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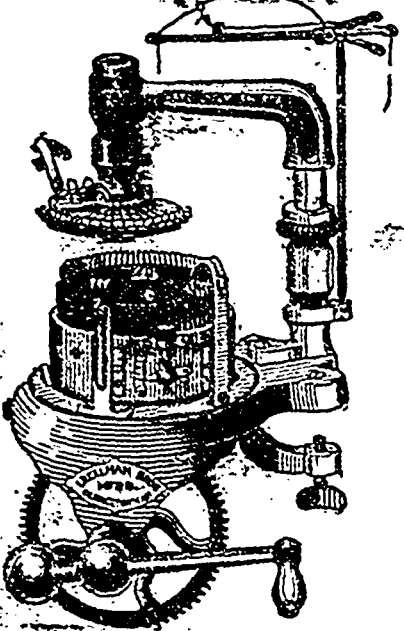
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OLD SERIES.—15TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 5, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 296.

TRY AGAIN.

As the time for closing our Bible Competition approaches, the interest is increasing. The present is a very favorable time to enter for the middle awards, which, as will be seen by reference to our advertising pages, are large and valuable. A good many are availing themselves of the opportunity of having three trials in this competition. This is done by remitting \$3, which entitles the competitor to a dozen and a half of spoons, three trials in the grand distribution of awards, and TRUTH for one year. Let others participate. Try to-day.

OUR FOOD FISHES.

As every one must be aware there has been for many years past a sensible decline in the catch of different fishes. This fact is due to various causes, some of which were inevitable, others of which were avoidable. A large decrease has taken place in the salmon hatchery; but this is to a considerable extent a thing unavoidable. Anybody familiar with the past topography of Ontario knows that many a stream running into Lake Ontario which forty years ago were full of salmon and trout, have now become so foul and shrunken that the sucker only can survive in them, while several have dried up altogether.

The decrease in the volume of water is due to the stripping of the adjacent country of its forest, and to the steady downpour of run upon the unshaded stream. The foulness is due to the fact that the shrunken stream winds through league upon league, not of woodland, but of cultivated fields which furnish refuse, vegetable matter, the excrements of cattle, etc. Put one of the delicately organized members of the Salmonidae into one of these streams, no matter how large the volume of water may be, and he dies in forty eight hours. The vegetable spore in the water, or something of that kind, seems to fasten upon his skin; and in the space of a couple of days he becomes a hideous creature, the loathsome, scurf-like disease having spread all over his skin. The salmon cannot live upon vegetable food. In its eating season it pursues fishes.

Now from these facts it becomes apparent that as agriculture increases in a country watered by salmon streams, the condition of those streams for the accommodation of salmon in the breeding time becomes altered for the worse. Hence there must be a constant decrease in salmon in those rivers subject to the conditions noted. But there are many splendid salmon rivers in Canada whose physical surroundings are a guarantee that their waters must ever remain a desirable habitat for the salmonidae family. It is not unknown to our readers that there is in existence at Newcastle, Ontario, a splendidly con-

ducted fish hatchery, under the management of our capable pisciculturist, Mr. Samuel Wilmot. The object of this establishment is to hatch out salmon, salmon trout and white fish from the eggs, and keep the same in the hatchery till the little fishes are capable of making their own living. They are then taken away, and some are put into one river, and some into another. Some one asks, Is nature not capable of carrying out this part of the work best herself? and our answer is that she is not. Let us take a case, which we are certain Mr. Wilmot could establish. A female salmon ascends a stream, gets upon a shallow, burrows till she makes a hole in the gravel; and into that hole deposits her eggs. There they remain from midsummer till the following spring. But they are ever subject to being carried away by violent floods and by spring ice; and they are always a tempting bait to other fishes. As a consequence it is estimated that not more than three or five per cent. of the eggs deposited in this way ever reach maturity. But over ninety per cent.—we believe that we remember accurately—of the eggs put into Mr. Wilmot's hatcheries arrive at maturity.

Now every well-conditioned salmon river has a capacity for accommodating a certain number of salmon, just as a field of steady crop is capable of supporting a certain number of sheep, or heads of cattle. The object of fish culture, as directed by Mr. Wilmot, is to supply the capable rivers and waters with all the fishes they can maintain from infancy to maturity. There is strong, sound proof that his system is accomplishing this end; and those who deny the fact have either some unworthy end in view, or have no knowledge of the matter. In view, then, of the constantly decreasing value of certain salmon rivers, it is plain that the maintenance of the supply by every possible means in the superior streams is a matter of great moment to the country. The question of the protection and propagation of our fisheries is of more importance than all the subjects over which the House of Commons has wrangled for the past five years.

Now we have referred to certain rivers rendered unfit for members of the salmon-family owing to the surcharge of vegetable matter in their waters. But this overcharge, while fatal to the salmonidae, makes the river a perfect habitat for another fish, namely the carp. The carp has been introduced into vegetable-charged streams in Germany; it has thrived there in a marvellous way, and has become one of the chief food fishes for the working people. Mr. Wilmot imported some young carp from the American ponds, and put them into his own. Some of them died because the ponds were at first not suitable; but their growth and increase since have justified Mr. Wilmot's anticipations. Why then should not an effort be made, and a strong one too, to stock all our waters with fishes which must in time form such an important item upon the people's food list? From the first this hatchery establishment, judging from the blue books, has been treated in the most miserly way.

Economy is all very well, but economy is the next thing to criminality when it is displayed in a matter touching the food of the people.

The lobster, as we have already stated, is fast disappearing from overfishing; and there are long stretches of coast in the Baie des Chaleurs where a lobster now is never seen, although a few years ago a flourishing business was done at these places. We must remember that as our fisheries decrease our population increase. But the politicians do not care very much how the next generation is to fare. They are interested only in the affairs and the fruits of the hour.

Nevertheless we commend this article to the attention of the Minister of Fisheries.

MR. GLADSTONE'S MEASURE.

As to the estimate that Mr. Goldwin Smith puts upon the act of our Canadian Parliament in passing resolutions of sympathy with the Home Rule movement, he is only partly accurate. If it were not for the Irish vote in this country it is not likely that anybody would bother enough about a transatlantic constitutional question to introduce resolutions respecting it. But Canadian sympathy for all that would be with the movement; because our people see that it is an attempt, though not a happy one, to give Ireland a form of domestic government similar to that which has prospered in each province of the Confederation.

No thoughtful man who has studied the working of our Canadian institutions believes that the scheme as originally proposed by Mr. Gladstone, or as since modified, can work. In our experience it has in its vitals the seeds of collision, turmoil and disaster. Englishmen have not condescended to look at our system of government which presents upon a small scale a uniform and harmonious combination of responsible parliamentary bodies, rising from the elective council of the country, to the general Parliament of the united Dominion. Our constitution is made off-hand, and based upon the broadest political and constitutional experience. The causes of discontent in older and more hallowed institutions have been avoided; and our system is an expression of the wisdom of a thousand years.

The British constitution is not a creation, but a growth; and a growth that has had the opposition of kings and of privilege in every shape. Looked at from our point of view it has not nearly reached its full development yet. Nor, in our experience, is safety in limitation; but in expansion. The old proverb here is strongly true: "Wide will wear but tight will tear."

Now to be specific. From our humble experience there is only the one plan by which the desires of Ireland and the safety of the empire can be reconciled, and that is by giving to Ireland a system of domestic legislative power almost exactly like that held by a Canadian Province in the Confederation. A similar local parliament, one chamber, elective say every four years, should be given to England, and a similar one to Scotland. Then each star would

have control of purely local affairs; matters which, indeed, ought never be permitted to occupy the time of the Supreme Parliament. Then representing the British subjects should be a Supreme Parliament maintained where it now stands. The House of Lords, of course, would retain its present status.

All such questions as foreign policy, war and defense, post-office, trade, revenue, taxation, and a portion of justice, should belong to the Federal Government. That system works well enough here; and if Ireland refused to be satisfied, it is impossible at all to please her. She would have what a self-governing colony in our Confederation has; and for all our advanced ideas of constitutional freedom, one of our provinces never complains that she has not liberty enough.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTE.

There has been no little excitement in diplomatic circles over the seizure of certain American fishing vessels by our Dominion officials. The list of seizures so far comprise the *Adams*, captured at Digby, Nova Scotia, for purchasing bait; the *Ella Doughty*, at St Ann's, Cape Breton, for the same offense, and the *Jenny and Julia* at Digby for a similar infringement. The captain of the *Ella Doughty* affirms that he had the right to purchase bait, because he had a permit to "touch and trade" from an American Collector. The captain of the *Jenny and Julia* affirms that he required the herring which he purchased not for bait, but for smoking. The contention by both captains is the same, namely, that they were engaged in trade and not in fishing, and that their permit to "touch and trade" made legitimate their proceedings. The contentions of these skipper seem to have been accepted as an expression of sound international law by certain American officials and statesmen, and diverse newspapers of the commonwealth. There is a difference in the cases of the two named offenders. The captain of the *Jenny and Julia* avers that he wanted his herring for bait (though there is an absolute certainty that for such purpose he did want them) but there is no use in the captain of the *Doughty* putting in a similar plea, for here is his telegram:—"English town, C. B., May 17. Sargent, L. & Skillen, Portland—Our vessel is seized by the Government for buying bait. It is no good. (Signed)—W. Doughty." The telegram forwarded to Secretary of State, Washington, June 1, 1886, and, secondly, and trade given to collector can transfer fishing vessel first of them the Treaty of American fishing vessel; repairs, vessel of on

a permit to "touch and trade" by an American customs official can convert the vessel to which it is granted into a trader for the nonce, we think the matter too absurd to admit of serious discussion. But let us hear what the First Deputy Collector of Customs at Portland has to say. The permit is issued, he says, "for the convenience of the United States customs and for the protection of the vessel against harassment from United States officers, and is purely our own affair, with which foreign governments have nothing to do." Yet in the face of these facts a legion of American politicians and barking editors have raised their voices against the action of the Canadian Government, and in making threats of retaliation!

THE RIDICULOUS ROYAL SOCIETY

The silly farce known as the semi-annual meeting of the Royal Society has once again taken place at Ottawa. The funniest feature about this Society is what is called the literary section of it. The operations of that said section consist in this: Four or five members, with bulky manuscripts as usual, and the first gentleman named proceeds to read his production. There is never a soul present except the four or five proxy essayists; and before he who is reading has ended his dreary piece of drivel, it is likely the rest are asleep. When he concludes they awaken and clap their hands. Poor Father Dawson, once awaking at the wrong time, clapped his hands. The presiding officer had just announced that the session was ended and would meet again at 8 p. m. The society, however, must be a source of infinite gratification to its members; for there they can read in rolling sentences, manuscript which the magazines had rejected. Out of that vile literary section there are not probably more than three or four persons who could get any magazine or journal of literary repute to publish their stuff. And with respect to the three or four exceptions they have altogether a second place as liberators to certain Canadian writers who are not members, and would not make themselves ridiculous by becoming members of the Royal Society. Col. Danison and Sir William Dawson have outside fame; but these are all. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was elected to the ridiculous combination, has shown his contempt for the thing by never putting in appearance there, or sending a contribution. Yet the constitution of the concern requires that if any member fail to appear, or to send a contribution, during, we believe, four seasons, that his name must be struck from the roll unless he has a good excuse for his absence. Goldwin Smith has never appeared there; has never, as we have said, given a paper; has never sent an excuse; and he is therefore a member contrary to the stipulations of the constitution. They are either actuated by toadyism in thus keeping Mr. Smith there in defiance of the express proviso; or are afraid to bring the laugh against themselves by showing the contempt in which the professor holds them. It is shameful that the Government should waste any money on such a combination, and that if the members were to be taken from their seats, the public would be called upon to pay so stupid and so

its judgments might be so valuable that aspirants would strive hard to merit its notice. But could any human being with a spark of literary genius value admission to our approval by the English Literature Section of the Canadian Royal Society. Its members are doubtless very worthy people three or four of them have done work not very far below mediocrity, but, as a body, they seem to mistake dull drivel about the "ologies," and formless rhymed exercises in transposing, for literature. That all gathered in their meetings to go to sleep, except the reader, is the sole circumstance which enables one to surmise that they possess any feelings for literature whatever. Should they at any time acquire really good taste, they will certainly never assemble again.

We regret to say that there is one feature in connection with the medals presented to our brave volunteers that does not commend itself to our judgment; and that is certain correspondence of Lord Lansdowne on the matter. Writing confidentially to Lord Derby on the 19th of May, 1885, in expectation of being asked to consent to the issue of a Canadian medal, His Excellency said, "I have, however, no doubt that if the medal was to be awarded by the Imperial Government the distinction would be much more appreciated by the recipients of the medal, by the Volunteers of the Dominion, and by the people of the country generally." Again, in a despatch of 10th July to Col. Stanley, he said, "It is, however, my dejected impression that the medal would not be valued by the recipients, and had better not be granted, unless it is the gift of the crown."

We are thoroughly in accord with the sentiments of the *Globe* upon this matter. It says: "The short residence of Lord Lansdowne in Canada and his slight acquaintance with public sentiment may excuse his very curious belief that the medal would not be valued as commemorating the campaign or as proving participation in the arduous marches and dangers of the service, or as an expression of Canada's appreciation of the qualities of her citizen soldiers who took the field, but merely as a symbol that the British Government had recognized them! How could Lord Lansdowne have got ideas so preposterous into his head? It would appear that he is surrounded by a train of silly flunkies whose opinions he mistakes for those of Canada's people and volunteers." Undoubtedly His Lordship has exactly this class of advisers around him or he never could have made the stupid blunder of committing himself to the expression of opinions whose publication must take away from his Excellency much of the respect and cordial regard that had been felt for him since His demissionation amongst us. Lord Lansdowne must not allow the silly notion to remain in his head that we live and move and have our being for the sake of the Crown. When our gallant sons took up their arms it was to maintain the supremacy of law in their country, and restore it to peace and order again. Some arose in defense of their homes; but one and all arose in response to the call of duty to fight for their country, for their Canada. They had no particular thought of the Crown when they went out; much less were they fighting for a smile or a condescending nod of approbation from Downing Street. The sooner His Lordship comes to see things in this light the better. The two or three imported flunkies who have his lordship's ear, and the half-dozen domesticated ones, do not represent the people of Canada by any manner of means. It has hitherto always been tyrannical, and our cheerful duty, to write was not things about Lord Lansdowne.

We condole his late stupid blunder with a good deal of regret.

The present session is certain, also, to pass by without anything having been done with respect to the question of Canadian Copyright. Mr. Edgar brought the question up in the House, but a member of the Government informed him that certain negotiations between the Canadian and the Imperial Governments were going on, and that any action by Parliament would not be wise. Of course Mr. Edgar was obliged to desist; and so the matter remains a reproach to the Parliament of Canada.

That respected body known as the Fenians of New England held a meeting lately in Boston to discuss the fishery question. Of course it was pointed out with enthusiastic vividness that the result of the seizure of all these American fishing schooners would be a "bloody war between the Old Country and Canada." The brethren seem to have pledged themselves to have revenge upon the "insulting Saxon," and to lend a hand at elevating Ireland. They seemed to regard Canada in the same category of infamy as England, though they should not have forgotten that a certain blistering demagogue was elevated to the Senate simply because of his violent sympathy for Fenianism, in which order his brother was a leader. If the dynamiters of Canada are wise they will bring forward their matter for the notice of the ministry; and when we come to consider that the number of that body is now pretty large the chance is a strong one that a place will be found for him in one of our representative institutions. There is no reason on earth, either, why the burglars of the country, and the fire bugs, and the confidence men should not each present their claims—point out the number of votes in each body—to one of our beautiful Canadian administrations.

It is interesting to note the regard in which certain prominent organs of English opinion hold this confederated Canada of ours. When the noise of the seizure of the American fish pirates reached Great Britain the *Pall Mall Gazette* at once proposed that arbitrators from England and the United States should then come together and dispose of the matter. Certain Imperial statesmen were of the same mind as the *Gazette*. Not a thought was given to Canada whose interests alone were involved. We are pleased to note that the nation at large seems to look at the question in a more reasonable and decent way. England professes the desire to live in peace and love with her colonies. Well, if she desires that peace and love, if she be anxious to preserve the tie, she must no more take such advice as papers of the *Gazette* stripe have to give her. For there is nothing under the wide heaven surer than this: that, as soon as the cord that binds us to the mother land begins to chafe that moment we break the fetters.

We sympathize with the *Mail* Company in their loss and inconvenience by the fire that has once again visited their building. These fires cannot all, surely, be accidents. So frequent have been the fires in this building that citizens have come to look upon the *Mail* tower as a sort of beacon.

The celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis is no more. His body has been incinerated at the Mount Olivet crematory, New York. The Toronto city council have come to a stop with respect to the proposal to erect a crematory here.

Exactly as we surmised, Mr. Goldwin Smith has been "turning up" in the thickest parts of the political fray in England. He has lately come out in print as

Liverpool; and, as we supposed that he would do, he takes occasion to voice accurately sentiments of the Canadian people upon the question of a parliament for Ireland. He speaks in such a tone that the uninformed might regard him in the light of a father of the Canadian people; and when he opens his lips, he gives his audience to understand, Canada has opened her mouth. Now what we protest against is having anybody who is not an exponent of our opinions or sympathies pose as the exponent of both. Mr. Goldwin Smith's views may be right and ours may be wrong; the only thing certain is that he is emphatically out of sympathy with almost every measure and every institution that Canadians hold dear.

Despite the sneers that have been showered of late upon the value of our fisheries by the American demagogues, New York palates have a good deal of penchant for Nova Scotia lobster, which is larger and firmer than those taken upon the United States' coasts.

The contest between the Street-Car Company, of Toronto, and the bus-line operated by the Knights of Labor, continues with increasing vigor. There is new upon the routes an almost full, bus service; and the street cars run in usual number and on full time.

The charity with which the editor of a medical journal in Buffalo, the *Vindicator*, refers to a brother medical editor in Philadelphia is so striking that we cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph: "We need hardly say that we refer to the notorious Lum Smith, of Philadelphia, a man whose private record and public character mark him at once as the most detestable and loathsome of black-malling, villainous knaves; a being to be abhorred and shunned by all decent people, a creature so low in the scale of morality that even the touch of his garment is defiling; a vain-glorious, boastful, bombastic, inflated crank of the Guizot kind, who, like his ever-to-be abhorred prototype, professes, in his conceit, that he has a grand 'mission' to perform." We commend this paragraph to the attention of our party contemporaries. We only quote a small portion of the article; and if the *Globe* were to get hold of the remainder it would be a good thing to keep in stock. Since Mr. Griffin's retirement to the classic shades of the Ottawa library they have no need for that class of matter at the *Mail* Office. But although Mr. Griffin was bitter he was never vulgar; and even the man at whom the brilliant phrase was flung, while winding under the blow, often had to admire the finesse with which it was delivered. But it is plain that Mr. Lum Smith must have provoked the Buffalo Escalopus pretty grievously or he would not have brought this torrent of white-hot lava upon his head.

A prosecuting attorney in a Texan court room the other day "ventilated" a negro detective with five bullets, because the black had dared to abuse him.

Mr. Horatio Hale, the well-known authority upon Indian languages and Indian rites, contributes to the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly* a paper entitled "Ethnology of the Blackfoot tribes." The paper is a very thoughtful one; and the author reaches the conclusion that the Blackfoot Indian is the superior of many other tribes. This he attributes to the probable fact that the Blackfoot are a people of mixed race. To those who take an interest in such questions we recommend this thoughtful and valuable paper.

Truth's Contributors.

CANADIAN ARBOR DAY, 1886,

ON MY OWN HOOK.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.
(No. 23)

"I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit." This we believe to be a true account of an "Arbor Day" nearly three thousand years ago in the Holy land, in and around Jerusalem, as recorded by King Solomon. We learn from the teachings of the past our lessons of the future, and we can never know too much of the good done in times of old and in the days of other years.

What a beautiful picture! A lesson for all generations of men! Behold the great King, casting aside for a day his Royal robes, and joining with his people in the good work of making gardens, planting trees, decorating and beautifying the land; and then proclaiming to all people and lands, as recorded in Holy Writ:—"I made me gardens and orchards and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits." Therefore, Arbor Day, in this and every land is just a following in the footsteps and adopting the lessons as laid down by the wisest and greatest of men—by King Solomon.

Canada owes much to two men. The late James Little, formerly of Caledonia, in the county of Haldimand, where the writer first met with him in, 1846. His particular study or "hobby," during a long lifetime was the preservation of our forests, and no one in Canada, from long experience, was so well fitted to write on the subject. And the Hon. H. G. Joly has devoted much time and study to forestry and the planting or rearing of our forests, and, we believe, it was through or by him that Arbor Day has become an established thing or fixed institution in Lower Canada.

We have not noticed any special or particular accounts of planting done this year on Arbor Day. Doubtless there has been, here and there, over the land some work done to celebrate the day. There has been some planting, or rather a sticking in of trees on the squares and other public places in the city of Montreal. This shows that the citizens approve of and join the good work; even the school boys and girls are most enthusiastic to plant their trees.

It must, however, be pointed out to our city amateur planters, that digging a deep narrow hole and sticking a tender young tree in it, somewhat after the fashion of planting a cedar post, is not the way a young tree should be planted. Our country friends know how to handle and to plant a young tree.

The roots are generally planted too deep by our amateurs, far below their original position, and, again, the trees selected are too large for planting. Select young trees and plant them as near the surface as they formerly grew. Go look at our forest trees; the roots in most cases will be found running on the surface or slightly below.

The trees thus planted during the past three or four years in the city of Montreal, notably on Dominion Square, have been a failure. The intention was good but the labour bad. They were stuck down like telegraph posts, quite firm, so that no wind could shake them. They looked very pretty for a couple of weeks but were lifeless at mid-summer, having been planted deep down in the cold clay, forcing their roots, if they grew at all, to grow upwards in search of good soil. A young tree is a very

tender thing, therefore, handle it tenderly, plant it carefully, better to plant a dozen trees well than a hundred carelessly.

These Arbor Days will have a decided and permanent effect for good and will create a taste in the rising generation for the planting and growing of trees. A noble taste and worthy to be encouraged, it instills a love of country. Trees planted in our young days around the home of our youth stand like sentinels—beacons—that ever live and are always fresh in the memory of the wanderer.

They grow on and flourish and when the wanderer returns in after years to visit the home of his youth, the members of his family may all be dead or scattered, (as in the case of the writer) the trees alone which he planted in early youth are there, blossoming as of old in springtime, bearing tempting fruits in summer, or crowned in autumn with their frost-tinged leaves, closing the year in gorgeous colors, a prelude to a coming spring.

The school boys and girls of the present day who have their tastes fostered and encouraged, both by precept and example, will not only grow up having a practical knowledge of tree planting but they will never suffer the trees so planted by them to languish or be destroyed. From every point of view the observance of Arbor Day is good, both in its practical effects and its educating influences on the future. The time is not distant when every parish or Township in Canada will recognize the importance of tree planting and celebrate Arbor Day with enthusiasm, thereby elevating the tastes and causing a noble rivalry in the rising generation to beautify our country.

Our worthy forefathers found this country an unbroken forest. Their duty was to level the forest, to make food-producing farms and comfortable homes for us their children. The giant trees fell before the sturdy blows of their axes, giving place to cleared farms, to wheat fields and rich meadows.

Theirs was not the duty to heed the cry of:—"Woodman spare that tree!" all shared a like fate. The duty, however, of the present generation is to decorate and beautify those now treeless farms, by planting portions of each with trees, which will not only be pleasant to the eye, but will increase the value of the farms, for which a coming generation will thank us.

"Arbor Day, 1886, on our own hook." The readers of TRUTH will remember the writer's articles on the "Canadian Home of Robert de la Salle," in which stood, we believe, the first orchard planted in Canada, planted in the days of the early Jesuit Fathers. This old home, being also the home of his paternal grandfather, now belongs to the writer. The old orchard has fallen through age, yet a score of the old trees now remain. The pear trees which grew on it, notably, the *bon cretin* of old France, were as large as medium sized elms.

The writer made a solemn resolve, on getting possession of the old home, to renew, or rather to plant a young orchard on the ground where the old one stood, and in doing so endeavoured to find some of the old long keeping apples of Canada; in this he has partly succeeded and has commenced the re-planting after his own fashion, which may interest young Canadian boys to imitate him in this his Arbor Day of 1886.

A difficulty presented itself. No trees could be had of the sorts wanted; plenty of grafted trees could be had from the nurseries at about twenty dollars per hundred, but none of the kinds wanted. There have been too many summer and autumn apples,

planted throughout Canada of late years and when there is surplus and no export demand, such early ripening apples are of little value, but late and long keeping apples can be stored and held for winter and spring demand.

Therefore we decided to cultivate none but late keeping apples. Two of such apples were selected from two of the old trees still standing in the old orchard. It is a mistake to cultivate too many sorts; some new orchards have as many as fifty varieties growing where a half a dozen choice kinds would be more profitable. It is rather amusing to visit one of these new orchards and to hear the youngsters rhyme over the names of the different kinds of apples growing in it.

To make a beginning:—In the spring of 1885, we secured two hundred prime seedling stocks, of three and four years' growth; these we planted in well prepared ground in the rows where they are to stand and to grow in the orchard, without any after transplanting. The rows were laid out 36 feet apart, between the rows, and the trees—the seedling stocks—were planted 18 feet apart in the rows.

In a former planting, thirty years ago, of an orchard by the writer, he planted the trees 30 feet apart every way; these trees now spread across the rows.

We consider the present distance of 36 feet between the rows and 18 feet between the trees in the rows better than the former one of 30 by 30. Time will tell!

These 200 seedling stocks planted out in the spring of 1885, were in prime condition for root-grafting in May, 1886; and on them to celebrate our Arbor Day of 1886. We root-grafted with grafts selected from choice winter apples. The grafts are doing well, with a very few exceptions. We had secured last Fall a few hundred small seedling stocks which we root-grafted during the winter for planting out this spring.

During last Autumn ground was prepared for planting out 150 trees, and on this prepared ground we have made the experiment this spring of planting out the best of our root-grafts in the position and rows in which we intend them to grow in the orchard. The balance of the root-grafts being planted in a nursery; to replace any that may fail of those placed in their permanent position. After a year or two there will be plenty to select from the nursery to afford of an extensive planting.

The young boys of Canada will learn from the foregoing what an old Canadian boy, now approaching his three score years and ten, has done to celebrate the Canadian Arbor day of 1886; and if they desire and have a taste to decorate their farms and beautify the land, they have a true and faithful account of what he has done, and should any of them visit, ten years hence, the Ruins of La Salle's Canadian Home, two miles above the Lachine Rapids, they may recall this homely article.

The foundation of an orchard has been laid by planting 350 rootgrafts this year after his own fashion. Besides this there were planted of small fruits, plums, cherries, grapes, strawberries, &c., a good quantity, to which there will be added every year and replaced any that may fail. Never despair, boys, if any or all fail, plant again, just make it a point to learn from the experience or teachings of the past year lessons for the future.

We ask the boys, the farmers' sons of Canada, to gather a good quantity of nuts this coming Autumn, of the nut-bearing trees of Canada, such as the Walnut, Hickory, Oak, Butternut, &c., and make a corner of the garden or farm

those nuts planted. Plant them thickly, not deep; just cover them, and in the following autumn, a spring of 1888, by which time the stalks would be a foot high or more, have them transplanted and placed in a nursery, in rows from 3 to 4 feet apart between the rows, and plant the young stalks about 6 to 8 inches apart in the rows. By this means they would, in a couple of years afterwards, have any number of young trees to select from to plant out in position to suit their fancies.

Trees, groves and forests, have received particular attention and study of the sacred writers in every age, and have graced the poet's lines, notably, the sweet singer of Israel! Who has not read of the "Goodly cedars"—the cedars of Lebanon, and the stately oaks of Bashan?

Some of these giant cedars, on the sunny slopes of Lebanon, may have been twigs, or more saplings, at the rise of one or other of the great Empires of the East, and were, centuries afterwards, still green in middle age, on the downfall thereof!

We have, in Canada, our own tall reaching cedars and our stately spreading oaks. Let us not forget these trees in our future Canadian Arbor Days!

THE MUSKET AS A SOCIAL FORCE.

BY JOHN McILROY.

No. II.

The new lo: began its work for mankind as the slave of the ingraft. Only kings could afford the costly "mortars," "vases," "cavaliers," "parlors," "falcons," etc.—only monarchs could employ the skilled artisans who manipulated these

"... mortal engines whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread thunders counterfeited."

It had to serve an apprenticeship to autocracy before it became democracy's mighty minister. It prepared the way for its future mission, even then, for kings used it to dismount cavaliers, and beat down their castles. The despotism of the Man on Horseback began to crack around the edges, and in the rifts and fissures of the iron tyranny fell the mustard-seed that was to grow up into the world-shadowing tree of liberty. Its development was dishearteningly slow, however. It was a day when all intellectual processes were as slow as the pace of the overladen battle-horse, and invention crawled languidly, instead of running and leaping, as to-day.

So it was fully a century and a half after Ferdinand IV. used the first cannon to aid in capturing Gibraltar, before we find a Man on Foot using the first crude attempt at a musket. A favorite type of cannon were then called "bombards," and he styled this diminutive copy a "bombardella." Nothing could have been ruder and more primitive in design and construction. It was merely a tube—probably about as large as a section of two-inch gas pipe, but not so well made—with one end closed, and near that a small hole for a vent. It was securely fastened to a stout stick, the end of which reached to the ground to receive the recoil. The Man on Foot, clad in light armor, would load the bombardella up, while a comrade, kneeling, would ram the powder down to the vent. It was a weak, and it was weighing about a pound.

could have rendered any service whatever. With no facilities for aiming, it was by the merest accident that it struck the cavalier, unhorsed him, and put him at the mercy of his enemies on the ground, but even this chance was much gained.

The power was now getting into the hands in which it belonged. Invincible Man on Horseback meant aristocracy, and artillery autocracy. The foot-soldier, ever though he be the myrmidon of a king or the henchman of a lord, is, unconsciously perhaps, the enemy of noble and sovereign. He comes from the people and returns to the people. Whatever he may do at behest of liege or lord is an object-lesson to his fellow-commoners as to what they may do in opposition. Every step taken by his master, to make him more formidable is

"Bloody instruction, which, being taught, returns to plague the inventor."

The first cavalier that was rolled in the dust by a bombardelle-ball reopened the era of the people which had closed when Rome's matchless infantry disappeared from the fighting world. Thenceforward the final overthrow of feudal and kingly despotism and the triumph of the people became merely a question of improvement in the bombardelle. In vain the Man on Horseback strengthened his armor and thickened his castle walls. The stronger his armor, the more he was weighted down; the slower he moved, the longer he was within striking distance of the man with the "hand gunne." Nor could thickening of his walls keep pace with the improvement in cannon making, the substitution of iron balls for stones, and the strengthening of gunpowder.

In those days the Germans called cannon "bozes" (Buchse), from the manner in which they were built up. They devised a fork or hook (Haken) to support the bombardelle and afford better aim, and called the improved arm a "hook-box" (Hakenbuchse), whence the various forms of "hakenbus" and "argushuse" in different languages. Presently the tube, growing still lighter as the improvement in the manufacture of powder enabled the weight of the ball to be continually reduced, was laid in a stock similar to that of the famous Genoese cross bow, and a priming pan was placed at the vent. A little later a more valuable improvement was made by attaching to the rear end of the barrel a piece of iron shaped like the letter S, and called a "serpent." The upper end of this carried the tip of a lighted rope-match into the priming-pan when the lower end was moved by the finger. When a trigger and springs were subsequently added, the Man on Foot had the historic "matchlock," with which he fought for two and a half centuries.

Thenceforward the march of improvement was steady and at an accelerating pace. The "hand gunne" gained continual access of power over the Man on Horseback, and as continually its use became more familiar to the people at large. By singular concatenations, which some people are fond of terming "providential dispensations," the man advocating the best ideas got hold of the improved guns and had the most of

the Swiss, who had grown so stout that they did not hesitate to descend the mountains to attack the plains, came down the Vosges Mountains, and had the most of the

footmen to smite the French chevaliers hip and thigh at Pavia in 1525, where Francis I. "lost everything but honor," and the Spanish infantry became the first in Europe, a position it held for nearly a century, until, as the instrument of ecclesiastical tyranny in the Netherlands, it was defeated by the superior guns and tactics of the Dutch infantry under Maurice of Nassau.

A few decades later the use of paper cartridges by the Swedish musketeers gave them an advantage which greatly aided Gustavus Adolphus to widen the horizon of Liberty by his successful warfare against the herds of civil and religious despotism. Nearly simultaneously firelocks in the hands of Cromwell's superb foot-soldiers were preaching irresistible arguments on the Rights of Man to Charles I.'s cavaliers.

The medieval Man on Horseback may now be said to have permanently disappeared from the field of battle. Granson, Marston, and Pavia had showed him of how little avail it was for him to cover every inch of his own body and that of his horse with the best steel, and he began stripping it off, to gain celerity of movement under the dreadful fire. By the end of the seventeenth century it was all gone but the helmet and breastplate, and these were not worn by him, but by his mercenaries. As the musket now enabled battles to be determined by the superior manhood of superior numbers, and there was always a great deal of downright killing, he lost his keen interest in war as a business, and loved best to fight by proxy. The plaint of the fop to Harry Hotspur was an anachronism of about two hundred years for Henry IV's reign, but it expressed precisely accurately the feelings of the aristocracy in Shakespeare's time:

"And that it was a great pity, so it was. This villainous villain should be digged Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good fellow had destroyed So cowardly; and but for these vile guns He would himself have been a soldier."

The Man on Horseback still continued to don his suit of "complete steel" from time to time for nearly a century after it was last worn in line of battle, but it was only to impress the popular imagination and enhance his personal appearance when he took part in the pageantry of government. The long warfare between him and the king had ended in his entire subjugation, and he was now an obsequious attendant upon "his royal master," with whom he had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance against the common people.

Steady improvement of the weapon through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by the men who were vielding it to gain for themselves the commonest rights of ownership in their own souls and bodies and the fruits of their toil, had made the musket so handy that the cumbersome ferret could be dispensed with, and had given it the flint-lock, the bayonet, and the front-sight, which latter greatly increased the accuracy of aim.

By another of those remarkable providential dispensations, grim old Leopold of Dessau devised the iron rammer, just at the time when it was most needed to enable the little Prussian army to withstand the overwhelming masses of barbaric Russia, stupid old Austria, and intriguing France. As Frederick II.'s men were able to fire five times to their enemies' twice, the reactionary waves beat in vain against the new bulwark raised up to protect the progressivism which had made its home in Northwestern Europe.

Across the Western seas a still greater development was taking place. In the grasp of the men who had sought refuge from the tyrannies of the world the musket

handled engine it was in the hands of most Europeans. To the colonist it was the most familiar of his every-day tools. The daily food of the family was provided with it; the fiercest wild beasts were slain by it, and the fiercer wild Indians were conquered by it and driven from the lands which they claimed as their birthright. Being its owner's main dependence in his struggle for life, he naturally strove to raise its powers to the highest mechanical limits of the day. By rifling the inside of the barrel, and placing a sight on the rear end, he made his aim mathematically certain. With such a weapon he could encounter every mortal foe with entire confidence. Rattlesnake nor panther, wild Indian nor foreign mercenary, had any terrors for him. If his foe had brain or heart, his unerring bullet was sure to find it.

With his rifle in hand the common man reclaimed himself with all the rights that had been torn from him by a thousand years of the despotism of the Man on Horseback. He brokeed so little of tyranny that he would not endure so much of it as was involved in the attempt to tax him without his full consent. The assertion in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence differed from most similar fulminations in that it was not ahead but only abreast of the popular acceptance of the principles which it affirmed. Men were not only endowed with the inalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but on this side of the ocean they exercised them to the fullest extent.

Still more: they taught the Frenchmen who had come here to assist them in their final struggle for freedom, by precept, and those who had stayed at home by example, that the musket was the means by which these rights were obtained and maintained. They demonstrated in practice the axioms to a perception of which all Europe had been slowly rising: that before the musket's muzzle all men are equal; that lordly lineage, boundless wealth, nor privileged caste can hedge a man with a divinity impervious to bullets; but that any set of men, who love liberty well enough to peril life for it, must be met on equal terms, with equal hazard of life, by those who would deprive them of it; that the reign of the few was ending, and that of the many beginning, for, with all men equally able to kill their oppressors, only those governments and systems of governments can maintain themselves which rally to their support more than can be arrayed in opposition.

In all the world's history no teaching ever had such immediate and tremendous results. Within a quarter of a century after the close of the American Revolution the new Evangel of Freedom had flamed from the States to the Moslems, at the muzzle of millions of muskets, borne by men who had suddenly risen from the abasement of serfdom to the full stature of manhood. In France, the chosen home of chivalry, the degenerate sons of the Man on Horseback had been drowned in a sea of their own vicious blood. In all the fairest parts of Continental Europe the land had been wrested from the hairs of the bandit-lords, and restored to the ownership of those who filled it. The whole civilized world had begun that rapid march towards popular government

"... whose compulsory course No'er knows retreating ebb."

but will "keep due on," until emperors, kings, and potentates will be as obsolete as the "tabards," "boozers," "brassards," and other trumpery of the medieval Man on Horseback.

All life is battling—all society—a conflict

of forces. Little worth having is ever got without being wrung from the teeth of opposition. Particularly is this true of the ordinary possession of manhood. Every privilege and immunity which we enjoy today, without more thought than we enjoy the sunshine and the summer air, has been extorted—most frequently through bloodshed—from those who would fain withhold it. The students of history reading the Bill of Rights see in every clause the result of some successful war fought to wring a concession of that particular principle from the dominant class. The musket has steadily led the way and supported every extension of the boundaries of freedom. Without so irresistible a weapon within reach of every man's hand, the world would still be prostrate under the heels of an equestrian aristocracy, whose despotism would only be tempered by the tyranny of knighthood.

Artillery is monarchic, cavalry aristocratic, and infantry democratic. Armor and the horse brought about the rule of the few over the many; cannon helped make one man ruler over all; while the musket is the agent of the popular will and the pioneer of universal suffrage. "All free government," says an eminent philosopher, "depends upon the power of the majority to whip the minority." The fundamental principle of democracy is that the wishes of one thousand men shall prevail over those of nine hundred men, and the musket gives the thousand men the physical power to enforce their will upon the nine hundred men.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

BY R. W. PHIPPS.

The Irish people by a large majority—many of them Protestants—by the voice of a large majority of their elected members of Parliament—many of them Protestants—demand, it appears, a local Parliament, and certain powers of self-government. It is surely, under these circumstances, illegal to argue that the granting their requests would inaugurate any system in Ireland injurious to the Protestant religion, or to the free exercise of its rights in Ireland. If any persons are more peculiarly sensitive of their position on such matters than others, they are Irish Protestants. They would not agitate for their own injury, and it is impossible to imagine that they are not as well aware as any persons can be of the probable results of the measure they so earnestly demand.

The Irish Parliament occurred in its own final dissolution, and in its reference of Irish Parliamentary proceedings to England, by a vote influenced by bribery so gross, so open, and so general as to have rendered impossible to the historian either its denial or its defence. Without any suspicion of bribery, the Irish representatives now demand that it be retransferred. If it were in any degree excusable to allow the transfer on the authority of the first purely it would be utterly inexcusable to deny it when demanded by the second.

Some believe that the proposed change would weaken the British Empire. But certainly every fact goes to show that the effect would be exactly opposite, and that it would greatly strengthen that Empire. A very large majority of the Irish people declare, speaking on matters of which none can be better informed than they, that the present state of affairs is most injurious to their prosperity, and that the proposed change will greatly benefit them in every respect. The discontent of Ireland, con-

stantly exciting hostility to England, has been most justly considered a source of danger to the Empire. That it is so considered, its garrison of many thousand soldiers proves. What is more likely to continue this dangerous hostility than a continued refusal of that which they consider their chief political necessity, and the enforced permanence of that which they count the principal obstacle to their progress? What better way can there be to strengthen the Empire than to render a large and unprosperous portion prosperous, to render the same portion contented instead of discontented—in one word, loyal instead of disloyal, and to place them in circumstances rendering them capable of effectively proving their loyalty?

The demands they make are not in themselves unusual or strange—such have been granted with no ill effect to other subordinate nationalities; they are simply that a local government shall manage local affairs.

It is said that the condition of Irish Protestants would be injured. This might certainly be answered sufficiently by the fact that many well-informed Irish Protestants have joined the movement, and that they would not move for their own injury. It is also answered by the well known fact that, in all countries, Protestants find it perfectly possible and easy to reside, that they do so reside, live there long periods or for life, do business or accumulate fortunes there, without any obstacle to either from the much superior number of Roman Catholics around; and that it is utterly absurd to suppose they could not do so in Ireland, being there in large numbers, and in connection with and under ultimate protection of, as they must be in any scheme of home government—the powerful central government close at hand. Even if the Catholic population possessed power of injury, which they would not, they would not possess the will. Their will would be directly opposite, for no country desires to drive away wealthy residents, but to retain them.

The case of Jews, disliked as usurers, who deal in nothing but money, is an exception. So with an absentee landlord, who spends his money elsewhere. But what rather suggests itself is that when the feeling of foreign domination and foreign partizanhip is removed, which there is every chance under Home Rule would take place, the question of religion being no longer embittered by its connection with that of separate nationality, would fade from view, and that both parties, looking on Ireland as their home, would strive to advance its prosperity. Each party would view the other as fellow citizens. Now there is a very different feeling. It should be remembered that in nearly all countries these creeds have violently clashed when political reasons underlaid the strife, and that when these were removed, no occasion of discord was found to remain.

An objection to investing the Irish with powers of home government has been that they are said to be priest-ridden. Undoubtedly, their clergymen have possessed much influence in their temporal affairs. This was, during the execution of the severe laws of former days, almost an inevitable occurrence. Oppressed on many sides, the peasant looked for guidance to him who was, possibly, his only educated friend. But this decreases exactly as its necessity is removed. It is not so in the United States. It would not be so in Ireland were self-government in local hands. It would not be so, because it is not in nature that it should. When the layman benefits by priestly assistance in temporal affairs, he seeks it. It gives him a strength he had not without. When, in a condition of greater independence, that clerical assist-

ance and advice would be an injury—when it tends to deprive him of a strength he has, he does not seek it. Political independence and clerical interference cannot flourish together in a country like Ireland, which, owing to its school system, is no longer an ignorant one. What the National Schools have done cannot be undone.

The French of the last century might have been called priest-ridden; so might within the last half century the Italians. So, while in Ireland, might the Roman Catholics at present resident in the United States. So, before the time of Henry the Eighth, might our own English ancestors. To none of these four can the term be now applied, and for this reason: They have gained political freedom, and just in proportion as the citizen obtains this, so much more is he independent of the political aid of his spiritual adviser. It clings long in Quebec; but that is an island of tradition fearing a deluge of innovation. The case is different and unique.

The Irish are what centuries of repression have made them—banded together as far as their means allow, against their oppressors. But to make them friends a different course is necessary; and, though various suggestions have been made concerning their possible hostile usage of the powers they demand, all reason points the other way. Much has been said of the danger to England of a hostile and powerful Ireland. Of the two, Ireland, it should not be forgotten, would be in ten times the greater danger, and so much the more interested in being friendly.

They would, it is said, be the allies of America, or of France, or of some European country. How could they prosper as either? The North have their lions, but the whole discontented portion of Ireland have little or nothing to sell to either. France and America are nations producing the same agricultural products as Ireland, and as cheaply or more cheaply; Ireland's future depends on her friendship with England, in two most important ways—two ways and no more—two ways which there is neither avoiding or ignoring. England is her market, so far as she remains agricultural—a market she cannot replace elsewhere. England must supply her coal, if she is to be to any important extent manufacturing—a supply she could by no means profitably obtain elsewhere. What prospect would Ireland have as the ally of a foreign nation against England? It could only exist with one purpose, to aid such a nation to attack England, and could only result in one way, the making Ireland the theatre of a war in which friend and foe would in succession devastate her territory—a war in which she must lose much, and could only gain, if successful, an independence complete in but one thing—the opportunity of decaying unmolested. In five years after such success her every street would be grass-grown.

Ireland, under Home Rule, is likely to be an Ireland freed of religious feuds. These have been perpetuated by the fact that for hundreds of years a minority of Protestants ruled the country by the force of English influence, and that this minority and their backers in England were responsible for the oppression which all admit. Naturally the numerous Catholics leagued against the few Protestants, superior to themselves by foreign force. Naturally, they poured their tale of wrongs into the ear of the priest; their nearest, often their only friend above the ranks of those whose sympathy could avail them nothing. But what need will there be for all this now? The Protestants will no longer be a garrison holding the land for a foreign race. They will be part and parcel of the Irish people, and their prosperity will be dependent on the prosperity of the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Suppose the States, in sympathy with a minority here, largely landlords, had long governed us in Canada by an armed force, guided by the American Congress. What has occurred in Ireland would, modified perhaps somewhat in action, have occurred here. All political hopes would have merged in that of removing the oppression. The same deadlock in legislation would exist here. Our members would have acted as turbulently in Washington as theirs in London. Agrarian outrages would have occurred. The law would have been defied. Well, suppose the trouble removed, the link severed, and our own Parliament again in Ottawa. All would have changed again, and there would be as little disaffection as now.

What reason could the Catholics have, these troubles removed, to annoy their Protestant neighbors? None whatever; but the strongest reasons for living in unity with them. Some of these reasons are as follows:

They would frequently need Protestants to represent them in the Irish Parliament, as they now send them to the English. In their ranks are many of the wealthy, the intelligent, the mentally active of the land. To lose them—to exercise any pressure which could induce them to emigrate—would be utterly suicidal. It is by them that Ireland must prosper, if she prosper, in commerce, arts or agriculture. On equal terms, the consciousness of foreign supremacy removed, there would be no occasion for any of the too-long existing mutual jealousies and heartburnings. Religion, ceasing to be a mark of national distinction, would cease to be a cause of quarrel. Priests would cease to be political candidates, ministers cease to be political preachers. No Irish Catholic would move in the direction of annoying those whose residence in the country would give them capital, erect factories, build shipping, improve harbors, furnish employment, which otherwise would not exist. They would not, for their interest. They could not, for the proximity of England. In every way, the minority would be secure.

Home Rule would not increase Catholic numerical superiority, but tend strongly to decrease it. In a short time, whatever powers an Irish Parliament may start with, it will obtain some means of encouraging Irish manufactures, and making at home much which they import from England now. This may be done by a tariff, or by bonuses; but, however secured, it could have but one effect, namely, the English capital, now employed in England in manufacturing for Ireland, will be employed in Ireland for the same purpose. Many Englishmen will accompany it, and, from their influx, while becoming more energetic, business-like and independent, Ireland, partly Protestant, would become, probably, more Protestant.

What is wanted in Ireland is not so much division of land in the country as greater abundance of employment in the towns. It is very doubtful whether it is best that Irish small farmers should be encouraged to cultivate patches of stony mountain or barren heath, wasting, in obtaining a scanty existence, efforts which elsewhere would render them independently rich. They do not stay there of choice, but for want of choice. In America, where cities furnish work, the Irish occupy no such fields. An Irish Parliament could remedy this without incurring the obloquy of foreign oppression. It could do much more. It could carry out the ideas long ago given to the world by Irish thinkers from Swift till now. I could greatly aid Ireland in every way that is, with the concurrence of England with whose future the whole future of Ireland is bound up. Outside of it she has none. As to her being in any sense what-over the ally of Catholic nations to the prejudice of Britain, it is impossible, for such an attempt, as I before stated, and as any one can see, would instantly deprive her of her market and of her source of capital, and give her none in return. If she bring English capital to her aid, encourage commerce, manufacture, and such agriculture as is profitable, great possibilities are before her. All this can be well done by an Irish—can only be ill done, or not done at all, by an English Parliament.

One—perhaps it may be called the chief—cause of Ireland's troubles is that her resources are largely unused. Her seas swarm with fish, yet the men employed in fishing decreased from 100,000 in 1846 to 24,000 in 1880, while her markets are largely supplied with cured fish from Scotland and the Isle of Man. One industry, chiefly in Ulster, is large, many million dollars' worth of linen manufactures having been sent thence to Britain in a year. Her agriculture is very poor, but capable of immense extension. It suffers by small farms, little capital and fear of rent raising, if improvements are made. The new Land Act (1881) should improve this, but aid thence is often beyond the poor farmer's reach. There are other factories—cotton, woollen, jute, silk and the worked muslin trade, but the number of hands is much inferior to those employed in the linen making. But the conclusion is—Ireland could, by proper management, greatly increase her employment in and income from the field, the

workshop and the sea. But no distant hand can do this.

Ireland is capable of development, of supporting comfortably a much larger population, of becoming a source of strength for Britain instead of a weakness, a firm ally instead of a possible foe, a contented nation instead of a discontented race. No nation, no race, was ever rebellious when well treated by their central government. The favored class is always the patriotic, the oppressed race the rebellious. It is of vital importance to the British Empire that Ireland be loyal; that loyalty there is no means of securing but by yielding their demand for home government. He who opposes it may imagine himself a friend to Britain, but his idea would do her great injury. The concession may be retarded; it cannot be prevented. When it is granted, Britain will be freed from the greatest danger which has ever threatened her existence, and will have gained the most powerful ally she has ever known.

TORONTO, ONT.

The Apostle Islands.

On the southern shore of Lake Superior, that great "unsalted sea," and nearing its head, nestle the Apostle Islands, dotting the entrance to Chequamegon Bay. Some twenty in number they are of various sizes and shapes. Long reaches of white sand form here and there wide beaches, while near by red sandstone cliffs rise perpendicularly from the water to magnificent heights. Again the shores are lined with huge boulders ground round by the ceaseless roll of the surf. Yawning chasms within whose wind-shattered walls boats glide over the still water; waterfalls dashing down precipitous hills; huge pillars seeming as though formed by the hands of giant stone masons; great wave-worn fissures; immense blocks of stone fallen from the cliffs and forming other little islands upon which the hardy pine has found root and grows, are some of the natural beauties seen in passing through the island channels. The charm of the group lies mere, however, in the ever-varying views of their wooded slopes. On a summer day in that clear atmosphere, when light clouds sit across an otherwise brazen sky, a perfect picture is formed. In the foreground the clear, pure water of Chequamegon Bay; in front and on either hand lie the islands as far as the eye can reach. On the water a shade is cast here, giving it a deep green color; yonder the sun lights it up and it is molten silver; flashing across a wooded hill, all the vivid colors in the laboratory of nature are brought out; a shade from a cloud deepens the emerald-green of spruce and pine, and as the white-winged boat is wafted along, the scene is changing, ever changing. With balmy odors wafted from deep, woody shores; with refreshing breezes from the bosom of old Superior, mellowed by the rays of the sun and tempered by the winding hills, that lull their wise too boisterous blasts, life is a lullaby ended all too soon.

The Jesuit Fathers, Raymbault and Jaques, who sought but never reached the head of the great lake; Mesnard, who put his trust "in that Providence which feeds the little birds of the air and clothes the wild flowers of the desert," but who wandered into the trackless woods whence no word, or sign, or sound ever came from him; and Alloué, who made his way along the shore, through the labyrinth of islands and planted the standard of the cross on the largest of the group, had their hardships, it is true, but what a glorious life they led; with nature in her majesty, her beauty, her purity, ever present. That more than two centuries ago, and that those islands to day almost as they were when the devout and daring Jesuits, their Indian guides first looked upon them in their beauty. Civilization is around them; the despoiling hand has been stayed. Save here a cleared spot, a fishing boat, three or four light-houses, and a commerce which has made the shores of the lake a busy scene, were when earth was new.

Long voyages are made to the islands of nature; our people of many seas inquire to store life's memory in the grandeur of Superior, not surpassing the Old World.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNMENT," "OUT OF EDEN," &C.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"He is not such a medal husband as you make him out, I assure you. He is very good, most good, but he does not always do what I wish him to do."

"Come, he gives you as much of your own way as is good for you. Go like a dear girl, and ask him to come here to be persuaded."

And Lady Elizabeth did go. The Rector was sowing some garden seeds that he had saved through the winter, and these neat white packets all numbered and named were so indicative of the man.

"Well," he said, looking round as his wife entered. "I heard Godfrey come. Was I right?"

"Yes, but do not say anything to him about it."

"My dear, I ought to thank you for supposing I should have the bad taste to do so."

"You know I don't think you've got bad taste, but Godfrey seems—well, rather less—naturally, too, for fancy one of the Doyne refusing a Harford! I am certain she is in love with someone else, and I've a very shrewd guess who it is. But we'll leave this for the present. Godfrey wants you and me to go up to town with him, and be his guests for a few days. Will you go?"

"He mentioned something about this in the morning."

"I would like you to go, Rodrick, you have been so hard worked lately with Mr. Cockburn having being ill" (Mr. Cockburn was the curate at Kilmal) "and then it will not cost you anything."

"My dear Elizabeth, do you suppose I would allow your cousin to pay my expenses?"

"He has plenty of money, Rederick, more than he can spend."

"That may be, but rich men don't think more highly of poor ones who allow them to pay for them. I have made it a rule in life to pay my own way."

"Well, then, do pay it, my dear, but go with poor Godfrey! You see you will be such good company for him, and he wants cheering up a little—not that I believe he really cared for this girl—how could he care? A mere child—but he had an idea of getting married, and having an heir!"

"I recommend Reddie!" laughed the Rector. "Come along then, my dear, let us go and try to comfort this disconsolate wain!"

The husband and wife then went back to the Squire, and the visit to town was duly discussed. But Lady Elizabeth suddenly remembered she could not go.

"I can't leave home," she said, "though I would like to go so much, Godfrey, but I have just remembered something—one of Rodrick's children—the pretty little girl you have sometimes noticed, has taken scarlet fever. So I dare not leave home on account of Roddie, for I have no dependance on our side; she is a young girl, and is always talking about the village."

"She's had luck," said the Squire.

"It's most disappointing, but I could not get away from the children with fever in the village. No; you and Rodrick go. I want a change very badly, and you must both write and I won't object if you bring bonnet into the village."

"I'll go my own way, though I should like to see you, but I don't always do as I please," said Mr. Harford settled down to his work a few days later, and during the time he came constantly to the Rectory and spoke again of the village. Elizabeth understood that he preferred not to speak of the village.

brain that her husband's joke about Reddie was not such an unlikely idea after all. The Squire had no near relations, no brothers nor sisters, and Lady Elizabeth's mother and his mother had been own sisters, and of all her family Lady Elizabeth was his closest friend. If he had no children of his own was it improbable that he should think of her child as his successor? At all events, she was a very anxious that Roddie should be called "Cousin Godfrey," but Roddie, having no designs on the Squire's wealth in his infantile brain, did not take kindly to his mother's wish.

And the Squire's heart was out of tune—the child's prattle jarred upon his ears, and what he would have laughed at heartily a little while ago now worried him. He was glad to go to the Rectory, glad to be out of sight of the grey ivy-grown church tower, of the green fields and the fallow land, and the old home of which he had been so proud. He had planned this and that—he had thought of fresh young voices about the house, and little feet upon the stairs. It had been a bitter, bitter disappointment, but he bore it very manfully. Even Elizabeth never guessed how deeply this love had cut into his heart. But when he went home at night, and sat in the great silent rooms alone he admitted to himself that a fair face had spoiled his life.

He did not enjoy anything. His middle-aged pleasures, his dainty viands, his rare wines were all sour and bitter to his palate. And he thought of Alan Lester with strange awe, though no bitterness. He had always liked him, and he knew Alan was in truth a more suitable husband for this child than he was.

"Yet, I would have tried to make her so happy," he used to think with a restless sigh, wondering if anyone else would ever love her as dearly as he had done.

And one of the first people he went to see in town when he and the Rector arrived there, was Alan Lester. Alan had not yet succeeded in his object, and it was still uncertain whether the life of the unfortunate girl, Laura Davis, lying under sentence of death would be spared.

Alan had used all his influence, but he could get no one to agree with his convictions of her innocence. The lawyers he consulted all smiled and shook their heads over her statement, which Alan had put in writing to lay before the proper authorities. Condemned prisoners constantly asserted their innocence to the end, he was told, and Laura's statement of how she spent the night she was at Reden proved nothing. It was a case of the strongest circumstantial evidence and the judge who had tried her was a very stern man, and did not take a very merciful view of the endeavour to obtain a remission of her sentence.

But Alan was very determined. He had one of those inward convictions which nothing would shake that it was not the hand of Laura Davis that had struck down poor Jim Lester. He had looked in the girl's face—he had charged her to speak the truth in the most solemn words, and he believed she had spoken it. There was a mystery in the crime (which seemed so simple) yet unsolved, he was certain, and he was resolved to spare no effort to unravel it.

He was, therefore, greatly pleased to see his old friend Godfrey Harford. He knew the squire was a shrewd sensible man; a better business man, in fact, than he was, and he knew also that he was kind-hearted, withal, and would be sure to be ready to help him if he could.

The two men shook hands warmly, for they held a true regard for each other, and Godfrey Harford had been a friend of the Lesters all his life.

"And how have you left all the good people in our part of the world?" asked Alan.

"Very well, I think. I saw your mother

about a week ago, and Lady Elizabeth is very well. Claxton is with me, I told you?"

"Yes, and how is my pretty little friend, Miss Lily Doyne?"

"Very well, too, I believe," answered the Squire, with a little hushiness in his voice. "I—I have not seen her for some days."

There was something in Godfrey's tone that made Alan look into his friend's strange, marked, unhandsome face.

"Oh, indeed; I thought you and she were such chums?"

"So we are—very good friends. And now tell me, Lester, about this poor girl they are going to hang. Will you get a reprieve, d'ye think?"

"I hope so, but I want more than that, Harford, I am certain she is not guilty."

"Lady Lester told me you had a very strong conviction that the police have been on the wrong scent throughout; but I'm not of your mind, Alan. I read the evidence, and it was dead against her."

"Yes, to all outward seeming. But wait a bit, Harford; I'll show you her letter to her mother, written just before she tried to destroy herself, and I'll tell you what she said to me—lying there face to face with death, you know, and than we'll see what you think."

Alan told the Squire all that he himself knew, and the Squire admitted it was a strange story for a girl to invent merely for relieving her mother's mind after she was dead. But he was a practical man, and he shook his head.

"I'm afraid, my dear fellow, she's been taking you in," he said smiling. "Ah! Alan, is she a pretty lass that you'll believe no ill of her? However that's neither here nor there; it would be a shame to hang her, for there's no doubt that young scamp behaved very badly to her. Poor soul, she liked him too well!" And the Squire sighed.

CHAPTER XL.—TWO MOTHERS.

On the very day after Mr. Harford's arrival in town, Alan had another visitor at his hotel; a woman dressed in black and thickly veiled, but whom he at once recognized as the unhappy mother of the condemned girl.

He had written once to Mrs. Davis to tell her his effort to obtain a reprieve had not yet been successful, but that he hoped they would be, and when he saw her he naturally thought she had come to urge him to yet greater exertions.

"Will you forgive me for intruding on you, Sir Alan?" asked that strangely sweet voice, which Alan had first heard on the day her daughter was doomed to die, "but I felt I must come—I could not write—and I have some news—sad strange news."

"Has anything fresh been discovered, any one been found?" asked Alan eagerly.

"No, no, unhappily not about the person who took the young man's life; but I know now what broke my darling's heart, what crushed her so low. She did not wish to live; she was most cruelly deceived!"

"You mean by James Lester?"

"Yes, though he is dead my heart rises in anger against him still. Sir Alan, I saw my daughter yesterday, and I learn't, I wrung from her lips, that in a few months, if she lives, she will be a mother."

"Then," said Alan, "if this is properly attested, it will be a great relief to her life being spared. I shall see the Home Secretary to-day, and in a few months I earnestly trust we shall be able to discover who really did this cruel murder, and your daughter will be restored to you."

"I—I earnestly thank you, fathered Mrs. Davis, in a sob-choked voice; "my poor darling wanted to die—she—she hoped no one would ever know—it seemed such bitter shame to her, for she was always so proud and high spirited; but I suspected it, and it is so, and—and it will save her life!"

"It will undoubtedly save her life, and it also gives her fresh claims on me. If this child is born I shall, of course, support it."

"You are very good, sir, but we can do that."

"It will be my duty to do so, Mrs. Davis—poor Jim's child shall not want friends. I shall see about this at once; there may be some little delay, as the people in authority will have to be communicated with, but you may be assured, that your daughter's life is safe."

Mrs. Davis was deeply affected. "Perhaps we may never meet again in this world, sir," she said; "but if you will believe one who has bitterly repented—and

who has drunk of the cup of sorrow to the very dregs—"

"You must not distress yourself," interrupted Alan kindly. "I am convinced your daughter is innocent, and it shall be my care to endeavor to prove this. As soon as the reprieve is granted, I shall go down to Plymouth and see Mrs. Lester, and try to discover if young Jim had made any enemies there. It is not unlikely."

"I can only say, God bless you, sir. He has listened to me. Yes, I am sure God heard my prayers for Laura. I asked for her life, and my darling will not die that dreadful death!"

There was no difficulty, and very little delay now in obtaining the necessary reprieve. But no one believed in Laura's innocence; though her bitter wrongs raised up a strong feeling of pity for her. Both Mr. Harford and Mr. Claxton now became interested in her; Mr. Harford blaming poor Jim's conduct in no measured terms.

But still they did not agree with Alan that Laura had intended to kill herself and not him when she took the pistol down to Reden Court. But Alan held to this fixed opinion, and no sooner was the reprieve granted than he left home and went to Plymouth, intending to hear as much of Jim's early life as he possibly could.

When he came in sight of the "Barleigh Arms" he stopped and looked at the old tavern, thinking of that eventful afternoon when he and Major Doyne had first entered it. Strange! that this little dingy place should have played such a remarkable part in the fortunes of his house. He remembered the bright-eyed boy coming swaggering up to him, and how he had inwardly groaned, thinking that this was the rightful heir of Reden. Then he thought of his dead brother, and the beautiful woman who had ruined his life; his son in turn being fated so bitterly to repay that cruel wrong.

But when he entered the old bar, the once comely landlady was not to be seen there. It was full, as usual, and the old customers still gathered there, among them Captain Daniel Dow, sitting in his familiar seat, but instead of the rotund form of Mrs. Lester, a slim young damsel of considerable personal attractions now presided.

Alan asked to see Mrs. Lester, and the pretty barmaid answered with a coquettish smile. But poor ugly Rose, who was still in Mrs. Lester's service as once recognized Alan.

"You are the gentleman, sir—Oh, I remember, sir, who came to tell poor missus that poor master was dead, and that poor Mr. Jim had to go away to the place where he was murdered."

"I am the person who brought Mrs. Lester all this ill-news I am afraid; but can you see her?"

"Oh, I'm sure she'll see you, sir. Come into the blue parlour, and I'll tell her you're there; she sits mostly up stairs now; she has never got over poor Mr. Jim's death. But we often talk of the day you first came here."

Rose then led Alan into the blue parlour, just as she had done that day, and he stood staring vaguely, thinking of the part, at the big shells on the mantel piece and the other curiosities, very much in the same fashion as he had done then. But what a different woman now entered! Instead of the stout rosy, smiling lady of yore, dressed in a bright-tinted gown and flowery apron, a drooping, sorrowful, black-robed form appeared. Poor Mrs. Lester was greatly changed, and tears came into her eyes, as she held out her hand to welcome Alan.

"So you've come to see me, sir," she said; "thank you, very kindly, though you come to a sad house."

"I hope you are a little better now," Mrs. Lester said.

"I'll be no better on this side of the grave, sir. I can't get over it—it's just broke my heart."

"It was indeed a bitter, bitter grief; you know how deeply I feel for you."

"Yes sir, you've been all that's good, and you were so kind—to him that's gone. He oft-times talked about you in his pretty tongue—Uncle Alan and gran'ma he used to say—and, and I saw in the papers those were his last words on earth. Oh, Jim, Jim!" and Mrs. Lester flung her apron over her head, and wailed aloud.

"I do not believe that poor girl killed him, Mrs. Lester."

"Not kill him, sir! Who did it then? No one else in the world would have lifted

their hand to hurt him. He made naught but friends."

"But are you sure, Mrs. Lester? I was in the court, and I heard the girl declare her innocence, and I have been here since then. I believe she intended to kill herself, not Jim."

"Oh, that's just what her counsel said, sir, but what are you doing? Just paid for lying and jabbering anything that suits them to say; no, she did it, and as the Lord Judge said, she made it worse by lying about it."

"Did Jim never quarrel with any of the men about the bar when he was a lad?"

"Him qua'ral? Him? That was so sweet-tempered and free-anded with his glass 'ere and there, offering to treat everyone who came in! No sir, he had no one fault, he was too easy, and there were folks who imposed on him."

Poor Jim was now cancelled in his mother's mind. All his failings were forgotten, and his good qualities extolled and dwelt on. And therefore, with great delicacy, and as feelingly as he could, Alan broke the news to her which Mrs. Davis had told him. Mrs. Lester listened, bewildered, shocked, half unbelieving; but she suddenly cried out:

"They won't hang her now then, sir? They mustn't hang her now."

"No, they won't hang her now."

"And if it lives I'll take the child; yes, yes, I'll take the child; poor Jim's child; oh! who ever would have thought of such a thing!"

"I think it would comfort you to take the child, Mrs. Lester, and of course I shall handsomely provide for it, if it lives."

"Oh! it's upset me so; oh! I hope it will live; oh! dear; oh! dear."

Yet the idea seemed absolutely to give Mrs. Lester new life. It softened her heart, also to the miserable girl that her son had so cruelly wronged, and she soon became as eager as Alan that the terrible crime might have been committed by some other hand. But all Alan's inquiries in Plymouth ended in nothing. Jim had made many friends and no enemies seemingly among young men of his own age, and class in society, and as Chaplin told Alan "every one had a good word for him."

Everyone but Adrian Davis, to whom Alan also applied. The little billiard-marker's heart was full of anger and bitterness at the very mention of his name.

Alan went to the billiard-room and found Adrian looking exceedingly disconsolate. Things were at a very low ebb with him, the heavy expenses of the trial, and the loss of some of his supporters on account of it, had almost ruined him, and Adrian was standing, one in hand, staring bankruptcy in the face as it were, when Alan entered.

He recognized the slender graceful man he had seen in the witness-box on the day of Laura's trial, and came forward with his best bow.

"I wish to see Mr. Davis," said Alan.

"I am that miserable man, Sir Halan," answered Adrian with a rueful sigh. "I think I had the honor of seeing you in court when our poor gal was tried?"

"Yes, I was in court, and I have come to Plymouth to make some inquiries about James Lester's early life. Can you assist me?"

Adrian's yellow eyes gave a vicious roll, and his yellow skin grew a dull purple with resentment.

"You've heard of a wiper, Sir Halan, that stung the breast that aured it. James Lester was that wiper in this once 'appy little 'ome! We were poor; I don't say we were not. I've been more or less in difficulties all my life, and therefore have used to it; but we were 'appy! And who came 'ere, sir, prying like the old gent' 'imself into our heden? James Lester! He's ruined us, sir. He ruined our gal, he's ruined us, and my poor, dear lady hupstairs will never raise her head again."

"It's a very cruel case, but I hope not so bad as that."

"It couldn't well be worse. Sir Halan, I'm expecting the bailiffs, I'm in debt all round, and there's a party 'as a writ against me, and I've no money."

"Upon that Alan drew out a cheque book with which he had come provided.

"You must allow me," he said in his calm, graceful way, "to relieve you from your difficulties. My unfortunate young nephew has cost you very dear, and in a monetary point of view it's only duty at least to see that you do not suffer by him. If you will tell me the whole amount of the

expenses connected with the trial, I will give you a cheque for them—and something besides."

"Oh! Sir Halan!" cried Adrian, with genuine emotion at the prospect of such a relief, "my poor dear lady told me you 'ad a face like a hangel, but no hangel over gave a poor fellow a more welcome surprise! I've not known which way to turn, sir, to tell the truth. If it 'ad not been for 'er—or 'hupstairs, sir, my poor dear lady, I would 'ave thought of my razors. Indeed I 'ave thought of them, for perhaps she would be better h'off without me!" And tears dimmed Adrian's yellow eyes.

"Well, if you will tell me the exact amount of the expenses!"

Adrian brought out his papers and memorandums with delighted alacrity, and Alan having reckoned them over drew a cheque for the amount and placed it in Adrian's dinky hand, from which, alas! even his favourite rings had disappeared.

"And now," continued Alan, looking up from the table where he was sitting into the little man's delighted face; "how much would set you on your legs again, free of debt?"

"Oh, Sir Halan, I don't know what to say—wards seem poor! I wish you could see into my 'eart, sir; see hit a-billing with grateful joy. Hout of debt, sir! Oh, Oh, I'm never hent of debt—I'm used to hit; but if you could lend me a 'undred, sir, it would set me a-swimming down the stream like a bounding berr!"

"I will give you one thousand pounds," said Alan quietly, "and I hope that will put you 't right. And, on account of certain considerations, I will in future allow your wife one hundred a year. You must ask her to accept this from me, and to believe that I shall do everything in my power to obtain your daughter's return, as I believe her to be entirely innocent."

Poor little Adrian was completely overcome.

"It's out of 'all to 'eaven," he said, with something very like a whimper, and as Alan rose to go his servile protestations alighty disgusted this rather lofty gentleman.

"Might I kiss your 'and, sir?" asked Adrian, almost beside himself with joy.

"No, certainly not," answered Alan.

"Good morning, Mr. Davis. I hope to hear your affairs will soon be more prosperous."

And with a smile and a bow, Alan went away, while Adrian flew up the narrow stair-case that led to his wife's bedroom, and fell down absolutely sobbing by the bedside.

"Oh! my dear, my love, I'm on my legs again," he cried.

"What is the matter, Adrian?" asked Mrs. Davis, hitting her weary head.

Then Adrian related what had happened. He was a free man again; indeed a free man for the first time in his life, he jokingly admitted.

"I'll get my rings back again, and my ornaments," he said presently, after the first joyous excitement was over, "and we'll make a splash; I'll take new rooms—more like the Hindian Establishment, Laura. I'll be done with this." And Adrian looked contemptuously round at the little rooms where he had lived so long. He had a thousand pounds, and it seemed to him to be a mine of unending wealth!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Thomas Stevens's chances of completing his bicycle tour around the world appear by the latest advices to be exceedingly small. His belief when he left Teheran that he would be permitted to pass through Russian Central Asia seems to have been ill-founded. At the last moment he and his iron horse have been forbidden to traverse the comparatively safe route through Turkestan and Siberia to the Pacific. There is hardly one chance in a hundred that he will carry out the scheme he now announces of reaching India through Afghanistan. The order of the British Government is still in force forbidding Englishmen to enter Afghanistan at all, except by command of the Government. The Amers of that country have been noted for their antipathy to white tourists, and to avoid complications Great Britain has done its best to keep unauthorized persons out of Afghanistan. Col. Valentine Baker in 1873, and Col. MacGregor in 1875 set out to travel through the Amers's dominions. They had to give it up before they crossed the boundary, and Mr. Stevens will be remarkably fortunate if he has any better success.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XX.

1. A ruler of the Jews who had a great benefit conferred upon him by Jesus.
2. One of Christ's names, in the vision of John.
3. Aaron's second son.
4. An idol worshipped by all but 7,001 persons in Israel.

The first letters spell the name of a famous Israelite general of a famous king; the last letters spell the name of the preceding king.

ANSWER TO NO XVII.

NEROY AND TRUTH.—Prov. iii. 2.

1. Mea t Prov. xxx. 25
2. E-ro-r Dan. vi. 4.
3. Re-u Gen. xi. 23.
4. O-ve-t Ex. xv. 17.
5. Y-out-h Eccles. xii. 1.

Correct answers to No. xvii, have been received from the following: Mrs. T. M. Reid, Cascades, Que., to whom is given the prize; M. McLennan, W. H. Shrapnell, Maggie H. Patterson, E. Crawford, Maggie Rogers, Eliza Hayter, E. A. Heming, C.M. Hersey, Mrs. Hogle, W. T. Ross, Dolly Downay, Mrs. Walker, Mary Jane Murray, Mrs. Robertson, Jas. McGregor, E. A. Lloyd, Jas. Anderson, Mrs. L. O. Corbett, Jas. McMonie, P. M. Mallejohn, L. Sanderson, E. McKee, Mrs. E. J. Pickering, Mrs. John Lahmer, Nettie Mulholland, Annie J. Mollon, Samuel Coyne, John Waddell, Fannie E. Ackley, William Carroll, F. W. Coyne, Mrs. S. H. Turner, Florence Burns, Miss Lucy Shankland, J. Mann, M. K. Service, Mrs. J. Robinson, H. B. Atkins, Mrs. F. G. Bushy, A. H. Kittsen, Harriet J. Holmes, Mrs. B. F. Bush, Mrs. R. Stokes.

A Protestant missionary at Okayama warns all concerned through the columns of the *Missionary Herald* that, unless prompt steps are taken to prevent it, the Government of Japan is likely to adopt Roman Catholicism as the state religion.



HAS THE GENTLEMAN A PAIN, PAPA? OR NO, MY DEAR, HE IS LEARNING TO RIDE.

MY LAST DETECTIVE CASE.

CHAP. III.

It was late when I got home; but Mr. Hellip was still up, which was not usual with him; so, hearing me enter, he invited me to step into his room. He explained that having had a long nap in the evening, he could not hope to go to sleep, but was quite glad that it had happened so, as he wished to congratulate me on my success. I was astonished at such a remark, and asked him his reason for saying so.

"Only that everybody was talking about it in the omnibus to-day," he replied; "at least three or four persons said the Upper Broughton Street mystery was likely to be cleared up. I felt quite proud to hear the way in which they all spoke of my friend Mr. Nickham."

"I don't want to be rude, Mr. Hellip," I said; "but your acquaintances in the omnibus had no more sense than your friend Mr. Nickham, and I begin to think he is a perfect flat."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you have not found a clue?" exclaimed Mr. Hellip. "Surely such a man as yourself!"

"Oh, that will do," I said, interrupting him; "we will not have any compliments until they are deserved." With this, I left him rather abruptly; for I was anything but pleased at his language; I felt as though I could not tell whether he was in earnest or bantering me. I believe I have mentioned before that I was not particularly intimate with Mr. Hellip, and his joking did not seem to me to be at all in good taste.

I and others before me had tried various schemes, which came to nothing, to trace out the Upper Broughton Street mystery; but I have not troubled the reader with any particulars of these failures. I never knew our Force at such a loss; none of our men seemed to have an idea in their heads; every hint they gave me was absurd or worn out. I should think if I was advised once to look after little Mr. and Mrs. Brako, or to arrest the poor old housekeeper with her, son Bill Jenkins, I was urged to do so five and twenty times.

Bearing in mind the description given by Jenkins of the visitor at Daryett's, I got into the habit of staring into the face of every one I met in the streets or sat opposite to in an omnibus, to see if I could trace any resemblance to the face and figure I had conjured up in my mind. Twice—although I am almost ashamed to confess it—I positively followed what turned out to be very respectable people, because they looked a little like this man.

One proved to be a Quaker, in a large way of business at the West End; while the other lived at Richmond, and I actually went all the way there with him, merely to find that he was a gentleman of private fortune, who had dwelt there for forty years. I merely tell this to show how ready I was to be impressed by such a story as Jenkins told me.

I have said that I always made a friend and a confidant of Mrs. Nickham, and never did I allegorise without being sorry for it. Now, on this night when I got home, late as it was, there was my supper ready to the minute. She had a wonderful way of managing in that respect, and she was sitting by the little fire—for the evenings had grown chilly now—working as usual. There had been a small rain falling as I came home, and I was rather uncomfortable; so she insisted until I had eaten my bit of supper and was sitting in my dry slippers, my feet lighted, and my old whisky-and-water bottle on the table, as that I began to feel all right; she changed the conversation by saying, "You have been very careful, I suppose, not to mention what steps you have taken to any one, especially about this little business?"

"I have, my dear," I answered, "enough to know ourselves and to be quiet, without letting all the world know."

"Inspector?" she whispered. "No, in the world!" I said. "I should be like proclaiming it."

"I am not at all with her work," she said. "Of course I do not know anything about it, but I had something to say about it. I have not told anything about it to any one."

said "No!" to this as energetically as to the other questions.

"You are quite certain he knows nothing about it? May you not have dropped a few words before him, that?"

"Nothing of the kind," I interrupted—"nothing of the kind, James. Mr. Hellip has had a great deal too much to say about this business; and what with his jokes and his compliments, I have scarcely been able to be civil to him."

"Well, Dick," said my wife, changing her tone again, "what are you going to do about your friend Charley's appointment?"

This led to a very interesting discussion; the result of which was that we both agreed I should arrange with Charley for my attending the meeting of the next night, unknown to the visitor. I thought she had intended to say something quite different from this; but knowing she always had a reason for what she did, I took no notice.

I met my friend Charley at the *Tuco Gridiroso*, as appointed, when I told him what I intended to do, and what assistance I wanted from him. He could not promise all I asked; so I had to go with him to see the principal. I found this was a very decent old gentleman, who, when he heard my business, was quite willing to assist all he could, until he found I wanted to arrange the answers which were to be given to the visitor. He fairly puzzled me then. He declared that it was wicked and sinful to pretend to have revelations and visions which did not exist. Why, bother it! I thought it was just by doing this that he and his mates got their living. I had to take very high ground, and point out what an awful crime had been committed, and what a responsibility would rest upon his conscience if he refused to assist me, before he consented. It was but little I wanted done, after all; it was only to lead to further questions on the part of the visitor; and if there was no harm in his inquiries, he could not come to any harm through them, that was plain.

I left home a good while before the time fixed for the interview, which was eight o'clock, as I had to dress and disguise myself before attending the meeting. I took the materials with me in a bag; and by the time I had put on an old dressing-gown which the principal lent me, and with the assistance of Charley, had made myself up with a white-gray wig, white whiskers, some extra lines about my face, and a pair of spectacles, I don't believe any London prig would have known me. So long as I didn't speak, I might have passed for anybody but myself with the exception of them, and I reckon the London thieves are as quick a lot as any in the world. The experiment was to come off in the front parlor, which opened with folding-doors into the back-room, and in this latter I was to be sitting at a table as if I was writing. I was placed so that the visitor would be in full view; while, as the only light in my room was behind me, I was comparatively in the shade, and ran but little danger of being discovered.

Practically at eight o'clock there came a knock at the street-door.

"Here he is!" said Charley; and I went to my seat.

"Mr. Nickham," said the principal hurriedly, "I am lending myself and my lofty science to doct. I am not at ease in doing so; and I hope you will always remember that it is only for the sake of justice and to clear the innocent, I have done so."

There was no time for him to say any more, or for me to make any promise, for the room-door opened and the stranger entered. He took off his hat, and nodded with an easy swagger, first to one, then to the other, as if he had known the people for years. He either did not notice me at first, or thought I had not much to do with the business, so he did not trouble himself about me. But I saw him. By all that's wonderful, it was my lodger, Hellip! It was well for me that I was in the shade, that I wore spectacles, and was puffed and made up; for if I had been as visible to him as he was to me, my stare and gasp must have betrayed me. For a few seconds I did not hear what he said, although he was talking rather loudly; I was so aston-

ished at my blindness at not having recognized the description of the man whom I saw every day—a description so exact, that I ought to have identified him, as I now saw, if I had met him casually in the street. Now I understood all his artful inquiries, all his interest, and all his assumed good temper in speaking of the Upper Broughton Street mystery. He was the borrower! Ah! I saw the whole transaction clearly enough now. This mysterious sum of money which the accountants could not trace, must have been lent upon a bill accepted by this man. The bill was nearly due; Daryett had refused to renew—this was proved by an allusion in his book as to what he intended to do with it—Hellip had killed him to get possession of the bill, and so to save himself.

All this flashed through my mind much quicker than it can here be read, and then—the first shock of surprise being over—I was as cool, and had all my wits about me as completely as when I first entered the house. At the same time, I was quite aware—no one better—that it was one thing to feel certain of any fact in our business—and I never felt more certain of anything than I did of this—and quite another to have legal proof of it, or to be justified in apprehending a man.

The reason—as I believe it is called—proceeded, Charley on this occasion only pretending to go into a trance, and in answer to the questions put to him by Hellip—of course through the principal, to keep up the delusion—he returned such answers, as arranged with me, as completely staggered my lodger. He did not say anything about a murder, or of Upper Broughton Street; he only wanted to find out something about a valuable paper which had been lost; but Charley in all his answers referred vaguely, yet unmistakably, to some dreadful crime in connection with the paper, so that Hellip was evidently troubled and alarmed. He varied his questions, endeavoring to get away from this ominous subject; but of course he could not succeed; and then the principal asked Hellip point-blank if the loss of the document was in any way connected with a murder. Hellip forced a half-laugh, but, as I could see from where I sat, was forced to moisten his lips before he could reply. "Murder! Ha, ha! Not at all," he said at last. "The paper was lost, I expect, on a recurrence.—I won't trouble you with any more questions, thank you. I had no idea that your power enabled you to go so far back. I am glad, however, that I came. Good-night, gentlemen." Saying this, he hurried off, leaving me quite convinced he was the man I wanted; while my companions, as I afterwards found, were greatly prejudiced against him.

"I have aided you, sir," said the principal, "although not with much good-will. Yet the result has been so unfavorable to the man who has just left us, that I feel I was justified in doing so. By means which you do not understand, and would perhaps only ridicule if I explained them, I probed the man's mind while he was here, and read his wishes, he not suspecting me. He is a bad man. Whether he has committed the crime you are investigating, or not, I cannot say; but in any case, he has so wicked and cruel a heart that I never wish to see him again."

I agreed in the estimate of Hellip which the principal had formed; but had as we might think him, we had no evidence yet upon which I could act; that was the unfortunate part of the case.

I went straight home to tell Mrs. Nickham what had happened, and to think over the next best step to take. I let myself in with my latch-key, as, supposing Hellip to have reached home before me, I certainly was not desirous of seeing him before I had made up my mind. The best thing which had suggested itself to me during my ride home was to consult Mrs. Brako, telling her my suspicions, and so ascertain if she could give me any tangible evidence.

Seeing a light in our front parlor, which was not often the case. I was about to step in there, when Mrs. Nickham, who had evidently heard me enter, opened the door of the usual sitting-room, which was at the back of the house, and called to me. I went at once to her; and as she carefully closed the door, I was struck by a certain excited look. I may almost say wild look in her face, very different from her usual expression.

"What is the matter, my dear?" I began, but she put her finger to her lips, and I was silent directly.

"Speak low, Dick," she whispered. "You can't be too careful, for there is no knowing who may be listening at our very keyhole."

"Ah, Jenny, you are right there!" I returned in the same tone; although what makes you suspect anything or anybody, is more than I can understand. Go on."

"You must sit down and listen for a few minutes, Dick," she continued. "I have found out a great deal while you were away. I can see by your look that you have something to tell me also; but you had better hear me out, Dick. You remember my asking you if you had ever told any one, and especially Mr. Hellip, of your visits to the spiritist? Well, when I asked you, I was quite certain, from some words he had dropped, that he did know you had seen there. He did not mean me to see this, you may be sure, but I saw it at once. And then it at once flashed upon me that here was the very man who had been described to you—the same broad fishy face, the same small, sunning, restless eyes, and the same fixed grin. I knew it; yet I did not like to tell my suspicions, especially as I had found something which I hoped might give me a fuller clue."

"Found something!" I repeated. I was tremendously interested in my wife's narrative, as you may guess.

"Yes, Dick. It was only half a leaf of crumpled note-paper, which I plucked up on the stairs," said Mrs. Nickham; "on it was an address—'Mr. Lawrence Jacobs, Stobble Street, Southwark.'"

"Excuse the interruption, my dear!" I exclaimed; "but I know old Jacobs. He calls himself a pawnbroker, as he certainly is; but he is also one of the most notorious receivers of stolen goods in London, yet so artful, that we have never been able to make anything of him. I beg your pardon, my dear—go on."

"On the back of this paper," continued my wife, "was scrawled: 'DEAR VALLY—This party is all right; the wife had better go.—HOUKIRO.' Now, I knew Hellip's Christian name was Valentine, so the paper was clearly for him; and I was confident that it was advice respecting getting rid of some of the stolen property by means of his wife. It, of course, occurred to me that this writing would be missed and looked for, and if not found, some suspicion might be excited, so I copied the writing, and dropped the leaf as nearly as possible where I had found it on the stairs. I was only just in time; for as I kept my eyes and ears open, I saw Mrs. Hellip come down presently, look anxiously about, then pluck up the paper, and hurry back to her room. Mr. Hellip went out alone; but very soon after he had gone, Mrs. Hellip went out also. There was no one in the house but Anne, so I told her to put the chain up; and having my bonnet and cloak ready, I slipped out after Mrs. Hellip. I easily kept her in sight until I saw her hail a Borough omnibus, into which she got. I was looking round for a cab, when she should come up but Long Joe—the coachman, you recollect, Dick, whom you spoke up for in the bad half sovereign case?"

I nodded. I remembered the case well enough, Long Joe would have had a twelve-month certain, if I had not happened to have known something of him; but I did not interrupt my wife.

"Joe, I says," she went on, "I want to follow that omnibus to the Borough." "Right, mum," he says; "you shall follow it to Jericho, if my horse don't give out." Well, we kept it in sight till Mrs. Hellip left it. I told Long Joe to wait for me; and I followed her into Stebbles Street, as I expected."

"This is really growing interesting," I said; "but I beg your pardon, my dear."

"She went into the pawnbroker's—Jacobs was the name. I followed her," continued my wife—"while I drew a long breath, as people do who are hearing an exciting story—she entered one of the boxes; I entered the next, but kept at the back, determined she should be attended to first. A young man came up to her; but I heard her say that she must see Mr. Jacobs himself; and then the matter came. No one supposed there was anybody in my box, so the young man went to another part of the shop. There was a little muttering, and then I heard her say: 'Twenty pounds; it is worth fifty.' I stepped to the front, and looking boldly out, as though I had just come in, saw that she was handing him a watch, which I recognised from the description as the one stolen from Upper Broughton Street."

"My eye!" I exclaimed, quite involuntarily.

The pawnbroker hastily scrambled it up, but not until I had seen all I wanted, resumed Mrs. Nickham. "He scowled savagely at me; but I looked as innocent as a baby, so he thought it was all right, and called his young man to attend to me. Owing to the partition, Mrs. Hellip, of course, could not see me from her box. The young man came, and—Would you believe it, Dick? I had not till that moment thought of what excuse I should make. I had to pawn something, and I offered the first thing I thought of. What do you think it was, Dick?"

"Why, you don't mean to say you had to pawn the hoop?" I replied. "To pawn the hoop is to pawn the wedding-ring, and the term is generally understood in professional circles."

"That's just what I did!" exclaimed my wife. "He lent me five shillings on it, which I think was pretty fair."

"Quite liberal, my dear," I said. "But about Mrs. Hellip?"

"Well, there is not much more about her," returned Mrs. Nickham. "While the young fellow was making out the ticket and all that, I saw the master pass twenty sovereigns over to her; and then she went out. I got into Long Joe's cab again, and came home. Here is the ticket, Dick, and you must get the ring out to-morrow."

"All right, my dear," I replied. "But now you must hear what I have to say"— "Not yet," interrupted my wife; "there is just a little finish to my story. Did you notice a light in the front parlor?"

"I did."

"Well, then," she went on, "there is a friend of yours in there. You had better go and see who it is; and as Hellip is upstairs having his supper, you may perhaps get an idea of what I think you ought to do."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Girl at the Front Gate.

Heaven bless the girl at the front gate with peach-bloom on her cheeks and lighth in her eyes. Some men would shut her out of our literature, but I am not one of them. The girl at the front gate can never grow old to those who have been there with her. Years may come and go, but the music of the low voice at the front gate will not be stilled, and the melody of the cherry lips we kissed at the front gate will hold out faithful to the end.

What if the old gate does sag and its hinges rattle, and its latch refuse to hold it shut? What if the posts are shaky and some of its pickets gone? We love the dear old relic still. We love it for the sake of the girl who used to stand out there by it with roses on her cheeks and nectar on her lips.

We held the old gate up and counted the stars, and bid good bye and then counted the stars again. How many times of a night was good-bye said? How many times did lips meet over the dear old gate? The old gate knows, but it will never tell. The old front gate may have counted the kisses, but I never did. And I am sure that the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks never did.

And what of the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks? Ah, no! She married another. She forgot her vows at the old front gate, as some girls will, and married a richer and handsomer man. And I? Well, I went off to another front gate where there were other peach-bloom cheeks and other lips as sweet, and just as many stars to count.

And now I have a front gate of my own, and of my own with peach-bloom cheeks who counts the stars with the boy of the girl whose vows made with me at the first front gate were broken. But he is a true, good boy, and my girl is a good, true girl, and heaven bless them both as they stand to-night at the old front gate.

Good Hens.

A young married lady who moved into the country from a city home considered the keeping of hens as a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit, her enthusiasm increased, and hens and their care were the favorite subject of her thoughts and conversation.

During one of her animated descriptions of her success, a friend inquired,—

"Are your hens good hens?"

"Oh yes," she replied in a delighted tone.

"They haven't laid a bad egg yet!"

FLASHES OF FUN.

Noah made the arc light. A pawnbroker advertises for an assistant who must be "able to take in in the absence of his master."

"Who is the lady Doofloker is walking with?" "His wife." "Think so?" "I know it. Don't you see he is coming?"

"Did you hear that lecture last night?" asked Williams of his neighbor Beasley. "No," replied Beasley, "my wife wasn't at home."

The blacksmith is a queer fellow. When he gets on a strike he refuses to strike, and when he refuses to strike he keeps on striking.

"Ma," exclaimed a youngster at a party, pointing to an elaborate epergne in the middle of the table, "have you hired that? I never saw it before."

A musical exchange has an article on "What Music Teachers Should Avoid." In justice to a long suffering public, we think they should avoid "Sweet Violets," and possibly "See Saw."

Materializing medium—"This is the spirit of Harry Hardup. Does any one recognize him?" Voice—"Ach; yah." Medium—"He does not seem to know you." Sufferin' Isaac, "Neh. He was owing to me \$10.79."

Timid tourist, in San Francisco—"I am told there was a man murdered here last night." Sand Lot tough—"You're way off, boss. The boys had a little fun and killed a Chinaman, but there wasn't no one murdered."

"What makes the milk so warm?" the milkman was asked, when he brought the can to the door one morning. "Please, mum," he answered, "the pump-handle's broke, and miazis took the water from the boiler."

"Johnny," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny impetuously. "and he said he didn't care."

A scientist says—the scientist is always saying something—that each adult person carries enough phosphorus in his body to make forty thousand matches. They who know how hard it is to make a match of two persons will begin to lose their faith in scientists.

Ochro—"I saw that picture of yours, Danbs, when I was in Chicago." Danbs—"What, that Italian Sunset I sold to old Porkrib?" Ochro—"Yes, I guess that's the picture, but he called it the great Chicago conflagration."

Jeff Davis declares there is no such thing as the "lost cause"; that it is not lost. Of course it isn't. It is only in the same fix as the Irish sailor's dipper. "Captain," said he, "is anything lost when you know where it is?" "No, Pat." "Well, then, the dipper is in the sea."

"Have your church at your place?" asked a friend. "Church?" "Yes a church." "Oh, yes; I know what you mean—one of those things where they ring a bell like thunder every Sunday morning. Yes, we've got one." "Don't you ever attend?" "No! No, I never have yet. I put in \$25 though toward building it." "How did you come to do that if you don't take interest enough to attend?" "Oh, I know what I was doing. We couldn't sell any town lots without one. There's nothing will catch the average speculator when he comes out to buy real estate like a church with a long, slender steeple sticking up on it like a needle on a tin oil-can."

There was a large attendance at Friday Evening's prayer-meeting at the Blue Light Tabernacle. After the exercises were over and the benediction had been pronounced, Jim Webster got up and addressed the pulpit as follows: "Parson, does you know dat dar am winter be a called 'scourahun to Heusten next Lord's day?" "I has heard so, Brodder Webster." "Well, parson, a two-third majority of this congregation has desided to desecrate dat dar Lord's day by gettin' Heusten on de scourahun, and as de speake-man I has to submit a proposition for your consideration." "What am dat proposition?" "De proposition am dat de 'scourahun' dat of you will scow de scourahun from 'scourahun de services in de mawahn' de scourahun will rouse you from 'scourahun de services in de scourahun'."

Young Folks' Department.

Hal's Misfortune.

"Have you pined your wood, Hal?" "No, not yet; but I'm just going to." "Picked up your apples?" "No; they won't take long." "Father said we were to do our chores early, you know."

"Yes, I'm just going to." But Hal kept on trying to make Carlo sit upright and hold a pipe in his mouth. The sitting up was a success as long as Carlo was held up, but he weakened down in a most provoking manner as soon as left to himself. The pipe fell to the floor and went to pieces just as Hal's father looked in at the shed door.

"All done boys?" "Yes, sir, said Hal's brothers promptly. "Well—almost," said Hal.

"The General and his staff, with a detachment of soldiers, are going to pass along the Winburg road this morning; I thought if you had all finished your work we might walk over there and see them. Hurry, then! there will be no time to lose."

"Hurrah! what a fello!" The boys whose work was done ran to get ready. Hal knew better than to leave his work undone, for his father, with all his indulgence, was strict, and Hal had had enough disappointments through his heedless, dawdling habits to have taught him better.

"I'll help you," said little Tom, kindly, as he made a rush to pick up the apples. They were soon gathered, but in poor order, and then Hal insisted on Tom's leaving him and going with the others.

"I'll catch you," he said. "I'll ride the pony and go 'cross lots."

He pined the wood, but so badly, in his hurry, that it fell down and had to be done over. Then, out of breath and fearing he would entirely lose the fine sight, he threw himself, coatless, hatless and shoeless, upon the pony's bare back and rode quickly across the fields.

"I won't go around by the bridge," he said to himself. "I'll go by farmer Allen's ford; it'll shorten the way a great deal."

But as he came to the break he saw that it was so much swollen by late rains that he felt a little doubtful about the wisdom of trying to cross, and wished he had gone around by the bridge.

"But it's too late now," he said. If I don't hurry up I sha'n't see a thing." He dashed in and urged the pony on.

"Hello, there!" cried a man's voice. "Don't you try to cross; it's too deep. Look out now! there's a big hole right ahead of you; if you get in it's ten to one you'll never get out."

Hal retraced back his pony, which was already floundering about as if in great doubt of his footing. From farther down the bank Farmer Allen came on his own horse, picking his way along the shallower places and growling at the folly and stupidity of boys.

"There!" he grumbled as he at last seized the pony and turned him the other way. "The next time you come foollen' round in deep water I'll leave you to get out as best you can—see if I don't!"

In a very crestfallen spirit poor Hal turned the other way.

"If only the General's a little after time," he said, "perhaps I'll be there soon enough yet. I do believe I hear the drum and see the new. Get up, Pony!"

Pony did his best, but alas! when Hal at last reached his brothers, whom he found in a state of delighted excitement, he could only catch a faint glimpse of nodding plumes over a cloud of dust in the far distance.

"Oh, if you had only been here. We cheered and waved our hats."

And the General took off his hat to us.

"And I'm going to be a General myself some day," added Tom. "Such a horse as he had—and a sword!"

"Always late, poor Hal!" said his father, looking pitifully at his boy's red face.

"When I'm a General," said Hal prettily, "I'll take my own time to do things, and not always have to be hurrying."

better. A soldier of Christ must always be up and about his Master's business. If you ever expect to do Him good and loyal service, Hal, you must make your first fight against the faults that beset you now. When you reach home go to your room and learn this verse: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

CANADA'S WOMEN.

Their Progress and Advancement Explained to the American People.

Dr. Jenny Trout, of Toronto, in an article in the Chicago Inter Ocean says of woman's progress in Canada. In education women are making steady advancement. As teachers they are gradually supplanting men. In 1854 there were less than 1,000 female teachers in Ontario, while mere than 2,500 males were employed. At the end of 1883 their positions were reversed, there being 1,200 more women than men engaged in this vocation.

About a year ago a new theological college was opened in Winnipeg, the capital of the province of Manitoba. This is under Presbyterian control, and appears to have been intended for men. But it was soon ascertained that there was nothing in its character to prevent women from entering as students. One woman is now in daily attendance and doing remarkably well.

In the province of Ontario, the wealthiest and most important in the Dominion, the women have for years made commendable and continued efforts to gain admittance to the university. Finally Toronto University, which is a government institution, opened its doors, and

ABOUT A DOZEN WOMEN

attended its lectures last winter. They demonstrated at the examinations that they were fully capable of performing the work which they had undertaken. Five of them passed with honors, two of these carrying off gold medals, while another now enjoys the distinction of being the first woman in the province who has qualified for the position of principal in the high schools or collegiate institutions. In view of these facts it is not surprising that the 400 gentlemen attending this university should treat the dozen ladies with the greatest respect and courtesy. No doubt their number will be largely augmented this winter. The experiment of educating both sexes in the same classes has been so satisfactory that the government and the college council are preparing better accommodation for women next session. The government has provided an efficient superintendent for them, and if they distinguish themselves as in the past winter they will enjoy still greater advantages. At the last matriculation examination twenty-one girls applied. Among this number was a colored girl, who will attend the college.

McGill University, of Montreal, which first opened its doors to women about a year ago, has received another munificent donation of \$50,000, making in all something over \$100,000 invested in that city for the higher education of women. Progress is also being made in the medical education of women. Both the Kingston and Toronto

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGES

have had an increased attendance during the past winter. The former is disadvantageously located, but this is more than compensated for by the fact that it is on a decidedly better financial basis than the latter. It has, too, a more liberal curriculum being controlled by women, consequently has the largest patronage. In a word, it is a woman's college, while the other is only a man's college for women.

The business colleges have each increased attendance of women, and are gradually becoming more popular in the states, etc., than they were some years ago. Indeed they are becoming more numerous in all places where skill is of more value than muscle.

I very much regret that I cannot, as requested, the statistical figures in the employment of labor, etc., in the figures in this department published by the Government. The publication of my report last year from the above it will be seen our women have advanced favorably. I am, I think, similar to you. I am, I think, Canada.



FIG. 15.—No. 3429.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) 11 1/2 yards.
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) 5 1/2 yards.

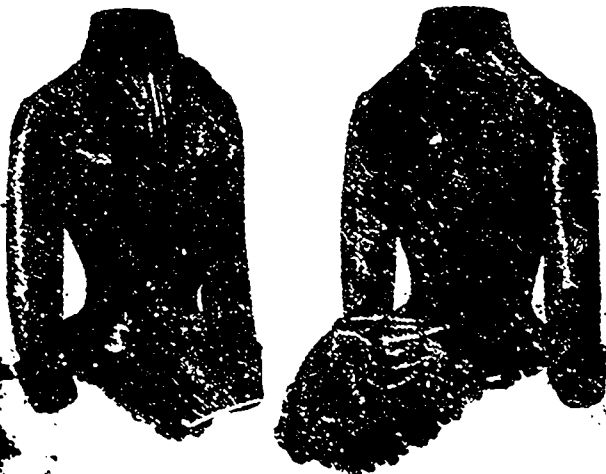
No. 3431.—LADIES' BASQUE, PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 yards;

34 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.



LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 yards; 34 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

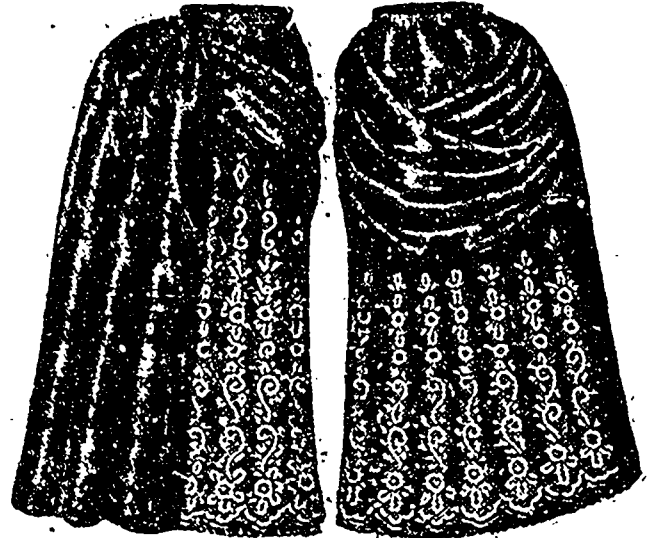


FIG. 10.—No. 3430.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 20 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 24 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 5 1/2 yards;

28 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

20 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 24 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

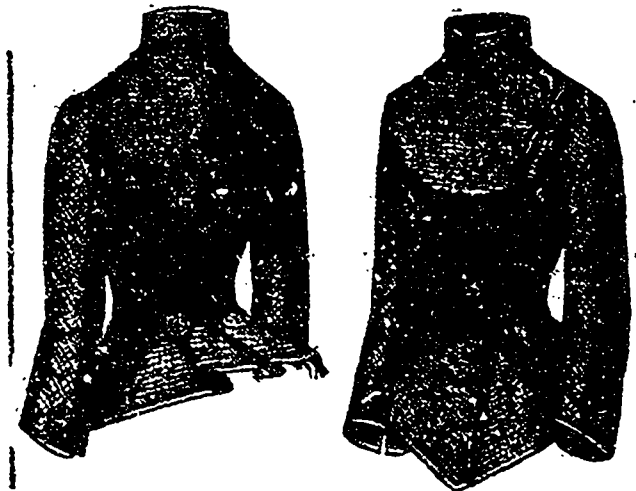


FIG. 3.—No. 3440.—LADIES' JACKET. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 yards; 32 inches, 3 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 4 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards;

36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

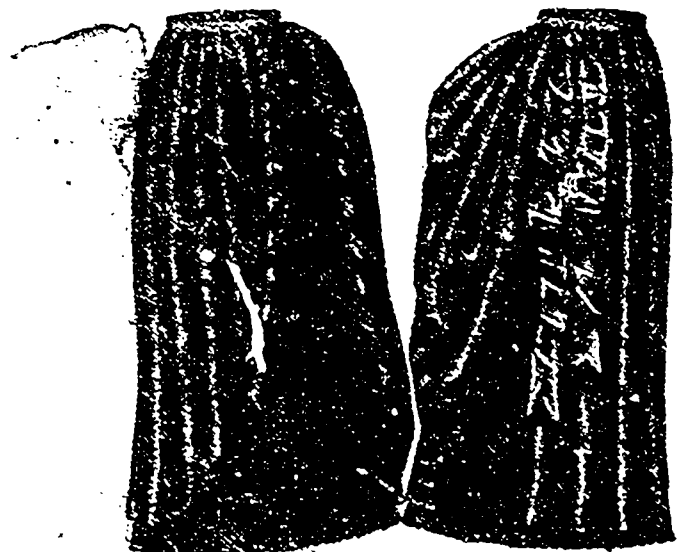


FIG. 7.—No. 3429.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) 11 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) 5 1/2 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 2.—Jackets of plaid, plaid, or boucle cloth remain in high favor. Pattern No. 3440, price 25 cents, has a close-fitting back laid in two box pleats; the diagonal front is longer, pointed, and loose, though drawn in by deeply curved under arm seams. The coat sleeves widen at the wrists and are cut up a short distance on the outside; a high collar completes the neck, and all of the edges are finished with silk braid in English fashion; handsome buttons complete the garniture. In white or red pilot cloth with carved pearl buttons such a design is very stylish for young ladies' seaside or country wear.

FIGURE No. 7.—Pattern No. 3420, price 30 cents, is suitable for two material, or one trimmed with velvet ribbons, braid, or galloon; braiding in set patterns would also look handsome on the revers, and plain space on the left. The edge is finished with a pleating, drapery points, low on the right side and rounds up on the left with a revers, the left side of the skirt remaining plain to the waist; the remainder of the skirt is laid in side pleats, the apron rounding up to the belt on the left with a graduated revers.

FIGURE No. 10.—Pattern No. 3433, price 30 cents, furnishes the cut here shown. The full back is thickly gathered in the belt, hanging plain below; plain tablier has a foot pleating and broad lace flourish, with scarfs draped like an apron front, higher on the right side and rounding below, with several pleats in the belt. Silk and Ecru-lace, woolen goods of two kinds or plain colors with Angora lace are all appropriate materials for such a model.

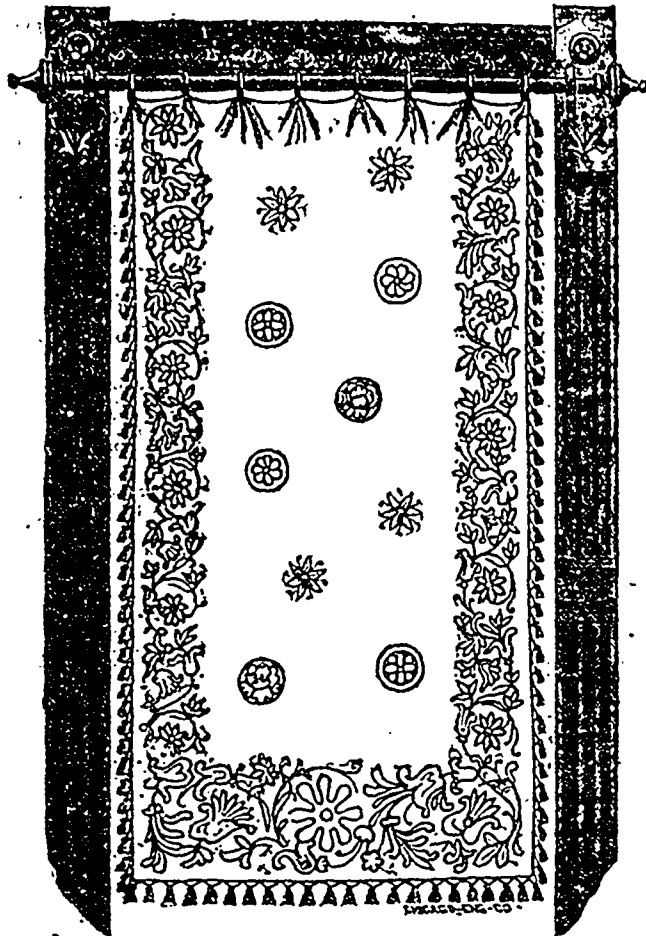
FIGURE No. 11.—Silk or wool can be used for this design with lace galloon, etc., for garniture. The plastron is pleated in a V-shape to the waist, right front laps over with a full of lace, while the left is outlined by a scarf, lace edged, gathered into a point at the waist and in the shoulder seam; the back is cut with extensive pleats forming a pointed drapery looped in the centre. High collar and lower end of sleeves are finished with a fall of lace, which also surrounds the basque. Pattern No. 3434, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 15.—Striped and plain goods are well shown in our illustrations, or braid may take the place of the stripes. The underskirt shows only on the left, where the long, square apron rounds up with a broad revers, the back drapery has a similar revers, is looped on the left and hangs in a point towards the right, where it meets the left pleats, forming the side and apron, the latter not hanging in straight pleats, as they are not to be caught below the belt. A sash of the goods passes over the upper part of the apron under the basque and lies in the back. Pattern No. 3429, price 30 cents. The basque back is laid in a broad box-pleat, with two buttons in the centre; fronts are longer and in wide, divergent points over a Mollere front of lighter goods, which is shirred at the neck, sewed to the lining at the lower edge; fastened permanently on one side and hooked over on the other. The basque fronts open in V shape to the waist, where they lap and fasten with one large button; a high collar of plain goods and a sailor shape with long revers in front of the stripes, ornament the neck. The sleeves are cut wider at the wrists, faced with stripes, and drawn up at the inside seam with buttons; a piping all round is a handsome finish. Pattern No. 3431, price 25 cents.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

Cut No. 1 is a banneret or small panel worked in outline on crushed-strawberry-colored sateen. The sateen is thirteen inches long and ten inches wide, is mounted on heavy pasteboard or binder's board, with black velvet stripes two inches wide at top and bottom. It is suspended by a ribbon of same color as sateen, about one and one half inches wide. The figure is outlined with black sewing silk.

Cut No. 2 is a perriere of Aida canvas, suitable for a dining room. It is worked in couched outline with zephyr and crewel. The colors used are deep yellow, three shades of blue and shaded red, olive and brown zephyr, all shaded to yellow, and three shades of Apricot crewel. The latter, not being as heavy as the zephyr, is used double. The border is made as follows: the scroll of shaded brown, the leaves and flowers of all the other colors except deep yellow. The disks through the center are



Cut No. 2.

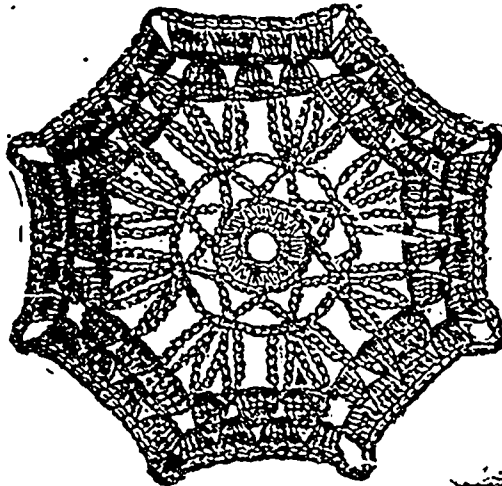


FIG. 33.

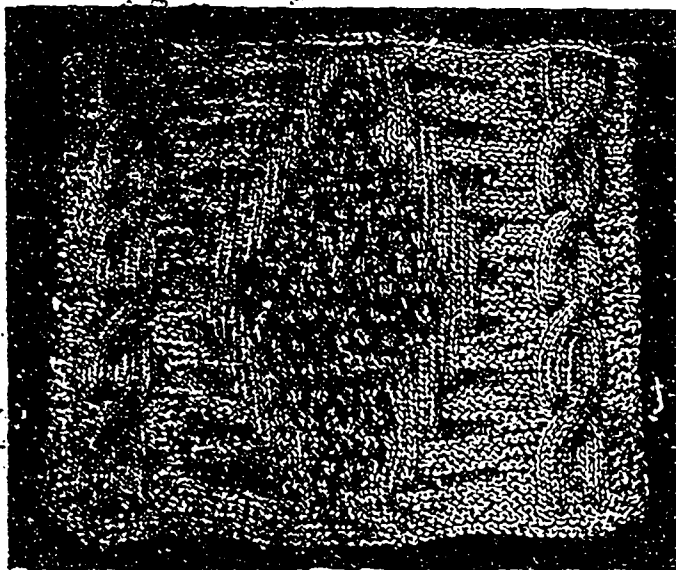


FIG. 31.



Cut No. 1.

made of all the colors arranged with reference to harmony, the outside ring of each being deep yellow. The tassels on the side and bottom are made of all the colors and material used in couching, the cord of each tassel being made of orange-colored embroidery silk. The design is stamped on the wrong side of the curtain. Couching from the shuttle always requires the goods to be stamped on the wrong side.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

A handsome quilt may be made of wood-bins twists and diamonds. It takes 28 balls of Dexter's knitting cotton No. 10, and very coarse knitting needles; is composed of 10 strips, each 13 diamonds long and may be edged with some pretty knitted lace. Figure No. 31 illustrates a diamond.

Knit across plain 4 rows at beginning and 4 rows before binding off 1st row—Cast on 63 stitches, 16 plain, seam 11, 4 plain, t over 2, narrow, 3 plain, seam 11, 16 plain. 2d row—4 plain, seam 8, 15 plain, seam 9, 15 plain, seam 0, 4 plain. 3rd row—16 plain, seam 11, 9 plain, seam 11, 16 plain. 4th row—4 plain, seam 8, 15 plain, seam 9, 15 plain, seam 8, 4 plain. 5th row—30 plain, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, 29 plain. 6th row—4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain, seam 31, 4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain. 7th row—Knit across plain. 8th row—4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain, seam 31, 4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain. 9th row—16 plain, seam 9, 4 plain, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, 3 plain, seam 9, 16 plain. 10th row—4 plain, seam 8, 13 plain, seam 13, 13 plain, seam 8, 4 plain. 11th row—16 plain, seam 9, 13 plain, seam 9, 16 plain. 12th row—4 plain, seam 8, 13 plain, seam 13, 13 plain, seam 8, 4 plain.

13th row—23 plain, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, t over 1, narrow, 27 plain. 14th row—4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain, seam 31, 4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain. 15th row—Knit across plain. 16th row—4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain, seam 31, 4 plain, seam 8, 4 plain. 17th row—4 plain, slip 4 stitches from your left-hand needle on to a hairpin, knit 4 plain, then put your 4 stitches back on to the left-hand needle; now 7 plain, seam 7, 4 plain, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, t over 2, narrow, 3 plain, it is plain, slip 4 stitches from left-hand needle on to a hairpin, 4 plain, then put them on left needle, 6 plain. 18th row—



The Household.

How to Iron Cuffs and Collars.

Have ready some irons very hot, only just not to scorch. And let there be enough irons not to have to wait for a second when the first is cool. Those must be very clean and with a good polish. To insure the latter have a piece of beeswax, and when the iron is taken off the fire rub it over the beeswax, and then rub the iron on a crushed salt and it will run smoothly. Now on the ironing sheet lay a clean, smooth cloth; a handkerchief will do. Lay a collar on this, fold over part of the handkerchief, and iron quickly from one end to the other two or three times to dry it a little. While still steaming take off the handkerchief, stretch the collar with the hands, and iron briskly on the right side straight across. If the iron is not hot enough, or the collar too dry, the starch will stick. When the right side is smooth, without creases, turn it on the other side and iron more slowly so as to dry it thoroughly. The irons require constant renewing, as the damp cools them quickly. If any starch appears on the iron it must be scraped off with a knife before going back to fire. If you do not want shirts or cuffs to blister and wrinkle when buttoned do not make the first, or beiled starch, to stiff, and rub it in well. Of course you know that they should always be dipped in cold starch, i. e., clear starch mixed thin with cold water, before ironing.

How to Wash Woolen Blankets.

Select a bright, sunny day, with a brisk breeze, so that they may dry rapidly. Have the water as hot as the hands will bear, and dissolve the soap in the water, avoiding rubbing it on the blankets unless very soiled spots render it imperative. After rubbing it through this water, thoroughly rinse through two waters or the same temperature of the rubbing water. Wring as dry as possible; then let some one take hold of each end of the blanket and pull evenly and strong to bring it to its former size before drying. Pin as evenly as possible on the line, and let it become perfectly dry. Treated in this way no ironing is necessary. The secret of washing fabrics without shrinking is to have all the water the same temperature (and after long experience I prefer hot to lukewarm water), and also to thoroughly rinse all soap from the blanket.

Receipts.

STIRRED BREAD.—One quart flour, two large teaspoonfuls baking powder, two teaspoonfuls salt, two eggs, and sweet milk to make a stiff batter; bake in a loaf in a biscuit tin. To be broken, not cut, and eaten hot. Water may be used instead of milk by adding a spoonful of butter.

Tomato soup made of canned tomatoes: One pint of canned tomatoes and one quart of boiling water. As soon as this boils add one small teaspoonful of soda; then add one pint of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. After this boils, sift in the crumbs of eight butter crackers rolled fine.

POVERTY CAKE.—Soak three cups of dried apples over night, in the morning chop them fine, add two cups of molasses, and cook slowly one hour; when cooled a little add one cup sugar, one of raisins, one of thick sour cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, flour to make a stiff batter, spice, and bake slowly. Frosting is a great improvement.

TO COOK CAULIFLOWER.—Take off the outer leaves and separate the cauliflower into little branches. Put into a saucepan with a little salt and cover with cold water. Boil until soft, when drain off the water, put in a gill of milk thickened with a little flour, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, and a sprinkling of pepper. Boil up again and serve hot.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.—To make a delicious orange shortcake slice orange and sprinkle with sugar an hour or two before using. To a quart of flour add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and rub into it two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet lard, moisten with cold water to a soft dough. Roll, bake in pie tins, split open and put oranges between. Eat with sweetened cream.

STRAWED CHEESE.—Cut half a pound of cheese into thin slices. Take a clean stewpan and put in the cheese with a small

wineglassful of beer, older, or wine, and stir over the fire till it is melted. Beat up the yolks only of two eggs and a small teaspoonful of dry mustard and a very little cayenne pepper; stir for two minutes over the fire and serve very hot spread upon toast. Do not let it burn, and if the cheese is not very rich add a little butter when it begins to melt and spread butter on the toast.

CREAMED POTATOES.—To cream potatoes chop some cold beiled potatoes. Put two or more tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan, when hot rub into it smoothly a spoonful of flour, but do not brown; add a cup of rich milk, and when it boils a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, then the potatoes. Boil up well and serve. I have used instead of butter, pork or bacon grease, and sometimes for variety a chopped onion.

LEMON PICKLE.—The fruit should be small, with thick rinds. Rub them with a piece of flannel; then slit them down in quarters, but not quite through the pulp, fill the slices with salt hard pressed in; set them upright in a pan for four or five days until the salt melts; turn them three days until they become tender in their liquor. Then make enough pickle to cover them of ripe vinegar, the brine of the lemons, Jamaica pepper and ginger; boil and skim it. When cold put it over the lemons.

HOT CABBAGE SALAD.—Take a firm, white head, shred or chop enough to nearly fill a quart dish, put it in the dish, sprinkle the top with a half teaspoonful of black pepper and two or three tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put half a cup of butter in a spider; when it is brown stir into it the following mixture: Half cup of sour cream, three well-beaten eggs, half cup of vinegar; let it boil a moment and pour it over the cabbage; cover and keep in a warm place until wanted.

RICH CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Beat to a cream six ounces of butter, add a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, three ounces of sugar, and by degrees the yolks of eight eggs, with a quarter of a pound of grated brown bread. Pound together in a powder a quarter of a stick of vanilla and eight cloves; add these to the pudding, stirring in at the last the whites of the eight eggs beaten to a froth. Butter a mold well, pour in the pudding, and boil an hour and a half. Serve with sauce.

BOOK-WORK.—One quart of milk, five eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, vanilla or other essence. Heat the milk; pour upon the beaten yolks and sugar. Cook until the custard begins to thicken. Pour out, and, when cold, flavour and pour into a glass bowl. Whip the whites stiff with two spoonfuls of sugar, flavor, and poach by laying a spoonful at a time, upon boiling milk, and, carefully withdrawing the spoon from underneath, leaving the oval mass of meringue floating upon the surface. Turn it over when one side is done, and presently take it up and lay upon the custard. Heap them irregularly on the top, and let all get cold before serving. Pass light cakes with this custard.

MARBLLED CREAM CANDY.—Four cups of white sugar, one cup rich sweet cream, one cup water, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful vinegar, bit of soda, the size of a pea, stirred in cream, vanilla extract, three tablespoonfuls of chocolate grated. Boil all the ingredients except half the cream, the chocolate and vanilla together very fast until it is a thick, syrupy mass. Heat in a separate saucepan the reserved cream, into which you must have rubbed the grated chocolate. Let it stew until quite thick, and when the candy is done add a cupful of it to this, stirring in well. Turn the uncolored syrup out upon bread dishes, and pour upon it here and there, great spoonfuls of the chocolate mixture. Pull as soon as you can handle it with comfort, and with the tips of your fingers only. If deftly manipulated it will be streaked with white and brown.

People in the North-west

know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere.

England owns 25,000,000 fowls, and 1,000,000,000 eggs were imported in 1885.

Health Department.

Notes and Suggestions.

Blue Lick water (of Kentucky) has been found of decided value in reducing obesity.

Dr. Phippen in a German scientific journal advocates the use of sugar as a beneficial article of food.

No one should turn their jaws into a nut-cracker; it is dangerous even for women to bite off, as they often do, the ends of thread in sewing.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

Dr. Edward Noakes says that in cases of over-gone of tobacco, as in the sickness from smoking, etc., a dose of camphor has repeatedly proved antidotal in his hands.

Cover a burn immediately with the pulp of a raw potato. Rub warts with lemon juice three or four times a day. It is said it will remove them. It will be a harmless experiment anyway.

Dr. Burney Yee, of London, reports the curious observation that there are persons who usually drink tea without injury, but in whom when in a depressed mental condition it occasions indigestion and palpitation of the heart.

A late novelty in the use of poultices is to wet a sponge in a concentrated decoction of mustard, and wrapping it with a handkerchief bandage for application. It is readily renewed by simply again immersing in the same liquid.

Nitro-Glycerin is likely to displace alcohol when a cardiac or cerebral stimulant is needed. One drop of the one per cent solution of nitro-glycerin is more than the equal of an ounce of brandy in such cases.

Sir Henry Thompson holds that artificial teeth are an evil in those of advanced years, because they enable such persons to masticate flesh. When the teeth fall naturally it is nature's design that the individual should subsist on vegetable diet.

Neuralgia headache in women is, says the Lancet, largely caused by irritation to the nerves of the scalp coming from the small bundles of hair, which are pulled back and held in place by hair pins. The injury done is lasting in its consequences.

Effects of Tobacco.—An officer in the French army who had always experienced headache, vertigo and pains in the stomach after smoking, has discovered that by mixing a few dried leaves of Eucalyptus Globulus with his tobacco all these effects are prevented.

A correspondent of the Medical Record, in an article on chronic Bright's disease, says: Make the diet as little nitrogenous as possible. Use milk freely, and iron and cod liver oil, for the purpose of making up the deficiency in the red corpuscles by the increase in the elimination of albumen.

In a case under the care of Dr. A. W. Foote, the patient was so opulent as to render him incapable of any exertion. Liquor potassa in two drachm doses of fluid extract of fucus vesiculosa, enabled him to walk long distances and perform light labor.

Fruit-eating must obtain more than it does, not as a luxury, but as a hygienic measure. Fruit should be kept where the children can help themselves to it. A barrel of apples will often save a fit of sickness. Three or four eaten every day will do them ever so much good. Never scrimp your children's supply of fruit if you can help it.

The Treatment of Eczema.—A writer gives the following formula: Salicylic acid, 10 parts; Ichthyol, 20 parts; alcohol, 100 parts: to be rubbed on the affected part twice a day with a stiff brush, after which the surface is to be well powdered. This treatment is said to be very effective, although mild, simple and cleanly. A case of eighteen years' standing is cited as having been cured with it in less than three weeks.

Stammering.—When there is no malformation of the organs of articulation, stammering may be remedied by reading aloud with the teeth closed. This should be practiced for two hours a day for three or four months. Another plan is for persons affected with this annoyance, at every syllable pronounced to tap at the same time with the finger. By so doing the most in-

terate stammerer will be surprised to find he can pronounce quite fluently, and by long and inveterate practice he will pronounce perfectly well.

Cases are occasionally reported confirming the belief that contagious diseases may be conveyed by letter. Recently a little girl who was dying of scarlet fever in New York desired to send a kiss to a little playmate in another town. She kissed a letter, which was sent by mail to the little playmate, who in turn kissed the letter as a message from her dead friend. In a few days she herself died of scarlet fever.

Nerve-Stretching.

Many people think of the nerves as something intangible, somewhat as they think of nervous diseases, as mainly imaginary, and have little sympathy with the sufferers. But the latter are terribly real, and the former are quite as substantial as the blood-vessels, and, like them, the larger ones are surrounded by tough elastic walls.

Their office is two-fold; to communicate sensation from the circumference to the centre, and force from the centre to the circumference.

No part of the system is so frequently and variously diseased, but the disease may be of such a character as not to show at all to the eye; or the acutest pain may mean only that the nerve is pressed on and irritated by some hidden cause, as when the bony canal through which a nerve issues, is unduly narrowed by age, or as when rheumatism enlarges the bony matter of a joint. In such cases, as the cause is permanent, no medicine can effect a cure.

Years ago, the plan was adopted of severing the painful nerve, but as the nerve soon grows together again, the relief is but temporary. Then the plan was improved upon by cutting out a considerable portion of the nerve. A more durable relief was obtained, but we have the impression that it tended to the disintegration of the nerve. Finally, it was found that the nerve could be rendered insensible by forcible stretching.

The sciatic nerve is the largest in the body. It issues from the network of nerves near the end of the spinal cord, and is distributed to the muscles of the body. The following case illustrates relief by stretching.

The patient's pain was so severe and constant that he was confined to the bed most of the time after admission to the hospital. Nerve-stretching was tried. The nerve was cut down to and lifted up by the finger, and subsequently was grasped by the whole hand and drawn strongly, first downward and then upward, with sufficient force to raise the entire limb from the table. Soon after the operation, the patient began to improve, and in a few months was as strong and healthy as he had ever been. When last heard from, he had had no return of the sciatic.

Rules for Keeping Health.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association, of London, gives the following simple rules for keeping health:

- A—so soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;
- B—either be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
- C—children, if healthy, are active, not still;
- D—damp bed and damp clothes will both make you ill;
- E—eat slowly and always chew your food well;
- F—refresh the air in the house where you dwell;
- G—garments must never be made too tight;
- H—ones should be healthy; airy and light;
- I—if you wish to do well, as you do I've no doubt,
- J—use open the windows before you go out;
- K—keep the rooms always tidy and clean;
- L—let dust on the furniture never be seen;
- M—such illness is caused by the want of fresh air;
- N—ow, to open the windows be ever your care;
- O—old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
- P—people should see that the floors are well swept;
- Q—tick movements in children are bad;
- R—remember the young cannot thrive in a tight;
- S—see that the cistern is full to the brim;
- T—take care that your dress is all tidy and clean;
- U—use your nose to find if there be a bad draft;
- V—very sad are the fairs that come in the street;
- W—walk as much as you can without a sign;
- X—excess could walk full many a year;
- Y—our health is your wealth must keep;
- Z—zeal will help a good cause, and

A NOSE.

THE VOLTAIC BREAD cured their Celebrated Vocal Appliances on thirty days with Nervous Debility, so Illustrated with full particulars.

LITTLE LOTTA.

From Picture of Toronto's Favorite.

Among all the gifted ladies who adorn the stage Lotta is decidedly the pet and favorite. Her intense vitality, her beauty and the versatility of her talents draw all classes to see her. She has been on the stage since her eighth year and in all that time the breath of scandal never once assailed her.

It was always a marvel to the amusement-loving public how Lotta could be so sick that the Chestnut street opera house, Philadelphia, was compelled to be closed for one week, (about two years ago,) and that the end of that time she was well enough to resume her play of "Nitouche." More than this it was noticed that her voice had acquired fresh volume, and in "Nitouche," which is a singular play, she could be heard in ensemble as well as in solo. She is a phenomenally devoted child to her mother, in whose society she is found at all times. Can it be wondered at that this little lady returned so soon to her labour at the opera house, when we remembered that this speedy restoration was due to the inhalation of Compound Oxygen?

"Oh, yes! You remember the terrible sore throat I had two years ago—that it baffled the skill of my New York physicians? After burning my throat and positively prohibiting my appearance before an audience for an unlimited time I was promised great things if I would try the 'Oxygen.'

"It was evident from the first inhalation that I had done the right thing, for it seemed to bring the whole trouble under immediate control."

"Then you do not favor burning the throat or any of the methods usually resorted to?"

"No. I think it a harsh and cruel treatment and it cannot be long before Compound Oxygen will come to the rescue of all the profession."

"The health obtained by the Compound Oxygen treatment is as genuine and permanent as one's original health. Does your experience confirm that opinion?"

"I have not been sick an hour since I used the Oxygen. My mother has also been greatly benefited by the use of the Oxygen and is as great an enthusiast as I. It seems to invigorate the whole constitution and imparts fresh life to every part of the body. In my profession I am always studying from nature. I observe the expressions, gestures and ways of the various people with whom I meet, and find that my power of observation has grown more acute and discriminating since my treatment with the 'Oxygen.' In the voice alone there is a most perceptible gain. Long and sustained notes have become easy and whether talking or singing I find it not so labour. Persons who sing or talk much on stage or platform feel a certain amount of exhaustion at the end of the season and to them the use of Compound Oxygen would be of great value. It is just what we all need."

"Do you think it would have the same effect on the system as change of climate?"

"Yes, and without the disadvantages of long journeys in pursuit of health, such as the loss of home comforts and the interference with regular business pursuits."

"Would you have any unpleasant sensations while taking the Oxygen?"

"No, on the contrary, the sensations are pleasant."

"Will you give your full consent to make a review public?"

"I will do. You are at liberty to do as you please."

one of the busiest little girls in the world. Her engagements are so numerous that her presence in the city is a rare thing. She owns the largest estate in America and Europe. She has a park of wooded land in the city and she is one of the most popular actresses on the stage. Lotta is a member of the Society of the Friends of the Poor. She has been a member of the Society of the Friends of the Poor since she was a child. She has been a member of the Society of the Friends of the Poor since she was a child.



FLOWERS

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Flowers are loved by young and old,
As they gracefully unfold
Sweetness caught from Eden's bowers,
When at first God made the flowers;
When at first God made the flowers;
Rich in every tint and hue,
Smiling through their tears of dew;
Beauty's glory crowns their heads,
As they peep from grassy beds!

Purity the Lily seems,
As she in the sunlight gleams;
Humility the Pansy knows,
Happiness bespeaks the Rose
Love the laughing Daffodil,
Pinks our eyes with Beauty fill;
Every flower, a charm its own,
Fills a place on Flora's throne!

Flowers may teach the heart of man,
As no other teacher can;
God's creative hand was there,
When He made the flowers so fair;
Out of chaos formed the earth,
Spoke, and planets had their birth;
To adorn the human race,
Lent the beauty of His face!

He who loves the tiny flower
Something knows of Heaven's power,
That will hope and courage give,
Strength and sweetness while he lives;
Like the flowers we pass away,
Short, yet sweet, is life's brief day—
Let good deeds and thoughts sublime,
Stand the touch and test of time!

best with greater cost than this gifted lady, who is still young and fresh. Now if the Compound Oxygen can bring back to the stage each year this favorite and pet, in prime health, the public can but thank the remedy. The local Toronto dispensary is at 73 King St. West, where Compound Oxygen is manufactured daily, and is administered to those who call.

PEOPLE.

The eminent British naturalist, Mr. Wallace, will visit America in October.

The Duke of Braganza and his wife have secured the use of a magnificent Italian man-of-war for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

The rather heydenish balls and private theatricals of the Princess Metternich have considerably agitated the Austrian court-circles.

M. De Lesseps was welcomed back to the city of Paris with a public demonstration on the part of large crowds at the station and his house.

Lady Mandeville presented Mrs. Mackay at a recent Court Reception. Mrs. Mackay's ornaments were her favorite sapphires, valued at \$300,000.

Rev. Dr. Playfair has received a long autograph letter from the Queen, very warmly thanking him for his attention and services during the late serious illness of the Duchess of Connaught.

The ex-President of France, M. McMahon, when he became a bridegroom, and gave up prolonged bachelorhood, married a sister of the Duc de Castries, whose death was a real Parisian social shock.

Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, jun., says that the Cunard steamer Oregon committed suicide to avoid being put on the company's Boston line—sinking, at all events; that

something in the Boston line of humor continues in the Holmes family.

John Ruskin having had an opportunity to discuss in a London paper "How to give away £100,000," says: "It happens at this moment that I don't want to give away any of my money; and what I want to be told is how I am to do good by keeping it."

On the day before he sailed for one of his European tours, the late John Welsh chanced to look over the books of the Episcopal Hospital, at Philadelphia, and noticed that its debts amounted to \$18,000. Two days later, when he was on the coast, the manager received his check for the full amount of their indebtedness. He had made his address purposely uncertain, and their letter of thanks did not reach him for weeks.

Here's a state of things. Not long ago 'Sam' S. Hall, in one of his sermons, said that a certain Mississippi editor hadn't 'sense enough to feed a calf.' The editor replied in the vernacular of the country that 'Sam' was a liar, and that he could take it any way he pleased. The Kansas City Times advised 'Sam' to take one third down and the balance in one and two years.

The death occurred, a few days ago, at the age of eighty-two, of M. Marcat, a tall and slender, of the Rue de Babylone. The name of Marcat long ago struck the fancy of the novelist Balzac, who happened to see it on the owner's shop front. Balzac invented Veron with the fanciful initial 'Z,' and made him a character in "Scenes de la Vie Politique." The condescendence was charmed with the compliment, and to the end of his days not only signed himself 'Z. Marcat,' but invariably appended to his signature the explanatory note, "the hero of Balzac."

Mr. Gladstone's strong face is in reality, as in his portraits, very deeply lined, though his eyes are as young as ever in their piercing keenness. He dresses in a quaint rather peculiar manner—black frock-coat, a vest opened low and displaying a broad shirt front, a high standing collar, with a black cravat carefully knotted, and dark baggy trousers. His seat is usually in the center of the ministerial front bench, and seated on it through a debate, when his face is most colorless and unlikable, he is apt to be most wide-awake. He hears everything, and is ready to answer everything.

The young ladies of the Northwestern University have ordered an oil portrait of Miss Frances Willard as a central ornament of the drawing-room of the Woman's College. It is a fitting tribute to a lady acknowledged the world over as a true and strong type of American womanhood, and who gave to the Woman's College (as its first Dean) some of the best years of her early life, and the prestige of her name. Prof. Kate Beal, the efficient director of the Art School of the Northwestern University, has received the order for the portrait, and will complete it before Commencement Day.

"I shall give the vacant Thistle to Lord Palmerston," said Lord Melbourne. "If you do," replied Lord Palmerston, "he will eat it." If anyone had offered a primrose to Lord Beaconsfield, it may fairly be presumed that he would have yearned to devour it, for there is only one allusion to this flower in all his works, and that is in "Lothair," where, at the spring picnic, one of the characters rather ridicules his wife for bursting into ecstasies about the primrose, and remarks, "I have heard that they make a capital salad."

The Rev. Mr. Tyler had a big dog named Watch, whom he was in the habit of taking to church. One Sunday, in the midst of an impressive sermon, Mr. Tyler repeated in an earnest, eloquent manner the words "Watch! watch! watch! I say!" when rustle, rustle, bounce came his big dog, at most into his very arms. Hound Watch had been sitting with his eyes fixed, as usual, on the minister. At the first mention of his name up went his ears, and his eyes twinkled; at the second he was still more deeply moved; at the third he obeyed, and flew completely over the pulpit and pulpit door with leaps that did equal honors to his muscular powers and desire to obey.

I think that every life has periods when the world, with all that is in it, is inexpressibly beautiful and dear. There, sadly enough come later periods, perhaps when our appreciative and grateful senses of the inexpressibly beautiful and dear vanishes in the pathetic discovery that both the spirit and the flesh are weaker than we had ever dreamed they could become.

A Mountain Adventure.

One can fancy the courage of a man who first ventured to "interview" the lightning, and Barlow's generous tribute, in his poem of the "Columbiad," to Dr. Franklin, on the "darkening height," tempting "heaven's awful thunders," is not overdrawn. Franklin would have needed more daring to walk into a thunder-cloud; no man, in fact, would be fool-hardy enough to try it. But Ernest Ingersoll tells the readers of the Buffalo Express how, *notus volens*, he once did that very thing. It happened to him while climbing one of the highest peaks of the Sierra San Juan (Col). His first warning, when being surrounded by the awful electric mass, he says, was "a tickling that played on his fingers," and a tickling at the roots of his hair, which soon grew so intense that the whole hair of his head "hissed as though being fried in hot fat." His further experience is thus described:

It was only when the lightning strokes came to be but three or four minutes apart, and thin advanced mist began to be blown quite close to me, that I suddenly realized the danger I should presently be exposed to.

It was high time to escape, but when I rose up and seized my gun it began to hum in a most alarming way; turned itself into a sort of electric rattle-make, and my arm buzzed in feeling quite as angrily.

I was now fully awake to the need for haste, yet felt that I must not abandon the valuable gun if it were possible to save it. Holding it by the stock, therefore, in spite of the tingling numbness in my fingers, tried to hurry down the mountain; but after a few steps dropped almost helpless into a crevice between two large stones, and to make the long descent with that rifle barrel singing and my arm half-paralyzed seemed impossible; so I resolved to risk walking here, where I thought myself somewhat protected, until the next stroke of lightning should give me a moment's freedom from strait to take another run.

It was a terrific situation. The air was thick and close with a chilling vapor. The gun was producing a terrible humming, which, added to the noises evoked from thousands of vibrating blocks of lava and my own sizzling crown, made such a din I could scarcely think. I wondered whether I could endure the fast-increasing electricity until the discharge came—hope for, yet with an awful fear that I might be left there forever its withered object. Utterly powerless to avert my fate, I hardly thought of rejoicing when a flash showed the bolt had fallen at a safe distance away.

Taking instant advantage of the slackened strain I seized my rifle and dashed headlong down the slope heedless of falls; but though only a few seconds had elapsed since the discharge of the cloud, so swift was the moist air reloaded that I received a strong electric shock, marked by a pain as if a sword had pierced my shoulder where the gun-barrel had touched it. Nor had I gone more than thirty yards, when a shattering, stunning crash broke into an explosion sound at my ears, and a jagged dart of fire leaped from the ground.

The very rock upon which I had been sitting a short time before flew to pieces. My blood turned chill, and the world swung black before my staggering eyes, and I saw how narrow had been my escape!

This proved to be the final bolt out of that cloud and it was followed by a furious downpour of hail and sleet, through which I now slowly and painfully made my way back to camp.

A Gypsy Romance.

A good deal of interest was excited in Greensborough, Md., several days ago by a rumor that a Texan had eloped with a bonny gypsy girl from a camp near town, and that the father of the girl was hunting the runaway couple with a gun. She is very pretty, and he fell in love with her. They became engaged, but during a barter trade between the father and the future son-in-law hot words ensued which brought blows, and from blows the father sought to protect himself with an ax, when the young man drew a revolver and shot him, but not fatally. He immediately informed his fiancée of what had happened, and of his intention to seek pastures new. With promises from her that when he should return he would find her waiting for him, and that she would endeavor to make her father forgive and forget, he left for Texas. Since then the young man has kept his fiancée posted as to his whereabouts, having prospered in his

career in Texas he resolved to return, and despite the father's continued opposition, secure his sweetheart if he could.

With this resolution he started for the camp, which was then at Chestertown, Md., but before he reached there the gypsies had left. Following in their wake he reached Greensborough, the band having camped near by. To a number of young men he confided his troubles, and accepted their offer of assistance. Being afraid to enter camp, he provided one of them with a \$5 bill to get his fortune told and started him for the camp. He was not only to get his fortune told by the Texan's sweetheart, but also to tell her that her lover awaited her on the outskirts of the camp. The plan succeeded, and the girl met her long absent lover at the place agreed upon. That night they hired a team, in which they drove to the hotel in Greensborough, but not without being followed. The father, who had been on watch, discovered the scheme and endeavored to have the gypsy Texan "locked up for a week or so." His request, however, was not granted by the local authorities. With pleadings and money his anger was finally appeased, and he again took in his hand the young man and his sweetheart. The man ordered stakes pulled up Tuesday morning and the band departed, but the Texan says he does not intend to lead a gypsy life permanently.

STRIKES.

The first strike that a boy experiences is generally from his mother's slipper.

Big strikes are always applauded in a ball game.

The blacksmith has to strike for a living.

"Strikes" are an every day occurrence in ball alleys.

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place; and there's where lightning differs from prize fighters.

The gold miner is happy when he strikes "pay dirt." The heavier the strike the happier the miner.

Disease strikes hard, but Death is the boss striker.

Doesn't the Bible encourage strikes where it says: "If a man strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." The literal meaning of which is, "give him a chance for another strike."

If it were not for strikes there would be no assault and battery cases in the courts.

If horns could only strike back at brutal drivers who at times strike them so unmercifully there would be fewer of these striking drivers.

IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

The Pictorial Consequences of the Holy City—Street Scenes—Site of The Temple.

Nearly every one makes the journey from Jaffa on horseback, though a few use the old fashioned vehicles without springs, of the same type that Assyrians employed thirty centuries ago. The city is entered by Jaffa gates. The walls are very well preserved, being only 600 years old. No city of the Orient retains more of the picturesque of the past. Doubtless this is in part due to the fact that all the buildings are constructed of stone. It is located on the crest of two mountains—Moriah and Zion—but little timber is found, and to transport it to the city would be costly. The streets do not need macadamizing; they are trenches in the solid rock. The houses being of the same material and substantially built it is impossible to destroy the town by fire, and so family after family, and generation after generation inhabit undisturbed the

DWELLING ON THREE ANGUSTERS.

The houses include, as part of a roof, a small and circular dome, around which is built a level walk, where every one loiters during the twilight and early eve. What seems strange is the small space to which the city is confined. In reading Josephus, where he states that 100,000 people inhabited Jerusalem during the siege of Titus, one marvels where they could have stowed themselves. The present walls follow the lines of those then destroyed and yet the 45,000 inhabitants now living seem to fill all the enclosed space. It is true that little ground is occupied by gardens, and there is not in the city an avenue as wide as an ordinary street. No sidewalks, no sewers, no public squares exist. You must walk in the middle of the dirty lanes, fighting your way among camels, donkeys, and dogs. For, as in Constantinople, and in fact all Turkish cities, dogs are the scavengers. Old Jerusalem up to the time of David was built on the summit and sides of Mount Zion. Solomon built the temple on Mount Moriah and around it gradually built another town. In time the declivity between the two hills was filled so that now the road from

THE TOWER OF DAVID.

to the temple grounds is level. The periphery of the walls exclude many points of interest still located, as the garden of Gethsemane, occupied as a monastery. The ground is covered with olive trees, one of which is said to be coeval with the crucifixion. Gethsemane is perhaps 200 yards from the east wall, and immediately below in the valley of the Kedron is the tomb of Absalom. The top of Mount Olive, which shadows Gethsemane, is a mile from the city walls. The name is well applied, for olive trees abound

on its sides, and the Jerusalem olive is celebrated throughout Syria for its size and succulent flavor. On the site of Solomon's temple, Omar, who conquered the city in the seventeenth century, has erected a mosque or Turkish church. This building is the oldest existing example of Arabic, or what is subsequently termed Saracenic architecture. It must have been the model for the Christian edifice on Mount Calvary; and, in fact, all the churches and synagogues in the city to partake of the light material, the intricate web of the windows, with their multitude of small orifices, and the gaudy colors that characterize the Orientals, both in their buildings and costumes.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Mediocrity is the dry rot that paralyzes progress.

Pleasure in work is the mere delirium of rhapsodists.

The cant of politics is scarcely less reprehensible than its corruptions.

Pleasure is the pursuit of pleasure, and all selfish achievement is a delusion.

The man whose rule of life is policy never knows the glow or the glory of honest enthusiasm.

What is a painted picture? A daub of varicolored mud—a libel on nature—the sheetiron thunder of the stage.

It is not quite possible for me to run away from the conviction that there is a lot of cant in thanking God for afflictions.

Debasement is unnatural to woman. The outcast is, perhaps, reckless of her good fame lost; but it is only in the last stage of woman's descent into the social hell that she becomes indifferent to those refinements that make her sex attractive.

Just to Hand!

A LARGE STOCK OF BRASS for Fancy Work GOODS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

- Brass Bars, 2 sizes..... per dozen
Brass Bangles, 5 sizes..... "
Brass Ornaments, 8 sizes..... "
Brass Ornaments, 2 sizes, hand-made..... "
Brass Toy Balls, 2 sizes, 10, 15, 20 cents per dozen.
Star Ornaments, 25 cents per dozen.
Bangle Ornaments, 2 large sizes, 75c. & \$1.00 per doz.
Brass Ornaments, 15 and 25 cents per yard.
Banner Rods, plain brass, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 inches long, 25, 30, 35 and 38 cents each.
Banner Rods, twisted brass, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 inches long, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 & 50 cents each.

Also in stock a Complete Line of Berlin, Shetland and Andalusian Wools, in all colors, at 10c. per oz.

- Ice Wool, best quality, 10c per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per doz. skeins.
Fitchelle, best quality, 8c per chain, 85c per doz.
Fine Embroidering (samples, all colors, 5c per skein, 50c per doz.
Silk Arrasens, large skeins, 15c per skein, \$1.05 per dozen.
Tinsel, large balls, very thick, 10c per ball.
Macramé Cord, 2 lb balls, all colors, 10c per ball.
Fitch fine quality, 24 inches wide, \$2 per yard.
Push Pompons, new styles, very pretty, in all colors, 50c per dozen.
Push Pompons, large tassel, quite new, in all colors, 85c per dozen.
Push Pompons, large double drop, very handsome, \$1.00 per dozen.
Chenille Cord, in all colors, 10c per yard.
Chenille & Tinsel Cord very handsome, 15c a yd.
Woolen Java Canvas, 13 in. wide, all colors, 50c a yd.
Brussels Net, for darned work, 35 and 75 inches wide, 20 and 50c per yd.
Linen Flannel, all sizes, in, 40c per doz.

New Goods constantly on hand we daily receive the latest styles in

FANCY WORKS

LABERS should write for our Price List will save 25 per cent. by ordering direct. Letters orders receive prompt and careful attention and goods can be sent to any part of the world.

HENRY CO. MANUFACTURERS - DIRECT IMPORTERS 232 YORK ST.



Old lady (to Gabby) Now I WANT TO GO TO THE DRESS MAKER'S; I'VE LOST THE ADDRESS, BUT IT'S A SMALL HOUSE JUST BEYOND KING STREET, DOWN A STREET, ON THE RIGHT, AND THE NUMBER'S OVER THE DOOR

Gabby: WELL, WONT YOU PLEASE GET UP HERE AND DRIVE YOURSELF SO'S WE COULD BE SURE OF NOT MAKIN' ANY MISTAKES?

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 24 PAGES, issued every Friday, 7 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. For 3 months, advertising rates—20 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7.00 per line. TRUTH is sent to subscribers without an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payments of arrears, as is made, as required by law. PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Order or Registered Letter. All postmaster are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. DISCONTINUANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrangements must be made in advance. ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done. THE DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid. THE COURTESY have decided that all subscribers, newspapers are held responsible until arrangements are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 32 pages, issued about the 10th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printers: 120 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in Canada as well as the smaller towns of these papers and supplements. Rates—20 cents per single line; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada. Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work. E. FRANK WILSON, proprietors, 21 and 23 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short campaigns. Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "copy" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the sheet of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other. Publishers will kindly send their papers for trying regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations. E. FRANK WILSON, Proprietors Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 21 & 23 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

CIRCULATION: HIGH WATER MARK, 28,882!

Notice to Prize-Winners. Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, &c., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Pianos, \$10; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Sets, \$1.50; Gold Watches, \$5; Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresses, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Breeches, and other Small Prizes, 20c.

DR. EPPA COOKE—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Food, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of this article of diet that a constitution may be built up until strong enough to defy any tendency to disease. Humid and malarial fevers are floating around us, and it is at such times that a weak constitution may escape many a fatal shaft. I have been cured by this beverage, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with pure biliousness, indigestion, or any other ailment. Sold simply with the name of Dr. Epps on the wrapper. Sold only in packets of 100. JAMES EPPS & Co., London, Eng."

"TRUTH" Bible Competition, No. 16.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. Where are the following three words first mentioned in the Bible? 1st. PEN. 2nd. LIX. 3rd. PATER.

Each person competing must send with the answers one dollar and eighteen cents, for which Truth will be sent to any desired address for three months, and also one half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons, free of postage and other charges.

In addition to the prizes, which are given to all competitors, whether their answers are correct or not, there will be distributed the prizes named in the three following lists in the order the correct answers come to hand. To the sender of the first correct answer will be given number one of the rewards; to the sender of the second correct answer number two, and so on till these rewards are distributed.

- THE FIRST REWARDS. 1. One fine square rosewood Piano by a celebrated maker..... \$500 2. One fine cabinet 15-key Organ, by Bell & Co. \$300 3 to 7. Five fine extra silver plated Tea Services, four pieces..... 250 8 to 12. Five fine Gold Watches, ladies' or gentlemen's, as may be preferred..... 250 13 to 15. Five gentlemen's extra silver hunting or open face Watches..... 125 17 to 19. Seven Family Bibles, beautifully bound in Morocco, with places for portraits, family registers, contains Orator's concordance, weights and measures of Bible times, also the old and new versions of the New Testament side by side; 3000 pages about the size of Truth's..... 140 24 to 26. Two Eoliphs family Knitting Machines..... 150 27 to 31. Five fine Washer Sewing Machines..... 300 32. One fine English breech-loading double barrel Shotgun..... 75 33 to 40. Eight extra quadruple Silver Plate Teapots..... 80 41 to 44. Two gold neck chains, with lockets complete, and one silver neck chain..... 40 45 to 50. Five Alarm Clocks; one warranted clock \$1 to \$2. Twelve extra silver plate crust stands \$3 to \$175. One hundred and eighty fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings..... 500 180 to 235. Forty-seven fine solid gold Clock Rings, size to..... 470

- THE MIDDLE REWARDS. 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... \$100 2 to 5. One Cabinet Organ, 15-stop, by Bell & Co. \$300 6 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, various designs..... 300 10 to 14. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, hunting cases, handsomely engraved..... 450 15 to 18. Three sets Chambers' Encyclopaedia, 10 vols. to set, well bound..... 120 19 to 23. Four English Breech loading Double Barrel Shot Guns..... 250 24 to 26. Thirty-five sets lined imitation Morocco cases, containing complete assortment of half dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and spoons..... 425 27 to 30. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver plated butter coolers..... 150 31 to 35. Forty-six elegant silver plated pickle cruet..... 124 136 to 200. Sixty-five fine silver plated Butter Knives or Sugar Strips..... 66

So as to give to the most deserving persons an opportunity, the following list of consolation rewards has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post-marked not later than the 30th June, (the closing date), will be given number one of these rewards; the next proceeding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards, till all these rewards are given out.

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. One rosewood square Piano, by the Dominion Piano & Organ Co. of Bewnsville, or a piano equally as good..... \$500 2 to 4. Three ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches, extra good movements..... 150 5 to 7. Three extra silver Tea Services (4 pieces)..... 120 8 to 12. Fourteen fine extra heavy silver-plated Cake Baskets, (new design)..... 150 13 to 15. Fifteen extra silver-plated Ornaments..... 150 16 to 21. Seventeen sets heavy silver plated Teapots, ornate design..... 175 22 to 24. One hundred extra fine solid gold Breeches..... 300

to be given to every person competing, whether their answers are correct or not. You will be wise, no matter where you live, if, the moment you read these offers, you at once send in your answers, enclosing in the same envelope, one dollar and eighteen cents for postage and packing of spoons. You will not regret the investment, as you will get the value for your money in Truth, and be say nothing about the spoons or any of the larger prizes. Address, E. FRANK WILSON, TRUTH OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA. SPECIAL.

For two dollars I will send you, per express, an elegant better cooler, extra heavy silver plated, and mail Truth for three months.

For five dollars I will send you, per express, one elegant satin lined imitation Morocco case, about 6x12 inches, containing half dozen each extra silver plated knives, forks and teaspoons, and mail Truth for three months. A very choice present for any lady and a dessert set that would adorn any table.

For seven dollars and a half I will send you a magnificent Family Bible, (and Truth for three months), superbly bound in Morocco, beautifully embossed and gilt containing over 2,000 fine illustrations of Bible History, Orator's concordance, (a very useful addition, as it enables anyone to find any word referred to in the Bible as easily as you can find a chapter or page in any book.) This Bible has never retailed under twenty dollars. You will regret it if you let these opportunities go by.

These who avail themselves of one or all of these special offers, and who answer the Bible questions correctly, are also entitled to all the privileges which pertain to those who send only the dollar and eighteen cents. That is, their names are placed among those who are eligible for the prizes enumerated in the foregoing lists of First, Middle and Consolation rewards. But whether answers are correct or not, the Butter Cooler, Morocco Case, or Bible, as the case may be, will be forwarded as soon on receipt of money for same.

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

Among Thousands in the Possession of "Truth."

I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Pitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated. E. BARNES, 12, HARVARD STREET, MONTREAL. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it.

THOMAS W. O'CONNOR, Campbellton. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Cabinet Organ you kindly sent me as my prize for Bible answers. I am highly pleased with it and return you my sincere thanks for such a handsome instrument. W. B. WALLEN, Galt.

Rev. S. H. DYKE, late Publisher of the Canadian Baptist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition. W. J. TURNBULL, Paris Mount, Ont., acknowledges receipt of a handsome square, rosewood Piano of magnificent tone and compass. E. R. PHILLIPS, St. Catharines, acknowledges receipt of one hundred dollars, gratefully, &c. &c. The piano was by my son Benson in Bible Competition No. 9, and which came to me a year ago, proves to be in every respect a superior instrument. The year has called at its excellence. It is just as advertised. Mr. Wilson has too much at stake to deceive in any manner. E. CURRIE, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Warkham, Ont. J. GIBBS, Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of Solid Gold Watch.

M. H. BROWN, Man. — E. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto: you shipped me six weeks ago a beautiful Cabinet Organ. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks also for the five years' warranty sent along with it. MASON BROWN, Cape North, Nova Scotia, thankfully and delightfully acknowledges receipt of an elegant Gold Watch.

Kingston Why says:—Among the winners of prizes in this locality under the Bible competitions are: J. Galloway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Stanley Chant, Colburn; Viola Hunt, Elmington; Jennie Price, Newbury. J. Brydon, Glasgow, Ontario; British Columbia, sends thanks for beautiful Gold Hunting case watch. Edensie, Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland.—I send apostrophe for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 9.

JOHN HENDERSON, Oswego, New York, says: Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting case watch for prize story No. 9 in Truth. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy O." I wish Truth the best of success.

O. M. STARR, New Haven, Conn., JAMES GORDON, Lancaster, Pa., also wonderfully and delightfully acknowledge receipt of ladies' gold gold Ring Watch, also, in the same strain, Mr. Frank, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Marshall, Ada, Okla., acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services. C. GUYER, Seattle, Washington Territory; L. BUNN, Kansas City, and C. ROBERTS, 414 Clay St., San Francisco.

Cal. received gentleman's fine gold hunting case watch, with which they were very much pleased.

SOME BIG PRIZES. The Bowdoinville Statesman, of Dec. 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the Truth and the Ladies' Journal Bible Competitions carried on by Mr. E. Frank Wilson, Toronto. In addition to the list below several others have received valuable gold and silver watches, handsome silver cake baskets, gold rings and brooches, books, &c.—Mrs. A. L. Vassallo, Organ, 10 stop; M. Mosetta James, Silver Tea Service. LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—Mrs. Jan. Van Ness, W. J. Heard, Fred Bray, Amanda Bond, Thos. Sheridan, Sylvia Warcher.—Mrs. W. R. Bond, Mrs. Thos. Sheridan, Minnie Werry, Mrs. W. McKowan, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. J. H. James, M. A. Wm. Jewell, Mrs. M. Deyman, W. W. Tamplin, M. A. The total value of above prizes amounted to \$1,100. Address in all cases, E. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto, Canada.

Pompadour silks are in favor for trains. A Heavy Burden.

Mr. George Russell, of Aurora, Ont., says he was a great sufferer from a running sore of the worst description, which baffled the best medical skill, and his life was a burden. He was cured by B. B. E., to his great joy and the surprise of his friends.

Much extra silk net is worn over silk in red or pink, blue or green, violet, mauve or prun.

Joseph Russan, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever used. It has been a great blessing to me."

Hell-trope is the coming color. To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, &c., etc. It has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia; I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

Orange is to be a leading color. Cure For Sore Throat.

A prompt and efficient remedy for sore throat as well as croup, asthma, pain in the side, ear ache, deafness and many other common and painful complaints, is found in Hagar's Yellow Oil.

Japanese crapes of bright colors is used for vests for black grenadine or silk dresses. The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

The Austrian colors, black and yellow, predominate in millinery and parasols. These Tera Fees to bodily comfort, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, yield when war is waged against them with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It also insures the removal of Kidney and Uterine maladies, and promotes unobstructed action of the bowels. The purity of its ingredients is another point in its favor. As a blood purifier it has no equal. It is also a great favorite with the ladies.

Butterflies and blossoms of chenille are sold ready to be applied to net or tulle.

Off Work.

"I was off work for two years suffering from kidney disease, and could get no relief, until advised by a friend to try B. B. E. I was cured by two bottles and consider it a miraculous cure." The above is the substance of a communication from Wm. Hor, of St. Mary, Ont.

Vests of bugles have high collars, and have small jabots of lace at the side.

Why Is It?

Why do so many limp and hobble about on sticks and crutches, suffering from rheumatism, stiff joints, and cords, lame back, sprains and other aches, pains and lameness, when Hagar's Yellow Oil, an unfailing relief, can be purchased at a trifling cost of twenty-five cents?

Crissum galpura lace, 40 inches wide has narrow edging to correspond.

Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 11.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One elegant Square Piano, by a celebrated firm \$500
2. One fine toned 12-stop Cabinet Organ 250
3, 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 150
6 to 9. Four Ladies' fine Gold Hunting case Watches, elegantly engraved, first-class time-keepers 200
10 to 12. Four celebrated Wamsley Sewing Machines 24
14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 100
21 to 24. Sixteen fine quadruple silver plated Ornat Stands 10
26 to 30. Sixteen Ladies' fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets 240
31 to 34. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners 300
35 to 38. Fourteen half dozen sets extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons 84
39 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners 150
101 to 155. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches 110

Number one of the above rewards, the piano, will be given the sender of the first correct answers to the Bible Questions given below. The sender of the second correct answer arriving at LADIES' JOURNAL office takes number two, the organ, and so on till all the above rewards are given away.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.

All persons competing must send with their answers one dollar, for which they will receive by express one elegant silver plated Butter Dish, set on a silver plate with silver plated cover, and figure of a cow on top, (the dish itself being of glass,) and the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year, free of postage. Butter dishes not as good as these have been retailed at \$2.00. This butter dish will be sent you whether your answers to these Bible Questions are right or not.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. SPARROW.
2. DOVE.
3. HAWK.
4. EAGLE.

These four questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the larger rewards named in these lists.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black Silk Dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good night dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Falley's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French Kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., or if preferred, cash \$75
2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 100
4 to 7. Four ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches new designs 24
8 to 11. Fourteen fine extra quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 140
12 to 14. Seventeen extra fine quadruple plated Ornat Stands 170
15 to 17. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each 228
18 to 20. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, extra value 99
21 to 119. Twenty-nine Solid Rolled Gold Brooches newest Designs 87

The first prize in the Middle Rewards, the \$75 or the outfit, will be given the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two—one of the sets—and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 12 stops, beautifully finished 250
2 to 4. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 180
5 to 9. Five Ladies' solid Gold Watches, elegantly engraved 450
10 to 12. Three fine celebrated Wamsley Sewing Machines 150
13 to 19. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains 225
20 to 51. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plain lined cases 200
52 to 60. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Teaspoons 78
61 to 131. Forty-two fine half dozen sets solid silver plated Teaspoons 84

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition, which closes 30th June next, will secure number one—the organ—of these consolation rewards.

The sender of the next to last one, number two—one of the gold watches—and so on till all these are given out. Fifteen days after date of closing are allowed for letters to reach this office from distant points.



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$250

This is the most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world—and the sooner you take advantage of it the better, as such an offer will not likely be made again. You pay nothing for the privilege of competing, as one dollar is the regular yearly subscription price of the LADIES' JOURNAL. Address S. Frank Wilson, LADIES' JOURNAL Office, Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post Office order or registered letter.

Fashionable ladies will wear their hair high this spring and summer.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Delicate Madras silk is used for drapery.

Danger Ahead.

There is danger ahead from neglected colds. A slight cough and irritated throat are the warning signs of lurking danger to the lungs. Haggard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, sore throat, stubborn coughs, and all bronchial and lung troubles.

Cowslips are masquerading on Boston streets as California primroses.

In Bad Humor.

"A year ago my head was covered with sores, and the eruption covered my face also, and spread even until the backs of my hands were sore. I became weak and ill. Finding no cure I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles perfectly cured me." Statement of Miss Minnie Stevenson, Coeague, N. B.

Not headed with dull pearls is exceedingly soft and beautiful.

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

Mistress—"How is this, Baptiste? How can you allow the butcher to give you such a bad piece of beef? It is nothing but bone." Baptiste—"Just what I told the butcher, madame, I said if it was for myself I would not have it."

Exchange Department.

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

A collection of over 300 varieties of minerals, for a state. Frank D. Story, McConnellsville, Ohio. Foreign postage stamps to exchange with collectors in foreign countries. F. L. Gregory, Battle creek, Mich.

Fine large specimens of minerals, for other specimens not in my collection. Carrle H. Bundy, Angola, Erie Co., N. Y.

Rare postage stamps, coins, curios, and minerals, for curios, minerals, and preserved insects. Correspondence wanted. Ellis J. Smith, Box 70, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Will exchange cabinet specimen of peacock coal containing all the colors of the rainbow for 15 cts in stamps. Will send to any address. Kate C. Duff, Leechburg, Armstrong Co. Pa.

Thoughtful Benevolence.

This would be a glad world if every creature in it were to do all he could to lessen pain and increase happiness.

It is astonishing how much suffering can be prevented by a little attention of the right kind at the right moment. An audience of three thousand people may be kept in misery for two hours if the janitor does not watch his thermometer; or a whole playground full of well-disposed boys may be tormented by one half-civilized bully. On the other hand, a large party goes off beautifully, simply because the director of the entertainment has taken thoughtful pains to have it go off so.

Some people seem to have a lovely genius for diffusing happiness around them. They are themselves so engaging that only to be near them is a delight. Most of us, however, if we would enjoy the happiness of making others happy, must try to do it. We must avoid and remove causes of pain; we must invent and provide the means of enjoyment.

The most usual cause of failure in this particular is not thinking. The evening lamp is distracting a pair of aged eyes; a thoughtful person quietly places a screen so as to shelter them from the piercing light.

"Why didn't I think of that whippersnapper the enquirer to himself. Thinking of it is the rare accomplishment. Anybody can perform the trifles of household benevolence; the merit lies in not forgetting to do them.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, one of the iron kings of Pennsylvania, mentions in his now celebrated article in The Forum two facts which illustrate what a little thought may do to mitigate the human lot. One of the workmen in the employment of his company happened to allude to the increased cost of groceries through having to buy on credit, wages being paid only once a month.

"Well," said Mr. Carnegie, "why cannot we overcome that by paying every two weeks." "We did not like to ask it," replied the man, "because we have always understood that it would cause much trouble; but if you do that it would be worth an advance of five per cent. in our wages."

The change was made at once, and now the custom prevails in many manufacturing centres of paying wages every week. Millions of men have desired that for sixty years. A little thoughtful good nature would have sufficed to bestow the boon two generations ago.

From another man, at the same interview Mr. Carnegie was surprised to learn that poor men who bought a few bushels of coal at a time paid just twice the price which his company paid. One moment's kindly thought remedied this grievance.

"How easy for us," said the president of the company, "to deliver coal to our men in small quantities at cost!"

So said, so done. And as such ideas are exceedingly contagious, a very large number of iron masters now provide their men with coal on the same terms.

There are few things more catching than wise benevolence. It beats the scarlet fever. Despite all appearances to the contrary, the dearest thing in man is the love he bears his fellow-man.

"Hope on, hope ever." How many delicate ladies there are who, while they attend to their daily duties, do so with aching heads, a sense of fullness, pain in the back and dispersion of spirits, who are "only keeping about," as the phrase is. Some day they "go into a decline," and leave their children motherless. To such we would say, "Obey up. Timely use of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' corrects all female irregularities, weaknesses, and kindred affections easily, pleasantly and quickly.

Mauve was the favored color at the Queen's last "drawing room."

All diseases of lower bowel, including piles tumors, radically cured. Book of particulars, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 683 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Ms, haven't I been a real good boy ever since you whipped me the last time for telling a wrapper?" "Yes, Billy, you have; a very good boy, indeed." "And you trust me now fully, don't you?" "Yes, my boy, fully!" "Then, Mamma, what makes you keep the preserve closet in the pantry looked all the time, just the same?"

Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sago's Remedy.

500 DOZENS 500

Boating Shawls,

—IN—

All Shades and Sizes,

—AT—

Wholesale Prices!

THE GREAT

LEADER LANE

Dry Goods HOUSE

R. Simps

36 & 38 Colb

ENTRANCE

Red, White, and Blue

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

Majestically.

1. Old England the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave & the free; The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world offers homage to thee. Thy

mandates make heroes assemble When liberty's form stands in view; Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white & blue. When

borne by the red, white & blue. When borne by the red white & blue. Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white & blue.

2.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Old England, rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
So bravely she bore her bold crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.—The boast of, etc.

3.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it full up to the brim:
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the stars of their glory grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But each to their colours prove true,
The army and navy for ever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.—Three cheers, etc.

Amusements.

The Grand Opera House closed for the season on Saturday last.

MME. JOSEPHINE CHATTERTON.—No musical instrument is so well designed to display personal gracefulness and elegance, while at the same time calling for a foundation of technical skill as well as artistic taste, as the harp. Before pianos became so universal the harp was par excellence the lady's instrument, and a few of them have even to-day perpetuated what has almost become a lost art. Among those who have become professional devotees of this classic instrument one of the foremost in the world is Mme. Josephine Chatterton, who will be one of the attractions of the Festival. This lady's success has been as great in England as in America, as is instanced by the following extract from The London Court Journal: "Mme. Chatterton Bohrer's concert matinee, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Downshire, the Viscountess Palmerston, and other distinguished ladies of rank, was held at the elegant mansion of the Right Honourable W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone, in Carlton House Terrace, on which occasion the whole suite of superb reception rooms were thrown open. The crowning performance was by Madame Chatterton Bohrer on the harp; the selections were highly calculated to test this lady's merits, which are of the very highest order."

Temperance and Assurance.

We take pleasure in chronicling the establishment of a new life assurance company in Toronto on a true and equitable basis, keeping separate branches for total and non abstainers and dividing the profits as made to each class; this is no new experiment as it has been tried and proved to be very successful by a number of the leading British Companies, foremost among which is the "United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution," whose experience for the past eighteen years shows a difference in mortality of nearly 30 per cent. in favor of total abstainers, although none but very select lives were assured in the general class.

The name of the New Company is the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company which has a good financial basis, a guarantee Capital of \$100,000 and \$500,000 deposited with the Dominion Government for the security of policyholders. The Management and Directorate are composed of leading business men. The Hon. G. W.

Rees is President, Hon. S. H. Blake, Q. C., and Robt. McLean are Vice-Presidents, and H. O'Hara, the Managing Director, has had many years' experience, and is well and favorably known as a successful insurance man, and under his judicious management we have no doubt the Company will prove a success.

You will notice in our advertising columns they desire applications for Agencies for this place and vicinity.

The song, composed by Mr. John Imrie, of this city, in honor of Queen Victoria's forty-ninth anniversary as reigning sovereign of Great Britain, has been set to music by Prof. J. E. Johnston. The words breathe the true spirit of poetry and patriotism, whilst the air is bold, spirited, and exceedingly appropriate. This piece of music should have a very large sale during this jubilee year of our beloved Queen.

Working like a horse—a lawyer drawing up a conveyance.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50cts.

Remains to be seen—Any day at the morgue.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Wrenlow's SCOTCHINE SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

4 THREE CENT STAMPS mailed to us will make you a six months' subscriber to Our Own Fireside, a most monthly, sixteen pages, illustrated, full page music. For sixteen Cents we will send paper for same time, and 10 complete stories. For Twenty-one Cents, the paper, 10 complete stories, Called Back and Dark Days. For Twenty-seven Cents, all above, Home Cook Book and Family Physician, For Forty Cents, all above, 51 Popular Ballads, Manual of Etiquette, and Fancy Work for Home Adornment. For fifty Cents, all above, Locking and Robinson's Crusoe. Batehouse: Mail and Terms. Address: Our Own Fireside Publishing Co., TORONTO, ONT.

New - Music - Books JUST PUBLISHED!

Royal Song Folio—Containing 107 American Vocal Gems; and Royal Folio of Music—Containing 56 Popular Piano Pieces, by American composers. These books contain biographical sketches of celebrated American composers, and eight full page engravings, and are very similar in style and appearance to the well-known Song Folio. Price, each, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents. Catalogue of Music and Musical Instruments free. Violin Strings, 2 in. 75 cents per set. Banjo Strings, 30 in. 50 " " Guitar Strings, 33 in. 75c & 91 "

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE, 107 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

CATARRH CURED!



This cut represents Mr. Joseph Coulter, a farmer, whose address is Islington, near this city. For a number of years he was the victim of Catarrh of the nose, throat and lungs, and his system was run down and very weak when we took the case. To-day Mr. Coulter is a vigorous, healthy man. Like hundreds of others, Mr. C. has gone through the hands of those men who never advertise, but get their work reported when ever possible on the D. H. principle, and are often the "Strictest Sect" medical Pharisees. Such men dupe the public by owl gravity. They never give a straight opinion either as to the nature of disease or the possibility of a cure, because such an opinion never rose or set on their mental horizon, and the results of their finished work is usually a solemn procession. By the way, if this meets the doctor's eye whose patient we cured of skin disease, and whom we had the extreme felicity of congratulating on her "grand recovery" up to the point when she felt compelled in honor to tell him, "DOCTOR, BY THE WAY, I WISH TO BE HONEST WITH YOU; I HAVE BEEN TO DR. McCULLY'S, ON JARVIS STREET, AND IT IS HIS MEDICINE THAT HAS CURED ME." We earnestly hope he will not again snatch his hat so unceremoniously, strike an attitude of defiance, and rush into the open air with a strange guttural sound, something like Q-a-a-c-k-k-k, issuing from his manly bosom. Console yourself, Doctor, there are many, very many, bigger nests than yours, where the old medical hen is now clucking from day to day over a cuckoo that is able to fly because of our ability and medical skill, and the profound ignorance of others of your ilk that stumble over every pebble of disease in your pathway.

Remember, we cure chronic diseases in male or female, old or young and every known deformity of the human body, the errors of youth, and the excesses of mature years.

S. EDWARD McCULLY, M. D., Medical and Surgical Association, 233 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY:

E. W. D. KING, 53 Church St., TORONTO.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING 53 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Professor in Astronomy: "Mr. J., can you tell me which constellation the sun will enter next?" "Can't, sir." Professor: "Correct—the constellation of Cancer."

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

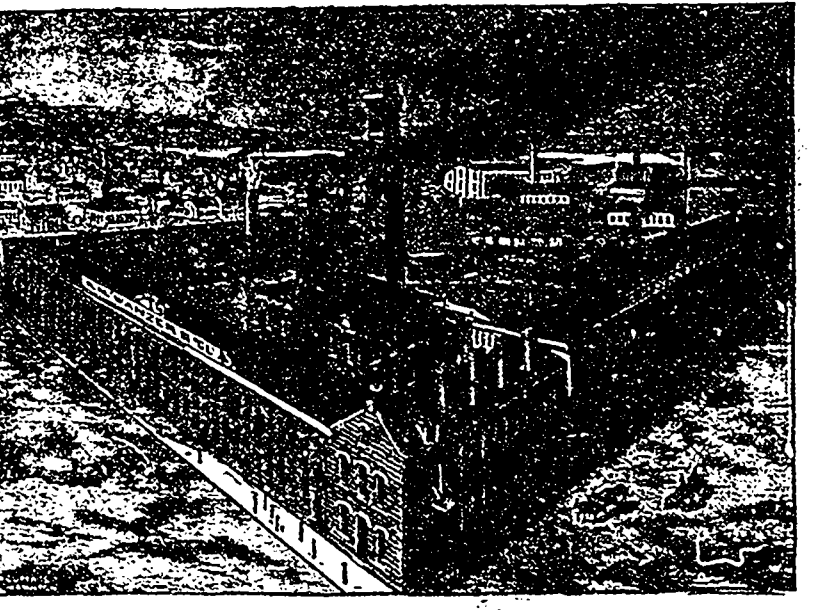
Pierce's LITTLE PEASANT LIVER PURGATIVE PILLS.

ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a box.

\$500 REWARD is offered by the World's Dispensary Medical Association for a case of Catarrh of the nose which cannot be cured. If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive to the senses, partial loss of sight or hearing, weak eyes, or pressure in head, you have Catarrh of the nose. Dr. Sego's CATARRH REMEDY cures all cases of Catarrh of the nose and Catarrh of the Headache. 50c.

OUR Ladies' Fine French BOWTIE. Take The Fall at Very Ulose W. PICKER 328.

R. M. WANZER & CO., SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS, HAMILTON, ONT.



OUR NEW FACTORY.

THE WANZER MACHINES RECEIVED THE following Unprecedented Distinction at Vienna Exhibition, 1873—Two Medals of Merit—a Distinction Not Obtained by Any Other Sewing Machine at the Exhibition. One Gold and silver Medal for the Best Family and Manufacturing Sewing Machine. Many other Gold and Silver Medals were received, too numerous to mention. THE GOLD MEDAL—Highest Award—THE Judges and Jury of the Centennial Exhibition have awarded to the Wanzer Machines the INTERNATIONAL MEDAL AND DIPLOMA, for the Best Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine for family and General Use. The Wanzer Sewing Machine received the Highest Award—Gold Medal—at the International Health Exhibition, London, England, 1884.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT.

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, any kindness I can show, let me do it now. I shall not pass this way again."—John Townsend.

Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds. I prefer to be owned as sound and solvent, and my word as good as my bond, and to be what cannot be skipped, or disappreciated or undermined, to all the eels in the universe.—Emerson.

We do not always work wisely or well. Some attempt too many things, and so accomplish nothing satisfactorily; some attempt what they are not fitted for, and therefore fail; while many pass their entire lives in an eager and nervous strain, alternated with fretful despondency, because they cannot reach the impossible.

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed by the fuel of misconception, of evil-intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.

Such hopes may man build for themselves and such lives may they live in them, that at last calm shall be breathed upon the sea of lawless passion, and the winter of the world shall be changed into quick halcyon days that the birds of the air may have their nests in peace, and the Son of Man where to lay His head.—Ruskin.

How many are familiar with the language of the cross, with the terms sacrifice, self-denial, and self-crucifixion, who know nothing practically of what they signify! The cross is made an ornament; it is wrought in gold and jewels; it hangs in pictures in elegant halls, or tips the costly church-spire. And yet how far is all this from true evangelical cross-bearing, or the meek endurance of divine chastisement, the humble and faithful performance of painful duty.—Dr. Kirk.

A.P. 283

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The fourth annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at its office in this city on Monday, 10th instant. Owing to the absence in Ottawa of the President, the Hon. Edward Blake, the chair was taken by the Vice-President, E. A. Meredith, LL.D.

A large number of the shareholders were present including Senator McMaster, Hon. Alex. Morris, Q.C., M.P.P.; Wm. Elliott, Gen. A. Co., Robert Jeffrey, W. H. Elliott, A. B. Lee, J. J. Foy, Q.C.; J. G. Scott, Q.C.; A. T. Fulton, J. N. Lake and others.

Mr. J. W. Langmuir, the manager of the company, was appointed Secretary, and read the fourth annual report as follows:

REPORT. Your Directors have pleasure in submitting their fourth annual report, together with the annual financial statement showing the operations of the company for the year ended 31st March, 1893.

The result of the past year's business, as well as the progress that has taken place in all the main departments of the company's work, are not only highly satisfactory, but in the opinion of your Directors show very clearly the necessity that existed for the establishment of a company authorized by law to accept, in a corporate capacity, the responsible positions of trustee, executor, administrator, and other important offices of a like character, which formerly had to be entrusted to private individuals.

The income derived from the various branches of fiscal work is fully detailed in the profit and loss and other statements herewith submitted. It will be observed that the whole of the preliminary expenses connected with the organization of the company, as well as all the current annual expenses of every kind have been paid off, and out of the past year's profits your directors have declared a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum on the paid-up stock, and have added \$1,000 to the Reserve, carrying forward the balance of profits to the credit of profit and loss, to be dealt with as the shareholders may decide.

Realizing the vital importance of maintaining a thorough, continuous and systematic inspection and examination of the company's books, securities and records, and of keeping the Directors fully acquainted with the details of the business done by the Executive, a special committee, selected from the Directors who are not members of the Executive was appointed in the early part of the year for the purpose of devising the best method of accomplishing these objects. After much consideration a most effective system of inspection was recommended and carried into effect, and four Directors are much indebted to the Special Committee for the thorough manner in which their important duties were discharged, and for their comprehensive and practical suggestions.

The Directors would not be justified in presenting their report without expressing their great satisfaction with the manner in which the large, varied, and complicated business operations of the Company have been conducted during the past year by the Manager and his assistants.

EDWARD BLAKE, President. TORONTO, 24th May, 1893.

The Vice-President in moving the adoption of the report, and the Hon. Alex. Morris in seconding it, congratulated the Company on the continued and growing success that had attended the Company in all the various operations during the year, and drew attention to the great increase in the general volume of business, and particularly as regards the Trust Estates which have been placed in the Company's hands.

A resolution of thanks was passed to the President, Vice-President and Directors, as well as to the Manager and staff, for their untiring and careful discharge of their duties during the year.

The following shareholders were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P.; Hon. Wm. McMaster, Senator; Hon. Alex. Morris, Q.C., M.P.P.; E. A. Meredith, LL.D.; B. Hume Dixon, Robert Jeffrey, George A. Cox, Wm. Goodham, J. G. Scott, J. J. Foy, Q.C.; A. B. Lee, Wm. Elliott, Jas. Macintosh, Q.C.; J. K. Kerr, Q.C.; Mathias Irving, Q.C.; E. A. Stagner, Wm. Mallock, M.P.; and Wm. H. Beatty.

The new Board of Directors then met and re-elected the Hon. Edward Blake President, and Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., Vice-President.

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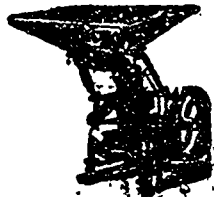
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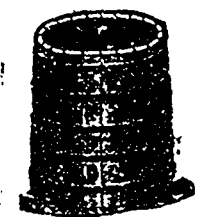
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