother, pleading for her last possession in the world.

It was now evening, and the sun was shining in all the beauty of Autumn. As she passed the Prater to the Governor's summer palace, all round her was gaiety; the citizens were pouring out by thousands along the banks of the Danube, old men were sitting under the trees, children were sporting on the grass, handsome women were promenading among the arbours, attended by handsome cavaliers; music came from parties on the river, floating in gilded and painted barges; music came from the thickets where the good citizens of Vienna, with their violins and trombones, their flutes and French horns, performed family quartets to the honour of Mozart and Beethoven; and, in the midst of all this joy, passed on the weeping woman, her face covered with her veil, and her heart breaking. A spirit starting from the grave in the midst of some national revel could not have looked more melancholy. At length she reached the Governor's palace. It was an unlucky evening for a petitioner. She found the hall crowded with aides de camp, waiting to receive the *dite* of Vienna at a ball given in honour of the Emperor's being invested that day with his sixty fifth order of knighthood, the Lion and the Sun, sent by the Shah of Persia. Any other petitioner would have been repulsed by the grenadiers on duty at the gate, frightened by the stare of the aides de camp, or trampled to death by the well-bred crowd that rushed from a hundred chariots up the marble staircase of the palace. But the mother persevered. With infinite difficulty, by bribing one domestic with a ring, and another with the last ducat in her purse, she finally made her way into the General's library, and contrived to have her petition put even into the General's hand. The few minutes in which she awaited his arrival were minutes of unspeakable agony. She felt that the first word of this high authority must be to her son a sentence of life or death. Her heart beat thick, but when she heard the first rapid footsteps approaching, the light departed from her eyes.

The General came in. The very first tone of his voice struck her as familiar to her ear, she listened and was convinced. But how could she reconcile her memory of that voice with the tall, bronzed, and determined countenance of the high personage before her? The General listened too, but she could scarcely make her voice audible. He begged of her to lay aside her veil, and give herself time, and calmly tell him all that she had to say. There was a softness in his manner, as he offered those slight attentions, which still more fully convinced her that she was not mistaken. Her veil was not raised, but she told her story with all the power of one on whose words depended all that was dear to her on earth. The General listened with deep attention, and replied with increased softness of manner. Still there was no appearance of relaxation in his purpose. Declaring that he had no conceivable sense of personal injury towards the young officer, he attempted to explain the necessity of discipline, the rashness of her son's conduct, and the utterly unprovoked nature of his offence. "As to marrying my daughter," said he, "the idea was extravagant. Your own excellent understanding, Madam, must point out to you at once what

escaped the folly of your son, that in this world we must attend to circumstances, that families should be allied according to their rank, and that a *mesalliance* is a source at once of ridicule and misery." The lady could only answer by a sigh. "I have attained," said he, "high rank in the Imperial service. And I owe it to the Emperor's goodness and to my own character not to suffer that rank to be degraded in the person of my child. I owe it to that child herself not to suffer the passion and precipitancy of her youth to lay up misery for the rest of her days. Those, Madam, are maxims so essential, that to violate them is to violate the common obligations of society, to offend public decorum, and to incur misfortune, with the additional pain that it is the offspring of our own folly." The widow wrung her hands. "Thou my son must die!" were the only words she uttered. The General was moved, lightly pressed her hand, and she saw upon it a tear, but she also saw him rise from his chair and move slowly towards the door of the apartment. One moment more, and all must be lost. She rushed after him, and implored a moment's audience. As he turned round, she threw up her veil, and he for the first time saw her face. The light of recollection passed along his features. With one hand grasping his arm, with the other she drew a letter from her bosom. "Read this," said she, "General von Schulenberg, and tell me whether it, too, was the offspring of folly and deception!" The General overcome by emotion, sank into a chair; he had recognized his own hand-writing at the instant; and as he read, his emotions were visible in the changes of his many countenance. It was the indignant letter in which he had taken leave of the Count, the Tyrol, and the lady of his love together. Every line, as he traced its half-faded characters, was an eloquent and forcible contradiction of every word that he had but just spoken. All the arguments of the man of camps and courts found contemptuous reputation in the glowing sentiments of the youth speaking the dictates of passion and nature.

The General had seen a very varied career. On leaving the Austrian service, he had thrown himself into all the daring of a volunteer's life; distinguished his intelligence and intrepidity in the campaigns of Russia, alike against Persian, Turk, and Frenchman, and at length had been summoned back to the service of his country in the desperate struggle of 1809. But all was now peace; France was broken down, and the dashing volunteer was the gorgeous general. Yet his original nature was suppressed, not extinguished. The embroidered uniform, loaded with orders, might constrain, but it could not control the native man. And he often thought of the Tyrol, and the cup of unspeakable joy and grief which he had tasted there.

"In the name of Heaven, where was this letter found?" was his exclamation. "Where it has been kept these two-and-twenty years, Theodore, was the trembling reply. "Adela! my own Adela!" pronounced the General, as his lips touched her forehead. She fainted in his arms. "My son, my son must live!" was her first utterance on reviving. "Your son is mine," was the answer. The recollections, the delights, the fond and deep feelings of such an hour are unspeakable.

On that night the Court circle were astonished by the twofold intelligence that the General, who had been a widower for some years, was to be a widower no longer; and that the young culprit was not to be shot next morning, but to be married next week. The news was received with a marked difference by the ladies. The General had been long a capital prize in the scheme of the matrimonial lottery, and it was vexatious to see it carried off by a stranger, of whom nothing was known, and who was evidently nobody. The monopoly of the fair Rosanna was a matter of another order; she being a handsome rival, extinguished

on the spot, and so far easily dispensed with by lips less coral, tresses less raven, and eyes less dazzling. One week more, however, set the whole affair out of doubt. The Emperor Francis was seen in his Imperial chamber signing the marriage contract between Theodore von Schulerberg, Lieutenant General, Knight of a dozen orders, Colonel of the Grenadiers of the Guards, &c., and Adela, Princess of Waldemar, nee Wolfenstein—Francis, with his usual *bonhomme*, congratulating himself that he had saved the life of the young cornet at the petition of his mother, and that he alone had brought about a happy reconciliation between the parties." So much for the good deeds of Emperors in Germany, and elsewhere. The marriage day came. The Princess Waldemar was acknowledged to be the most distinct person in the world from Madame von Lindorf. The handsome matron of forty-five—with the immense estates of the Wolfenstein family reclinant in her right by the Emperor; and covered *cap-a-pie* with diamonds—was declared by the whole circle, chamberlains, sides-de-camp, princes, and poets, to be the perfection of youth and beauty. Her appearance was certainly noble, and her countenance, which had never lost its original loveliness, had all the animation of hope and happiness.

The young Theodore and his Rosanna made an excellent pendant to the group; and at the supper given by the Emperor on the nuptials, Francis declared that "no occurrence of his life had given him greater satisfaction; that, though he supremely honoured nobility, he saw no possible reason why valour should not be as good as pedigree, why handsome young men should not please and be pleased by handsome young women, without asking leave of the Herald's office; and, with respect to the young pair, that, though he valued subordination as the soul of an army, yet he was by no means disposed to deny that a brave officer very much in love had every right to challenge every body who stood in his way, from a cubal-torn to a field marshal; while the idea of shooting him in return for so natural an act was among the most atrocious violences of human tyranny. For his own part, he was the father of his people; he felt alike for them all, from peasant to prince; and though he wholly disapproved of *mesalliances*, yet, if he thought that he had thwarted a single marriage of affection for any reason whatever, he should feel the marble lie heavy on his grave." Some smiled at this effusion of Imperial benevolence. But all applauded. And the little man of feeling went to his pillow that night, acknowledging to every chamberlain round him that "he had not, like Titus, lost a day," but that he had set an example of virtue to the Kings of Europe, that, in short, there was nothing so imperial as having a will of one's own, and that, come what might, Francis would be always the father of his people."

To Our Readers.

Special attention is directed to the announcement of our great holiday Competition, which will be found elsewhere in the list of awards offered to eclipse everything we have heretofore attempted. It is not everyday one has an opportunity of securing \$1,000 in hard cash at a merely nominal outlay of \$1.00. We have now, for the past twelve months, kept up these competitions—not that they have been nearly as satisfactory to ourselves as they might have been,—but that we hoped by this means to secure an enlarged list of subscribers. We have decided, however, positively and finally, to finish these competitions with the one to which your attention is now drawn, unless the results are such as will warrant our continuing them without absolute loss to ourselves.

We would also draw attention to the prize Christmas story offer, which affords a capital opportunity for those of a literary turn of mind.

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY G. W. SECRETARY.

TRUTH contains each week full and reliable news from every part of the Good Templar work. Any information in regard to work gladly received. Address all such to T. W. OASBY, G. W. B., Napanee, Ont.

Inebriety and Insanity.

Dr. Norman Kerr is one of the best known medical writers in England. Being a man of learning and ability and of extreme medical experience, his opinions carry with them great weight in his own country. He has given a great deal of attention to the subject of inebriety, and in a recent able paper he treats of the important subject of the relations of inebriety to insanity, about which a good deal is being said of late in Canada. Dr. Kerr says that he has turned his attention lately in this direction, and finds a rich reward for painstaking and accurate enquiry. There is often inebriety from the insanity of one or both parents, and even from the insanity of a generation further removed. Some members of a family, whether parental insanity or intemperance has been the source, may become inebriates, while other members of the same family may develop insanity altogether apart from personal drinking. In one instance he knew a drunken father had six children, of whom two daughters became drunkards, one daughter and one son were idiots, one son was an epileptic, and the third son committed suicide while suffering from alcoholic mania. In another family circle, with a drunken head, one girl was an imbecile, two girls were hysterical, one son died at thirty four of alcoholic apoplexy, a second was an epileptic, and the third was an idiot. Idiocy is not at all uncommon in the families of inebriates. What is an act of drunkenness but temporary insanity? The ancients must have thought so, for one of the meanings of the Sanskrit verb *mad* was "to get drunk," and of the noun *mada* Sanskrit signified, (1) intoxication, (2), insanity. Aristotle called intoxication "voluntary madness." Many moderate drinkers are liable on some special occasions, when slightly transgressing their usual alcoholic limit, to be so affected as, if habitually grave, to be merry, if usually of a merry temperament to be melancholy, if generally modest and unassuming, to be obtrusive and boastful. What are these but the acts of a person for the moment beside himself?

Dr. Kerr further says: "Look at the man labouring under an attack of that most pitious of all diseases *delirium tremens*. The lions which one of my patients, a lady saw under the sofa, the chairs, the tables, behind the curtains, rushing down the chimney; the serpents, the mice, the swarms of leathsome creatures—

Foul ceaseless shadows, which have been vividly present to the eyes of others, the assassins ready at every corner to waylay and kill another. What are all these false appearances but the insane coinings of an insane brain! That intemperance is a potent factor in the causation of insanity no one can deny. The Commissioners in Lunacy, in England, their Chairman, Earl Shaftesbury, Dr. Edgar Sheppard, of Colney Hatch, and a host of experts, have drawn marked attention to this cause. At the very lowest estimate, that agreed on after a discussion in the Psychological Section of the late British Medical Association meeting at Cambridge, 15 per cent. of our insanity is attributed directly to intemperance.

Ballot Box Stealing

We are sure that many of the more respectable men engaged in the liquor traffic will not approve of the sneaking thieving now being carried on in their interests. It is only a month ago that a part of the Scott Act petitions were stolen out of the Sheriff's office in Cobourg where they were deposited, as required by law. Of course the object was to gain time so that the vote could not take place in time for the Act to go into effect at the expiration of the present license year. Last week more stealing was resorted to. A part of the ballot boxes containing the ballots of the re-collection in Huron and Dufferin counties were stolen from the custody of the respective returning officers. As these boxes were at Goderich and Orangeville respectively, and as the theft in both places took place on the same night, there was evidently a well understood preconcerted arrangement about the business. What may be the exact effect of these thefts we do not know. The majorities in both counties were so large that it is not at all probable that it will delay the official recognition of the result. If it turns out that a systematic legal attempt is made to invalidate these elections because of these robberies, it will go to show that the criminals did their work under instructions of some who would sooner not have their names figure in any such transactions.

In Middlesex county the Scott Act petitions are being guarded, while in the Sheriff's office, by a man regularly engaged for that purpose. In Northumberland and Durham the petitions stolen have been replaced by others containing a larger number of names and a vote will be passed as soon as the law will permit.

One More Victory.

Every week the temperance workers are rejoicing over additional victories in behalf of prohibition. Last week the vote for the adoption of the Scott Act took place in Renfrew County, and the majority was a very decisive and sweeping one, leaving no room whatever to doubt in regard to public opinion in that country in regard to the licensed liquor traffic. One thing noteworthy in regard to the Renfrew vote is that all, or nearly all, the Roman Catholic priests in the country throw their influence decidedly for the adoption of the Act. Renfrew was not considered "a safe county," by any means for the temperance men, and many had their misgivings in regard to the propriety of submitting the question there at so early a date, but the result has proved, as in many other places, that public opinion is much more ripe for prohibition than was generally supposed. In few countries have the temperance workers shown more zeal and good judgment in their work than in Renfrew.

Fifty four votes have been taken on the adoption or repeal of the Scott Act in the Dominion. In forty-five of these the majority has been for Prohibition, and in nine only has it been for license, as it now stands.

Norfolk County votes this week, but the news of it will come too late for this issue of TRUTH.

A Terrible Catastrophe.

There are too many sad instances occurring every week going to show how those innocent of drink are continually exposed to danger and death because of those who do drink to leave any doubt that it is necessary to prohibit the entire drink traffic in the interests of public peace and safety. On the first evening of this month a heart-rending catastrophe took place in a Glasgow, Scotland,

theatre, simply because of the presence of one drunken man in the large audience. It appears that while the performance was going on an intoxicated employe named Turner, a native of Montreal, shouted "Fire," and a panic at once ensued. Hundreds rushed out, and in the crush the stairway became stopped, while those from above frantically attempted to escape. In this terrible crush no less than sixteen persons were killed outright and twelve others extricated badly injured. Possibly there may be twenty victims out of the fact that one inebriate vindicated that night the much vaunted "personal liberty" to drink and get drunk. There is not a city in the Queen's vast dominions where people assembled together in large audiences in large halls, either for pleasure or business, are not now continually exposed to imminent danger because of the legitimate results of the legalized liquor traffic. It will be so as long as the traffic goes on as it now is. How long will the people consent to let it go on in the face of such great danger?

GOOD TEMPLARS.

KINGVILLE, Essex Co.—Water Lily Lodge reports 11 initiations last quarter, and a net increase of that number. G. M. Bothoor, V. C. T.; Miss H. O. Hart, W. V.; Gurdon Wagle, W. S., F. C. Black F.S.

GUELPH.—Beaver Lodge is one of the largest and most prosperous in the Province. It reports 182 contributing members, with 26 initiations last quarter. Bro. J. J. Mahoney, L. D., writes: "Our Lodge is adding new members at nearly every meeting, and everything is moving forward nicely. The Scott Act campaign will be found doing their full share of the work." W. J. Graham, W. O. T.; Addie Stewart, W. V.; Howard Simpson, W. S.; Louis Snyder, F. S.

KANS, CARLTON Co.—Salamander Lodge reports a membership alive to the importance of the temperance work. The Scott Act will soon be voted on in the county and the members are doing their share of the work heartily. Bro. W. Lindsay, L. D. writes: "We have a small decrease to report but that is merely on account of some of our members moving away, and not that any are going back on their temperance principles." R. J. Jamieson, W. C. T.; Sarah Morton, W. V.; John Scobie, W. S.; W. Lindsay, F. S.

MORE ADDITIONS—St. Laurance Lodge at Pitt's Ferry, Frontenac County, has been dormant for some years, but it has resumed work again. At a public meeting held two weeks ago, the Grand Secretary was present and spoke of the claims and advantages of the Order, after which a large number of names was obtained and the Lodge has since reorganized with 30 members, and more to come. A. B. Cowan, W. C. T.; Miss Arcesine, W. V.; O. A. Cowan, W. S.; Lewis Root, F. S.; W. Lane, W. T.; J. Davis, W. M.—Night of meeting, Tuesday.

BARRIE, SIMCOE Co.—Lone Star Lodge reports a considerable wending out of delinquent members during the past quarter. Bro. Andrew Whittell, L. D., writes: "There has been some falling off during the past quarter, attributable principally I think, in consequence of some of the more prominent member being actively engaged in the Scott Act campaign, which resulted in such a splendid victory in this county. I hope our next quarter will show better results. There appears to be a mistaken idea prevalent that the campaign being over, temperance organizations will not be so much required. This error Bro. Judge Boyd, myself, and others are doing all we can to dispel. We believe that the passing of the Act is only the first step to prohibition, and that our true victory should only redouble our efforts in the great cause of temperance." R. King, W. C. T.; Miss M. Whittell, W. V.; A. Hunter, W. S.; J. H. Scott, F. S.; T. Gordon, W. O.

Our Young Folks.

FIDO

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"Things Aunt gertie tells me to remember when my hip herts so bad I can hardly bare it.

"even the angels de n't have a chance to show their love for the dear Lord by standing it just as well as they can when they feel as if they cant stand it another minit.

"Jeas wants sum Pople to work for him and other peple to suffer for him and he loves the peple that just suffer and be pashent just as much as he does the peple that does the work.

"mamma says sbees sure he loves the little ones that suffer more than the big strong Bois and gorle!"

Written in Frank's very private journal, kept under his pillow. Sometimes without his knowledge very tenderly peeped into and cried over by his mother.

Frank's wee breakfast was beside him on a little table as he lay in the hammock on the shady piazzas. The night had been sultry. He had found his bed a weary, feverish place, and was glad when he could escape from it. This morning he wondered more than ever at remembering how good things had tasted long ago when he used to play with Tom and the other boys.

He ate a few strawberries, took up the plate of egg on toast and set the spoon in it, then laid it down untasted.

"Go 'long wid ye, ye thafo o' the wurruld! Is it shtalin' the vittles from the hins ye'll be?"

Frank turned himself a little in his hammock to see Bridget brandishing her broom at a hungry-looking dog which had come close to the piazzas.

"Oh, don't drive him away! See how he looks out of his eyes just like folks—as if he was going to speak. Here, doggie! doggie! I'll give him my breakfast, and then"—in a half-whisper—"mamma won't look sorry when she looks at the plate and sees it there. Here, doggie."

But when mamma came she looked doubtfully at the gaunt creature, whose hair was matted and dirty, as though he had been long neglected. And Master Dog looked at her, seating himself upright as she came out of the door, and holding both paws, with an intent, appealing expression, which might have been supposed to mean, "Yes, ain't I a nice dog?" but which probably did mean, "I am very hungry yet, please."

"Somebody has let him, I suppose," said mamma. "Perhaps he has been left behind by some traveller."

"Well, so've found him, haven't we, mamma? Po-o-r doggie! And if he stays lost, can't we keep him? Here, Rover, Towser, Watch, Bouncer. What do you a'pose his name is anyway?"

Frank tried all the names he could think of, but the dog refused to recognize any one them.

"Let's call him Fido, then," said he. "Fido means 'faithful' and I like it."

He was fed and washed, and in a few days so attached himself to Frank that no one would have dreamed that he could ever have belonged to any one else. And Frank took great comfort in the dumb affection which Fido displayed. The poor boy grew weaker as the days grew hotter, and was soon carefully carried a hundred miles up among the mountains, where it was hoped the fresh breezes might bring strength to his poor frame. Fido trotted beside the carriage, with an occasional race after a saucily chattering squirrel, until, on the last day of their journey, he stopped suddenly, and with head erect and set expression, seemed to be listening for something beyond the hearing of ears less sharp than his own. Then with one joyous bark he bounded

in among the tall pines at the road-side and disappeared.

They waited, but he did not come back, although the woods rang and echoed with shouts of "Fido! Fido!"

"Won't he ever come back, mamma?" asked Frank, in great dismay.

"I hope so dear. We are almost at the end of this tiresome journey, now, and we'll soon hunt Fido up. Perhaps he has found his old friends."

Frank did not think Fido could have any friends like himself, and watched for him for days, unable to believe that he could remain away of his own accord.

II.

Frank's health improved slowly, and he was after a while able to walk a little with the help of crutches. One day he felt very proud of being allowed to join his brother Tom and one of the farm boys in a berrying excursion.

But the jolting of the waggon wearied him more than he had expected long before they reached the place where the boy said the berries hung as thick as hops and thicker. He begged them to let him get out and rest by the roadside while they went on and filled their baskets. They left him with a book and lunch and the seat cushions, promising to be back very soon.

He lay against the cushions, sometimes looking up into the dark pines which towered above him, thinking how very near heaven their tops seemed to be, sometimes down into a little valley, at which he could just get a peep through the bushes. At length he became attracted by a bird's nest he saw in a low tree overhanging a steep sloping bank. He did not know it was too late for young birds, and wished very much that the boys would come and bend down the branch so that he might see those he fancied must be there.

Growing restless at their long absence, he began to think of trying to get a peep at them himself. His lately increasing strength had made him a little venturesome, and he felt sure he could draw the nest down by reaching up with one of his crutches. Standing on the other one at the very edge of the slope, he tried to catch hold of the branch. But his footing was unsteady, and as it gave way under him, he could not in his pitiful helplessness regain it, as an active boy might easily have done. With a despairing grasp at the green limb he fell down, until something seemed to strike him a heavy blow, and then the sunlight grew dark before him.

He did not know how long it was before a sharp pain in his lame side made him open his eyes. At first he gazed at the foliage with a confused forgetfulness of what had happened to him, then wondered how long he would have to lie in that cramped position and endure that cruel pain before help came. It was very hard. He closed his lips tightly, and tried to keep back the tears as he determined to bear it well and bravely.

Through the dizziness in his head he tried to recall some of the sweet loving words mamma always whispered to help him through his hardest hours. They comforted him so that he lay quietly until the thought came that Tom might come back and not be able to find him. In terror at the idea he called.

"Tom! Tom! I'm down here. Sam! papa!" Then he waited and called louder.

Listening again he heard a rustling through the bushes which alarmed him, for it sounded like some animal. Then came a joyous bark, the brush of a bushy tail across his face, and a dog crouched close beside him and licked his hands.

"Fido! oh, my own Fido!"

He threw his arms around the dog's neck and sobbed. Fido remained quiet for a few moments, then got up, and ran about eagerly sneezing along the ground.

"Stay with me Fido," pleaded Frank. "See, doggie, I am all alone, don't leave me again. Come close to me. Oh, Fido, don't take my crutch. I must climb up

the bank with it, so the boys will find me."

But Fido, after rushing up and down the steep bank, suddenly seized in his mouth the one little crutch which had staid by Frank in his fall, and tore away without heeding his pitiful call.

Frank laid his head down again, and despairingly wondered if he should stay there all night. Through clinks in the leaves he could see the shadows creeping up the mountain side, and knew by the long golden lines the sunshine made that night must be coming. How could Fido, whom he had so loved, treat him so cruelly!

At last rushing of feet came again, but this time voices came too.

"Oh, my boy, my poor darling!" Frank's mother hurried down the bank, and had him in her arms. "We have been almost crazy about you since Fido, the dear, faithful fellow, came running with your crutch to tell us you wanted us."

"Where are the boys?" asked his father.

The boys appeared while they were getting Frank comfortably prepared for his ride home, giving a woeful account of how their horse ran away, smashing almost everything except, fortunately, their bones.

"Come, Fido—come old doggie. Oh, mamma, I'm so glad he's found again. It's worth being hurt for."

But Fido stood in the road as they drove off, looking after them with affectionate eyes, wagging his tail more earnestly as Frank continued his coaxing. Then he turned with his short bark, and was off down the steep hill-side.

"I'll find that dog for ye as sure as I live a week," declared Sam much moved at sight of Frank's distress.

III.

It was not quite a week when one day Sam came in with a smile all over his broad face. "He's out to the gate. I found him, but he wouldn't come a step without the ones as owns him, so when I said how little master here was sick and kind o' set on him, they come too."

Fido bounded in at the door, and gave a hearty greeting to Frank, while his mother went out to speak to a rough-looking, pleasant-faced man, who got out of a waggon as she approached, leaving in it a little girl, who turned her face toward her, but did not raise her eyes.

"Mornin', ma'am. Yes; boy's been a-tellin' me about your little chap, and what uncommon store he sets by our Carlo. Janey here's just the same way, more's the pity."

There was a little more talk, and then Frank's mother went slowly back to him.

"Will they sell Fido, mamma?" he asked anxiously. "Nobody wants him as badly as I do, do they?"

"Oh, Frank, his little mistress loves him as you do, and, Frank, she's—blind."

Blind! Frank covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then gave a quick glance about him—at sky, trees, and flowers, and then at the dear faces near, while tears arose to his eyes.

"Ten times worse than being lame," he whispered.

Tom was bringing in the two strangers, and he led the little girl close up to Frank.

"Yes," the man talked on, "lost him while we was a-movin' from down below up to the gap here, where I got a season's choppin'. Janey reg'larly pined for him."

Then the story of the finding of Carlo—Fido—was told, and Frank's mother ventured to ask.

"There ain't anything Janey would rather have than the dog, is there? We would be glad to get it for her."

"No, ma'am, not a thing. She'd never sell Carlo. But what was you agoin' to say, Janey?"

"He's sick all the time," she said, passing her gentle little hand over Frank's thin face. "I'm well. I guess he wants Carlo the most."

"No, no. I'd never keep him from you," cried Frank,

"I say," said Janey's father, when, after a little more talk, they were ready to go, "a'posen we lo' Carlo settle for himself whose he'll be?"

They went out to the waggon, Fido went out with them, then looked back at Frank, and went and crouched beside him. But it was only for good-by. Frank hugged him in a loving embrace, and with many a backward glance, which seemed to say, "Forgive me, what else can I do?" he trotted along the pine-shaded road after little blind Janey.

Written in Frank's very private journal:

"when I saw fido go way that day and crido a little and mamma wiped her eyes and we all said the darling old fello he did jest rite I didn't think fido would ever be my Dog but he is

"mamma says God always maniges things the very best way for us but I think he lots mamma manige things a good ole

"do you think I ever took dear little Janeya's dog No I didnt

"this is the way mamma managed it theres a place in the City where good fokes takes poor little Gerls that cant see to redo or rite and play tag and teaches them to do all these Things and mamma rote to them lots of times and thats the way she managed it she had to go and see janey lots of times too and janeya's mother and of corso fido could nt go to that place and of corso he wanted to come to me next.

"Im glad God didn't make me blind Im only lame and I can do lots of nice things yet

"poor little janey."

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

The following story told of an old Scotch minister will bear repeating. In the course of a thanksgiving sermon he said: "Ah, my friends, what cause we have for great thankfulness and gratitude, just look at the place of our habitation, and consider how grateful we ought to be that we do not live in the far north; ah no' amid the frost and the snow, and the cauld and the weat; ah no', where there is a lang, lang day, and tao half o' the year; oh yes, and a lang, lang night! the tither half; oh yes, that we dinna hae to depend upon the *aurora borealis* for the light, as the fowk wpa live in that country hae to do; that we dinna gang shiverin' about in skins, ah no; seegin' coorrels among the snow, like a lot of moudiwurts, ah, no, no! and how thankfu' we ought to be that we dinna live in the far south, anoth' the equator, whar the sun's aye burnin', burnin', where the very sky aboon yer heads is hot—ah, yes! and the yearth is hot, and the water's hot, and you find yerels a' brunt black as a smiddy—ah, yes! and there's teegars there, ah, yes! and crocades, ah, yes! and fearsome beasts gruntin' and gurnin' at ye, among the wids, where the vary air is a fever, like the burnin' breth o' a hory dragon! Ah, my beloved' brethern, how thankfu' we ought to be that we do not live in sic places; ah no, no, but that we live in this glorious land o' coors, called Great Britain, ah, yes! oh yes! yes, yes, and in that part of it named Scotland, and that every bit o' auld Scotland that looks up at Ben Nevis, ah, yes! yes, yes; where there's neither frost nor cauld, neither wind, nor weat, nor rain, nor teegars, nor lions, nor burning sands, nor hippotamuses, nor hurricances, nor, nor— Just at this point a gale of wind came down from Ben Nevis with such force as to burst in the upper sash of the window at the right hand side of the pulpit, blowing away the noise of the sermon in all directions. The good and faithful minister saw this with an amazement which at last found utterance in the exclamation, "Oh Lord, that's most ridiculous."

A Paris despatch says the retrenchments in the budget for 1855 will amount to 56,000,000 francs.

The Poet's Page.

—Written for Truth.

For Thanksgiving Day,

BY E. M. ARTHUR.

(Received too late for last issue.)

Honored to the God of Heaven,
Great Ruler of the earth below,
To Him be thanks and glory given,
Who every blessing doth bestow.

With praises due His throne addressing,
Who gives the product of the field,
The author of each earthly blessing,
While fruit the bending branches yield.

On Hope's bright wing, our thanks ascend
ing,
To Him that doth the valleys crown,
With hymns of praise, and prayer blend-
ing,
We'll worship, honor, and bow down.

Forget not those in lowest station,
When winter snows enshroud the
plain,
While peace and plenty crown our na-
tion,
Let mercy in the heart remain.

Altho' reversing shadows lower,
Teach us with patience to endure.
Tho' faith we'll trust in Heavenly power!
The hand that wounds, again can cure.

—Written for Truth.

Fate.

BY L. C. H.

"Gone are the years like Fate."

A windowless house for our sorrows and
tears;
It peers through the mist of life's storm-
beaten years;
Repining avails naught, relentless it
tells
The krell of all mortal—the sceptre it
holds.

The peer or the rich, the peasant or
king,
Alike are unheeded—no merit can win;
The young and the old, the weak and the
strong
Must yield to its fiat, and march in the
throng.

It crosses life's path when awake or
asleep,
It comes midst our joys, nor flees when
we weep;
The bright shining angels, from mansions
of light;
It hurled to the regions of blackness and
night.

There's naught that can buy, it's no favors
to vend;
Submit, or refuse, there's no escaping the
end;
Unbidden it twines round the brow of the
fair
A rainbow of hope, or a wreath of de-
pair.

An Address to Some Old Pictures.

BY A. A. PROCTOR.

Silent friends, fare ye well,
Shadows adieu,
Living friends, long I've lost,
Now I lose you.
Bitter tears, many I've shed,
And you've seen them flow,
Many hours weary I've spent,
Full ye all ye know.

Yet in my loneliness,
Kindly methought,
Still ye looked down on me,
Mocking me not,
With light speech and hollow voice
Grating so sore
The poor heart with many an ill,
Sick to the core.

Thine, gentle ancestor, dove-eyed and fair
Melting in sympathy oft for my care,
Grim Knight stern visaged,
Yet could I see,
Smoothing that furrowed face
Good will to me.

Daughter, ye softly said,
Peace to thy heart,
We have, yes, daughter,

Been tried as thou art.
Our God is thy God,
What he willeth is best,
Trust Him as we trust Him,
Rest as we rest.

It is easy to glide with the ripple,
Adown the stream of time,
To flow with the course of the river,
Like music to some old rhyme,
But, oh, it takes courage and patience,
Against its current to ride,
And we must have strength from Heav-
en,
When rowing against the tide.

The Deceitful Vicar.

Saint Barnabas's Church upon
A gentle hill did stand;
No nicer church or gentler hill
You'd find in all the land.

Without, 'twas neat and spick and
span;
Within, 'twas span and spick;
'Twas in the Græco-Gothic style,
And built of yellow brick.

To godly eyes a church like this
Was one perpetual feast,
It only to be perfect lacked
A window in the East.

It had, indeed, A window there,
As also in the West,
But both were plain and for the East
Stained glass is much the best.

Of course, you justly say, to put
A proper window in,
The congregation should have found
The necessary tin.

And that remark, dear reader, I
Do thoroughly indorse;
The congregation should have found
The needful funds, of course.

And so, no doubt it would have done
With free subscription list,
But then the congregation, friend,
Itself did not exist.

For all that used to enter in
That Græco-Gothic pile
Were Mr. Bodge, the Vicar, and
His curate, Mr. Smoyle.

Sometimes these worthy men induced
Their families to go,
(But seldom, for with no one there,
The ladies found it slow.)

So generally all alone
They went through psalm and hymn,
While one day Smoyle would preach to
Bodge,
Another, Bodge to him.

Now Vicar Bodge was past the term
Of three score years and ten,
And Curate Smoyle was bald and
gray—
And both were MARRIED men.

In time the worthy Vicar died,
As some times is the case;
The Bishop sent a good young man
To fill the vacant place.

He was a tall and handsome youth,
His age was twenty six,
And in a most becoming way
His robes he used to fix.

Do justice to his many points
I do not think I can;
He had a pleasant reading voice—
And was a SINGLE man.

And now occurred a curious thing,
At least I thought it rare;
The people to St. Barnabas
In throngs began to come.

The congregation in three weeks
Tremendously had grown,
The ladies took the gentlemen
And also went alone.

The Reverend Taylor Blue, of course,
Was very, very pleased;
He knew how full the church had been
In time of Bodge, deceased.

On week days he'd two sermons,
To which the ladies flocked,

Filling the church with flowers and
things,
Whereat old Smoyle was shocked,

And thrice on every Sunday he
Failed not to pass the plate,
For the good old fellow could not see
"Why Barnabas should wait."

"For pomps and vanities," he cried
"I care not in the least;
But this my church doth sorely need,
A window in the East."

And soon there came skilled men from
town,
And soon a scaffold rose;
Next Barnabas himself appeared
In variegated clothes.

Surrounded by a halo, and
A set of saints select,
Whose names, just for the moment, I
Can scarcely recollect.

Then had the Reverend Taylor Blue
The satisfaction great
Of asking the good Bishop down,
The work to consecrate.

This was the Christian triumph of
The Reverend Taylor Blue,
But soon reverses followed, as
They very often do.

The Reverend Taylor was engaged,
But had concealed the fact
From the ladies of St. Barnabas,
Wherein he showed some tact.

But on the consecration day
He asked his sweetheart down
To show her his position and
Importance in the town.

He did not mean to mention that
She was his fiancee,
But sometimes things got noised abroad
In most provoking way.

The ladies of St. Barnabas
Soon learned he was engaged
And, very justly, all of them
Were awfully enraged.

They thought their Taylor Blue a most
Deceitful man had been,
And in a body went and loved
The Reverend Johnson Green.

Next Sunday our poor Vicar saw
"A beggarly array
Of empty benches" in his church
Which used to be so gay.

And afterward he never had
A congregation more,
Save when his wife her debut made—
To see what dress she wore.

And once again did worthy Smoyle
Indulge in psalm and hymn
Alone with Vicar Taylor, who
Took turnabout with him.

—The Cornhill Magazine.

Twice Asleep.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

I.

A child lies sleeping in calm repose,
As sweet and fair as a dowy rose.

Over her gently heaving breast
Her little white hands are laid at rest.

Sunny smiles on her red lips play,
Linger a moment and pass away.

While forms and faces of earth and air,
Flit through her dreams as she slumbers
there;

Amid the misty and yellow skies
Their white wings dazzle her dreaming
eyes;

Until she wakes in mute dismay
To find that her fancies all fade away.

II.

She sleeps again! In her last repose
She lies like a withered and faded rose.

Over her forehead, pale and fair,
Ripple her tresses of golden hair.

Her voice is silent, and come what may,
No smiles will gladden her lips of clay.

Her little white hands are laid at rest,
Over her tranquil and lifeless breast,

Her eyes are dim no more will the gleams
Of love-land lighten her earthly dreams.

Dust and ashes. Our hopes most fair
Fade like the phantoms that fill the air.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in
New England.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood rocedes
And towns shoot up, and fertile fields are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads,"
—Bryant.

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer,

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's
foam
As if the rocking pines of the forest roar-
ed—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to winter there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow sternly high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;—
They have left unstained what there they
found—
Freedom to worship God.

ALBUM VERSES.

Comprising Choice Poetical Selections
for Autograph Albums, Christmas
and other Cards, and
Valentines.

Long on thy cheeks may roses bloom,
And all the charms which health be-
speak;
But longer still thy gentle breast,
Be ever Virtue's lovely seat.

There is a plant that never dies
'Tis not of earth but Heaven;
'Tis tinged with pure celestial dyes,
Its odors wafted to the skies
By breeze a tempest driven.
'Tis not a tender fragile thing,
It strengthens in the storm,
And midst the dreary waste
It stands, a soul inspiring form.
'Tis *thine, Friendship, thine.*

No rubies on the Indian shore
Outshine thy noble mind;
Its radiance far exceeds them all,
And blesses human kind.

A heart of *her* only purity
Is laid within thy breast;
And ever for the weary soul,
It breaks some tone of rest.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

**Concerning Bakers, and Baker's Bread—
A Remedy—A Few Words About
Women, as House-keepers, Wives,
and Ornaments—Students and
"Cops"—Church Parades
and Salvationist
"Slamminades."**

I blush to be personal, but I can't help it. Why should people imagine that I intermeddle with Scriptural Enigmas and what not? The next thing will be that I shall be said to have a hand in the new scheme of getting sugar cheap by annexing Jamaica and all which it contains. Now it is a fact that for my years I am alert and active. I have a regular good hearty happy stride, a clear eye, a good complexion and an undimmed intellect, but Enigmas and annexation are too much for me. They would spoil my digestion and interfere with my geniality. Call at some other quarter in order to learn all about Enigmas, Sir John Macdonald's stomach, and Sir Charles Tupper's hands. On such matters JACOB is a regular know nothing. I would far sooner grapple with Professor Young's quintics or whatever he calls them and in comparison would regard a small job such as squaring the circle a mere child's play in comparison.

Winter is at the door and I have been busy bacheloring everything snug about my own bachelor dwelling so as to be ready. The elderly damsel that keeps house for me has been telling me about all that is necessary. There is not a chink in the whole establishment to which I have not had my attention drawn. The coals are in, the potatoes are stored. So are the apples, and I have secured a nice tub of excellent butter, which ought to be enough, though I fear it won't. The potatoes are beauties and so are the apples. There is one thing about which I have been specially careful, and of which I have laid in a good stock. I refer to flour. With wheat at the present prices it is simply out of the question that the four pound loaf should continue at 13 and 14 cents.

I FOR ONE WON'T STAND IT, and accordingly I have directed the damsel aforesaid to make all the bread used in my house, either directly or by deputy. Baker's bread in short is not to cross my threshold till a more reasonable spirit is displayed. What, will any one tell JACOB that bakers could not do it for less and live? I know better, and thousands know quite as well. Not that I care about eating sour, heavy, ill raised loaves. If it was necessary for the country's salvation I would be willing to do even that. But the home made bread which I am going to eat must be of the best, else there will be some speedy overturnings in my domestic establishment. The fact is, I am rather hungry for a disturbance, for I begin to think that I am, even though unmarried, very much ruled by womankind. I never think that I am, but the dark thought has lately occurred to me that I may be under the rod without knowing it, and a regular blow out with an "aith or twa," might settle the question of rulership for a year to come.

There is a good deal to be said for the housekeeper plan. If the incumbent does not suit one can change, but in for a wife, and one is in altogether. Nothing but death or murder or the divorce court, and for a quiet man like JACOB, these are all formidable considerations. Then how many distinguished men have been but poorly mated! One thinks of Socrates, of course, and of whom else? It does not matter. But it would be too

bad if the case of JACOB FAITHFUL were to be quoted in coming ages as an illustration in point. My own impression is that even Carlyle's Jeanie was in this respect no better than she ought to have been. Yes, that little goods had a rip of a temper, and a good many of the sex, God bless them, are no better. Hush, JACOB. Beg pardon of the whole crowd. You know you ought to have

A GOOD WORD ALWAYS FOR WOMEN, and so you have, even though you occasionally speak inadvisedly with your tongue.

What could we do without women I should like to know? Bachelors may sometimes snarl just as I did a minute or two ago. But even they are just about as dependent upon the services of the gentler sex as any body well can be. Just think of any of the poor wretches trying to sew on a button or darn a stocking! I have tried both operations, but always with a loss of self-respect and with the assured belief that I had made an ass of myself. Then just think of a man trying to make a cup of tea or wash a shirt or a pocket handkerchief! The very idea is too ridiculous. I made one or two attempts of this kind when both my maidens were out on Christmas eve, but the whole thing was a disastrous failure. I find I can't even wash a tea cup to any purpose. No! Women are help-mates and no mistake. In one way or another they are indispensable, and I don't mean to dispense with them. That's better. Whether matters will ever culminate with JACOB in marriage I don't know. But the man is a mean man that speaks disrespectfully of the sex, and deserves decidedly to be kicked. The fact is, women are very much what men make them and vice versa, so they had both better keep civil tongues in their heads. I won't, however, say how I should feel and what I should say if education and general refinement and civilization were getting to such a point that I could get no woman to do household chores or look after my dinner or table napkin. That would be quite too much, and yet things are tending in that direction. When woman claims to be only and altogether ornamental in the household economy, I shall be tempted to

USE STRONG LANGUAGE, as sure as fate.

By the way, if young women are seeking to be University students, young men of that persuasion are rapidly making good their claim to being fools. Can anything be more absurd than their everlasting attempt at horse play and general uproariousness? Their feeble stupidities which consist in shouting about the streets in the early morning and crying out against the "cops" are simply ridiculous. There is neither sense, manliness nor manhood in them. Every man Jack among all the crowds of roystering youngsters is of course more or less under the influence of liquor or idiocy, and is a student only in name. I suppose they want to make good in their own persons the description of Milton (though no doubt the most of them never heard of that gentleman's name), when he says:

"Then wander forth the sons of Babel,
Clothed with infamy and wine."

There is no class of people for whom the general public has a greater kindness or feeling than University students. But then it is expected that they should be gentlemen at any rate, and those who are trying ever and anon to "paint the city red," are not. JACOB with the greatest kindness, nay, even affection, would say to those who are anxious to distinguish themselves in that way—Don't. It is true one

CAN'T HELP BEING A DONKEY,

if he has been made such, but he may do a good deal to conceal the fact if he is careful. If, however, he will run through the streets crying "Yehaw, yehaw!" what can be done? Everybody cannot help knowing that he is really a donkey, sure. JACOB has been on the ground once or twice when such exhibi-

tions were forward, and he was struck with the number of those who claim to belong to the "gown," who had very thick necks, very red cheeks, and very long, even pendulous and elephantine ears. They might be lions or elephants in embryo, but each of them managed dexterously to "hang a calf's skin on his recreant limbs," if not the hide of a meaner animal still!

The bother about these volunteer lads marching to church with their bands and all the rest of it still continues. What in the name of everything that is absurd has rub-a-dub-dubbing on drums and screaming on lifes to do with the worship of God? The fact is there is neither sense nor decency in the whole any more than there is in those incarnate fools, the Salvationists, making the day hideous with their unearthly noises which they christen music. JACOB is clear for the fullest liberty. At the same time let no one claim a liberty at the expense of that of his neighbor. JACOB was once drove nearly crazy by his next door neighbors shouting and singing Moody and Sankey's hymns all Sunday afternoons. They howled their hallelujahs like flogged hounds, and constantly laid on at the work like threshers, but in the meantime the undefined walls brought it all crash down upon poor JACOB's tympanum, to his utter confusion and dismay. Dirt is only matter in a wrong place, according to that genial old heathen, the late Lord Palmerston. A real terror, discord and nuisance may be merely

MUSIC IN A WRONG PLACE, and for my part I don't see that quiet people ought to be made to suffer all the agonies of the wheel or the bottomless pit either in their own houses or on the streets because others will shout in the most unearthly fashion or make hideous noises with brazen or wind instruments which they pursue against all the laws of language and common sense to describe as music and characterize as "avenly." Such sounds may be pleasant at some miles' distance, but near at hand!

Oh, military members bent on church-going, and music-mad devisors of "treats," have pity on those who only sigh for peace and cannot appreciate the noise. You may be what you please in your own estimation, but you are double distilled nuisances and fools, according to the standard of sensible people, among whom is to be reckoned, unless he is greatly mistaken, the quietest of quiet mortals,
JACOB FAITHFUL.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

No. XXXVIII.
For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

When the prizes for the best and earliest answers to the Enigma were dropped, there was a promise given that by-and-by they would in all likelihood be resumed. We have had no complaints about their stoppage, and we have also had no enquiries about their resumption. We are very glad, however, to have to say that while the prizes were stopped, not at Mr. Wilson's suggestion, but at our own, they are to be resumed with this number, not at our request, but at Mr. Wilson's. We put this then, at the foremost of our column this week and every one will be kind enough to make a note of the intimation and act accordingly.

No. XXXV has had a good many correct answers and some not so much so.

The following is the correct solution:—

- LOVEZ ET MOURRAZ John 21, 17.
- 1. Lemuel, Prov. 21, 1.
- 2. Ophel, Neh 3, 2.
- 3. Virtuous, Ruth, 3, 11.
- 4. Ethan, 1st Kings, 4, 31.

- 5. Shebna, Isaiah, 22, 13-15.
- 6. Tartan, Leah, 22, 1.
- 7. T. rtulua, Acts, 21, 15.
- 8. Hadad 1st Kings, 11, 19-21.
- 9. Onesiphorus, 2nd Tim. 1, 10-12.
- 10. Uzzenasherah, 1st Chron. 7, 21.
- 11. Mahomedan Judges, 1, 12.
- 12. Elit's Numbers, 1, 9, 27.

Correct answers have been received from E. A. Heming, 101 St. Peter st., Ottawa; Wm. Jamieson, Moorfield; S. Acheson, Stamford; R. J. Dilworth, 8 Louise st., Toronto; Charles Henry, Sartin; William Wicke, St. Thomas; James Muir, Port Elgin; R. Griffith, London; R. H. Ashbury, Stilton; M. J. Wilkins, St. John, N.B.

One or two rather stumble in their answers to No. 4 and 5, as they will notice when they examine the matter further.

We have had some enigmas sent us which we cannot use, though we should have been glad to have done so had they been so written as not to involve copying. Never write anything which you have a desire to see in print except on one side of the paper. And never write questions and answers on the same sheet.

We can scarcely go back on old enigmas, but we make an exception in the case of No. XXXII, about which an esteemed correspondent rather objects to our answer to No. 6 on the plea that sleep does not represent the silence of death, inasmuch as some people snore! True, but they are the small exception, not the rule. A very beautifully constructed clock from Fred. M. Bell Smith, 347 Maitland Street London.

For No. XXXVIII three prizes will be given to those most fully comprising speed, accuracy, neatness, intelligence and completeness. Some answers are written in a very slovenly fashion, not because the writers evidently can't do better, but because they are in a hurry and dash the thing off at once. Now this does not do. When a person does a thing well nobody can ask how long it took. But when badly it is no excuse to say that had the writer chosen, it could have been better. Why then wasn't it? The world or TRUTH was not in desperation for the answer.

Who will be the prize winners for the following?

- Twelve numbered places first prepare. Then find the following terms with care, And place the numbered letters there.
- 1. One, seven, six, eight and five will frame What Naomi in her age bore name, And show who made Saul's grandson lame.
- 2. Two, eight, nine, seven, a first born son, Who by his hunger was undone, And lost his rank as Number One.
- 3. We learn in three, nine, six, five, eight, What magnified the Tyrian state, And made her merchant gains so great.
- 4. A warrior fleeing from the field, To four, nine, five and ten must yield, Who did the nail and hammer wield.
- 5. Five, ten, nine, twelve—mid Eastern lands Its name with mighty ashur state da, And forms Chedorlaomer's bands.
- 6. Six, five, ten, two, nine, eight, eleven, Counted but once in every seven, Was the Lord's fear of debts forgiven.
- 7. Seven, ten, nine, twelve, the record runs, Begat to Benjamin many sons, All valorous archers, mighty ones.
- 8. Eight, nine, seven, ten was Israel's king, Who did these sheep and oxen bring, And stand in God's devoted thing.
- 9. God's promise is nine, twelve, five, one, Confirming all that He has done, By Christ, the well beloved son.
- 10. 'Twas Moses gave the ten, nine, three, A yoke on Israel's neck to be, From which the saints in Christ are free.
- 11. Eleven, nine, six, let me incline To heed the oracles divine, And find his covenant mercies mine.
- 12. Twelve five, nine, ten a widow's woe, When famine pressed her country sore, The more she used, increased the more!

Now the twelve letters placed right reveal a city clear and bright, Reserved for Abraham out of sight.

Remarks will necessarily have to be few. For those which are thought in every way best, we shall give a copy of Cowper's Poems or any other on our list.
EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

CALLER HERRIN.

SCOTCH SONG.

With new Symphonies and Accompts.,

By GEORGE FOX.

Moderato.

Piano

mf *cres.* *p rit.* *cres.*

Ped. *

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody with a rising line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf), crescendo (cres.), piano (p), and ritardando (rit.), followed by another crescendo. A pedal point is indicated at the end of the first system.

Wha'll buy my caller her - rin They're bonnie fish and hale some far - in, Buy my caller her - rin'

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Wha'll buy my caller her - rin They're bonnie fish and hale some far - in, Buy my caller her - rin'". The music is in 2/4 time and includes a piano accompaniment with chords and a bass line.

New drawn from the Forth When ye were sleeping on your pillows Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,

Ped. *

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "New drawn from the Forth When ye were sleeping on your pillows Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,". It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. A pedal point is indicated at the end of the system.

Darkling as they faced the billows All to fill our woven willows Buy my caller her' - rin? They're

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics: "Darkling as they faced the billows All to fill our woven willows Buy my caller her' - rin? They're". It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

2

bonnie fish and hale some far - in ; Buy my caller her - rin' New drawn from the Forth Wha'll

buy my caller her - rin' They're no brought here without brave daring Buy my caller her - - rin ; Ye

lit - tle ken their worth Wha'll buy my caller her - rin' ? O ye may ca' them vulgar far-in'

Wives and mi' - thers maist des - pair - in Ca' them lives of men.

2

And when the creel o' herrin passes
Ladies clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelises,
Cast their heads and screw their faces
Wha'll buy &c.

3

Noo neebor' wives come tent my tellin'
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'
At a word be aye your dealin'
Truth will stand when a' things failin'
Wha'll buy &c.

Eaton's GREAT FALL SALE

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

MANTLES & DOLMANS. HOSIERY!

We offer to-day some bargains in Mantle Department, comprising our whole range of Mantles from the cheapest to the best in the house, giving every customer a choice of the whole stock of this fall's importation. Note this fact, "That our Mantles and Dolmans are all IMPORTED AND ALL TAILOR MADE."

LOT 1 :-

Comprises 60 Jackets, heavy cloth, nicely trimmed, regular price being \$4 and \$5, sale price \$1.50.

LOT 2 :-

Comprising all our \$6, \$7, \$8 and \$9 Jackets, all reduced from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each.

LOT 3 :-

Comprising 90 Jackets, extra heavy cloth, well trimmed and close fitting, the regular price being \$11 and \$12, reduced to \$8 each.

LOT 4 :-

Comprising a full stock of Matalassie Dolmans, full sizes, no trimming, \$5 each, regular price being \$8.

LOT 5 :-

Comprises Dolmans, from \$12 to \$22, made of ottoman cloth or French worsted, elegantly trimmed, all tailor made and perfect fitting. Reduced from \$2 to \$5 each. This is a grand opportunity for every lady to get a decided bargain in a fine dolman.

LOT 6 :-

Comprises all Dolmans and Jackets from \$25 to \$100 in ottoman cloth, brocade cloth, brocade and ottoman silk, scalotte and plush, all elaborately trimmed and lined with silk and quilted lining. The reductions in these goods are very large, and some big bargains are to be had.

LOT 7 :-

Comprises some of last season's Ulsters in lady's sizes. Selling at \$1.50 and \$2.75, regular price of these goods being \$3.50 and \$5.

LOT 8 :-

Comprises all children's Mantles and Coats at big reductions. Let no lady miss the opportunity of seeing and getting some of these goods. An excellent stock of Mantle and Ulster Cloths. Mantles made to order.

Ladies' All-wool Hose, dark colours 20c.

Clearing a big line of ladies' heavy, all wool seamless Hose, at 25c a pair, worth 40c.

Ladies' fine lambs' wool hose, any size and color, at 30, 40, 50c. up.

Ladies' fine cashmere Hose, plain and ribbed, in black, navy, seal, garnet, pink, blue and cream colours, 40, 50, 60c.

Ladies' Silk Hose in black, navy, seal, garnet, pink, blue and cream colours, at lowest prices.

Children's Hose, all-wool and seamless, dark colours, 15c. pair.

Children's fine lambs' wool Hose, any size and colour, 20, 25, 30c. pair up.

Children's Cashmere Hose in navy, seal, garnet and fancy colours, at bottom prices.

Misses' Hose in wool and cashmere, any size, style and colour, at lowest prices.

Boys' double knee stockings at low prices.

Men's half hose.

Heavy all-wool grey socks, 20c. pair 5p.

Fine Scotch lambs' wool socks.

Men's fine merino and cashmere socks, in all colors and close prices.

Men's fine merino and cashmere socks, in all colors and close prices.

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Men's fine merino and cashmere socks, in all colors and close prices.

"THE COTTAGE,"
a new photographic scene, the prettiest in town, just received at
MICKLETHWAITE'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
COR. KING & JARVIS STS., TORONTO.
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Families supplied with the freshest and best Groceries at lowest possible prices. All kinds of fresh fruit in season.
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Corner of Yonge and St. Mary's Sts., TORONTO

JAHN & SCHWENNER,
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General Agents for Canada, for the Popular Perfect Fitting
DOMESTIC PAPER PATTERNS.
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SAMPLE CORSETS 25 CENTS.
12 King St. West, Toronto.

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FASHION NOTES.

Very small wreaths of flowers are again worn in the hair, or one large blossom, which is always placed at the left side behind the ear. Greek fillets are much worn in Paris by those who affect the toilet *à la Grecque*, but ladies who adopt this antique fashion in the coiffure occasionally forget that this style presupposes a very handsome and abundant head of hair, the object of the fillets being to restrain its luxuriance.

Among the latest costumes is one made of biscuit-colored cloth, trimmed round the plaited skirt with a wide band of mahogany-brown velvet. The hat, collar, cuffs, and band round the edge of the basque were also of the velvet. The Waldeck is a nice little cloth jacket, braided in circles which gradually decrease in size as they recede from the buttons down the front. This makes the design very becoming to the figure.

Among the new bonnets is the Microbe. Its peculiarity consists in the shape of the crown, which ascends in a square point. A very rich one is made of velvet, trimmed with cut-heads to match the crown, covered with folds of silk; a large butterfly bow placed in front is also made of silk, the ends standing erect and very high. The centre piece of this bow is passed through the brim, the latter being cut across the middle to admit of this.

Plush and velvet flowers are very rich and elegant this season, forming the petals of large shaded roses, nasturiums, dahlias, and other seasonable flowers and leaves. Clusters of autumn foliage in velvet are arranged in sets for the bonnet and muff decorations to be worn later on, and one fancy in floral garniture is a group of velvety ferns and mosses in green and gray colorings, with a brilliant tropical bird perched in the cluster.

Some of the new French polonaises of frise velvet are shaped in front to form a waistcoat. The sides lengthen into long panels, reaching almost to the foot of the dress skirt. The rich garniture used border these pannels, and are carried up each side of the bodice portion, forming the waistcoat. On the richer models elaborate embroidery in silk nearly covers the panels; others are thickly tufted with dots in raised chenille work, and bordered with a deep chenille fringe.

Many of the little capotes, cloth bonnets, and felt hats from abroad have a simple yet artistic trimming formed entirely of silk kerchiefs twisted and arranged around the crowns as only a French manipulator can twist, with the unmistakable Parisian charm thrown in. Many of these dainty affairs are made wholly of brocaded kerchiefs in brilliant colorings, and the "mouchoir" bonnet is in immense demand, these giving a stylish and brightening effect to the tailor-made costumes of rich, dark-toned cloth so universally worn.

One mantle of black embossed velvet upon an Ottoman ground has a triple row of Chantilly lace around the bottom, the upper row caught up in scallops by beaded purple pansies with pendants of green leaves and buds. All these wraps have long tabs in front and box-plaits behind at the waist to give the necessary fullness to the tournure. The shoulder-pieces are gathered at the top, forming a slight puff around the upper part of the arm. The sleeves of dresses and ulsters are also inserted in this manner.

In Paris white is much patronized; bonnets are worn at the play there, so that they can be of pale tints without being inconsistent with the season. In a very striking one the crown consisted of tiny pinked-out leaves made of ivory velvet, alternating with cloth of the same tint. These were about the size of the smallest rose leaves and almost of the same shape. The velvet and cloth were beautifully soft-looking thus combined. The brim was covered with gathered beaver-colored velvet, and was trimmed with eleven small gray birds with tiny claws and all complete.



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Health Department.

Vaccination and Hereditary Disease.

Most married people have babies; and as small-pox and vaccination are now the all-absorbing topics, an opinion on the subject by Dr. Beany, who is a specialist, will be read with interest. In answer to an interview, Dr. Beany; M. L. C., said: "For the last twenty years I have been investigating the subject of the transmission of disease by arm to arm vaccination, and about 13 years ago I began a crusade against such vaccination in a pamphlet entitled 'Vaccination and Its Dangers' I pointed out that loathsome and other diseases can be and are constantly transmitted from one to another by vaccination. I have attended a great number of children suffering from diseases, and have seen their fathers and mothers, and collateral relations, all pictures of health. These have told me that they never suffered from a loathsome disease, yet their blooming children, who, up to the time of their vaccination, were perfectly healthy in every way, after their vaccination, suffered from loathsome skin diseases, covering the entire body, and followed by the loss of hair and nails, the destruction of the bone, and in some cases finally death. About 12 months ago I saw a handsome child, whose father, mother, brothers, and sisters, were all in the most perfect condition of health. This beautiful little being was vaccinated, and from that time a series of troubles began. After the vaccination, ulcers spread in different regions of its body. The joints became diseased and enlarged. The sockets containing the teeth rotted away to such an extent that I had to take out the jaw away. Now, all this began soon after vaccination. I was summoned as a witness three years ago before a Parliamentary Commission, when I distinctly said that a loathsome disease was frequently conveyed by vaccination. It has been affirmed that you cannot introduce disease with the vaccine virus unless blood is introduced with it. My opinion is that it can be conveyed in the lymph; for what is lymph but blood in the primary stage? I have just learned of a medical man in London who, in the cause of science, determined to try an experiment upon himself as to whether a loathsome disease could be communicated by vaccination. He took pure lymph (having adopted the precaution that there should be no blood with it) from a subject suffering from a loathsome disease; and now he has got the disease himself, which, I think, should be sufficient proof. I never vaccinated a child with human lymph. I think that the time has arrived when the authorities should pay some attention to this important matter. The subject is one which demands the fullest inquiry, at no matter what cost, as the general health of the community is at stake."—[Sydney Evening News

Food.

All foods may be divided into two divisions according to their physiological action. 1. Tissue making. 2. Fat making. We have said a great deal about water in a former chapter, still we are not quite done with it yet, as it forms the bulk of many of our foods, e. g., we are told that Mahomet Ali ate a forty pound melon every day by way of dessert. Again, lead is divided into nitrogenous, non-nitrogenous and mineral. The nitrogenous articles of diet are the tissue makers, and consist of animal and vegetable substances, but principally of animal food, excepting fat. The non-nitrogenous articles of food are the heat makers, and are used up chiefly in the lungs, they are starch, sugar and oil. The mineral substances are used in the process of digestion and for the repair and formation of bones, etc., they are common salt and various salts of lime, soda, potash and iron, etc., with mineral and vegetable acids.

Let us now see what part each of these articles of diet, or at least each class of articles, plays in the economy of digestion.

The nitrogenous portion of our food is supplied to us almost entirely by the flesh of animals, and is the substance we have mainly to rely upon to rebuild the waste of muscle and strength which is always more or less going on. Vegetables do not contain so much of this class of diets, and are therefore not considered so strengthening. Man cannot exist very well on a diet from which animal food has been wholly excluded, though occasionally he attempts to do so, contrary, we might be inclined to add, to the laws of God and nature, as we shall see more plainly hereafter.

Again, we find it equally difficult to exclude vegetables from our daily use, sometimes it becomes necessary to do so, and then the craving for articles containing starch and sugar becomes so intense that it requires the full exercise of the will to make us avoid them. In certain diseases of the kidneys such a treatment has been found the most successful, and many lives have been prolonged with enjoyment of health by its means. Certain vegetables contain much more of this article, (nitrogen), than do others; for instance, good wheat flour forms in itself almost a complete diet, and well made bread with the addition of a little butter may be looked upon as a complete and wholesome diet, of course with the addition of some water.—[Health and Healthy Homes in Canada.

Disinfecting the Sputa of Phthisis.

Dr. J. Sormadi, Professor of Hygiene at the University of Paris, gave some interesting details at the Hygienic Congress of the Hague concerning experiments made this year on 150 Guinea pigs with the sputa from phthisis. The object in each case was to ascertain what chemical or other methods would neutralize the bacillus which, it was previously ascertained, existed in large numbers in the sputa. The results of these experiments were summarized in the following manner: 1. The bacilli of tuberculosis were generally very difficult to destroy; dryness, exposure to oxygen, putrefaction and most disinfectants failed to produce any effect. 2. A temperature of 160° C. only killed the bacilli after at least five minutes of ebullition. 3. The artificial degeneration of bacilli showed that they were the last of all living organisms to be destroyed by the gastric juices or chloridic acid. A very active digestion is necessary to kill this microbe. A healthy man may destroy the bacilli in his stomach, but an infant or an adult with his digestive faculties impaired would easily allow the germ to pass the stomach intact, and retain its virulence in the intestinal tube. This determined enteric ulcerations, etc. 4. The bacillus of tuberculosis can be preserved intact for a whole year when mixed with water. It is probable, though not proved, that it has retained its virulence during that time. Thus drinking water may become the means of propagating tuberculosis. It is probable that contaminated linen retains its virulence for five or six months. 5. Alcohol does not destroy the germ, and hard drinkers often suffer from tuberculosis. 6. Cod liver oil, ozone, oxygenated preparations, and other similar remedies have no effect in killing the bacillus, nor are benzoate of soda, sanylate of soda, sulphate of zinc, and carbolic acid, iccide of silver, bromidia, camphor, etc., of much greater use. They injure, perhaps, but do not absolutely destroy, the bacillus, at least not in the cases that can be taken without danger. 7. A more decisive action may be attributed to cresote, eucalyptol, pure carbolic acid, the naphthols, and bichloride of mercury. 8. For disinfecting spittoons, carbolic acid solution at 5 per cent is thought sufficient, and Dr. Sormadi asserts that the breath never contains any bacillus. He also suggested that essences of turpentine or eucalyptol should be dif-

used in the houses as an agent for the destruction of this special germ.—[Lancet.

A Sleep-Promoting Machine.

Now what is it that disturbs sleep? Noise? Not altogether, for the inhabitants of besieged towns have been known to sleep through the roar of the bombardment and to awaken suddenly when the firing ceased. Millers will sometimes start up from their sleep, awakened by the mere stopping of the mill-wheel. The rattle of a train in motion will induce sleep, as all travelers know. And last, not least, the sleep of infants, the sweetest and soundest sleep of all, is promoted by sound. The popular view then that noise disturbs sleep, like most popular views, only touches the truth, but does not grasp it. The true cause of disturbance is interruption. Any sudden cessation of the continuity of silence or of sounds awakens the sleeper, for sound, provided it be monotonous, has precisely the same effect on the brain as silence. That simple piece of mechanism, the alarm-clock, is based on the theory of interruption; it interprets silence. Now, might not a simple contrivance be made on the same mechanical principles, but with the reverse object, viz., that of securing sleeping sound? Its utility to such persons especially would be un doubted. Call it the morphometer, the somniferent, or give it a French title, and christen it the garde-somme, or sleep-preserver—a name, by the way, that would truly designate its object; for its real object would not be so much to promote sleep as to insure the sleeper against disturbance (the vulnerable side of light sleepers) by placing a bulwark of sound between him and the sudden shocks of extraneous noise. Let your sleep preserver produce the drowsy, monotonous buzz of the humming-top, not so loud as to be heard in an adjoining room, but loud enough to drown distant noises when placed close to the bedside, or hung over the pillow.

The Dangers of Milk.

For all the young, milk is required, and should be of the best and most healthful. But it is a source of constant danger. In some of our present Health Resorts, cows are cooped up in the most limited space, in what are called cow-sheds, for the sole purpose of making them turn vegetable food into milk. For months together, these miserable animals never see the open day, never know what it is to stretch out at full freedom on green-sward, never know what it is to breathe the pure open air, never know what it is to be fed on any variety of food save that which makes them yield the largest quantities of milk. They are, in truth, like animal machines kept in sheds, the sheds in the heart of the human population itself, the poorest, likely, of their kind. On milk manufactured under these conditions,—in partial darkness, dirt, close air, and often without any provision for the separation of healthy from unhealthy animals,—on such milk how can infants and children live, to live wholesomely? It is impossible, and, I am bound to say, wickedly, impossible. To that also is added the further danger of epidemic diseases spreading through milk—a risk so great that in one town alone, which I recently inspected, I was able to estimate that at least a saving of one death per annum would have resulted from an entire and perfect reformation of the milk supply.

Bright's Disease.

On this subject, Dr. Alex. De Borra, of Crystal Springs, N. Y., writes to the *Scientific American*, that, after years of practical test of the milk diet for Bright's disease, he has a long list of cases in which he has made perfect cures. Great care is taken to get absolutely pure skimmed milk from healthy and well-fed cows, and no other food of any kind is given

after the patient can bear five pints of milk a day. Up to this point, and until the stomach is able to take care of so much, is found to be the most trying period in this treatment; but no other medicine is given, and hand and hair-glove rubbing is daily administered.

A correspondent takes exception to the claim made, that no drug of any therapeutic value in that disease has yet been discovered, and gives a recipe which, he claims, has effected cures in Bright's disease as well as in dropsy, during fifteen years: "Take a double handful of the dry podic of the common white soup bean or corn bean, to three quarts of water; boil slowly for three hours, until it is reduced to three pints. Take hot or cold. Use no other drink."

Youthful Topers.

Dr. Madden surprised the British Medical association at their last meeting by showing how common among children was the habit of liquor drinking, and how many cases of juvenile alcoholism he had been called upon to treat in his own practice. The cases are found chiefly among people who send small children to public saloons for liquor. On their way home they take draughts of the liquor, and thus sow the seeds which may germinate into an irresistible desire for alcohol. The doctor has lately treated a case of well-marked chronic alcoholism in a boy of 8, and one of delirium tremens in a child of the same age.

Celery for Nervousness.

A physician says that he has known many men, and women, too, who from various causes had become so much affected by nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on a windy day, and by the moderate use of the blanched footstalks of celery as a salad they became as strong and steady as other people. He has known others so nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a moderate daily use of blanched celery as a salad at meal time; others to be cured of palpitation of the heart.

Another Way to Reduce Fat.

Dr. Schweninger of Munich has discovered a new mode of reducing the bulk of the human frame. It is never to eat and drink at the same time, but to let two hours intervene. He has, it is said, cured Prince Bismarck of a tendency to obesity in this way. Fat people have now their choice between four systems. 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar, or fat. 2. The German Banting which allows fat, but forbids sugar or starch. 3. A Munich system, which consists of being clothed in wool and sleeping in flannel blankets instead of sheets. 4. Not eating and drinking at the same time.

To GIVE CASTOR OIL.—The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it, and stir up; when it is done, flavor with a little salt or sugar, or currant jelly.

LEMONADE FOR DIARRHŒA.—Dr. Vfgouroux recommends a glass of hot lemonade, every half-hour or less as indicated, in diarrhœa. It certainly is pleasant, and is stated to be effectual.

"Mamma," complained a little girl, running into the house, "me and Willie wanted nurse to sit down and let us pour sand in her back, and she won't do it." "Certainly not. She did quite right." "Well, that's what you told her to do when she first came." "I told her she was to let you and Willie pour sand down her back?" "Not exactly that, mamma, but you told her to mind the children."

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given."—*Moore*

DEAR TRUTH,—The exigencies of publication prevent my alluding to more than one of Mlle. Rhea's artistic impersonations in my present letter. As that one, however, is the one round which the interest of the week chiefly centred, your readers will, no doubt, be satisfied. "Yvonne" has, in the classical language of the hour, been "boomed" to a considerable extent as a most powerful dramatic and emotional play, and the greatest artistic success of the great actress's career. Consequently, much interest was felt in its production here—an interest only equalled by the disappointment universally felt, if not expressed, after the fall of the curtain on the fifth act. "Yvonne" is a most unsatisfactory play—thoroughly French in its incidents, but jerky, disjointed, and uneven. The character of Yvonne is, however, a well conceived and most attractive one, and although it does not afford Mlle. Rhea the same dramatic opportunities that some others in her repertoire do, she makes the most of the few that are offered. That, of course, is only to be expected from an actress of her standing. Her acting throughout was powerful, although it failed to arouse the audience to anything like the enthusiasm created by some of her other impersonations. This, however, was the fault of the play, not of the actress. The most telling scene of the play is, perhaps, that between Yvonne and her lover, in the last act, where she upbraids him for his want of confidence, and which was rendered most effectively.

So much for the play, and the star. Now for the company. Mlle. Rhea has always appreciated the worth of a good company; and her support has always been the best. The present company is no exception to the rule, and their able and intelligent support was keenly appreciated by the audience. Miss Mae Clarke, who impersonated the Countess O'ympe, a most thankless and objectionable character—is a very young actress, but evidently has a bright future before her; possessing, as she undoubtedly does, histrionic talent of no mean order. Mr. J. F. Sullivan, as the wronged husband, Count de Granglicu, was very satisfactory. The Dr. Ferlin of Mr. R. G. Wilson left nothing to be desired. Mr. Walter Brooks played Yvonne's lover Raoul most satisfactorily, and in the last scene where she upbraids him, fully rose to the requirements of the occasion. The Lieut. Chas. of Mr. R. B. Amory was amusing, but somewhat monotonous; the Princess Nadeje of Miss Effie Vaughan, in her one scene, exceptionally good; and the remaining characters entirely satisfactory.

So much for the company. Now for the accessories. Handsome dresses are but poor apologies for the lack of good acting, but when handsome dresses and good acting are combined the result is eminently satisfactory. La Mille Rhea's case, this happy combination adds materially to the enjoyment of the play. Her dresses—a different one in every act—are perhaps the most gorgeous that have been seen on the Toronto stage; while the manner in which the piece was placed on the boards reflected much credit on the management of the House. The audiences have not been as large as so eminent an actress as Rhea should attract, and has on former occasions attracted.

I hope all lovers of Irish song, will turn

out on Monday evening next, and give the I. P. B. S. a bumper house. With such artists as Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Pebody, Sims Richard and others, a thoroughly enjoyable evening may be expected. Two other concerts—that by the Metropolitan Church Choir, and that in aid of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine, will also, no doubt, the former especially, prove highly attractive.

By the way, I suppose I need hardly remind your readers that Miss Florence Marryat, the popular novelist, will shortly pay us a visit, and give a highly interesting entertainment, in which she will be assisted by Miss Violet Amor, and Mr. George Grossmith. The programme promises to be unusually attractive.

Perhaps I was a little "previous" in my statement about Patti, last week. There is very little doubt, however, that she will pay us a visit during the present season.

Joseph Murphy, at the Grand next week, will not be a "novelty"; but he will prove popular, as he always does.

SEMPRONIUS

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"TRUTH" COMPETITION.—Persons interested in Bible study should try their skill in answering the questions in TRUTH competition No. 12, which closes on the 7th November. About \$28,000 is offered in prizes. There is no fraud in connection with this competition, as Mr. Wilson will give every prize to those successful as advertised.—[Pickering News.

WOODSTOCK, Oct. 25th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—The Sewing Machine I won in Bible competition No. 11, TRUTH, arrived all right on the 22nd inst. It is a handsome article; and it does very excellent work. I regard it a very valuable prize. Accept my sincere thanks,

Yours truly
Mrs. D. McALPINE.

PERTH, Oct. 20th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of the gold brooch awarded me in Competition No. 11, and return thanks for the same—it is very pretty, and my wife is well pleased with it. Apart from the award, however, TRUTH is well worth the money, as I consider it the best family paper published in Canada.

Yours truly,
O. RICE.

POST OFFICE DEP'T.
MONTREAL, Oct. 27th, 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the sewing machine which I was fortunate enough to win in TRUTH Competition No 11 for answers to first lot of questions (No. 16) also the very beautiful butter-knife in answer to 2nd lot of questions as given in same competition No. 11.

I like TRUTH very much and do consider it second to none as a religious and secular journal.

Yours truly,
J. THOMPSON,
BUCLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.
No. 5 Bleury St., Montreal.

BADEN, Oct. 24th, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF TRUTH.

DEAR SIR,—I write to acknowledge receipt of Prize 109 in competition No 11 of TRUTH. It is a handsome volume of useful information entitled Universal Cyclopaedia. I am exceedingly well pleased with it, and thank you heartily for sending me the same. With best wishes for your success, believe me, etc.,

Yours truly,
Wm. MELROSE.

"ENTERPRISE" OFFICE.

DUTTON, Oct. 31st, 1884.

MR. S. FRANK WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful quadruple plate ice pitcher, which I won in TRUTH competition No. 11. I am well satisfied with it—it exceeds my expectations. Wishing you unbounded success in future with TRUTH, which is one of my best exchanges, I remain,

Yours truly,
W. F. PHILIPS,
Editor of "Enterprise."

PORT DOWNS, Oct. 27th, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I am duly in receipt of a very nice brooch awarded to me in Bible competition No. 11. Wishing you success beyond your expectations, for the future, I am,

Yours truly,
A. W. LAWRENCE.

KINGSTON, Oct. 24th, 1884.

MR. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—The butterknife won in last TRUTH competition came safely to hand last evening, for which accept my best thanks. Wishing the TRUTH success.

Yours truly,
E. M. WILEY.

HAMILTON, Oct. 25th, 1884.

S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—Accept my thanks for copy of "Shakespeare's Works," also Waterbury watch which I won in two Bible Competitions and consider me a regular subscriber to TRUTH for the future. I remain,

EMMA PEDEN.

BOWMANVILLE, Oct. 27th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON,

DEAR SIR,—The prize (a solid coin silver watch) awarded me in TRUTH Bible Competition No 11 is duly to hand, and in every way what was represented, for which accept my sincere thanks and best wishes for the prosperity of your spicy magazine.

I remain,
ROBERT VIRTUE.

PETERBORO', Oct. 27th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—To-day's post brought me a parcel containing a lovely little rolled gold brooch, of chased design—my prize

in TRUTH Bible Competition No. 11. Please accept my sincere thanks for the same, with best wishes for the continued success of your paper.

Yours very respectfully,
L. SANDERSON.

St. THOMAS, Oct. 23rd, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the gold brooch awarded me in TRUTH competition No. 11. My wife is proud of it, she thinks it is pretty. I like your paper. It contains many valuable recipes. I wish you success.

Yours respectfully,
ALEX. OULVIN.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—organs \$5, sewing machines \$2, guns and tea set vices \$1.50, cake baskets and cruet, 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, 12 cents; brooches and butter knives, 6 cents.

To Subscribers.

Subscribers will save themselves and us much trouble and annoyance if they will kindly attend to the notices which they duly receive, of the expiration of their subscription. Our list is so large now that we are obliged to cut off those who do not at once renew, as it would be impossible to keep a number of small open accounts. Promptitude in renewing subscription will secure an unbroken delivery of the paper, and save much writing for missing numbers.

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THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER VI.

Ways, waly! burns anobunny.
An' a crugh an' J'wa's ower monny."
O'D Proc'rb

The fourth spring came that child and nurse lived at the museum. Spring, a season when most tender young things, or frail persons, show signs of weakness as the weather warms. Hannah noticed with growing fear that her nursing lost heart daily to laugh at play, would mope on her little stool, and looked thin and white.

"Small wonder," said the nurse aloud to herself. "Never to see a bit of blue in God's sky, but only them nasty reek fogs, and breathe only smoke, smoke! And a garden like a prison yard with black, bare earth and gritty clunder-walks. Poor little heart!"

So she went straight to her master, and said all her mind, thus ending,

"The child will die, sir. I must take her away for a change, and I only pray in merciful goodness she may pick up her flesh again."

Hannah had a vigorous way of expressing herself that was in strong contrast to poor Peter Quigg's limp gentleness. He passed his thin fingers through the lank brown hair that fell straight on either side of his forehead.

"Whatever you think best, nurse. Dear me, what a frightful responsibility children are! But, you know, I never wished to keep you both here against your will."

"That's true, sir," and Hannah thought, with some grim humor in her heart, "Deed it's more likely you took us in against your will!" adding aloud, "Then we may go as soon as I can get things fixed to rights?"

"Stay, stay. You won't think of doing anything without writing to her," exclaimed Mr. Quigg, with a sudden thought that lent almost firmness to his tone. And he thought to himself, "Then I shall see her letter."

"She has nothing to say to the child. It's not for us; and, anyway, they trust everything to me," majestically replied Hannah, with crushing decision. "Oh! I'll write. I'll go first and write after. There's not too much time to lose, may be; for besides—"

She stopped herself sharply. What was the use of alarming the kindly being before her, who now waved his hand in yielding assent, and for whom she felt quite a protecting fondness, believing him the most chicken hearted, gentle creature ever made in the likeness of man? And then—she might be wrong.

The truth was that besides the child's pining looks, something else had occurred to give Hannah troubled thought, if not actual distress of mind, during the last fortnight.

"Misfortunes never come single—that's a true word," she sighed, forebodingly to herself. For with the last April days, it being the time when gypsies take the road, and tramps and hawkers of all kinds are stirred to try new ways, leaving the winter beats in the town, an organ grinder had passed three times by their gate.

Now this was an unusual thing in itself, because piles of timber and coal heaps are not a rich neighborhood for itinerant musicians. The first time, therefore, that little Joy's ears were ravished by the sweet sounds, she trotted into the front parlor, which was forbidden ground, sacred to company that never came, with its furniture shrouded in bolland-sarks, like ghosts waiting resurrection, and there climbing on the window-sill, she glued her pretty face to the panes—whence Hannah had not the heart to dislodge her.

As to the man, he was an ill looking fellow enough, small and sallow, with a bush of unkempt hair. But there! what harm could a stranger do for once, and outside the iron gates too?

"I'd rather not meet him on a dark night alone," thought Hannah to herself, and there seemed an end of it.

The next Sunday night (and a dark night, too), as Hannah had nearly reached home after chapel, this very Italian came close up to her under a lamp and tried to catch a glimpse of her features under the thick veil she wore hanging loose and straight from her roundabout straw bonnet. Somehow his act gave the woman a cold shiver down the back as she hurried into the shelter of her kitchen.

"What with my figure and clothes, he couldn't have took me to be pretty, and what was he doing down this road, without ever any people to rob nor public to drink at?"

The next Sunday Hannah did not go to chapel; though this service was the only outing the good soul permitted herself, while also she had hitherto thought herself safe from notice of her surpassing ugliness behind her veil.

Twice the organ-grinder came again, and played outside the gates for nearly half an hour. But he saw no child's face. Hannah had grimly said to herself, "I thought as much," and yet why? She could not have told. But she had invented a strange new game for her nursing called "Lio still." On the appearance of any passer-by, notably of the organ grinder, little Joy flew to hide behind the nearest curtain; and there, only one bright eye occasionally peering out, would remain like a mouse till the bad man, who might steal little girls, was gone. Then, on Hannah's signal, forth she would come, and they had high hopes together over the onomy's discomfiture. This was all treated as a joke, however, and Joy thought her nurse a person of vast invention.

"Where to go, Hiram; ay, that's the rub, repeated Hannah the same night on which she had spoken to Mr. Quigg, having returned to the kitchen. "Him up stairs," and she jerked her head towards the ceiling significantly, "will be off, too, for a fortnight, he says, so you can keep house till we come back."

"Sure-ly, surely," said Hiram, with a joyful sound piercing through the decent regret he strove to infuse into his thick tones. Visions rose before him of a cosy parlor, and of a welcoming widow with whom he had been keeping mild company these twenty years back. Hannah looked at him sharply, but thought in exoneration, "Well, well, it is full here; and he's a man. Why, I'd as lief be in a jail my self, barring the confinement. Hiram's a decent body if a gawk."

"Fresh air, and a pure breeze to blow some red into the babe's blessed face is the necessary," she mused aloud. "I'd take her up to Ayrshire, but that all my own folk there are dead or scattered. If my sister was alive—"

"I've a sister," announced Hiram, his thick wits stirring at the prospect of perfect freedom for a while. "She might give you lodging. She lives close to the sea at Sandybeach" (the nearest small sea-port), "some five hours distance by coach." Then he stopped. "But I forgot, you mightn't care to go to the like of her, if you know; and yet, she is an honest woman now this many a year."

"Why, Hiram, what is it?"

"She got into trouble in her youth, you see," said Hiram, apologetically. "It was all along of vanity; but she borrowed her mistress's clothes to wear, and then was caught and tried for stealing. Prison ain't a good school for a young girl, and maybe, after she came out, she was little the better in her conduct for it. I don't want to know—but she was nearly heart-broken, and no one would employ her. She wouldn't come near us for years. At last she writes and says she is married to an old sailor on a position—very comfortable. I want to see her after that. She has a nice cottage

and children now—all clean and tidy. No one knows down there, but I think it only honest to tell you."

"I don't know but what she would do; them that has known trouble is sometimes easier to live with," said Hannah, half to herself. Then they discussed the matter further. Lastly the woman said, artlessly, to the man, "Have you noticed that organ-grinder who comes here of late? Is he respectable?"

"He? Lord ha' mercy! he's the greatest thief and rascal in the town; been hid up times without end," answered Hiram, simply. "Jossey is the name he goes by. I sent him off to-day, not liking that sort to be loafing about our house." (Here Hiram plumed himself, having a great idea of the value of the museum's contents.) "You've a sweet little niece there, she loves to hear me," says he. "Yes, and she's got a bitter big nurse that will send you off with a flea in your ear," says I—"ha, ha!" and away he went taking a squint back at the house."

Hiram impressively uttered Hannah, "your tongue is better oiled nor your wife, and it's a pity they both don't keep pace together, for, as it is, you're a fool."

CHAPTER VII.

"And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep."

LONGFELLOW

BRISA, short waves were breaking on a sandy shore. A salt breeze was blowing the sunny sky free of clouds, and making the blood tingle cheerily in the veins of those who inhaled its strong life-giving breath.

Some fisher-children were at play in a little cottage-garden fronting the beach, and among these was baby Joy, her head bare and her small person covered by a coarse blouse, so that she was fit to enjoy the now-learned delight of mud-pies and sand-castles, which these wonderful children taught her, to her heart's content.

The small creature was at first utterly amazed with delight at meeting children, real children, for the first time in her life. She had only seen them at rare moments before from her prison windows. And then the sea, the great shining sea, sometimes laughing at her, sometimes scolding and the waves that chased her when she ventured down to them bare-legged, holding the fisher-boys' hands timidly, till she fled back shrieking with frightened glee as the foam washed round her rosy, bare feet. Then again the hard, white strand, with its strange sea-creatures, its shining pebbles; and the waders, too, of this tiny garden where she and her companions at present were busy building a notable shell-house supplied amply from the shingles, with an elegant path to this mansion marked by bits of broken glass.

The rush of new sights, sounds, and ideas almost overfilled the small soul; her little heart and brain seemed bursting with such now-found gladness and wonder.

Standing on a slab of natural rock which she called her throne, that formed a rude seat among the flowers of the cottage plot, little Joy sent out a strange, wild cry. It was a jubilee inspired by nature's self.

Inside the cottage kitchen, two women, who were seated by the fireside at their evening tea, looked at each other and smiled.

"It does my heart good to hear her. Just hark! The way that child has brightened up these ten days, no one could have believed that hadn't seen it. Yes; bless you, my pretty dear," said Hannah, applying herself to biting a large piece of smoking-hot, buttered scones; her face shining with satisfaction both over her charge and the meal.

"It has done yourself good, too," said Hiram's sister, kindly, who was a Mrs. Harper, the hostess. "To be shut up alone for years in that old coal-hole of a

use, with not even a soul to speak to—for Hiram's wife would be in a salt-pan—I wonder you didn't die of it."

"Well, it was lonely never to have a woman to say a word with, that I will own," averred Hannah, with a sigh like a small breeze, the pleasure of enjoying what all women call "a good talk" with one of her own sex causing her to open her heart more freely than a fortnight ago she would have believed credible. Then, her soul being stirred, she thus began, "One never got even as much as a breath of fresh air; while as to black beetles and rats in the kitchen, they'd have been tumbling over each other if I hadn't taught them to make room civilly by help of poison. But the want of company was worst, for I always was a great one for being sociable. Some finds a pleasure in being stuck-up and keeping themselves to themselves, as they call it. Now in my mind, that's often enough because no one but themselves will put up with them. The Lord made me ugly, so, thinks I, that's a hint it's my duty to make myself more pleasant; but whenever Providence lays a duty on folks, Mrs. Harper, the devil's sure to come and try them sorely. And so how could I pass a joke, or be as agreeable as a Christian woman would wish among murdering foreigners and black Injuns, with whom my lot was cast for years? Ah! well, even the old museum is better nor that; but this is the first time, I may say, I've felt happy and comfortable for years. And you're the first woman as I've met, this many a day, I could put trust or confidence in."

After what Hiram said, this may seem remarkable. But, in truth his sister could be very pleasant to people she liked, and as sharp-tongued and distant to others. She had been pretty once, and had quick eyes with a furtive glance in them. Her manner to strangers at first was glib, with a forced gaiety, but with husband and children it was tender and thoughtful; and so it was now to Hannah. Such a tea as she knew how to set on that well-scoured table, too; such a pile of smoking cakes crowned with butter. True, she drank out of her saucer, a familiarity of ease Hannah had rigidly forbidden herself, for the child's sake, hitherto—but one must do at Rome, as the Romans. So, with quite a joyous remembrance of early years, the nurse likewise balanced her saucer on her open hand; and drank noisily, and was happy, as she said, and very comfortable.

"Have another cup, and finish that plateful of cake; do. There's as much more hot in the oven," said Mrs. Harper. "It's a wonder to me, Mrs. Hannah, if I may take the liberty to say so, that you did stay so long in foreign parts, seeing you disliked them that much. Not that I mean to ask questions; it's not what I care for much myself," and she gave a little sigh.

"I know, I know. Best friends don't go raking in our ash-pits to spy at what's thrown out," returned Hannah, impressively. "But, my dear, 'twas not along o' myself I did it, but because of one I loved better nor self, and would ha' died for since ever she first came to my arms, not much bigger than little Joy there; and I a lump of a girl and a nursery-maid I'd had a rough life at home, and most that I gave my love to only paid me back with laughter for my ugliness. But with these 'twas all soft words and pretty ways that eased my sore heart. And she, bless her! was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen, and was fond of me, for all my ugly looks. So I just gave myself up to serve her and hers, for better or worse, though life, please God. And just as much as I loved her, I hated another person. That was a man!—her husband, when my dear had grown up. Sometimes, men seem to think all women to be either fools or angels, or both together like mixed stuff that's woven. But I know most men are whole fools or just devils, and he was a devil."

"No, there's good men too," said

Harper's wife, quickly, with a flush on her cheek. "I grant you they're rare, but—well, Hiram has told you about me. Then I met my old man, and he believed in me, in spite of knowing everything. When men think us good, it goes half-way to make us good."

"One went half-way towards making me wicked. He gave me that," returned Hannah, raising her hand to the great scar on her face, and flushing, too, but from a different emotion, while a little shiver of hatred and fear passed over her own body, coarse and unemotional though she seemed. "Yes, as if I weren't ugly enough. He'd have killed me if he could, for I used to fight him for my young mistress's sake, tooth and nail, as you may say. She had been a spoiled darling, and he had the pride of Lucifer, so it was like thunder raging against lightning; or, as my old mother used to say, 'When the man's fire and the wife's tow, in comes the devil, and blows it in a low.'"

"A little drop more tea?" consolingly urged Mrs. Harper. "Oh! dear me, what a world of trouble and sorrow it is! And, even when things do better a bit, like with me, one can never be sure of keeping them. They are the best husband that gets drowned always, or else, like mine, they're not in the best of health. Well, well, there's rest at the end, we'll hope."

"And I'll live to plague him yet; if it was only for her child's sake," ended Hannah, with a half-sob of which she seemed ashamed, drying her eyes quickly afterwards with her knuckle, and ending in a hoarse, short laugh.

Mrs. Harper had likewise dropped a tear more softly into her tea, whereupon she used her apron. Both felt in rare sympathy. The world had been so cruel to each of them.

"And so the child doesn't belong to Mr. Quigg?" said the little woman, with a little laugh. "It was a wonder to me, at first how he ever came to have such a sweet infant among all his old bones and stones, and nasty grinning idols. It wasn't likely somehow. She reminds me of my own little girl that died, and I've nought but boys left. Well, I don't understand it yet, nor ask to; but if her mother was like your own child, it follows this one ought to be a dear one to you, as she is— which any one can see."

"Like my grandchild, and old fools is the worst fools," laughed Hannah, with a grim humor against herself; then, in sudden change to almost solemnity, the subject being sacred, "That babe just lives in the very core of my heart, like a pippin in an apple. What does St. Paul say? 'Like as a nurse cherisheth her children.' Well, he know what he was talking about, I know—just by that."

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Harper was not strong in Scriptural quotations. Then as usual she had recourse to the resources of the tea-pot.

"Here are the hot cakes too, just beautiful," she added, bustling back from the oven with a delicious dish, at sight of which Hannah's eye greedily glistened. But just after the latter had taken a large bite out of her fresh scone, she happened to glance towards the cottage window. She sprang up; her brown face turned of a tallow color; and she held by the back of the chair, her knees quaking.

"Oh, Lord, ha' mercy! It's—him!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, little child, alas! what 's thy gill?
That never wroughtst sin as yet, paroe!
Why wilt thou harden farther in the evil?"
CHALCER.

HANNAH stifled a cry, and pointed outside with a shaking forefinger.

"Who?" cried Mrs. Harper, jumping up to her help. Looking out too, she saw a man leaning over the low wall and talking to little Joy. At this distance he looked a handsome, dissolute scoundrel, fit for a billiard-marker or the betting-ring; for he wore his gray felt hat with a far too arrogant air, considering his coat

was out at elbows. But on nearer view he had finer points, his head being nobly shaped, and if too heavy about the lower jaw, yet with a broad, low forehead and deep-set, gleaming eyes. His figure too, though disguised under his shabby clothes, was none the less of splendid build, broad-shouldered and tall, yet spare and supple, a body of iron and muscles of steel. He was more a Fra Diavolo, doer of followers and reduced to misery, than a mere vulgar villain.

"It is! and he's after the child. 'Oh, let me out to him! What's this? Help me!'"

In reality, Hannah was almost fainting, but did not know the feeling.

"Sit down, you'll drop. Let me go, I'll save her," uttered Mrs. Harper in rapid tones.

"See! he doesn't even know her for certain in my Jim's old pinafore. He's speaking too easy and looks puzzled, that I can tell from here. When did he see her last?"

"Not since she was in arms."

"Pshaw! But what right has he to her? Say quick!"

"He's her father!" gasped Hannah. "He nearly killed, and then deserted the mother because the child was born. And now she's hiding from him, and he's after little Joy out of devilry, maybe just to vex her, or to get hold of the poor babe's little money, all that's left from the big fortune he spent. He might kill my lamb—who knows?"

"He sha'n't get here, the villain! Stay quiet; don't show yourself, he'd know you. I'll be even with him."

And understanding the situation, with a rapidity taught by terrible experience in the evil ways and slippery places of life, her heart hot with the maternal instinct of defending the young, Mrs. Harper opened the door softly with assumed carelessness. Both woman now could hear, as well as see, a strange scene.

"What is your name, little girl?" urged the man, in a sonorous, foreign voice to which he lent a most persuasively musical intonation.

"What is yours? What is yours?" answered Joy from her perch on the rock, looking under her brows with an innocence of fun, like impudence.

"But where do you live? Tell me."

"At home, of course."

And the child laughed contemptuously—laughed in his face.

"And where is home?" What do you call home? Is it that house?"

"Can you dance?" asked the sprite, dancing up and down on her stone and waving first one brown dimpled arm, then the other invitingly towards him in baby imitation of a little girl in spangles she had seen performing on a booth to her delight. She was tired of questions, just as she ducked in a final courtesy. Joy was snatched up from behind.

"Well, I never! Just in time to catch you from toppling backwards, and you might have broken your neck. Oh, what children is!" cried Mrs. Harper, in such a scolding voice as only mothers have the right to use, while holding the child tenderly on her arm.

"Is that your little girl, madam?" asked the man by the wall, lifting his hat.

Mrs. Harper turned her eyes on him, as if his presence had not been worth noticing till he spoke.

"Well! you don't suppose she belongs to the parish, do you? Or am I too old or too ugly to have such a one?" She stood her ground boldly, like a woman whose cottage in her castle, and who is apt to take offence at any one likely to infringe her rights or privacy by looking over her garden wall, though it be only two and a half feet high. At the same time she tenderly pressed Joy's head against her neck, who had begun to whimper. And as Mrs. Harper herself had black hair, though sleek, and a face once pretty, the man outside thought her maternity of the child possible enough—and was puzzled.

"I was told that the good people of

these houses do sometimes take in lodgers. Do you do so too, perhaps, my good lady?"

"Lodgers? not I. You needn't apply here for accommodation for man or beast." Mrs. Harper qualified this bold assertion in her own mind, by the fact that Hannah and the child were Hiram's and her own friends, and that it was a white lie, if any.

"There are a woman and a child a little girl lodging somewhere near here. They are of my acquaintance, and I am searching for them. Can you perhaps help me?"

"A woman and a child—well, you see there are so many come and go."

"She is big, immense! and ugly," the man made a significant gesture of disgust, checking himself as Mrs. Harper glibly interposed.

"Ugly is she, your friend? well, I don't know. There's two not unlike that description staying in the house of a sailor; there, that white one, d'ye see. Hush, my little bird, no, you must come indoors now, your Minnie wants you. But they went out early this morning in his boat, I believe across the bay, and may not be back till nightfall. That's them, most likely. But you'll excuse me, my old man won't like my staying out talking to a stranger." She glanced apprehensively back at the cottage door, and with a sharp little nod retreated, calling, "Jim! Willy! here, leave that play once; I want you."

And, to the boys' surprise their mother sent them off on long errands with the loud voice and despatch of a termagant.

"There! he's off down the road; and they're gone in the opposite direction, so can answer no questions," she announced triumphantly, but under her breath, once more entering the cottage. Hannah was hidden by the door as if ready for a spring. At several moments during the interview, short as it had been, it was all she could do to prevent herself rushing out.

"Come into the back room; no one can see in there," went on Mrs. Harper, locking the cottage door as she spoke.

"My dear, you heard—it's true enough; he's after you." "But I've set him to watch Joe Beasley's house, who has taken his own sister and her girl back to their home, and may stay all night with them himself."

"Still she's not safe here, my own lamb, my curly locks," cried Hannah who had snatched up the child, and was covering her with kisses, against which her darling saucily rebelled. "Oh! you did wonders, and may the Lord reward you an' bless you! But we must fly—we must hide."

Her stalwart form was strangely agitated, and then Mrs. Harper perceived that she grasped still unawares a terrible weapon, an iron bar, used to secure the door at night, which in Hannah's brawny arms would have been a terrible weapon descending on any onomy. She looked truly dangerous, with her eyes glowing, for all her strength of body and immovability of purpose, as of a rock, had returned to her.

"I was took aback, I own; and foolish; and my head is never quick" at think ing. But now I know what to expect at least—and there's no time to lose," Hannah ejaculated.

There was no time to lose, indeed. The two women consulted together in haste, and then, thanks to Mrs. Harper's quickness of invention, a plan was fixed on.

"If you could have stayed, my old man would keep his own house and those in it against five such men as that," Mrs. Harper suggested, with pardonable, bombast, and a regretful look at the child, who was contentedly seated on the floor hugging a kitten almost to suffocation, with little chirrups of laughter. "It seems such a pity!"

"Must is my master," returned Hannah, shortly. "Once inside Mr. Quigg's house, we're safer, for, if he out there tries police, who would take the child from safe hands and give it to such a

ruffian? Don't tell me!—respectability, that's what helps folks more nor anything else! I Prove your case, says we, or Peter Quigg, whom I put him up to it. And who would believe a Spaniard like that, in our Christiana country?"

Even while delivering what she no doubt thought these upright and commendable remarks, Hannah had been addressing herself. In a few minutes she was once more clothed, but this time needing the aid of Mrs. Harper's fingers and conjugal experience.

"Tuck in that comforter tight and tidy, that's sailor fashion. And don't fear pulling down your sea-wester over your face, dear, my man wears it so. Now—"

There was a complete metamorphosis: Hannah wore a sailor's rough pea-coat and canvas trousers, a big comforter pulled up round the lower part of her face, and a flapping sea-wester almost concealing her features. She was so nearly unrecognizable that even Joy, who now stared wide-eyed, with one finger in her mouth, would hardly recognize her.

"Is she frightened, and no wonder, at her old nurse making such a gag of her self? But it's only a game, my precious, we're going to play 'Loo Still.'"

Mrs. Harper was meanwhile ringing Hannah's own clothes into a big washing basket, covering them with half of a clean sheet.

"There's a nice little nest for her. I'll put you in, missy, and we'll cover you and take you for a rife."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOLDEN GRAINS.

We talk much of duty, of morality, of self-denial, of laws and rules for self-government: we impress their necessity upon others, and, if conscientious, we bind them upon ourselves. All this is right; but, so long as we leave out the joy of well-doing, we leave out the soul of which all these are the covering.

Just as the health and perfection of the body depend largely upon the sunlight, air, temperature, and other conditions to which it is exposed, so the quality of the character is greatly determined by the surrounding influences, and it is not always safe to trust either to physical sensations in the one case or to desire for pleasure in the other.

By acknowledging and emphasizing the good that is in those around us we strengthen their self-respect and give them a powerful motive in the right direction; by cavilling and criticism, by contempt and ridicule, by exposing and emphasizing faults and failings, we destroy their self-respect and deprive them of one of the strongest motives for improvement.

Order and method are the conjurers by whose aid a man of very average abilities may, if he chooses, secure to himself the blessing of never being hurried. Only arrange properly the quantum of work which is to be got through in the day or week, or in any fixed period, and a small margin over and above the bare space absolutely needed for each part of it, and that margin will be available for the chance distractions for which people complain that they have no room.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially for good manners.

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The Courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are civilly responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 25th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 135 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—10 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.55 per line; three months, \$4.25 per line; six months, \$7 per line; twelve months, \$12.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

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Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

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

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

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. Frank Wilson,

Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. W., or 123 Bay St., Toronto.

Prize Christmas Story.

The publisher of TRUTH offers a prize of Ten (\$10) Dollars for the best original short Christmas story, the conditions to be as follows:—

- 1. The story need not exceed one page of TRUTH in length.
2. It must be original, and must not have appeared elsewhere.
3. Scene must be laid in Canada.
4. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.
5. The MS. must, instead of real name of author, bear a nom de plume, or motto. This nom de plume or motto must also be enclosed, together with real name and address, in a separate envelope, which will not be opened until after all the stories are passed upon.
6. All envelopes must be endorsed "Christmas Story."
7. Competition will remain open until December 15th.
8. No MS. will be returned.
9. The publisher reserves the right to use any or all of the unsuccessful stories.

To Competitors.

The first instalment of the prize list in Competition No. 12, will appear in our next issue, and continue from week to week until completed.

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

We have often been asked to have a CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN as the one thing needed to make TRUTH perfect. We have made arrangements to have this and the gentleman entrusted with it will be happy to receive and answer reasonable communications.

T. A., Mount Forest.—We cannot do as you suggest.

YORKVILLE.—The motto asked for in Latin is,—Esto Fidelis.

TOM.—SAT SUPERQUE means "enough and more than enough."

WM. EAGLE, Sullivan.—Thanks for your kind offer, which, however, we cannot see our way to accept.

J. C. CAMPBELL, Leamington.—Had you read the following issues of TRUTH carefully, you would have seen that, owing to circumstances over which we had no control, it was impossible for us to continue the story in question.

T. BARNES, Brownsville.—We will be most happy to utilize anything you may send us that we may deem suitable for our purpose; but so far nothing of what you have sent us has proved suitable. We cannot undertake to return rejected MS.

A SUBSCRIBER, whose letter we have mislaid, asks us to give him the names of some persons mixed up in religious difficulty in Ireland. We cannot do so. If he refers to the article he alludes to, he will find the name of the place; and by writing to the P. P., or the Protestant clergyman, he may obtain what information he seeks.

TYRO.—It said that when Lord Eldon, so long Lord Chancellor of England first went to London in the rumbling coaches of those days he saw the inscription on the coach panels, sat cito si sat bene (Fast enough I will enough). It stuck in his memory and in after life got the blame of many of those delays which made his reign in the Court of Chancery so notorious. He acted on the principle apparently of never doing to-day what could be put off till to-morrow, and always saved his conscience with his favorite sat cito si sat bene.

A good circulation of the fluids of the body is indispensable to perfect health. The Bile, The Blood, The Secretions of the Skin, Kidneys, and Bowels are all purified by Burdock Blood Bitters.

The treaty of England with King John of Abyssinia, is threatened with a collapse. The Abyssinians, under Chief Ras Aloula, are raiding the southern portion of the Soudan, burning villages and plundering the crops. The garrison at Kassala, under Major Pasha, are making preparations to give battle to Ras Aloula.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Burdock Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best European cuisine 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.

A very strong feeling has been manifested in the Montreal press and among citizens at there being no criminal action brought against the Nova Scotia captain who treated his crew so brutally on the long voyage from China. The only penalty he was required to pay his victims was a mere pittance per day for keeping the poor fellows on short allowance. It is expected that he will have trouble in getting men to ship for South America, where the vessel is proceeding with a cargo of lumber.

D. McCrimmon, Lancaster, had Chronic Rheumatism for years, which resisted all treatment until he tried Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured him.

\$50,000.00!

—THE—

GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION NUMBER 13.

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of PRIZES, Organ, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., etc., to a few, to give all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner: To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following:

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Is Luchan mentioned in the Bible.
2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible.
(For reference or answer to each question will suffice.)
Will be given in the order mentioned below, the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards:—

FIRST REWARDS.

- First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions:—\$1,000 in gold.
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos..... 1,000
5. and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs..... 750
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 500
16 to 22. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,170
23 to 30. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Silver Tea Sets, six pieces..... 750
31 to 37. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 900
38 to 40. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches..... 600
41 to 43. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant patterns..... 525
44 to 46. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons..... 500
47 to 52. Two hundred and four elegant bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems..... 500
53 to 71. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives..... 200

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in the order the correct answers to those Bible questions are received at TRUTH office. The first correct answer taking number one (\$1,000 in gold) the second correct answer number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards, which will be given in this way:—At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y, 15th,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer, will be given number one, a fine stylish trotting horse and carriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these middle rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- Number one. A fine stylish Trotting Horse and Carriage..... \$1,000
2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos by a celebrated maker..... 2,100
6, 7, 8 and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker..... 1,000
10 to 21. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000
22 to 30. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000
31 to 33. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services..... 1,440
34 to 37. Thirty Double-barrel English Twist-bore-Loading Shot Guns..... 2,700
38 to 40. Forty sets of (10 vols. to set) complete Chamber's Last Days of Pompeii..... 2,000
41 to 42. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watch..... 600
43 to 44. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 810
45 to 46. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons..... 500
47 to 52. Three hundred and fifty fine Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches, new and elegant designs..... 1,500
53 to 57. Three hundred and fifty-six sets of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems..... 625
58 to 71. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives..... 315

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the last correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this, your letter must be post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition which is February fifteenth, (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos..... \$1,610
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 400
12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services..... 140
18 to 20. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
21 to 24. Ten Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches..... 300
25 to 27. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 1,000
28 to 30. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs..... 450
31 to 32. Eighty-two dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons..... 445
33 to 40. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound..... 420

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world. It will positively be the last unless the results of this competition far exceeds the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send one dollar with their answer for which TRUTH, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issue of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done exactly as promised during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and

popular weekly magazine you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telephone or telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgment of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

Address,
S. FRANK WILSON,
Proprietor TRUTH,
23 and 35 Adelaide St., - - Toronto, Canada.

Let the World Know It.
You can purchase a bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, &c. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain-subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cents. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cents. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

Innocent Wife—What do you mean, Charlie by "straddling a blind?" I should think it was so much easier to ride a rail, if that is the way you have of initiating men at the club.

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 manhood, and all kinds of 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.

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—REQUIRING—
BERLIN WOOL
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FANCY GOODS

For the Christmas season will do well to acquire our prices before purchasing. We keep the

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

of Wools in the city, all of the VERY-BEST QUALITY.

NOTE OUR PRICES:

Berlin Wools all colors, 1 1/2 cent per oz.
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Tinsel, best quality, very thick, 1 1/2 cents per ball.
Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 50 cents per yard.
We have constantly on hand at lowest price a full line of articles necessary to this business. Letter orders receive prompt attention. Can send goods to any part of Canada. Write for our price list and save 25 per cent.

A Trial Solicited.

HENRY DAVIS
DIRECT IMPORTER,
232 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

It is officially stated that Mexico has ratified the agreement in regard to the conversion of the Mexican debt made in England on Oct. 28.

RUPTURE.
EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS, with a spiral spring; the best ever invented. Took ten years to perfect. Cures every child, 8 out of 12 adults. Holds the worst hernia, during hardest work, or money refunded. 25 years' practical experience. Circulars free. Address, the EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., 23 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ont.



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On Old Catalogue Prices.

- Gent's 14k. Gold Watch reduced to \$25.
- Ladies' 14k. Gold Watch reduced to \$20
- Gent's Key Wind, Jeweled, Cut Expansion Balance, in Solid 3oz. Coin Silver Case, Hunting or Open Face reduced to \$8
- Gent's Patent Lever, Jewelled, Cut Expansion Balance. Solid Coin Silver Cases, reduced to \$7.
- Men's size, Heavy, Useful, Cheap Watches, Hunting Case, Key Wind, White Metal silvered, \$4.50; Yellow Metal, Gilded, \$4.50.
- Nickle, stem wind, Open Face, \$4.50.

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23 Church Street, Toronto, Near King, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in every description of Fine Arms, Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Jewellery, Diamonds, silverware, &c.
Send address for our 120-page Catalogue, containing over 500 illustrations of all the latest and most elegant designs.

FOR SALE.—Wood-working Establishment.—The Plant is in one of Missouri's best inland cities, and consists of fine grounds. Good building, first-class engine and machinery, and splendid run of custom work which can be greatly extended. Walnut, sycamore, hickory, and other timber in abundance and cheap. Have a permanent contract to make boxes for a large Tobacco Factory. Have 60,000 feet of walnut and sycamore lumber on hand. Will sell at a big bargain if applied for soon. For description of property and machinery, Address S. S. WILKS, Chillicothe, Mo., U.S.A.

HARRISON MILLARD'S
FIFTY-THREE SONGS, PRICE ONLY \$1.00.
T. CLAXTON,
197 Yonge street, Toronto.
DEALER IN
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSIC.

March 3rd, 1884.
CHAS CLUTZKE, Esq.,
118 King St. West, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—The result of the instrument you adjusted on my child some six months ago, is pronounced by every person having seen the fact a miracle (the foot, as you know, was a club foot from birth.) The proceeds did not make my wife any trouble, and the child never complained. This little simple instrument you made, Mr. Clutche, is really more valuable than ten times its weight in gold. No person can distinguish any difference between the feet now, and any person having children with club feet I would cheerfully recommend to go to the real master of mechanical ideas, which was the means to relieve my mind for life to have a crippled child.



Every Yours Truly,
L. ROEHM,
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COLLARS AND CUFFS 25c PER DOZEN PIECES.
TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY, 14 & 16 Wellington St. West, King St., West.
G. F. SHARP.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

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

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

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON.
And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 78, Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

GOOD BOOKS AT LOW PRICES---EACH 25 CTS.

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| Philip Augustus | The Waterwitch | Envy's Storm | Mad's Best | The Fair Girl |
| Tom Cringle's Log | The Waterwitch | Envy's Storm | Mad's Best | The Fair Girl |
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| Mary of Burgundy | The Waterwitch | Envy's Storm | Mad's Best | The Fair Girl |
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We will send any of the above books, post-paid, on receipt of 25c. 6 for \$1.25; 1 doz. \$2.
JAMES LEE & CO., 1,784 Notre Dame-street, Montreal.

Ladies' Department.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

STUFFED BACON.—Thin rashers of bacon, if not too salt, stuffed with mashed potatoes and sprinkled with raspings and fried, form an excellent substitute for the fried bacon of a bachelor's table.

LAMB CUTLETS WITH CARROTS.—Trim the cutlets neatly; egg and bread crumb them in hard a light brown color, drain and arrange them in a circle on a dish, placing in the centre some new carrots prepared as follows. Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done drain off the water, add a piece of fresh butter to the carrots, some parsley finely minced, a dash of pepper, a little powdered sugar, and a squeeze of lemon; moisten with a little stock free from fat, and keep them hot till wanted.

POTATO CAKES.—Unless the cook rejoices in a very good and easily-heated oven, these are better fried than baked. If not rapidly browned—they can scarcely be said to want cooking—the cakes are tough and indigestible. The chief ingredient should be potato, and to each half-pound of this put one ounce of butter or beef dripping, salt to taste, and just enough flour to bind the whole. An egg is an improvement, but it is unnecessary, as the potatoes, when properly mixed, are light in themselves. Roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut into cakes, and bake at once, or fry in boiling fat. If the latter, they must be carefully taken up with a slice and drained on kitchen-paper. Serve with lemon and butter.

RICE AND MEAT PENDING.—Take any kind of cold meat and chop it fine with cold ham or cold salt pork. Season it to your taste with salt, pepper, and sweet herbs, add a little butter, and stir in two eggs. Then make alternate layers of cold boiled rice and this mixture, and bake half an hour; or make it into cakes with the rice and fry it.

BRAIN CUTLETS.—Soak the brains in tepid salted water; skin, and thoroughly cleanse in plenty of water; throw into boiling water, and boil ten minutes, then into cold water; to harden and whiten them; drain on a colander. When cold, mould into oval cutlets, egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry a light brown in plenty of good boiling lard; drain, and serve hot, either with tomato sauce—round, not over—mushroom sauce, or plain white sauce made with milk, and flavoured with a pinch of mace, cayenne, salt, a teaspoonful of sherry, and two drops of essence of lemon.

LEMON BEAN Pudding.—Two cups of fine crumbs, three cups of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one small cupful of sugar, the juice and grated peel of one lemon, and three eggs. Rub butter and sugar well together. Beat the eggs light; then put the sugar and butter into these. Meanwhile the crumbs should be soaking in the milk. Beat all well together before adding the lemon juice and peel. Turn immediately into a buttered pudding-dish, and bake quickly before the milk has time to curdle.

STRIPPED BEEF.—Pound in a mortar one and a half ounce of saltpetre, one and a half ounce of moist sugar, half an ounce of cloves, quarter of an ounce of allspice, a teaspoonful of ground pepper, a teaspoonful of mace, half a nutmeg, and a pint of salt. Take about twelve pounds of a round of beef, with a good piece of fat, which has hung for several days, take out the bone, and rub the beef all over well with the mixture. Put some of the mixture at the bottom of a pan just large enough to hold the beef, put in the beef, and stew the remainder over. Rub well every day for a fortnight; then wash the beef, and tie it into a good shape with tape, putting a piece of fat in the place of the bone. Cover it well over with lard or suet, put it into a pan, pour over it one pint of water, cover the pan with thick paper, and stew gently for six or seven hours.

CRUQUETTES.—About half a pound of cold meat, three tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, three tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, three tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one egg, salt and pepper, a little gravy made from the bones of meat. Mince the meat finely, chop the suet, add all the dry ingredients and seasoning, mix well, moisten with a little milk, and make up into balls or small rolls. Dip each into eggs and bread-crumbs, or sprinkle over a little flour; fry in hot dripping. Serve with fried parsley and thick gravy.

STEWED RHUBARB.—To one pound of rhubarb, cut in pieces of one or two inches in length, allow half a pound of loaf-sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Have ready a large tin saucepan of boiling water, throw the rhubarb in, and stir the pieces down with a wooden or silver spoon; put the cover on, and for three or four minutes it may be left; then take the cover off; the rhubarb is not again left until it is done. It may be turned gently in the saucepan with the spoon so as not to break the rhubarb. The moment it boils it softens, and in three minutes or less time, according to whether the rhubarb is old or young, strain it off quickly with the cover tilted on the saucepan. Let it slip from the saucepan into a pie-dish, sprinkle the loaf-sugar and grated lemon over it, and leave until cold.

A Woman Miner.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch writes as follows from Helena, Montana. Ranches can be seen on every hand, even to the tip-top of the Rocky mountains. Sunday noon we passed the summit, with snow on every side, wild game on every hill, and cattle in every valley, but the beaves are not so thick as in Wyoming, where cattle can be seen on a thousand hills and often a thousand cattle on a hill. Mining is the leading interest here, and on Sunday, going through the magnificent Beaver canyon, I met the famous miner, Miss Bertha Wolfe, who discovered the gold on "Lookout" mountain, San Juan county, Colorado. She lives in Durango, and is quite rich, worth at least \$75,000, and her mines—for she now owns several—are not all developed.

Speaking freely of her experience and adventures, she said: "For a long time I worked out in eastern cities, but the work was hard and not at all profitable, so I concluded to try the west, where I was told good wages were paid. I came out here and did washing, and always made \$100 per month, and sometimes more. Once when I was pretty tired, I concluded to visit a lady friend near Lookout mountain. There I noticed the two great peaks, about two thousand feet high. I told my friend I intended to go prospecting on the high peak. She said it was madness, that the ascent was too steep—about 45 degrees—that no man had ever attempted it, and that it would prove to be my destruction. But I was determined. I put on stout, short petticoats, men's boots, slung on pick and shovel, and, as the biblical phrase is, girded up my loins, and started up alone. But I prayed first. I always pray when beginning an undertaking. On the way up I found an experienced minor prospecting. He tried to persuade me to desist, but I persuaded him to go along. A considerable part of the way we crawled on all fours. He did not go quite all the way. At last I reached the top, and found the precious ore cropping out, and called him up. He helped me make the claim, and I had secured a small fortune. The next day the miners awarded up the mountain and many claims were staked, some of which have turned out well, particularly the Ohio. Strangely enough, no one went up the other peak till I did it myself, and found another paying lead. No, I don't mine myself; I sell out shares, retaining large and sometimes controlling interests. But I am beyond want, keep my mother well in Saxony, and have plenty of money to spend. See that!"

and she showed a roll of crisp bills big as one's arm. "That is pin money. Of course I have had some hard battles. A man in Durango once said something very cruel and untrue about me. I noticed some people looked curiously at me and were not cordial as usual. I asked the cause and learned the facts. I took the language down and the names of witnesses. I confronted the slanderer and he denied it. I brought suit and studied the case. When the time for trial came, I desired a jury, my attorney said 'No.' I had before suspected that he had been hampered with, and told him to go, and tried the case myself. I separated the witnesses, so they did not tell the same story—lies never fit. I made my own speech, and the jury gave me a verdict in a few minutes."

Miss Wolfe is quite a character in this country, is recognized and esteemed by all. Railroads furnish her with free passes, and the Germans, whom she always help, think her not second to the president in importance. She is very strong and heavy, acknowledging to two hundred pounds, but active, merry, and modest. In a three-hour's conversation she never once used that woman's word: nice. She spoke of duty, courage, conviction, and judgment. She thinks the government should prosecute the Mormons with fierce vigor; has studied and written on the subject, but disclaims all leaning toward woman's rights.

CHIT-CHAT.

"I'm from Misteh Brown, mum—genoman what lives 'cross' do way. He says won't yer please shut dem winders w'en do young lady's a-playin'?"

"But I thought Mr. Brown was musical himself?"

"That's whnt's do mattah, mum." "Make your husbands comfortable at home and they will not go out in the evening," exclaimed a Cincinnati preacher lately. The next day Cincinnati wives were anxiously inquiring about the price of beer by the keg.

Doctor—You see, wifey dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all; a very critical case, I can tell you!

His wife—Yes, dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah, if I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved!

The story is told that the playing of a celebrated violinist very much impressed one of the ladies of the audience, a well-known society leader, and she caused the musician to be presented to her. "I was delighted with your wonderful music, Mr. S," the lady said, "quite carried away with it, in fact." The musician was charmed. "If you have no other engagement for Thursday evening," the lady went on, "I would be pleased to have you dine with us." He had no other engagement. "And be sure to bring your violin," she added. "Well, madam," Mr. S. replied, "I hardly think that will be necessary; my violin never gets hungry."

Girls in Odd Stockings.

"Scarlet stockings!" inquired a reporter for the Philadelphia Times. "Yes, they're all the go," said a Chestnut street hosiery-dealer, yesterday. "But that isn't the latest craze, by any means."

"What is the latest fashion then?" "Why, on Saturday morning I had three young lady customers who came in and bought three pair of red and three pair of black hose. I was somewhat surprised and asked the object. In each case I was told that it was not considered the proper caper to wear two red stockings now, any more than it is to wear two black ones."

"Well, what on earth are they going to do?" "Wear one of each kind—a scarlet stocking on one foot and a black one on the other. It's a fact, I assure you. And the fashion is gaining ground, for this morning I have had several more custom-

ers on the same errand. Black and red, you know, are striking and at the same time becoming contrasts."

Come, Gentle Spring, and bring malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpidity of liver and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney Wort is at hand. It may be had of the nearest druggist and will purify the system, correct the stomach and bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic and blood purifier it has no equal.

More don half o' do 'fection o' dis worl' is put on. De grape vino doan cling ter do lins 'cause it lubs do tree, but 'case it wants do tree ter ho' it up.

Chronic Erysipelas and all Eruptions and Humors of the blood so unightly in appearance and so productive of misery may be cured. The remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters.

"Will you help me press some leaves?" the maiden asked her lover. "If you will fasten them in your waist belt I'll see what I can do," he answered; and thus a popular method of pressing autumn leaves was invented.

Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness 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."

Military jackets of cloth, jersey webbing, and velvet are braided in a variety of military styles with gold, silver, and steel braid. These are the street wear for young ladies for the passing month.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Stylish-looking camisoles to wear beneath Marquiso jackets of silk or satin are made of dark Neapolitan blue or black velvet, trimmed with a very delicate embroidery of gold in fine floral or Grecian patterns. A velvet-embroidered pouch, flat and square in shape, is attached to the left side of this pretty and dressy undervest.

Jabesh Snow, Ganning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it did me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wildfire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

When Bess was censured for jilting one girl in favor of another, he said he had always supposed that a change of heart was something to congratulate a person upon rather than to blame him for.

Joseph Showfelt, Armour, says that he considers Burdock Blood Bitters a life saving friend to him. It cured him of debility when doctors failed.

An old, gray, wrinkled man sat in a fashionable restaurant. "Excuse me, sah," said a waiter, approaching; "seems to me, sah, I's seen you bofo' some place." "Yes, you saw me when I was a young man, full of health and vigor, with bright eyes and raven locks and a keen appetite." "I disremember, sah. Wha' was it?" "Right here. Don't you remember?" "Wall, now, sah, et does seem to me like I has a mighty faint recollection ob you. But you see, sah, I's getting ole, an' my memory ain' es good es I used to be." "Perhaps I can tell you a little circumstance that will refresh your memory of me." "Wha' dat, sah?" "I ordered my dinner of you, and have been waiting here ever since for it."

"I Have Suffered."

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles. I am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Bucknor, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop Bitters. It was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any good!!! Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success" "In this great and" Valuable medicine: Anyone! * * * wishing to know more about my cure? Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

"And nervous debility. I have just" Returned "From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more good! Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated!!!" And scarcely able to walk. Now I am gaining strength and "Flesh!" And hardly a day passes but what I am

complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! L. Wickliffe Jackson -Wilmington Del.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

GET THE BEST DYES. The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily dyed fast and beautiful. Only 10c. a package at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Profuse beading is everywhere evident. Dresses, bonnets, mantles, even slippers, give evidence of the general craze for heavy jet ornamentation. Many wraps have shoulder-pieces composed entirely of bead-work, for the brighter colored ones cashmere beads being substituted instead of black.

Harrison, the boy preacher, is making an effort to Christianize Chicago. When he gets through it is thought he will make preachers of his grandchildren.

Few are the remedies whose beneficial qualities and real merits have made them so popular with the public, and increased from year to year their consumption, which, whilst possessing the most valuable remedial properties, are yet so simple in their compound, and so easy to take, as the Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman of Toronto. This article is prepared from the pure Sulphate of Quinine, combined with fine Sherry Wine, and choice aromatics, which relieves the Quinine of its bitter taste, and does not impair in the least degree the efficacy of its action upon the patient; while small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, increase muscular force, and invigorate the tone of the nervous system, and thus, by the general vigor which it imparts, creates an appetite, which gives to the stomach tone and energy, and fortifies the system against all infectious diseases. Ask for Northrop and Lyman's Quinine Wine, sold by all druggists.

D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., took over half a gross of various patent medicines for Paralysis and debility—he says Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Janitor to his wife: "Bridget, my darlin', did Mr. Levystrauss tell you to put this pail on the gas?" Bridget: "No, Pat; but he was after sayin' that the gas was lakin', shure!"

The laws of the Modes and Persians were not more immutable than those of nature. If we transgress them we suffer. Sometimes, however, we break them inadvertently. Damages frequently take the form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Biliousness, which can easily be repaired with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier and renovator of the system.

M. De Lessops announces that on the first of next March there is to be a grand ceremony on the Isthmus of Panama, formally inaugurating the canal works, and it is intended it shall rival the splendor of the old Spanish fetes in those latitudes.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain! What it has done once it will do again.

The veteran aeronaut Mr. Henry Coxwell says that ballooning has saved his life, in view of the great body of pure undiluted oxygen into which it has lifted him. Would this not be an idea to be considered in the cure of consumptives?

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulder. I have also used it in case of croup in children, and have found it to be all you claim it to be."

Polonaises and redingotes of fawn-colored or Quaker gray nun's cloth, figured with raised dots or tufts of chenille or silk, in colors of rich crimson, moss-green, or royal blue, make very stylish and effective costumes over plain or knitted skirts of velveteen, matching exactly the shade of the silk or chenille figure in the cloth overdress.

Dropsy, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, the irregularities and weakening diseases of females are all remedied by the regulating toning power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

The continual and continuous complications and complex negotiations of the various general passenger and freight trunk-line associations are believed to date back to when the angel came into Silcarn and "troubled the pool."

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

Velvet and brocade are revived with all their old popularity. A beautiful new fabric has moss roses strewn upon a ground of seal-brown velvet. The flowers and leaves have their more delicate tints woven to represent embroidery, while the moss and the deeper shades of the buds are in velvet. The imitation is perfect and the effect is indescribably rich.

STARCEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and brooms, knives, plates, mirrors, jewelry, lamp glass, chimney ornaments, picture frames, etc.

"Mina d'Or," a new rich shade of brown shot with gold, is noticed among the newly imported dress fabrics of silk and wool, satin and corded silks, and is much employed by Worth in the construction of some of his most elaborate and expensive dinner and carriage costumes.

HAVE YOU TAKEN IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. J. C. Wells' Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

For dresses, broad, straight standing collars are almost entirely used. The elaborate ruchings of crepe lace have given place to a single row of lace with very little fullness, basted inside the neck; and vests have precedence over all other styles for corsages.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

The empress of Austria's latest riding-habit is made with a waistcoat of stone-colored cloth, the habit itself being black. A tiny rim of gold edges both bodice and skirt, and the waistcoat fastens with gold buttons.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

The numerous varieties of Oriental and pompadour lace remain as fashionable as ever. Spanish laces also retain their popularity.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Embroidered velvet is used for millinery. Bonnets of Spanish lace, trimmed with feathers, are fashionable.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

In Paris, in the matter of head-covering, there is a struggle between the charming French cap, or nun's cap, the classic directoire, and the rouid hat with waving plumes, commonly there called "enterrement de premiere classe."

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Narrow braids, black and in dark cloth colors, come with bright effects secured by metallic threads shot in, and these braids trim numbers of cloth costumes, jackets, and jerseys.

What it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

Fawn-colored camel's-hair cloth will be much used for traveling and promenade costumes.

Frames, Jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc. What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can I shed when mine dry It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Velvet ribbon is lavishly used as a garniture both for hats and dresses. So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, but take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

WELLS' KIDNEY PILLS THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY. "Wells' Kidney Pills are the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. J. C. Wells, Montreal, Vt. "Wells' Kidney Pills are always reliable." Dr. H. W. Clark, St. Louis, Mo. "Wells' Kidney Pills are the best I ever used." Dr. C. M. Sumner, San Hill, Cal. IN THOUSANDS OF CASES it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but certain in its action, and harmless in all cases. It cleanses the blood and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the kidneys is restored. The liver is cleansed of all disease, and the bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. Price, 25 CENTS PER BOX, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Try one box at a time. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

JAS. HICKIN. Merchant Tailor & Clothier, 222 CHURCH ST., TORONTO. Misses Rutherford. DEALERS IN FASHIONABLE Millinery and Fancy Goods DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING. A fresh supply of Laces and Spring Goods just arrived. Orders promptly attended to. 288 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS, The King of Remedies, Cures Scrofula, Scald-Head, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Canker, Liver Complaint, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Itches, and Female Weakness. They are a specific in these troubles and never fail if faithfully used. Send for pamphlet. Price 25c.; 5 for \$1. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist Toronto.

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS. THE LIGHT RUNNING New Home Sewing Machine! It is the simplest, easiest operated, best made, and most elegantly ornamented machine in the world, combining every requisite to produce a perfect machine. Every machine warranted for five (5) years. FOR SALE BY C. GENTLEMAN, 545 Queen Street West, AGENT FOR TORONTO AND VICINITY.

PHRENOLOGICAL GLASS. WALLACE MASON'S CLASS meets every Tuesday at 8 P.M. Come and get a true knowledge of the principles of phrenology and do not be imposed upon by frauds who know very little of the science. Admission to each lecture 50c. or 25c. for the course. Very Careful Examinations given daily at 251 Yonge St.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine. Brain and Nerve Food. Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Night Sweats, Barrenness, Weakness and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and restores surprising tone and vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs in either sex. With each order of Twelve packages accompanied with five dollars, we will send our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the Cheapest and Best Medicine in the market. Pamphlet sent free by mail to any address. Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cents per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 or will be mailed free of postage on receipt of money, by addressing Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold by all druggists in Canada. THIS PAPER is printed with Geo. D. Bell & Co's Celebrated Printing Ink, of St. Lawrence, Boston, Mass. It prints like a picture. Advertisers, W. Toronto, will specify this ink in \$1, \$2 and \$3 per cent orders as it is obtained direct from makers. W.M. BERRY, George E. Carator and Contractor, RESIDENCE—151 Dundas-street, 5 VICTORIA-STREET, TORONTO. All rights reserved from all parts of the reasonable rates.

You Can't Make \$500 By Reading This,
 even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding that thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked complication, usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment. Therefore, if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a perfect and permanent cure therefrom, that person will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N.Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

Sewer pipes are sometimes laid, but we never heard of any being hatched.

Throat and Lung Diseases.
 a specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

The clarinet may not be a musician, but he often plays on the pipes.

* * * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

"Luzifer" is the name of a Kansas paper Who dares make light of it?

Catarrh—A New Treatment.
 Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none 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 living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh 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 catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. 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. B. DIXON & SON, 335 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

The song of the mill is always happier.

Painless and Prompt
PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR,
 the great remedy for corns, is absolutely safe and painless, does its work promptly, without in the least interfering with the comfort of patients, and is absolutely alone as a safe, painless remedy for corns. Do not be imposed upon by dangerous counterfeits. Use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of base substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicine. Take only Putnam's Painless Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

A.P. 202.

FOR SALE—OLD ESTABLISHED CUTLERY
 and fancy goods business, store and lot, with umbrella-repairing business combined. Address, C. OWANKEBA, Ottawa Ont.

YOUNG MARRIED persons, or those about to be married, will be greatly benefited by reading 3c. for several particulars of this enterprising business. J. W. SOUTHWICK, Toronto, Canada.

ONE HUNDRED ACRE—TOWNSHIP ELDON,
 lot 4, containing 1 1/2: choice land, good buildings, Orchard, and fencing. G. S. KING, Cambridge.

THE BANK OF TORONTO—DIVIDEND NO. 5.
 Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank, and its branches on and after Monday, the 31st day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the seventeenth to the twenty-ninth day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, D. COULSON, Cashier, Bank of Toronto, Toronto, 27th October, 1884.

THOMAS GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.
FREE By return mail. Full description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY, Toronto, Ont.

MEN WANTED
 Active, pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous tea to consumers. Salaries from \$200 to \$750 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

E. E. KNOTT'S Speculators' Mart, Adelaide St. East, Toronto.
 All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at lowest rates of interest. Application for money from farm or a specialty. Rents collected and estates managed in town or country. N.B. Best of references on application.

WANTED in every City, Town, Village and County in Canada, Lady and Gentleman to sell Queen Victoria, her girlhood and womanhood, by Graon Greenwood, 400 pages. The cheapest and fastest selling book ever published. Send 75c. for sample copy, and address for terms and territory: The Canadian Subscription Company, 8 Exchange Bank Building, Montreal.

SEND And get a sample copy of TRUTH, free, the best 32-page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards or answering Bible Problems. B. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F. to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamer of the Glasgow during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
 For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Haas & Co. Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

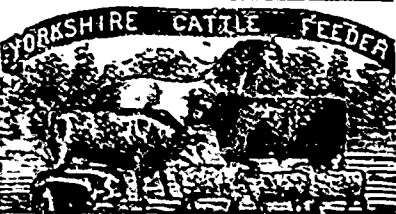
Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from
QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL
 Toronto, Oct. 11 | Vancouver, Nov. 9
 Montreal, Oct. 18 | New York, Nov. 8
 Montreal, Oct. 25 | Brooklyn, Nov. 15
 Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool \$50.00, \$65.00, \$80.00. Return, \$80.00, \$117.00, \$141.00, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate \$35.00. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agent of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & Co.,
 General Agents, Montreal.

THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER

Weights but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.
\$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
 Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
 To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO \$1.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. J. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$1.00. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.
C. W. DENNIS,
 TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,
 213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.



FOR fattening and bringing into condition. Hervey, Cow, Calves, Sheep and Pigs. The Yorkshire Cattle Feeder is used and recommended by first-class breeders. Milk Cattle produce more milk and butter. It fattens in one-fourth the usual time, and saves food.
 Price 25 cents and \$1 per box. A dollar box contains 20 Feeds.
HUGH MILLER & Co.,
 AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTS,
 157 King St. East, Toronto.
 For Sale by Druggists everywhere.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co
 100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.
 Importers of
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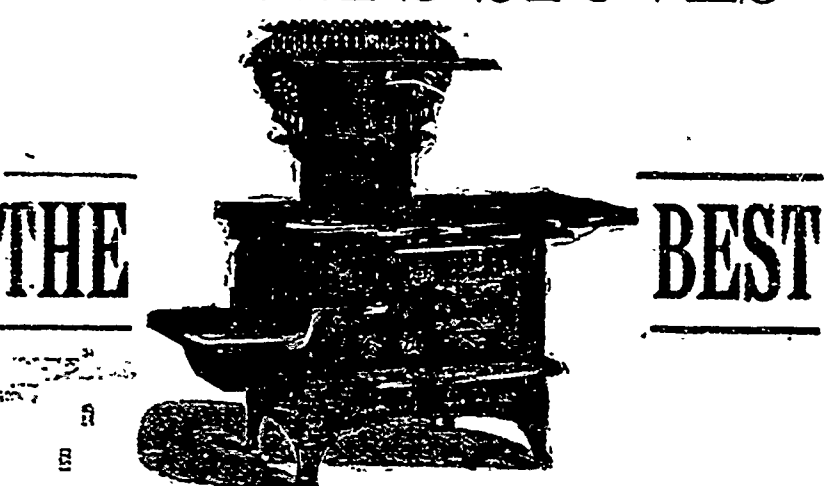
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 have again resumed business, and want to hear from all their old customers. We have no "inside track" in the gun business, and will furnish you Firearms and Sporting Goods at, and in some cases less than, trade prices. Winchester Rifle 1873 model for \$19.90, other goods just as cheap. We have removed from Yonge St., and have no connection with the old stand. Note change of address. Send for new ill. catalogue. **RAWBONE & CO.,** Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto. N.B.—All kinds of Gun repairs done.

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 Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.
 1847 Rogers Bros. A1.
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High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
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Sewing Machine of the Period.
 It is Light and Easy to run!
 Silent and Rapid workman.
 Plain and Simple to learn
 It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
 It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.
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 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 88 King St., W., Toronto.

\$20,000.00.

"Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition, No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES' JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the street and number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, no fraud. We can positively testify to the fairness of the matter ourselves, as we know everything is carried out exactly as promised. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be answered first:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible?

They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of the first correct answer to those two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins... \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker... 600
3 and 4 - Two Grand Square Pianos... 1,200
5 and 6 - Two Fine Road, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs... 500
7, 8 and 9 - Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services... 600
10 to 12 - Six Gold mounted Solid Gold Stem-winding and stem-setting Gemmae Elean Watches... 600
13 to 15 - Five Ladies' Solid Gold in trading and stem-setting Gemmae Elean Watches... 450
16 to 18 - Ten forward Williams' Singer Sewing Machines... 600
19 to 21 - Ten Grandman's Solid Hunting-cases or Open-faced, Gold-silver Watches... 300
22 to 24 - Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate-Cake Services, elegant design... 300
25 to 27 - Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons... 450
28 to 30 - One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tenbyson's Poems... 150
31 to 33 - One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches... 800
34 to 36 - One Hundred and Forty elegant rolled gold brooches... 640
37 to 40 - One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter knives or sugar spoons... 110

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of these middle rewards. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold... \$ 750
23 and 24 - Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker... 1,650

- 5, 6 and 7 - Three Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker... 750
8, 9, 10 and 11 - Four Ladies' Solid Gold stem winding and stem setting Watches... 600
12 to 17 - Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns... 300
18 to 21 - Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns... 600
22 to 25 - Twenty elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns... 240
26 to 29 - Ten Pair Fine Lau Curtains... 100
30 to 31 - Thirty Quadruple Plate Crystal Stands... 300
32 to 37 - One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches... 800
38 to 40 - One Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes of Shakespeare's poems... 1,425

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 one will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 - Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins... \$ 500
2, 3 and 4 - Three Fine Grand Square 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... 300
11 to 13 - Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-cases genuine stem-winding and stem-setting gemmae Elean Watches... 600
14 to 17 - Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns... 480
18 to 21 - Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns... 442
22 to 25 - Sixty down sets silver-plated Tea Spoons... 600
26 to 29 - One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches... 640
30 to 40 - One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter knives or sugar spoons... 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering those Bible questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and serial stories, household hints, Fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as money at a dollar. Be sure to remember that every one competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till fifteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing (15th February) or anytime between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb.) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation-rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Ladies' Journal, Toronto,

Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

FREE BY RETURN MAIL. Full description of... WM. BARBER & BRO. Papermakers, GEORGETOWN, ONT. News, Book and Fine Papers. JOHN R. BARBER.

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The land slopes gently toward the South and is one of the best situations in Canada for fruit raising. Land on opposite side of road is held at \$1 00 per acre. I will sell this whole lot for \$2500. \$800 cash balance at six and a half per cent, secured by mortgage. Address 'TRUTH' Box 10. Toronto, Canada.

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