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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MARCH 14, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 232.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

TRUTH readers are furnished with an excellent variety of varied reading matter this week by the several able gentlemen who have so kindly sent special contributions to its pages. Each of these valuable papers is well worthy of a careful reading. Probably no other journal in Canada presents such a variety from gentlemen of such well known prominence and ability.

Another racy letter from the Sunny South is furnished by Rev. Hugh Johnston, A. M., of the Metropolitan Church. Such a well written description of the South, as seen through Canadian eyes, is sure to be of interest. TRUTH hopes for still further favors from its eloquent friend.

Rev. J. Wild, D. D., the highly popular Toronto minister, contributes a characteristic article on England and her troubles. Many besides the Doctor's numerous friends will read it with great interest. Is England about to enter a great contest by which the destiny of nations will be greatly changed? The Doctor thinks so, and as he is a careful student of prophecy and history what he has to say is well worth careful reading.

"Life in Barbados," by Rev. H. W. Atwater, for many years a resident, is certainly of interest. Very few Canadians have given themselves much information respecting the little English colony so comparatively near at hand.

Col. D. Wylie, of Brockville, the father of Canadian editors, now in his seventy-fifth year, writes of his recent trip to Ottawa. The venerable politician will have still more to say in future letters. All may not agree with his views, but all may read his letter with interest.

John Fraser, Esq., one of the oldest residents of Montreal, has kindly sent a series of letters describing some stirring incidents to which he was an eye witness, in the historical times of the Canadian rebellion of 1837. Young Canadians will find these valuable contributions to the history of our own country. More are to come.

All who are interested in the history of the U. E. Loyalists will read with interest the well written paper of Mr. J. B. Ashley, of Belleville, himself a descendant of that noble stock of pioneers. Mr. Ashley is an experienced journalist, and never writes more enthusiastically than when referring to the noble deeds of the noble men who did so much towards making Canada what it now is. More papers are to follow.

Mr. William Burgess contributes a thoughtful paper in regard to "Compensation for the Liquor Traffic," a question occupying so much attention in Parliament just now. His views on this important subject. TRUTH will cheerfully open its columns to an article of equal length on the other side of the question.

Rev. D. V. Lucas, of Montreal, the energetic secretary of the Quebec Alliance, gives valuable information in regard to the temper-

ance work in Quebec, and will continue to supply such information from time to time. Few subjects are of so much interest and importance as the present prohibitory agitation.

In consequence of the unusual amount of space required this week for the publication of TRUTH's Contributors' articles, a good deal of editorial and other interesting matter has been unavoidably crowded out. All could not appear, however. The others will appear as early as possible.

If subscribers to TRUTH, in answering advertisements in its pages, will kindly mention the name of TRUTH, when doing so, as the paper in which such advertisements were seen, they will be conferring a favor which will not put them to much trouble, but which will greatly oblige the publishers.

There seems to be a great deal of ignorance on this continent concerning the meaning of the term "Cockney." A New York paper last week went so far as to contemptuously allude to Lord Wolseley as "the Cockney general at Korti." Now I believe that I am right when I say that a *bona fide* Cockney is a person born within the sound of the bells of Bow Church in the city of London, though all natives of London are now included in the term Cockney. I presume the word comes from the French *pays de Coccagne*, a sort of Utopia—a land of imaginary luxury and abundance, as London has always been famed for its luxury, and was therefore christened the region of Coccagne or Cockayne, which by gradual corruptions became Cockney.

One thing is very certain and that is, that to be a genuine "Cockney," a man must be born in London if not actually within the sound of Bow Bells. Therefore Lord Wolseley, who was not born within the sound of the Bow Church tinnabulation; was not born in London at all; did not even first see the light of day in England, but who claims Dublin as the place of his nativity, is four removes from being a Cockney, and the New York paper is egregiously wrong. Canadians are very apt to dub all Englishmen as Cockneys, but they are quite as much in error when they do so as an Englishman would be if he classed all Canadians as blue-noses.

I see that obituary notices in England now frequently contain the statement that by the wish of the deceased his relatives will not wear mourning. It will be a good thing when this practice becomes universal, as the purchase of mourning has frequently been a heavy expense to those who could ill afford it. It is, of course, right and proper that all due respect should be shown to the dead, but there are other ways of doing it besides the donning of expensive mourning garments. If some people were a little more careful to carry out what were known to be the wishes of the deceased instead of neglecting them and putting on black suits and six inches of crape round their hats, they would be evincing more respect to the memory of the departed. It always strikes me as very

inconsistent, to use a mild expression, when I see young men with a wide piece of crape round one arm roaring with laughter at some jest of their companions; it is evident in such cases that the mourning is merely an outward form, and it would be far better to dispense with those symbols of grief altogether than to display them where they are totally out of place.

There is considerable distress in England just now, and times are not as good as they might be, and it does look as if the immense sums of money spent in paying high salaries to men whose offices are mere sinecures might be put to a better use. The cost of maintaining the royal family is something enormous and the worst of it is that it increases every year, and it must make John Bull wince every time he hears that a royal personage is to be married or is coming of age, or these things mean the loosening of his purse-strings. Luckily Her Majesty has no more daughters to get married now that the princess Beatrice is about to be taken off her hands—off her hands, mind, not off those of the long-suffering British people who will be called upon to help to keep the Battenburg pot boiling—and John may breathe a little easier when he reflects that he will not be compelled to provide for any more destitute German princes.

Such carelessness as that evinced by a man in Montreal who, a few days ago, left a loaded revolver in a drawer within easy reach of his little children, is nothing less than criminal. As might have been expected, two of the little ones got hold of the weapon and the result was that one of them was shot dead. There are scores of men who are quite as careless as the one referred to, only the public never hears of them because, through some strange luck, their gross carelessness does not produce fatal results. The sooner some law is passed that will have the effect of banishing the didn't-know-it-was-loaded, light-the-fire-with-coal-oil, and jump-on-a-car-in-motion classes to some desert island, the better.

Toronto might learn something from Montreal in some matters, one of which is that one or two of her bakers might take a lesson in the art of making a four pound loaf that will weigh four pounds. Doubtless the majority of them supply bread of honest weight, but there is a black sheep in every large flock. Read this, from a Montreal paper:—"Sergeants Richard and Bernard visited the bakeries in No. 2 police district and found all satisfactory, not a loaf being underweight—indeed, most were one or two oz. over on the six pound loaf." Fancy getting over-weight in bread or anything else here; not that Toronto is worse than other places, as a rule, but she seems to be behind Montreal in this respect.

The March number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* contains an admirable paper by Dr. Daniel Clark, Medical Superintendent of Asylum for the Insane, in this city, on the subject of "Worry." Pres-

umably no observant person will dispute the truth of the following opening passage of the article: "Worry in business or any other annoyances whose name is legion, cause loss of appetite, want of sleep, restlessness, nervousness, general physical prostration, low spirits and all the brood of human ills which flow from them. One member of a family being in this condition, and who carries evidence of it in his face and conduct, will unsettle the comfort and peace of mind of all with whom he may come in contact. He is like a piece of yeast in dough and sets up fermentation or at least disturbance in a household.

We have all of us come in contact with people who allow themselves to be too greatly worried by some cause or another and we know how uncomfortable they made us feel. But that isn't the worst of it. Dr. Clark goes on to say: "It need scarcely be said that the probability is, children of such a parent, born under such untoward conditions, may inherit in a fixed and permanent form a like organization, and thus by natural law spread the evil tendency in one form or another." The article should be read by all who are inclined to think that "worrying" and "fretting" are trivial matters: they cannot fail to be impressed when they are informed, or such authority as that of Dr. Clark, of the grave evils resulting from these, to them, apparent trifles.

This is what the *London Advertiser* says, no doubt ironically: "One way out of the Sudan muddle would be for Wolseley to summon El Mahdi before one of the London bureaux. The matter should be compromised on payment of costs, and after El Mahdi had entered a counter charge and this was in the same way disposed of, everything would be serene." A very good way of settling the matter, no doubt, but there is one obstacle in the way of the plan being put into practice. To read of the doings of those London, Ont., "detective bureaux" would convince one that the Mahdi could never pay the costs, judging from those that are piled on the other unfortunates who are brought before the J. P.'s who preside in these burlesque rolls of justice.

A Chicago woman thrashed a man till he howled, a few days ago, because he had sent her a valentine alleged to be comic, but which was really insulting; and the press throughout the country say she did perfectly right. Mean men take advantage of the supposed privilege granted on the 14th of February to send insulting missives to people against whom they may have a grudge, and who they are afraid to talk to, as they would like to, openly. The sender of an anonymous insulting letter to anyone must be a coward, and when the recipient is a woman the sender is worse than a coward. Luckily, in the case above mentioned, the woman found some clue by which she identified the man who had sent her the valentine, and that he was a coward was proved by the manner in which he yelled for mercy under the whip of the justly indignant woman.

## Truth's Contributors.

THE SUNN ( SOUTH.

### JACKSONVILLE, THE NEWPORT OF THE SOUTH.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M. A., PASTOR METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

The chief city of the flowery state, in population, commerce and social life, is Jacksonville. It is the Newport of the South, towards which all social attractions tend and all winter resort travel converge. The invalid and the tourist alike find it charming. It has no equal in Florida, and South of Savannah is the place of first importance, with its luxurious homes and surroundings, its handsome private and public buildings, its broad avenues and busy streets.

The city was incorporated in 1833 and named in honor of General Andrew Jackson, who commanded the United States Troops in Florida during the Indian war. The Indian name is Wacca Pillaka, or Cow Ford. It is located on the St. John's river, that wonderful stream which flows for two hundred miles to the north, and for sixty miles its broad and graceful bosom. It is from three to five miles in width. Following the circuitous picturesque windings of the stately river, this health business centre is twenty five miles from the Atlantic, while in a direct course it is only ten or fifteen.

It has been almost entirely rebuilt since the war. The city was bombarded, its business ruined, its streets left desolate, everything deserted by the scourge of the demon war, but since peace and order have returned it has more than recovered its former thrift and enterprise. It has a resident population of from 15,000 to 20,000 which during "the season" is swelled to 40,000 or 50,000.

It is a city of charming residences and spacious hotels. The elegant residences of prominent citizens and northern owners are planted in the midst of gardens with their tropical shrubbery and constantly blooming flowers of every hue. The streets are well laid out, the principal ones running parallel with the river, and as out door life is the thing of fashion here, and everybody takes a constitutional sauntering for pleasure, or shopping for curiosities, they form a pleasant, busy, and lively scene. The spacious and shaded avenues, bordered with stately live oaks and their ever pendent moss drapery, with the fragrant magnolia, the cypress, dogwood, laurel and other trees of that sunny clime, are delightful lounging places, and the sweet do-nothing feeling has unlimited indulgence.

Boating is a favorite pastime, and the river is as lively as the streets, while all the docks are thronged with shipping and pleasure yachts for making expeditions along the Gulf shore, or up the St. John's river and the famous Ocklawaha.

Hotels and boarding houses are an institution of this vigorous and prosperous young metropolis. There are many northerners who, like the birds of summer, take annually their flight southward when winter comes, and thus escape its chilly and icy discomforts. Jacksonville has all the essentials of a winter health-resort, with its pure atmosphere, equable temperature and bright, clear, sunny days, and these with its home comforts and conveniences, and its select and cultured society, make it a most desirable location.

Accordingly you will find its numerous hotels thronged with Westerners from Chicago, Milwaukee and Cincinnati, and Northerners from Boston, New York and Philadelphia—the wealth, and culture, and in-

telligence drawn from all portions of the country. If you want society where there is dancing every evening in the great hall, and a life full of gaiety, you will certainly go to the St. James Hotel. If you want elegance and especial attention you will go to the Windsor. If you combine health with pleasure-seeking, and are satisfied with abundant accommodations at little less prices, you will go to the Everett. And if you are disposed to be quiet, with all properly regulated, surroundings, and a table famous all over the land, you will go to the Carlton House. These are the great hotels, and their guests are in number like good-sized villages. There are also boarding-houses in abundance for those who desire the quiet home life. Our experiences of Southern boarding-houses is not the most pleasant. Southern cookery is altogether too rich to suit our tastes. You are sure of an abundance of fresh vegetables just out of the garden, and fresh ripe Florida oranges. You are sure also of the toughest, driest meat you ever put into your mouth, and of the fattest, greasiest pork you ever looked upon.

Hog and hominy are the staples. What roast beef and plum pudding are to John Bull—oatmeal to the Scotchman—sauer kraut to the Dutchman—olla podrida to the Spaniard—curry to the Hindoo—blubber to the Greenland—pemmican to the Blackfoot—and baked beans and brown-bread to the Bostonian, is hog and hominy to the Southerner.

The negro and the mule are institutions of the South.

There are fine Churches and Schools in Jacksonville.

I looked into the Centenary Church where the Florida Conference of the M. E. Church was holding its sessions. Bishop Waldron presided, and the question of caste was being hotly discussed in the form of a resolution to separate the congregations of the white and black. The negroes in the South are still taught to recognise their color, although their condition is infinitely better than it was ten years ago.

The Cookman Institute is for the education of the colored children, and it is an interesting thing to visit this school, where the children will compare as favorably in quickness and intelligence and scholarship as any school of white children in the city.

Jacksonville is the great centre of the orange trade. This industry has grown to something enormous. Nearly 50,000,000 oranges were exported from the State last year. Over \$10,000,000 are invested in orange groves, and the business is worth over \$1,000,000 annually. I hope to discuss this fruit question again. But meanwhile I must close, promising to take my readers in my next letter up the glorious St. John's river, with its banks dotted with white villages and rich orange groves.

### England and Her Troubles.

BY REV. JOSEPH WILD, D. D.

The present times are somewhat exciting. This is especially so in some of the older nations. The two colossal powers of the day are Britain and Russia—the Lion and the Bear. One or the other of these powers must finally have the sovereignty of the world. In days of old there seemed to be two political world-centres. One was localized and operative in the Hebrew nation. From this centre Providence seemed to work. To them as God's executive was entrusted the evangelization and civilization of the nations. The other, called the Gentile centre, was located in the Babylonian Empire. Since that time it has moved to Persia, Greece and Rome, and is now in Russia.

These two central powers are aiming for the central land, which is Palestine. In this land they will finally yet meet for a final struggle in the battle of Armageddon. Britain will come off victorious. All going on now is but preliminary. Both of them are on their way to Palestine—Russia is going by way of Asia, through India, and England by way of Egypt and Turkey.

If the reader could get and read the Will of Peter the Great, he would know the policy of Russia and be able to go before them. This will each successor takes oath at the time of coronation to carry out and forward. I will quote the 9th clause:

"Take every possible means of gaining Constantinople and the Indies, (for he who rules there will be the true sovereign of the world); excite war continually in Turkey and Persia; establish fortresses in the Black Sea; get control of the sea by degrees, and also of the Baltic, which is a double point, necessary to the realization of our project; accelerate as much as possible, the decay of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; re-establish, if possible, by the way of Syria, the ancient commerce of the Levant; advance to the Indies, which are the great depot of the world. Once there we can do without the gold of England."

When this will was made Russia was 2,500 miles from the Indies. At the close of last century it was 2,000, by the year 1810 it was 1,000 and in 1835 it was 400—and in 1835 the Bear and the Lion are now face to face. The past few years Russia has gained rapidly in territorial power. In her conquests of Bokhara and part of Turkistan she gained 500,000 square miles. Since the battle of Waterloo she has taken more from Sweden than remains, from Poland territory equal to the whole of Austria, from Turkey an area equal to Prussia, from Persia as much as the whole of Britain. She is 500 miles nearer Berlin and Paris, and 450 nearer Constantinople.

The reader may naturally ask where will Russia stop, and who will stop her? I answer, Britain will stop her. In her march east she is now at the end. Beyond the Afghan frontier she cannot go. I saw and wrote, ten years ago, that she would be just where she now is in 1835. Neither is the time come for them to fight, though it looks as if they would be at it before what I am now writing can be read.

England is in a critical position, but I have no fear of the final issues. The nations have choice of Russian or Britain's rule and lead, and surely it is not difficult to guess which both God and men prefer. England's present confusion and defeat in Egypt are all designed for a good purpose. She will be taught that she must lead among the nations or retire. But she herself will prefer to lead, so will other Christian nations prefer her lead, and so will the colonies prefer to be under her, hence it will tend to bind them all together. The doctrine of imperial federation is no nightmare dream but a reality. Neither Gladstone nor John Bright will after this be able to persuade England into a non-intervention policy. These are not the days for the formation of new nations, but the days of steel, and conquest, and federation. Men that talk of Canadian independence can scarcely know what they are talking about. Independence would be all very well if all the world let us alone and allow us to trade with all the world and never interfere with us; but who will guarantee all this for us? The best policy for us, and all the British empire for the next few years is to keep well together. Believing as I do that the Saxons are the ten lost tribes of Israel—as organized in Britain and the United States, I

have faith in the future, for through the mouth of the prophet ultimate pre-eminence and rule is assigned to Israel. God bless our Queen, and the Empire at large!

### AMONG THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Life in Barbados Island.

BY REV. H. W. ATWATER.

Far away in the broad Atlantic lies Barbados Island, comparatively a mere speck in the waste of waters,—a place almost unknown to mankind, though it certainly possesses sufficient historical interest to rescue it from oblivion. Possibly a few notes about life in this important British colonial possession may be of some interest to the readers of TRUTH.

The Island lies but little over 13 degrees north of the equator, and the heat of the climate is therefore something to be held in lasting remembrance by the inhabitants. It is only 22 miles in length and 14 in width, and yet it is a little world of itself. It was settled by the English in 1627, a charter having been granted by Charles I. to James, Earl of Marlborough, and its settlement gave rise to the West Indian sugar trade.

The most imposing feature in the appearance of the Island from the water, is, of course,

THE CAPITAL, BRIDGETOWN.

Its flat roofed, chimneyless houses, its shade trees, its narrow streets, and the turbulent mass of colored humanity, which is constantly seething to and fro, intermingled with donkey carts and mule trains, form a picture, which is at once pleasing and unique. The streets, especially on a holiday, are crowded with curiously clad men and women of all shades of color, from the sable-browed African, whose only garment consists of a salt bag, with openings in the end and sides for the neck and arms, to the delicate and richly-clad quadroon, or octeroon. It is curious to notice the extent to which the customs of the whites, have become engrafted upon the very existence of their former slaves. Every colored man who can afford it, has his top buggy and coachman. At any time may be met amongst the number of well-ordered equipages which convey rank and fashion to Hastings to enjoy the cool evening air, an open barouche, or the cushioned seats of which recline several "gentlemen ob color," whose shillings earned by hoeing corn, or delving in the cane fields, have procured the luxury of a silk hat, a fancy cane and a suit of broad cloth, (in lieu of the salt bag). A day spent in the country, after a drive through it, presents many varied aspects in its social life. The scenery is sufficiently diversified to vary the monotony of locomotion under a tropical sky. At first, after leaving the city, the hills stretch away before you—not grand and bold in their outline, but gently sloping towards their highest points, the gradual ascend being here and there interrupted by abrupt terraces, which time has faced with luxuriant mosses and ferns, which afford a pleasing relief to the monotony of the weather-worn coral. The Island being

A CORAL ROCK,

with only about three feet of soil on any part of it, the roads are free from those miry places which impede travelling in other countries, but the glare from the white dusty roads which necessitate goggles, or shades for the eyes, is most unpleasant. Passing by nameless sugar plantations, and interminable cane fields, the roads lined here and there with the stately magnolia, or the stately ebony, the cabbage palm overtopping all, whilst the sweet perfume from the spice trees, and the sight of the luscious fruit greet you at every turn.

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at length enter a wooded avenue, and  
to realize that you are approaching  
the plantation dwelling, the Estate house.  
The stately buildings most of their planta-  
tion houses are, built invariably of stone.  
The well kept grounds, the evidences of  
skill in arboriculture and the aids and ap-  
paratus of wealth, all indicate not only  
physical comfort and luxury, which even  
nigger indolence might consider indispen-  
sable, but in many instances a refined and  
cultivated taste. An invitation to one these  
plantation houses to breakfast, if at any  
distance in the country, implies an invita-  
tion to spend the day; and, in case of your  
forming one of a large party, it is well to  
take the precaution to provide yourself with  
evening dress.

A drive along the coast towards the coun-  
try, in the early morning, leads you past  
groups of pedestrians, early astir to vend  
the products of the Island in the market.  
These cable wayfavers carry everything,  
even to a box of matches, on the head.  
Here and there, as an opening in the dense  
foliage occurs, where you drive past one of  
the numerous bays by which the coast is in-  
dented, appear little black junks like porpoi-  
ses bobbing up and down in the water, for the  
negro children, and also many of their elders,  
are all but amphibious. Or again may be  
seen the nondescript Barbados fishing boat,  
which generally, for shore fishing, carries  
over to six hands, who spring into the water,  
and dive and splash in order to drive the  
wings and rock hinds and other vari-  
eties of fish into the net which they have  
spread, whilst far away over the blue water,  
the tiny specks in the distance, appear the  
sails of the flying fish boats, darting hither  
and thither in quest of that emblem of in-  
fancy Christian. Life which forms the subject  
of Moore's poems. Over all nature,  
however, a languor seems to dwell, and even  
the short drive of eight or ten miles begins to  
be fatiguing. The Bims are as a people,  
loaf of society, and have the name of being  
unusually hospitable.

**THEIR HOSPITALITY.**

Does not entail any exertion upon them; as  
the numerous progeny of Ham are invaluable  
to almost every department, including the  
culinary as well, but it is none the less an  
agreeable feature in their island life. Break-  
fast, which is generally taken at 10 or 11,  
is a most substantial meal, and sometimes  
you find that you have the pleasure of sit-  
ting down in company with twenty or thirty  
other guests, the "lads and chalky lasses"  
of the neighboring estate houses. I am not  
by this substitution for the proper word  
speaking depreciatingly of the young ladies  
of Barbados; but one cannot with less for-  
cible language, convey an idea of the death-  
ly pallor of the faces of most of them. Nei-  
ther do I intend to insinuate that that ar-  
ticle which is said to be an important factor  
in some ladies' toilets has anything to do,  
generally, with this paleness; the climate  
does all that, and it does it well. So deli-  
cate in appearance are the white females  
of Barbados, that the slightest approach to  
exposure in person, or brunette in com-  
plexion, unmistakably denotes the pres-  
ence of colored blood, though it may be so  
remote that the ancestor from whom de-  
rived, might justly be regarded as "no fam-  
ily." A Barbadianism to imply a wish to deny or  
obscure the relationship. It is curious to ob-  
serve the amount of unconscious faith that  
is placed in homeopathy in most hot coun-  
tries, for it is difficult to account for the  
liberal use of peppers to such an extent ex-  
cept on the principle *similia similibus curan-  
tur*. It caters into almost all kinds of cook-  
ery in the West Indies, and culminates in a

dish known as "pepper-pot," the ingre-  
dients of which are not suggestive of relish in  
eating it. West Indian cookery is, however,  
good. As the negroes only engage with  
you to work in one department, it is per-  
haps not too much to expect that they  
should excel in that, and they certainly do.  
Luncheon in almost any Barbadian house  
is about on a par with coffee at O. A. M., only  
a prelude to something better. It consists  
chiefly of fruit, and wine, or beer. Al-  
though one sees everything *couleur de rose*  
from the distance,

**TROPICAL FRUITS**

in a tropical climate are not half so enjoyable  
as apples and pears, when you can get them.  
One can scarcely wonder at the murmuring  
of the Israelites, if pomegranates formed  
any considerable portion of their expecta-  
tions in Canaan; i. e., if they had any con-  
ception of what they were like. The after-  
noon is chiefly spent in endeavoring to get  
in the coolest possible place, as the heat  
adds little zest to conversation, and the  
ladies melt into thin vapor, or vanish  
from the scene. The hammock and Ma-  
deria lounges are in requisition, until the  
declining rays of old Sol suggest to you that  
the heat is less oppressive, and the dinner  
hour is approaching. The spirits of all,  
before that event, seem to revive sufficient-  
ly to enable them to make an appearance  
in the drawing room, where some effort is  
made to throw off the lethargy produced by  
the heat, and engage in a more or less ani-  
mated attempt at conversation. The latter  
in Barbados is kept within circum-  
scribed limits. In the country the prob-  
able cane crop will afford an interesting  
theme to planters, whilst the ladies always  
of course have their good natured little sub-  
jects for gossip, which vary little, I believe,  
in any country. The negro riots of 1876,  
however, will ever form a fruitful theme,  
and after you have been devoting the most  
assiduous attention to some elderly gentle-  
man's account of them for two mortal  
hours, or affording him intervals between  
your periods of devotion to the pepper-pot  
(the dish above referred to) at dinner, the  
intervals being to allow the last result of  
your application to cool off, he promises you,  
like Sam Slick's father, that some other  
time he will tell you all about it. I say  
this is an un-failing topic, because you will  
be assailed by the question invariably; "have  
you heard of the nigger riots of '76?" and  
though your reply will invariably be the  
same, so potent a theme is it, that each kindly  
makes up his or her mind to listen. No-  
thing speaks more forcibly of the hospitality  
of the Barbadians than the dinner table.  
they love good cheer, and they have it. A  
dinner table sometimes presents a novel  
spectacle. Whilst you are attacking the  
viands before you, and endeavoring to do  
justice to the ample fare, a species of black  
fly is no less intent on attacking you, and it  
requires the united efforts of several negroes,  
brandishing huge palm or other branches, to  
repel the invaders; and even then they can  
only keep the main body at bay, as bands  
of skirmishers will succeed in finding  
your vulnerable point somewhere. One  
cannot accuse the Barbadian, at any rate,  
of any lack of interest in what pertains to  
his little island, or of a neglect to make the  
transient guest appreciate its beauties. The  
flight of time at length reminds us that a  
very agreeable day has been spent, and that  
the setting of the sun long since in billows  
of crimson and gold has ushered in the  
symbol of the state of that happy, and yet  
most miserable race, whose dark forms glide  
noiselessly about, and whose future is a  
mystery, a problem which time alone can  
solve.

**A Visit to Ottawa.**

BY COL. D. WYLLIE.

There is much about the capital city of  
our Dominion of interest to a stranger.  
Ottawa of twenty-years ago and Ottawa  
of to-day are very different places. Years  
ago it was known principally because of its  
vast lumber production, but since it has  
become the headquarters of Dominion poli-  
tics it has become noted for many another  
thing.

My present purpose in these brief notes  
for the columns of TRUTH is to make men-  
tion of a few matters of observation during  
a recent visit to the city.

Among the public institutions, outside of  
the Government grounds themselves, first  
mention may be made of the Geological  
Museum which was moved from Montreal  
to Ottawa four or five years ago. It is well  
worth a visit. There are specimens from  
every Province, and a whole day can be  
profitably spent in wandering around the  
rooms. The same may be said of the fish  
exhibition. There is much in both these  
departments to lift the mind from earth and  
water, to the great and wise Creator of the  
heavens, the earth and the sea, and all that  
therein lies.

There are also several educational insti-  
tutions worthy of notice. The R. C. Colleges,  
the Model and Normal Schools, and the  
Ladies' College, where some one hundred  
and sixty young ladies are cared for and  
taught in all the branches of an English edu-  
cation, as well as vocal and instrumental  
music, French, Latin, and fancy work. This  
college is under the direction of a stock  
company, with a capital of \$70,000, one half  
being paid up. H. T. Bronson is chairman,  
Dr. Sweatland, Sheriff, first vice president;  
R. D. Moore, second vice-president, and S.  
Woods, M. A., Principal. The rooms for  
students are all comfortably furnished, and  
heated with steam. There are four large  
class rooms, well supplied with maps and  
other necessary apparatus, and a large as-  
sembly room capable of accommodating five  
hundred people. The college has also a  
well furnished cabinet of minerals, and with-  
in the grounds, a well kept skating pond  
for the use of the lady students, who appear  
to appreciate the exercise under the over-  
sight of Mr. Woods, who is extremely  
careful to guard against accidents. The  
college is lighted with gas, and in case  
of fire there are three means of exit. There  
is a fire station only about 200 yards from  
the college, with a fire alarm at the college.  
All the students appear happy.

No visitor to the city will think of leav-  
ing without seeing the Parliament buildings.  
They form three sides of a square, and  
really look grand, viewed from all points of  
the compass; seen from Hull, or the flats, as  
the lower town is denominated, they have  
a magnificent appearance. At present both  
Houses are in session. The Senate is superbly  
furnished, and in great contrast to the  
Commons chamber, which is exceedingly  
plain. Why this difference it is hard to  
understand. While the galleries of the  
Commons are generally well filled by out-  
siders, there are few who deem a visit to  
the Senate Chamber worth making. In  
fact most people imagine that Canada would  
not lose much if the Senate was abolished  
altogether. As at present constituted, it  
seems only a matter of needless expense.  
Filled as it is by worn out politicians,  
through the favor of Sir John, its "useful-  
ness is gone." It matters not what sort of  
measures may be passed in the House of  
Commons, the aged Senators usually bow to  
the mandate of the Premier, and agree to  
bills without even discussing them. Should

the people conclude to change the present  
government, the Senate would probably  
form a decided block to all the measures of  
a Reform House of Commons. Such an  
event may occur, and then the tug of war  
would arise, and a general cry go forth for  
its utter destruction. As it is now consti-  
tuted, it exists only as a public burden  
without one redeeming quality. For years  
the subject of making the Senate elective  
was warmly discussed, and this change was  
affected. The Act of Confederation brought  
back the old regime, without saying by your  
leave, thanks to the *Globe*, then under the  
management of Hon. Geo. Brown, who  
sternly opposed the elective system. The  
*Globe* has since changed its course in this  
respect, and cries aloud for a change, now  
that the Senate is filled with supporters of  
Sir John. Public opinion is again being  
roused on the question of either utterly  
abolishing the Senate or changing its con-  
stitution by making it more in accord with  
justice and common sense.

**MONTREAL REMINISCENCES.**

No. 1.—The Great Scare in 1837.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

In the early morning of the 13th of Dec.,  
1837, Sir John Colborne, the commander-in-  
chief, started from Montreal on his march  
with about 2,000 men to disperse the rebel  
force encamped at the village of St. Eus-  
tache, some twenty miles to the north. The  
whole northern district was then in open  
rebellion. The city had been left almost  
entirely under the protection of the volun-  
teer force.

A horseman, one of the Lachine troop of  
cavalry, so well known by their fierce-look-  
ing bear skin helmets, dashed along the  
streets at a mad gallop. The guard at the  
city gate at Dow's brewery, was no hind-  
rance to his wild speed, the crossed bayonets  
of the two sentries posted there were cleared  
at a bound. His uniform being known to  
the sentries saved him from a passing shot.  
Then down old St. Joseph and Notre Dame  
streets at the same wild pace, to the Main  
Guard, which stood nearly in front of the  
present Court House, and there delivered  
his verbal despatch from Major Penner,  
commanding officer at Lachine, to the officer  
of the day in command at Montreal, nearly  
as follows:—"The rebels have escaped from  
St. Eustache and are reported advancing  
"in force on Lachine to capture the arms  
"stored there for the frontier volunteers."  
This despatch was delivered at the Main  
Guard within thirty minutes after the troop-  
er had mounted his horse at Lachine. The  
distance being over eight miles.

Then was heard in the streets of Montreal  
the cry—"To arms!" "The rebels are at  
hand!" The alarm bells rang, the news  
flow like lightning, reaching every nook and  
corner of the city in a few minutes. The  
city was confined to small limits at that  
time. Few of the young volunteers of that  
day are now living. The wild excitement  
of that night can never be forgotten by any  
of them. There were hurried mountings of  
staff officers and orderlies. Women and  
children were "crying and clamoring" in  
the streets. All was uproar and disorder;  
but amid this disorder and uproar there  
was method, prearranged, to meet any such  
emergency.

The rallying words were:—"Every man  
to his post, the headquarters of his company  
or regiment," and within the space of two  
hours nearly 4,000 armed volunteers stood  
side by side in their ranks, ready to do  
their duty.

It was a grand sight to see the mustering

squads marching to the rallying point, with bugles blowing and drums beating, announcing their approach; but it is regrettable now to think that so dire a necessity ever existed in our country. The different regiments took up their line of march to the outskirts of the city, and proceeded as far as the top of the Tanneries Hill, the high road to Lachine, waiting orders from the front to direct their onward course.

The alarm reached Lachine about seven o'clock. A French-Canadian loyalist, Paul Lebert, living near St. Genovieve's, brought the report of the supposed rebel advance on Lachine. Major Penner immediately gave orders to the captains of the four companies of foot of the Lachine brigade to muster their men; some of them had five miles to march in. By ten o'clock every man was in front of Laflamme's hotel, the headquarters of the brigade, representing a front of two hundred and forty bayonets and nearly sixty swordsmen, as fine a body of men as could be found in the Province. Word having been sent over to Caughnawaga, about two hundred Indian warriors crossed the river and joined the brigade.

By advice of old Colonel Wilgrea (a Peninsular veteran living at Lachine) the Lachine troop and the village company of foot (Captain Leponce's) were sent to the front, half a mile above the village, to watch and to report the rebel advance. The three other companies arrived shortly afterwards, the first of which was Captain Begley's from Lower Lachine. The writer was in that company. They came in at the double quick, and formed opposite Laflamme's, their arrival being greeted with loud cheering. Next, Captain Carmichael, with his company from Cote St. Paul, reached the village by way of the banks of the Lachine canal, and lastly Captain Charles' company, of Cote St. Pierre and the Tanneries, formed up.

The river St. Lawrence was literally covered with canoes, every warrior in Caughnawaga being on the river to join and support the Lachine Brigade, the Indian braves being enthusiastically received by the little band of 500 armed men already in the old village of Lachine.

The night passed off without any enemy putting in an appearance. There were no telegraphs in those days; all communication was made and kept up by cavalry. The Lachine troop was then overworked carrying despatches and keeping up the line of communication between the outposts and headquarters.

The next morning the old village presented the appearance of a military camp. It was a grand sight to see the Lachine troop in their bearskin helmets and the four companies of foot form line, nearly 300 men, with their old Major in front, thanking his "boys," as he called them, for having turned out so well and so loyally.

The roll was then called, and cheer after cheer went up as boys and gray-headed men answered "here" to their names. What if that roll were called to-day! Not thirty out of that 300 would be found to answer; they have long since responded to a higher roll call! Peace to their memories!

Thus ended the alarm of the 13th of December, 1837. The rebels were dispersed at St. Eustache and the trouble in Lower Canada ceased for the year 1837.

The following winter passed off quietly. Seed time came and a bountiful harvest crowned the year; but instead of the usual autumn thanksgivings of a grateful people the standard of rebellion was again raised in November, 1838. Roofless walls and ruined homes marked its desolating tracks, leaving a dark blot on the pages of our country's history.

MONTREAL, February, 1855.

### The U. E. Loyalists.

BY J. B. ASHLEY.

The object of this contribution to the pages of TRUTH is not to generalize on his torical facts, but simply to offer an humble tribute to the memory of a people who, after the lapse of nearly one hundred years, are honored for the noble principles that actuated them in laying the foundation of this northern nation. The edict is more

readily made because a pretentious sentiment that a truer democracy and assumes a virtue it never knew, has attempted to ridicule the character so generally assigned to our "Pilgrim Fathers." Starting with the argument that a benighted or slavish confession of loyalty, especially as a contingent of the American rebellion of 1776, was degrading rather than ennobling, these critics of a posthumous fame refuse to give credence to anything deserving of commendation as characteristic of the Loyalists. Themselves the victims of a contracted national sentiment, they cannot understand why a people would voluntarily sacrifice so much, and endure such great privation, rather than accept the cause that resulted from the rebellion. But we know there is a life that appears, and under it in every heart a life which does not appear, and which is to the former as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles and the spray on its surface.

The work so nobly performed by the United Empire Loyalists one hundred years ago cannot be ignored by honest investigators. They were the veritable Pilgrim Fathers of this part of Canada, and accomplished wonderful results under the most trying circumstances. For patriotic reasons they voluntarily exiled themselves, and faced the privations of an unexplored wilderness. Thanks to the well-accomplished labors of the late Dr. Egerton Ryerson, Dr. Wm. Canniff, and others, some of the difficulties encountered and sufferings endured by these refugees from republican tyranny have been rescued from oblivion, and given a prominent place in the annals of our country. We know from personal investigation and the testimony of well-informed persons that scant justice has been shown the patriots, even by such sympathetic writers as above referred to. There were incidents of heroic endurance and devotion to principle that have been deemed too sacred for public inspection.

In the seclusion of their pioneer homes, and often under circumstances that seemed to fill the cup of sorrow to the brim, these patriotic refugees encountered and overcame difficulties that the historian had not recorded. The very nature of their migration precluded the possibility of carrying much with them from the homes of comfort they were forced to vacate. Many of them reached the shores of the St. Lawrence river and the beautiful Bay of Quinte almost, if not entirely, destitute of the bare necessities of life. They came with brave hearts, however, and never for a moment repined, or despaired of ultimate success. For hundreds of miles away from the spot where a landing was made stretched the primeval forest, and solitude reigned supreme.

The government of Great Britain recognized the paramount claims of the Loyalists for assistance, and promptly made arrangements whereby actual destitution and helplessness were avoided. But even this prudential foresight did not entirely ward off the grim spectre of want during the "hungry year." This season of failure occurred in 1788, only four years after the first settlement was made in the Bay of Quinte district. The exact cause has been attributed to a general failure of the limited crop that could be planted, but a partial withdrawal of Government aid no doubt contributed a large share of the prevailing distress.

From the hour that they took a farewell look at the old home on the banks of the Hudson and Mohawk, or in the growing city on Manhattan Island, until the wilderness had been conquered and a new home

with comfort and plenty had been made, there were

#### ALMOST DAILY STRUGGLES

with formidable foes, and, of course, as frequent triumphs for the brave pioneers. It must be understood that all the U. E. L. settlers in Canada, subsequent to the declaration of American independence, were not the recipients of government bounty in the shape of free transportation and implements for beginning the work of clearing the forest. Those who accepted the very liberal offers of the home authorities immediately after the result of the struggle was known, were collected at the port of New York and shipped via the Maritime Provinces to their several places of destination. They had some advantages over their less-favored fellow loyalists, but they did not enjoy an excursion of exploration. Most of them were exposed to the severe winter at Sorel, in Lower Canada, and nearer the Atlantic coast, where they tumbled for several months, or until navigation opened in spring and they were able to proceed on their journey. The route was long and exceedingly laborious. Tramping across desolate tracts of country; dragging or carrying their scanty provisions and utensils; toiling for days with the heavily laden and clumsily equipped *battaux* through dangerous rapids and unknown channels; suffering from imperfect protection and their inability to procure what was so much needed, these patriots of 1783 sought and found an asylum from persecution beneath the flag they loved and in the wilds of Canada. Fully one-half, if not more, found their way to the land of promise under different and much more trying circumstances. Individual efforts were made to penetrate the inhospitable region that intervened between the settled parts of New York State and Lake Ontario, and the experience of these adventurers was romantically thrilling. With improvised means of conveyance, and sometimes with destitution, sickness and an inclement season to make their burdens heavier, they undertook a task that the boldest and strongest could not regard with dismay.

#### AN INSTANCE

is related where a Loyalist, under similar circumstances, carried a bushel of wheat on his shoulders for many miles, and when weary or asleep would lie down in the snow with the wheat for a pillow and rest contentedly. This bushel of wheat was the first seed grain brought into the township of Hollowell, Prince Edward County, and it yielded a good return to the hardy pioneer. We could multiply similar instances to prove that "the half has not been told" about the heroic endurance and fidelity of purpose that characterized the U. E. Loyalists of Canada, but the above must suffice here. And, indeed, we consider it quite unnecessary to add any further testimony to what has been so well related by other and abler pens.

Belleville, Ont., March 4th, 1855.

#### Compensation to the Liquor Traffic.

BY WILLIAM BURGESS, TORONTO.

The recent debate and division in the Dominion Parliament on this question is instructive, and demands the consideration of all patriotic Canadians.

The resolution moved by Mr. Kranz was remarkable as a bold attempt to commit Parliament beforehand to a declaration in favor of compensating distillers and brewers in the event of a prohibitory law. The amendment moved by Mr. Fisher, and upon which the House divided, declared that the proper time for discussing this question was when the details of a prohibitory bill were before the House.

It is very significant that in a tolerably full House the majority against Mr. Kranz's motion was only 31, the vote being, for the amendment, 105; against it, 74; an indication that 74 members are either hopelessly wedded to the liquor party, or else that they have never thought of the unprecedented dangerous and revolutionary nature of that resolution. If by any chance those 74 members had constituted a majority of the House at the time of voting, Parliament would have been pledged to a declaration

implying that no change of public policy ought ever to be made in the public interest, without first providing for any losses that may accrue to certain persons under such change.

Such a theory as a basis of legislation would be a block to every measure of reform, and the fiscal policy of the government would come to a standstill. For it must be borne in mind that Parliament could not admit this principle of providing beforehand against the effects of certain changes to the liquor interests without applying it to any other interest affected by future changes. The cigar makers and cooperators, who formed a part of the recent deputation to the Government, were alive to this truth. They say, in effect, the Scott Act, or prohibition, will affect our business, and if compensation is to be the order of the day we come in for a share of the plunder.

And this is a perfectly logical result of such a vicious proposition as that of Mr. Kranz. What a host of claimants for compensation would be forthcoming at every legislative change. A new regulation affecting doctors or lawyers would be held to be damaging to their interests. The establishment of a free public library would be a fitting occasion for the owners of leading libraries and the booksellers to send in their claims. The passage of a new railway bill would call forth a thousand claims from stage owners, village property owners, and business people whose interests would be affected by diverting the traffic away from them, etc., etc., *ad lib.*

Then there is the effect of such a resolution on prohibition itself. Like any other reform, if scotched by such a resolution it would be indefinitely postponed.

It is of course assumed and often asserted, that all that is said on this subject from a temperance standpoint, is the utterance of mere sentiment, or, as Mr. Wells, M.P., said in the House, "a matter of conscience." Due consideration is not, however, given to the fact that all that is said by our opponents is a matter of interest. Whether the affairs of the country would be as safely conducted on the line of *conscience* as on the line of *interest*, I will leave for consideration; but it is generally forgotten that temperance people, as citizens, have at least as great a regard for the advancement of the country for justice, honor and liberty as their opponents.

I have discussed the general bearings of this subject in a pamphlet already noticed by the press, and will therefore only add that compensation is a settled question in constitutional law. No property may be confiscated; no rights may be abrogated; no contract entered into by, or on behalf of the state may be destroyed without compensation.

If the liquor makers and vendors have any claims within this meaning, such claims will assuredly be respected, and the temperance people will be among the first to concede all rights and pay for the breach of all contracts.

But let them not suppose that the public will ever consent to pay them for their "expectations," after having for many years conceded to them a monopoly at their own request. The signs of the times are plainly written in every Scott Act vote, and the majorities, which grow larger and larger, are a sufficiently distinct and definite indication of a falling market not to be mistaken by any man who is not blind by passionate selfish interest, and misled by an imaginary claim upon the public purse.

A good deal of eloquence has been wasted in quoting the British vote of twenty millions to the West India slave owners. This was a vote of money to purchase property in order to liberate it. There is not in this, or any other act of any modern government, a single precedent for such a wild-goose proposal as that of Mr. Kranz in the Dominion House of Parliament. I make this statement advisedly, and am prepared to take the platform or the press against statements to the contrary from any representative of the liquor interest. Perhaps Mr. Fullerton or Mr. Kyle will respond.



# THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

## CHAPTER I.

"Each thing has its work to do, its mission to fulfil, The wind that blows, the plant that grows, the waters never still. Thou dost we ask, 'Have we a task?' 'Tis given on each breast: Then do life's duties manfully, and never mind the rest. Gentle words and kindly deeds are never thrown away. But b'log unlooked-for harvest on some cloudy autumn day. We are but stewards of our wealth, of all by us possessed: Then do life's duties manfully, and never mind the rest."—Song.

Joy had not wept, or even shown much outward signs of grief, during her interview with Blyth. The usual and strange consciousness of his being displeased and opposed to her wishes—to what she felt a sacred duty not to be argued about—had chilled her heart.

But now she rose too; slipping softly up to her own room, almost as if she were an ungrateful creature who had no longer right to go boldly about the old house that had sheltered her. She found Hannah, spectacles on nose, standing ponderously beside an open oak wardrobe, in which she was laying fresh lavender, with most tender fingers, on a delicate white dress lying folded on the shelf—her wedding-gown!—while all around the room lay little piles of clothes, made ready for a journey.

"Oh, Hannah, Hannah!" and without another word of explanation, down bent Joy, holding back her nurse's fat arms from continuing their work, and laid her face on the broad, faithful breast, where it had so often come for refuge in childhood; murmuring now, and rubbing her head to and fro as if in pain.

"Oh, my doatie, my lamb! Sit down on that stool there, beside me. It's hard it is hard on young hearts: But there, don't fret; Master Blyth may be a bit vexed now, but he'll think all the more of you for going, in the long run."

So Hannah babbled, in broken consolation, and often merely foolish ejaculations. But she understood, and her silliest fondness seemed to do Joy's foolish young heart more good at this weak moment than even Rachel's high example; who always herself felt that,

"Because right is right to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Rachel, at that moment, was praying, not packing. She was praying for guidance and protection on their journey, and uttering thanksgiving praises. She had little, indeed, to pack. She was kneeling at the seat of her open window, her eyes gazing at the far hills, while the tide of inexpressible thankfulness that filled her heart still surged high. She had been like a lone bird pining for the mate of her years of secluded captivity. Now—whatever might come more of sorrow or care for herself!—yet how joyfully would she take up her old beloved burden, at thought that Magdalen, her sister, had not been swallowed up quick as they that go down into the pit; that she might happily live to gaze steadfastly at the river of death with a clear mind, and pass down into it with a glad heart and singing.

As Rachel had perforce led a hermit's life, one who little by little forgets the common ways of men, so to her Joy's lot seemed so blissful in past and future, she had failed to notice the girl's small present trouble in disappointing her lover, displeasing old Berrington, and putting off her own wedding-day, that was so near for an indefinite time. The elder woman walked on lone heights in spirit; but the young girl down in the valley felt so earthly she could only look up thither, and humbly hope some day to climb higher herself.

But it must now be explained that it was old Hannah who had secretly provided the necessary expenses for the journey. In the first ten minutes that she heard of the projected plan, the good old soul had come secretly to Rachel and Joy as they consulted together, offering in a humble joyful manner quite a large sum for their use. Law) it was only her wages she had put by in the savings bank all the years she was at the Red House. Call it a loan—what they pleased. They must take it, she insisted, bless their hearts! It was all left in her darling Miss Joy, anyway. How could it be better spent than to assist in finding her dear lost mistress? Why, only that she

would likely prove more hinderance than help, what with her age and weight and rheumatism, and being of necessity now to old Berrington and his wants, Hannah would gladly set forth once more herself.

Good Hannah! So she would; although so thankful these quiet years to be at rest. But indeed she weighed nearly sixteen stone now, and found it hard to move about with briskness, notwithstanding her still great strength; and she was short of breath from stoutness.

The three women had consulted together, and agreed that proper pride would forbid Rachel, and even Joy, from being beholden more deeply to the two Berrington men, unless it became quite necessary for poor Magdalen's sake. Both father and son had been so kind, so good for years, to the women and child who had taken refuge with them, that how could these latter now borrow from their purses to go on a journey which could bring little gladness to the good old farmer or to Blyth? For, alas! might not Magdalen in future raise fresh difficulties to the marriage, even in her sane seasons? Who knew? best not think about it!

## CHAPTER LI.

And so the next afternoon Rachel Estonia was gone, with her young niece, the pride and darling of the Red House! Gone!

It had been raining all day as Blyth prophesied, heavy showers succeeding each other. But before they started the rain had ceased while, the sun shone out in a faint gleam on a dripping, misty, but sweet-scented moorland world, blue-black cloud-armies retreating, slowly rolling up their forces, over the hills, while a rainbow spanning half the vale gleamed in greeting to the departing travellers.

"See, dear Blyth," Joy whispered aside, pressing his arm. "It is a sign of hope, the bow in the cloud."

Blyth made an effort to smile upon her, but with poor success. The strong man felt tied hand and foot by wiles that, however seemingly weak, yet he could not burst like Samson, for they were ties of filial affection towards his father. The old farmer, after appearing unwell all the day before, had a rather severe attack of illness in the night. But for this, Blyth would have insisted on going to London for a week with the two women, and giving them the protection of his presence and travelled experience, and (secretly) the help of his purse, though they should not know that. What could they, two helpless creatures, know of the means to be tried in such a case; how bear up against the weariness, rebuffs, trials, disappointments? And here was he, strong and able for the task, bound to stay in comfort under the old roof tree!

There was no other course now possible. Blyth dared not leave his father alone in old age and sickness, even for the sake of his love.

And then Joy had sweetly tried to console him. It must all be for the best. Her mother might be tempted back by Rachel and Joy herself, but would only flee farther from sight of Blyth, who had no lawful control over her either.

As to ways and means "We will ask the police, as you say; and then—trust in Providence."

Concerning Rachel, she bade them farewell with prolonged and warmly grateful hand-clasps, but few words and those deeply meant. Her dark eyes were shining as if they were fixed on a moving pillar of fire to guide her in their wanderings. She had no doubt of the success of their quest; but the when and where and how it might all end, that her faith did not seek to force!

Blyth had a carriage and horses hired from Moortown to take them away. That was all he could do; but neither the old gig nor his own new dog cart were fit vehicles, he considered, for them on such a day; but, please the Fates, when Joy came back—

Then farewells were over, and the carriage started down the lane, Joy looking back and smiling as long as she could see them. Hannah weeping loudly, but giving encouraging waves of a large pocket-handkerchief. Farmer Berrington on the other side of the gate (for he had insisted on coming out, though the air was so damp) giving

dry sniffs and fetching wheezy sighs, with both hands planted on his staff.

Gone!  
How different it was from the evening fourteen years ago, when the farm-wagon had stopped at the gate, and set down a nurse and a little child! thought Blyth. He watched the carriage at every curve and shading of the lane which he could still descry it; following it with troubled gaze from under his bent brows, his heart heavy and growing cold within him. Yet surely they would return, perhaps, before a month was over; or in two months; or at latest by Christmas.

And then Blyth gave his arm to his old father, and helped him into the house.

Thus the elderly woman and the young girl went out into the highways of the great world, along its iron roads, and into the roar and hurry, the splendor and squalor, and crowded loneliness of its great cities.

They left the pleasant moorland valley, that had so long sheltered them far away. And in a few days—what with the rush of new sights, sounds, and ideas, the excitement of their strange chase, the false hopes, disappointment, fluctuations of dull despair, struggles of reviving faith and energy, or brave efforts to hide fears from the other—both soon felt as if they had lived weeks since leaving the Red House on that sunlit, wet evening.

Both homesick, and both would have been heartsick, but finding now and again they were on the right track; that duty was leading them, although through devious ways and difficulties, on the same path as the will-o'-the-wisp soul they were pursuing stray news coming to cheer them, like the ignis-fatuus light.

## CHAPTER LII.

The autumn slowly waned in the Chad valley, while, as Victor Hugo has sung of his own land, "the rain and the sun seemed to have rusted the woodlands." And still Joy had not come back to the Red House.

Days grew shorter, darkness longer; the lanes were muddy, the hedges black and dripping; rains wore heavy and mista rolling; the cold came creeping in, and on and on, till it took the air, and the surface of the earth, and held the world fast in its grip. And yet, even when a white Christ mas came—a fine old-fashioned one, as people, said, when icicles and snow made pleasanter good cheer and roaring fires within doors, such as the farm was famous for—Joy returned not!

Farmer Berrington was more or less ailing and helpless all that winter. Again and again, when Blyth, hoping the old man was better, made all his preparations ready in secret to be off for a week's hasty travelling to see Joy again, and hear her dear voice, if only for a day, and perhaps be of help to her too, so surely did some fresh attack silently shatter his plans. Young Berrington once more had to take up for days the hard part to a man of prolonged care of the sick, of soft words and gentle footfall.

Blyth was an excellent son and a most tender nurse. Rich though he now was, he yet would let no hired attendant sleep in his old father's room at nights, but himself undertook that wearisome duty. George Berrington had been a good father to his motherless boy, and Blyth felt now, after his own absence in Australia, the wish to do only far, far more for him. A man can do so little, he thought, a woman so much in a thousand little words and acts!

If Joy could but have stayed—

Nevertheless the young man did his best nobly; bore patiently with the little whims and querulousness with which weary weakness will torment most poor sick creatures. He learned to subdue his own temper hourly, to make his own love of self-will give way even against reason, to soften not only his own words, if a trifle rough, but also his voice and manner. As to his heart, that was always tender and pitiful enough beneath the slight upper crust of hardness and selfishness that grows upon men often, especially when left alone in youth to struggle in the battle of life. He chafed like a strong horse obliged to go at a snail's pace.

"But it's done him good," soliloquized Hannah, to herself, in a low tone, sometimes; as she would stop bustling in the spotless, shining cleanliness of her kitchen, and peer, with her wise little old eyes, out of the window.

There would go Blyth, perhaps, kept in most of the afternoon waiting for the

doctor's visit; and now striding away on some dark, wet evening, glad to expand his chest and give his muscles play at last in a long walk over the hills; while the strong air, however damp-laden, blew like gusts of life and exhilaration into his face.

"He'll be all the better man when he comes back. To be rich and young and strong makes a man's heart so lifted up, he thinks himself lord over all those about him and a pet of Providence. And he's hit a nut, hard outside but sweet when you crack it. Ah, his learning now that he have got all his money in Australia and everything!"

Blyth an hour later, standing meditatively down the Chad valley, would have doubtless agreed with Hannah's last words. He would be most likely looking over the mossy parapet of the second bridge down the river from their farm. The swollen river, after winding in loops through the narrow valley up which he gazed, here foamed white and shallow, over weir, filling its ear with brawling noise. The hills on either side looked steep and black and lowering, clothed with underwood and copses that were brown and shaggy and leafless. With Joy all the summer's softening influence and beautiful hues seemed fled from the rugged nature around.

And yet Blyth loved his home as much as ever. Even this wintry evening had its charms for him, as he watched idly the intensely deep indigo hue of the great clouds overhead showing that a storm was brewing; then the white water hurrying seaward below him; and the wet, pallid green of the little flat valley, with red rocks, outcropping her and there from the hills that rose close on either hand.

Bestirring himself, he would resolve to walk round over the ground he had never faine from old Hawkshaw. A hill with its fine oak-wood he had coveted from his boyhood, and then some fat fields, a meadow, and, lastly, rounding the hill and touching the old Red Farm land, a dell that Joy had always loved and sometimes strayed into.

The sward was always short and green here, even though rough and wet with winter growth, while some white rocks peeped their shoulders out through the wood were laced with ivy trails. Hawthorns stood scattered through the dell, deep red with haws; others as white as if they had caught and kept the morning mist, or the wool of several sheep hanging on their palls. This strange sight, almost like snow in a dull twilight, was from the tiny traveller's joy whose hoary winter seeds made gray beards of the trees.

"Here," thought Blyth, "I will make a drive for her, following the hollow of the ground up to the Red House. Yonder shall be the gate leading out on the Moortown high-road. If it could only be done not by magic before she comes back; and I would drive in here with her by my side, and my darling would say it was a pleasant demerit to live in all one's days. By no magic, though by men's good luck, the road through the dell was made by early spring; and yet no young mistress passed up it."

There was a new horse for Joy that Blyth himself had carefully trained through the long winter, whinnying in the stable. A new wagonette stood beside the old ability gig, waiting for Blyth. It was a first-class some day with Joy at his side, while there was capacious room behind for old Mr. Berrington, and Rachel too—if she would.

But the spring had stolen imperceptibly summer, and once more the hay stood high and created; the cuckoo called by day, and the night jar and landrail were heard at night. And still Rachel was far away abroad; keeping the sunshine of the farm with her, the life and gladness of the house.

So old George Berrington grumbled, at finding he had short time left on earth, say so; and that it seemed hard. Blyth listened audibly, but said nothing.

Up spoke Hannah at that, fired by the defence of the absent and of the sex, sharply rebuking them both.

"You're better than you were last December, Mr. Berrington, now that the swellings of your legs has eased your chest and who knows but what you may outlive Miss Rachel yet, who's had troubles enough, the dear knows! to kill a dozen men. Why should you both grieve the poor soul who is just, I believe, the happiest time of her hard, hard life? It's like a mother who's been separated always from her own child (for Miss Joy has been like that to her,)

who has her at last all to herself, by her side. They're travelling a hard road, and on a task which Him who made us only knows whether it will be for their own happiness or chastisement, if they do succeed. But never you fear, Miss Joy isn't fretting. She knows her call in life is to cheer them that most want it. Be thankful both of you men, that your lives have been, and are still, passed in ease and plenty, if even, at the end, you have to want something you desire, master."

Both Berringtons took Hannah's words well, though each after his own fashion. Old Berrington kept more silence from repinings. Blyth threw redoubled energy into his work, in improving, altering, and beautifying the farm and the Red House itself.

With the fine weather had come sounds of masons' tools, carpenters' hammers, clinking and driving all the day long. Not a plank, brick, or nail of the pleasant old house should be altered, so Blyth assured his father. But some more rooms were added, in design matching the fine ancestral homestead so excellently well that the Red House of former days seemed not only spread more substantially, but as quaint-looking as ever. And these were rooms for Joy: airy and sunny, lined to be a nest fit for such a bright bird of delicate parentage. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mirage in the Sahara.

It was a few days ago that a place down the river near New Dongola, was seemingly encompassed by an imponderable mirror. In the distance we thought we saw rocks, mountains, and old mimosa trees where we knew that all was sand. In the afternoon the rocks and mountains were gone, and a great sheet of motionless water mirrored before us. We thought we could at times see the waves rippled by some passing breeze. Up to within 300 yards of us we thought we saw a regiment of red-coated soldiers marching at ease where we knew no soldiers could be. We thought we saw camels, laden with munitions of war, on the horizon. It was a mirage, and none of us were deceived by it. But en route we saw more than that. Only yesterday I witnessed a sublime phenomenon. It was not a mirage but a reality. I saw three sand-spouts rising perpendicularly to a great height. Their heads were lost in swelling capitals, which appeared to reach the clouds. They looked like columns which had the sky as their vault. It looked like the ruins of some supernatural pantheon. Other sand-spouts looked like balloons dragging their cars over the plains. On the desert these sand-spouts are dangerous, but we well know how to guard against them as well as our Bedouin or Arab guides.

Hand Grenades.

Quite a large sale is springing up in "hand grenades," consisting of a small bottle holding about a quart of chemical fluid, left hanging at some convenient place in a store or room where they can be caught at any time and dashed and broken in a fire. In many instances incipient fires are thus extinguished. The *Scientific American* thus explains how they can be made:—The liquid in hand grenades for extinguishing fires consists of sodium chloride, ammonium chloride, and hydrochloric acid dissolved in water, with the addition of potassium carbonate and subsequently sodium bicarbonate, and last of all a little free crystallized tartaric acid is added. The object of such a mixture is the generation of carbonic acid at the time of the fire, so that if you can arrange to have a solution of some carbonate, sodium or potassium, so placed that in the event of fire a free acid of some character can be brought in contact with the liquid, thereby generating the carbonic acid gas, your purpose will be accomplished.

An intrusive friend is sometimes more unwelcome than a respectful foe. Certainly no intimacy, however close, can be permanently and mutually a happy one, unless each party respects the other's individuality and abstains from meddlesome interference with his thoughts and views.

MADALINE'S "SWEET FRIENDS."

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

It was quite a story, I thought, when Madalino told me how she earned so much money in a quiet way by the aid of her "sweet friends," as she called the bees, and was well worth telling, that others might do likewise. So I wrote it down one winter's night, when the snow lay thick over field and roadway, and whirled in immense hillocks that blocked up the window panes.

I had settled myself in this small Canadian village for a winter of quiet, and to enjoy a little sketching in "pastures now." It was quite a wrench at my heart strings when Ben married, kind brother Ben, who had been my care all his life, being so much younger than myself. But Clarice Lorange was very charming, and she told him with childlike simplicity, of her Canadian home, and brother and sister Madaline, who lived in the little cottage where she was born, and had always lived too, until she went to Manchester to visit an aunt, and met Ben. So a little wedding trip was planned, in which I took a minor part, ending in a visit to this strange country village, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

Why not stay here, I thought, when they spoke of returning, and so I stood alone, wrapping my cloak around me with a shiver, upon the shore one autumn day, when the maples were brilliant with gold, and orange, and red, watching the two who were dearest to me till the boat seemed but a speck on the water.

"Is there no other way of crossing this big river?" I asked of a graceful young Indian, who leaned against a tree, smoking his pipe.

"This good way, take mail bags," he answered stoically, and I learned in this very primitive way were Her Majesty's mails conveyed from the city to several prosperous townships.

"Danger?" I asked. "Oh yes, sometimes in a high wind the boat drifted down towards the rapids, sometimes in winter the ice broke the stout dug-out to pieces, or they had to get out and draw it over the cakes."

But there was a magnificent trust in Providence that one could not help admiring among these simple people. So Ben left me, waving his handkerchief as he went, and singing to the stroke of the oars,

"The blush is on the maple bough,  
Ma belle Canadienne,  
I hold you to your promised vow,  
Ma belle Canadienne."

And that is how I happened to be left alone with dear, trusty Madaline and Pierre, who was always at work, or out on the river with his fish lines and nets. I took to Madaline at once, and we seemed to understand each other, though she had not long passed thirty, which seemed young to my fifty years and fast silvering hair. I did not resist the impulse that came to me to sketch some of the pretty things I saw, and they had the charm of novelty, and sold well if Ben's check's were to be trusted, and I grew to like the simple peasants and the little cottage as the winter came on. The church opposite was my admiration, it was full of such specimens as a geologist might covet, hewn from the rough limestone, and full of crinoids, brachiopods and an occasional trilobite; no wonder it looked odd, I thought when I discovered these treasures. There was always a dim mysterious air in this building,—the arched chancel connected with the priest's house, and now and then a young curate walked across this enclosure with bent head, and slow step, when no service was going on, as if on guard to see who was busy with their devotions. It seemed restful to go in now and then as the solemn music began, and see the trusting devotion of the *habitate*, and smell the perfume from the incense. An altar lamp was always burning and some one was sure to be praying in the narrow aisles. Sometimes I wandered to the churchyard, and was generally fascinated when there by the banks of golden rod, and purple asters that formed a gleam of color along the stone wall. Sunday was the loneliest day—but I often hired a two-wheeled charette and drove four miles to a little

church where my own language was spoken, for I did not understand much of the Canadian *patois*, and both Madaline and Pierre spoke English. The *Siour Gris* owned all the seignory, and our Pierre was their factotum, vowed to remain a bachelor if he would keep his situation, for the Sisters employed none but unmarried men. It was a long while before I understood how they lived so comfortably on this small *emplacement*, but one morning, searching for Madalino, I found her in a shed that I never before entered, and, looking in, discovered the meaning of the mysterious boxes I had seen set around the rough board fence that enclosed their half acre.

"Bees!" I exclaimed. "My sweet friends," said Madaline laughing. "Really," I said, "this is stinging industry; why did I never hear of it before?" "Because since Madam oiselle [came there has been no swarming, or there would have been more noise," she answered, and when I returned in to taste a piece of luscious honey-comb she told me how it happened that she had learned to take an interest in her, "sweet friends," as she called the busy bees, and as she talked she worked steadily, breaking up the comb, her dark hair covered by a crimson kerchief, and a large, coarse white apron, covering her whole figure. "It was after father died," she said, "nearly ten years ago, that Pierre was coming through the Indian woodland one day and heard a hum humming in a hollow tree. He made sure it was an immense hive of bees, and then bought the tree, and chopped it down at night, first smoking it with rock brimstone. We took over 500 pounds of honey from that tree, and sold it to city grocers, who were glad to get it pure, there being so much adulterated honey in the market. It averaged then, as now, twelve cents a pound, and I put away some of the money and bought six hives the next spring, and that very July a funny thing happened, for two strange swarms came to us that nobody claimed. We found one in the morning on a picket of the fence, where it had been all night, and the other clinging to the old sweet-apple tree. I have some movable hives with glass boxes now, that can be used anytime, but the old style is very profitable, as I buy at wholesale the cheapest tumblers, and have my name printed on a label like this, and she lifted a pint glass full of translucent sweetness, I smiled as I read,

"MADALINE LARANGE.

"My sweet friends.

"PURE HONEY."

and a picture of a bee in a clover blossom below. "Where do you keep your 'friends' in winter?" I asked, dubiously, and she said: "Here in this double lined shed, they live comfortably, but this is my harvest time, when I get rid of surplus stock and arrange what I will keep. I generally clear \$300 in a season, counting in the wax, which I clarify and sell to the druggist. I put them out in spring," she said, "as early as the weather is suitable and snow off the ground. They get their first food from the alders and willows, and then the sap from the maple trees in sugar time, after that the apple blossoms are the best food. The clover and raspberry flowers come along with the best buds of the linn trees, and make the best honey. Then there are the summer flowers in the neighbors' gardens and the later flowers of the buckwheat in my neighbors' fields." All the time that Madalino talked the bees travelled over her, and one of them recovering a little in the air flew on to my hand. "Don't strike it," she exclaimed, as I made a movement with the other hand, and the little creature crawled to my finger tips, and then flew away. I wanted to see the queen, but she could not satisfy me. "There is but one royal lady," she said, "and she is the only perfect female in the swarm; the rest are either drones or workers." "How like a human hive," I said, "all drones or workers." She laughed and told me the queen was the mother of them all, and laid the eggs; that the workers were long and slender, and as I persisted in my search for her majesty she gave me a warning, telling me of those two young girls who were in her garden one summer day, and thought they would like to see a queen, so they gently turned over one one of the hives in order to look in—and dear me," said Madaline, "my sweet friends became angry and came out. I heard the girls scream and ran towards them, 'Go under a grape vine!' I shouted, but they only beat at the angry insects with their hands and

ran toward me. I siczed the watering can that was already to sprinkle the geraniums, and drenched them well, throwing some in the air till the bees thought it was raining. Then I brought the poor girls in here, picked off the bees and rubbed the sore arms and faces with onion juice. One had a very swollen lip, and it did not ease the pain to tell her that the bee mistook her for a flower. They never tried to see a queen again."

"You must have charmed them," I said, if they never sting you, or do you keep the antidote onion always ready?" "They will soon learn," said Madaline, "not to sting you if you do not annoy them, and treat them gently but firmly and with quickness, but they resent injury."

"Nemo me impune lacessit," I said, "they are the real Scotchmen among insects." After this discovery I no longer wondered at the clear amber sweetness that was on our table so steadily, or at the comfort and plenty that was in the little household, and I thought the story worth telling in its rustic simplicity, that others might profit by it who had opportunity.

Predicting the Weather from the Color of the Stars.

From the fact that the color of pure water in great bulk is blue, M. Ch. Montigny explains the predominance of this color in the scintillation of the stars just before and during wet weather. The luminous rays, he argues, traversing the air charged with large quantities of water are necessarily tinged with the blue color of this medium. The excess of blue thus becomes an almost certain means of predicting rain. This theoretic conclusion corresponds with the results of his observations continued for several years past on the appearance of the stellar rays in connection with the state of the weather. During the months of fine weather in the present year blue has been much less conspicuous than in the corresponding months of previous years since 1870, when wet weather prevailed. It also appears that green, which had always coincided with clear skies during the fine years before 1870, has recently again become predominant. Hence M. Montigny thinks it probable that we have got over the cycle of bad seasons, and that dry weather and more normal summers may be anticipated, at least, for some time to come.

The Canadian Pacific Cars.

Americans evidently think well of our new Canadian Pacific Line to Montreal. The following appeared in the *Detroit Free Press* the other day. The praises bestowed are, in this instance, well earned, the Canadian Pacific equipment and style of working being a vast improvement on what we have had in the past:—"Some Detroiters who attended the Montreal ice carnival, going by way of the Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific, were greatly surprised at the fine equipment of the new railway. That part of it between Toronto and Montreal is said to be well built and in excellent condition. The trains run quickly and with very little jar, making the journey both short and comfortable. But the most noticeable feature was the excellence of the passenger coaches, which are declared to be equal to parlor cars. Each coach is furnished with a marble washstand and towels, and all doors and windows are double, doing away entirely with dust and the cold breezes that are admitted to ordinary cars every time the doors are opened. The heating and ventilation are excellent, while the upholstery and general finish of the cars are in keeping with the other parts."

The Congo Basin.

The Congo basin, as now defined, is based upon the proposition made by the American members of the conference, and takes in a strip of territory stretching from the west coast across the Indian Ocean, with a littoral of 385 miles, i. e. from Ambriz to the French Gaboon frontier, on the Atlantic side, and a coast front of thirteen degrees, or 750 miles on the Indian Ocean. The principal side of the question, however, in this discussion pertains, of course, to the Atlantic littoral, as being the accessible one, and the natural geographical avenue of trade from and to Europe.





## Our Young Folks.

## DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

By CHARLES CARRYL.  
CHAPTER XII.

The paper was addressed, "Davy Jones," and was headed inside "Binnacle Bob: His Verses," and below these words Davy found the following story:

"To inactivity inclined  
Was Captain Parker Pitch's mind;  
In point of fact, 't was fitted for  
An easy-going lino ashore.

"His disposition, so to speak,  
Was usually soft and weak;  
He feared the rolling ocean, and  
He very much preferred the land.

"A stronger-minded man by far  
Was gallant Captain Thompson Tar;  
And 'twas what was very wrong, I think,  
He marked himself with indla ink.

He boldly called, 'The Scaking Sue'  
Who, angry gales and tempests blew,  
And even from the nor-nor-east  
He didn't mind 'em in the least.

"Now, Captain Parker Pitch's sloop  
Was called 'The Zozy Chickooop'  
A truly comfortable craft  
With ample state-rooms fore and aft.

"No foolish customs of the deep,  
Like 'watches,' robbed his crew of sleep;  
That estimable lot of men  
Were all in bed at half-past-ten.

"At seven bells, one stormy day,  
Bold Captain Tar came by that way,  
And in a voice extremely coarse  
He roared 'Aho!' till he was hoarse.

"Next morning of his own accord  
This able seaman came aboard,  
And made the following remark  
Concerning Captain Pitch's bark:

"'Avast!' says he, 'Belay! What cheer!  
How comes this little vessel here?  
Come, tumble up your crew,' says he,  
'And navigate a bit with me.'

"Says Captain Pitch, 'I can't refuse  
To join you on a friendly cruise;  
But you'll oblige me, Captain Tar,  
By not a-taking of me far.'

"At this reply from Captain Pitch,  
Bold Thompson gave himself a hitch;  
It cut him to the heart to find  
A seaman in this frame of mind.

"'Avast!' says he: 'We'll bear away  
For Madagascar and Bombay,  
Then down the coast to Yucatan,  
Kamatchatka, Guinea, and Japan.

"Stand off for Egypt, Turkey, Spain,  
Australia, and the Spanish Main,  
Then through the nor-west passage for  
Van Dieman's Land and Labrador.'

"Says Captain Pitch: 'The ocean swell  
Makes me exceedingly unwell,  
And, Captain Tar, before we start,  
Pray join me in a friendly tart.'

"And shall I go and take and hide  
The sneaking trick that Parker tried;  
Oh! no, I very much prefer  
To state his actions as they were:

"With marmalade he first began  
To tempt that bluff sea-faring man,  
Then fed him all the afternoon  
With custard in a table-spoon.

"No mariner, however tough,  
Can thrive upon it is kind of stuff;  
And Thompson soon appeared to be  
A feeble-minded child of three.

"He cried for cakes and lollipops—  
He played with dolls and humming tops—  
He even ceased to roar 'I'm blowed'  
And shook a rattle, laughed and crowed.

"When Parker saw the seaman gaze,  
Upon the Captain's cunning ways,  
Baw envy thrilled him through and through  
And he became a child of two.

"Now, Thompson had in his employ  
A mate, two seamen, and a boy;  
The mate was fond as he could be  
'Of babies, and he says, 'I say he,

"'Why, mesmates, as we're all agreed  
Sea-bathing is the thing they need;  
Let's drop these bluffs of the quarter'  
—(They did, in fourty fathom water.)"

Just as Davy finished these verses, he discovered to his alarm that he was sinking into the beach as though the sand were running down through an hour-glass, and before he could make any effort to save himself he had gone completely through and found himself lying flat on his back with tall grass waving about him.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE END OF THE BELIEVING VOYAGE.

When Davy sat up and looked around him, he found himself in a beautiful meadow with the sun shining brightly on the grass and wild-flowers. The air was filled with

dainty colored insects darting about in the warm sunshine, and chirping cheerily as they flew, and at a little distance the Goblin was sitting on the grass attentively examining a great, struggling creature that he was holding down by its wings.

"I suppose," said the Goblin, as if Davy's sudden appearance was the most ordinary thing in the world,—"I suppose that this is about the funniest bug that flies."

"What is it?" said Davy, cautiously edging away.

"It's a cricket-bat," said the Goblin, rapping familiarly with his knuckles on its hard shell. "His body is like a boot-jack, and his wings are like a pair of umbrellas."

"But, you know a cricket-bat is something to play with!" said Davy, surprised at Goblin's ignorance.

"Well, you may play with it if you like. I don't want to!" said the Goblin, carelessly tossing the great creature over to Davy, and walking away.

The cricket-bat made a swoop at Davy, knocking him over like a feather, and then with a loud snort, flew away across the meadow. It dashed here and there at flying things of every kind, and turning on its side, knocked them, one after another, quite out of sight, and finally, to Davy's great relief, disappeared in a distant wood.

"Come on! come on!" cried a voice; and Davy looking across the meadow, saw the Goblin beckoning vigorously to him, apparently in great excitement.

"What's the matter?" cried Davy, pushing his way through the thick grass.

"Oh, my! oh, my!" shrieked the Goblin, who was almost bursting with laughter.

"Here's that literary hack again!"

Davy peered through a clump of bushes and discovered a large red animal with white spots on its sides, clumsily rummaging about in the tall grass and weeds. Its appearance was so formidable that he was just about whispering to the Goblin, "Let's run!" when the monster raised its head and, after gazing about for an instant, gave a loud, triumphant whistle.

"Why, it's Ribey!" cried Davy, running forward. "It's Ribey, only he's grown enormously fat."

It was Ribey, indeed, eating with all his might. The name on his side was twisted about beyond all hope of making it out, and his collar had quite disappeared in a deep crease about his neck. In fact, his whole appearance was so alarming that Davy anxiously inquired of him what he had been eating.

"Everything!" said Ribey enthusiastically. "Gas, nuts, bugs, birds and berries! All of 'em taste good. I could eat both of you, easily," he added, glaring hungrily down upon Davy and the Goblin.

"Try that fellow first," said the Goblin, pointing to large round insect that went flying by, humming like a top. Ribey snapped at it and swallowed it, and the next instant disappeared with a tremendous explosion in a great cloud of smoke.

"What was that?" said Davy, in a terrified whisper.

"A Hum Bug," said the Goblin calmly. "When a cab-horse on a vacation, talks about eating you, a Hum Bug is a pretty good thing to take the conceit out of him. They're loaded, you see, and they go booming along as innocently as you please, but if you touch 'em—why, 'there you are n't!' as the Hole-keeper says."

"The Hole-keeper is n't himself any more," said Davy mournfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Cloud-land.

While boys and girls are studying nature in the forms of plants, and the instincts of beasts and birds, they should not forget to look up and admire the ever-changing beauty of the clouds. Nearly all of you have amused yourselves by tracking the forms of giants, and castles, and many other things in the summer sky, and have tried to fancy pretty tales about them before they disappeared. Perhaps you think that learned men have never troubled their wise heads about the matter. Yet, after long patient watching, meteorologists, as such students are called, have learned a great deal about the clouds, and given names to the different kinds. That delightfully soft and downy cloud which

looks like a great mountain of cotton, or white of egg, whipped to a froth, is called Cumulus, a word meaning a heap. These heap-clouds make the best pictures, for they go floating about taking all manner of shapes, which fade and change like the figures in a dissolving view. Sailors call the Cumulus, the "Ball of Cotton," and it is known also as the "Day-cloud," because it melts away at night. You have noticed it, and fancied that you would like to have such a soft, fluffy thing for a pillow, but you would not have thought so if you had known that the cloud was cold and watery, being made of the vapor which the sun had drawn up from oceans and streams. The Cumulus does not rise very high, and far above it, in colder regions of the sky, is seen the graceful Cirrus, or Curl-cloud. This is long and wavy, like a lock of hair, or an ostrich-plume, and sailors call it the "Mare's tail." The Stratus is that cloud which stretches across the lower sky in long stripes or streaks. It is often seen about sunset, tinted with the most gorgeous red and gold, or with delicate shades of violet, pink and green. Its name Stratus means "a layer," and it is known also as the "Cloud of Night," because it grows more distinct as darkness comes on.

These are the three principle classes of clouds, and you can easily learn to know one from another, as they are so very unlike. Sometimes, however, you will see groups which may puzzle you, by seeming to be neither Cumulus, Cirrus, nor Stratus alone, but a combination of two of these kinds, or even of all three.

For instance, in fine, warm weather, the sky is sometimes covered with little woolly balls—thousands on thousands of them, or with wavy lines like the dark markings on a mackerel's side. This is called Cirro-cumulus, not exactly like either Cirrus or Cumulus clouds, but a little similar to both. The Cirro-cumulus is formed when the Cirrus floats down to a warmer atmosphere, meets some melting heap-clouds, and mingles with them. Sometimes the Cirrus stretches out in long bands, as the stratus does, though less evenly, and generally in a higher part of the sky. It is then called Cirro-stratus, or the "Thread clouds," and is said to be a sign of rain.

The Cumulo-stratus looks like a straight row of soft, white balls, being a combination of the heap-cloud and the layer, as the name shows. It keeps growing darker and more threatening until it becomes the black Nimbus, or Rain-cloud, to which is sometimes given the triple name, Cirro-cumulo-stratus, as is often formed of all three classes of clouds. The Rain-clouds are full of electricity, and when they come near each other, lightning and thunder are produced with grand and often terrible effect. You have now a long list of cloud names, but you will not find them difficult to recollect or understand if you bear in mind the meaning of the first three: Cumulus, "a heap;" Cirrus, "a curl;" Stratus, "a layer." It is very hard to say just when the clouds are most beautiful. At dawn they are pale, silvery-pink, and at sunrise, glow with brilliant red and gold; at mid-day they drift calmly on in matchless, dazzling whiteness, with the bright blue sky above them; and later, when the sun is going down, are flooded with glorious shades of red and green and gold. On moonlight nights, a soft, silvery radiance bathes the cloud pictures as they form and float and melt away. Fortunately for us, we are not called upon to choose which kind of clouds to have, but may enjoy each fair scene in turn, as often as we desire.

## Ivy and Georgie.

This is just a wee bit screed to let you good people know that we are all well and bonnie Ivy is sleeping away in the corner for all she's worth. I have a kind of a cot affair away up about two feet from the floor and it looks cozy and she likes it. She has the prettiest little eyes you ever saw. Deep violet—good deal like Lou's, only I fancy Lou's are just a tiny shade darker. I think her nose will developo into something like her mother's. We have put George into one of those dark, navy blue jersey and Knickerbookers of same stuff, with a piratical headgear, and he knocks

about in it to his heart's content, and it never seems any the worse for the rough usage; and it's warm for him, too. He's a good hand at hoop-trolling. I have had a good, strong iron one made for him. He's very fond of his sister. He kisses her and he hugs her when "Lou" wants to run down the garden for a minute. He's a model brother, and I think it wouldn't be well for any of his youthful companions to come philandering around Ivy while he was handy. He fetched one in—by the hand—the other day to show him his sister while she was asleep. It was comical to see the noisy little Turk tiptoeing into the front room with this dirty little playmate of his and whispering as they reached up to the cot, "Vat's my sister," "vat's Ivy," "don't make no noise, else ou'll wake her," and after the lad duly admired the sleeping beauty bub was as carefully led out from the presence with a proprietary air by Master George. And I believe it's a case of mutual regard, for she puts her fat little arms around his neck. Georgie's hair has become curly and browner and, if you can take the opinion of an unprejudiced party, you can believe me, he is one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest, youngsters in Kent. He has a sunny, plump, red-cheeked, brown-browed face, with a fine pair of blue eyes and a general appearance like those plump cherubs you see peeping out of the clouds in the old masters. He is not a bit of a cherub in his pranks, though, and I am jolly glad of it. I dislike goody-goody youngsters with their hair all sleeked down and never a spot on them anywhere. Not a bit like one of these is Georgie.

His hair is generally tumbled all over his head, and that's how I like it, and as for spots, well, Georgie don't stop to put spots, it's generally smeared honestly over; and he glories in it, and I'm afraid I don't look as serious as I ought to do.

It's wrong, I know, but I can't help it. He's quick, too. Begin to spell short words, and knows his figures. We don't intend letting him go to school yet awhile. I don't believe in filling their heads with a lot of stuff too quickly. Let them be youngsters as long as they can. Teach them just a bit at home, but not too much. Why, some places where I go they trot out the poor little creatures, very little older than Georgie, and make them go through the tables, or speak a piece, and so on.

It's a shame to make their heads swim over a table of divisions when they might, with more profit, be playing tag.

Let them be children as long as possible and as much out of doors as you can.

## Saved by a Shoestring.

Captain Hall, the famous Arctic explorer, relates how he and an Eskimo boy went one day in a small boat to visit a certain island which he was anxious to explore. The boat was fastened to a piece of rock on the shore and left with every appearance of safety. When they returned from their expedition they discovered the tide had risen, floated their boat, which was quite out of reach, and covered the piece of rock to which it was fastened. Captain Hall saw in a moment the extreme peril in which they were placed. That boat was the only connecting link between them and the living world, and it was beyond their reach. What was to be done? To swim towards the boat was out of the question in such a climate. They did the only thing that seemed possible. They unbound the thongs that fastened their native boots, and piecing these together formed a line about twenty feet long. To the end of this they tied a heavy stone, which they threw into the boat and gently drew it to the shore. It was with unspeakable relief they once more entered the boat and felt they were saved from inevitable starvation—saved by a shoestring! How simple sometimes is the instrumentality by which the sinner is drawn to Christ. It may be by the artless question of a child, by a few plain words dropped incidentally dropped by the way-side, by the irreproachable consistency of a humble and obscure life, or by invisible cords of sympathy which, though inexplicable, are irresistible to their influence. "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living."

# THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 16

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for Truth for at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended 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 reference. 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 each story when used. Address—Editor'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 Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and Registration.

## TO DEAR GOD.

(Translated for "Truth" from the German.)

SENT BY MRS. S. R. ASBURY, DURHAM, GREY CO., ONT.

[In sending the following beautiful story, the writer says: "It was translated from the German by my husband, Rev. S. R. Ashbury, one of the translators of Lange's Commentaries. It has not been published before."]

The full clear tones of a girl's voice resounded through a room in Germany. It was a room in one of those houses, which have become rare in our days, a house in which you feel at home the moment you enter. Everything is so comfortable, so rich, so substantial, yet nothing grand, nothing for mere ornament. The furniture had evidently been made for use, and had served its purpose for some time; some of it bore the appearance of having come down to its present owner from his grandfather, or even great-grandfather, and yet somehow testified that he was a well to do merchant of the city of Einstadt. In the corner stood one of the great German stores, covered all over with tiles, on which were portrayed views from sacred history, and near it the elaborately carved arm chair, in which Master Hartman, as he was called, loved to sit when the day's business was done, and listen to the clear fresh voice of his little daughter Elisabeth.

Elisabeth was just suited to her surroundings. She would have been considered a pretty girl anywhere, but she seemed most in place in that large old fashioned room. Her clear blue eyes, and thick, light braids of hair that fell over her back, her simple morning dress, and her quiet, modest manner, showed that she was by no means one of the dashing girls of the period, but one that reminded us of times now past. And it was no modern sisson trash that she was singing, but one of the genuine, sweet, soul-stirring old German melodies.

It was the season of spring. The sun shone brightly on the flowers that bloomed in the window, and which she had just been watering, and sparkled in the drops still standing in the leaves. One warm ray reached to the middle of the floor, making a strip of brightness on the polished floor, and, moving up the wall, brightened the faces of the venerable ancestors whose portraits hung there. They seemed especially to greet Elisabeth, till her heart was so filled with pleasure that she broke out into singing again, so joyously that the flowers seemed to raise their heads, and the passing birds to pause in their flight to listen.

One person, at any rate, was listening, who had entered the room unnoticed. "God preserve you your good spirits, my child," he said aloud. She stopped suddenly and turned round. "Good morning, Papa," she cried. "I hope you don't mind my singing. Silly child that I am, I can't help it."

"Mind it?" he answered gently, "did I not say, God keep you in your joyous mood. Life will bring you enough to spoil your excitement and cause many a tear to fall between your trials. But not yet, I hope; so sit, as hard as you like while there is a still spring in your heart."

"Yes, Papa," it is just in springtime that I feel as if I could not help it. When I see everything looking happy in the warm sun, I want to bloom like the flowers and sing like the birds. My heart is ready to burst with joy. But I am not always so gay, Papa, for sometimes I think of the poor blind people who cannot see at all, and the sick children who are kept in bed, and the prisoners who cannot leave their cells, and the mad people—oh! I often think of them, for how can they have any pleasure. It

must be always night with them, and always winter. But look, Papa, what is that? A little bird is coming in at the window; there! it is hopping about on my plants, and here it comes as if it had some business with me."

"And perhaps it has," said the father, as the little stranger flew from the plant-tray to the table, near where they were standing. It was a canary, a pretty little fellow, with clear black eyes, and he really seemed to be looking for something. When Elisabeth stretched her hand towards him he did not seem frightened, but allowed himself to be captured, and his soft feathers stroked, and he chirruped gently as if he wanted to answer Elisabeth when she said: "Good morning my little friend. Where do you come from? Is it no you are looking for?"

The bird flew up and down the room, and then back to her, while Elisabeth's sharp eyes had followed his flight and discovered something peculiar about the little stranger. She caught him again, and raising his wing, said: "Look, Papa, he has really something for me; there is a little letter under his wing."

It was so in fact. The little bird was violating the postal laws by carrying a letter, folded small under his wing, and tied with a thin silken thread. Elisabeth quickly untied it, and read the address.

"O Papa, it is not for me."

"For whom then, daughter?"

"Read yourself. "To Dear God."

"To dear God. That is very strange. But there it is, written plainly. Well, open the letter. The dear God is always near an innocent child. You have the best right to the letter; perhaps it has come to the right address after all."

In anxious haste Elisabeth unfolded the letter, and her eyes flew over the few lines, as with a voice choked with sobs she read to her father:—

"Thou, dear God art the only hope of the forsaken. I send to Thee my last earthly friend. He will find the way to Thee. Send some one to take me away from here. I am not crazy, as they say I am, but only sick, and awfully unfortunate and miserable. Dear God, do help me."

Karlshheim. ADELE V. S.

"You see Papa," cried Elisabeth, as she handed this strange prayer to her astonished father, "my singing is soon over. I am full of sadness now because of the wretchedness so many people have to endure."

"And this little messenger," said the father, "came from just such a house as you mentioned just now as an abode of the greatest misery. For there can be no doubt that some poor mad girl wrote that letter, or perhaps, as she says, someone they wish to make out to be mad. Yes, I remember now hearing of Karlshheim as a private lunatic asylum in the province. There have been all sorts of reports about it. A few years ago there were stories afloat that in convenient persons might easily be disposed of there, if others had means and malice enough, or they might even be made to believe that they belonged there."

"But such things are dreadful, Papa. Can they really go on without being known and punished?"

"Almost anything is possible, Elisabeth, especially nowadays, and almost everything

that can happen does happen. Poor woman! we can well imagine how hard it was for her to part with the only companion of her misery, to send away the only creature she loved there, to be the messenger of her misfortune. Well, he comforted my little bird, you have come to the right place. Master Hartman is one who fears the dear God, and whoever asks anything from him in that name he will not refuse, but will help him if he can."

"Yes, indeed, Papa," and Elisabeth, happy again, threw her arms around his neck, "You will help, won't you?"

"If I can, daughter, I will if I can. It will not be easy. Karlshheim is under high protection. My word is not very powerful, I am only an honest tradesman."

"But you have helped so many already, and people are always glad of your advice, for they know your heart is in the right place, dear Papa."

"Yes, you are right, child, and I will go and speak about it and see what help I can obtain, and will not stop until I have done dear God's business, to whom the letter properly belongs, though it has come to us."

"And God will bless you," said Elisabeth solemnly, taking her arms from his neck, "and then when you have succeeded, when you have found the unfortunate one and got her out of that nasty house, then, dear Papa, you must help me to take her messenger, her dear, faithful little bird, back to her again."

"Of course, my dear child, and till then I commend it to your care, and my undertaking to the divine blessing."

Strange as it may seem, the letter was right. It might be guessed even from the outside of Karlshheim Lunatic Asylum that the reports about the inhuman and unlawful treatment of patients there were not altogether unfounded, for it had no air of peace and quiet, and none of that beauty of house and garden which such institutions generally have nowadays, in order to mitigate the gloomy impression which necessarily clings to them. The sight of the great gloomy house made one feel that no good spirit could dwell in it. It was at a distance from the nearest town, the windows on one side opened on a dreary moor, and on the other on a dark fir grove; a high wall surrounded the scanty and badly kept garden; there was nothing in the surroundings to quiet the mind, or to help to clear the beclouded mind.

When a carriage arrived with a new patient a couple of dark visaged keepers appeared at the inhospitably half-opened door, in whose faces one might read that humanity, self-sacrifice and such ideas were altogether foreign to them, and the physician himself was evidently not one of those who, thanks to God, live like fathers and brothers among the insane in most of such institutions at the present time.

If there were any light or thought left in the darkened hearts and minds of those who came here, a horror must have fallen on them the moment their feet crossed the threshold.

Thus one morning her carriage had arrived, but how she had been taken from the world without, how she had been brought and received here, and whether it had always been as horrible as it was now, she could not tell. Adele V. S.—was the only child of her parents, the last scion of the main line of a noble family. On her alone the continuance of the race, with its great possessions, depended. The death of her parents, one of whom soon followed the other, brought a collateral branch of the family, which had become impoverished by their own fault, and had long looked with envious eyes on Adele's inheritance. nearer the realization of their hopes. Adele, on losing her parents fell into a severe nervous illness. She got better in body, but her mind was troubled. There was no violent madness, but an inward gnawing sorrow, which enfeebled her mind, caused her thoughts to wander, and seemed to take away all the power of her will. Weeks and months passed on without any change or prospect of improvement. The physicians began to talk of the illness as incurable, and the hopes of her relatives assumed a more definite form. They urged that the unfortunate girl should be placed in an asylum; the only thing was to find one where any improvement would not be noticed, and her incurableness would be permanent. Karlshheim seemed to correspond to their wishes. Once possessed of Adele's fortune they could easily pay the price of her perpetual confinement there.

So she came to Karlshheim. She had been there for years. One after another passed without her even coming out of her constant indifference to everything, without her even feeling the hard un-sympathetic manner in which she was treated. For years the relations heard such reports as pleased them, and they took steps to secure full possession of the incurable's wealth.

One spring, however, when the gloomy asylum with its sad surroundings was illuminated by the brightness which had so often passed without any effect on her, there came a change. It seemed as if she remembered something, or as if a heavy iron kept something back in her poor head which must get free; as though she must find something, which as yet she could not find. But the more she sought and sought the clearer her mind became. She began to bestow more attention on things around her, to observe what was said and done near her, and so she soon found out that she did not belong there, though as yet she could not tell whence she came or where she was. In order to make this out she reflected day after day, no longer brooding at her little table, but standing at the open window, or walking in the paltry garden, and it seemed to her now that the spring, which had glorified even this poor spot, was an old acquaintance of hers, with whom she had formerly had much pleasant intercourse. So she went out more and more frequently—to which no one objected for there was no escape over the high wall, and her mind became brighter and clearer in the warm May air. And so one evening when the setting sun was gilding the tops of the fir trees with its last glowing rays, it broke upon her all at once that she was in a madhouse.

She did not sink under this knowledge, no, it helped her rather to become quite clear about herself and her situation. One desire awakened to strong life in her, that she might get away from this place to some other where she would receive rest and attention. For she felt that she needed these things. She was sick, very sick still, but she also knew that this was no place for her. She was no longer insane, and would altogether recover elsewhere.

She applied to the physician, but he contradicted without convicting her: she besought help and compassion from the keepers, but they were as unfeeling towards her as they had been for years, and so from day to day she felt more and more her wretchedness. She knew that she was a prisoner, and yet from this time, how or why she could not tell, she began to have a presentiment of escape.

One favor they did grant her. The dull apathy in which she had so long remained being past she longed for something to occupy her, something that might help her to bear her solitude, which she felt more and more. This they understood, and gave her a canary bird, which was very tame and used to caresses, and the bird soon became the inseparable companion of his sad but kind mistress.

He flew about the room, perched on her shoulder when she looked her walks, and never flew far away, as if he were afraid of troubling her. She soon made him her confidant, as he listened with his little head on one side, as if he understood every word; for the more the feters of her mind were loosed, the more oppressive did she feel these which kept her in this prison.

She could not escape without help, that was plain, and equally so that none could be procured in the house. One day she was on her knees praying to God for light, light to discover some way of escape. Her little bird was fluttering about, evidently anxious and confidential, as if he wished to raise her up and comfort her. "Yes, if you could only help me, you little creature," she murmured, "you certainly would do it. You might take a message, but to whom? Yes, to whom? Is there one person in the whole world who would care for me, who would take up my cause, my Thou, great God above? And dost Thou really hear me? If I could only tell Thee more plainly where I am, and what I suffer! Ah, now I know. You, my little bird, you shall tell him. But I must be quick, before I get tired. Before my poor head gives way again."

In feverish excitement she sprang in her little table, took out paper and pens, which she had found there, but never before thought of using. The keepers had left them there, for they knew she could not make any dangerous use of them; no letters could leave the house untraced.

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In haste she wrote down the words we have already perused, drew a thread from her neck-tie, folded the letter, wrote "to dear God" on it, and fastened it under the bird's wing. Then she hurried to the window with him, lifted him up and whispered, "Now fly up to Him, higher and higher, and show Him what I have written, and tell Him to help me to get away from here, far, far away."

And the little bird, who would never leave her before, now, as if he understood, did not hesitate, but soared away over the wall till she could no longer see him. But soon her eyes became dim, the iron hand seemed again to press upon her poor head. She sank back, and when the keeper came he found her fallen in a swoon on her chair. But she did not forget that she had sent her little bird to the dear God; no, she thought of it every day and night. Day after day she stood at the window, often for hours, looking out at the wall, and over it into the dark fir wood, whither the bird had flown. Every day she thought she would see him coming back, like Noah's dove, bringing her the olive leaf of peace, but one evening came after another, and none was any different or any better for her.

The spring in which her crisis had come had changed to summer, and the summer into autumn, when one evening, as a double-dread seemed to chill her heart, she stood again at the window, thinking, dreaming, hoping, as ever, and as ever looking out after her winged messenger, when she was all at once awakened in her dreams. Loud steps were heard outside in the corridor, steps different to those to which she was accustomed. The door of her room opened, and other figures appeared than those which usually met her view. They were entirely strange, but at the first glance she guessed that they had come for her, for her escape and liberation. Before all came hushing to meet her a young, blooming girl, carrying a canary bird in her hand. Adele recognized her darling; it seemed to her again as if a dark veil were withdrawn from her senses, and she heard with touched and thankful heart when her deliverers related how they had found the way to her, how they had come to fetch her and make her quite well. She apprehended, she understood it all.

Master Hartman's noble indefatigable efforts in Adele's cause had at last, after numerous hindrances, which had only stimulated him to greater exertions, been successful. He had gone even to the King. The investigation had been begun, Adele's liberation and security already decreed, and proceedings instituted against her relations and the doctor—with this message and the official documents, had Hartman and Elisabeth hastened to Karlsruhe.

Elisabeth insisted on Adele's being brought to her father's house, that she might there tend and cherish her, till her wounded heart was quite healed, and her shattered mind entirely restored. Soon her merry, melodious song resounded again through the halls, and the canary flew from the shoulder of his caged mistress to hers, singing also with hers his joyous song, though he too would testify his thankfulness that the letter to "Dear God" had come to the right address.

Advice is often a well-meant intrusion. Not-so matter how excellent or how much needed we may think it, it is worse than thrown away when it is thrust upon unwilling ears. The cases are rare where it could be given unsought, and even these are all for want of delicate management. Unless some degree of confidence be established, it is utterly worthless.

Persons who grasp new truths are very apt to drop old ones entirely out of sight. Their accounts for the great changes to which they oscillate in their opinions. None are bitter against a party, sect or system as those who have forsaken it and embraced another. Yet it is out of the old, and by its sincerity with which they cling to it, that they have been able to grasp something new and higher; and, while they may not rejoice in their fuller light, they owe respectful memory to the lesser light which has thus guided them onward. As the night the mountaineer turns round and takes the steps which he has trodden and the narrower prospects which he has seen, simply because he has ascended a little higher, as the searcher after truth throws himself upon what was the highest he could attain.

THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."  
Dryden.  
Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chaulbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

NO. 52.—CAN'T YOU NAME IT?

I may be called a piece of ground,  
Or as waste liquor may be found;  
I am a bog, a marsh, a fen;  
Of strikes of oysters I am ten;  
I'm a cosmetic, and may be  
An arm belonging to the sea.  
I have hostility to dirt;  
I'm refuse food, fermented wort,  
And surely 'twould not be amiss  
To say I am a denitrifier.  
By those whose scalps are getting bare,  
I'm used to renovate the hair.  
I'm a thin coat, and every rower,  
Knows I'm a portion of his oar.  
Of rivers I'm the shallowest part;  
I'm used in the distilling art;  
Molasses, water, scummings, dunder!  
Such a mixture makes one wonder.  
NELSONIAN.

NO. 53.—DECAPITATION.

[Entered for Prize.]  
Though hard of heart, yet I can boast  
I'm lovely as a peach;  
You've heard my name, this I'll affirm,  
'Tis now within your reach.

Behold me, and again I'm here  
Each time you think or speak;  
Now, surely nothing is so plain  
If for me you'll but seek.

Now snatch my head, and cut it off,  
And graft it to my tail;  
I'm near thee still, but what with pain,  
And ache, I look quite pale.

Restore me to my first estate  
And say you love me well,  
For I'm a lovely, blushing thing;  
Who first my name will tell?  
FRANK HOWELL.

NO. 54.—PHONETICS.

1. A young lady successfully applied to the manager for free admittance to an opera. What did he say to the doorkeeper signifying a bird of the sparrow kind?  
2. She immediately interceded for her father, using a word signifying a latch-key. What was it?  
ERMINA S.

NO. 55.—A CHARADE.

MY FIRST.  
The tints of myriad dew flowers,  
The seven gay hues the rainbow wears;  
The flood that pours through April showers,  
Which bathes the earth in shimmering tears,  
The glow that streams through red yule fires;  
The silver radiance of the moon,  
That glitters on the tall church spires.  
The ruddy beams of sultry noon;  
The glimmer of the planets far,  
That downward steals in pearly rays,  
And every distant wink of star;  
The sunny gold of summer days.  
MY SECOND.

The palace of the monarch high;  
The simple cottage draped in vines;  
The villa glistening to the sky;  
The log hut framed of rough hewn pines;  
The mansion of the merchant king,  
Of red-brick built or massive stone;  
The clay-walled cabin by the spring  
The simple negro calls his own;  
The wigwag of the Indian brave;  
The snowy cells on Iceland's shore;  
The home on lonely ocean wave  
Around whose base the billows roar.

MY WHOLE.  
Far over the seas where the winds blow loud  
Like the sound of a bitter sobbing,  
And pipe and shiver in each white shroud,  
And the restless sea is throbbing,  
And the waning moon has veiled her light,  
And the stars are gone from Heaven,  
The sailor yearns for a beacon bright  
To cheer the darkness given.  
And away he looks as he guides the helm

Of his vessel ceaseless rocking,  
While the waves each other overwhelm,  
And the gale sounds weird and mocking.  
And far in the darkness he sees a light!  
A star on the breast of the billow!  
He smiles in the face of the lowering night,  
And restless goes to his pillow!

NO. 56.—AN ENIGMA.

[Entered for Prize.]  
My first is found within a graveyard where  
Twelve Jews have long been buried out of sight;  
Yet, strange to say, a score times 'twill be seen  
Ere into heaven it takes its second flight.

My second brings the sleighing to a close,  
Is with us first and last in gentle spring;  
But, when it sees the summer's glowing sun,  
Nothing can keep it, no might of lord or king.

In flower gardens you will find my last;  
In every gay, light heart, a place it wins:  
In England and in Canada as well,  
In palace, and in hut its growth begins.

I am a source of life, yet do not live;  
The lives that spring from me are manifold;  
I cannot, of myself, this life impart,  
Yet, some that help me ne'er had life, I'm told.  
S. F. HOWELL.

NO. 57.—AN ANAGRAM.

When I read with wonder  
The big romantic lies,  
The tale of blood and thunder,  
That novelists devise;  
The fancies of inditer  
With an addled brain;  
I sometimes think the writer  
"Is almost insane."  
NELSONIAN.

THE MARCH PRIZE.

To the reader giving the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" of March will be presented the "World's Cyclopaedia."  
Each week's solutions should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

FOR CONTRIBUTORS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.  
2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from this competition.

ANSWERS.

40.—A clock at five minutes before eleven.  
1. Hour and minute hands. 2. Near eleven o'clock. 3. The dial. 4. Minute marks. 5. Main spring. 6. Top of dial. 7. XII (twelve). 8. Striking wire. 9. The warning click five minutes before striking. 10. XII. 11. Striking eleven. 12. Minute hand. 13. Inner circuit of the hour hand. 14. Numbers or figures on the dial. 15. Striking twelve. 16. XII.  
41.—An-i (Annie or an eye) mad-vert (everything green)-er (err or her).  
42.—Paleotherium.  
43.—Dead-point.  
44.—You.

How to Make a Penny Filter.

Professor Guthrie has shown us how to make what he calls a "penny water cleaner," which is cheap and perfectly wholesome. Take a good-sized flower pot and chip out the bottom hole to such an extent that the corner of a half brick can project through it. Break up some other bricks into fragments about the size of Spanish nuts, and pack them into the pot until it is three-parts full. Soak the whole in a pail of water over night, and then let it drain dry. The filter is now ready for work. Allow the water from the supply to drip on the broken bricks, and after a few hours the water which runs from the portion of brick projecting at the bottom will be as pure as it can well be made. Even this filter will require cleansing occasionally, but that is easily done, or a new one made; for cost is not in this instance a consideration. Those bricks known as well-burned stocks are about the best for the purpose.

Misplaced Confidence in Human Nature.

As a learned judge, in Mexico, sometimes since, walked one morning into court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business, and feeling for his repeater found it was not in his pocket. "An usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he paced through the crowd near the door, "as usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow." He went on the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor he bethought him of his timepiece, and turning to his wife requested her to send for it to their chamber. "But, my dear judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago!" "Send it to me, my dear? certainly not." "Unquestionably," replied the lady, "and by the person you sent for it." "The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge. "Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it. You had not left home more than an hour when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the very finest turkeys I ever saw, and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls, and having bought this one quite a bargain you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home, with the request that I would have it killed, plucked, and put to cook, as you intended to invite your brother judges to a dish of *mole* with you to-morrow; and 'Oh, by the way, *señorita*," said he, "his excellency the judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me." And of course, *me querido*, I did so!" "You did!" said the judge. "Certainly," said the lady. "Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey; you've been robbed, *quadrado*; the man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed on, and as a necessary consequence the confounded watch is lost forever!" The trick was a cunning one; and after a good laugh, and the restoration of the judge's good humor by a good dinner, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel. Accordingly, after the adjournment of the court next day they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast. Scarcely had they entered the sala, and exchanged the ordinary congratulations to his honor upon the recovery of his stolen watch! "How happy am I," exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended!" "Apprehended!" said the judge, with surprise. "Yes, and doubtless convicted too by this time," said his wife. "You are always talking riddles," replied he; explain yourself my dear. I know nothing of the thief, watch, or conviction." "It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock to-day, a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seedy suit of black, came to the house in great haste, almost out of breath. He said that he was just from court, that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested, that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought in to court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders." "And you gave it to him?" "Certainly, I did." "Well, my dear, then all I can say is you have been done again." "Alas!" cried the lady, "I shall henceforth loose all confidence in human nature—but at any rate, I have prepared a good dinner, with or without the turkey." "Good!" cried the judge; "my confidence in your housekeeping qualities, my dear, are not misplaced, whatever yours in human nature may have been."

One principal point of good-breeding is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men—our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

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

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

The best of these Tid-bits will be published in this page every week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number of the week is his or her favorite.

TID-BIT AWARD.

The favorite tid-bit published in TRUTH of February 21st, is No. 36, sent by Miss Brodie, of Cross Lake, Michigan, to whom the twenty-dollar prize will be paid on application.

(147) Plant with the flowers of charity. The portals of the tomb; And the fair and pure about thy path In Paradise shall bloom.

(148) Baby's Shoes. Oh, those little, little blue shoes! Those shoes that no little feet use.

(149) Golden Truth. TRUTH is a gem of priceless worth. Aye! abroad shine in every home.

(150) About Ben Adhem. About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.

(151) A Literary Curiosity. The following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have ever met with. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own.

(152) An Acrostic. Supposed to be soliloquized by a person at a great distance, who has not seen TRUTH in time to compete for the first or middle awards.

(153) To a Flower Dropped in a Letter. Sweet, modest, cheerful, little flower, So lately born to deck some boxer;

(154) Poeta Nascitur Non Fit. 'Tis useless to try for the early awards, Rivers and seas intervene;

(155) On The Choice of a Husband. The love of power, old records show, So deep in female bosom lies.

(156) What Is It? What do all men love more than life, Hate more than death or mortal strife?

(157) One Kind of Fun. Oh, yes, it's very funny, First its rally, then its sunny.

(158) Sometimes. Sometimes, sweetheart, our paths will cross again And I will look once more into thine eyes.

(159) A Type of the Church. Shine on thou bright and dilverly moon Shed forth thy light. Without thy mellow rays, how dark Would be the night.

(160) One Thing Needful. Though conversation, in its better part May be esteemed a gift and not an art.

(161) Mrs. Lofty and I. Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage, So do I; She has dappled greys to draw it.

(162) What Is It? What do all men love more than life, Hate more than death or mortal strife?

(163) A Bundle of Chips. "Now, children," she continued, "what the meal you eat in the morning called?"

(164) Enigma. My First is used by every old dame, To cheer her day by day.

(165) Life. The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the San Francisco Times from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming.

(166) A New Version. Good motto for merchants and manufacturers and tradesmen generally: "Early to bed—early to rise—Never get tight—and advertise."

(167) A Type of the Church. Shine on thou bright and dilverly moon Shed forth thy light.

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(188) Sometimes. Sometimes, sweetheart, our paths will cross again And I will look once more into thine eyes.

"There is Shakespeare are taken by could write "So you see quietly, it wanting." (187) "Forward of the day; "Go on!" Paul's dot forward, an go on. The Mast ye here all The call c to tempera If ye be work is do If ye be selves—ma If you ar it up bill on! Are you another w Are yo crea-d; t Are yu Stop, the q Don't y this, and Have y; to be disc You ms it The! You ms will be ge Tempti time: re Has so: have no t loc; Master! Nobod The pay George! (188) A spe metaph with the he will: once at Thinkin ly upon were se trying wind. Unfo metaph After i positio be emy "W "Ti gusted sternx Tha Taylo to his positio besec by th Cape "O desper be as Ina had l eyes: and i above: " bear Hi (189) Tl psee 1. 2. 3. 4.

"There is an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote," he said, "and the people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare."

(167) Go On. —Selected

"Forward, march!" That is the order of the day; and the dream of the night is "Go on!"

Paul's desire of the church was that it go forward, and the work of the church is to go on.

The Master's command is:—"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Go on!

The call of the suffering and the perishing to temperance people is, "Go on!"

If ye be at work, do ye well. Until your work is done, go on!

If ye be indifferent and idle, raise yourselves—make a start, and go on!

If you are travelling a hard road, and find it up hill business, brace yourself and go on!

Are you weary with the march? Add another weary. Go on!

Are you hungry? Let hunger be increased; tighten your buckle, and go on!

Are you half clad and shivering with cold? Stop, be quicker. Go on!

Don't you know what to do? Then do this, and keep doing it: Go on!

Have you got discouraged? Don't stop to be discouraged. Go on!

You may be lame and halt; never mind it. The best treatment is to go on!

You may be weak and fainting; strength will be gained if you go on!

Temptation will assail, and the devil sometimes prevail, but go on!

Has somebody made a false report? You have no time to pick it up. Go on!

You will meet with naught but the Master has met; face all things. Go on!

Nobody may thank you for your pains. The pay is at the end. Go on!

(168) Nautical Eloquence. —Selected

A speaker who attempts to use nautical metaphors should be thoroughly familiar with the sea and the working of a ship, or he will strand his speech. A clergyman was once supplying a pulpit by the seaside. Thinking to impress the truth more distinctly upon the congregation, many of whom were seamen, he drew the figure of a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head wind.

Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor he knew little of seamanship. After putting the ship into several singular positions, he cried out in a tone intended to be emphatic:

"What shall we do next?" "The Lord only knows," exclaimed a disgusted old tar, "unless you let her adrift sternmost!"

That prince of sailor-preachers, Father Taylor, was once silenced by a compliment to his eloquence. He had depicted the imminent sinner under the figure of a storm-tossed ship, with her sails split, and driven by the gale towards the rock-bound coast of Cape Ann.

"O, how," he exclaimed, in tones of despair, "shall this poor sin-tossed sinner be saved?"

Instantly an old salt in the gallery, who had listened with open mouth and straining eyes to the preacher, jumped to his feet, and in a voice that would have sounded above a hurricane shouted—

"Let him put his helm hard down, and bear away for Squam."

Hamilton. Mrs. A. GRICO.

(169) A Bishop's Riddle. —Selected

The following compound riddle was composed by the Bishop of Clifford:

- 1. I have a box.
2. This box has two lids.
3. It also has two caps.
4. It contains three musical instruments.

5. It has in it two established measures
6. It contains a great many articles that a carpenter could not dispense with.

7. The box has always about it two fish.
8. Also a great number of smaller size.

9. In it you will find lofty trees.
10. Also some gaudy flowers.

11. The fruit of an indigenous tree.
12. Two gentle little animals are found in it.

13. Also a number of smaller and less tame animals.
14. A fine stag is found with it.

15. A great many small whips without handles.
16. It boasts of two halls or places of worship.

17. Some weapons of warfare are always found in this box.
18. And in it you will find a number of weather cocks.

19. The steps of a hotel are also found in it.
20. The House of Commons resound with two of my essential articles when on the eve of a decision.

21. In the box you can find two scholars.
22. And then find ten Spanish grandees to wait upon them.

All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, but a very few have remembered the strange things that make up my whole.

ANSWER.

- 1. The box is the human body.
2. Eyelids.
3. Knee-caps.
4. Drums.
5. Feet.
6. Nails.
7. Soles.
8. Muscles.
9. Palms.
10. Tulips (2 lips)
11. Apples (of the eyes)
12. Calves.
13. Hairs.
14. Heart.
15. Laashes.
16. Temples.
17. Arms.
18. Veins.
19. Insteps.
20. Eyes and nose.
21. Pupils.
22. Tendons.

Hertsfield, Man. M. E. THOMPSON.

(170) About Right. —Selected

"Now, children, about what shall I talk to-night?" asked a prosy Sunday school superintendent. "About three minutes," said a little girl, amid the merriment of teachers and pupils.

Carrington, Dakota. ANNIE EDWARDS.

(171) Had Plenty Before. —Selected

An Irishman being asked why he left his country, for America, replied, "It wasn't for want, for we had plenty of that at home."

Oakland, Ont. C. M.

(172) Curious Love Letter. —Selected

"MADAM,—Most worthy of estimation!

After long consideration, and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration I shall make preparation to remove my situation to more convenient station, to profess my admiration; and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation.

Of yours, SAM'S DISSIMULATION.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,—I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your imagination, to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation, I supposed your animation was the fruit of recitation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of this same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification. Now, without disparagement, your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commendation, and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation,

Yours, MARY MODERATION.

Pembroke, Ont. MRS. J. BLAND.

(173) Query. How much superior is a Christmas present to a Christmas past? BARNIA, Ont. T. C. FOSTER.

(174) The Young Idea. —Selected

A gentleman, interested in Sunday School work, visited a school one Sunday on which the subject happened to be Jacob's dream. After the exercises were over, he addressed the children as follows:

"My dear little boys and girls, I have been very well pleased with your good behavior to-day, and the intelligent answers given to the questions asked; now, if any little boy or girl would like to ask me a question I will be very glad indeed."

After a pause the following one came from a small boy:

"Please, sir, why did the angels require a ladder when they had wings?"

This was a staggerer, but our friend, rising to the occasion, exclaimed,—

"A very good question, my boy, and I am so delighted with you all this afternoon that I will give a quarter to any little boy or girl who will answer that question."

Our friend was rescued from his dilemma, and the quarter won by a mite of a girl suggesting that "perhaps the angels were moulting at the time."

Brockville, Ont. WM. SHEARER.

(175) Which Meant For. —Selected

It is told of Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist, that he was once in company with an English lady of great beauty and attraction, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, and she once crowned her praises by saying—

"I think I was meant for an Irishwoman."

The quick reply was,—

"Cross over there, madam, and there are hundreds of my countrymen who insist that you were meant for an Irishman."

Toronto. M. G. W.

(176) Proverbs. —Selected

"A secret is like a hole in your coat—the more you try to hide it the more it is seen."

"It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the roughest path is safest."

La Grange, Illinois. J. L. LANOIS.

(177) Nothing Defined. —Selected

A minister of the Church of England, holding an examination of children, asked a pupil a question. The answer was "Nothing."

"And what is nothing, my little fellow?" asked the examiner. The boy looked up with eyes and mouth open, thinking it strange to be asked so simple a question, yet not finding words to express himself, had to let it pass. The examiner then passed to the next—"Can you?"

A shake of the head. To the next, "Can you? Can you?" At length coming to an urchin with a merry twinkle in his eye—"Can you?" "Yes, sir, I can."

"And what is it, my fine fellow?" "It's a legless stocking without a foot." The minister had to turn to hide his own levity with the exclamation, "That is nothing!"

THOS. MILLER, Sen'r.

52 Bond Head-st., Kingston, Ont.

(178) The Bar-Room as a Bank. —Selected

You deposit your money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.

Whecling, Virginia. NETTIE KERR.

(179) Amazing Grace. —Selected

The following is vouched for by one of the most reliable of Philadelphia divines: A young clergyman having agreed to sup-

ply the pulpit of an older brother absent from home, escorted to church the daughter of the pastor, and having seen her safely in her father's pew, ascended to the pulpit, unconscious that this natural attention to the young lady was sufficient to excite lively imaginations and inquiries in the audience.

Upon reading the hymn to be sung, the young clergyman was surprised to perceive evident efforts in the congregation to suppress laughter. The daughter of his friend possessed the mellifluous name of Grace, and, all unsuspecting of that fact, he had chosen the hymn beginning with the words "Amazing grace," and proceeding with:

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved, How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers toils and snares I have already come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home!

Glen Morris, Ont. Robt. ROSE

(180) Put It Back. —Selected

A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," says the shaver, "I'll give you a penny and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says the shaver. "I'll give ye a bawbee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, put on my board again."

Brooklin, Ont. MRS. W. T. MURRAY.

(181) The Rat at Prayers. —Selected

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in the school house at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell rope in the room. The poor boy could hold no longer, but burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a going as he pointed out the cause. Sheridan was so provoked that he declared he would whip them all if the culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was instantly hoisted, and his posterior laid bare to the rod; then the witty school-master told him if he said anything tolerable on the occasion he would forgive him, as he was the greatest duce in the school. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a Rat for want of stairs Came down a rope, to go to prayers.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping gave him half a crown.

MRS. M. MALCOLM.

Graceville, Minnesota.

(182) The Cheapest Wives. —Selected

They were spinning yarns. One old man sat apart from the others and looked sad and forlorn, as if he never had thought of levity in all his life.

"My wife has been one of the cheapest luxuries a man ever enjoyed," said one. "We have been married eighteen years, and she has cost me less than a thousand dollars all told."

"Pooh!" said another. "I have been married nine years, and my wife's total expenses have been scarcely three hundred dollars."

The sad man drew a deep sigh and said,—

"Well, well! I was married forty years ago, boys, and from that day to this my wife has cost me only one hundred and nineteen dollars, and she has had everything she needed, too."

"How in the world did you get through so very cheap?"

"The poor gal died the second week after I married her."

The crowd spared his life because he was sad. Toronto. MRS. J. THOMPSON.

**T. EATON & CO.,****190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.**

The great excitement of the times in England is the Sudan war. Everybody anxious. Many interests are at stake, and whether someone has blundered or not we decline to say, but there is another war raging, in which Millions of Dollars are at stake, and in this war we know some one has blundered. The great war over the 3-cent cotton spool. For a number of years Eaton has continued to sell cotton spools at 3 cents. Where they got them or how they sold them at that price is not necessary to be told, but the great monopoly is broken, and a great victory for Kerr & Clarke's Sewing Cottons is won.

The attention of every customer is called to our **SILK DEPARTMENT**. We are endeavoring to make this one of the most attractive departments in the house. The shelves are rapidly filled up with the latest novelties in Dress and Mantle Silks. Among a few of our leading low lines we quote the following:

Plain colors in grey, navy and brown at 35c. a yard.

A special line in all leading colors. Grenat, Bronze, Navy, Sapphire, Myrtle and Seal. At 50c a yard. The regular price of these goods is 75c.

Extra value in colored gros grains 75c. and \$1. Also note our special 22-inch black gros grained at 75c a yard.

Better lines will be quoted next week. Just opening up two cases of black Ottoman Mantle Silks.

The new prints are open, and such prints for pattern and price we never showed before, starting at 5c. and running up to 25 cents.

As we have stated before our prints are all fast colors. We do not warrant them, but from experience we can say that they are fast. The 5 cent print includes some good patterns; 7½ cent much better, while

the 8½c, 9c and 10c prints are superior in pattern and finish for that money, and are usually sold for 12½ cents.

Now we come to the great bonanza of the print department—Crumb's prints, printed by Walter Crumb & Co., known the world over, and sold regularly at 20 and 22 cents. These Crumb's prints we offer in a variety of 300 patterns at 15 cents a yard.

And once again those union D'Cosse or cashmere cloths that are 44 inches wide are being sold again at thirty-eight cents a yard. From 8 to 9 yards of these goods make a lady's dress, and we again sell them at 35c a yard.

We have made a new department, not a new department, but a new department immediately on the right on entering the store. It consists of tableware, table cloths, table napkins, tea cloths, printed tidies, Doyleys, colored table linen goods in every variety. Every tidy housewife will find this counter very interesting.

We will talk to you to-morrow and next day about mantles. We have a lot of them to talk about. We are opening them to-day. There will be over one hundred different styles in spring goods. We will be ready to show you the assortment to-morrow.

Open this morning new Ottoman Cord silks for Mantle purposes.

**WHAT IT IS :**

It is an all-wool ottoman cord dress goods, made of the nicest quality of wool, Full finished, and the colors are, navy, myrtle, golden, brown, grenat, garnet, drab and fawn, and the best of all is that it is being sold at twenty-five cents a yard, in the dress department, south-west corner of store. This will not last long as the quantity of these goods is limited. We have union goods all higher prices, but these are ALL WOOL ottoman cords at 25c a yard.

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When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **GRAND UNION HOTEL**, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stage and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

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**DAHLIAS** Standard, fancy, pompon and single varieties, comprising all the latest English prizetakers; also **STRAWBERRY PLANTS** in twenty best varieties. Greenhouse and bedding plants in great variety. Send for catalogue to **WESTER BROS.**, Florists, Hamilton, Ont. Mention "Truth."

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**WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK**

A FULL LINE IN

**Plush in all Colors**

at \$2.50 and \$3.00 per yard, 24 inches wide.

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IN ALL DESIRABLE SHADES.

**Also a Large Assortment**

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**Tassels, Pompons, Crescents, &c.**

See Our Prices for These:

Round Plush Drops, 40c. dozen.  
Small Crescents, all Colors, 40c. dozen.  
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Pompons, large double drop, very handsome tassel, \$1.25 dozen.

Chenille Cords, all Colors, 10c. per yard.  
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It would be next to impossible to give a complete price-list of the numerous repairs. We, however, quote below a few of the most common repairs:—

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Fitting pair of New Nipples ..... 50c up  
Fitting pair of New Plungers from ..... 25c up

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If you want to buy a fine style in Langry Wave Hair, Swivel, or, inlaid your hair in letter, and Anonni, and I will send you any style of hair you desire, and if you have lost your hair that you want to sell, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. Address **A. DUREN WEND, Paris Hair Works, 126 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Canada?** and on application.

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A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.

LADIES, when you are disgusted with superfluous hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of

**DORENWENDS,****"EUREKA" HAIR DESTROYER.**

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observation of directions destroys the roots, also softens and breaks off the skin: it is safe, harmless, and painless. Send to any of the above named of \$1.25, \$3.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$4.50. Write address plainly, and enclose money to

Eureka Manufacturing Co.

126 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

A. DOREN WEND. — Mass 7



# “NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.”

By H. P. DANKS.

New Edition, Revised by the Author.

Jo - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee! Ashamed of  
Ashamed of Jo - sus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No; when I

Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end - less days! Ashamed of Jo - - sus! sooner,  
blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name. Ashamed of Jo - - sus! empty,

far, Let night dis - own each ra - diant star. 'Tis mid - night with my soul till He, Bright Morning  
pride; I'll boast a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied. And, oh, may this my por - tion be, My Sav - iour

Star, bid darkness flee. Ashamed of Jo - sus! Oh, as soon Let morning blush to own the  
not ashamed of me! Jo - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of

sun. He stands who beams of light di - vino O'er this bo - night - - ed soul of mine.  
Thee! Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days!

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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.]

### About Eating.

We may profess to ridicule the manners and customs of our forefathers, and talk about the enlightenment and wisdom of this, the nineteenth century, but there was much sound sense in some of the customs of the days gone by. For instance, there was grand and good philosophy in that old time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner table, for where care and anxiety are allowed to accompany us to our meals, we need not look for sound digestion to wait upon our appetites—if so be that we have any appetites with such uncongenial companions.

True, the buffoon is very often present nowadays, at dinner parties, but if he was made aware that we regarded him as such, he would be highly indignant. The society buffoon is an unintentional one, but he is a buffoon for all that; but his efforts do more to make us very sad than to enliven and cheer us up as did the jesters and buffoons of old make glad the hearts of our ancestors; consequently the modern buffoon cannot be looked upon as, in any way, an aid to digestion, but rather the reverse.

It is better to refrain from eating any dinner at all than to partake of it with an anxious and disturbed mind, and all men should strive to assemble at the family board with kindly feelings and a cheerful spirit. Business cares should be left outside the dining-room door, and if they will intrude themselves let them wait till a more fitting season. Men do themselves an immense amount of injury by letting harassing thoughts engage their attention at dinner time, and though it may be, and undoubtedly often is, a difficult matter to shake them off and consign them to oblivion for the time being, a determined effort will go far towards banishing them, and, if persisted in, may put them to flight for the nonce.

Another thing should be borne in mind and attended to and that is to never sit down to the meal of the day, whichever one it is, after any intense mental effort, for mental and physical injury are almost inevitable.

If you feel exhausted, worn out, "knocked up," "played out" (choose which term you like; they are synonymous) never partake of a full meal; take a cup of warm black tea and a soda-cracker and in a quarter of an hour you will be surprised at the feeling of refreshment you will experience, and this is a permanent feeling and not such as would be imparted by a glass of wine or alcoholic stimulant which merely string you up for a few minutes and then leave you in a worse plight than before. The tea gives stimulus and a little strength, and before that subsides nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and milk and biscuit, and the body, gradually and by safe degrees, recovers its usual vigor. Then, in the course of an hour or so, take your regular meal, and it will do you good.

The importance of cheerful conversation at meals as an aid to digestion is too often forgotten. Besides being a preventive to fast eating it keeps the mind agreeably employed and therein lies half the secret of good results from the food we eat. Above

all things avoid "bolting" your food. Human beings are not dogs, and very often wearily tempted to think that they are not nearly as intelligent as those creatures. A dog bolts his food because it is his nature so to do, and he feels no ill effects from doing so—at least we presume not—and it is no more man's nature to swallow his food in "gulps" than it is his nature to stand on his head at meal times and take his food in that position. His stomach is certain, sooner or later, to rebel against any such treatment, and, in the end, nature is sure to get the best of it, and poor man has to succumb.

Nothing is, perhaps, more injurious than to continue eating after one's appetite is appeased, merely because one's food "tastes good." If food is not eaten with a genuine appetite and relish, it is better not to eat at all. Do without eating for half or a whole day if you don't feel like eating, and you will probably be all right. If you have no appetite, never attempt to force victuals down your throat, and pay no attention to that fool's saying "if you don't eat you'll die," for, though it is partially true, inasmuch as you will surely die if you continue not to eat for a few weeks or so, it is all "boah" as often applied. A man's system is frequently just in that condition when food would be injurious, and nature very often intends the temporary withdrawal of his appetite as a mild way of saying, "Give us a rest"—which is a very slangy expression, indeed, for Dame Nature to make use of.

We have all of us heard the phrase, "A good cup of tea or glass of beer (or something else) to wash down one's food." Ye gods! what an idea! If a man cannot swallow his food without "washing it down" he had better give up eating altogether. He is better out of this world, for he can't be much use in it. If we saw a man trying to stuff three pounds of flour into a two pound bag, we should be inclined to think one of two things: either that the bag would suffer or that the man was a noodle; perhaps both; but, the man who tries to eat a full meal when he has not the slightest feeling of appetite, is merely doing what the noodle was trying to do with the flour, only his stomach is the unfortunate bag and bad consequences must come of such a foolish act.

In conclusion let us lay down seven very simple rules for eating: 1. Don't attempt to eat unless you are hungry. 2. Eat plain food. 3. Drink sparingly at meals. 4. Be cheerful. 5. Eat slowly and masticate your food thoroughly. 6. Never "wash down" your food, and 7. Pay for what you eat.

### Breakfast Beverages.

Under this heading the editor of Science groups together a great deal of information on the action of tea, coffee and chocolate. The latter, he says, from its large proportion of albumen, is the most nutritious beverage, but at the same time, from its quantity of fat, the more difficult to digest. Its aromatic substances, however, strengthen the digestion. A cup of chocolate is an excellent restorative and invigorating refreshment even for weak persons, provided their digestive organs are not too delicate. Cardinal Richelieu attributed to chocolate his health and hilarity during his later years.

Tea and coffee do not afford this advantage. Albumen in tea leaves, legumin in coffee berries, are represented in very scanty proportions. The praise of tea and coffee as nutritive substances is, therefore, hardly warranted. Tea and coffee, though of themselves not difficult of digestion, tend to disturb the digestion of albuminous sub-

stances by precipitating them from their dissolved state. Milk, therefore, if mixed with tea or coffee, is more difficult of digestion than if taken alone: and coffee alone, without cream, promotes digestion after dinner by increasing the secretion of juices. The volatile oil of coffee and the empyreumatic and aromatic matters of chocolate accelerate the circulation which, on the other hand, is calmed by tea.

Tea and coffee both excite the activity of the brain and nerves. Tea, it is said, increases the power of digesting the impressions we have received, creates a thorough meditation, and, in spite of the movements of thoughts, permits the attention to be fixed upon a certain subject. On the other hand, if tea is taken in excess, it causes an increased irritability of the nerves, characterized by sleeplessness, with a general feeling of restlessness and trembling of the limbs. Coffee, also, if taken in excess, produces sleeplessness and many baleful effects very similar to those of tea drinking. Coffee, however, produces greater excitement, and a sensation of restlessness and heat ensues. For throwing off this condition, fresh air is the best antidote.

### The Evils of Tight-Lacing.

No girls need to wear stays; they are born as strong and robust as the boys, and would grow up as erect and sturdy if left alone. A small waist on a young girl is a sad spectacle, hideously unnatural. Punch truly said: "The girdle of beauty is not a stay lace." Dr. Corbridge forcibly puts the matter. He says: "No custom is more injurious than that of affixing bands round the chests and waists of tender girls. The ribs during the period of growth are readily moulded to the artificial form, admired by depraved taste, and the naturally somewhat flat, broad, and expanding waist of woman gradually becomes by the falling in of the ribs, and by their distortion, the rounded waist so pleasing to the eye of the improver and modeller of God's last, most beautiful, and perfect work."

But as these remarks refer to stays and other artificial supports in their least harmful application, what must be said about tight lacing? Simply this: that seriously interfering as it does with the three vital functions of the body—respiration, digestion, and circulation—its influence on health must be the very worst possible to conceive.

Professor Marshall has given the average height of English women as 63 inches, and he adds the following natural and healthy proportionate measurements: width across the chest 9½ inches; at the waist 9 inches (half an inch less than under the arms); on the hips the width should be 11½ inches; and the circumference of the waist a trifle over 25 inches.

Mr. Treves gives the circumference of the waist in a perfectly developed and normal woman as varying from 28 to 28 inches. The *Venus de Medici* measures 20 inches round the waist, to a height of 5 feet 3 inches.

Now, young ladies, what do your dress-makers say? I leave the matter in your hands, merely pointing out that if this relative proportion be not present, you are undoubtedly deforming yourselves, and more or less jeopardizing your health and life. To be fashionably dressed you must indeed offer up your body like an ancient Christian martyr, to be squeezed and compressed, tortured and twisted. You must take as a model that lady commemorated by Thomas Moore, who had—

"A robe of gold,  
But ah, so tight the nymph had laced it,  
Not a charm of Beauty's mould  
Presumed to stay where Nature placed it."

But if you wish to be healthy and natural, you will discard stays and stay-laces, and should you still crave for some artificial support, adopt a boneless corset, with carding instead of whalebone, or a "basque bodice" in place of a steel cage.—*Dr. J. J. Pope in "Number One and How to Take care of Him."*

### Regulate the Heat.

In the sitting-room, see that the mercury remains about seventy degrees, rather below than above this. In the sleeping apartment sixty degrees is a very comfortable temperature. A higher degree of heat than this would be quite admissible where

there are young children. The ventilation of rooms in which human beings must remain hours at a time is a very important matter. Separate rooms can only be kept anywhere near reasonably ventilated by raising the window sash one inch from the bottom and lowering it a like distance from the top. By this means the air in the room is constantly renewed and draughts are avoided. The effect of muscular activity on the production of body heat is well known, and this makes it appear that an active habit is the best for the winter season, which is a fact for more reasons than the one just given. For winter wear woolen fabrics are best because of their pliability and of their lightness as compared with the weight of cotton fabrics that would afford the same protection against the cold. The substances to be eaten and drunk in winter should be used as hot as possible and should contain a maximum amount of fat. Hot milk, beef tea, chocolate and soups are especially well adapted as food for winter use, and now fat tries of oyster, sausage, etc., are admissible to a greater extent than at other times. At this season liver oils, such as that of the cod, are very useful to those who can stomach such matters.

### MEDICAL QUERIES.

Persons sending us questions to be answered will confer a great favor by stating their age and general habits.

ESCALAP, Rockton, Ont.—"What are the pills known as 'Abernethy's' composed of?"  
ANS. Blue pill 2 grains, compound extract of colocynch 3 grains.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—ANS. About that mustache. Get a druggist to make you up some preparation containing *cantharides*. If that doesn't do what you want, probably nothing will.

JAMES MARSTERS, Cornwallis, N. S., writes: "For some time I have been afflicted with a watery discharge from the nose said to be catarrh, and have persistently treated it with syringes and salt and water without any improvement. Can you give me any advice in view of a cure?"  
ANS. Use, as a douche, a weak solution of permanganate of potash.

Mrs. E. G., Fargo, says: "I suffer terribly from neuralgia and have tried many remedies but none have done me much good. Can you recommend one?"  
ANS. 1. Hypophosphite of soda taken in one dram does 3 times a day in best tea; 2. Apply lightly, with a camel's hair brush, bruised horse radish or oil of peppermint. Both the internal and external remedies may be tried together.

JOHN CRUMMER, Spence P. O., Parry Sound, says: "I have a soreness in my chest, a ringing in my ears, chills, aching in my shoulders, palpitation of the heart at times, water gathers in my throat and sometimes I cough. What should be of use to me?"  
ANS. Try quinine in 5 grain doses morning and evening, in a little sweetened milk or water. If you feel better after a couple of weeks of this treatment, write again and we will further advise you.

Mrs. E. B. N., Walkerton, writes: "Will you kindly tell me what is the cause of the falling of the left eyelid, the eye constantly watering, sometimes aching, silver specks floating before the eye, and seeing two objects instead of one. What is the matter with my eye, and what would you advise me to do?"  
ANS. If you are at all advanced in years it is very probable that the symptoms described are due to strabismus of the eyes by reading or sewing without glasses. As the eye is such a delicate organ and should never be tampered with, or experimented upon by any but a qualified oculist or medical man, you had better consult such a person at once.

### Cleanliness of Sinks.

One of the most prolific causes of defilement and offensive odors in kitchen sinks and their outlets is the presence of decaying grease. This comes from the emptying of kettles in which meat has been cooked, from the dish water, and from the soap. The grease lodges in every crevice, and clogs at every obstruction. A remedy may be found in the use of the common alkalis instead of soap—*aqua ammonia* in washing clothes, borax in washing lawns and laces, and washing-soda in cleaning dishes. These alkalis prevent a solid substance from forming in the sink and its pipes, and neutralize all efforts of decomposing fats.

## Galls

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Ladies' Department.

Treatment of Servants.

Complaints are frequently heard of the possibility of obtaining good servants, and of keeping them when they are obtained, but in the latter instance, in a large number of cases, the difficulty arises from the fault of the mistress more than of the servant, especially when the former is young and inexperienced and anxious to conceal her inferior deficiency. We have heard it remarked that domestics in this country are permitted far too much freedom in their conduct towards their employers, and behavior on their part is tolerated in Canada that would ensure a month's warning in England. We cannot agree with this statement. Doubtless, in those families where the members composing it are employing servants for the first time in the history of that family, there is a great deal of latitude given to servants simply because their master and mistress do not know how their newly acquired domestics ought to be treated, and they observe a familiar deportment towards them at one time to be followed by rudeness soon afterwards. Servants are quick to observe whether their employers are to the manner born or not, and they soon distinguish innate dignity and genuine good-breeding from the shoddy article that some people attempt to pass off for it.

It is not to be expected by the young house-wife who treats her servants with great familiarity that they will be very respectful towards her. Courtesy and kind treatment are very different from that familiarity which, sooner or later, is sure to breed contempt on the part of the so-called superior towards the alleged inferior. In a household composed of people of the better class in this country there is no difference to be noticed in the behavior of servants from that of domestics in England. And why should there be? Surely a Canadian lady is entitled to as much respect from her domestics as her English sister, and, if she but maintain a courteous and dignified manner towards them she need fear no undue familiarity on their part. And when servants are so fortunate as to find themselves members of one of these well-ordered establishments, they are not usually in a great hurry to leave. Where servants are constantly being changed we are inclined to suspect that there is something wrong in the conduct of the lady of the house.

Of course there is a very prevalent notion in Canada that Jack is as good as his master. He is, very often; sometimes better, but as the master is the master and Jack is a man, these respective relations should be observed. The same may be said of Mary, the housemaid, or Sarah, the cook; possibly their mistress may at one time have occupied a similar position to theirs,—such an event is by no means rare in Canada,—but she is not a housemaid or a cook now, whilst Mary and Sarah, respectively, are, and the mistress is entitled to the respect—not servility—due from a servant to a mistress.

We are inclined to think that much of the difficulty experienced in Canada in retaining domestics in families arises from the fact that their mistresses do not know how to treat them, and are either too familiar in their intercourse with them or too overbearing. They seem to forget that their servants are human beings with feelings similar to their own, and many a well-meaning mistress would be surprised if not horrified could she hear how justly and intelligently her own conduct and all about her

is discussed by the inmates of the Servants' Hall, or kitchen. The observance of a happy medium between familiarity and hauteur in the treatment of servants would, we think, do much towards obviating the difficulty of obtaining and keeping good servants.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CORN BATTER-CAKES.—½ lb of corn flour, ½ lb of wheat flour, 2 dessertspoonfuls of Heckers' Baking Powder. 1 dessertspoonful of salt. Mild. Mix all the dry ingredients thoroughly, and then add enough milk to make a batter. Bake on a griddle, but let the batter stand at least an hour before baking; and, indeed, the cakes will be all the better if the batter be set in a cool place until the next morning.

HOMER MADE SCRAPPLE.—3 quarts of meat broth, ½ lb of corn flour, ½ lb of oat flour, 1 lb of liver pudding (without skin). Put the pudding in the broth and allow it to come to a boil; then add the flour, and covering the vessel closely, let the contents slowly steam for half an hour. When done turn out on a dish to get cold. Then cut into slices a quarter of an inch thick and fry in clean, sweet lard till brown.

SWEET TEA-BISCUIT.—1 cup of sugar, 2 cups of flour, ½ lb of good, clean lard. A pinch of salt. 1 tablespoonful of Heckers' Baking Powder. Milk. Mix well together all the ingredients, excepting the milk, which must be added last in sufficient quantity to make a stiff dough. Roll the dough out until a quarter of an inch in thickness and cut it into shape with a biscuit cutter. Have ready a brisk oven and bake fifteen minutes.

ESSENCE OF CELERY.—This essence is easily made and forms an addition to salads very palatable to most tastes. To make it, bruise an ounce of celery seed and put it into a bottle, pouring over the bruised seed a pint of white wine. Let it stand for three or four weeks to infuse and then strain and bottle it for use. A few drops upon a lump of sugar and thrown into the pan will impart the celery flavor to the contents as soon as the sugar is dissolved.

BREKFAST A LA MODE.—Cut off a steak from the rump, not too fat, about an inch in thickness and weighing about two pounds. Lard it and place it in a stew-pan together with two or three slices of lemon; then set the pan over a gentle fire so that the meat may cook very slowly in order to draw the juice from it. Then pour in a gill of good stock and the same quantity of port wine, and allow the whole to boil slowly until the whole becomes thick. Serve on a hot dish, squeezing the juice of a lemon over the steak.

CHAUDRON PUDDING.—Put in a bowl two quarts of finely grated bread crumbs and moisten them well with cream. Then in another bowl beat to a cream six ounces of good butter, adding during the beating, six eggs, not all at once, but one at a time; with intervals of four or five minutes between each. Then add a quarter of a pound of white sugar, two oz. of finely chopped blanched almonds, two ounces of chopped lemon (preserved), a quarter of a pound of currants, and the same quantity of raisins (stoned); then put in the moistened bread crumbs and beat all thoroughly well together. Have a well-floured pudding-cloth ready, put the pudding in it and let it boil over a moderate fire for two hours.

RECIPES FOR COOKING TURNIPS.

STEWED TURNIP.—Prepare and slice some young, fresh white turnips, boil or steam about twenty minutes, drain thoroughly, turn into a sauce pan with a cup full of new milk for each pint of turnips. Simmer gently until tender, season with salt if desired, and serve.

TURNIPS WITH CREAM SAUCE.—Wash and pare the turnips, cut them into half-inch dice, and cook in boiling water until tender. Meantime prepare a cream sauce by heating a pint of thin cream to boiling, and stirring into it a tablespoonful of flour well braided with a little cold milk. Boil two or three minutes, and add salt if desired.

BAKED TURNIP.—Pare, but do not cut, some sweet young white turnips, boil till tender in a small quantity of water. Drain and dry well. Cook a tablespoonful of flour in a pint of rich milk or part cream, arrange the turnips in a baking dish, pour the

sauce over them, sprinkle with grated bread crumbs, add salt if desired, and brown in a quick oven.

MASHED TURNIP.—Wash, pare, and drop into boiling water. Cook until perfectly tender, turn into a colander, and press out the water with a plate or large spoon. Mash until entirely free from lumps, season with a little sweet cream, and salt if desired. If the turnips are especially watery, one or two hot mealy potatoes mashed with them will be an improvement.

BAKED TURNIP.—Select turnips of uniform size, wash but do not pare, wipe with a dry cloth, and place on the top grate of a moderately hot oven. Bake two or more hours, or until perfectly tender, peel, and serve at once, either mashed or with cream sauce. Turnips are much sweeter baked than cooked in any other way, but they require a longer time.

Chapped Hands.

This is the season when people are usually troubled with chapped hands; it is the cold damp air which causes the mischief, and protection should be given. When gloves cannot be conveniently worn, oiling the hands will answer a good purpose. Glycerine is a cheap and good remedy. Have added to it a little tincture of arnica. The following is also a good ointment: Two ounces almond oil, one ounce white beeswax, one ounce spermaceti, one ounce camphor-gum. Put them in a tin cup, and let them melt slowly together. Wet the hands before rubbing on the ointment. Always wipe the hands dry after washing them in cold water before exposing them to the wind.

Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.

Great and good results often spring from small deeds and so fatal diseases come of a seemingly trifling neglect. Colds neglected often lead to serious catarrhal troubles. If this is your case lose no time in becoming acquainted with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its healing virtues will surprise you. It is simple, efficacious, speedy, sure. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges from the nose into the throat are symptoms of this horrible complaint.

Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see.

"Frozen Facts" is a purely American expression, and one, too, of recent origin. It has the merit of attracting attention, and also seems to bear conviction of truthfulness on its face. We make room in our issue of to-day, for a fact of this character. A correspondent, Henry Whiting, Esq., of Boston, Mass., says:—"Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my son of a fever- sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude." We believe it to be a fact, whether "frozen" or otherwise, that America needs more men like Mr. Whiting; men who act, men who investigate truths, and seize opportunities.

The human heart is like heaven—the more angels the more room.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it.—Franklin.

Home should be made the dwelling place for souls rather than a mere lodging place for bodies.

The "Myrtle Navy plug" correctly represents the whole plan upon which its manufacture is conducted. There is not a fractional part of a cent expended upon it for mere appearance. It is neither wrapped in tin foil nor worked into fancy shapes, nor put in any fancy cases, nor subjected to any kind of expense merely to please the eye or captivate the fancy. The manufacturers rightly believed that tobacco was not purchased for ornament, but for smoking, and therefore all extraneous expense was avoided and added to the quality of the tobacco. The public have testified in its case that they prefer paying their money for a high quality of article than for ornament out of place.

Painless and Prompt.

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

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.—Emerson.

When worthy men quarrel, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but, if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—T. Fuller.

The Mighty Dollar

Is long distanced by a 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures colds, cramps, colic, pain in the head, sciatica, pain in the chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great pain remedy, NERVILINE Sold by druggists. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of NERVILINE, only 10 cents. Take no substitute.

No man has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.—Ruskin.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cases effected by him four years ago are cases still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Montreal Star.

If thou wouldst attain to thy highest goal look upon a flower; what that does willingly, that do thou willingly.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIO BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIO BELT and other ELECTRO-APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

All impatience of monotony, all weariness of best things, even, are but signs of the eternity of our nature, the broken human fashions of the divine everlastingness.—J. Macdonald.

Horse Breeding in America.

Fifteen Million of Horses are now owned in America, and more than a million a year must be bred to keep up the supply. The largest portion of these are used for agricultural and heavy draft purposes, and such horses bring from \$175 to \$250 each. It would be impossible to breed them if it were not for the importations of foreign horses. 600 stallions are now imported from France to the United States. It will be better understood when it is known that the first cross of a Percheron stallion with a siremare doubles the selling value of the progeny. Large numbers of Percheron stallions are exported from the United States by Canadian breeders to join the old French blood so highly prized, and also to give quality, style and action to the large English draft and Clydesdale stock which has been bred there so long. Nearly one hundred Percheron stallions have been sold to Canada during the past two years by M. W. Dunham, "Oaklaw Farm," Wayne, Illinois, the greatest importer of the French race, who has imported from France nearly 2,000 head. He now has on hand several hundred of the finest Percherons to be found in France, nearly all recorded with their pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Book of France.

# LOVE THE VICTOR.

## CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Me an' Jim Duffy an' Dan Clancy," goes on Canty, in a deeply injured snufflo, "went west there to Freshano's where they towld us the first post had been thrown last night. An' we tackled it, an' what wid pullin and dhraggin' we brought it here; but a mighty tough job it was all the same. An' I'm sure we wouldn't have gone it at all, miss, if we thought ye would be so down on us in the end; but indeed ye towld—"

"Bless me! the boy's a fool," says Miss Priscilla. "There, go away, Canty, and take your post and your friends with you." Then there is a consultation between Canty and his friends behind the shrubberies, and finally Canty appears again.

"I'm off, miss," he says, pulling his forelock; "but the men says as how they'd be thankful to yer honor for a thrifle. 'Twas as heavy as lead, miss, an' the day meltin' wid the heat, an'—"

"Go to cook. Tell her to give you half a crown and some beer, and then go away, —go away 'forever!" says Miss Blake; "let me never see your face again."

"Why, what have I done, miss?"

"I told you to get me my letters, and instead—"

"Yer letthers, is it? Arrah, why didn't ye say that before, miss? Yer letthers down wid the ould chap in the village, ye say? Sure I'll have them for ye in the twinklin' of an eye. 'The post,' says she, an' 'the letthers' just as aisy. Ayeh! but the quality's quare," says Mr. Canty to the brim of his caubeen; after which he departs first for his beer, and then for his native town.

"Thank goodness, here comes the tea," says Miss Priscilla, with a sigh of relief, as a neat-handed Phillis comes slowly across the garden, an old man following her. Both are laden with tea and cakes, and one or two liqueurs and yellow cream in quaint old silver ewers, and purple plums, and dainty little three-cornered bits of pastry, piping hot.

"Dicky, my dear, and you, Neil, will you bring those rustic tables a degree closer to me? Hero Matilda, place the tea here, and come back soon to see if we want anything. I'm so distressed," says Miss Blake, looking apologetically round her, "that you should have been made uncomfortable by that stupid episode of Canty's; it is really too bad."

"Ah! if you only knew what a treat it has been," says Lady Clontarf, laughing all over again as she thinks of it. It had indeed taken her out of herself, and released her from the demons of regret that have been pursuing her all day and far into last night. She has joined as gayly in the merriment caused by the froxy boy as any of them, and just now her eyes are aight and she is looking charming.

"The Irish peasant in his raw state is not very much to my taste," says Mr. Manning, critically.

"You would prefer him cooked? Well, I'm not sure he'd do even then," says Mr. Browne, in a tone mildly argumentative.

"Canty now, for example, would be—I should say—tough, unless decidedly overdone. Indeed, I think soup should be made of Canty to insure digestion."

"I have read a good deal on Irish character," goes on Mr. Manning, ignoring with much dignity Dicky's interruption, "and I have always looked upon the accounts of their wit, and the amount of intelligence conceded to them, as statements that should be taken *cum grano salis*."

"Oh, certainly," says Dicky, affably, with all the air of one who is generously allowing a point to his adversary. "Roast or boiled, I should say Canty would be the better of that!"

At this Kit laughs out loud, and Vera (who has wandered up to them by this time with her hands full of flowers, and Mr. Burke in her train) laughs too. She—Vera—is sitting on a low garden-chair, and is digging her little, sharp white teeth into a purple plum, with an open enjoyment that suits her.

"Little gourmand," says Gerald Burke, leaning over her chair and whispering into her ear. His pale, calm, intellectual face is alight with all the glory of a first great passion.

Vera, looking over her shoulder, smiles at him, and in her childish rapid way holds

up half of the luckless plum, and puts it into his mouth. "Ah, Mr. Burke, who is a gourmand now!" she says, gravely.

"I wish you would call me Gerald," says the young man, earnestly, in a very low tone, meant for her ears alone. Not that he would have objected to all the world knowing of his love for her, but because it is so sweet to a lover's heart to believe himself alone, at least in thought, with his beloved.

"H'm?" says pretty Vera. She has a most enchanting way of making this questioning sound. She keeps her lips closed when she makes it, and looks up with smiling expectation at the person addressed out of her innocent blue eyes, that always seem full of babyish wonder at the oddities of the great world into which she has fallen in some unaccountable fashion.

"I want you to call me Gerald," says the young man again.

"Doris," says Vera, softly but clearly, —she has a wonderfully clear voice at all times,—calling to her sister across the grass, "Mr. Burke wants me to call him Gerald. May I?"

Naturally, every one looks at Mr. Burke, who has started a little and flushed a good deal. He is certainly confused (in a degree, not having expected Vera's taking such an open action in the matter), but not unbecomingly so, and he now looks at Lady Clontarf very earnestly, as though anxious for an answer.

Though every one looks at him, nobody laughs, not even Dicky Browne, to whom any mirthful sensation is as the breath of his nostrils. There is something about Gerald Burke that demands from his fellows not only affection but reverence.

"Certainly, dearest, if you like," says Lady Clontarf, a tiny pink shade showing itself in her pale cheeks.

"And you wish it too, then?" says Vera, with childish persistence.

"If you do," says Doris, smiling, but the pink shade has grown a degree deeper.

"Ah, then I may call you Gerald," says Vera, glancing over her shoulder again at her attendant swain with the prettiest smile, that really might mean anything at all.

"What a funny little thing she is!" says Kit to Brabazon.

"Very," gravely; "but I don't think she should have asked that question, at least not now,—not before us all."

"Perhaps not: but there isn't a bit of harm in her," persists Kit, though vaguely.

"She is quite a baby in some ways."

"Yes? Well, I'm glad you are not," says Neil.

Soon after this they all rise, and, bidding good-by to Miss Priscilla and Miss Penelope, wend their way homeward through the soft grasses, over which comes to them, from the village, sweetly, faintly, the sound of distant bells, "that madd, highest bordering upon heaven."

## CHAPTER IX.

"For, though she died, I would not other make; I will be hers till that the death me take."

"Are not all creatures subject unto time?" Though Kit would have wished the days to linger a-aw (because of the sweet companionship they insure to her with the man she loves), still they relentlessly go by, and now his visit at Coole is almost at an end.

A month has passed away, and sunny September has smiled itself to death, and rude October blows shrill blasts above her grave. The leaves are falling, falling, sadly, dolefully. Not a path but is strewn with these poor messengers of death. The "merric birds of every sorte" are silent, and seem half to forget that there was once a time when with glad heart they all with one accord "chaunted aloud their cheerful harmonies." The very streams are sound asleep, or else chilled into so low a murmuring that their voices cannot be heard.

Still the sun, as though in warlike defiance of great Winter's power, sits up aloft, enthroned, and shines persistently. 'Tis but a sad defiance, though; and pale and cold and dreary is the glory of the erst-while brave Apollo?

But, as to make up for other music, Kit's voice rings sweetly through the sullen air,

as she saunters through the gardens. She is singing with quite an abandonment of self at the very top of her fresh young voice:

"Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day;  
With night we banish sorrow:  
Sweet air, blow soft, mount larks, aloft,  
To give my love good-morrow!  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
Staro, linnat, and cock-sparrow!  
You pretty elves amongst yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow;  
Sing my love good-morrow;  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow!"

"Thank you, Kit! it is really a very delicate attention on your part, and one I'm not likely to forget. To remember me in this way is more than I dared to expect. I hope the birds will consider your petition, but they have been unsympathetically mute all the morning." Mr. Browne has put his head round a laurel-bush, and is regarding her with an expression full of tenderest gratitude.

"I wasn't thinking about you," says Kit, opening her eyes wide.

"How charming is the bashfulness of the youthful maiden!" says Dicky, rapturously. "But your pretty artifice, my dear, is quite thrown away upon me. I can see through it. Could I not hear you, as you came lifting up this walk, adorning the little birds (by the bye, where are the little birds?) to give you fair love good-morrow?"

"Well?" says Kit.

"Well, that's me," says Mr. Browne.

"I'm sure I'm glad you told me of it," says Miss Beresford. "It might have given rise to much awkwardness, if I had been left longer in ignorance of it."

"It was a beautiful song you sung," says Dicky, thoughtfully. "And yet I think I see my way to improving on it. The rhyming is sadly defective. Now, what would you think of this?"

"To give my love good-morrow,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow."

"Forrow" sounds well—eh?—or perhaps

"Sing, birds, in every furrow,  
To give my love good-morrow."

would be better. Now, which do you prefer—eh?"

"Neither," says Miss Beresford, with decision.

"Strange! Well, but which do you think the best?"

"One is quite as good as the other, in my opinion."

"Or better, perhaps?" suggests Mr. Browne, reflectively. Just at this moment Neil Brabazon comes up to them.

"Dicky has been telling me such news," says Kit, turning to him with a joyful air.

"Yes? good news, by your eyes."

"You hear that, Dicky? But you shall judge for yourself. Without the slightest preparation, he just now told me that he is—my fair love."

"He flattered himself," says Neil.

"By what authority do you say that, my good air?" asks Mr. Browne.

"The best," says Neil.

"I scorn to pursue the subject further," says Dicky. "I shall conclude with one leading question. Pray, sir, if I am not her love, who is? Are you?" Though said in jest, this proves an awkward question, and silence ensues upon it.

Brabazon, hesitating, looks at Kit, but, as that young lady declines to help him out of his difficulty, being indeed rather more embarrassed than himself, he says, gently, "Am I Kit?" in a low tone, and with a decided blush.

"Assert yourself, Kit; say no at once," says Dicky, mischievously. "If you don't, this bold bad man will take your silence for consent."

"He may," says Miss Beresford, softly, blushing rosy red; and, turning abruptly to one side she busies herself nervously with a tall shrub standing close beside her. Her business with it is so eminently vague that Mr. Browne is attracted by it.

"I am afraid it is a little early for birds-nesting, Kit," he says, mildly, at which they all three laugh, and the spell is broken, and Brabazon, taking her hand away from the cecalons, raises it impulsively to his lips.

"You might at least have spared me that," says Mr. Browne, with tragic reproach. "When a man's heart lies freshly torn and wounded, the sight of—"

"Mr. Brabazon," cries a soft voice, clear as a lull, from one of the drawing-room windows, "Come here; I want you. Can you spare me half an hour?"

It is the voice of Monica. She, too, standing without purpose just inside the

curtains of the window, had witnessed the impulsive caress, and her sisterly mind had been stirred to wrath by it. Not even an objectionable sight itself had seemed so to her as the fact of its having been committed before a third party. What if Mr. Brabazon say if he hears of it?

Some inward feeling warns Brabazon there is a bad time in store for him, as he rather slowly obeys her command. Something in her voice—a faintly peremptory ring in it—has struck upon his ear as given him a timely hint as to what lies before him. It is, therefore, with erect, and a determination to defend her cause to the death, that he marches to her presence.

She makes some trivial remark to him as he enters the room—something about the day's arrangements, that is of no interest at all—and then presently, almost before he is aware of it, though mentally determined to be upon his guard, he finds she is talking to him of Kit.

With a little pale face, but with a good deal of light in her blue eyes, she states the case—"Kit's case," as she tells him almost pathetically. Steadily, without undue haste at any point, she goes through it all—"admiration" for Kit, her girlish "fury" for him, and all the rest of it. Touching as lightly as possible on his want of acient means to marry, she gives him nevertheless clearly to understand that here is the difficulty.

Throughout he listens in silence, not tempting to edge in a word, and, to tell the truth, having no word to edge; but when at last she stops as though for an answer all she has said, the very blank following on the cessation of her voice brings back to him all his courage with a rush. On one thing at least he is resolved, he will not give up Kit, no, not for any one in the world except herself; should she come to him, and tell him it must be so—that the giving is inevitable,—then, he tells himself, he will submit to cruel fate, and let his heart break with as good a grace as he can; but not then!

"You would not have me be the one to end our engagement?" he says at last slowly.

"Engagement!" says Mrs. Desmond flushing warmly. "Kit herself assured me only a few weeks back, that no such thing existed between you. It cannot exist! It would be impossible! You must see that."

"It is exactly what I cannot see. What Miss Beresford told you that there is nothing binding between us, of course I said only the truth. It was, since that that words were said—that I shall not be the one to recall."

"You induced her to engage herself to you—here, in this house?"

"It was on the open road—that night all walked home from Kilmalooda."

"It was a breach of honor," says Mrs. Desmond, with a little flash from her large eyes, "to steal my sister from me? because my own roof?"

"I hope you do not understand the meaning of your words?" says Brabazon haughtily, growing very pale.

"I am sorry if I have said too much," says Monica, impatiently. "But at least you must have known this whole matter would be distasteful to me. Simply—"

"ply" with emphasis, "because I do not consider she would be happy as a poor that is," hastily, "unless she was the wife of a rich man. You must see this yourself. And, seeing it you will release her from a promise she may have given." Here she pauses and looks at him anxiously. Her eyes are bent upon the ground, and so she finds his face difficult to read.

"You will!" she says again, leaning a little toward him in her earnestness.

"No; I shall not," returns the young man, doggedly. His voice is very low, but very distinct, and Monica's courage declines.

"What if he persists to the end? Is Kit to become the wife of a briefless barrister? Kit, who has an absolute genius for dressing herself, and likes a new gown every fortnight?"

"I think you should not give me such a decided answer," she says, more softly. "But whatever hard things I may say, I have said to you, you should forgive me, remembering how I have only her interest at heart, and that it is for her sake alone that it seems to me a terrible misfortune that she should be induced to do this thing."

"It is because she is such a dear girl that

I feel I cannot firmly.  
"You cannot seem to me. pounds a year. How can she to a girl account?"  
"She had was alive," a fight it foot l  
"And I supp thing. She things, and n ever. Wor times, and st out the carri  
"We coul nary comfort to," says  
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"And yo sweetest gi pover."  
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An o place formal and pr and, I a result of Neil talen bhd du Actua man's desire with mall W. A.

PROGRESS! "LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the Competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before.

- 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

Rewards will be given the senders of correct answers in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office as follows:—

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- 605, and up to the Middle correct answer of the whole Competition, will be given a Fine German Oleograph Picture, 14x20.

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From and after the middle, and up to number 400, will be given a volume of fiction, very interesting, bound in paper.

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Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July.

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A letter containing one dollar will be given two numbers—for instance, numbers 499 and 500. The sender will therefore have a double opportunity to gain a reward. If in doubt about one answer being correct, those sending a dollar may give two answers, and their letter will be given two numbers as above stated, and will therefore have a double opportunity of gaining a handsome reward.

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price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year and one of those elegant volumes of poems, or one of those beautiful oleographs, or an interesting volume of fiction, or an elegant solid gold gem ring, as well as a chance of securing one of the other still more valuable and costly rewards referred to above.

Compound Oxygen.

A lady writes: "For years I have been a sufferer from ill health caused by great weakness and general debility. To describe my symptoms would be useless as they are various. I gave some of the first physicians in Toronto a trial, but received very little benefit from them.

Without Doubt.

Yellow Oil is par excellence the remedy for Pain, Lameness, Rheumatism, Croup, Deafness, Burns, Frost Bites, Stiff Joints and all Flesh Wounds.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

I will send a receipt free to any person sending me their address, that will effect a permanent cure, whether you are a moderate drinker or confirmed drunkard.

Not Bad.

It is so agreeable that even an infant will take it. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, asthma and bronchitis Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is reliable for young or old.

Good Advice.

If our readers will accept proffered advice, they will always keep a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil at hand for use in emergencies.

Our Plan.

As fast as answers are received they are numbered in the order they come to hand.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections.

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"Maryland, My Maryland." "Pretty Wives, Lovely daughters and noble men." "My farm lies in a rather low and miscellaneous situation, and "My wife!" "Who?" "Was a very pretty blonde!" "Twenty years ago, became "Sallow!" "Hollow-eyed!" "Withered and aged!"

Without Doubt.

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ad witnessed... laterally mind... Not even... ad seemed... aving been... ty. What... ears of it?... rns Brabazon... o for him, as... mmand. So... intly perempt... pon his car... s to what lies... fore, with... n to defend... ho marches... remark to him... thing about... is of no intere... almost before... tally determin... finds she is... but with a... yes, she states... o tells him... thout undue... rough it all... r girlish "fary... of it. Touch... his want of... e gives him... and that here... in silence, not... rd, and, to tell... edge; but wh... gh for an answer... blank follow... oice brings back... a rush. On... lved, he will... ny one in the wo... e come to him... hat the giving... olls himself, be... let his heart... e can; but not... mo be the one... he says at the... Mrs. Desmond... herself assured... that no such thi... t cannot exist!... ou must see that... cannot see. Wh... u that there r... t was, since it... hat I shall not... engage herself... road—that night... Kilmalooda."... honor," says M... flash from her l... r from me! bea... understand the... y pale. e said too much... tly. "But at le... this whole mat... me. Simply... "because I do... happy as a pos... as she was... ust see this you... release her from... given." Here... him anxiously. E... ground, and so... s again, leaning... earnestness."... returns the pos... oice is very low... ica's courage dec... the end? Is K... briefless harri... ite genius for dr... a new gown etc... I not give me such... says, more soft... things I may say... should forgive, r... o only her interest... for her sake al... uch a dear, dear... a terrible mist... induced to do... such a dear girl...

I feel I cannot afford to lose her," says Neil, firmly. "You cannot afford to keep her, as it seems to me. You have three hundred pounds a year, she one hundred pounds. How can she live on that? What will it be to a girl accustomed to her carriage and her maid?" "She hadn't a carriage when her mother was alive," says Brabazon, determined to fight it foot by foot, as a true lover should. "And I suppose a carriage can't be everything. She shall do just as she likes in all things, and my devotion will be hers forever. We have talked it all over many times, and she thinks she can get on without the carriage." "We could all get on without the ordinary comforts of life, I dare say, if we had to," says Mrs. Desmond, despondently. "But should we be happy? I ask you"—throwing out her hands in a little distracted fashion. "Do you honestly think she will be happy?" "I think she will," stantly. "She is not one of those soulless beings impossible to make happy except by such things as money can provide. She is a creature full of heart and brain; she is—with a little sudden outburst of passionate fondness—"The best and sweetest girl upon earth." "And you would condemn the best and sweetest girl upon earth to a life of actual poverty?" "It can't be poverty. I shall make a name for myself in time. The hope that lies before me will drag me upward. Besides, I have some interest—" "I don't believe in interest," says Mrs. Desmond, in a voice that is very nearly nasty. She is, in fact, quite on the verge of despair by this time, and almost on that of tears. She cannot help contrasting this tall, agitated, yet stern young man before her, most favorably, with the insignificant though wealthy Mannerling. What chance indeed can the latter have, so long as Brabazon is before the girl's eyes? "Then you mean to persist in this cruel engagement?" she says, presently, seeing he will not speak. "I shall certainly not give her up, if you mean that"—steadily. "Until she comes to me of her own accord, and tells me that her heart fails her—that she shrinks from encountering the loss of many things that no doubt serve to make life sweeter—I shall consider her my own property. Nothing shall come between us; nothing but that shall induce me to relinquish my claim on her. I speak thus plainly because I wish you quite to understand me." "I quite understand that you are the most selfish man I ever met," says Monica, wrathfully, rising to her feet. "I am sorry you must think thus badly of me," says Brabazon, sadly, yet with great dignity. "But would I be a man at all if I gave up the woman I love, and who loves me, by any less command than hers? I don't believe even you could think otherwise than meanly of me if I did so. I wish you could have continued my friend, but, as that is impossible—" He pauses. "Yes, it is impossible"—in a low tone. "You know I intended going to my uncle's to-morrow for a few days before returning to town; it will, however"—very gently—"be better I should go to-day." "No, no; not to-day," says Monica, unsteadily. "To-morrow, if you will, but please do not go to-day." She has turned away her head, and with a slight bow Brabazon leaves the room. When he is gone she sinks into a low chair and bursts into tears. "Oh, why did his uncle get married at seventy-five?" she sobs, indignantly. "But for that, all might have gone so well. How determined he is, how decidedly he spoke! He is the most obstinate, ill-tempered, selfish and altogether"—with a fresh burst of grief—"quite the very nicest and handsomest young man I know." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Publisher's Department.

ABOUT RENEWALS.

SPECIAL PRESENT INDUCEMENTS.

TRUTH subscribers whose terms have expired, or are about to expire, are respectfully requested to renew at once. We do not like any such cut off the list. Don't part company with TRUTH.

As a special inducement for immediate renewals, the Publisher has resolved to make the following special offer, which is the best he has ever made:—

To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a year's renewal, a FREE GIFT will be made of Canada Under Lord Lorne, a splendid Canadian volume of 700 pages, well printed and well bound; or Shakespeare's Complete Works, neatly printed and well bound.

To all subscribers sending \$1 50 for six months' renewal, a free gift of Elihu Buritt's great work Chips from My-ny Blocks, 300 pages, or Poems and Songs by Alexander McLachlan, a favorite Canadian poet.

These books will be delivered free at TRUTH office, or sent by mail if the extra postage is sent, viz:—12 cents on the present to yearly subscribers, and 9 cents on that to half yearly.

This offer holds good for one month only. Please send in at once, therefore. Subscribers whose terms have not yet expired may also avail themselves now of this offer, and full credit will be extended to them. Don't let the chance slip. It is seldom such a liberal offer is made and it may not be made again. In sending in be sure and mention it is for a renewal. Renewals may also be made by the Bible Competition scheme, in another column, but these competing will not also be entitled to one of the gift books above referred to.

To Whom It May Concern.

Will those subscribers of TRUTH who do not intend to renew kindly inform the publisher as soon as their time expires? or if it has expired will they please pay up for what they have received and order the paper stopped? It has been sent to some beyond the time paid for in full expectation of square and honorable dealing. Don't let us be disappointed

Readers of TRUTH will doubtless regret to hear that one of the stories at present running in its pages, viz., "The Light of Cold-Home Ford," will, in a few weeks, come to a close. The story is an excellent one and regret that there is no more of it is natural. Our readers, however, need not give way to despair, as we shall place before them another story of as thrilling interest and literary merit equal to the tale now being concluded. "In an Evil Moment"—such is the name of the serial next to appear in TRUTH, is from the pen of Mr. Harry Blyth, editor of the Glasgow Chief, a writer of great power and well-known in the old country as the author of numerous excellent tales, amongst which are, "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom of the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," and many others, and all of which have been most favorably received.

We can promise our readers a rich treat in the perusal of our forthcoming continued story, the scene of which is laid in New Zealand, a country about which not a great deal is generally known, but concerning which much of a most interesting nature can be learned from reading "In an Evil Moment." Be on the lookout for it.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy we have to struggle and overcome self. Such a victory is noble.

The happiest children are those who have happy mothers. The young life which grows up in the shadow of a discontented, repining, and gloomy mother is like a plant unwatered by kindly dews. It is apt to be dwarfed and stunted. Even when things are crooked and temptations to be harsh come, let the mother, for her sons' and daughters' sake, try to be happy.

THE WINNERS OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

FIRST REWARDS.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards given below in the order named:

DOZEN SILVER-PLATED SPOONS, Continued.

- 276, Ernest Pegg, Newmarket, Ont.; 277, Alex McDougall, Wroxeter; 278, Waltha J. Gallup, Melbourne, Ont.; Arthur Maple, Belleville, Ont.; 280, M. A. James, Bowmanville, Ont.; 281, W. G. Lockhart, Bowmanville, Ont.; 282, L. Werry, Cobourg, Ont.; 283, Mary E. Young, Bowmanville, Ont.; 284, Mrs. Samuel Palmer, Alton, Ont.; 285, W. W. Robinson 39 East Ave. South, Hamilton, Ont.; 286, Mrs. M. H. Ledgerwood, 45 Robert St., Hamilton; 287, W. P. Stuart, Hamilton, Ont.; 288, Geo. Armstrong, 175 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.; 289, James Jarvis, Brantford, Ont.; 290, Mrs. Angus Muyn, Gillies Hill, Ont.; 291, H. T. Eager, 80 Jackson St. W., Hamilton; 292, Mary E. Hall, Everton, Ont.; 293, Mrs. Wm. Stirling, 238 Gray St., London, Ont.; 294, Ethel Moore, 71 Victoria Ave., Hamilton; 295, Jno. Dorherty, Paisley, Ont.; 296, Lizzie Ferguson, Box 142, Brussels, Ont.; 297, Thos. Arthur, 8 Grove St., Hamilton, Ont.; 298, F. E. Wilson, Dr. 23, Markham, Ont.; 299, Ethel A. Neal, Kincardine, Ont.; 300, M. M. Douglas, Fort St., Detroit, Mich.; 301, Sadie L. Milne, Markham Mills, Markham, Ont.; 302, A. C. Johnston, Askin P. O., Ont.; 303, Jno. Peaker, Box 64, Parkdale, Ont.; 304, F. F. Schmidt, Box 618, Chatham, Ont.; 305, W. H. Stainton, Highland Creek, Ont. 306 to 509.—Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakespeare's or other Poems—306, M. Service, 92 Robert St., Hamilton; 307, C. Stewart, Zimmerman, Ont.; 308, Miss A. Woodall, Haxerman, Ont.; 309, C. Fielding, Hamilton, Ont.; 310, Geo. Smith, Chippawa, Ont.; 311, A. Childs, Florence, Ont.; 312, D. Smith, cor. King and Wellington Sts., Hamilton; 313, W. Fowler, Markham, Ont.; 314, G. Dolphin, Tiverton, Ont.; 315, D. McGregor, Tiverton, Ont.; 316, Mrs. W. Laws, Guelph; 317, A. Forrester, Tara, Ont.; 318, E. Kickaby, Orono, Ont.; 319, A. Bigelow, Lundy, Ont.; 320, James Spence, Newbridge, Ont.; 321, M. McDowell, Langton, Ont.; 322, William J. Dubs, All a, Ont.; 323, Samuel Agnew Sorville, Haitou, Ont.; 324, John George Magee, Bruce, Ont.; 325, J. A. L. All, Shakespeare, Ont.; 326, E. Nerony, 693 King St., City; 327, Robt. J. Bell, 6 Bleeker St., City; 328, George Lamb, 154 Kington Road, City; 329, W. W. McGeo, 184 Sherbourne St. City; 330, G. H. Chapman, 11 Taylor St., City; 331, A. W. Atkin, 57 Mill St., City; 332, Mrs. James Davidson, 18 Gerrard St.; 333, G. H. Shales, 991 Sydenham St., City; 334, P. Thompson, grocer, King st., Hamilton; 335, Miss M. Williamson, Brampton, Ont.; 336, H. M. Secord, 295 Ridout-st., London; 337, Mrs. F. J. Sharpe, Listowel, Ont.; 338, Charles Kidner, Times office Hamilton; 339, H. W. Ross, 35 St. Vuu cent-st., Toronto; 340, D. McDiarmid, 115 Ave road, Toronto; 341, Mrs. E. A. Dal dry, 123 Kington road, Toronto; 342, Jas. Erskine, Toronto; 343, John Anderson, 165 Bleeker-st. Toronto; 345, John Rutherford, 33 Markham st., Toronto; 345, S. Coleman, 111 King st. W., Toronto; 346, Mrs. W. T. Oakley, 83 Sackville-st., Toronto; 347, J. P. Blackhall, 133 James-st., Toronto; 348, Fred. Scott, 36 Louisa-st., Toronto; 349, Elmina Ellis, Hampton; 350, Mrs. Ogilvie, Stayner; 351, John York, Belleville; 352, Edward Boynton, 71 Edward-st., Toronto; 353, Ada L. Pointer, 42 Wave-st., Hamilton; 354, Lydia Johnston, Bingwood; 355, Florence Nightingale, 543 William-st., Toronto; 356, James Gr gor, 105 Hope-st., Toronto; 357, Jas. Watt, 205 Markham-st., Toronto; 358, W. J. Clarke, Bell Telephone Co., Toronto; 359, Mary Irwin, 118 Huron-st., Toronto; 360, Mrs. R. B. Whitlark, Perc, Ind.; 361, Mrs. M. R. Towers, 68 Macpherson-ave., Toronto; 362, Jane Roberts, 49 Bellevue-ave., Toronto; 363, Geo. H.

- London, 289 Simcoe-st., Toronto; 364, Kate Somerville, 36 Eather-st., Toronto; 365, Thos. Crichton, Brookholm, O. t.; 366, W. H. Martin, Columbus, Ont.; 367, Mrs. F. Singleton, Lansdown, Ont.; 368, J. A. Doyle, Kingsford, Ont.; 369, W. D. Lovering, Lovering, Ont.; 370, Mrs. D. Wartman, Yarker, Ont.; 371, Thos. Emerson, Palermo; 372, R. Stewart, Ashton, Ont.; 373, John Anderson, Creemore, Ont.; 374, James Warno, Cobourg, Ont.; 375, V. E. Golding, Westport, Box 29, Ont.; 376, A. Smith, Mt. Vernon, Ont.; 377, Mrs. W. Clubine, Eversley, Ont.; 378, S. Webster, Jackson, Ont.; 379, H. Bradley, Queenton, Ont.; 380, J. L. Charles, Glencoe, Ont.; 381, Mrs. F. J. Reed, 198 Adelaide st. north, London East; 382, Mrs. Jno. McKenzie, Underwood, Ont.; 383, Helen Kaaser, Box 287, city; 384, Peter Patieson, 551 Church-st., city; 385, Ella Maxwell, 44 Robinson-st., city; 386, Wm. Low, 23 Caroline-st. north, Hamilton; 387, Lena V. Bentley, 400 Bathurst-st., city; 388, E. W. Harvov, 143 Win-b aster-st., city; 389, Jas. Henderson, 280 King-st. west, city; 390, Mrs. T. J. Dudley, 133 Seaton-st., city; 391, W. J. London, 104 Queen-st. west, city; 392, S. Sargent, 22 Nassau St., City; 393, F. F. Mecks, Toledo, Ohio; 394, Robert. Whittaker, 35 Nelson St., City; 395, Pauline Hemingway, 43 McCaul St., City; 396, J. McKenzie, Aurora, Ont.; 397, C. McCallister, South Monaghan, Ont.; 398, J. McCulloch, Uffington; 399, J. Humberstone, York Mills; 400, Wm. Mark, Port Perry, Ont.; 401, Thos., Conductor G. T. R., Brockville; 402, Rev. H. Howard, Elgin Ont.; 403, N. Yerex, Port-Perry; 404, C. Stickwood, Newmarket; 405, Miss F. Tunkey, Newmarket; 406, M. Anderson, Almonte; 407, A. Stimers, Colborne, Ont.; 408, Jas. Fitzpatrick, Cobden, Ont.; 409, D. Andrews, Picton, Ont.; 410, Miss M. Riddell, Campbellford; 411, W. Lemon Kettleby, O. t.; 412, M. Lenchurst, 26 York St., City; 413, Miss M. Merovy, 145 Muter St.; 414, Mrs. John W. Rice, 451 Robinson St., City; 415, Mrs. F. A. Clarv 326 Berkeley St.; 416, Ernest Perry 564 Queen St., City; 417, F. H. Mason 367 King St., City; 418, E. C. B. Boyd, 340 Jarvis, City; 419, Mrs. James Bamford 198 King St.; 420, Hannah Chapman, 70 Wilton Ave.; 421, William A. Bird Lucknow, Bruce Co., Ont.; 422, Violet Milligan, Clifford P. O., Ont.; 423, Mrs. C. Foster, 38, George St., Hamilton; 424, John A. Neill, Clifford, P. C. Ont.; 425, David Burkes, Georgetown, Ont.; 426, Helena S. Doehler Cargill, Bruce, Ont.; 427, Mrs. Jas. Dandridge, Mimico, Ont.; 428, M. Paul, 551 Berkeley St., Toronto; 429, Kate Hardy, 19 Crar St., Toronto; 430, W. H. Mulkins, 10 Gerrard St. W., Toronto; 431, John J. Thompson, Zehrvr Ont.; 432, Jas. Duncan, Almonte Ont.; 433, Mary Courtice, Pickering, Ont.; 434, Mrs. William H. Elliott, Norway, Ont.; 435, W. H. Fields, Box 36, Thornbury, Ont.; 436, Miss Humberstone, York Mills, Ont.; 437, Wm. H. Spence, Ormeau, Ont.; 438, Miss M. Kyle, 72 Gloucester St., Toronto; 439, Fanny Dovers, Montreal, Queb c.; 440, W. C. Seavey, 5 King St. W., Hamilton; 441, Eliza McGregor, Bothwell, Ont.; 442, William H. L. Schneider, Mildmay, Ont.; 443, A. Grigg, Hamilton, Ont.; 444, E. C. Rice, Wyoming, Ont.; 445, John Glennie, Gourock, Ont.; 446, T. J. Prouse Little Britain, Ont.; 447, E. McEhinney, Box 130, Turso, N. S.; 448, D. H. McPherson, St. Peter's, N. S.; 449, Jas Matthews, 15 Ovington Ave.; 450, Jennie Moore, 241 Main St. E., Hamilton; 451, M. Armstrong, 390 Yonge St., City; 452, James Brown, Silver Plats Co., King St. W., City; 453, Wm. Hughes, 231 King St. East; 454, J. Kendrick, Matilda St., City; 455, R. J. Hicks, 49 Elizabeth St.; 456, F. Tucker, 681 King St. West; 457, Mrs. Montgomery, 538 Queen St West; 458, S. W. Jacoby, 71 Woolley St., City; 459, 202 Gerrard St. East; 460, Eugene Donovan, 292 Adelaide St. W., Toronto; 461, J. hn R. Claves, 70 Yorkville Ave., Toronto; 462, Amy Spence, 59 Chestnut St., Toronto; 463, Harry Woodhouse, 4 Church St., Toronto; 464, Mrs. Pnllan, 215 Bathurst Street, Toronto; 465, James E. Collins, 15 Sword St., Toronto; 565, G. W. Malcolm, 474 Yonge St. Toronto; 466, Mrs. A. Pridham, 804 Queen St., Toronto; 467, Robt Lynn, Collingham St. Toronto; 468, Mrs. F. J. Coding, 392 Queen St. W. Toronto; 469, Minnie E. Vance, Port Perry, Ont.; 470, Minnie C. Cachaam; 471, James McGowan, Ravenna, Ont.;

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following persons acknowledge receipt of prizes in TRUTH and LADIES' JOU-R-NAL competitions. J. hn H. Cheape; Alice Bain, Hamilton; Charles Julyau, Edgewater; William Allen, Lennoxville, Que.; Maud Martindale, Alliston; James Simpson, Fort William; W. A. Richardson, South Car, C. B.; M. W. Deuton, Meaford; Winnie Hawisn, Maple Ridge; Mrs. J. A. Lampercau, Hornby; John Purr, (no address); James Cady, Kingsville; Lizzie A. Boyd, London, O. t.; Chas. E. Rodd, Charlottetown; M. Roby, Arthur, Vermer Co., Mo.; A. H. Greene, Crystal City; Jessie C. Gayer, Montreal; P. B. Cldad, Fish Creek; Lorency J. Kearney, Strathroy; M. L. Murray, Mill Haven; Mrs. Wm. Couduroy, Plattville, Wisconsin.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and the nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—sewing machines, \$2 00; guns and tea-services, \$1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods, 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

"In Cicero and Plato, and other such writers," says Augustine, "I meet with many things said that excite a certain warmth of emotion, but in none of them do I find these words: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'"

TR... BIR... About a great influence extent large number met with since offers, d mise to every p perman and wic staked o to the fa out fan partiall This be done years w out abou 500 gol wates ches to No of world, proachi few oth. This r been esthemo, TRUTH the Do every besides Atlanti Amoz citizens ministe ladies c all clas in form are sti. Any of regard Read about tress fo hare-l and fu money in ord are no our joy ed, an built u now lie to do of promi result less lif The pouds 1. G. MARRI. 2. G. DIVOR. Corr be sent (inclu month Ino: a fair they h whole as foll First one to Scoo six bu Tur the w: For to the The will b The \$50 in The genu the v The the \$20.

"TRUTH" PREVAILS! NO. 14. BIBLE COMPETITION.

About two years ago we resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of TRUTH to the fullest possible extent...

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

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

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

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions, have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH.

A GOOD GUARANTEE. Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. We have been in business for nine years as a publisher, and we have always honourably met every engagement and fulfilled all our promises.

The following Bible Questions are propounded: THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

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

FIRST SERIES.—All correct answers from one to six hundred. SECOND SERIES.—Correct answers from six hundred to the middle answer. THIRD SERIES.—From middle answer of the whole lot.

FOURTH SERIES.—Consolation awards to the last two hundred received. WHAT IS NOW OFFERED. The first reward in each of above series will be \$100 in gold.

The second reward in each series will be \$50 in gold. The third reward in each series will be a genuine solid gold watch, positively from the very best makers.

The fourth reward in each series will be a fine, ten-stop cabinet organ, (worth about \$250.)

For all other correct answers in first series a beautifully bound volume of Shakespeare's complete works, or one of the great poets.

For all other correct answers in Second Series a beautiful German oleograph picture.

For all other correct answers in Third and Fourth Series a volume of fiction, averaging about 200 pages each.

HOW AWARDS ARE MADE.

In every instance when an answer is received it is at once numbered in the order it came in, booked and filed, and at the close the correct answers are carefully selected and rewards are given, no matter to whom or to where they go.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up the questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 1st July. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clear and plainly, with your full name and correct address.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

A valuable reward will be given to every one correctly answering the Bible questions. Besides this you are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent and that alone is well worth the money. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Defer not charities till death. He who does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than his own.

Success is always invigorating, but to truly great minds never intoxicating. Only light fabrics are puffed up by a breath.

For He is ready to help them that fight trusting in His grace, who Himself provideth us occasion to fight, in order that we may overcome.

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out merely to show that you have one.

We cannot pray ourselves into a life of perfection; we cannot consecrate ourselves unto a life of perfection;—save us that praying and that consecration are supplemented by a life of persistent trying.

Our efficiency depends so much on our concentration, that nature usually, in the instances where a marked man is sent into the world, overloads him with bias, sacrificing the symmetry to his working power.

If we examine closely into what appears solely as the result of chance, we shall find in many instances that stern qualities, consciousness of situation, and hard plodding work account for the most of the successful results attained.

There is no power which can harm us if we do our duty, and do not harm ourselves. There is an everlasting superiority in virtue to all evil. No one but himself can hurt any man. He is his own worst enemy or friend; hence the watchfulness needed with regard to self.

Probably the most beautifully printed and illustrated juvenile magazine in the United States is Sunshine, published by the Sunshine Publishing Co., Philadelphia. It is issued four times a year at \$1. Besides the beautifully illuminated cover, and very artistic engravings, a hand some large picture accompanies each number.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge.

Minerals and curiosities, for coins and fossils. S. R. BARCHALDER, Box 31, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A pair of No. 8 roller skates with straps, for a small printing press in good condition. HARRY C. MCGEE, Box 174, Sandwich, Ont.

Coln silver hunting case watch lever movement, good time keeper. For sale or exchange. Post-free for two weeks. Address P. O. Box 134, Bowmanville, Ont.

Eight hundred and fifty foreign postage stamps, no duplicates, and Scott's postage stamp album, for exchange. T. O. WALLS, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario.

A splendid leather skate bag, to hold a pair of all-clip roller skates up to size 10, for the best offer of stamps, coins, medals, or a set of boy's boxing-gloves. P. L. OSOROS, Box B., Lansing, Mich.

Two telegraph instruments with batteries, a horizontal steam-engine, a pair of Siskiey skates, a rubber stamp outfit, and some good books, for a photographic camera. JAMES S. HANSEN, Winchester, Ky.

Foreign stamps (mostly from China and Russia), for stamps from New Brunswick, Feejee Islands, Ionian Islands, Iceland, Guatemala, Borneo, Bolivia, Cape of Good Hope, and Newfoundland (the triangular of the last two especially desired). AMY O. JONES, Dover, Mass.

Some sand from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, wampum or Indian money, lead ore, a small brass padlock and key, and Spanish Fairy Stories, and The Grilla Hunters, both nearly new, with good bindings, for a font of Old English type. Send proof GEORGE W. HAMILIN, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Incorrect Quotation.

Those who quote incorrectly may comfort themselves by thinking that they are in good company. There are, as every careful reader knows, numerous quotations in the New Testament from writers of the Hebrew scriptures in the old. They are made almost altogether from the original Hebrew, and in a great many cases the quotations are not accurately given.

MADILL & HOAR, DISPENSING CHEMISTS, 256 YONGE ST. Have a large assortment of French and American Cut Glass Bottles suitable for coverings.

GAS FIXTURES.

Bennett & Wright's NEW SHOW ROOMS are now open with a Large Assortment of

New & Elegant Designs by the best makers.

GLOBES IN GREAT VARIETY.

72 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

A beautiful representation in colors upon a black-ground of gold, representing the principal scenes in the life of our Saviour, encircled by lovely flowers, while all around the different scenes are portrayed in a wonderful and striking manner. Eleven pictures in one. This is something new and beautiful which is sure to take. Every Christian family should have one.

IT HAS NO EQUAL!



THE LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME

TAKES THE LEAD!

C. GENTLEMAN,

SOLE AGENT.

NEEDLES, OILS AND PARTS

for all kinds of machines always on hand.

Machines of all Kinds Repaired Promptly.

NEEDLES AND ALL PARTS SENT BY MAIL.

545 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

Fine French Hair Goods and Private Parlor for Ladies' Head Dressing.



Importers and manufacturers in Human Hair Goods of every style and best workmanship, Wigs, Waves, Angry Bangs, Switches, etc. Always on hand, the best German Golden Hair Bleach and Hair Restorer, Ladies' Head Jewelry.

JAHN & SCHWENKER.

74 KING STREET WEST TORONTO

BREAD!

5 CTS. a loaf, 4 kinds, viz. Snowflake, Family Rye, Brown. Delivered daily from CRUMPTON'S BAKERY, 121 King St., East, Toronto.

LADIES

PILLA-SOLVENS—Only genuine Bismarck. For nasally disease, Superfluous Hair, red and brach, in five minutes, without pain, discolouration, or injury. Particulars, 6 cents. MAMALENE—Develops the Bust. Bismarck and Glycerin. Particulars, 6 cents. WITCH'S SPECIFIC, Philadelphia, Pa.

# ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI: AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

By and by the duke says:  
"But the histrionic muse is the darling. Have you ever trod the boards, Royalty?"

"No," says the king.  
"You shall, then, before you're three days older, Fallen Grandeur," says the duke. "The first good town we come to, we'll hire a hall and do the sword-fight in 'Richard III. and the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' How does that strike you?"

"I'm in, up to the hub, for anything that will pay, Bilgewater; but you see I don't know nothing about play-act'n, and hain't ever seen much of it. I was too small when pap used to have 'em at the palace. Do you reckon you can learn me?"

"Easy!"  
"All right. I'm jist a-freez'n' for something fresh, anyway. Less commence, right away."

So the duke he told him all about who Romeo was, and who Juliet was, and said he was used to being Romeo, so the king could be Juliet.

"But if Juliet's such a young gal, Duke, my peeled head and white whiskers is goin' to look uncommon odd on her, may be."

"No, don't you worry; these country jakes won't ever think of that. Besides, you know, you'll be in costume, and that make all the difference in the world. Juliet's in a balcony enjoying the moonlight before she goes to bed, and she's got on her night-gown and her ruffled night-cap. Here are the costumes for the parts."

He got out two or three curtain-calico suits, which he said was meedyevil armor for Richard III. and t'other chap, and a long white cotton night-shirt and a ruffled night-cap to match. The king was satisfied; so the duke got out his book and read the parts over in the most splendid spread-eagle way, prancing around and acting at the same time, to show how it had got to be done; then he give the book to the king and told him to get his part by heart.

There was a little one-horse town about three mile down the bend, and after dinner the duke said he had ciphered out his idea about how to run in daylight without it being dangerous for Jim; so he allowed he would go down to the town and fix that thing. The king allowed he would go, too, and see if he couldn't strike something. We was out of coffee, so Jim said I better go along with them in the canoe and get some.

When we got there, there warn't nobody stirring; streets empty, and perfectly dead and still, like Sunday. We found a sick nigger sunning himself in a back yard, and he said everybody that warn't too young, or too sick, or too old, was gone to camp-meeting, about two mile back in the woods. The king got the directions, and allowed he'd go and work that camp-meeting for all it was worth, and I might go, too.

The duke said what he was after was a printing-office. We found it—a little bit of a concern up over a carpenter shop—carpenters and printers all gone to the meeting, and no doors locked. The duke shed his coat and said he was all right now. So me and the king lit out for the camp-meeting.

We got there in about half an hour, fairly dripping, for it was a most awful hot day. There was as much as a thousand people there, from twenty mile around. The woods was full of teams and wagons, hitched everywhere, feeding out of the wagon troughs and stamping to keep off the flies. There was sheds made out of poles and roofed over with branches, where they had lemonade and gingerbread to sell, and piles of water-melons and green corn and such-like truck.

The preaching was going on under the same kind of sheds, only they was bigger and held crowds of people. The benches was made out of outside slabs of logs, with holes bored in the round side to drive sticks into for legs. They didn't have no backs. The preachers had high platforms to stand on at one end of the sheds. The women had on sun-bonnets; and some had lincey-wooley frocks, some gingham ones, and a few of the young ones had on calico. Some of the young men was barefooted, and some of the children didn't have any clothes on

but just a tow-linen shirt. Some of the old women was knitting, and some of the young folks was courting on the sly.

The first shed we come to, the preacher was lining out a hymn. He lined out two lines, everybody sung it, and it was kind of grand to hear it, there was so many of them and they done it in such a rousing way; then he lined out two more for them to sing—and so on. The people woke up more and more, and sang louder and louder; and towards the end some begun to groan, and some begun to shout. Then the preacher begun to preach, and begun in earnest, too; and went weaving first to one side of the platform and then the other, and then a-leaning down over the front of it, with his arms and his body going all the time, and shouting his words out with all his might. You couldn't make out what the preacher said, any more, on account of his shouting and crying. Folks got up, overywhere in the crowd, and worked their way, just by main strength, to the mourners' bench, with tears rushing down their faces; and when all the mourners had got up there to the front benches in a crowd, they sung, and shouted, and flung themselves down on the straw, just crazy and wild.

Well, the first I knowed, the king got a-going; and you could hear him over everybody; and next he went a-charging up on to the platform, and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people, and he done it. He told them he was a pirate—been a pirate for thirty years, out in the Indian Ocean, and his crew was thinned out considerable, last spring, in a fight, and he was home now, to take out some fresh men; and thanks too goodness he'd been robbed last night, and put ashore off of a steamboat without a cent, and he was glad of it, it was the blessedest thing that ever happened to him, because he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else, being acquainted with all the pirate crews in that ocean; and though it would take him a long time to get there without money, he would get there anyway, and every time he convinced a pirate he would say to him, "Don't you thank me, don't you give me no credit; it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp-meeting, natural brothers and benefactors of the race—and that dear preacher there, the truest friend a pirate ever had!"

And then he busted into tears, and so did everybody. Then somebody sings out, "Take up a collection for him, take up a collection!" Well, a half a dozen made a jump to do it, but somebody sings out, "Let him pass the hat around!" Then everybody said it, the preacher too.

So the king went all through the crowd with his hat, swabbing his eyes, and blessing the people and praising them and thanking them for being so good to the poor pirates away off there; and he was invited to stay a week; and every body wanted him to live in their houses, and said that they'd think it was an honor; but he said as this was the last day of the camp-meeting he couldn't do no good, and besides he was in a sweat to get to the Indian Ocean right off and go to work on the pirates.

When we got back to the raft and he come to count up, he found he had collected eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. And then he had fetched away a three-gallon jug of whisky, too, that he found under a wagon when we was starting home through the woods. The king said, take it all around, it laid over any day he'd ever put in in the missionarying line. He said it warn't no use talking, heathens don't amount to shucks, alongside of pirates, to work a camp-meeting with.

The duke was thinking he'd been doing pretty well, till the king come to show up, but after that he didn't think so much. He had set up and printed off two little jobs for farmers in that printing-office—horse bills—and took the money, four Jollars. And he had got in ten dollars' worth of advertisements for the paper, which he said

he would put in for four dollars if they would pay in advance—so they done it. The price of the paper was two dollars a year, but he took in three subscriptions for half a dollar apiece on condition of them paying him in advance; they were going to pay in cord-wood and onions, as usual, but he said he had just bought the concern and knocked down the price as low as he could afford it, and was going to run it for cash. He set up a little piece of poetry, which he made himself out of his own head—three verses—kind of sweet and saddish—the name of it was, "Yes, crush, cold world, this breaking heart"—and he left that all set up and ready to print in the paper, and didn't charge nothing for it. Well, he took in nine dollars and a half, and said he'd done a pretty square day's work for it.

Then he showed us another little job he'd printed and hadn't charged for, because it was for us. It had a picture of a runaway nigger, with a bundle on a stick, over his shoulder, and "\$200 reward" under it. The reading was all about Jim, and just described him to a dot. It said he run away from St. Jacques' plantation, forty mile below New Orleans, last winter, and likely went north, and whoever would catch him and send him back, he could have the reward and expenses.

"Now," says the duke, "after to-night we can run in the daytime if we want to. Whenever we see anybody coming, we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope, and lay him in the wigwam and show this hand-bill and say we captured him up the river, and were too poor to travel on a steamboat, so we got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward. Handcuffs and chains would look still better on Jim, but it wouldn't go well with the story of us being so poor. Too much like jewelry. Ropes are the correct thing—we must preserve the unities, as we say on the boards."

We all said the duke was pretty smart, and there couldn't be no trouble about running daytime. We judged we could make miles enough that night to get out of the reach of the pow-wow we reckoned the duke's work in the printing-office was going to make in that little town—then we could boom right along.

We laid low and kept still, and never showed out till nearly ten o'clock; then we slid by, pretty wide away from the town, and didn't hoist our lantern till we was clear out of sight of it.

When Jim called me to take the watch at four in the morning he says:

"Huck, does you reckon we gwine to run most any mo' kings on dis trip?"

"No," I says, "I reckon not."  
"Well," says he, "dat's all right den. I doan' mine one er two kings, but dat's enough. Dis one's powerful drunk, en de duke ain't much better."

It was after sun-up now, but we went right on, and didn't tie up. The king and the duke turned out by and by, looking pretty rusty; but after they'd jumped overboard and took a swim, it chipped them up a good deal. After breakfast the king he took a seat on a corner of the raft, and pulled off his boots and rolled up his britches, and let his legs dangle in the water, so as to be comfortable, and lit his pipe, and went to getting his "Romeo and Juliet" by heart. When he had got it pretty good, him and the duke begun to practice it. The duke made him sigh, and put his hand on his heart, and after a while he said he done it pretty well; "only," he says, "you mustn't bellow out *Romeo*! that way, like a bull—you must say it soft, and sick, and languishy, so—R-o-o-m-e-o! that is the idea; for Juliet's a dear sweet mere child of a girl, you know, and she don't bray like a jackass."

Well, next they got out a couple of long swords that the duke made out of oak laths, and begun to practice the sword-fight—the duke called himself Richard III.; and the way they laid on and pranced around the raft was grand to see. But by and by the king tripped and fell overboard, and after that they took a rest.

The first chance we got, the duke he had some show-bills printed; and after that, for two or three days, as we floated along, the raft was a most uncommon lively place, for there warn't nothing but sword-fighting and rehearsing—as the duke called it—going on all the time. One morning, when we was pretty well down the State of Arkansas, we came in sight of a little one-horse town in a big bend; so we tied up about three-quarters of a mile above it, in

the mouth of a crick which was shut in like a tunnel by the cypress-trees, and all of us but Jim took the canoe and went down there to see if there was any chance in that place for our show.

We struck it mighty lucky; there was going to be a circus there that afternoon, and the country people was already beginning there to come in, in all kinds of old shabby wagons and on horses. The circus would leave before night, so our show would have a pretty good chance. The duke he hired the court house, and we went around and stuck up our bills. They read like this:

'Shakspearean Revival' !!

Wonderful Attraction!

For One Night Only!

The world-renowned tragedians,

David Garrick the Younger, of Drury Lane

Theater, London, and

Edmund Kean the Elder, of the Royal Hay

market Theater, Whitechapel, Pudding

Lane, Piccadilly, London, and the

Royal Continental Theaters, in

their sublime Shakspear

can Spectacle,

entitled

The Balcony Scene

in

Romeo and Juliet !!!

Romeo.....Mr. Garrick.

Juliet.....Mr. Kean.

Assisted by the whole strength of the company!

Now costumes, new scenery, new appointments!

Also:

The thrilling, masterly, and blood curdling Broad-sword conflict

In Richard III. !!!

Richard III.....Mr. Garrick.

Richmond.....Mr. Kean.

Also

(by special request):

Hamlet's Immortal Soliloquy !!

By the Illustrious Kean!

Done by him 300 consecutive nights in Paris!

For One Night Only,

On account of imperative European engagements!

Admission 25c; children and servants, 10c.

Then we went loafing around the town. The stores and houses were most all old shabby, dried-up frame concerns that hadn't ever been painted; they were set up three or four foot above ground on stilts, so as to be out of reach of the water when the river was overflowed.

All the stores was along one street. They had white domestic awnings in front, and the country people hitched their horses to the awning-posts. There was empty dry-goods boxes under the awnings, and loafers rooting on them all day long, whittling them with their Barlow knives, and chawing tobacco, and gaping and yawning and stretching—i mighty ornery lot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Eclipses.

During 1855 there will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon. The first will be an annular eclipse of the sun on March 10. The moon will come between us and the sun and will cut off all its light except a narrow ring, which will appear about the circumference of the dark face of the moon. In Pittsburg the eclipse will be visible as a partial one. The second eclipse will be a partial one of the moon on March 20, but will be invisible at Pittsburg. The event of the year will be a total eclipse of the sun, visible only in the South Pacific ocean. On the 23rd of September there will be a partial eclipse of the moon.

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

"Lore may be blind, but sight is not needed to detect the cloven breath," said a lady to her sweetheart, as he slipped between the acts.

Mr. Peter Vermett, Hocholaga, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and all bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, costing only a few cents.

"Arab" is an article (of war): in the vindictive mood, (at) present (in) tents; dislodges the British army, and has for its object the noun: "loot."

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its being intelligible people for over forty years. It has indisputably proven itself the very best known specific for all colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

"It is a shame for an old man like you to be stage-struck," remarked the omnibus driver, as he placidly rolled over an octo- man.

PEOPLE WHO RESIDE OR SOJOURN in remote parts of country where fever and ague and remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate the action of the liver and the bowels, before the approach of the season for the periodic malarial fever. The timely use of Northrop & Co.'s Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market.

What piece of horse furniture does an English gentleman resemble? A sir-single.

The Best Combination.

The best combination of blood cleansing, regulating, health giving herbs, roots and oils enter into Burdock Blood Bitters—a truly vegetable remedy that cures diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

Some of the new shapes of straw bonnets look like a hussar's helmet.

A Voice from the United States.

I have suffered for the last 20 years with dyspepsia and General Debility, and tried many remedies, but with little success until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, when relief was quick and permanent. A. LOUGH, Alameda, Mich., U.S.

THE ACCIDENT Insurance Co. of North America. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. MEDLAND & JONES, General Insurance Agents, Equity Chambers and 37 Adelaide St. E.

The Improved Model Washer and Bleacher.

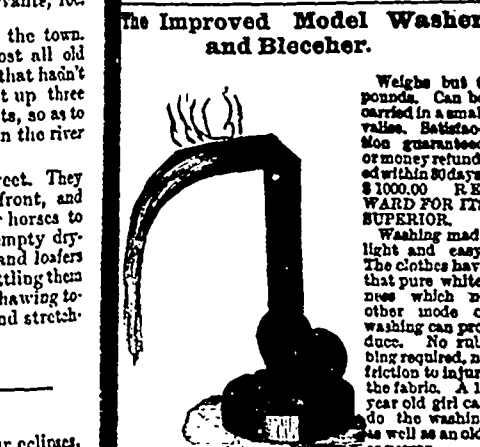
Weights but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small van. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN raised to \$3.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Pre-Press" says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express station in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charge prepaid. Send for circular.

AGENTS WANTED.

**C. W. DENNIS**  
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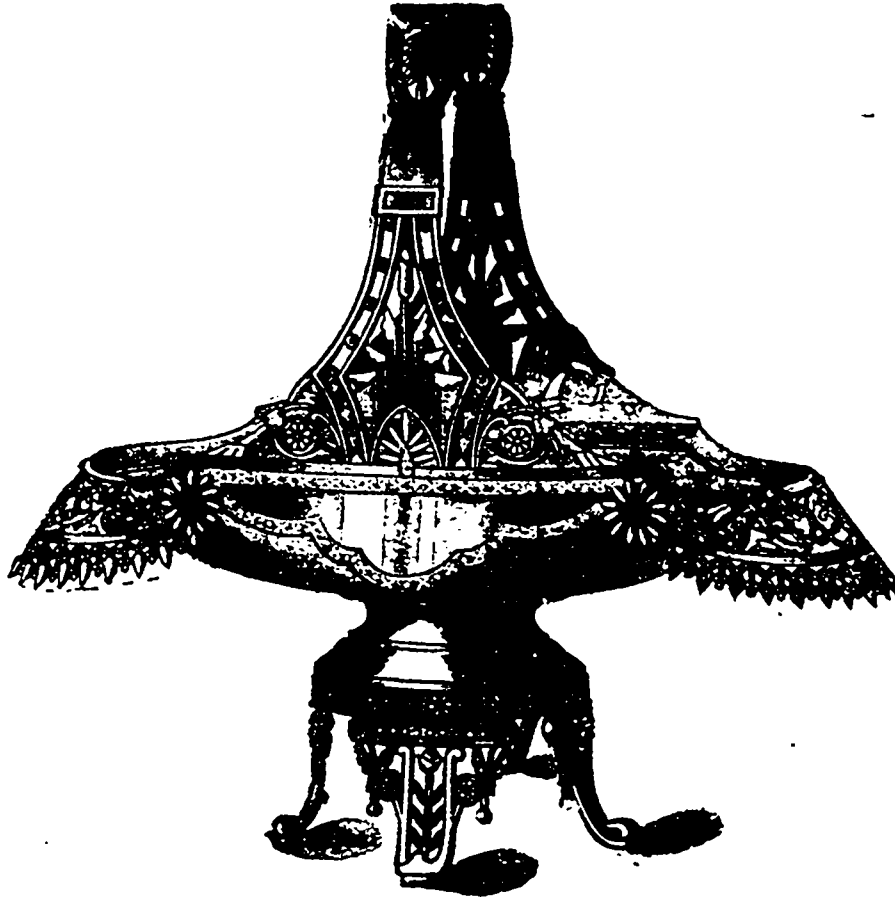
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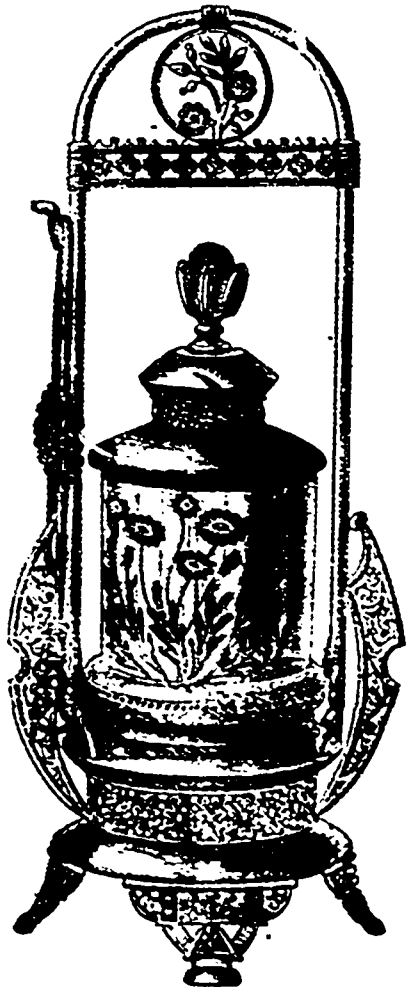
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