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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JANUARY 24, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO 225.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The publisher of TRUTH has faithfully carried out all his promises of paying prizes for pianos, gold watches, and other articles, worth hundreds of dollars each. Will all articles the recipients of such prizes do TRUTH the justice to send promptly an acknowledgment? They are often of due to convince those of doubtful mind as to whether any publisher ever actually makes such awards.

Seldom has any Canadian journal been able to boast of as many beautiful original poems in a single issue as appears in TRUTH today. Miss Porter's "New Year Wishes" is certainly a rare gem, and Nora Langher's "Canada" will tend to stir the hearts of true natives of our land. Mrs. E. M. Macklo's "Treasures" many will consider treasure in its line. Seldom has the gifted pen of Dr. Mulvaney written a finer production than his "Reverie on Immortality," on a purely philosophic stand point.

There is an American living in the North of Scotland who is getting himself pretty handsomely cursed for his tyrannical behavior towards the crofters on his estate. Though coming from the strongly accredited land of liberty, there is scarcely a landlord in Britain who has made himself more cordially and deservedly hated. The name of the man is Winans. He was reported some time ago in a dispatch referring to the matter as Ross R. Winans, of Baltimore. That was a mistake. His name is William L. Winans. He is a grand uncle of Ross R. Winans of Baltimore.

Henry George has made ardent disciples of the Skye crofters. They have adopted his principles of land tenure with enthusiasm, their interests no doubt proving a goodly spur in the sides of their intelligence. Staffs they erected a huge cairn in honor of his visit.

A good illustration of police justice trifled with was given in New York the other day. A young man was arrested in a theatre one evening for wearing false moustache and whiskers, was kept in a cell all night, and being brought before a magistrate in the morning and fined five dollars and costs, judicial stupidity could not well go further. It is no crime to wear a wig, why should it be one to wear false hair elsewhere on the top of the head. If New York policemen and justices would turn their attention to the O'Donovan Rossa school of throat-cutters they would be much more in the line of their duty.

John, the Prohibitionist candidate for the recent Presidential contest, seems to have got himself into rather a tight place. Several accusations are made against him of being unprincipled to the tempter and shown very unpraiseworthy willingness to retire from the struggle if he were well paid for it. A somewhat circumstantial case is made out against him, and he may have some difficulty in clearing his skirts of the suspicious clinging to them. It is sincerely to be

hoped that he may be able to do so. The likelihoods are to a very great extent that those alleged letters, and other so-called evidences of guilt, are mere forgeries. The Republicans have never forgiven St. John for the share he had in their defeat.

The aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic church is well shown in the eagerness manifested to get a firm footing in the Congo region. The Pope is dreaming dreams of securing the temporal and spiritual oversight of the vast districts which Stanley and other explorers have revealed to the world.

Lapse of time seems to have had a meliorating effect on the scruples, or whatever else it may have been, of the Bishop of Ontario regarding Rev. Dr. Wilson, late of Kingston and latterly of New York, where he was, in a way, taken under the wing of Mr. Rainsford after his dismissal from Kingston. St. James' Church in the latter city is now vacant, through the death of Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, and the Bishop is said to have no objection to the proposal to call Dr. Wilson to fill the vacancy.

British newspapers at present have argus eyes for seeing evidences of Bismarck's hostility to their Government. The latest proof of it, in their estimation, is the postponement of Princess Beatrice's marriage to next summer, in order that the German laird she is engaged to may finish his time in the army.

Annexation still continues to be the order of the day. It seems to be as catching as whooping-cough or measles among children. New Zealand now proposes to annex Samoa, a scheme which is likely to provoke no inconsiderable amount of opposition, both from Germany and the United States.

Sluggo Sullivan is doing his best to destroy any character for manliness she ever possessed. He made a savage attack on a waiter girl in a saloon the other day, and kicked a horse in a shameful way for running away and upsetting him. If the four legged brute had broken the two-legged brute's neck, the world would not have sorrowed. For a bully and a brute this sluggo fellow in his essential nature undoubtedly is.

The sentiment of loyalty to the reigning family seems to be still pretty vigorous among the people of Great Britain. The coming of age of the Prince of Wales eldest son was celebrated with the greatest *cecal*, as we are told. Bells were rung, and flags were hoisted, and speeches were made, and music was played and in many other ways the public heart testified to its gratitude and satisfaction.

Kings are in a general state of commotion just now. Diequietude of a more or less aggravated kind is universal. The most recent note of complaint comes from the South Pacific, where France has recently annexed certain islands. The missionaries of the London Missionary Society who labor there have sent to Earl Derby a formal pro-

test against this conduct on the part of France. That nation, say the missionaries, has forbidden them to continue their labors. It is a trying time for missionaries. This Chinese war has proved very disastrous to the Canadian Presbyterian mission in Formosa, as well as to others. Some great plan of God's providence appears to be in course of development in these days.

It was a foregone conclusion that Mme. Clodois-Hugues, the Parisian lady who achieved such notoriety by shooting her traider, would be acquitted. Except a jury composed of personal friends of the murdered man, no jury could have been found in Paris who would have condemned the woman. That it was a wilful murder nobody doubted, the woman never denied it. She confessed to being definitely decided on her course, days if not weeks before. That popular sympathy was altogether on her side was shown by the tumultuous applause which greeted the verdict of "non-guilty." She was condemned to pay a fine, however, and the costs of the trial, as an acknowledgment of the claims of law. Revenging herself in the way she did, was, of course, morally wrong. At the same time it is not possible not to sympathize very strongly with a woman who was driven to frenzy by the blackguardly calumnies of a cowardly ruffian. No sorrow can be felt at his fall. He got simply what he deserved. A malignant rancor, indignant probably at being balked in the gratification of his wicked desires, he sought to blacken the reputation of the woman who had repulsed him. Let all villains of this stamp take a lesson from the fate of Morin, of Paris.

Much more attention than they deserve, it seems to us, has been given to some recent utterances of a son of Mr. Gladstone. The young man said it could not be expected that a man of his father's age, could have many years of work before him—or words to that effect. Some of the newspapers are torturing such mere commonplaces to mean that Gladstone will shortly retire from active life. Nothing in the meantime is more unlikely. At the time of the Egyptian crisis and when other matters of pressing moment call for his attention, Gladstone is not the man to leave his sphere of active duty under any compulsion short of absolute necessity.

Ice will be a dear luxury next summer, we fear, unless the clerk of the weather brings a change of programme very suddenly. The harvest as yet is poor, and ice-men are looking a little glum. There is hope, however. A good deal of January is left still, and all February and March, so that there is no ground for despair, or even for taking a despondent view of the ice-cream prospects of next summer.

The farmers near Hamilton seem to be a determined lot of fellows. They made short work of the offending toll-gate, at any rate. We don't blame them a bit, but think they did just the right thing. A toll-gate anywhere in these days is a sign of arrested

development, but within city limits it is an inexcusable impertinence.

The proposed scheme for the federation of Colleges under one university does not seem to have done much more than leave the various Colleges where they were at first. University College has agreed to it, as might have been expected. It had much to gain and little, if anything, to lose from a scheme that would concentrate the interests of the higher education of the whole Province in the city where it happened fortunately to be placed; Knox College in the same way, Wycliffe College, and MacMaster Hall. Victoria College, to be sure, has approved the scheme, which is certainly something gained, if it be a gain. Trinity is somewhat doubtful yet, and Queen's, as everyone expected, may be set down as almost more than doubtful. We have much sympathy with those who doubt the wisdom of massing the whole college system of Ontario in one city.

A horrible case of youthful depravity is reported from Chicago. Two school boys are accused of having on more than one occasion seized a younger boy, and while one held him firmly on the ground the other poured oil of vitriol over his cheeks. One mother testified that her thirteen year old son came home from school one day with the skin of the entire right side of his face peeling off, leaving the unprotected flesh exposed. He said these boys had treated him in the way described. Such fiendish cruelty on the part of such young boys is almost incredible. One can scarcely think of a punishment too severe for the young blackguards. If over the *lex talionis* should be enforced this was a clear case.

New York is disgusted and alarmed at recent evidences of the ignorant incompetency of some of her medical men. Case after case of death in one of the filthiest quarters of the city was certified by these diseases as typhoid fever, which it turns out to have been in reality the deadly typhus. And the malady had been raging for some three months before the Health Boards knew anything about it. A fine commentary on medical education, truly. Not calculated to increase public confidence in the thousands of men who are turned out of the medical mills every year, certified duly as fit and proper persons to charge you two dollars for a three minute visit, looking at your tongue, feeling your pulse, and writing you an order in dog latin, for some quinine and iron, or a dose of castor oil!

Bismarck cherishes the notion that a tax imposed on imports of corn will help Germany to a more prosperous condition. He wants to aid the small landowners, and keep them in the country by this means. The best way he can help, not the small landowners only, but every one in the country, is by giving them more liberty to think and act for themselves, releasing them from the thralldom of military service, maintaining peace with other powers, and persevering in well-considered plans of colonization.

Lord Dufferin seems to have the faculty, somewhat rare among men in his position, of remembering old acquaintances. He cabled his New Year's congratulations to the Thistle Curling Club of Montreal, of which he was a member when in Canada. A very graceful thing to do.

What will Sir John Macdonald do about all these vacant senatorships? He has some six of them to fill just now, and there is any amount of wire-pulling of course going on as to their disposition. Sir John will find his diplomacy sorely taxed to keep all applicants in good humor.

If Bismarck fancies that all he has to do in order to keep his emigrating Germans is to get colonies of his own where all his beloved *Deutschen* may congregate, he is much mistaken. What Germans wish is to get away from this man of blood and war altogether. To be out of reach of his military system, his taxation and all the rest of it. To be in short, free. If there were German colonies to-morrow the emigrating German would still go to the States, because there they are free, and in their own way can call their souls their own. So good, friend Bismarck, nothing but free colonies will succeed in these days, and that you can't give, for you don't know how.

It seems very likely that Gladstone's race is about run. He may rally, but at best the last sands are fast running out. What then? His has been a grand figure, and the poor insolence and even clever Conservative caricatures can do little either to spoil his peace or mar his greatness. Such things are but like a congregation of lunatic monkeys running over the pyramids and saying what poor affairs they are. But after all, however, great Gladstone is not indispensable. Though he disappears, his work will continue, and England, the future mother of great men, will have men yet as good as he.

To be a member of the French Legion of Honor is no small honor. It appears that certain merchants and manufacturers who belong to the Order, have been accustomed to put the insignia of it on the goods which they manufactured or sold. The French Government decided that this is taking an unwarrantable liberty with honorable symbols, and has forbidden the continuance of the practice. Rightly, too, we think. Such distinctions are not given that they may enable one man to win a trade advantage over another. To take such a view of them, is to lower them immeasurably in public estimation.

Any number of dead-heads, it is said, are to be found at New Orleans. Newspaper establishments in New York and elsewhere so arrange matters that the whole staff get a free ride to the big show.

It is one thing, for which people with sensitive nerves, especially, have good reason to be profoundly grateful, that the discordant screeching of locomotives within the city limits, is to be put a stop to. It was one of the best things the late city council ever did when it passed that by-law, forbidding the use of steam whistles by locomotives, propellers or steamboats within the city limits. There is at least one misery the less in life since that was done.

Henry Labouchere, speaking of Egypt, says:—"My own opinion is that Egypt is a hell on earth to the laboring population, and that the condition of the fellahs is carefully concealed from us by our officials and correspondents, all of whom are more or less allied with the Europeans, who are there to make money, no matter how."

The Crofter agitation in Scotland still goes on, and will till some effective remedy be applied. And the movement won't stay with the Crofters. The whole tenant farmers in Scotland will be into it by-and-by. And good reason there will be for their being so.

Some people are saying that doctors charge exorbitant fees, and that as they form a close corporation, protected by Government from outside poachers, they ought not to be allowed to settle their own tariff. There is some truth in this. Would there be much harm done were anybody allowed to practice medicine that chooses? Again, many of the craft are tolerably ignorant, and the clever, competent man it is to be expected will always rise to the top. Besides it is not a settled fact that fewer patients are killed by regular practitioners than by those who are called quacks. How often you hear people saying "Oh don't go near him he is stupid and has no skill," though he may have as many certificates as would thatch the face of a parish. Well, they would say the same thing if he had neither certificate nor diploma to show. If he brought through his patients pretty generally his name would get up. If not, not. What worse then would things be in that case than now? It is, in any case, worth trying we do believe, even though some may say with a sigh, "we could not have believed that TRUTH would have been so heterodox and foolish."

A case is reported from one of the London hospitals, which, if true, will go far to remove the prejudice which many persons not unnaturally have against vivisection. Reasoning by analogy from data furnished by experiments on rabbits and monkeys, a London surgeon assured a patient that he was suffering from tumour on the brain. Not this alone, he told the exact spot where the tumour was to be found. It was the patient's last chance. He could not recover while the tumour was there. He might recover if it were removed, though the operation would be undoubtedly dangerous. He wisely took the risks. His skull was opened, and the tumour was found exactly where the surgeon had diagnosed. It was removed without difficulty, and the patient at last accounts was doing well, with every prospect of many years of health and usefulness before him. It is impossible to get over facts like these, if they are properly vouched for. No reasonable person can object to vivisection if it is conducted with the use of anaesthetics, and every precaution always employed to avoid needless pain. Unfortunately this has not always been done, and what has set the general mind against the custom, is the cruelty that has so often been practiced in the name of science.

Some of the oyster boats on the Maryland coast must be hells of cruelty if all the stories are true that are told about the treatment of their crews by their captains. There is one captain awaits his trial now for the murder of one of his crew. The whole affair was most barbarous. One witness testified at the inquest that the poor victim had complained of sickness. The captain knocked him down with an oyster shovel and choked him blue. He then had him tied and swung over the deck until he promised to work. The poor wretch's promise, however, was useless enough, as he was physically incapable of exertion. The captain then beat him with a rope's end, and forced him to strip naked in the freezing air. He was afterwards tied up by the thumbs, kicked in the head, drenched with cold water, and finally thrown on shore to die. Altogether a record

of most revolting cruelty, indicating pretty clearly that some system of Government inspection needs to be inaugurated. Unfortunately this, though an extreme, is not an isolated case of brutality.

Queer people in the world—not a new remark by any means, but fresh illustrations of the fact are constantly cropping up to remind one of it. A physician recently died in Indianapolis who left orders that his body should receive no burial, but go at once to the dissecting table. He no doubt wished to do all the good he could to his generation, whether in life or in death. His unusual wish was complied with.

It seems terribly difficult to get the principle of intolerance out of men's heads and hearts. It seems to rise from the unexpressed feeling that what I think is right anyway, and every one who is not of that opinion ought to be damned, or burnt, or beaten, or something equally dreadful. When any man or any body of men take to name-calling or blows and threats it is a sure sign that they are beaten in argument, and that they know it. Why there is so much of that sort of thing in country's exclusively or nearly Roman Catholic is a mystery on any other consideration than that it is generally felt that as a mere matter of argument there is little or no show. One would not like to say positively that such is the case, but it looks awfully that way. If the truth is God's and will assuredly prevail, why should its supporters bluster and swear, and take to sticks and stones in support of their orthodoxy?

People are every now and then sending in most mournful and indignant letters about having been "cut" on the street and so forth, and about this and that person not associating with them. All such complaints are very silly and very sinful as well. In nine cases out of ten we don't believe there was any intention to "cut." It was inattention, preoccupation, or fifty other things perfectly compatible with respect and good-feeling. Did they see you? Are you sure? Did you see them? Did you give any sign of recognition? No! Why the mischief not? Waiting for them to begin? And how do you know but they were waiting for you? Just as like as not.

A poor, thin-skinned, nervous, proud, self-conscious mortal once got very confidential with us on the subject of "cutting," and here is the way it went. He never recognized anybody till he was his-self recognized. He was, we verily believe, as proud as the devil, and yet had a kind of morbid, self-deprecating spirit about him which was saying continually, "I'll never give anyone a chance not to return my bow. People may think me not good enough for me but nobody shall 'cut me,' if I can help it." What was the consequence? He was and is everlastingly looking out for insults, and is continually cutting people for fear they cut him. Mutual friends ask every now and then "What is the matter with P? He cut me dead the other day, looking me straight in the face." Oh, what could we say, but just that we supposed he had been in one of his half daft, diseasedly-suspicious moods that made him think every body had resolved to "sit upon him." Why wait for the friendly nod? Why not meet it, at any rate half way or more? Nobody but a boor or a brute would refuse to reciprocate the salutation of the meanest, except, for some dreadful moral or personal reason. A friend walking with the "Iron Duke" noticed him lift his hat to a begrimed laborer who had saluted them as they passed, and expressed his surprise that he

should have taken any notice. "Do you think," replied the Duke, "that I would allow myself to be beaten in good manners by a coal heaver?" In short the man who is always on the outlook for insults will be sure to get them, for they are swiftly manufactured out of his own diseased imagination.

Another knock-down blow has been administered to the reputation of Sir John Macdonald as a constitutional lawyer, his much-talked of *Dominion License Act* having been declared by the Supreme Court to be *ultra vires*. The Reformers are naturally jubilant, and claim another great triumph for Mowat.

Paris is seriously alarmed at the outcry of thousands of her artisans for bread. Relief schemes have been organized, and it is hoped that any threatened danger of popular outbreak which there may have been may be safely avoided.

A curious result of the recent earthquake in Spain was the moving of an entire village bodily, sixty feet away from its former site.

The Salvation Army claims to have made over seven hundred converts in the city of Guelph. Now let who will affirm the contrary. We hold that, notwithstanding the peculiarities of the Army, some of them not very pleasant peculiarities either, if only a tenth of those turn out to be *bona fide* conversions, the Salvationists have more than justified their existence. It will be time enough to object to these peculiar methods when we find some better plan of doing the work which they show themselves able to do.

The Young Men's Liberal Club of the city has resolved itself into a mock Parliament, and the members are busily amusing themselves with "Cabinets" composed of the usual ministers, both Prime Ministers, Secretaries of Home and Foreign Affairs, Ministers of Finance, Justice, Public Works, Inland Revenue, Railways and Canals, Agriculture, Marine and Fisheries, Customs, Militia and Defence, etc. The Government is evidently busily engaged to "rush things" and has a vast amount of important legislation to bring in as gets light on the various points, and sees way clearly to their promulgation. We are glad to think that the tariff is to be materially modified, and that strong arguments will be presented to the attention of the United States Government in favor of reciprocity. An extradition treaty with that country is also talked of. We should like to see a clause inserted providing for the extradition of the tireless letter writers to the press on all imaginable subjects convicted of that offence on this side of the line, there should be no escape for him the other. John Chinaman is also to be legislated against, and the whole subject of immigration to be regulated. The Canadian Pacific Railway may tremble, for a measure is to be passed looking to a formidable diminution of the hold it has on Canadian public. There is to be a general extension of the franchise, not all men but all women also, being given the right which in virtue of their existence as men and women, inalienably belong to them. Taxation is to be revised, while the temperance people are to be glad by the introduction of a measure the prevention of the evils of intemperance. Now all this is play of course, but the play has a very practical tendency, and it doesn't do much good, cannot be of nature of things do any harm. We should like to see some other things due attention been given to provide a socked hat for

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speaker, a mace also, and a resplendent sword for the sergeant-at-arms. Swords come expensive to be sure, but a very pretty tin one might be got at a trifling expenso.

Toronto still continues to be a very paradise for thieves. They can carry on their operations with very little fear of molestation. Driven out of New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and other wicked cities in the States, they can come here and ply their trade in all peacefulness and security. Burglaries have been more or less a nightly thing for two or three months back, and yet there has not been a single arrest. How is this? Have the detectives fallen asleep altogether? Can they get no trace of the thieves? Do the robbers vanish so completely that not the slightest clue is left of their whereabouts? Perhaps if those citizens whose houses are burglarized, would bring actions against the city for the loss of their property, there might be some improvement. The city authorities undertake to protect us. We pay for protection. If we are not protected is there any good reason why the city should not be responsible for our losses?

It is that the new minister of Charles St. Presbyterian church in this city is likely to do well. All his people are well satisfied, and he seems likely to harmonize certain discordant elements which have hitherto proved insurmountable obstacles in the way of a pastor's success. It is said that he means to hold his own in the session, and that if he is not, both in name and in deed, the presiding elder of that congregation, he will know the reason why.

There is a very evident inclination on the part of farmers generally throughout Ontario to enter heart and soul into the question of Agricultural Institutes. There have been several of those held within the past two or three weeks in different parts of the country, and a very gratifying degree of interest has been taken in them. They have been well attended, farmers from all parts of the surrounding district being present, in many cases accompanied by wives and daughters. The papers read on different subjects bearing on farm management have all been good, and many of them have been excellent. The discussions have been able, earnest, and always thoroughly practical. In every way these institutes are commending themselves to the farming community as a necessity of their existence. For one thing, they afford a pleasant break in the monotony of existence. At a time of year when there is not much work to be done about the farm, they give the farmer and his family a capital excuse for a little holiday trip. Then the benefits which the farmer gets by meeting with other agriculturists from different parts of the country, and exchanging views with them on various topics connected with their industry, can hardly be over-estimated. He gets a number of new ideas. His mind is quickened and enlarged. He feels an increased respect for the large and influential body of citizens of which he is a member. He listens to the speeches made, and is glad to think that the men who can make such good speeches are farmers like himself. He may be even moved to air some of his own pet theories of farming, and for all he knows, may in so doing be conferring a very great benefit to his country. We are confident that these institutes, conducted as ably as they have been, and with the improvements which may be expected from year to year, will do much to reconcile many young men to farm life, and prevent them from rushing off to the cities, crowding still further the already crowded

avenues of work there, and entering upon a life for which, in many cases, they are not at all suited.

Widows ambitious of big houses are not confined to any localities. We have them in Toronto as well as elsewhere. But the one who caps the climax has just stepped into the arena. This is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, and she has begun her operations on a mansion which with its grounds is to cost something like \$3,000,000. Toronto must throw up the sponge. Five millions can't be beat. To what purpose all the waste?

A fraudulent creditor in Rochester, N. Y. has recently come to grief. H. B. Claffiton & Co., of New York, got a judgment against him a year ago for \$209,886.73. The execution issued was returned unsatisfied. On December 20th, 1883, the debtor made an assignment to one Wolf, making his wife a preferred creditor for \$5,000. The Judge before whom the case came found that the preference was made to defraud, and that the debtor had about \$200,000. The rogue will now have to pay the amount of the judgment and the costs of the action.

Geo. Augustus Sala, the famous English journalist, was refreshingly frank in telling the Yankees that he had come among them to make money. He will not find his candor tell against his pocket. Americans know how it is themselves, and they can respect a man who tells them, without any beating about the bush, that he has come after their shekels.

What, by the way, is the law about shaking hands? Some, far from bad fellows, and neither nervous nor suspicious, are bothered about the whole subject. We know one man, for instance, who once, many years ago, thought he knew a distinguished politician so well as to offer to shake hands with him. He accordingly "extended" in the usual way, but there was no response, and he dropped the "member" by his side and he talked as foolish as a young lad caught in his first kiss. Many years have passed, and never yet have those two men joined hands, and never will though they should live to the crack of doom, and though both are on the same side. But here comes in the mischief. To prevent a similar rebuff, that man's dexter is often not ready when others are extended, and there is an awkwardness. Perhaps others have registered the same vow as himself. Who knows?

The whole philosophy of hand-shaking, by the way, is curious and frequently suggestive. There is an old curmudger of a fool seen frequently on the streets of Toronto who has a graduated scale of "shakes" from one finger up to a whole hand. He tried the "two" once with a fiery young man who seized the offending digits, threw them back in the owner's face, and merely said as he turned on his heel, "You confounded idiot." Was that wrong or right? Who shall say? It is always well, however, to be sure. Another got perfectly angry, nay furious at one who, in his estimation tried the same dodge but, after he had fumed for about a week, he learned that the sinews of that man's hand were so shrank up that two fingers was the utmost he could give to any body.

What shall be said of the different kinds of hands? It would be difficult to enumerate or describe them, yet every one it is to be supposed has its own particular significance and its appropriate value. A friend of ours tells us that he never was so dreadfully taken aback as when one of the learned professors of Toronto lifted his hat to him. It sent a cold shiver down his spine. "What

have I done," he asked that "that man should insult me so?" "I never was so treated in my life." "Does he mean to poke fun at me?" "He knows he is infinitely my superior in every respect, why then mortify me so? Is this his way of saying, you should lift your hat to me?" We rather think that hat lifting has never been explained, though possibly nothing either bad or mocking was meant by it after all. Perhaps the man really had a great respect for the shy mortal. Who knows?

Last week certain blackguards entered the house of Mr. Pearson, a Methodist clergyman of Napanee, while he was absent at a Scott Act meeting, and rudely demanded entertainment from the family, saying they had been sent by the Licensed Victuallers. After they had been refused and ejected, they smashed all the windows with stones. Now if this is the liquor-sellers' idea of what is right and proper conduct, the decent people of Napanee will no doubt know how to deal with them. If they imagine that rowdiness of that kind is going to help them they are hugely mistaken, as anybody not fuddled with whiskey can understand. We hesitate to believe that any but the lowest of the liquor-dealers of Napanee had anything to do with this outrage. Indeed, we are certain that the respectable men among them, who not only love fair play, but who know what is best for their own interest, will be the strongest in their condemnation of such rowdiness.

Speaking neither as a Tory nor as a Reformer, neither as a lover of Sir John A. Macdonald nor a devotee of Edward Blake, but as an independent watcher of the course of public events, that tries to form an opinion according to the actual facts of the case, TRUTH fancies that Sir John Macdonald is not nearly so anxious nowadays to meet workmen and talk with them about their grievances and the hard times, discussing various plans for improvement and all that, as he was during the last hard times in '73, when he got into power largely through the influence of workmen, and unemployed workmen at that. It is clearly a case of *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Times change and we change with them. It is "hard times" now as it was "hard times" then, but things have changed so far that Sir John was out of power then, and very badly wanted to get in; he is in power now and wants to stay if he can, and as a consequence feels a little shy at meeting men whom he persuaded so plausibly as to the merits of the N. P., that if they would only vote for him and bring the N. P. into being, hard times would ever afterwards be either altogether lonely, or deprived of its terrible sting of penury and want of work; everything would be lovely, and if they did not every one of them sit under their own individual fig-tree, it would be their own fault, and not the fault of the glorious policy which was to place Canada in the front rank among the nations of the world.

Robinson, the irrepressible, has again been posing in Congress as the champion of pure and undefiled Americanism. He had the usual platitude to utter about "snobs" and "dudes" and "love for American institutions," and "contaminating influences of foreign aristocracy," etc., etc. He is keeping his hand in as tail twister in ordinary to the British lion.

Suppose that Britain and France were again to catch each other by the ears in brute dog fashion, and try to do each other as much hurt as they possibly could, how would the French Canadians act? Would

they be enthusiastic in their resolution to cut the throats and blow out the brains of their brethren in La Belle France? We don't believe they would, and more than that, we don't believe that it would be right for them to show any such alacrity. This threat-cutting, brain-blowing-out brutality which men have been calling glorious war, is just about as detestable a thing as one can think of, and why, of all people in the world, the English should think of the French as their national enemies, is just as difficult to see as anything well can be. Things, we suppose, have not got that length yet. Surely it won't be long till the time when any inter-national difficulty will be settled in a rational fashion by arbitration, or, for the matter of that, by the toss of a copper. Better, even the latter, a thousand times, than that old beastly plan of getting thousands and tens of thousands of people, who had never a quarrel with each other, to fly at each other's throats and make corpses of each other.

There is one great thing to be said in favor of annexation of new lands by Britain, and that is that absolute freedom of opinion goes wherever her power and influence is felt. Under the British flag men can speak as they will, and that is more than can be said of almost any other power on the face of the earth. It is a ticklish business to hold and avow an unpopular opinion in many parts of the States. Of course people are free, and all that, "over there," yet they can stand less talk against their particular institutions than one would expect from people who have breathed the air of freedom so long. In short, a great number of our neighbors are thin-skinned, too much so for their own comfort. We venture to say that all our political ways and works could be criticized with greater freedom by a Yankee in any part of Canada than could be attempted on the other side, without the risk of the hat being knocked over the offender's eyes. Perhaps, however, this cool, almost indifferent spirit, is a bad sign. Who shall say?

But at the same time we must add that an exception must be made in religious matters. It would be difficult, nay impossible, to find any place in the States where the brutal periodical religious riots of Montreal and Newfoundland would be tolerated for half an hour. The stupid bigotry of such proceedings as the Chiniquy or Gavazzi riots, let us hope, could not be met with out of Canada or Mexico. Of course there was, and could be, no religion about them, but it speaks ill for the moral and religious atmosphere of such places that such things are still possible.

The most recent fashionable conversion from English Protestantism to the Roman Catholic Church is Sir Phillip Rose and his family of six. The event is having a good deal of attention paid to it in religious journals. Sir Phillip is the son of Lord Beaconsfield's solicitor.

All lovers of justice, liberty, and fair play must rejoice at the decision of a judge in California who recently gave judgment in the case of a Chinese girl born in the country against the lady principal of one of the public schools, that all Chinese children born in this country are entitled to all the privileges provided for by the fourteenth amendment.

Bismarck is having some very unpleasant experiences in these days. He has been so accustomed to play the tyrant in the Reichstag, that the frequent defeats he is now meeting with must be galling.

Truth's Contributors.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

Scarlet Fever—How it is Propagated—Prevention.

BY DR. CANNIFF, MEDICAL HEALTH OFFICER, TORONTO.

It is proposed in this paper to speak more particularly on contagious diseases, taking scarlet fever as a type; as diphtheria was taken as a type of the infectious diseases due mainly to filth. A contagious disease is one capable of extension from one person to another by the transmission of a contagious element possessed of life. Scarlet fever cannot spring up on account of any insanitary state of place or person. When wheat is found growing in a field we know that a wheat had been previously sown there. So when a case of scarlet fever is met with, the physician knows that the disease is derived from a pre-existing case of scarlet fever; the same may be said of small-pox, measles, &c. These diseases cannot arise spontaneously, unless we accept the theory of spontaneous generation. Speaking of scarlet fever, which, next to small-pox, is the most dangerous contagious disease, as well as the most subtle, it is not always possible to trace the course of the contagium from person to person. In not a few cases the parents of the child afflicted, are unable to tell how the disease was contracted. But, while it is often impossible to follow the track of the germs from victim to victim, it is not difficult to explain more ways than one, by which the disease may be propagated—by which the seed of the disease may be gathered and then sown in fruitful soil.

The contagion of scarlet fever floats in the air, it comes in the first place, from the diseased person in the expired air, and anyone susceptible to the disease entering the room occupied by the patient, will necessarily inhale the poison and contract the disease. But the infected air may reach a victim through an open door or window, through which it is carried. Doubtless the infection may be carried in the excretions of the patient as well. Contagion may be cast off in these ways from the patient before the characteristic rash has appeared. While the rash remains the poison continues to be exhaled, and probably for some days after. It may here be stated that although the term scarlatina is sometimes used when the attack is a mild one, scarlatina and scarlet fever are all the same. The specific germs in both forms of the disease are alike. It is true we have different types of the disease; that is to say, in one epidemic the type may be mild and in another more severe or malignant. But the contagion from a mild case may beget a more dangerous form of the disease.

The danger of catching the disease does not pass away when the breath is no longer tainted with the germs. Another mode of propagating the malady now presents itself in well marked cases. This element of propagation is of great importance; but is often overlooked, and hence so many cases of disease where it is impossible to tell how the disease was contracted. A characteristic of scarlet fever is the desquamation of the cuticle, or exfoliation of the outer portion of the skin. Sometimes these scales are very abundant. Now it is important to know that these scales are laden with the germs of the disease. They are often very fine and float like dust, in the air and may be inhaled. They will more particularly collect in the clothing of the bed, or of the person. Woolens especially may hold a large quantity. So long as exfoliation continues, so long may the patient give the disease to another. And yet during this period too often the convalescent will mingle with the family, see visitors, play with the neighbors' children, and sometimes actually go to school. Persons ignorant of the danger contained in the scales, or indifferent to the welfare of others often expose themselves to the contagion, and then go out carrying it in their clothes, or heard to breathe it it may be, upon a child playing in the street, or to leave it in the house of a friend whose child is susceptible.

Cases have been known where the baker or milkman carried the disease from house to house. Not only the meshes of any texture, as garments, bed clothes, carpets, and curtains may hold the contagion; but the surface of the walls and every object in the room will have a coating of dust charged with the poison. On these surfaces it may remain for an indefinite period of time, perhaps till the day of house-cleaning. It may be that one family has moved away and another come to the house; but, at any rate, some day the curtains are taken down, and the walls swept, and the poison laden dust floats in the air to be breathed by a child, it may be, that happens to enter the place at the time.

Bearing in mind these facts there is no reason to wonder that, in so many instances, it is impossible to trace the course of the disease from one person to another. The same may be said of small-pox, and in a minor degree of other contagious diseases.

It was stated at the beginning of this paper that scarlet fever could not arise from any insanitary condition; but, while this is true, it is also true that any insanitary conditions of place or person may, as it were, fertilize the soil, so that the attack will be more severe. The system of one affected by impurities arising from insanitary evils, will not be so able to cope with a blood poison. The illness may be expected to be more severe, more trying to the vital powers, and of longer duration. Complications are more likely to arise, recovery will be more doubtful, convalescence slower.

From what has been said it is evident that scarlet fever is largely a preventable disease. By attention to isolation of every case of the disease, by keeping the patient in his room until contagion no longer is cast off from the body; by the use of such disinfectants as will destroy the germs which come from the body; by disinfecting the person and putting on uncontaminated clothing before appearing among others, very much will be accomplished. The room selected for occupation should be in the highest part of the house occupied; apart from other bedrooms if possible. The carpet should be removed from the floor, curtains from the windows, all textures taken away, also all needless furniture. Ventilation should be free and constant. The virus passing out is dissipated in the air. The excretions of the body should be promptly and thoroughly subjected to germicides. The nurse should not mix with the family, members of the family should not visit the sick room. In a word, there should be complete isolation. This should be continued until the skin has become quite smooth and free of scales. Then the bed should be disinfected; the clothing put in a disinfecting solution, and afterward boiled for hours, and finally washed. The walls of the room should be swept; if papered it should be removed; if not the walls should be white washed. The wood-work ought to be washed with disinfecting solution. Finally the room should be fumigated by burning sulphur in it with doors and windows closed.

If these things were duly attended to contagious diseases might probably be ultimately stamped out.

Taste in Dressing.

Neatness is one of the elements of good taste. Nothing catches the eye more quickly than shabbiness, and frayed ruffles, dragged trimmings and other traces of wear and tear will direct the most elaborate toilet of all claim to admiration. French women are envied for their wonderful good taste, and nothing can exceed their neatness. Their clothes are singularly appropriate on all occasions, and, though worn freely, are so excellently cared for and put away with such nicety when not in wear, that they keep in good order for a long time. An English girl will throw her wrap upon a chair and her bonnet on the bed, if she comes into the house in a hurry; but a French woman will insist on time to fold her shawl tidily, wrap it in a napkin and lay it in a drawer and her dainty, charming bonnet she will free from any dust that the wind may have lodged upon it, bend the feathers into the proper curl, smooth the strings upon her fingers, and lay the precious fascinator tenderly away in its closely covered box. Consequently, both shawl and bonnet pay for the care bestowed upon them by keeping fresh and becoming, instead of looking defaced and dreary before their term of service is properly over.

Reminiscences of an Old Journalist.

BY COL. D. WYLIE, BROCKVILLE.

The press of the world has made great progress during the present century. Since Mr. William Bradford, of Leicester, England, established a printing office in Pennsylvania, the first on this continent, and published his sheet almanac for the year 1680-7, what strides have been made in the art of printing. Without, however, going back to the early days of the "art preservative of all other arts," sufficient for wonder and amazement will be found in this respect since the present century was entered upon.

A writer of celebrity considers it the most important in the annals of printing. During this century the battle of free writing and free printing has been fought and won. Arnot says, "The strong barriers which confined the stores of wisdom have been thrown down, and a flood overspreads the earth." Newspapers began to be in request, and several, under rather quaint names, appeared and as speedily disappeared, such as *The Wandering Spy*, *The Whipping Post*, &c. The first daily paper published in London was named *The Daily Courant*. This was in 1709. The *Female Tatler* was commenced the same year; so was the *Tatling World*.

As journeymen printers are, or should be, as much interested in the make-up of a paper, as well as in its success, permit me here to copy the advice of the widow of a London printer, written to the workmen in her employment: "You are my brothers, for my husband was a journeyman before he was a master, and therefore I wish you well. Take care that you are not guilty of any ill thing, as showing apprentices any ill example, and giving bad counsel, for if you should, you would be like Judas in betraying your master that employs you; for sober men, they scorn to be guilty of this crime; but for you of the worse sort, you are like devils, for you study how to do all manner of mischief to a good master, for you hate them because they are better than yourselves; had you better not imitate them, and pray to God to make you like them? For what benefit have you in starving your wives and children, and making yourselves sots, only fit for hell? Pray, brothers, mend your faults, and pray to God to give you repentance and to mend for the time to come, that you may be reconciled to God and man, which I heartily wish." The foregoing advice was given by Eleanor James in 1711, and I am afraid would not be out of place to some printers of the present day.

But to come down to the writer's own recollections. When he entered a printing office, in January, 1826, an indentured apprentice for seven years, my first work was, like Faust's assistant, to ink the type with cushioned "balls" as these implements were termed. Rollers were not then in universal use. If the work was not properly done, the journeyman would take the "ball" to teach the proper way of handling it, and, as it were to keep his assistant in remembrance of the directions given, would drive the ball in contact with my face, and leave a very distinct mark of recognition as "a printer's devil." As to the origin of this term, there is a legend in existence, which may be here repeated. Before printing was invented all books were in manuscript, consequently no two would be exactly alike in every particular. When Faust produced his books printed from blocks, these on examination were found exactly alike. This fact produced great wonderment, and was set down as something supernatural. One day when at work, some person caught a glimpse of Faust, with a colored man assisting him, in putting the ink upon the blocks. The colored man was at once transformed into the master of the lower regions, and ever since the youthful apprentice in a printing office has been recognized as the "printer's devil."

Within the scope of the writer's recollection many newspapers, sturdy defenders of their own secular ideas, have passed away, and many others have come into existence. A little more than a year ago, the *Greenock Advertiser*, after an existence of half a century, was wiped out of the record of news-

papers. This paper for many years was owned and edited by Mr. Menons, who was some time assisted by Mr. James Scott, at one time editor of the *Montreal Herald*. One of Mr. Alexander Rodgers' songs, "Behave Yourself Before Folk," has a direct personal bearing on Mr. Scott's courtship. One night being in company with him and his sweetheart, a remark made by the lady in his presence, "Behave yourself before folk," meaning Mr. Scott to stop teasing, was caught up by the poet and made the subject of a song, popular to this day in Scotland. In Glasgow several journals, popular in their day, have also ceased to exist. *The Chronicle*, the *Courier*, the *Citizen*, the *Reformer's Gazette*, and the *Scottish Guardian*. With regard to the *Courier*, the poet William Motherwell was at one time editor of this paper. Mr. Alexander was manager. This gentleman had a brother connected with newspaper work in London, who suffered 18 months' imprisonment for a libel on the Duke of Wellington. He was afterwards editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*, and a most zealous Tory. To show his hatred of Whiggery, when a change of ministry forced the Tory government out of power, a cry against back-stair influence was raised in consequence of several of the leading Tory ladies still being retained about the court. Mr. Alexander, to show his disgust for such a cry, published the following sentences in his paper: "What shall the high-born dames of England give place to Whig hags, whose mouths are filled with the teeth of criminals, dropped from the gibbet?" Pretty strong language. Perhaps, for the present, I have given you enough.

Ribbon Work.

The inventor of ribbon work, whose name she may be, ought to have our thanks for teaching us still another way to use up scraps. Ribbon work is very pretty and not hard to do.

We will take for instance a wild rose bud, and leaves. The design must be stamped upon felt, cloth, satin, velvet, or plush. Two shades of ribbon or satin are enough to make it look well. Also start your design on a large sheet of writing paper. This will enable you to get the shape of each petal. Cut your ribbon or satin petals by these, only much larger—double the size. Now run a thread like you would do to gather anything around the edge of each petal. Draw the thread, as it gathers turn under. Stitch the gathering a little to preserve the form, and set down on your design with blind stitches. Keep on in this manner until all your petals and tips of buds are made. When this is done work the centre of rose, as you would any other embroidered rose. I work French knots, adding the stamens. Use heavy yellow silk floss for this. The opening of the buds is made with ribbon in the same way, filling in around with embroidery in shades of green. On velvet, the embroidered part is beautiful, done with either mille or Arseno floss. The leaves and stems are pretty worked in Kensington stitch.

Directions for Stamping.—Lay the paper to be stamped on a smooth, even surface. Now arrange your perforated paper stamping pattern in place. On the right hand side place a weight to hold it firmly; the left pattern can be held by the hand. Now take up some powder on your distributed pad and rub evenly over every part of the pattern, taking up more powder as occasion requires. When you have gone over the part remove your pattern and proceed to set the stamping. If of cloth, silk, felt, or satin, lay soft paper over the stamping and press well with a hot iron, but hold the stamping in front of the fire until it is not rub. To make the pad, sew a piece of chamois over the lid of a round wooden box or a very large spool. This makes an splendid pad for rubbing on the powder.

Long coat basque, half way to the neck, and are worn over or similar contrasting colors.

Round waists are very popular among young ladies for home dresses; a new sign has the back round and the front slightly pointed. Still another fashion with a young man's arm around, is very popular.

Tid-Bits.

\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

Each week, a prize of twenty dollars in gold for the best selected or Original Tid-bit, which is the judgment of the committee, is thought suitable for this prize. No conditions are attached to the prize except that each person competing must be a subscriber to Truth for at least three months and must therefore send along with his Tid-bit, half a dollar for the quarter's subscription. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional quarter for the half dollar sent. Competitors must send One Tid-bit (the one among their collection they think is the best). The article, or Tid-bit, need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any pamphlet, book, newspaper, magazine or any other publication, and should be attached to a sheet of paper on which is written the name and post-office address of the sender. If two or more persons happen to send in the same article, the first one received will have the preference, if it is considered by the committee as worthy of the prize offered. We want to make this one of the most interesting papers in Truth. Look up your old or new scraps, or send us some of the original and whenever it is published the prize will be promptly forwarded. Try now. Don't miss it. The article, or Tid-bit, may be only one line long, but it must be clearly and distinctly written, and must not exceed a column in length. The office is open every day for further notice, and the name of the prize is set out in full, will be published above the list of names. Address: Prize Tid-bit Committee, 100 St. George Street, Toronto, Canada.

THE PRIZE TID-BIT.

The following Tid-bit, has been awarded a prize by the Committee. It is certainly a great curiosity in its way, and well worth a careful study. Read it either upwards or downwards and it reads well. Mrs. Harvey will be given the twenty dollars on application.

The Pyramid.

(To be read ascendingly, descendingly, and con- sidering.)

WRITTEN BY MRS. C. C. HARVEY, COBOURG.

There For aye Commanding, 'Tis standing, With a hair's breadth Sabl'ly fair! In fraim's desiring, In height a mirage, Looks on it from afar, In every smiling star, To raise the pile to Heaven, These wate-at-tion are given, Each piece of fortune's inspiring light, To launch struggle for the right, I have a word for the hoit, Each path word to cheer the hoit, Each strong temptation nobly to evade, Each honest pass, on held in silence dumb, As a rose towards the upper heaven, Its base upon the earth, its apex in the skies, The good man's character a pyramid doth rise.

A Woman Tells of Woman's Indifference to Her Own Sex.

The girls in the women's stores of New York are treated with either tyranny or contempt by their sisters whom they wait upon, and when my brother Bob carried into one of these stores the masculine custom of slipping the girl who waited on him with a quarter of a dollar tears came into her eyes. "I have not offended you, have I?" said Bob. "Oh, no," she said; "but in all the years I have spent behind these counters that is the first kindly attention I ever received." What, said Bob, "such an experience as I have spent in the service of ladies! How is that?" "Oh," she said, laughing and turning to the conversation, "ladies are one sort of creatures to the men and quite another sort among themselves. I hope you may never see them as they see themselves." Bob told me this as a good joke. He thinks the girl was a crack. I know better. He was a philosopher.—Clara Belle.

Old Proverbs.

"To make a virtue of necessity," comes from Chaucer, the father of English poetry and a new and novel way of tracing the saying. "In at one ear, out at the other," though in the quaint language of the day he said, "One ear it heard,

and the other out it went." The proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," comes from "Piers Ploughman's Vision," a black-letter poem, and "Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen," and "When he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind," the originals of "Out of sight, out of mind," and "Of two evils, choose the least," are from Thomas a Kempis. Thomas Tusser, who died in 1580, gave us "The stone that is rolling gathers no moss," "Better late than never," "It is an ill wind that turns none to good," "Christmas comes but once a year," "Safe bind, safe find," "Look ere you leap, see ere thou go," and "Such master, such man."

A Fortune in "Beeswax."

"Did ye ever hear of the original discoverer of the Tougntut Mine at Tombstone? Well, he was a regular tenderfoot from 'way back, and was workin' with two pards on the claim, an' one day he came up from the bottom of the shaft an' says he:

"'Boys,' said he, 'I'm played out, and I ain't got no more heart in this matter. I allow as long as I was striking anything like ore I'd stand it out there, but may ye spit on my grave if I ain't working beeswax, an' he showed his pards a piece of rock thickly covered with a brown substance as did look no more o'ly like wax.

"'Will you take \$800 for your share?'" "Bet your sweet life I will," and so the stuff was handed over, the tenderfoot dead made out, an' the tenderfoot lost a fortune. The thing he took for beeswax was chloride of silver, an' the rock went \$15,000 to the ton. Tell ye, stranger, it ain't every man's a judge of rock."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Frozen Kindness.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on rocks and tops of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood, in plain sight of these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire of it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them, the house will seem cool even in summer, and if you love there you will envy the dog when any one calls him poor fellow.

He Meant It.

Fifty years ago the grave-digger in our parish was a bit of a character, a man that could quickly assume every outward semblance of grief and sympathy with his usual grave patrons, although sometimes his inherited desire to push matters would break through all restraint, and puzzle his employees not a little. During a somewhat lengthened tack of health in the parish, the calls for S's professional services were few and far between. An outstanding parishioner having paid the debt of nature, his nearest surviving relative waited on our hero, and, with due solemnity, informed him that worthy Mr— was dead. "You don't mean it!" sorrowfully, but with a mercenary gleam in his eye, said S—. "I would rather hear of the death of other twelve than of that one man."

Embarrassing.

"I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water," said the wife of Professor Nottlehead, looking up from her sewing. "You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," rejoined her husband. "I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric. Your mistakes are embarrassing." A few moments later, the professor said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock." "Ah," she replied, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I

were to hang it over the clock, we couldn't tell the time it is. I wish you'd pay some little attention to rhetoric. Your mistakes are embarrassing."—Arkansas Traveler.

Was A Good Deal Disappointed.

An English lord who visited this country was at a dinner given in his honor at a private residence up town. A little daughter of his host, who was too well-bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark:

"And are you really and truly an English lord?" "Yes," he responded pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought that I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—"

"And now you are satisfied at last," he interrupted, laughingly.

"N—no," replied the truthful little girl. "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed."

His Unmarried Daughters Had Not Acted That Way.

"You have daughters, have you not, sir?" said a minister to an old gentleman with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance as a fellow-passenger.

The old gentleman essayed to answer, but the question had strangely affected him.

"I beg your pardon," said the minister, gently, "if I have thoughtlessly awakened in your mind recollections of a painful nature. The world is full of sorrow, sir, and perhaps my question recalls to your memory a fair, beautiful girl, whose blossoming young life had withered in its bloom. Am I not right, sir?"

"No, not exactly," replied the old gentleman, sadly. "I have five unmarried daughters, mister, an' the youngest of the lot is twenty eight years old."

A New Version.

Mr. A—, a wealthy but ignorant man, on being called on for a subscription for a church about to be built, put down his name for a very large sum. One of his friends meeting him a short time after, began to "chaff" him about it, and said, "What do you know or care about kirks?" "Oh," said Mr. A—, "I always took a great interest in the Church of Scotland." "Goo' wa, man," said his friend, "I'll bet you five pounds you canna say 'The Lord's Prayer.'" Mr. A— having accepted the bet, was asked to proceed, and began—"The Lord is my shepherd, I'll not want," when his friend stopped him by saying—"Here, here's the money. I never thought ye kent sae much about it."

Catch A Weasel Asleep.

Mr. Maxwell, of Leeland, was once walking over one of his own fields of newly braided corn, when he was startled by the cries of Weasel Willie, a half wit, to whom he was apparently unknown. "Come out o' the man's corn, ye destructive auld rascal," shouted Willie. "For twa faur' g I vud tak' ye by the lug to the kind-hearted Mr. Maxwell." The farmer laughingly gave Willie a sixpence for his care and compliment, and being fond of a joke he hurried to market, and related the incident to the first group he met. But what was his chagrin to find that the "Weasel" had been there before him, and boasted of how he had hoodwinked auld Leeland.

Dawny Applies the Spirit Level.

Dawny Campbell practiced, among other trades, that of a jobbing mason. One day he was busily employed at a farm house making some repairs, and while laying a hearth-stone daylight declined, leaving him to work in semi-darkness. Soon, however, he completed his task, and placed his spirit level on the stone to assure himself that it was "well and truly laid," but not being able to distinguish the position of the beam in the level he lifted it, and carefully carrying it to the door, he examined it, exclaiming as he did so, "Man, Dawny, bi' it's just the thing too a hairbreadth."

Pushing The Kirk Too Far.

In a small village in the north of Scotland, the parish church stood almost in the centre of the street, and it occurred to three of the village worthies, who had been indulging rather freely, to attempt to push it further to one side, so as to leave the street clear. They accordingly took off their coats at one side, and went to the other to commence their operations. A wag saw the three coats, and decamped with them, and on one of the men coming round to see if their pushing had had any effect, and missing their coats hurried back to his friends, exclaiming:—Stop! stop! we've pushed it owro far, and covered up our coats."

She Agreed With Him.

It was long after midnight, and minutes were clinking by like hours.

"I love a graceful elm tree," she remarked.

"How I wish I were an elm tree," he responded, quickly.

"I wish you were, too,"

"Why do you?" he inquired, with a world of devotion in his voice.

"Because," she replied, "trees I have once a year, at least."

Red Hair and Pa'd Head.

A few days ago two gentlemen were in a barber shop. One had red hair, the other was bald headed.

Red Hair to Bald Head: "You were not around when they were giving out hair?"

Bald Head: "Yes, I was there, but they only had a little red hair and I would not take that."

An Information Seeking Young Ter

Little boy (looking over the village paper): "Pa, I understood you to say that the doctor gave you the new baby up stairs?"

Father: "So he did."

Little Boy: "Well, then, what does this paper mean by saying that mother presented it to you?"

Mr. Squires took his little boy Sam out for a walk on Sunday. Among other things, Mr. Squires explained to his son how the wood of the trees was used by the carpenters to make furniture. "What do the carpenters make out of the hollow trees?" asked Sammy. "I don't think they can use them at all," replied the parent. "I should think, pa, they might make empty boxes out of the hollow trees," replied the sapient boy.

Herr Kreutzhuber is a member of the secret police. Being on his way home after midnight, he observes on the street lamp a placard. "Ha! these scoundrels of Socialists have posted a placard denouncing his Majesty," said Kreutzhuber to himself. Being determined to destroy the placard, he painfully climbs up the lamp-post, and having secured the treasonable document he reads: "Fresh Paint."

The Christian Register says: "A New Orleans reporter uses a thick layer of hypocrisy, when he says that an audience listened two hours, breathlessly, to a sermon by Rev. Joseph Cook. On reading the discourse as published, there seems to be no reason why the breath of the congregation should have left its body so long. But then Mr. Cook believes in Probation after breath," does he not?"

It was on the Burlington railway train, and politics had given way to theology, and the young man with a turban had had the floor, and was denouncing the old-fashioned idea of hell. "I tell you," he cried, "man was never intended for such a fiendish punishment. God never made me for kindling wood." "Reckon not," said the old parson, back near the stove; "too green."

"Am I to understand that you are only to have roast beef twice a week?" said a servant girl to the mistress. "That's all." "How do you suppose I am to retain the affections of the Corpo al, who is paying me attentions on that light diet? He must have roast beef at least three times a week."

An unfortunate cripple entered a saloon and drank several glasses of beer. "If I were you," remarked the saloon keeper; "I'd not drink too much; you may forget your crutches when you leave."

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CASEY, G. W. B., Editor, Napanee, Ont.

The McCarthy Act.

It surprised very few really intelligent people when the Supreme Court gave its judgment last week that the Dominion License Act—the McCarthy Act—was un-constitutional, and therefore null and void. Last year it became so evident that its validity was doubtful that the very Parliament who passed the Act passed another suspending the enforcement of nearly all its penalties until doubts about it should be removed, and not long after the Ottawa Government agreed with the Provincial Government to submit the following questions to the Supreme Court:—

I.—Question—Are the following Acts in whole or in part within the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada, namely:—

- (1) The Liquor License Act, 1883. (2) An Act to amend the Liquor License Act, 1883. II.—Question—If the Court is of opinion that a part or parts only of the said Acts are within the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada, what part or parts of said Acts are so within such legislative authority?

The whole case was argued in September last, but it was not until last week that judgment was given. The following is an extract from the judgment containing the pith of the whole matter:—

"The Court having duly considered the same do now certify to His Excellency the Governor General in Council in answer to the questions submitted for the determination of the said Court in the said case, that, in the opinion of the said Court the Acts referred to in the said case, namely, "The Liquor License Act, 1883," and "An Act to amend the Liquor License Act, 1883," are, and each of them is ultra vires of the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada, except in so far as the said Acts respectively purport to legislate respecting those licenses mentioned in section seven of the said "The Dominion License Act, 1883," which are there denominated vessel licenses and wholesale licenses, except also in so far as the said Acts respectively relate to the carrying into effect of the provisions of the Canada Temperance Act, 1878.

The Honorable Mr. Justice Henry being of opinion that the said Acts are ultra vires in whole.

It will be at once seen that the enormous amount of expense entailed on the people in connection with putting the machinery of this Act in force during the past year was unnecessary, and that all the trouble and confusion there has been in consequence to the liquor traffic was also unnecessary. This is certainly a serious matter, and it shows the wisdom of those who strongly urged the plan of getting from the Supreme Court or the Privy Council a decision before involving the country in all the trouble and expense.

It is now said that the Ottawa Government intend to carry their case to the Privy Council. We do not know. So far the Dominion Government have got but little aid and comfort from the Privy Council in their contests with the Provincial authorities, and it is not very probable that they will fare any better in this instance. Surely those causing the confusion and expense of the last year have a good deal to answer for.

Four More Victories.

The four votes for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act on Thursday of last week all resulted in victories in favor of prohibition. Surely the tide of public opinion in favor of outlawing the present licensed liquor traffic is rising higher and higher each day. Little doubt can remain in the minds of the most skeptical as to the wish of the great body of the people of Canada in regard to the future of the liquor selling business.

The majority in Kent county, Ont., is reported to have been no less than 2,012. Probably the electors of that county never gave so decided a majority in any previous vote on any question.

In Lanark county the majority was 412, which is also decided enough has an indication of public opinion.

In Lennox and Addington there was only the slim majority of 28, which was, no doubt, a surprise to many of the friends of the Act, as they felt confident of a good deal larger vote. Probably one great reason of this result was that a great many of

the electors who voted for the Dunkin Act in that county some years ago were a good deal disappointed with its inefficiency, and they appeared to take it for granted that the present Act was almost identical in its character. In Addington, especially, the Dunkin Act was a great failure, largely because of the intemperance of the then Provincial Inspector and the inefficiency of the Board. Lennox has just been passing through a series of hot political contests which tended to complicate matters very greatly regarding the temperance question.

In Bromo county, Quebec, the very handsome majority of 547 was given, which is a remarkably good, considering all the circumstances. There is a large French vote in the county, and that vote is yet very uncertain in regard to a prohibitory measure. Bromo, it will be remembered, was the constituency for many years of the late Judge Dunkin, the father of the Dunkin Act. There has long been a strong temperance sentiment in the county.

This week the city of Guelph votes, but too late to give the result in this issue of TRUTH. If the friends of Temperance prove successful it will be the first city in Ontario where a majority has been scored for the adoption of the Act.

NEWS & NOTES.

A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.—On one of our recent bitter winter nights, the unfortunate wife of a man residing at West Toronto Junction was nearly murdered by the attacks of her inebriated husband. The day before she had given birth to a daughter, and the father appeared so elated over the fact as to go off on a spree. Returning home in a muddled condition, he first threatened the life of his sick wife and then rushed after some of the small children with an open knife. The poor woman, in her extremity, rushed out of her sick bed with her infant, to a neighbors house for protection, and just succeeded in falling inside the door in a fainting condition, but unable to tell the cause of her trouble. A little girl soon rushed in after bearing in her arms another child of fifteen months. The cause of the trouble being found out, the man was arrested and locked up in Toronto. As might be expected, the poor woman was in a critical condition from the fright, exertion, and exposure at such a critical time, and it was feared that death would be the result. She is reported better, however. This is but one instance of the hundreds occurring every day to the unfortunate families of the supporters of the drink traffic. Are such families to be compensated for losses they sustain because of drink selling, or are the drink sellers to be compensated for the loss they may sustain by the enactment of a law to stop to all such mischief? Some of those Christian ministers who believe in compensation will please grapple with the question.

ANOTHER CONVERT.—King Theebaw of Burmah has, it seems, given up drink, to which he has hitherto been greatly addicted. As is usual with unfortunate drunkards, he is not satisfied with becoming sober himself, but he insists upon every one else becoming sober. His methods are not exactly those of our temperance alliances, but are at least as effective. Hammering appears to be the punishment adopted for drunkenness. A Burman has been hammered to death, and the companion of his drunken spree, a Jewish British subject, is dying in jail, with several bones broken. "Thus," says the London Standard, "it will be seen that the customs introduced by Theebaw differ widely from those which prevail here. In Burmah drunkards are hammered to death; in England they hammer their wives to death. The Burmese method clearly possesses marked advantages."

SCOTT ACT ENFORCEMENT.—The Ottawa telegrams to the daily papers on Friday last contain the following:—

In their report to the Government on the Dominion license act, the judges of the Supreme Court say that those clauses of the act which provide for the enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act by officers appointed under the license act are within the competence of the Dominion Parliament. The machinery having been provided, the responsibility for enforcing the Scott Act in counties where it has been adopted, will rest with the Inland Revenue Department. At the argument before the Supreme Court,

counsel for the Provinces raised no objection to the clause before referred to.

A NEW DANGER.—A telegram from Panama on the 2nd inst. contains the following singular statement:—

Senor Isidoro Vival mot his death in this city a few days ago under most peculiar circumstances. When about retiring, feeling a pain in his chest he rubbed himself with alcohol, and then poured some of the spirits on his undershirt. He then put out his light, and went to bed. Subsequently, wishing to smoke a cigarette, he struck a match. The spark from the match inflamed the alcohol on the undershirt, and in an instant the unfortunate man was in a blaze. He died on the following day."

LOST BOTH HIS ARMS.—A terrible accident occurred to a resident of Port Hope, named John Fallen, at Toronto, last Saturday afternoon. He was under the influence of liquor, and ran against a moving Pullman car at the Union Station. He was thrown down with his head upon the track, and would have been instantly killed, had he not been rescued by an employe. As it was both of his arms were so crushed by the wheels that they had to be amputated above the elbows. He is said to be doing well.

ORGANIZING.—The saloon-keepers have formed a league in Chicago and have decided to work for the repeal of the Harper high license law during the coming session of the Legislature, and to urge the passage of a law making a uniform license of \$250 for beer and whiskey. It was said that scores of saloon keepers were selling whiskey under a beer license, while the city authorities had arrested only half a dozen of these violators of the law and then let them go unpunished.

STRONG LANGUAGE.—The New York Tribune has a good deal to say about the intemperate language of some temperance workers, but it expresses its own feelings as follows:—"Upon what does the success of the liquor traffic depend? Upon debased manhood, wronged womanhood, defrauded childhood. It holds a mortgage over every cradle; a deed written in heart's blood over every human life. Shall mothers know this and be silent? Shall fathers understand and be silent?"

NOT TO BE DESPISED.—Rev. Phillips Brooks in a temperance address made lately in Boston, said: "Never shall my hand or voice be lifted up against so-called temperance fanatics. If ever a cause justified fanaticism, the temperance cause does. To me there is nothing more disgusting or more disheartening to the cause of humanity, than the selfish, case-loving, luxurious man indulging in dissipation, and denouncing the temperance fanaticism."

DEFEND THE DEFENDERS.—According to the British Medical Journal there was last year an enormous loss to the effective force of the army and navy from intemperance. In the army 1,400 cases of drunkenness were tried by courts martial, besides over 4,000 convictions from crimes springing from excessive drinking. During the year 15,904 soldiers, or 102 in every thousand, were mulcted in their pay for drunkenness.

IN FRENCH.—A movement is now on foot to try and educate the French population of Quebec in regard to the desirability and importance of adopting the Scott Act. Arrangements are being made in the city of Quebec to print one hundred thousand copies of the Act in the French language for general distribution among the people.

A SURE WAY.—Charles Dickens one wrote, "It is love that makes the world go round." Another effectual way has been found out to make the world go round a good deal faster. It is to drink six hot Scotch whiskies and then suddenly step into the street and strike for home.

Good Templars.

COL. HICKMAN.—Remember that Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, is expected to spend the present month in this Province, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars. Any localities desiring his services will do well to communicate at once with Thomas Lawless, G. W. C., Napanee, who has the arrangements in hand. Col. Hickman is a gentleman of education, refinement, and rare ability. His object is, principally, to strengthen existing Good Templar lodges, or plant lodges where none now exist. No time should be lost in writing.

THE GRAND SECRETARY.—Mr. Casey, Grand Secretary, will be in Toronto a good deal of the time during this winter, and can be found during business hours at TRUTH Office. All communications regarding Good Templar work should be sent to Napanee as before. Such will always receive immediate attention.

THE PASSWORD.—The password for the February quarter has been sent this week to all deputies from whose lodges returns have been received for the current quarter. Any failing to receive theirs should write a line to the Grand Secretary at once.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B.—The fastest time made on any of the British railways is 63 1/2 miles per hour. At the talk about 60 and 70, or faster, is just so much talk. Such a rate is fast enough in all conscience.

GEORGE.—Four emperors of Russia have been assassinated since 1740. Rather a ticklish position. Still, we suppose a braver man will stand to his place at all hazards. Every man to his taste.

W. H. S.—Persons can enter for more than one competition in TRUTH by sending in more than one subscription fee. Several are doing so and making a present of the extra copy to some friend.

E. B. GARNER, and MANY OTHERS.—All persons drawing prizes of the Cyclopaedia or other books, are expected to send 4 cents postage with the application, in case they expect them sent by mail. The same also in regard to brooches awarded.

T. W. C.—It is not necessary to copy out a selected and previously published story sent for competition. Sent in printed form it will answer just as well, and will be judged just as readily on its merits. The printers are partial to printed "copy" instead of written manuscript.

J. T.—In all cases of TRUTH Bible Competitions the announcements have been published in papers at a distance, like Montreal, Halifax, Boston, New York, London and Chicago. A sufficient time has been given so as to allow time for the mail to bring answers to this office, as soon as those residing nearer here. This is but fair to distant competitors. Every effort is made to deal fairly and impartially with all.

L. T.—TRUTH is not omniscient, and therefore can't say what would be best under the circumstances. Keep yourself warm. Take plenty of exercise and plain, wholesome food. Avoid all stimulants and take plenty of sleep, and you will, we suspect, come out all round. Especially keep feet and body warm, and head cold. Use a sponge bath every day and rub the whole body with hard towel. If you even think that the flannel is injurious, don't use it, wear greatly creatures of imagination.

JACK.—Yes, there are four British dukes descended from four of King Charles II's mistresses; nay, five. Duke of Breckinridge, from Duke of Monmouth; Lord Walter's son; Duke of Richmond, from Duchess of Portsmouth; Duke of Grafton from Duchess of Cleveland; Duke of St. Albans, from Nell Gwynno, the orange girl and cast off courtesan; the Duke of Bedford, we rather think, came of the same stock. A nice lot anyhow, to brag of the "second! Their forefather was one of the most scandalously disgraceful of men, and their mothers were among the most abandoned of women. The less inquiry made on such subjects the better.

N. T.—We are sorry for you. The miserable, "solitary habits" are ruining more young men than anything we know. They are taking the very life and vitality out of thousands, making them poor, nervous, shy, stupid louts. Don't think the nobody knows. Almost everybody does. The doctors all do, so do druggists, and teachers, and many others. More young men are through this sent to lunatic asylums than through any other cause. Break it as you value your life and sanity. Don't literally cut off your right hand, or gouge out your right eye, than continue that habit. Don't go to quacks about it. They will strip you to the last shilling. First, wash above all things, have done with it, and this, if necessary, go to a lunatic asylum and put yourself under treatment. Don't hesitate for a moment. Mind it is for ever and it is by no means as yet too late. It may soon be, though.

Oh I'm awful He's the b And he sa Because if I tell you To talk of But the re Is mother And talk c What if I And what It is mothe To the hin Maybe I it In mother And I've p With mar But I tell It's jolly u Now poor. I take him Because if When a fel And mothe And there: And some! More brigh Than any Or any old

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 10.

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered by week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any paper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for Truth for at least six months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. 3rd. Competing subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at Truth office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Lorne's Prize Story, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada.

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

EDITH MORELAND;

OR, AUNT SOPHIA'S LEGACY.

WRITTEN BY E. H. CREIGHTON, HALIFAX, N. S.

[The following beautifully-written, original story has been considered the best by the Committee, and the writer will be given a fine gold watch at once, on application, or by forwarding the usual twenty-five cents for postage and registration. The story will repay a careful perusal. Several other stories, both original and selected, are of excellent merit and would do credit to any literary journal. We would gladly lay them all before our readers did circumstances permit.]

"O what should I care for sorrow?
The world's full of joy for me.
No thought of a grief I'll borrow
To weave in my destiny."

The words of the song were adapted to the style and character of the singer, only in her teens, yet every inch a woman. The careless, nonchalant air she wore became her well; there was a graceful ease, almost abandon, about her, which was very pleasing. In a word, Edith Moreland was a picture.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss," said the maid, "but here's a letter for you."

Taking it from the tray, Edith went to the window, and pushing aside the drapery she saw it was a telegram.

"Who could have sent it?" Here at school Madame Cordon did not allow any miscellaneous communications. There was no mistake, "Miss Edith Moreland" was written plainly enough; but some of the girls were coming, so she put the note in her pocket until recess, when she would find out all about it.

Her thoughts were very abstracted during morning lessons; Madame frequently requested her to be more precise in her answers. With difficulty she tried to appear composed, but when free to retire her agitation was quite apparent.

Her straining eyes were dim with tears, as she read the short and imperative message, "Come home; all is over with papa."

Like an avalanche this news came upon her. She seemed stunned; like one dazed. She repeated, "All over with papa, and little Gladys alone; I must go immediately."

The news soon spread through the establishment that Mr. Moreland had died suddenly of heart disease, and that Edith would leave the seminary next day.

A hasty farewell was taken of the general favorite; and Madame Cordon, who took much interest in her pupils, was extremely distressed by this unlooked for occurrence.

"Ho; true, my dear," she said to Edith, "one never knows what a day may bring forth. Be assured, the entertainment for which we have been practising so stealthily, shall be postponed. Perhaps you may return; if so, we shall be rejoiced to greet you again; if not, you carry the esteem and respect of the establishment with you," and, kissing the stricken girl, she bade her a hearty good-bye, saying, "remember, ma chere, je suis toujours votre amie."

That lingered in Edith's ears like the melody of some sweet old song. She never forgot that parting, for she knew that Madame entertained real love for her; and the thought lightened her heart of some of its care.

Thanks to the speed of the locomotive, on the following day the sisters were together, though quite inconsolable.

Uncle and Aunt Middleton came to them as soon as possible, and attended in a business way, to all that was necessary; but they seemed to the orphans quite unsympathetic.

The two girls were left, by the will, sufficient for their maintenance. Uncle and

Aunt Middleton being constituted their guardians. Orphans indeed they were, but with all that makes life desirable. Money and position placed them beyond pity, except that which one broken heart accords to another.

Edith was sensitive and felt her loneliness very much, her only relative being her newly-made guardians. Of them she knew very little as her studies at school had occupied all her time for some years. She was slow to make friends, but when she did, it was a firm friendship. The impression her aunt gave her on the sad day of the funeral was not a favorable one; but her anxieties for her favorite, the little Gladys, almost entirely engrossed her attention.

Gladys being the youngest and rather delicate, was the indulged pet of her darling papa, as she called him. Feeling her loss, now keenly, she was very tearful.

"Let the little one cry," said her aunt quietly, "it is better for her; she will forget it soon."

But Edith knew better; it was their sorrow and they must bear it.

"Gladys," said Edith, as soon as they were alone, "I have a great deal to say to you before we are tired to settle down here; but you are so tired, we will sleep and forget our griefs, to-night at least. Good night, sweet sister, good night, and

"May the soft dews of kindly sleep,
Thy wearied eyelids gently steep."

Edith did not wait till the morrow to argue matters with her sister for she thought, with Goldsmith, that she "could dispute best when alone, and always got the better when nobody was by." She felt that it was necessary to weigh the difficulties of their future course.

On going into the breakfast-room next morning her aunt's greeting was, "Why, Edith, my dear, you look well after the shock you have had. I am glad that you are not a fretful girl. Girls as a rule are dreary; I hope you will see that Gladys gives me no trouble. I have enough to do," she continued, stroking her superb morning dress, "without attending to children, though Gladys can hardly be said to be that. There are my plants and birds; my letters, and notes, which I am continually answering; my attendance on missions, and superintendence of work for the heathen; my several patronages, and—but you will know in time, for if you have profited by Madame Cordon's teaching; you should be able to assist me. I must be quite alone this morning; I suppose you can find something that will help you pass the time until luncheon;" and rising stately, she showed Edith plainly that she was expected to retire.

Was this the home and companionship they were cast into? Should Gladys—the pet of her late home—should she be here forever in her sweet childhood time, shut out from the very atmosphere of love? The thought appalled her. "Gladys, Gladys," she repeated moaning, "I must be all in all to you now my little one."

"Here I have been waiting as you wished,

Edith," said the child petulantly. "Burns, our maid, brought up my breakfast as you ordered her to do. You know last night you said you would talk with me a great deal to-day."

"So I will, mignonne," and gently drawing the child to a sofa, Edith sat down beside her. "Tis all so strange, dear, you must give me time to rest; only two days since I was at school, and oh! so happy; and in spite of her endeavor to be calm, she sighed bitterly.

All the pleasant memories crowded on her mind. How gladly would she have changed her surroundings—though the perfection of art and beauty—for the cozy room at Madame's, with her genial schoolfellows as companions.

There is an Oriental proverb that "the heart is a crystal palace; once broken it can never be mended." Edith felt that the heart once severely shocked, seldom recovers; and hers beat tumultuously, as she pressed her hands to her side.

"What was it I sang that morning?" she asked herself.

"Oh, I remember—the last words were
"No thought of a grief I'll borrow
To weave in my destiny;"

Alas! that was a pretty thought, but how rudely it was stifled. "Yes, Gladys," she said, addressing her sister, "we will have a chat for a little while. At twelve, you and I are to drive, until then we must make use of the time."

The little girl looked up without a fear, a look of perfect confidence in her elder sister whose arms as they embraced her seemed so strong in their protection.

"You know I must be mother and father now, dearest, and I will have to think much before I tell you what to do. When you were at home, your governess was kind and faithful, but there is something more wanting. I think I have a mission now—to watch and care for you. Tis so long since mamma died that you can scarcely remember, but she told me—though I was quite young—that if papa died first, you were to be my little girl."

"I'm so glad," said the child eagerly.

"Now," Edith continued, not noticing the interruption, "you must not do anything without consulting me; without asking any questions trust me entirely; can you do that dearest?"

"I think so sister; but I hope they will let you stay with me; Aunt Middleton looks so strange; she has never kissed me good-night like papa used to do; nor asked me if I was tired; she knows my foot is very lame."

"Never mind thinking," said Edith, cheerfully; "now it is time to dress; the bell will ring shortly. Remember all I have told you; and kissing her, she added, "I will do the kissing for all who forget it."

Luncheon was a formal meal; Aunt Sophia was in a great hurry. Edith found out that it was always so. There was an important meeting waiting her presence. Indeed she had scarcely time to partake of the delicacies set before her.

Her husband was quite satisfied; his business was also pressing, and when he came home, quietness was essential to him. It was rather agreeable to him that his wife was so prominent a figure in society; and then he argued, she had no children to care for, and the house would be dull for her.

So the two girls, like birds in a gilded cage, pined for something they felt did not exist in their new home. True, there were two of them; one could console the other.

As they drove out that day they saw many children whom they envied; and a feeling that she had suddenly grown old, took possession of Edith. Only a few days and it seemed like a life time. But then she had Gladys, and she would try to bear it.

The same routine was enacted every day. The servants like mute spectres glided hither and thither, in the performance of their duties; while, but for the birds, a death-like stillness, pervaded the mansion. Aunt Middleton could not brook noise or disorder or—anything indeed, except entire submission to her will.

"What is the cause of your sister's lameness?" she asked of Edith, one morning.

"A sprained ankle, aunt at first, but it still continues weak."

"Perhaps if she walked more it would cure it. Here, uncle, what is your opinion? Look at Gladys; she is positively lame. No—no child I stand up straight. You should make an effort; I believe that is all that's needed. Edith just walk

across the room with her. There now, you see she has done it. Nothing like 'will,' you know."

"I think the little thing might do as she likes, Sophia. 'Tis her own foot, you know my dear. You're not supposed to know where the pain is any more than to know where somebody's shoes pinch."

"Now, that is a poor argument. If were to be so illogical, where would some of our unions be to-day? No, no. If a lover tries, one never succeeds. Girls, you may have this afternoon, but do not make noise, as I must write."

Edith was so full of sorrow for her sister whose foot was really painful, that it was a marvel how the hasty words were knuckled back; but thanks to an excellent training, and powerful will, the only answer, as she retired with her arms about her sister, was a bow.

With the exception of literary entertainments, Aunt Sophia did not indulge in amusements; she declared time too precious. At stated periods her elegant rooms were thrown open to the combined wisdom of the select society.

"The children," as Mrs. Middleton called Edith and Gladys, were a source of annoyance to her. When she found the young delicate, and likely to require care, it occurred to her that she might place her in some institution of learning.

"Is it not too bad," she said to her band, one day, "to have one's comfort disturbed, and peace intruded upon by the children?"

cannot see that they are much trouble to you, Sophia. Edith seems a woman beyond her years."

"You men never can see the inner life of a woman; so many little things that mountains to bear," she said, half reproachfully.

"I'm heartily glad of it, my dear," returned with a laugh, "not glad of mountains that you labor under, but they are invisible ones."

"Ah! you are pretending to be deaf. But why my brother could leave me nothing better than these girls, I cannot see. A burden they certainly are. I think shall send them to school, Gladys at first."

"Do as you please, dear, I have no objection to see to it; but why not let them stay here with a governess; the house will bear the innovation."

"Never do," she answered, putting her hands deprecatingly, "Never I quite as possibility."

"As you please, then," he replied with slight twinkle of his eyes which said "you will have your own way. Good-bye, my dear, I'm quite late," and he was soon on the way to his office.

The arduous and many duties that Aunt Middleton was imposing on herself, began to undermine her health. Her physician ordered her to rest; but what would she do without her? It could not be said she went on. But only for a short time. The physician was right—everything was left for the present.

The girls were sent to a fashionable nery, very unlike Madame Cordon's; formal, and very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Middleton, with her husband out on a tour, in search of health; seemed as difficult to find as the North Pole.

Restless and ill, she returned to be unable to attend to any of her old engagements. In a hopeless state of brooded day by day of her great trials "here such another sufferer?"

Poor Mrs. Middleton. Nothing averted the result of an overworked and enfeebled nervous system.

Edith was recalled from school, must part from Gladys. That was her problem. As usual she thought that thought it was a difficult one, she soon thanks to her early training.

Yes, Edith was greatly indebted to her early training. Madame Cordon's education was the Bible, and English specialties. She would say—speaking of pupils. "When they go into the world will have many problems to solve."

From the day that she left Madame's establishment, the principles learned had been constantly applied to the difficulties which Edith found herself pressed to face; and which had the suddenly metamorphosing the little girl, into a thoughtful woman, she never lost her natural cheerfulness. Edith's return to Maplewood, the of the house struck her with

"Where was her Aunt!" Uncle wrote that she was at home. When Edith found her all she could say was "Aunt!" She was unprepared for such a great change; but bringing her self-possession to her aid, she hastened to the side of the invalid. It was no more the able and all-potent mistress; there was only the semblance of her former self.

Edith saw that her aunt did not recognize her, for she was greeted with the question "Where are the girls? Edith and Gladys, my legacies, you know," she added with a simple laugh. "They will soon be here," replied Edith, as she took in the situation, knowing that the patient must be humored. So Gladys was sent for. How happy she was to return to her only and loving friend and sister; for Edith was her very idol. Her heart was filled with a great joy, when the message came for her to return to Maplewood.

"You are quite transformed," said her teacher. How good news changes the countenance.

"Do I look better, Miss Cecil?" Gladys enquired anxiously.

"Decidedly, but why do you ask, my dear?"

"Because Aunt Middleton is so severe. I fancied she did not like my looks, I will be so glad if it makes me more agreeable to her."

"Is your aunt severe to you?" enquired Miss Cecil.

"No! No!" returned Gladys quickly; "but I fancied that she was disappointed. She had never seen either of us before, and I know when she came to our house when papa died, she scarcely noticed me, merely saying with a side glance, 'Is this Gladys?' I always thought it was because I was plain. If it were possible to please her, Edith would be glad too."

But Gladys was doomed to disappointment. Another urgent order hastened her departure, and she was soon at Maplewood. Edith met her on the threshold and Gladys, her own one, was folded in her loving embrace.

"Aunt Sophia is craving to see you, Edith, are you strong enough now?"

"Yes, Edith, I am getting so well I can walk almost anywhere."

"Well, come with me to see her. She is greatly changed." Hand in hand they tripped lightly along the corridor. Gladys smiled as if with terror, when the door was opened, and she saw Aunt Sophia. Not the stately lady she had left, but an invalid wasted, and moaning continually. Nothing comforted her now.

As Edith brought her sister forward, saying "Here is my sister, Gladys, auntie," the sick lady raised herself from her recumbent position, and with an almost majestic wave of the hand ordered "that trade's union bill out of that." All the hopes the child had nursed were thus rudely dashed away.

Edith perceived, though she knew not why, that the sight of Gladys almost saddened her aunt. Her was a new trouble. She herself was compelled to be with the patient continually. No other hand but hers could please the invalid. The confinement to the sick room was very trying, and Gladys must not come there at all. It seemed to poor Edith, very hard to bear.

"Here," said she ruminating one day by her aunt's couch, "Here we are, two lonely souls, as it were, cast on this great busy world, with none to care for us. Hush! hush! beating heart. He has promised to care for the Fatherless. We are not alone, I feel his power; it is ever present to help me. The world is full of beauty, and we must be able to find it. The words of my song are true. I'll not shadow our lives by useless grief. The less of earthly love, the greater the Heavenly."

Though Edith knew it not her ministrations were nearly over. The disease which had baffled the physicians, was gaining ground, and the suffering lady was shortly seized by the Angel of Death.

Edith had truly solved her problem successfully. She had overcome self and selfishness every feeling to help those about her.

A few days since, she had declared herself to be a waif in a great, crowded, careless world. Now, by her kind uncle's wish she had the mistress of Maplewood, mistress entire without other control than that of her guardian.

Uncle Middleton's home was soon all light and music. Rippling laughter reached through the once silent halls. This

atmosphere of joy was all that Gladys needed, and good care soon cured her of any threatened delicacy.

"I can now sing my favorite song" said Edith to her sister one day.

"Joy is reserved for one," "I have been thinking all day, Gladys, of my dear old teacher and friend, Madame Cordon. I have found the motto on my bookmark which she gave me, a wonderful talisman, "cast your care upon Him for He careth for you."

Yes this was the secret of Edith's solution of the difficult problems that she had to solve. And now as she sat with her arm about her beloved Gladys, she knew that she had been cared for.

When evening drew her curtain about them, and the pleasures of the day were over Uncle Middleton, as he gave them a good night kiss, thanked God fervently for "Aunt Sophia's Legacy."

Speaking in Italics.

In the days when Mr. Barnes was the editor of the Times, an Irish member of Parliament waited on him and complained of the reports of his speeches, which appeared in that newspaper.

"What ails them?" inquired Mr. Barnes. The member replied that they were not literal reproductions of the speeches as delivered.

"Oh, if that is all," said Mr. Barnes, "I dare say it can easily be remedied, and I promise you that when you make another speech it shall appear, word for word, as you deliver it."

The member did make another speech, and was horrified when he saw it in the paper, with all its sins of omission and commission on its head. Worst of all, every blunder that he had made was printed in italics. In a state bordering upon frenzy he hurried to the Times office, and sought Mr. Barnes, whom he almost overwhelmed with a torrent of abuse.

The editor listened calmly till he had finished, and then said, "What have you to complain of now? We have simply acted according to your own wish, and given a literal report of your speech."

"Bad luck to your impudence!" cried the enraged man, "did I spake in italics!"

Style a Good Thing.

The common herd needs a little of it, intermingled with the plain, make the picture complete. All good clothing and bright colors would grow monotonous if it were not for the tender shades of poverty and simplicity throw into the paths of business and society. To be sure, you get the best touches of human nature from the humble. The poor furnish the best lessons of life. These who struggle for bread or a place in the world teach us the most and tell us the best stories that are written. Culture is too apt to make us liars. Perhaps not in the offensive sense, but in reality. To sit on the wheel of fortune and stop at the stile marked style and fashion means to appear what we are not and act what we do not believe. To cultivate the graces alone is to be a cheap actor. It is better to be rude, natural and honest than to be polite and insincere.

Persuasive Abduction.

During Sherman's march to the sea, the "Boys in Blue" sometimes resorted to strategic measures to fill the mess-pot. One day a burly soldier attached a strong linen thread to his bayonet; at the other end was a small fish-hook seductively baited. Passing an Irishwoman's cabin, he dropped his hook among a flock of geese and caught a big gander. As he started off on the double-quick, the woman noticed her pet gander rapidly following the retreating soldier, and, not suspecting the cause, came promptly to the rescue with, "Arrah now, me darlint, don't run! Shure the gander won't hurt yez, me honey!" "I know he will! The darren thing means business!" replied the defender of the flag as he disappeared over a hill with the squawking gander in hot pursuit.

Every human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand it.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

No. II.

Egerton Ryerson.

One of the most noteworthy leaders of public thought in Canada, a little before his death in 1882, put on record the "story of my life," a most interesting autobiography, and replete with valuable references to the men and events of the last half century in our country. Of this we propose to give the readers of TRUTH some account, always giving credit by quotation marks when we use Dr. Ryerson's own words. "I was born," he tells us, "on the 25th of March, 1803, in the Township of Charlotteville, near the village of Vittoria, in the then London District, near the County of Norfolk." His father was a native of New Jersey, and in the Revolutionary War had sided against Washington and with King George; he served as an officer in one of the Colonial regiments raised at that time to supplement the forces of the regular British army. The elder Ryerson, with his brother Samuel Ryerson (his name had been misspelt in his army commission, and a blunder in so venerable a document was too sacred to be ever corrected) came to Norfolk county, then a trackless wilderness of forest, and settled on the Lake Erie coast between Vittoria and Port Ryerse. The life on these pioneer farms has been graphically described in a memoir by Egerton Ryerson's cousin, the late Mrs. Amelia Harris. It was continuous hard work and rough fare, with few and scant opportunities for education. Egerton seized eagerly on what presented itself. His brother-in-law, Mr. James Mitchell (afterwards Judge Mitchell) "an excellent classical scholar" kept the district school. Egerton was well grounded in grammar which "was of great service to me, and gave me the advantage over other pupils." He had also the incalculable advantage (from the purely literary point of view) of being thoroughly grounded in the Bible. As early as the age of twelve the boy Egerton became deeply impressed with religious ideas, and soon after this came under the influence of Methodist teaching, which shaped his views of religion for his whole life, though, as was natural, they underwent some modification afterwards. "When I had attained the age of eighteen, the Methodist minister in charge of the circuit which embraced our neighborhood, thought it not compatible with the rules of our church, to allow, as had been done for several years, the privilege of a member without becoming one. I then gave in my name for membership. Information of this was soon communicated to my father, who in the course of a few days said to me: 'Egerton, I understand that you have joined the Methodists: you must either leave them or leave my house.' It is hard at the present day to understand such bigotry on the part of this gallant, and in all ordinary matters, generous veteran officer! Yet in his position, and in the Upper Canada of 1821, what seems to us bigotry was natural enough: Those stern old Tories, the U. E. Loyalists, desired above all things the ascendancy of the church of England as by law established, of which the great and good George III. was head. One of their ablest leaders, Governor John Graves Simcoe advocated the establishment of a State Church in Canada, because that Church favored a distinction of classes, and these opposed Republicanism. The half dozen or so clergy of that church held comfortable positions, with good pay, mostly as chaplains in garrison towns; if they did not evince much zeal and had not the fiery enthusiasm of the Methodist itinerant preacher, at all events they and their church were unmistakably respectable, loyal, and favored by His Majesty's Government. No gallant British officer's son should be long to any other religion than that of his most sacred Majesty George, Defender of the Faith. Egerton, however, could not and would not give in; it was to him a matter of life or death; he was strengthened also by his mother's sympathies and prayers. He left his father's house, began a career of self-help as a Master in the London District Grammar school. There he was very successful, and added much to his classical reading, a branch of study for which this eminent educationist always expressed the

highest regard. He also read Blackstone's Commentaries, a good foundation for a writer of political pamphlets. Soon followed reconciliation with his father, who offered him a deed of his farm. But Egerton felt called to higher duties, and in 1825 at Beausville, near Hamilton, preached his first sermon as a Methodist minister.

An important era in Egerton Ryerson's eventful life was that of his active work in the ministry of the Methodist Church of Upper Canada. His first charge was so extensive as to be in truth missionary work; it was what was called the York and Yonge street circuit; comprising the town of York (now Toronto) with many townships of the county of that name. There Mr. Ryerson was brought into intimate contact with those who formed the strongest section of the Reform Party under W. L. Mackenzie in 1837. There too his gift of political pamphlet writing was called forth by the attacks of the Rev. John Strachan (afterwards well known as bishop of his denomination in Toronto) on the Methodists, whom he accused of being secret Republicans and American sympathizers. Ryerson's rejoinders to these calumnies soon gained him the ear of the country, and in the columns of the Guardian (1829) his vigorous pen assailed the Clergy Reserves and other abuses of the kind. Besides his regular ministerial work Mr. Ryerson in 1826 and 1827 undertook a mission to an Indian settlement on the Credit River. This was attended with much hardship, the Indians being only partially reclaimed from savagery, and much given to intemperance. But Ryerson threw himself into the good work of conversion with characteristic energy. His diary shows how sanguine he looked forward to the happiest results, such as have too seldom been realized in any Indian mission from the days of the Jesuits until now! In 1827 he was appointed to the extensive Cobourg circuit extending from Bowmanville to Trenton, at the head of the Bay of Quinte, with, of course, "Indian Missions" in addition! In 1842 Egerton Ryerson's clerical career may be said to have closed with his appointment to the very congenial position of Principal of the newly established University of Victoria College at Cobourg. This was in 1842. It was while Principal of Cobourg University that Egerton Ryerson first entered the arena of party politics, as distinguished from semi religious questions, such as the Clergy Reserves. Lord Metcalf's government to which Ryerson then gave the support of his powerful pen, was both weak and unpopular, but its head had the ability to discern, and the good sense to reward, the invaluable support given to it by an able political pamphleteer. Ryerson's letters in defence of Metcalf at once gained the ear of the country. At that time good political writing was in request. It was not then as now, when political writing is ground out daily from the dullest brains in the country into two political "organs," two extinct volcanoes, emitting mere noisome smoke, thin and acrid, with no power in them to convince, annoy, or benefit any mortal! The Metcalf Government was grateful. At least in those days government was not what it is now, clogged and water-logged by this and that wire-puller or civil servant. Nowadays, before a government can in the smallest degree reward a public writer who has been of service to his party, and still more to the public, some Mr. Peckaniff of the Ontario Cheese packing department, steps in with his lackstar influence to prevent it. The Metcalf Government had at least the courage of its opinion, they simply rewarded the writer who had saved their existence with the most splendid and lucrative position in their gift; the consequence being that never was public trust more conscientiously or more brilliantly discharged.

In 1844 the Rev. Egerton Ryerson received the appointment of Superintendent of Public Education for Upper Canada, with a liberal salary. Carte blanche on the treasury for tours to England and the continent of Europe, and almost autocratic power. S. Ryerson, single handed, raised the vast edifice of our Public School system. It needed his keen business habits, his strong practical common sense, his personal magnetism, his vigorous presence potent to overbear opposition, to complete so difficult a task. After a labor of twenty years the end crowned the work. Dr. Ryerson retired on full salary in 1870; in 1882, full of well spent years, and well-earned honors, he was laid in the grave amid a vast concourse of mourners.

The Poet's Page.

—For Truth.

New Year's Wishes.

BY MISS M. PORTER.
What shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth,
Songs in the spring-dec,

Exeter, Ont.

—For Truth.

Canada.

BY NORA LAMBERT.

Thy hills where the keen frost lingers
Loop on the maple trees,
And the voice of the happy skaters
Floats on the icy breeze.

—For Truth.

Treasures.

BY MRS. E. X. KICKLE.

Only a faded flower,
Only a trace of hair,
Only a tlay glove,
Lying so quiet there.

The Mists Will Roll Away.

The way is dark, the arching sky
Has lost its soft and tender hue,
And looking up we almost doubt
If ever it wore an azure hue.

IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE?
A PHILOSOPHIC REVERIE ON THE SUBJECT OF IMMORTALITY, BY DR. G. F. MULVANT.

—For Truth.

Ave et Vale: Catullus' elegy on the death of his brother.
Resurgens. Christian epitaph.

I.

If "Ave et vale," "Farewell and for ever!"
In that darkest of hours from which nothing can save,
Be the ultimate voice of Love's baffled endeavour
From the portals of Life to the gates of the grave.

II.

Yet Truth we must seek, though it point to the Darkness,
Where nothing is ours of the glad days gone by.
Leave solace unproved for that Truth in its starkness!
Yet, pause we, ere Reason makes final reply.

III.

Yes, pause we! If Forces we know are persistent,
If Attraction, Heat, Motion, survive in their place;
If the sum of each force be the same through the distant
Wild waltz of the worlds through all Time and all Space.

IV.

Can the highest of Forces, the Thought-Force, the Vital,
When evolved to the utmost, pass placeless away?
Can the wrong done on earth have no meed of requital?
Shall the Man be but waste on his funeral day?

V.

But waste! What became of the brave, the true-hearted,
For the lost Cause, the true Cause, who perished in vain?
Has the might of the martyrs and heroes departed,
The Faith, death-defiant, but passed with the pain?

VI.

We know not! The Silence is deaf to our question!
At no final answer can Reason arrive;
Nor, in absence of proof, need reject the suggestion
That Somewhere each Force of the soul may survive!

VII.

That Somewhere, though Where our poor wisdom can show not,
Those energies work that were noble and pure;
That the Aims that were highest their purpose forego not,
That the love-chain, death-broken on earth, shall endure!

VIII.

That when closed on the field of defeated endeavour,
The earth-mists are wiped from the generous eyes;
That the just Cause, earth-thwarted, has failed not for ever,
That the high quest of Wisdom still higher shall rise.

IX.

Have they changed? Have the little ones bloomed to maturity?
Have the old, whom we loved, in new youth found array?
What heart does not crave for some final assurance,
Some balm for the worst wound we meet in life's way?

X.

We know not! The wings of our spirit fall broken
And bruised from the bars of our cage when they soar;
And the last word of Reason and Hope has been spoken
In the whisper that bids us Endure and Adore.

XI.

Though unproved, we avow in our heart we believe it.
Faith lives, though we own, the old fallacies fail;
Though not as the school-men we see and receive it,
And solace from Sophistries cannot avail!

XII.

Though adult in manhood, we dare their denial,
Still hoping through Night till the darkness be done,
That some life shall crown and requite the earth-trial,
Though the proof of our faith be unknown but to One.

The mist is floating round us so
We scarce can see a step ahead -
Each feeble footprint that we leave
Is made with falling fear and dread;

Oh, heart, faint not! Tho' now the path
Is dark and drear, tho' white unshod,
The sky is blue behind the dun,
The sky is bright behind the cloud.

My Legacy.

A rare and precious legacy
The fair, sweet summer left to me:
Rare pictures, gems, I think them all,
Which I have hung on memory's wall.

Green hill-sides dotted o'er with trees,
Tall grasses bent with playful breeze,
Wide meadows starred with daisies white,
And over all, the sunshine bright.

But more than all its birds and flowers,
Far more than e'en its golden hours,
The gracious summer left to me,
In its most priceless legacy.

Close in my heart I hold the gift
Which from thy life all clouds will lift.
Together here and I recall
The pictures hung on memory's wall.

The golden hours were bright to me
Only when they were shared with thee;
The flowers seemed sweetest and most fair
When thou their beauty delighted to wear.

Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When shall shall be our need of grace
From comrades or from neighbor,

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home -
Be patient with the living;

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;

The Wish-Bone.

Slender and shining, prophetic bone,
We pulled it the future to divine;
Her bare pink palm, the bit in my own.

What did you ask for? "Whispered my Rose,
Looking up shyly with eyes so true.
"I wished," I answered, drawing her close,

"Her eyes as brown as a forest brook,
Her cheeks as pink as the sea-shell's tint,
A tender mouth and a saucy look,

"In short, that my future wife might be
You, dear little Rose, and only you."
Hiding her face in my breast, said she,

A Mother's Death.

Dark and dimly in the moonlight,
Through the hushed and silent room,
Falls the pale light of the candle,
As it flickers 'mid the gloom.

Fair and brightly breaks the morning,
When the clouds of night are fled,
But the first cold beam of daylight
Falls upon the silent dead.

Days have passed, and friends are gathered,
Then a dark procession's seen,
Slowly moving through the churchyard,
Where the grass is growing green.

Now the twilight shades are closing,
And the funeral day is o'er,
Oh, the home seems sad and dreary
Since the mother is no more.

Cloud Fancies.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

O fleecy clouds! that come and go
Across this arch of pale, soft blue,
From what vast urn redundant flow
Are you sent forth to deck anew?

We love your noiseless path to trace,
Children of dew and circling air,
And wonder to what charmed place
Your forms of loveliness repair;

Do ye rejoice from your far height
To linger o'er some mountain stream,
And catch its flashing rays of light
That like ungathered jewels gleam,

Lo the wide plain of ocean spread
Unbehold in your delicious flight!
Have their green lakes no power to ward
Your beauty with their emerald light?

While thus ye float in azure seas,
Taking all hues that beauty wears,
Ye are with song and light and breeze,
With summer flowers and autumn leaves,

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EATON'S

JANUARY CLEARING SALE!

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" is an old proverb that proves true on a great many occasions, and when there is any person complaining about the east or north wind there are four persons blessing it. For example—while tradesmen and merchants are complaining about the continued open warm weather which is detrimental to business interests, there are thousands of housekeepers and consumers who are being benefitted by the immensely low prices at EATON'S CLEARING SALE, which originated from the soft winter, and continued in the interest of all cash paying customers. The terribly cheap prices at EATON'S are having the desired effect.

T. EATON & Co.

DRESS GOODS.

In this department we are making some extraordinary reductions, and the goods need only to be seen and prices to be quoted in order to ensure sale, as is seen by the quantity of goods sold daily. The stir in the department this week is those heavy Foulle Cloth Dress Stuffs in Navy, Bronze, Green, Bronze Brown and Golden Brown colors, full widths, at 20c. a yd. Also these same goods in inferior quality and narrower widths, at 10c. a yd. There are only 20 pieces of each left, and are just the goods for the season.

T. EATON & Co.

A choice assortment of American Tysoon Repps in dark polka dot and wrapper patterns, 20c. a yd. The advantage these goods have is that they can be washed like a print; reduced to 20c. a yd.

BLACK SILKS.

This is a class of goods bought all the year round, and a special price is just as good out of the regular season as in. To-day we offer a fine gros grain Silk, good color, 20 inches wide, at 75c. a yard. The ordinary price of these goods were \$1 a yard—Eaton's sale price 75c. a yard; an extra heavy gros grain, 21 inches wide, at 85c. a yard.

T. EATON & Co.

SKIRTS.

In order to make a clearance of this class of goods we have made some extra special prices, beginning with the 90c. Felt Skirts at 50c. each. The \$1 English Felt Skirts at 85c.; special value in Black Alpaca Skirts, Black Italian Skirts, Black and Colored Satin Skirts; a special line of Wool Knitted Skirts, 75c., each.

T. EATON & Co.

CASHMERE HOSIERY.

Special attention is drawn to the Cashmere Hosiery which was advertised before. These goods are a shipment which came too late for Xmas trade, and in order to clear we offer them at most extraordinary bargains. They comprise all sizes from 00 to full women's sizes, in plain and ribbed, in Black, Brown, Navy, Green and Drab. Ask to see them. A special line of fine Canadian Hosiery in all colors, 25c. a pair; heavy ribbed Merino Hose, clerical colors, two pairs for 25c.

Samples of any of these goods sent upon application. Goods can be sent by mail at 6 cents per 4 ozs. Note address in sending letter order. Please be particular to state your Post Office, County, and Province.

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 191, 196 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
New York City.

AGENTS TO SELL THE NOVELTY RUG MACHINE; patented; best selling article ever offered to agents. For particulars apply to R. W. HOSS, Guelph, Ont.

VALENTINES

at all prices from 1c. each to \$2 each. Come and see our beautiful, Ugly or Pretty as desired. Fifty per cent. discount to storekeepers and others ordering an assortment. Send us 10c., \$1, \$2.50, \$5, or \$10, and we will send you a nice assortment. JAMES LEE & CO., MONTREAL, P.Q.

WATSON, THORNE & SMELLIE Barristers & Solicitors, 2 Toronto St., Toronto.

TAPE WORM CURED. — CUMMINGS' is the greatest and most successful tape worm exterminator known. Cures in three days. No drug, a simple remedy causing no suffering. Send stamp for reply. W. CUMMINGS, Eastmore, Ont.

MADILL & HOAR
DISPENSING CHEMISTS, 366 YONGE ST.
Have a large assortment of French and American Glass Bottles suitable for coverings.

BIRTHDAY CARDS

BY MAIL,
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

For 25 cts will be mailed, (graded value), 10, 12, or 2 beautiful Birthday Cards, no two alike, large and artistic.
For \$1.00 will be mailed, (graded value), 10, 12, or 1 silk fringed cards (same quality of cards as above). For 25 cts. will be mailed double quantity using or half the quantity of fringed.

In the above are included Franz's American Embellisher and Faulkner's English, and other artistic series. Orders filled also for more expensive cards. Send us \$2, \$3, \$5, or \$10, and we will send you a large assortment at lowest rates.

MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.
93 Yonge St. Toronto.



LADIES!

If you want the fine style in hair, Bangs, Waves, etc., etc., incline to a shade of hair in color and amount, and send your requirements by return mail. If you have your hair cut, send it to me, and I shall send you money worth its return. Dress A. DOREN WEND, Paris Works, 105 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont. Send on application.

MRS. MALLORY

is prepared to furnish all the latest
SKIRT IMPROVER

—ALSO THOSE—
+ Perfect-Fitting Corded Health Corsets made to measure, and satisfaction guaranteed. "DOMESTIC PATTERN" AGENCY, 266 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

JUST TO HAND

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Berlin, Shetland, Andalusian, Saxony & Ice Wool

IN FOLLOWING COLORS:

8 Shades Coral Pink, 7 Shades Cardinal, 13 Shades Blue, 7 Shades Bronze, 7 Shades Olive. Also, Cream, Cream White, Pure White, Oleander, Salmon, Plum and Seal, all of which we are selling at 12½ cents per ounce.

Constantly on hand at lowest prices:—Knitting and Embroidery Silks, Roman Satin Felts, Plushes, Tassels, Canvasces, Silk and Chenille Cord and Fringes, Arty-scenes, and Honiton Lace Braids, Embroider Chemises, Slippers, Cushions, Brackets, Baskets, Slipper Holders, Fender Stools, together with all articles necessary in the hair business. A TRIAL SOLICITED.

We can send goods to any part of Canada. Write for our price-list and effect saving of 25 per cent.

HENRY DAVIS

DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 YONGE ST., TORONTO



A QUICK SHAVE.

A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.

LADIES, when you are disgusted with superfluous hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of DOREN WENDS, "EUREKA" HAIR DESTROYER.

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observance of directions destroys the roots, also softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless. Send to any address the receipt of price. \$1.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$3.00. Write address plainly and enclose money to

Doren's Manufacturing Co. 105 YONGE STREET TORONTO. A. DOREN WEND.

MY FIRST MUSIC LESSON.

COMIC SONG.

Words and Music by

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Introduction.

1. My Ma she took it in her head, that I should learn to play, On the or - gan and pi -
 2. My teach - er show'd me A and B, and I' sharp, G and D, Says I, "dear teach - er,
 3. I warb - led high, says he, "you're sharp, Just come a lit - tle down." My Ma chim'd in and

an - o in the most new - fan - gled way. So to the teach - er we did go, With
 "is that all?" "Don't wo play on X and Z?" Ho show'd me clefs, and staves and bars, I
 says, "you're right," "She's the sharp - est girl in town." "Now teach - er, what's this lit - tle scroll? "Why,

lea - son book in hand, De - ter - mined I should mu - sic know, Its mist'ries un - der - stand.
 tho't 'would next be rails, And the lit - tle things he called the notes, Were like drum - sticks with tails.
 that, my dear's, a rest," I jump'd up from the mu - sic stool. (Spoken) and I've been resting ever since.

Chorus omitted after last verso.

Omit two last bars in last verse.

CHORUS. Very 'tittle slower.

This ex - er - cise I then went thro', As all be - gin - ners have to do, I sang so high that my voice brokedown, And I drove the neighbors out of town.

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Health Department.

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

How to Get Asleep.

When I was a student I suffered much from sleeplessness, and, after trying many remedies, I hit upon this one: I discarded my feather pillow for one of hair. The effect was wonderful. I slept soundly the whole of the first night, and have never since, except when feverish, been so wakeful as I usually was before. Although feathers are excellent for preventing the dispersion of the heat of the body, so much fault has been found with feather beds that they have quite generally gone out of use, and it is strange that feather pillows have not been sent after them. Feathers in pillows are open to the same objections as feathers in beds, and even their chief virtue, that of keeping up a high temperature, is a defect in a pillow: certainly when one-half of the head is kept at blood heat by being buried in feathers, and the other half is exposed to the air, both halves cannot be at the most favorable temperature. A hair pillow does not get warmed up to an uncomfortable degree, because it rapidly conducts away the heat imparted to it by the head. Since hair pillows are not yet in common use, it might be supposed that a person accustomed to the use of one would either have to take it with him every time he was to be away from home for a few nights, or suffer considerable inconvenience. But fortunately hair bolsters are more common, and if the pillow is thrown aside the bolster will raise the head probably as high as is good for the sleeper. If a hair bolster is lacking, the end of the mattress may be raised high enough to make a comfortable head rest by putting the pillow under it.

According to most, but not all, medical writers, wakefulness and mental activity depend on the circulation of a large quantity of blood through the brain, and the flow of blood must be lessened before sleep can come on. I have obtained especial benefit from drawing the blood into the muscles by means of a brisk walk or a quarter to half an hour's vigorous performance of light gymnastics just before going to bed. The majority of cases of sleeplessness occur among persons who use their muscles but little, and for very many taking more exercise is the best remedy. Sleep can sometimes be brought on by simply warming the body, especially the feet; the drowsiness caused by sitting in a warm room is a familiar instance. The blood may be drawn to the skin by a cold shower or sponge bath, followed by a rubbing with a coarse towel. Getting out of bed for a few minutes when the air is cool will often bring relief. I have lain awake half the night, and then, after being up long enough to mix and drink a lemonade, have fallen asleep at once on going back to bed. Perhaps the lemonade should have part of the credit. On hot summer nights a cold bath will reduce the bodily temperature so as to admit of sleep. If the skin is not wiped quite dry, the evaporating moisture will increase the cooling effect. A light lunch just before going to bed relieves the brain by drawing the blood to the stomach, and the inclination to doze after a meal is explainable in this way. Diminishing the cerebral circulation by compression of the carotid arteries is advised by some physicians. Lying on the back with a doubled pillow placed against the back of the neck so as to tip the head forward will effect this, and Dr. J. L. Corning has invented an instrument in the form of a collar for the same purpose.

In view of what has been said about the circulation of the blood, coldness of the feet is a natural accompaniment of sleeplessness, and one means of cure may be made to serve both ends. Bathing the feet

in hot water is such a means, but after a few hours a reaction is liable to set in, which will send the blood from the feet to the head, and cause the sleeper to awake. It is better to take advantage of the reaction which follows a cold foot-bath with vigorous rubbing of the feet, both in the water and with the towel. The stimulus thus given to the circulation in the feet will be more permanent. I have found walking just before bed-time beneficial, and when I do not wish to go outdoors I raise myself sharply on my toes to the full stretch fifty or more times. A paragraph has recently been in circulation to the effect that a continuous low noise favors sleep; the sound of water dropping on a brass pan has been prescribed by a physician with good effect. The explanation seems to be that a simple monotonous impression quiets the brain by occupying it, to the exclusion of more varied and interesting, and therefore stimulating, impressions. On the same principle are the devices of counting forward or backward, imagining sheep jumping one by one through a gap, &c.; but they are open to the objection of causing one portion of the brain to be exerted in order to control the rest of it.

If the hygienic measures which have been described fail to induce sleep, probably some form of disease stands in the way, and a physician should be employed to discover and remove it. Soporific drugs should be regarded as a last resort, for, unless skillfully used, they produce a stupor rather than a refreshing sleep. Do not take a narcotic or nostrum at random because somebody says it is good to make you sleep; one narcotic is injurious where another is beneficial, and the chances are that you will choose one which will do you more harm than good.

Brain Difficulties.

The obscure diseases of the brain and disorders of the mind furnish material for countless volumes. So momentous are the consequences which follow in the train of whatever affects the material instrument through which the mind operates, and so extraordinary and enigmatical are the various modes by which healthy conditions depart and hidden phases of insanity appear, that the general reader feels almost the same interest in this class of subjects as does the educated physician. We face with comparative equanimity the thoughts of other disorders; we care little for medical discussions concerning their pathology; or symptoms of disorder. Cerebral excitement thrills the finely organized brain, and under the extreme tension caused by the high-pressure of the struggle for existence, for fame and for money, excitement becomes congestion; the brain is over-burdened. The results that follow are seen in every civilized community; brilliant men are smitten down in the full swing of their powers; softening of the brain, paralysis, apoplectic seizure and a multitude of obscure cerebral affections seem each year more common.

But it is said by the best authorities that in most cases the approach of these disorders is slow, insidious, and within the province of cure if taken in time. Organic disintegrations of the delicate nerve vesicles begin to show themselves in debilitated memory. The patient forgets the most trifling as well as the most important things. His mental grasp is fluctuant. Indeed, no test of the condition of the brain is equal to the memory. The vigorous cerebrum acts with unerring skill, reproducing in a thousand forms the events of the past, the infinity of operations that go to make up the life of even a single day. But a flaw in the brain-surface in the impairment of certain classes of impressions. Hence the morbid psychological features of impaired memory, the curious vagaries, the unaccountable eccentricities that are revealed. It is related in medical works that an old soldier having lost brain-matter from an operation, was found to have no knowledge whatever of the numbers five and seven. A school-teacher who had brain fever forgot the letter F. One of the oddest impairments of memory was in the case of a Scotch farmer, early in the century, who had a paralytic fit, and as a result he became unable to recollect proper names or substantives.

The faculties of the brain deserve more

universal study. The hidden wand of "unconscious cerebration" has solved many a difficulty for much puzzled students. The heretofore brain can select and arrange facts by means of an elimination process going on unconsciously. It is not conscious thought, but it is an operation of the mind by which in secrecy and silence the grain is sifted from the chaff.—[The Hour.

Strength and Health.

It is quite a common idea that health keeps pace with strength. I know intelligent persons who really think that you may determine the comparative health of a company of men by measuring their arms—that he whose arm measures twelve inches is twice as healthy as he whose arms measure but six. This strange and thoughtless misapprehension has given rise to nearly all the mistakes thus far made in the physical-culture movement. I have a friend who can lift nine hundred pounds, and yet is an habitual sufferer from torpid liver, rheumatism, and rather low spirits.

There are many similar cases. The cartmen of our cities, who are our strongest men, are far from the healthiest class, as physicians will testify. On the contrary I have many friends who would stagger under three hundred pounds that are in capital trim. But I need not elaborate a matter so familiar with physicians and other observing people. No test of health would prove more faulty than a tape-line or a lift at the scale beam.

Suppose two brothers—bank clerks—in bad health. They are measured round the arm. Each marks exactly ten inches. There are the scale-beams. The bar raises at exactly three hundred pounds with each. Both seek health. John goes to the gymnasium, lifts heavy dumb-bells and kegs of nails until he can put up one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and lift nine hundred and his arm reaches fifteen inches.

Thomas goes to the mountains, fishes, hunts, spends delightful hours with the young ladies and plays cricket.

Upon measuring his arm we find it scarcely larger than when he left town, while he can't put up sixty pounds nor lift five hundred. But who doubts Thomas will return to the counter the better man of the two? John should be the better man, if strength is the principal or most essential condition of health.

A Cheap Disinfectant.

In workshops, factories, and places generally where numbers of people are congregated together, the removal of foul smells and evil odors is often not only a matter affecting the comfort of a great many persons, but is frequently of the utmost importance on sanitary grounds. The knowledge, therefore, of how to obtain a cheap disinfectant at a trifling cost, may prove of service to a great many, and cannot, in fact, be too widely spread.

Many solutions of metallic chlorides are useful for this purpose, owing to their ready decomposition, and without being open to the same objection as the so-called "chloride of lime," so generally used, the small from which, however, is to many people as offensive, or even more so, than the smell it is intended to destroy.

Dr. Goulden, of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, first brought into notice a solution of chloride of lead as being inodorous, more effective, and procurable at almost infinitesimal cost. Purchased in the form of chloride of lead, it would cost about fifty cents per pound, but may readily be obtained from the nitrate of lead—which may be purchased at about twelve cents per pound—and common salt, as follows:

Take half a drachm of nitrate of lead, dissolved in a pint or more of boiling water, and dissolve two drachms of common salt in a pail or bucket of water. Pour the two solutions together, and allow the sediment to subside. The clear, supernatant fluid will be a saturated solution of chloride of lead.

"If the general public," says Dr. Stone, "would have their areas and dust-bins disinfected with the above solution, it would conduce materially to the health and comfort of the community at large."

A cloth dipped in this solution and hung up in a room, will sweeten the atmosphere instantly, and it will also have a similar effect on sinks, etc.

Pain in the Chest.

Pain in the chest may be stinging, burning, or lacerating in character; it may be dull and continuous, or sharp and only occurring at intervals. Patients also frequently complain of weight, oppression, constriction, and tightness in the chest. Sharp pain is most often due either to neuralgia or pleurisy. Dull pain in the right or left side, beneath or between the shoulders, may be due to affections of the liver, spleen, or stomach, as well as to pulmonary disease. A stinging or burning pain beneath the breast-bone is one of the symptoms of chronic bronchitis.

Treatment.—The best remedy for pain in the chest is the application of hot fomentations once or twice a day; and if the pain is chronic, the application of a warm compress to be worn through the night. Extensive pain in the chest may require a chest pack. A stitch in the side and the acute pain of pleurisy are often very greatly mitigated by the application of a soft woolen bandage, drawn tightly about the chest, in such a way as to restrain the movement of the affected part in respiration. The same end may be reached by applying a large pitch plaster or several adhesive strips over the affected part.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

J. B. D., PARK HILL.—Q. Can you give me a remedy for rough skin; peels off in small thin white scales; skin very rough and dry? A. Take of orange-flower water 19 fluid ounces; beat glycerine 1 fluid ounce; borax $\frac{1}{2}$ of an ounce. Mix. This is an excellent skin preservation and wash.

C. L., LECESTER.—Q. Will hydropathy or mesmerism cure sciatic? A. "Sciatica," like other forms of neuralgia, yields to the hot air bath, and other forms of hydropathy. Electricity or Mesmerism will cure it. In all these cases nervous exhaustion leads to nerve diseases.

A. J. S., LONDON.—Q. A friend of mine suffers greatly from dyspepsia, but refuses to take medicine for it. What diet would you recommend me to give him? A.—You may probably find the diet he needs in good brown, toasted or rusked, a small portion of milk eaten with bread, and some good fruit—baked or raw apples, stewed raisins, stewed figs, etc. This diet cures many dyspepsies, and favours the cure of many ailments.

A Simple Dietary.

According to Count Rumford, the Bavarian wood chopper, one of the most hardy and hard-working men in the world, receives for his weekly rations one large loaf of rye bread and a small quantity of roasted meal. Of the meal he makes an infusion, to which he adds a little salt, and with the mixture, which he calls burned soup, he eats his rye bread. No beer, no beef, no other food than that mentioned, and no drink but water; and yet he can do more work, and enjoys a better digestion and possesses stronger muscles than the average beef-eating Englishman or sausage-eating Dutchman.

Those who talk about starvation diet when a man simply excludes flesh and a few unwholesome condiments from his dietary, should consider facts of this sort before becoming too loud in their denunciations.

Glycerine for Coryza and Hay Fever.

The season for hay fever is past, but acute colds in the head are now in order. An East India physician claims to secure relief in these cases by the application of plugs of cotton wool saturated with glycerine, retaining them a few minutes after each application.

Santonine.

When used as a vermifuge, should always be mixed with castor oil, which renders it more efficient in destroying the vitality of the parasites, and prevents its absorption into the system, thus precluding the possibility of poisoning.

Editorial

I wonder how I
The hero of my
How can I tell it
There must be
choices.

If there a part
Drove to gayly
I choose with
And life is not a

A partner for of
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Ladies' Department.

Certainty.

BY EVELINE.

I wonder how I'll know when the 'right one,' the person my dreams appears," she mused. How can I tell that it is surely he? There must not be a doubt when my heart chooses."

"I were a partner for a dance, or walk, or come to play share my merriest hours, I choose with ease; but this must be for life, and life is not all sunshine and bright flowers."

A partner for one's life, for weal or woe, whose faults must be overlooked with patient care.

How can I tell a passing love from that which kindred soul to kindred soul should bear."

A smile, and a sober grows her face, but I will not give a one dart which soon will pierce her heart too deep for any measure.

A partner for one's life, for weal or woe, whose faults must be overlooked with patient care.

How can I tell a passing love from that which kindred soul to kindred soul should bear."

A smile, and a sober grows her face, but I will not give a one dart which soon will pierce her heart too deep for any measure.

—Demerest's Monthly.

Her Story.

"I had longed, as other women long, to love a man about her, strong to shield me, as others sought the strong; but when I saw that she fought to wrong, and loving, did not yield."

Other women weep alone, she wept that she had naught to give that he might take; if she awakened when the great world slept, the hours of darkness still her secret kept, who suffered for love's sake."

She dreamed that she had given all, who still forbade both eyes and lips to speak, learned how she had dreamed her gift too small, from her whose maiden pride could hold in thrall, the color in her cheek."

—Demerest's Monthly.

—For Truth.

Thoughts about Diaries.

BY VERA.

Letter writing has become well nigh one of the lost arts in these days of rapid and frequent communication. In the last century, when Lady Austen wrote those tender and charming letters, many pages long, to the chosen poet, her gentle kinsman Cowper, the despatch of a letter was an event in life, the accomplished ladies of that day would have thought shame of inditing a single half-page all about nothing! The letters of the eighteenth century were species of essays, often a delightful treat to read. But a resource has been left those desirous of cultivating that style of composition, confidential, full of self-analysis, and faithful record of the impressions made by each day's observation of the surrounding panorama of life. It is to keep a diary.

Not a scripping thirty-cent pocket diary, but an ample excuse of page and sufficient room accorded to each day so as to fit of something more than a mere summary of events.

For we all are apt to forget the minute details and impressions of even a year ago. Keeping a diary enables us to preserve a record of our former selves; of the slow sad changes that brought us all things ill; of the little, often so slow, and sometimes as sad, brought us all things good; of the vicissitudes in the fresh, vivid impressions of recent experience of the joyful and sad, that soon become faded in our memories, with the poisonous monochrome of the Grey Past! What of our careers? What a great portion of life's experience is lost to us for the lack of such a record as a diary affords.

For young ladies, who may read Vera's diary to me, if you are moved thereby to keep a diary for the year of Grace, 1855, a few hints of guidance in so doing. Let not your diary be a mere record of trifling incidents, of the dinner, the visits, the commonplace occupations. Give here

and there a word of comment. 2. Be not too diffuse. Do not write for the sake of writing. Write nothing that you do not feel. 3. You cannot, like Thomas Carlyle, write a vivid, life-like description of everyone you meet, therefore do not attempt it. But you can record in truthful, unexaggerated words, the kind of impression each person makes on you as he or she crosses the stage of your life. In writing of other people it is best to describe them by initials only. In beginning each day's record, it is well to note the kind of weather—this may have an interest of a meteorological nature in other years. 5. Your diary should be sacred to your own privacy; to let any new acquaintance peruse it is to "wear your heart upon your sleeve for laws to peek at." A mother, a sister, or the one who is to be the fate of your life, alone should be allowed to enter the precincts of that confidential diary.

Swift's diary to Schiller; Pepys's Diary (written in the court of the merry monarch, Charles II.); Boswell's Diary of his personal intercourse with Dr. Johnson, are among many instances, which show the peculiarly vivid portraiture of passing events, which is only attainable by this form of literary composition. 5. It is noteworthy that these diaries are the work of minds of very different calibre, some of the most amusing being the every day record of men of simple character and ordinary education, such as Pepys and Boswell.

The moral effect of keeping a diary can hardly fail to keep up the habit of self-examination, so valuable in the formation of character. To make a faithful record of each day's employment, rightly used, must be a preservation against mere frivolity and selfishness, and may lead us to wish that a Higher Power may "scotch us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ORANGE SOUFFLE.—Take one-quarter pound of sifted loaf sugar, half a pound of flour, half a pound of fresh butter, the yolks of six eggs, and one tablespoonful of orange juice. Beat up all these ingredients well together until they are very smooth, then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the rest. Pour all into a dish, but take care not to fill it, and bake in a moderate oven.

ISLE OF WIGHT PUDDING.—Chop four ounces of apple, the same quantity of bread-crumbs, suet, and currents, well washed and picked, two ounces of candied lemon, orange and citron, chopped fine, five ounces powdered loaf sugar, half a nutmeg grated. Mix all together with four eggs. Butter well and flour a tin, put in the mixture, and place a buttered paper on the top, and a cloth over the paper. If you steam it, the paper is sufficient. It will take two hours boiling. Serve with hot fruit sauce, made of steamed currant jelly.

RICE CROQUETTES.—One-half pound rice, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of sugar and a very small piece of butter, the yolks of two eggs beaten light, and a pinch of salt. Soak the rice for four hours in water, drain it and put it into a basin with the milk and salt. Set the basin in a steamer and cook until thoroughly done. Then stir in carefully the sugar, the yolks of the eggs and the butter. Flavor with the juice of a fresh lemon. A very little of the grated rind may be added, if desired, but too much will give a bitter taste to the rice. When cool enough to handle form into croquettes. Roll them in beaten eggs and bread-crumbs and fry in boiling lard. When brown take them out, put them in a strainer to dry off the lard and sprinkle with fine sugar.

WHITEHOUSE FRITTERS.—Boil in one pint of water a dessert spoonful of fresh butter, pour scalding hot over a light pint of flour, and beat until cold; add the well beaten yolks of six eggs, and, just before cooking, the perfectly light whites. Fill a skillet with lard, and when boiling hot, drop in the batter, a tablespoonful at a time. It only takes a few minutes to cook them. Put them in a warm oven on a dry towel, for a short time to dry superficial grease. Serve hot, and eat with wine and sugar.

DAINTY BISCUITS.—Beat very light one egg; pour it over a pint of flour, add a wine glass of milk, and chop in one tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed. Work thoroughly together; break up pieces the size of marbles, which must be rolled as thin as your nail. Sprinkle with dry flour as you

roll them out to make them crisp; stick with a fork and bake quickly.

POMMES AU BEURRE.—Peel and remove the cores from some highly flavored apples, avoid breaking them or cutting through. Cut slices of bread of the size of the diameter of the apple, and lay them on the bottom of a well buttered dish, on each slice place an apple, filling the core space with brown sugar, and butter the size of a walnut. Set in a moderate oven and bake half an hour, removing the butter and sugar once or twice.

It is important, says a recent writer, to look well to the adulteration of spices. Mustard is adulterated with sulphate of lime, naphthaline yellow, and dark flour. Black pepper is reduced with charcoal, buckwheat chaff, mustard seed, ground cocconut, and dried potatoes; Cayenne pepper with corn-meal colored with Venetian red; allspice or pimento with cocoa shells, cloves with clove stems and cocoa shells; mace with corn-meal; cinnamon and cassia with ground crackers stale bread, and biscuits baked and ground; ginger with corn-meal, Cayenne pepper, and turmeric. Cream tartar is adulterated with terra alba and corn flour. To know that cream tartar is pure take a half teaspoonful of it and put it in a tumbler with hot water. If pure, it will all dissolve without sediment.

BAKED PORK AND BEANS (Mrs. Lincoln).—Soak one quart of pea beans in cold water overnight. In the morning put them into fresh cold water, and simmer till soft enough to pierce with a pin, being careful not to let them boil enough to break. If you like, boil one onion with them. When soft, turn them into a colander and pour cold water through them. Place them with the onion in a bean-pot. Pour boiling water over one quarter of a pound of salt pork, part fat and part lean; scrape the rind till white. Cut the rind in half-inch stripes; bury the pork in the beans, leaving only the rind exposed. Mix one teaspoonful of salt—more, if the pork is not very salt—and one teaspoonful of mustard with one quarter of a cup of molasses. Fill the cup with hot water, and when well mixed pour it over the beans; add enough more water to cover them. Keep them covered with water until the last hour; then lift the pork to the surface and let it crisp. Bake eight hours in a moderate oven. Use more salt and one-third of a cup of butter if you dislike pork, or use half a pound of fat and lean corned beef. The mustard gives the beans a delicious flavor, and also renders them more wholesome. Many add a tea-spoonful of soda to the water in which the beans are boiled to destroy the acid in the skin of the beans. Yellow-eyed beans and lima beans are also good when baked. Much of the excellence of baked beans depends upon the bean pot. It should be earthen, with a narrow mouth and bulging sides. This shape is seldom found outside of New England, and it is said to have been modeled after the Assyrian pots. In spite of the slurs against "Boston Baked Beans," it is often remarked that strangers enjoy them as much as natives; and many a New England bean-pot has been carried to the extreme South and West, that people there might have "baked beans" in perfection. They afford a nutritious and cheap food for people who labor in the open air.

LEMON AND CREAM PIE.—To one glass of cup of milk add one tablespoonful of corn starch, the yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, or after grating the lemon peel, chop the rest of the lemon quite fine; the whites of the eggs should be beaten stiff and added to the rest just before putting it in the oven. Bake in one crust.

Some Wedding Superstitions.

In Sweden a bride must carry bread in her pocket, and as many pieces of it as she can throw away, just so much trouble does she cast from her. but it is no luck to gather the pieces. Should the bride lose her slipper, then she will lose all troubles, only in this case the person who picks it up will gain riches. The Maxims put salt in their pockets, and the Italians "blessed" charms. The Romans were very superstitious about marrying in May or February. They avoided all celebrant on days and the Calends, Nones, and Ides of every month. The day of the week on which the 14th of May fell, was considered very unlucky in "merry old England," and in the Orkney

Island a bride selects her wedding day so that its evening may have a full moon and a flowing tide. In Scotland the last day of the year is thought to be lucky, and if the moon should happen to be full at any time when a wedding takes place the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always full. In Perthshire the couple who have had their banns published at the end of one, and are married at the beginning of another, quarter of a year, can expect nothing but ends.

Music and the Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. The exquisite and touching drama, "Her Last Hope," ran all last week at the Grand. The play is one of decided merit, both as a literary production and in point of originality and beauty of conception. Will C Cowper, the author of the piece, appeared as Leon Dureux, and in his interpretation of the falsely-accused convict, who had degenerated from a once loving brother and affectionate son to the slave and dupes of the adventurer, *Cherrel Van'del*, created a very favorable impression. Mr. Cowper possesses histrionic talent of a high order, and is "every inch" an actor. Miss Edna Courtney, who played the role of *Lucie Dureux*, was a universal favorite. She has a fine figure, is exceedingly natural, and possesses all the characteristics of a brilliant and accomplished actress. The support throughout was emphatically beyond criticism, and the one who failed to see "Her Last Hope," missed one of the best entertainments which has appeared in Toronto this season.

MUNRO'S MATINEE. The T. Veimer Dramatic Co. closed a successful engagement at this theatre on Saturday. The repertoire embraced a number of favorite pieces, such as "The Divides," "East Lynne," "Mighty Dollar," and the like, which were well mounted and presented by artists of decided ability. Miss Ida Van Courtland displayed great talents and versatility in the several roles which she filled. If Mr. Munro continues to provide such attractions as that of last week, he will make the museum more and more popular, and will no doubt to give every encouragement from Toronto play-goers.

Irving-Terry engagements in the Western States, notwithstanding the exorbitant price of tickets, are invariably successful.

Victoria Hall's *Le Motosin*, the coachman's pretty wife, is singing in Chicago to packed houses. People do not go to hear her sing, they go to see the runaway girl.

Brooks & Dickson, who produced the "Romany Rye" here last season, are financially embarrassed. It is likely, however, that they will soon recover themselves, and come to the front again.

The German choral singers at the New York Metropolitan Opera House have struck for an increase of salaries. Dr. Damrosch refused to treat with the strikers, and says they will not be taken on again under any circumstances.

Miss Louise Pyk, a Swedish vocalist of some note, is singing in New York.

Miss Langtry opened on the 17th at the Princess, London, with Mr. Alby as director, in an adaptation of Dumas' "Princess Geir." Before the curtain rose almost the entire house had been sold to an agent for the whole season to the first of July. The greater part has already been paid into the box office in advance a fact without precedent in the theatrical history of London.

GEO. ROGERS.

346 YONGE ST.

Is showing a very large assortment of Gentlemen's Woolen Underclothing, Robes, Wool Shirts and Drawers five up, Scotland L. V. Wool Shirts and Drawers \$1.25 up, Cashmere Wool Shirts and Drawers, Merino Shirts and Drawers \$1.00 up. In small, medium and large mens sizes. Boys' Knit Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Knit Suits and Drawers, Boys' Merino Shirts and Drawers, all sizes. Prices Very Low.

GEO. ROGERS,
346 Yonge St., Cor. Elm.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"He would think it were a disgrace to his estate, so low for to alight."

"It's your duty!" says the old nobleman, lying back in his chair, and calmly sipping his claret—"your positive duty! I don't think much of that word duty myself, it's— it's very inferior—only meant for the lower classes, as a rule—but there are certain occasions, such as the present, when even we must introduce it."

"More's the pity," says his son, indifferently; he is amusing himself in an indolent fashion by pulling the whiskers of a huge black cat, called Tom, that lies half asleep upon the chimney piece.

"We're in a ducedly bad way, you know," goes on the marquis, calmly—"duced! We've been running in it for a number of years, and now we've got pretty nearly to the end of it. It's a treacherous way, impossible to gauge. If I were—that is (politely), "if you wore a commonplace sort of fellow, I should probably explain the state of affairs to you by telling you that 'ruin stares us in the face!' but trite remarks are abhorrent to me; they positively hurt! In fact," delicately flicking away a troublesome fly with his napkin, "I have observed in them a tendency to lower the spirits and raise the temper, two frames of mind particularly to be avoided. To be quite fair, however, it must be acknowledged that 'ruin' is a word we are likely to hear a good deal more about if something isn't done, and soon. However—I say—try this Burgundy, my dear Donat. You're sure to like it; I like it."

"If it were anything but marriage," says the young man discontentedly, ignoring his father's airy change of tone and topic. "It's such a drag; such a stone round one's neck; once done, no getting out of it, you know that."

"There is—there is," says Lord Dundeady, reflectively, throwing up his head. "Not that I should recommend such a course to you. I hope I never forget I am your father; and publicity is always vulgar, and the courts expensive. No, no, to live together 'till death us do part' is much the easiest plan. Let me impress this upon you."

"It entirely depends upon whom one has to live with during that uncertain period," says the young man, with a shrug, and an unconscious twist of Tom's ear that made that worthy jump. "If I must marry for money, I hope the wife you have selected for me is not more than ordinarily hideous."

"Hideous! My dear fellow!" says Lord Dundeady, laying down his glass with a shocked air. "How miserably you misjudge me! Am I such a monster of selfishness that I would ask you to immolate yourself upon the altar of a plain woman? The gods forbid! No. She is quite all she ought to be, so far as features go."

"Am I then to suppose that she drops her h's?" asks Lord Clontarf, gloomily.

"For the second time," says the marquis, reproachfully, "you would seek to convict me of wanton error. There can be no questions about h's, because she is an Irish woman; her property for the most part lies in our own county. By the bye, thoughtfully, "which is our own county? I have been so long out of my native land that I have quite forgotten. Cork isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, Cork," says the younger man impatiently, who is evidently feeling himself aggrieved.

"Ah! quite so," says the marquis airily; knew it was somewhere in the north."

"Cork is distinctly south," says his son, curtly.

"It doesn't make the least difference," returns his father, most agreeably; "at all events she is our countrywoman. Do you think I would ask you to bind yourself to a middle-class Englishwoman? Pah! The very thought of it is offensive. For my own sake I should object to such an arrangement; a daughter-in-law of that type would drive me mad. No, she is Irish, but has been, for most of her life abroad, either at school, or traveling, or something, and is—well, I sha'n't run her up to you in any exaggerated form, but I may at least say she is presentable. Go and see her to-morrow, and judge for yourself."

"I'll take your word for it," says Donat, somewhat hastily. "Let me put off the evil day as long as I can. By the bye, you

speak as if she were next door. Where is she?"

"At the Langham. I'll tell you who knows her," says the marquis as though a thought had just struck him—"your old friend Mrs. Diamond; she lives in our county too, I think."

"Monica in town?" says Clontarf with some surprise. "I had no idea of it—dear little thing! Desmond with her?"

"Is he ever without her? If you dream of conquest in that quarter, Donat, you must be a—that is—er—without intellect. They are quite vulgarly devoted," says the marquis, with a sapient smile.

"I have at least the intellect necessary to know a good woman when I see one," says Donat, a trifle coldly. "Monica Desmond is the purest thing I know. It would take a very brave man—I speak wrongly—a thorough-going rascal, to offend her by either word or deed."

The marquis has followed this speech with little nods of the liveliest admiration. Now he gazes smilingly at his son, as though he would say, "Very well done indeed."

"Yes, yes," he says aloud, "you inherit it: We all talk well. Your grandfather, the late marquis, was quite a distinguished orator, and a most accomplished liar. He was very much admired in his time. I well remember how he—"

"Never mind my grandfather; let us return to my fiancée," says Donat, interrupting him with a rather unpleasant laugh. From all he has ever heard of the deceased relative in question it has seemed to this degenerate grandson that the strangling of him at his birth would have been a meritorious act on the part of somebody.

"Btuseness, my dear boy, is a fault belonging to this generation," says the marquis, with undiminished good humor; "don't encourage it. But to the fair fiancée, if you will. Now, what more of her?"

"You say she is passable in appearance, and respects her English; so far so good. Now for her faults."

"Really, you puzzle me," says his father, with the air of one just awakened to a difficulty. "If she has a fault it is most assuredly not on the surface. I give you my word (though I dare say you will find it hard to accept it), but for my previous knowledge of her antecedents I should, when first I saw her, have regarded her as quite one of ourselves; short upper lip, Grecian nose, haughty expression, irreproachable hands and feet, marvelously calm manner. Not a suspicion of the tallow or herrings or whiskey or whatever it was, about her."

"I dare say she won't have me," says Clontarf, with a gleam of hope, and yet with a certain touch, too, of fear. There are many reasons why he should dread the absolute rejection of his suit.

"She will," says the marquis, tapping the table thoughtfully with a very beautiful hand, fine as a woman's on which time has laid few wrinkles. "Don't be uneasy on that score. I met them at Scarborough last year, and—"

"Them! How many of them? I'm not expected to marry more than one at a time, am I?" says Clontarf, with a touch of amusement overshadowed by bitterness.

"Fortunately not. The aunt (the aunt who constitutes the 'them') would be rather a tough customer to manage. As I was saying, we met at Scarborough, where the girl was creating quite a furor, as much on account of her appearance as her fortune. I admired her. In fact, my dear Donat, had your mother abstained from presenting me with you, I believe I should have tried my luck with her on my own account. But my duty as a father was clear to me. I got introduced; sounded the aunt; mentioned you casually—very casually—as my only son, and heir (to what, I suppressed); spoke of you by your present title; hinted at your coming one, to be gained by my decease. (Oh, yes, my dear fellow, we all die! No getting out of that. It is a beastly bore, I allow, but we must all do it.) Well, I was quite open with them; I even hinted at monetary difficulties. Nothing so taking as complete candor, if well done! Indeed, I have always thought that little motto of 'Poor Richard' (or—lightly—"whoever it was) that declares honesty to be the best policy, one of the cleverest,

most worldly bits of wisdom our ancestors have transmitted to us."

"Yes; and what did the aunt say?" asks the young man, in a faintly-bored tone.

"Much—in fact, I may say a vast deal of nonsense," says the marquis, briskly.

"Is she as lovely as the niece?"

"N-o-o"—rather unwillingly.

"As lovely in mind, perhaps?"

"It is really so hard to judge upon a slight acquaintance," says the marquis, wincingly. "She seemed to me a worthy woman. Very honest and outspoken, horribly—with a sudden forgetfulness—"out-spoken! But"—recovering himself hastily—"one should not find fault with that. In this age of hollowiness and sham, one should be grateful when brought face to face with a woman who nobly disdains subterfuge, and insists upon calling a spade a spade."

"And Bransom's extract of coffee the finest in the world," puts in Clontarf lazily.

"By the bye, what did she call you? Anything opprobrious?"

The marquis, who has his glass at his lips at this moment, chokes a little, as at some irresistible remembrance, but declines to answer the question.

"Well, describe her at all events," says his son.

"Who? The girl?"

"No; the aunt."

"She is tall, thin, and powerfully eloquent upon certain subjects" (there is positive feeling in the marquis's tone as he says this)

"She has a passion for her niece, and a crimson nose. It is a nose so large that one can almost see into her brain. A very disagreeable nose indeed; but this in confidence, my dear Donat."

"Is thy servant a dog?" says Donat.

Then, somewhat abruptly, "Does Miss— By the bye, what is my fiancée's name?"

"Miss Costello,—Doris."

"Does Miss Costello inherit the nose?"

"Tut! I told you it was pure Greek. Let me get on with my story. I mentioned you to the aunt, and could see she snapped at you, but she pretended indifference. Nice wanted to get into society. Aunt was determined to place her there. So was I. There was a certain conversation in which Aunt gave it as her opinion niece was fit to adorn any sphere,—I think she called it repeat,—and I agreed with her. I suggested at the same time that you should help her to make her debut. She hesitated; so I left Scarborough. She wrote me a letter. I answered it. I answered many another, during the past nine months. At length she spoke to niece, and the latter has now consented to see you. That means the rest. Last Thursday I called at the Langham and had an interview with the elder lady."

"As you have gone so far, perhaps you and your colleague—the lady with the red, red nose—will go a little further, and do the proposing for me," says Lord Clontarf with a grim smile.

"Do try this Burgundy," says his father, pushing it toward him with an air that is almost tender. "I feel quite desolated that you won't enjoy it with me. No! Ah, well! We were saying— Of course it is very absurd of her to expect it, my dear boy, but, after all, perhaps something is due to the girl. I am very much afraid, leaning back luxuriously in his chair the better to appreciate the pinch of snuff he takes with delicate fingers from a charming little box of the time of Louis Quatorze, with an exquisite if slightly pronounced painting upon the inside lid,— "I am terribly afraid you will have to make your bow and little speech for yourself. But she will be quite prepared,"—reassuringly; "there will be no awkwardness, no leading up to the point, no unpleasantness of any sort."

Suddenly the young man bursts into laughter fresh and clear. There is not a tinge of bitterness about it this time, nothing but honest mirth. His Irish blood has forced to the front the one small suspicion of fun in the dreary prospect held out to him.

"King Cophetua and the beggar-maid grow paltry before your tale," he says at last. "I hope Miss Costello is quite aware of the honor that awaits her; you speak as if she were about to contract a royal marriage."

"To her it is—almost! says the marquis solemnly. "And, as you know, our veins are not altogether destitute of blood royal."

"The less we say about that the better," says Donat, with a shrug. "Well, there is comfort in the thought that my maid so

far differs from Cophetua's that she is not a beggar."

"Half a million," says the marquis tentatively.

"It's the duce of a bore, for all that," says the younger man, discontentedly.

The father, raising his eyes, looks at him sharply for the twentieth part of a second. It is a mere flash. Now, when he speaks his tone is calm as ever, and his eyes lowered.

"Any other attachment, Donat?" asks, indifferently.

"No," says Clontarf just as indifferently. "It sounds odd, doesn't it? but still I will believe me when I say that, though am now twenty nine, I have never been in love in my life."

Secretly the marquis drew a deep breath of relief.

"I have always had the happiness of knowing," he says, with a little cough, "that a yes or no from you is as good as any other man's oath. I am glad your heart is free. If you had told me that you were engaged in any legitimate affair, should decline at once and forever pursue our present discussion; although confess, this moneyed alliance I suggest you lies very near my heart,—that is, interests; it is"—airily—"quite the most interesting thing."

"Well, there is no one," says Donat absently; who is lost in private speculation as to whether or not it can be possible that his father really believes in himself times.

"I have a genuine sympathy with a lady in an affair," goes on the elder man, leaning his elbows on the arms of his chair, and bringing the tips of his fingers together.

"You see I am loved your mother,—poor soul! As I said he had for the one short year she was engaged to him. How it would have been with her if she had lived for two, is a question which perhaps it was as well she didn't try to solve."

"I think you said she wasn't vulgar," says Clontarf, referring, not to his mother but his future.

"I did. I defy you to find a flaw in ordinary conversation. What she says in *famille* is more than I can answer. But I doubt, if even then she would be so much as a coarse gesture. I could mark upon her anywhere. Last Thursday, when, as I tell you, I called on her she received me perfectly; there was no shadow of coldness, but admirable self-possession. She moves well, and her gait fits her. She appeared to me to be thoroughly cleansed from all taint."

"I'm glad of that," says Clontarf in a low laugh; "perhaps, after all, *mon cher* pile was not made up by unpleasant details or reprehensible whiskey, but by a real foundation of respectability. That would account in a satisfactory manner for her spotlessness. But there is one more; Is she—is she—oh!"—impatently.

"For want of a better word, is she quite beautiful?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughs the marquis youthfully as though he were thirty instead of seventy. "Dispossess yourself of all ideas at once, or your first glance at her will be too startling a revelation. What a dear boy she is an ice-berg!"

"Ah! So? You give me some comfort," says Clontarf. "I shall not then be the necessity of swearing to her I adore when I don't. Yes"—doubtfully—"ice-berg, it appears, has so far melted as to be able to give herself to a man, unaided at least by himself."

"I must beg, Donat, you won't be misled by the marquis; with a fine shrug and slight shoulders. "Be witty, be witty," he will, but at least veil the indiscretion of the sarcasm."

"Tom," says Lord Clontarf, addressing the big black cat, "if ever you are indignant or pungent or witty, be sure you do so for your world know of it, or they will waul you to death. Be so courteous as you like *sub rosa*, but don't offend your nostrils; that is the moral of it. It's o'clock, by Jove, and I told Dicky Brown I'd meet him at the St. James sharp past eight. I say, dad, come along with me, and see your favorite Mrs. Brown again, in 'The Squire.' You can see her in our box."

"That will suit me very nicely indeed," says the marquis, pleasantly. "Walk then, and get yourself ready."

As the door closes behind his son, the smile fades from his father's face, and grows contemptive.

"I wish poor G'nd son," he n g with his glass, h. "Donat is to stasted on a parret

CIX. "Was never thin Nor under black One can underat crowded. Mrs. termination! The Squire," at lica. A few ey ars, all of admis "Good-evening, he steps into the arm of a y ere. "Good-evening, nave. Those who hav down to Mr. Br roduction; the world. He is th a versatile o tiful, and at e is doubtful. twenty-eight v t nobody know t Dicky hims ten all about icky too, a good Mr. Brown hie subject (whit licity of feelin wadays, always tory reply. "You see I am went to say n, "that I pos r birthday bo at if I were to my natal day on me such a s old take a lifet dy Maud" (or s may be), "ends too well t if their substa onths." My dear Dick anything," as "No"—unaba th do you war years?" "Well, you se I had a little "Which I gues l wn," says efully mirthif to-night he is prisingly you al—I was go t would that t about him, ew. Indeed, ew people w ounder than e unless it be ws younger th own. "Really, Dicl rading him wi e, "it does or a make one f tions thing as "

One never s Mr. Brown apt at gloom. ren't seen eac ck! There he a. Donat? A prettiest girl the stalls are men with ver sice of Dicky is near sight generation, rit Mr. Brown Look at that By, desperate nette in palca if a trifle no Not so cor sive, in pla e her? She By Jove, tl wn, as the ed she had ge Who?" ask: Miss Costel changes colo Where?" he The girl yc elly opposit With Mrs. J Yes."

she is not... marquis... or all that... tedly... looks at... of a second... he speaks... his eyes... Donat... indifferen... out still... ut, though... over bear... deep bla... happiness... little con... you is as... am glad... ld me that... into affa... forever... ; although... I suggest... -that it... into the... says Do... to speak... possible... n himself... y with a... leaning... ir, and lo... together... ! As I... she was... been with... a question... problem... didn't try... isn't vulg... to his mo... d a flaw... it she may... in answer... would be... I could m... where... you, I ca... uero was... irable cell... and her g... to be thro... Clontarf... all, men... pleasant... but by... sfactory... ere is one... -impatie... is she gult... the marq... e thirty... ouself of... lance at the... ion. What... some con... then her... her I ad... subtly... melted as... n, unsolic... won't beca... no shrug... tly, bo... ndocent, if... indiscreta... Clontarf, ad... you are in... ro you deal... they will... is coarse... n't offend... al of it... d Dicky... ames sharp... come along... to Mrs. B... You can... y nicely... tly. "Wal... ly." bind his... her's face,

"I wish poor Gwendoline had left me a second son," he murmurs, regretfully, toying with his glass, but not raising it to his lips. "Donat is too good a possession to be wasted on a parvenue."

CHAPTER II.

"Was never thing seen to be praised derre, Nor under blacke clouds so bright a sterru." One can understand that the theatre crowded. Mrs. Kendal had just brought a termination the most perfect scene of "The Squire," and the curtain has just fallen. A few eyes are full of sympathetic tears, all of admiration.

"Good-evening, Dicky," says the marquis, he steps into the box, laying his hand on the arm of a young man who is already there. "Good-evening, my lord," says Dicky Brown.

Those who have before this been made down to Mr. Browne need now no second production; those who have not, require a word. He is a nondescript young man with a versatile expression; in appearance amiable, and at heart the same, but his eyes are doubtful. Anything from eighteen to twenty-eight would suit him to a nicety, if nobody knows the exact truth of it except Dicky himself, his father having forgotten all about it long ago, and about Dicky too, a good deal.

Mr. Browne himself, when questioned on a subject (which is frequently), with a dexterity of feeling seldom to be met with nowadays, always declines to make a satisfactory reply. "You see I am such a universal favorite," he is wont to say, with a modesty all his own, "that I positively shrink from letting my birthday be publicly known. I feel that if I were to do so, the yearly advent of my natal day would usher in and force on me such a shower of costly gifts as it would take a lifetime to acknowledge. No, my dear Dicky, (or Ethel, or Clara, as she may be), "I love you and all my ends too well to permit them to expend their substance upon me every twelve months."

"My dear Dicky, I wasn't going to give anything," says (perchance) Lady Maud. "No?"—unabashed; "then, for what on earth do you want to know the number of years?" "Well, you see," coaxingly, "Onslow I had a little bet on about it."

"Which I guess neither you nor Onslow will win," says Mr. Browne, with a disconcertingly mischievous sense of his own power. To-night he is looking specially young—surprisingly young. There is an air of youthful—I was going to say boyishness, but it would that would be too old—childishness about him, that might have disarmed even. Indeed, Dicky, as a rule, is one of those people who are always looking younger than ever; where he will get to unless it be swaddling clothes—if he were younger than he is at present, is unaccountable.

"Really, Dicky," says Lord Dundeady, regarding him with something akin to gratitude, "it does one good only to look at you. I make one forget there is such an objectionable thing as time. Seen your father of late?" "One never sees him until it is late," says Mr. Browne, with a transparent attempt at gloom. "He and the 'rosy morn' never seen each other for many a year. Oh! There he is now in the stalls. See, Donat? And, of course, with one of the prettiest girls in town."

The stalls are crammed; two or three men with very lovely faces attract the eye of Dicky and Clontarf; the marquis, who is near sighted, contents himself with a reverent, rich in persiflage, carried on by Mr. Browne. "Look at that girl in—in—in buff," says Dicky, desperately, alluding to a handsome creature in palest primrose; "pretty, isn't it, if a trifle nosy—Jewish, eh?" "Not so correct as the girl in the box opposite, in plain white," says Clontarf; "is she?" "She is with the Desmonds," says Mr. Browne, as though surprised. "Why I had she had gone back to her native soil." "Who?" asks Lord Dundeady, startled. "Miss Costello, the Irish heiress. His changes color. "Where?" he asks, hastily. "The girl you spoke of,—in the box opposite." "With Mrs. Desmond?" "Yes."

Clontarf grows silent. A moment before he had believed her absolutely beautiful (as in truth she is); now he begins to decry in her certain faults. A distaste to her—to the girl who for the sake of acquiring rank has elected to sell herself, body and soul—is hardening his heart against her and blinding his very eyes.

"Go and speak to Mrs. Desmond. This is as good an opportunity as you can find for getting through your introduction to Miss Costello," whispers the marquis to him, hurriedly. "As good as another, no doubt," says Clontarf, dryly. "Well, be it so. You will come with me of course?"

"Oh, of course, of course," says Lord Dundeady, but there is a lamentable want of alacrity in his manner as he says it, considering the righteousness of the cause. "Who else is in Mrs. Desmond's box, Dicky?" he asks, turning to Mr. Browne. Dicky knows everybody, and everybody knows Dicky.

"Mannering," he says, promptly. "Fellow who goes to one theatre or another every night of his life, yet has never been known to look at the stage. I suppose it is the house he likes; but surely he could light up at home. Bouverio took him awfully short last night; he said 'Halloo, Mannering, I hear you've been to Irving to see the Lyceum!' Mannering's a sulky beggar, so he took it very badly, but we all laughed."

"Are you ready?" asks Donat, looking at his father. "Yes; oh, yes," says the marquis. Then he pretends to drop his glasses, and makes quite a business looking for them. He fidgets, tries in a deplorably bald fashion to look unconcerned, and finally—gives in.

"Donat," he says, in a low and quavering voice, "ask Dicky if—if—the aunt's there." Donat laughs somewhat maliciously. "This is dreadful," he says. "I had no idea you had fallen a victim to that worthy woman's charms. When talking of her an hour ago you artfully concealed the fact of her being young and lovely. You were actually unkind about her nose. What am I to infer from all this? Come, I feel now even more anxious to meet your young woman than my own."

"Look here, Donat! I shan't stir until I get an exact account of who is in that box," says the marquis, doggedly. "If there is anybody with false ringlets and a red nose, I regret to say it will be out of my power to introduce you to-night to Miss Costello."

"Don't take it to heart like that," says Clontarf, with suppressed mirth. "I give you my word I'll be barely civil to her; I swear I won't try to cut you out. I never do a sneaky thing like that."

"Clontarf, move to one side," says the marquis, with dignity. Then he beckons to Dicky Browne. "Who is in Mrs. Desmond's box?" he asks. "Mrs. Desmond, Miss Costello, Mannering, and Kit Beresford," says Mr. Browne, docking them off as they sit.

"No one else?" "Not one."

"What a disappointment!" says Clontarf. "I was bent upon an introduction to my aunt—I was very near saying my step-mamma. Never mind," turning to his father with generous encouragement in his tone, "I dare say she'll see you to-morrow."

The marquis, muttering something disparaging about the "manners of the present day," rises from his seat, and Clontarf moves to the door. "We'll be back in five minutes, Dicky," he says to Mr. Browne. "We are just going to the Desmond's box for a moment."

"I'll go with you," says Mr. Browne, genially, rising too with alacrity. "I know 'em all as well as anything." So together they present themselves to Mrs. Desmond, and say whatever little honeyed speeches come to their lips. Then Lord Dundeady turns to Miss Costello. "It was indeed a fair wind that blew me here to-night," he says, with old fashioned gallantry. "Will you permit me to make known to you my son, Clontarf." Miss Costello, who has grown a little pale, murmurs something in which the words "very pleased" are alone audible, and then Clontarf bows to her, and she to him, and the first step is taken. Though she is pale, as I say, she is not nervous or confused; her eyes, meeting Clontarf's fully, linger upon them for quite twenty seconds; then, without lowering them, she slowly turns her own away. By doing so she gives Donat a chance of examining her face more closely than he could have presumed to do

had she entered into conversation with him. Her figure is slight and willowy, but not meagre; and he thinks, if standing, she would be rather above than below the middle height. Her eyes are large, dark, and luminous, and purple as the hearts of hyacinth-bells; they are, too, full of a vague melancholy, as yet undefined, but suggestive of perfection in the future. Her forehead is low, broad and clear, her expression singularly cold and haughty. But for Clontarf's previous knowledge of her ancestors (I mean ancestor), he might have believed her veins imbued with the blood of all the Howards. Every clear-cut feature is replete with the delicacy of curve and line that is commonly (if foolishly) supposed to accompany high breeding.

Miss Costello's face is so filled with insolent indifference that to Clontarf it is almost repellent. Yet there is a lurking sweetness in the small red mouth that lightens the severity of it and makes one feel its beauty. It is at least a very uncommon beauty. Half the world might pass it by, but the other half would be sure to bow before it. Clontarf, with his mind embittered, belongs to the first half.

She is dressed in a gown of Indian muslin, covered with lace light as itself. It reaches to her throat but has no sleeves. Her bare arms are absolutely faultless, so are her hands. Upon these perfect arms she wears no gloves, but only long white mittens that reach beyond her elbows and cover them in part. She wears (Clontarf notes this particularly) neither brooch, nor bracelet, nor necklace, nor any other ornament except rings, with which her taper fingers are literally hidden.

Seeing with what persistency she keeps her head turned aside, as though determined not to acknowledge his presence, Clontarf is so fired with a perverse desire to hear her voice again that he approaches nearer, until he actually leans upon the back of her chair. "A very charming piece," he says, addressing her pointedly.

"Very." Raising her white lids, she regards him languidly for a brief moment, and then turns away again, as if there is nothing more to be said. "M... accidental, in a part such as this has few rivals," says Clontarf, going on in a haphazard sort of way, merely with the idea of keeping her attention arrested. "She is so wonderfully real."

"A rare virtue nowadays," says Miss Costello. Her voice, like "Annie Laurie's," is "low and sweet." She doesn't look at him this time, but gazes in an abstracted fashion at the big violoncello in the orchestra, as though it has suddenly become to her an object of devouring interest. Her tone, however, is peculiar.

"You mean?" says Clontarf uncertainly. The faintest flicker of a smile crosses her lips. "You mean?" she says in turn, letting her lashes droop over her eyes. The slightest touch of mockery upon her lips.

"Oh, nothing," says Clontarf, hastily. He is annoyed, though he scarcely knows why. "A fault," she says as sententiously as before. "I, this rapid age one should always mean something, be it good or bad."

Clontarf raises his brows and smiles unsmilingly. "Yes; you are of course right. And, after all, I suppose I meant so much to tell that Mrs. Kendal attracts me in no small degree by her very womanliness. She is specially charming in 'The Squire.' But then, no doubt, a genuine love affair is always productive of sympathy."

"Is it?" The mocking smile plays about her lips again. "Anything genuine should be." Clontarf reddens. "You surely believe in love?" he says, lightly.

"Certainly—only—there are other things I believe in—more." Something in her tone piques him to argument. "That is to be regretted," he says a little obstinately. "There are few things so worthy of belief as that sweetest of all sentiments."

At this a faint low laugh issues from her lips. Deliberately she lifts her eyes, and looks at him as though he were to her a new and important study. "Yes, yes," she says slowly. "And yet I should not have thought to find its champion in—you."

Biting his lips Clontarf turns abruptly away, and drops into the background. "With all her coldness, she has sufficient warmth for the making of a shrew," he says to himself, with a frown. "Incapable of affection herself, she yet sneers at those who at least have an honest belief in it."

"Because I have so many thousands a year, he is willing to marry me, without feeling for me a spark of love; and yet he dares to come here and prate to me of fine sentiments," thinks the girl, with a shudder of disgust, but a studiously calm face. "Pah!" A mutual contempt for each other springs to birth within their hearts, but unaccompanied by any determination to forego the marriage that lies before them.

Even as Clontarf stands moodily watching her, he sees Dicky Browne take the place he has just deserted, and say something to her. She turns to him. Again a smile lights her beautiful face. But how different a smile this time! It transfigures her. A swift blush, too, tyes her pale cheeks. It is one of pleasure. Evidently she likes Dicky Browne. Clontarf is struck by the sudden change that has come over her, waking her from indifference into life. It is a revelation. She can feel, then—can have her loves and hates as well as another! and yet is so willing—nay, anxious—to throw herself into the arms of a complete stranger, for the sake of gaining more worldly position! An increased contempt for this heartless though lovely creature suffuses the young man's soul. Turning aside, he joins his father, who is holding a very animated discussion with Mrs. Desmond.

Mrs. Desmond is a matron so wonderfully childish in appearance as to make one marvel how she can be called matron at all. Yet there is a small thing at this moment sleeping peacefully in its cradle in Berkeley Square that calls her mother—I mean that is, it would if it could.

She—the mother—is singularly sweet to look at. She has great, large, friendly eyes, and a friendly mouth, and an air toward young men so generally protective as to be quaint and amusing. Need it be said that all young men adore her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fashionable Hair Cutting.

A fashionable New York barber, talking about hair cutting, said:

"A year or so ago very many men wore their hair quite long; it was no uncommon thing to see men of fashion with locks curling about their ears, and a plentiful shock of hair behind. Now, however, every man who has any care for appearances at all, keeps the hair at the sides and back of his head, clipped close; the hair is shaved down until about the ears and the neck, it is clipped as closely as it is possible for shears to take it off. It grows longer as you near the top of the head, and when you reach the part at the side, or in the middle it is an inch or so in length. We no longer shave necks. I have no doubt you remember when it was quite the custom to cut a man's hair in a semi-circle behind, and then shave his neck up to the point where the hair began to grow. It is a pernicious custom; it makes the hair grow in stiff bristles down to the shoulders, and if I shave the neck once, the chances are that I shall have to do it always."

"The fashion which so many young men, particularly office boys, practiced last year, of banging their hair, is no longer the style, nor is it proper to brush the hair at the sides of the head, forward over the ears. The majority of very fashionable customers now part their hair in the middle, or so near it there is no telling the difference, and they brush it back from the forehead on either side, and also brush it back from the ears. But the one particular point of all is to keep all that part of the hair which shows under your hat, clipped close to the head; on the top of the head it may be as long as you choose. The locks straggling around the collar are away out of style."

"What about the French method of dressing the hair, which so many men copied last year?" "That was run to death by the office boys and clerks, and so had to be given up. The English model is now the one we all follow. It strikes me that the average American has no dearer ambition just now than to present the appearance of an Englishman."

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 23 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 6 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion, one month, \$4.00 per line, three months \$2.00 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrears is made, as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

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

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

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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

J. H. BEST, Balmoral, Ont.—I have not been fortunate "in prizes" in your competitions, but I get TRUTH, which is indeed "a prize of itself."

MISS ANNY ALLEN, Le Mars, Iowa, U. S.—We like TRUTH ever so much, and there is a rush for it every week as soon as it is brought from the office. It reminds us so strongly of our former Canadian home that it would be welcome any way, but it is much more so when it is such a treat for all as it is.

G. B. MURRA, Ast, Ont.—Please accept my thanks for the silver plated tea pot which I won in Competition No. 11, it is a great deal better than I expected. Hoping you will pardon me for not writing sooner and wishing TRUTH every success.

DAVID DAVIDSON, Galt, Ont.—Permit me to acknowledge, with thanks the receipt of the brooch received by me. I wish you all success.

MARY A. MOORE, 71 Victoria St., Hamilton.—Please accept my sincere thanks for the beautiful ring which I was fortunate enough to win in Competition No. 12. It greatly exceeds my expectations.

MISS E. L. FOWLER, Toronto.—I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the silver plate cake basket won in your Bible competition. It is certainly very pretty, and I am much pleased with it.

Mrs. R. J. FISH, Liswood, Ont.—Permit me to acknowledge with many thanks the very pretty plated butter knife just received, awarded me in TRUTH competition No. 11. I am much pleased with it, also with your interesting little paper, and wish it every success.

M. BISHOP, Wyevale, Ont.—With pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of the gold brooch awarded me in TRUTH competition No. 12, with which I am well pleased.

Mrs. E. RAYMOND, 173 Kent St., London, Ont.—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the handsome gold watch, awarded me in TRUTH Bible Competition No. 11. At the same time accept sincere wishes for the continued prosperity which TRUTH so well merits.

JOSEPH HINDS, Colborne, Ont., writes—I like TRUTH immensely. I take great pleasure in reading its "musings." For those who cannot raise their mind above a bount, there is the "chit-chat on the fashions," something to discuss over the five o'clock teas. For the more thoughtful of the young people, the "Scriptural Enigmas," a splendid discipline for the mind. For feverish, impetuous youth, the old love story, that never will be divested of interest. May its steadily increasing circulation continue until it shall become the leading periodical, not only in the Dominion, but in fair America.

LIZZIE RICHARDS, Lucknow, Ont.—The brooch awarded to me in TRUTH Competition No. 11, came safely to hand, for which accept my thanks.

Mrs. T. BUSEY, Farmersville, Ont.—I acknowledge the receipt of the coin silver Hunting case watch, awarded me in Competition No. 11. It proves to be a good timekeeper. Please accept thanks.

GE. W. REID, Port Dalhousie, Ont.—Permit me, with thanks, to acknowledge the receipt of Cyclopedica awarded me as prize No. 160, in Competition No. 11 of TRUTH Bible Questions. I am pleased with the book, as it contains a great amount of valuable information. Wishing you every success.

LIST OF WINNERS
—OF THE—
CONSOLATION REWARDS
—IN—
"TRUTH" COMPETITION
NO. 12.

The following persons have answered the questions given in this competition (No. 12.), and are entitled to the rewards as given below:—

- Bound Volumes of "Toronto Past and Present," (continued) 218, Mrs. D. J. Grier, Fort McLeod, Alberta, N. W. Terr.; 219, Mrs. A. B. Potter, Montgomery, N. W. Terr.; 220, Archd Irwin, Nicola Valley, B. C.; 221, Thor. Gilchrist Langholm, Dumfries, Scotland; 222, Miss Chaplin, St. Catharines, from England; 223, F. S. Miller, St. Catharines, from England; 224, Robt. H. Essex, 153 Church St., City; 225, Peter Ferguson, Collingwood, from England; 226, Robt. J. Reid, Landfield, from New Mexico; 227, J. A. Wylie, 39 Alice St., City; 228, Mrs. Jas. Murphy, 174 Ottawa St., Montreal, Que.; 229, Mrs. Hy. Rhinckhardt, 503 Sherbrooke St., Montreal from Stuttgart, Germany; 230, Mrs. Levi McKay, Greenwood, Ont., sent from England; 231, J. Jackson, Dalmeny, Edinburgh, Scotland; 232, Minnie Iat, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, England; 233, H. Brock, Upper Canada College, City, sent from England; 234, Eli Sims, 297 Church St., City, sent from England; 235, Mrs. Jno. Hunter, Gateside Strathinsglo, Fifeshire, Scotland; 236, M. A. Anderson, Victoria, B. C.; 237, Robt. Harvey, Box 170, Cobourg, from Eng.; 238, Mrs. J. Pentouy, Barrie, Ont., sent from Scotland; 239, Mrs. D. Whiteside, New Westminster, B. C.; 240, Thos. Ferguson, Priceville, Ont., sent from Eng.; 241, Mrs. F. Nelson, Byron, Ont., sent from W.T.; 242, Jas. Wilson, New Westminster, B. C.; 243, Mrs. A. Morsley, City Hotel, New Westminster, B. C.; 244, A. E. N. Knowles, Clifton, N. S.; 245, Wm. Dick, 68 Wellesley St., sent from Scotland; 246, John Glass, Chief Engineer S. S. Nova Scotia, Cunard & Co., Halifax, N. S., sent from England; 247, J. Elliot, Markham, Ont., sent from Ireland; 248, Mrs. Chas. Owen, 35 Burlington, Heron Cross, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent, Eng.; 249, S. S. Weiss, Chillicothe, Mo.; 250, Geo. Brett, 124 High St., Portsmouth, Eng.; 251, John Williams, 44

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Everybody's Boy.

My son, drop that dime novel, or flash paper, and let's have a little chat.

Yes, Indiana and detective stories are thrilling, but don't go too fast. The chances are that you will never see a live Indian outside of a circus or a street parade, and as for killing 'em—don't.

No doubt you could strap a bowie knife and revolver around your waist, and take a loaf of bread under one arm and the pamphlet life of Buffalo Bill under the other, and go West and slay Indians by the cord, but don't think of it.

An Indian has feelings the same as the white man, and as few of them have laid by any bonds or mortgages, or invested to any great extent in life insurance, you must realize that the widows and orphans of your victims would be left in a sad plight.

As for detective stories, go and talk with a real detective or a county sheriff. Ask 'em about "Old Sleuth's" disguises and exploits and magic luck, and then listen carefully while they tell you what a fool you are making of yourself by grinding the end of your nose against pages of such trashy fiction. We want you to read, but for the land's sake look about for something different! There are good boys' books, your father takes the daily papers, and if you should read a page or two of history now and then you would not waste your time.

That crowd of New York publishers who are flooding the country with flash papers and dime novels, are your worst enemies. No matter to them whether you grow up a respectable man or a murderer, so long as they get your money. Their stories are the basest lies, too silly, even, for a boy of ten years of age to believe.

Now, then, look about you, and see how many men in our stores and factories and offices and upon the streets are getting gray and wrinkles and old. Twenty years from now not one in ten of us whom you see in business to-day, will be able to put our shoulders to the wheel. Even a decade will retire tens of thousands. What then? Why, my son, this is a world which knows no stop. This is a life which knows no rest until old age compels it.

When the men of to-day are laid up in dry-dock, the boys of to-day will be the fresh set of hands called on deck to work the ship. They will be the merchants, farmers, manufacturers, and professional men of the future. You will have to bear the burdens and anxieties of keeping this country on the track of peace and prosperity, and your voices will sound from the halls of Congress, and your pens write words to burn in the memory of future generations.

Come, now, begin right. Don't get it into your head that an Indian-killer is about four pegs above a State Senator. Don't imagine that a detective wouldn't trade places with a lawyer very quickly if he had his say about it. Don't you believe that an embezzler, burglar or murderer is a hero, and that men admire him. Drop your novels and flash papers as a starter. The boy who feeds on such trash gets false impressions of the world, and is more certain to bring up in State prison than respectable employment. If you have a pistol, sling it aside; the man who carries one about the streets is a coward, and men mark him as such. If you have a bowie knife on hand, turn it over to your mother for a meat or bread knife. If you have a sand-club lying around loose, shy it into the ditch before anybody finds out how empty your head has been. That pair of brass knuckles can be tossed into the river; "Old Sleuth" and "Buffalo Bill" will make a good bonfire, and then you are ready to begin life, and to ask yourself what trade or profession shall be yours when done in the school.—Detroit Free Press.

She Wanted a Novelty.

"I am troubled almost to death to know what to get for my husband's Christmas present." "Get him a box of cigars," suggested the clerk. "No, cigars are too common. I want something new—some novelty, you know." "What business is your husband in?" "He's a city milk merchant." "Buy him a cow."

'LADIES' JOURNAL'

Bible Competition No. 9,

\$20,000.00.

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 camels 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 these two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of the 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 Coin. \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 600
3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Pianos. 1,000
5 and 6.—Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated firm. 600
7, 8 and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six places and One Five Piece Tea Service. 300
10 to 15.—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 600
16 to 20.—Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 450
21 to 25.—Ten Renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 600
26 to 30.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-cases or Open-faced, Coin-silver Watches. 200
31 to 35.—Ten Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs. 200
36 to 40.—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 400
41 to 50.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegant Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems. 300
51 to 60.—One Hundred and Ninety well bound volumes of World's Encyclopedia a library in itself. 570

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 the 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 coin. \$ 750
2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 1,000
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. 400
12 to 17.—Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns. 300
18 to 20.—Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 250
21 to 25.—Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 410
26 to 30.—Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains. 100
31 to 35.—Thirty Quadruple Plate Crock Stands. 300

- 91 to 257.—One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches. 400
258 to 600.—Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's Poems. 1,000

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 Coin. \$ 500
2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos. 1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750
8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services. 300
11 to 15.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-cases genuine stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches. 800
16 to 20.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 500
21 to 30.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 410
31 to 35.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons. 600
36 to 40.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches. 600
41 to 45.—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 these 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 many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They then 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. For answer this promptly now, and you may be sure to 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.

Faith in One's Self.

Queen Elizabeth once said to a courtier: "Those succeed best in this life who pass over it quickly; if we stop we sink." This saying might oft be repeated, and with profit, too, if oftener practiced. Life being short, we should make the most of it while it lasts. Let one trust in himself, let him exert his capabilities to their fullest extent, and sooner or later success will be his. To fail is absolutely impossible, if a man is fully determined to succeed and has an established purpose in view.

Where the money comes from no one can tell, but there never was a larger holiday trade in holiday goods proper than at this Christmas tide.

A new kind of porcelain is called Matsunoke—the Japanese for dairy, comes in the softest shades of amber, rose, pale and turquoise blue, and ruby with daisies on the outside for decoration.

An extravagant fancy which does result in a pretty costume, is the use of cashmere shawl to form the waistcoat front and side breadths of a dress, the parts being of fine real India cashmere chudda cloth.

One great advantage of Burdock Blood Bitters over other medicines, is that it acts at the same time on the Liver, the Bowels, the Secretions and the Kidneys while it builds up the parts strength.

People who read and reflect, after reading upon the many published testimonies regarding Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure, can scarcely fail to perceive that evidence so conclusive could not be adduced in behalf of a remedy of doubtful efficacy. The facts prove such evidence are that it roots out impurities of the blood, restores digestion, enlivens the circulation, and regulates the bowels and liver.

Shot silks are produced only in small quantities for the American market for the spring, but they will be in demand in London.

Mrs. Henry Sheldon, of Farmington, was cured of Canker of the Stomach by Burdock Blood Bitters when her friends nearly abandoned all hope.

The importers of silks just returned from Paris say that satins, rhadamés, meryls, and Surah will again be the leading silk dress fabrics in the spring.

Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Exeter, writing about one of the most popular remedies, and one that has done more good than any other medicine, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over years. Part of that time I had it very bad, and I was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine cured the first and only relief I received."

The silk weavers of Lyons are producing small figured brocades for French and English women, but large designs of the kind of stuffs for Americans.

W. W. McLellan, Lynn, N. S., writes: "I was afflicted with rheumatism, and given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (fifty cents) and received four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, although I have not used one bottle nearly well. The other three bottles I have given to my neighbors, and I have had many calls for more that I feel bound to give. I believe the afflicted by writing to you for supply."

The most elegant balmoral skirt is of poppy red tricot cloth, trimmed on the side as well as outside with many rows of Valenciennes or Moresque lace.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch, then would endure them with such a simple and effectual remedy within reach?

There is an effort to make steel-gaiters take the place of the ever popular fastidious gloves, but the tans retain their fashionable favor yet.

Annie Heath, of Portland, states that her face was disfigured by eruptions, but regained her former pure complexion using Burdock Blood Bitters.

The artistic color and hali shades of dress fabrics, but retain their place in the line of goods, ribbons, and accessories to toilet.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most powerful blood purifier, and a fountain of health and strength. Be wise in time. All blemishes and affections are promptly removed by this equalled alterative.

The latest fancy in menu cards is the use of them in fine decorated porcelain. They are practically everlasting, as the menu can be washed off and the porcelain clear for another.

Health giving Herbs, Barks, Roots, Berries are in Burdock Blood Bitters, regulate all the secretions, purify the blood, and strengthen the entire system.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!

I shrunk! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. My appetite returned, my pains ceased, my entire system seemed renewed by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Boston, June 6, '81 R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Windsor, Mass., Feb. 3, 1880. Gentlemen—suffered with attacks of sick headache—"

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle nearly cured me;"

"The second made me as well and strong when a child,"

"And I have been so to this day."

"My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver, and urinary complaint, pronounced by Boston's best physicians—"

"Incurable!"

Sixteen bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

"in my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

"And many more are using them with great benefit."

"They almost do miracles!"

Mrs. E. D. Slack.

"How to Get Sick. Expose yourself day and night: too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know what to do, which is answered in three words—Hop Bitters!"

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

"Kid waistcoats are revived in Paris."

"For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitt's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy is purchased of the principal druggists and dealt through out the United States and Canada."

"A pug may wear a ribbon round his neck, but not a collar."

"Have you tried it?—If so, you can testify to its wonderful power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the best remedy for all summer complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of stomach, and bowel complaint."

"A glass bedstead has been produced in England, and exhibited in London."

"PAINT CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything made of glass, china, stone, earthenware, wood and leather, pipes, stoves and precious metals, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney or gas, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc."

"Braid is worn ad nauseam on jackets, coats, wraps, and hats and bonnets."

"Run for Life.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be sent from a drug store without it."

"The English pug is still the pet dog of the lionhearted society men and women."

"Family Medicine.—Over ten thousand boxes of 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."

"Archid glass has a ground of warm cream or lined with pink or pale blue."

"Genuine Electric Oil.—Electricity feeds the nerves and muscles: in a word it is nature's food. The Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible 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 in all nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal."

"Girls pleated in plain perpendicular lines are popular wear for young girls."

"EYE PILLS.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine."

"All shades of brown, beige, cream, and blue, full shades of sapphire and turquoise wine red, and black will be found in the shades, but no more terra cotta, brick, or artistic half shades of sage and oress, or other so-called aesthetic colors."

"Why, Allice, dear, is that the way to begin your dinner?" asked a mother of her little daughter, as she began with the pie instead of the bread and butter. "Well, I declare, mamma, I was going to eat my dinner upside down, wasn't I?"—Wilmington Star.

There is a wide difference between medicines which affect merely the symptoms of disease and those which affect its cause. The first are useful as palliatives, the second, if of genuine efficacy, produce a radical cure. To the latter class belongs Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Thoroughness in operation is its special attribute in all cases of Biliousness, Costiveness, Indigestion, Kidney Complaints, and Female Weakness.

If you step on a dude's boot you are likely to make calf's foot jelly.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

When ignorance is bliss it is folly to ask the landlady what she puts in the hash.

C. A. Livingston, Plattsville, says. "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

The majority of fellows who attempt to make fun of a mother-in-law were never blessed with one.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms, Mother Graves Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

It is said that absolutely plain hair is coming into fashion among the elite of Paris. It is combed back from the temples and rolled into a knot at the nape of the neck.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. While it stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp, and adds elegance to luxuriance, its effects are enduring; and thus it proves itself to be the best and cheapest article for toilet use.

Black lace evening dresses are very distinctive, whether trimmed with jet, steel or bright silver, or brightened with gold and diamond jewelry.

A. Burns, blacksmith, Colbourn, tried every known remedy during fifteen years, suffering with Dyspepsia. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Fine gauzy canvas, called etamine, is much worn for ball dresses in Paris. On the etamine are applique motifs of various kinds in chenille, velvet and tinsel, thus forming a very effective dress fabric, and when fully utilized, a very elegant toilet.

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.

Lace ball dresses have skirts covered with flounces from the waist to the foot, no draperies, bodices of satin or broche, profusely trimmed with lace, and lace sleeves to the elbow, or no sleeves to speak of, only a puff and shoulder strap of lace.

What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can ever bedew mine eye, It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Plastrons of tulle, embroidered with glittering beads, adorn many evening toilets of veiling and etamine gauze.

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

Braided and plaited hair is more fashionable for the chignon than coiled, and this is the rule whether the hair is worn high or low.

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.

The proper headgear for sleighing is the hood of fur, or velvet or plush trimmed with fur.

Burdock Blood Bitters will speedily cleanse all impurities from the blood and cure blotches, boils, pimples, ulcers, Erysipelas and Chronic diseases of the Skin.

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THE MIDWINTER (FEBRUARY) NUMBER OF THE CENTURY. Contains an interesting article by Dr. W. George Bears, of Montreal, entitled "Canada as a Winter Resort," profusely illustrated with large pictures, by Henry Sandham, of WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA, Tobogganing at Night, A Skating Carnival, Going Tobogganing, Curling, A Brush at the Hurdle, The Whipper in of the Ladies' Snow-Shoe Club, Supper at the Club-House, A Snow Shoe Concert, Snow Shoeing by Torchlight, Sleighing in Montreal, etc., etc. This number of THE CENTURY contains the long-looked-for paper on the battle of SEILOH BY GEN. GRANT, with many personal reminiscences, illustrated with twenty-six engravings; also, two papers by Confederate staff-officers, showing the other side of this famous fight; a long story by MARK TWAIN, entitled "Royalty on the Mississippi," with many illustrations, etc., etc. Ask for "the Midwinter CENTURY." All dealers sell it. Price, 35 cents. THE CENTURY CO., New York.

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It is alleged that the oldest church in America is situated in the village of Tadoussac, where the Canadian river Saguenay flows into the St. Lawrence. The church was built by the French discoverer, Jacques Cartier, for the French colony he had founded. It is only a small building, being only about twenty feet square, with a very low ceiling, and was erected in 1517, twenty two years after the discovery of the continent. It contains a very remarkable picture of the Virgin Mary, painted more than 300 years ago by one of the Jesuit fathers at the mission. The object of the picture is the Church - for, besides this picture, there are some ancient vestments and a very curious embroidered altar-cloth - are freely exhibited to strangers. They have not yet learned the lucrative Italian custom of charging so much per head as an entrance fee.

Dr. Cameron's Pain-killer should be in every family in Canada, it is one of the best & most reliable remedies known. In large bottles at 50c.

"Maggie, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." "All right, mum I'll shut the blinds right away."

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Pain-killer Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit, it has a host of imitators, and we should especially warn the public to guard against these dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. O. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Dr. Tanner is reported to be living at a boarding house in Chicago. This is the second exhibit on the doctor has given of his fasting powers.

It is not Disputed

That NERVILINE, the new pain remedy, is a good article. Some indeed claim that the old fashioned preparations are just as good, but any sufferer can satisfy himself by expending ten cents on a sample bottle of Pelton's Nerviline, that nothing sold can equal it for internal, local or external pains. Always speedy in effect, prompt and certain in every cure. H. S. Webber, Orangeville, writes: "My customers speak very highly of Nerviline as a remedy for toothache and neuralgia." All druggists and country dealers sell Nerviline. Try it to-day.

Don't fret if you cannot go into society. The oyster is often at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in his bed!

Catarth - A New Treatment

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the new Treatment of Catarth. 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 surprising when it is remembered that not less than 90 per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefited, and the new medicine and other scientific cure record a cure at all stages with the same new success. It is believed to be a most scientific cure, and that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues. Mr. Dixon at once adopted his cure to their entire elimination. This accomplished the catarth is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as it is not affected by him four years ago - no more will. No one else has ever attempted to cure it in this manner, and no other treatment has been known. The application of the new medicine can be done at home and is the best season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure. In cases of cases being cured at one treatment, sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 32 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarth - An Ancient Star.

Poets are inspired. When they shake hands with an icicle they feel like writing a farewell to Summer.

By looking at the quotations of the Virginia tobacco market it will be found that the highest price paid for tobacco - which is the tobacco which forms the body of the plug - very closely corresponds with the highest price of tobacco leaf imported into Ontario. As over four-fifths of all the leaf imported into the Province is for "Myrtle Navy" stock, this fact is official proof of the claim that the "Myrtle Navy" is made of the finest Virginia leaf.

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At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited woman, into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

Miss Rosoleaf (who is trying to force a conversation) - "What do you suppose, Mr. Van Noodle, makes our hostess's remarks so invariably stupid?" Mr. Van Noodle - "Aw, weally I hav'n't a ghost of an ideaw." Mrs. R. - "All the other gentlemen are very much like you." Yes, that must be the reason."

Human Calves.

An exchange says: "Nine tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of today originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of Druggists.

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