

# Orbit

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# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 24, 1834.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 190

—Written for Truth.

## A Toronto Maiden's Soliloquy.

To hoop, or not to hoop, that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis obor in us girls to suffer  
The strings and steels of an outrageous fashion,  
Or busy to look straight at all our troubles  
And, by sitting on them, end them. To walk in  
peace  
Once more, and by that peace to say we end  
The back-ache and the thousand ills  
That flesh as heir to 'tis a consummation  
Doubtless to be wished. To don the steels,  
The hoops, perchance, all round, ay, there's the  
rub!  
For from those hoops the agony is piled,  
When we have shuffled off the steely coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect,  
That maketh fashion of so long a life.  
For who could bear the looks and jeers of pass-  
ers-by  
The five o'clock tea scandal—the dudo's sweet  
sneer—  
The jangs of oddness and the spurns  
The un-ashonable always have to take,  
When she herself might her quietus make  
With a few steels! And who would straight  
skirts wear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary load,  
But that the dread of something under it,—  
Of undiscovered stockings, worn out shoes,  
From which buttons escape, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather wear the skirt we have  
Than fly t' hoops we know not of!  
Thus fashion doth make fools of all us girls,  
And thus Canadian hus of resolution  
Is asked o'er with the poor gloss of custom,  
And our dress is—*the dudo, Liama, Mjros,*  
Whose "water-falls" would bustleless turn  
awry  
If not filled out with hoops.

TARIO.

## TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

In this issue, as announced last week, is commenced a new story of intense interest, entitled "The Great Linton Mystery," which will, no doubt, prove as fascinating a story as has appeared in these pages. Next week will be commenced a highly interesting story, of a more domestic nature than the above, entitled "The Master of Nutsgrove,"—a story which doubtless has its counterpart in actual life; and will be found none the less interesting on that account.

Sir Charles Tupper is reported by his own friends to have made a very gushing after dinner speech at Ottawa, on the eve of his final leave taking of his political associates there. He was most profuse in his assurance of undying loyalty to his political chieftain the Premier. He is reported to have assured those present that Sir John is the one object of his political affections,—that though he will reside in London as the Agent-General of Canada yet his heart will be in Ottawa so long as Sir John is there; that at any time Sir John may need him back again to help him wrestle with the Opposition, there will not be an hour's unnecessary delay in his coming; that should Sir John himself have the misfortune to get into the cold shades of opposition and friends be needed to lead on a forlorn hope, then would he resign at once in London, and hurry back to share the chieftain's misfortunes at the first call to duty. Of course there is always a good deal of gush about an after dinner speech, and everybody is expected to make a good deal of allowance for the occasion, but there are some things, if said then, are better not reported for the public.

Sir Charles may have felt his heart overflowing with just such loyal emotions to all old comrades as he gave expression to, but if he did it would have been more

prudent to have given expression to them in a less public manner. One of the particular advantages of our system of perpetuity in connection with most public offices is that those holding them are expected to forget at once that they have political friends and political foes, and that they are equally at the service of all. Some of our judges have retired from the Bench and gone back into political life, and their opponents never tire of throwing the fact up against them as discreditable; but if one of them should venture to assert, while occupying any such public position, that he only occupies it at such times as the interests of his party are not injured by his doing so, and that he will resign it and enter the strife again at the first bugle call, all might unite in crying him down. The duties of Agent-General in England are important, and they require to be impartially done. It would be a pity to have even the suspicion aroused that they are ever being done with the view of helping one political party here or injuring the other, or that the ear of the Agent is always open to the first whisper of the leader of one party. The sentiments Sir Charles gave such eloquent utterances too, are apt to breed some such thoughts.

Both in Canada and in England the doors of Universities are being gradually thrown wide open to females as well as to the sterner sex. There has been a good deal of hard fighting against the great innovation but the battle has been a losing one. Old Fogyism dies hard, but it must die out. The time honored Universities of Oxford and Cambridge now both admit women to honor examinations—all but the last, which confers the degree, but that is sure to come soon. There are colleges in connection with each where women are free to study on equal terms. The University of London, more liberal than the others, throws wide open its doors to both sexes. It seems a little strange that on this side of the Atlantic more conservatism should be shown in a matter of that kind, and especially Massachusetts, of all the States. The doors of Yale and Harvard are yet closed against females, though several of the younger universities are open to them.

In Canada there is now but little practical hindrance to females desiring to become graduates in arts, science, or medicine. The law courts must open up next. At the recent convocation of Queens, at Kingston, the first "girl graduate" in Arts in this Province took her degree. It is evident that her honors were not merely honorary. She was the gold medalist of her class, and Dr. Grant assured the public that he would back her against any classical scholar in Canada. Miss Lizzie Fitzgerald was the first of many to follow in that department. At the recent convocation at Victoria, the first lady graduate in Science took her degree, and her

reception by her fellow students was of a wonderfully enthusiastic character. Last year the first degree in Medicine was conferred on a female at Victoria, and this year Queen's follows with three. In a year or two the number will be very large. The medicos have now to look out for their laurels, the women have entered the lists. The lawyers may as well prepare for the worst for their turn must come too, and when it does come many a present prominent man will have to take a back seat.

TRUTH having now become one of the great institutions of the British nation, appears likely to be exposed to the usual risks of greatness. The dynamiters are bound to strike some blow that the whole nation will feel. No wonder then their eyes have been turned towards TRUTH. Last week the publisher got a letter from an indignant subscriber claiming that a dictionary to which he is entitled had not come to hand, and among the arguments used to hurry up its sending is the following:—"Attend to this at once or you may be sorry for it yet, you may get a shaking when least expected their is plenty O Dynamite in Toronto and it can be used in the blowing up of you and your office as well as the Parliament buildings, their is hundreds of Irish fennans in the city of Toronto eager to get the chance to try their hands and this may be the last warning you will get." Of course TRUTH carries a heavy accident policy now and unless some intelligent boy kindly discovers the cartridges before they explode your much prized TRUTH may not reach you some week. If called upon to drop a tear or two over its unavoidable departure remember it kindly as the family paper doing its very best to interest, amuse, instruct and edify every reader into whose hands it happens to come. The outlook is surely a startling one, but TRUTH will be found at its post of duty to the end and "sensible to the last." After all, it is just possible that any calamity of less national magnitude will not bring the British Lion to his senses, and justice to Ireland.

There are collectors of postage stamps, and collectors of bric-a-bac, collectors of old coins, and collectors of autographs—which latter are, perhaps, the most numerous, and not always the most successful. It is doubtful, however, whether any collector has been so remarkably successful as a young Brooklynite, named Edward W. Bok, who commenced collecting some two or three years ago at the age of seventeen, and now possesses a collection numbering over 1500, which is quite unique in its way, when the fact is taken into consideration that of those 1500, seven only were actually purchased. Mr. Bok has not been satisfied with mere "autographs" as many collectors are. The most characteristic and practical epistles that could possibly be obtained from the respective writers have been secured, and

many of them have been pronounced of much historic value. The young collector has been preparing a descriptive pamphlet which will shortly be given to the public and which promises to be as interesting as it will be unique. Among the names which appear in the collection are those of Queen Victoria, Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, Prince Von Bismarck, King Willem III and Prince Frederick, of the Netherlands, Kings George II. and III. of England, Louis XV. and XVI. and Henry IV. of France, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Prince Talleyrand and President Thiers of France, William E. Gladstone, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Gambetta, Louis Kossuth, John Bright, Counts Von Moltke and De Lesseps, the Dukes of Wellington, Argyle, Sutherland and Manchester, Sir Garnet Wolseley, twenty of the Presidents of the United States and a volume of Cabinet members, Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, J. C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Aaron Burr, Mary Anderson, Fanny Kumble, Modjeska, Grace Greenwood, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Ristori, Patti, Thursby, Nilson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Longfellow, Tennyson, Holmes, Victor Hugo, Whittier, Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Jenny Lind, Ole Bull, Salvini, Booth, Irving, Barrett, Jefferson, Fanny Davenport and Sarah, Audubon, Ada Gray, Sir John Lubbeck.

How often do men, tossed about and troubled in mind by business cares during the whole week, go to church on Sunday in hope of hearing something of the word to comfort and encourage them, and then get disappointed in listening to a sermon on some subject quite foreign to the wished for Glad Tidings! If Ministers but know the disappointment in the hearts of some men and women present when they commence a sermon on some controverted point of theology, some philosophical theory, or some literary topic, there would be much less of that kind of preaching in some pulpits than there now is, and more in accordance with the true spirit of Worship. Probably one reason why a man of the ordinary attainments of Moody has been so popular with the great masses of the people is that he dealt almost entirely with simple gospel truths and allows others to discourse learnedly and eloquently on speculative subjects belonging to the religions of science and literature. It is reported that, recently, the popular Rev. Paxton Hood preached to his audience an elaborate sermon on "The Gospel Notes to be found in Tennyson." Of course there were some very fine things and some very poetic things said in regard to the beauties of the great Poet Laureate. The next week one of his congregation, no doubt in all sincerity, prayed at the week night meeting that the Minister might be moved to "preach the Gospel according to Christ, and not according to Tennyson."

In Washington the Government are being constantly embarrassed about the finances of the nation. It is not just the same kind that the Hon. Finance Minister of Canada has sometimes to grapple with, however. There is no need of making a summer trip to England every year to obtain a large loan on advantageous terms. The great trouble is just what to do with the surplus! The import duties of the United States are yet up to nearly the same high figure as in war times, and the manufacturing interests are roused to the highest pitch of opposition at any attempt to lower them. What can be done under the circumstances? There is now reported to be a surplus of one hundred and fifty one million dollars in the Treasury, and the outlook indicates still more serious embarrassment in the same direction. Last year the customs duties were lowered on a large number of articles, but yet that has not yet met the case. The customs receipts for last month were a million and a half greater than for April of last year. There is still a pretty large national debt, but it is being paid off faster than the bond holders desire, and faster than some deem it safe in view of financial disarrangements. TRUTH would like to do anything to assist them out of such a grave difficulty. How would it do to try a Minister of Railways at Washington? If a man with the same resources for suggestions can be found as one TRUTH has heard of, the chances would be there would soon be few reasons for complaint over an uncontrollable surplus.

A good many hard things are being said by our neighbors about their Mormon population, and a good many harsh remedies are suggested in order to rid the country of their presence and the demoralization of their manners and customs, but still they go on flourishing and multiplying. Last week three hundred and eighteen converts to Mormonism arrived at New York from Great Britain, and they made at once for the "Land of Promise." More are soon to be looked for. The work goes steadily on, and all the Acts and Courts arraying themselves against the system do not stay its progress. General McCook, the present U.S. commanding officer in Utah, has evidently given careful study to the question, and he reports that he believes kindness and calculation are lost on the Mormons. His suggestion is to apply the heroic treatment of martial law with a firm hand. The chances are that the time serving politicians in control of affairs at Washington will not attempt anything of that kind. The evil, like the slavery system, will probably continue until some desperate remedy will have to be applied as a measure of national safety.

The Free Trade party in the United States are now making capital for themselves over the condition of the wheat export trade. It is well known that the demand for American wheat in the English market has greatly fallen off of late, the supply being largely drawn from India. One of the leading papers publishes the views of a Chicago grain dealer recently returned from England, who claims to have taken great pains to study the grain question while abroad. He says that the reason why England now

draws from India instead of America is because it is to her advantage to buy wheat of a country that will take her manufactured products in return for payment. This is given as a great reason why the farmers on this side of the Atlantic must give up the idea of the old-time English demand for wheat, with the old-time prices, or else have a different trade policy brought about in regard to the admission of English manufactures. The argument, if it is worth anything, applies with equal force to Canada. TRUTH does not pretend to wrestle with the question, but merely gives it in this form to its many readers for just what it may be worth.

Panama has the terrible reputation of being one of the deadliest localities to which a man can go. The death rate in that locality is something terrible. It seems most unfortunate that it should be so, in view of the fact of the gigantic and important undertaking of the great Panama canal. The climate has been blamed for it all, but according to the statements of Dr. Wolfrod Nelson, a former resident of Montreal, much of the evil may be attributed to the disregard of the people for sanitary laws. The burial places about the city are reported to be in a terrible condition. A principal one of them is so small that it has been long since filled, and is now being used over and over again until the whole ground must be contaminated and polluted with disease producing matter. Another is represented as a series of immense vaults where the bodies are not placed under ground at all for a considerable time, and then the remains are cast into heaps without much, if any, adequate earth covering. If such statements are correct no wonder the locality is so plague-stricken. Now that the place is assuming so much commercial importance, no doubt the evils will be removed, so far as they well can be, by men of more enlightened ideas than the inhabitants appear to be. But the climate there is a bad one, anyway.

Boston appears to be a good deal exercised about its milk supply. Adulteration is the great trouble. The State Board of Agriculture has taken the matter in hand and thorough investigations have been made in regard to the question of the purity of the milk sold. The published report is anything but pleasant reading for those who may be counted as the victims. According to it very little of the milk retailed in the city is the honest genuine article, such as every purchaser should have. The report says that "it is, for the most part, skimmed, extended with water, recolored with caramel, and it is often treated with boracic acid, that it may be kept in the dealer's possession longer than it would be possible if it was in a natural condition." The sin of all this is laid principally at the small retailers who distribute it from house to house. The honest farmer has not cheated to any considerable extent, and the honest eaters never even suspected of cheating. How things may be at home about this most necessary and most desirable of all articles of human food TRUTH does not know.

The bad report from Boston makes one feel a little suspicious, anyway. Too great vigilance cannot be used. The head of the family ought to be fairly alive to the fact of how much the health and happiness of the household depends on a bountiful supply of pure milk every day. Of course "no well regulated family should be without it." It would be a very prudent thing to always keep an eye on the milk man, and an occasional look out, if possible, where the cows are kept, what kind of water they drink, and whether swill slops or such slush is supplied as a part of their food. Many fevers and many deaths have occurred from the use of milk made impure because of the impure water the cows have drunk, and many children have been made sick and possibly delicate for life because of the impure milk from swill-slop fed cows. The family man may always have his hands pretty full, but the character of the milk supply ought never to be overlooked.

It has been too much the custom in many of the small municipalities and country places in this Province to send their poor and their needy sick to the large cities, to be cared for in some way. The city hospitals are frequently considerably occupied by patients belonging to distant municipalities making no contribution whatever to assist in the maintenance of such humane institutions. The truth is that too many of the country municipalities are too much afraid of taxation to be either generous or just in regard to the proper care of their poor and sick. The most of these localities are taxed much more lightly than the cities to which their needy ones are sent. The Kingston Hospital has, for years, been in the habit of receiving and caring for a large number of unfortunates from the surrounding country for a long distance. Recently these surrounding municipalities have been all asked to contribute something each year towards its maintenance. Some may have responded generously enough, but some have certainly done so in a niggardly manner and some not at all. It is now resolved not to admit, except at a special rate of pay, any patients from localities not contributing to the maintenance of the institution. The resolution may appear like a harsh one, but some such step will be necessary in regard to all the city hospitals.

One of the best possible evidences that the climate of Canada is a healthy one lies in the fact that our last census report shows that there were, at the time the enumeration was taken, one hundred and six residents in Ontario above one hundred years old or over. There were nearly a hundred more centenarians living in other parts of the Dominion. It is much to be doubted if any other country can boast of so large a number of centenarians in proportion to the population. Canada is no doubt, a country well adapted to health, and consequently to long life. Our climate is good, our sky is nearly always bright and clear, the water is excellent, nearly everywhere, and our fruits and vegetables are splendidly matured. There is a remarkable immunity in our country from epidemics or from almost any disease—producing or overrating cause. People

born and spending all their days here hardly realize to the full extent these glorious advantages. They cannot be too highly valued, however, and they ought to have their due weight in the minds of those emigrants from the old world who desire to better their condition by finding new homes this side of the Atlantic.

It is encouraging to know that many of the most enterprising citizens of Toronto are showing commendable zeal in regard to the success of the coming semi-centennial demonstration. That zeal should become general. A demonstration week having been decided upon everything in connection with it should be creditable to the city and to the occasion. Fortunately Toronto has earned for itself a popular reputation among strangers as a good city to visit, and it would be a most serious misfortune to its interests to allow that reputation to be lost or even diminished. Some little apprehension exists in certain quarters lest the houses of entertainment shall be tempted to give way to the temptation of overcharging at that time. It is sincerely to be hoped that all such prophets of evil may turn out to be false prophets.

The hotels are the homes of the strangers and from the treatment received there much of the impression of the character of the whole city is formed. Whatever precaution can be taken against anything like advantage or extortion should be taken with great care. Strangers don't enjoy being fleeced and are not much given to returning to localities where they have once had an unpleasant experience. Niagara Falls is a horrid example in this line, and it is said that Montreal has a very unsavory reputation after the manner in which some purveyors in that city laid on the charges during last winter's carnival. Quebec is often shunned because of the unpleasant suspicion in that line. The interests at stake are too important to be lightly esteemed.

In England the question about the proper disposal of dead bodies is being earnestly considered. It is a question of more interest than mere sentimentalism. It is said that within a comparatively small radius of the city of London there are now no less than two million bodies buried not yet fully decomposed. Around all the other great cities in that old and densely populated country the number of burials within the last few years must have been also very great. The effect of all these on the public health, in one way or another, is probably much more serious than many would suppose who have not given careful consideration to the whole subject. It is little wonder, therefore that the question of cremating—burning—in plainer English—dead bodies is receiving a great deal of consideration, and its advocates are on the increase. Many are almost horror stricken with the bare suggestion at first, but no doubt, much of that sentimental feeling will die away if ever any such practice of disposing of the dead should become general.

An enterprising business man in Georgia, Col. Fort, has just struck on a cheap and effective means of draining a

pond and swamp on a property of his that may serve as a valuable suggestion to other people. In the lowest place in the pond he had a hole drilled down in the rock the same as for an artesian well, and at fifty feet below the surface the drill reached a cavity in which it fell at once for several feet. The water began at once to run down this hole, and continued to do so until it was all drained off. By inserting proper pipes, with suitable appliances, it is thought that a permanent drain has been provided. The total cost of this arrangement was less than a hundred dollars, and an amount of land and compost soil was reclaimed worth many times the amount. Not far from the same place there is an artesian well, some hundreds of feet deep, throwing constantly up a beautiful supply of excellent water. The experiment would be well worth trying in other localities, though it may not always prove successful.

The efforts of science towards sanitary reform during the past few years have been crowned with such success as to prove a great blessing to mankind. It is said that in England the average age of the people among males is two years longer than it was forty years ago, and among females it is greater still—three and a half years. Many of the diseases once claiming thousands of victims are now comparatively harmless. People are also enjoying life better, because of better health. Surely facts like these ought to encourage those engaged in the great and good work of sanitary reform. The great work and good work of science should be to discover preventives against disease and pain rather than the cure of them when they once come.

The uses to which paper is applied become more and more numerous every year. Paper collars and paper car wheels are now both articles of daily use, and so are paper napkins and paper houses. In France a paper chimney, over forty feet high has just been erected. Probably no material is better adapted to the purpose. Some one is also proposing to build cannon and other large infantry implements of destruction from paper. The supply, fortunately, continues to increase fully as fast as the demand.

The Maritime cities and provinces of the Dominion are not favoured with any such rapid growth of population and wealth as those more immediately surrounding us. The city of St. John, New Brunswick, celebrates its hundredth year about the time that Toronto celebrates its fiftieth, and yet it cannot make boast of much more than one fourth of our population. St. John received a Royal charter as a city May 18th, just one hundred years ago and had at the taking of the last census a population of 26,128; Toronto was chartered as a city in March 1834 and now numbers considerably over one hundred thousand. Halifax was settled as early as St. John, and the census gives it a population of 36,102. One reason, probably, why St. John is not now as populous as Halifax is because of the disastrous fire some years ago. When the census of 1871 was taken St. John numbered 28,805 and Halifax 29,582. It

will be seen by the above figures that the two cities were nearly equally populous at that time, and that the former has lost its numbers since while the latter has increased considerably. Quebec is also one of our oldest cities but its growth is also slow, the population not being much more than half as large as our own. According to the census of 1881 the population of Quebec was then 62,447, while in 1871 it was put down at 69,699.

Canada derives not a little of her wealth from her fisheries. Those along the sea coasts of the maritime Provinces are the most valuable and productive. According to a recent official report made at Ottawa, the value of the fishery catch last year, in Ontario and the Provinces east of it, amounted to nearly seventeen million dollars. This does not include the figures from Manitoba and British Columbia, but it is well known that fish are very abundant in the latter province, and the fisheries, both as regards catching and canning, are carried on extensively. The total value of the catch in Ontario in 1883 is estimated at \$1,027,033. These figures show how small are the fishing operations here compared to those next the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic. The cod fisheries realized to the value of four million and a half dollars, the herring a little over two million and a quarter, and the lobster at nearly two million, while the salmon footed up to a million and a half, and mackerel one million three hundred thousand. The fishing industries give employment to a large number of the population of Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces, but it is well known that it is not a source of much wealth to those most intimately connected with it. The real toilers of the sea in connection with the fisheries are hardy fellows, but generally poor, their business usually affording them little more than the actual means of plain living. The men who grow wealthy out of the fishing industries are the merchants and ship owners, who often reap a rich harvest out of the results of the fisherman's hard toil.

Some curious speculators are asking the strange question whether there are not, at times, epidemics in particular kinds of crime as there are of particular kinds of diseases. This question has often been asked, for often there are strange coincidences that lead to such suggestions. Just now it would seem as though bigamery has broken out in a wonderful manner. In our criminal courts of this Province there have been four such cases up during the past week, and several others reported in the papers in which Canadians figure pretty prominently. The number of robberies within a few weeks has also been unusually large. Some months ago murders were reported almost daily for a time. Surely these are curious coincidences. Men skilled at theorizing may busy themselves about the facts as they will. Would some such men account for these moral outbreaks as they do of outbreaks of disease as the result of some irregularity in the atmosphere?

There might be curious theories, too, about epidemics of accidents of a particular kind. It has often been remarked

that a series of accidents of one particular class follow each other in quick succession. At the commencement of this month there were several cases of shipwrecks reported, and those, too, without any of those terrible storms so often causing shipwrecks by wholesale on the waters of the Atlantic. The "State of Florida" wreck was the worst of the lot, but the three others reported at nearly the same time were all seriously disastrous. About the commencement of this year what an alarmingly rapid succession of railway disasters there was along the country! Will something else in the line of disasters come next? Truth does not pretend to account for any of these things. They are happenings which occasion comment and that is all. If some producing cause could be so clearly pointed out that the misfortunes could be averted then much good would come if those skilled in cogitating on things curious would give such matters all their attention. But that is not at all probable.

According to the provisions of the Anatomy Act of the Province of Quebec the body of a dead man, not claimed by relatives or burial, may be legally handed over for purposes of dissection. Recently a sailor died in Quebec and his body was given over, but afterward claimed by his ship mates for Christian burial. There has been quite an outcry about the "inhuman law." It may be very fine and very sentimental to raise a cry of that kind about such legal provisions, but they now exist in both Quebec and this Province, but there is a practical side to the question as well, and it is but fair to look it in the face. It may not be a pleasant thing to talk about, or to even think of, but it is well enough known that dissections form a necessary part of the training of medical men to give them the proper knowledge for the benefit of the living. Of course "subjects" are necessary for dissection and they must be provided from some source. If the law makes no provision whatever for them to be legally obtained the unlawful business of "body-snatching," which is much worse yet, must go on. Would objectors to some such law stop anatomical studies altogether, or would they keep up the system of grave yard robberies? There must be some rational solution of an unpleasant problem.

#### The Scott Act Working.

The *Globe* has now a special correspondent, or "commissioner" at work in New Brunswick enquiring into the workings of the Canada Temperance Act in the Counties where it is in force in that Province. Of course all that is written now on this important subject will be read with much interest. No public question is to-day occupying so largely the attention of the people of Canada as that of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, in some shape or form. Some years ago the *Globe* sent two members of its editorial staff to Maine, to report on the workings of the Maine Laws, and it was one of the most successful hits that enterprising journal ever made. The articles were read everywhere and much good came out of them, both to the question of temperance, and to the paper itself. The present venture will

not be as popular, nor has it even entered into with the same spirit, but still a mass of information will be furnished such as newspaper readers will like to see.

More than one half of all the counties of the Province of New Brunswick have adopted the Scott Act and it has been in force, in part of them at least, including the capital city of Fredericton, for the past four years. During a large portion of that time the Act can hardly be said to have been in force at all, in consequence of the doubts existing whether it was law at all. It will be remembered that the Supreme Court of that Province pronounced the Act unconstitutional, and from that time until its decision was reversed and the constitutionality of the Act confirmed by the Privy Council, no court would give a conviction under its provisions. Of course the effect of all this was very demoralizing to the efficiency of the law, and it was not to be wondered at, therefore, that in many localities the success of the Act, so far, has been very problematical. Like all other laws, its success very largely depends on the character of the individual men in whose hands lies the duties of enforcing it.

Nothing has yet transpired in connection with the enforcement of the Scott Act in New Brunswick that goes to show that the law itself is defective or inefficient in any of its provisions. The Dunkin Act broke down with us because of its own defects, and the consequent difficulty of enforcing it. The Scott Act was formed with the special view of meeting these difficulties and it is now evident, by the experience of the last two or three years, that its framers did their work well. It is evident, too, that the people, as a whole, are fairly well satisfied with it where it is in force, or they would have repealed it before this time. When the Dunkin Act was put in force in Ontario it was repealed in most of the counties within less than a year of the earliest time that it was possible to repeal it in. Nothing of that kind can be said in regard to the Scott Act however. There are a large number of municipalities in the Maritime Provinces where the time has come when the people could repeal it if that was their desire. An attempt was made to do so in the city of Fredericton last year but it resulted in anything but a success to those who undertook the movement. The same was the case in Prince County, in Prince Edward Island. So conclusive was the verdict in each case that very little has been heard of repeal since. Whatever may be the testimony of special commissioners, or the opinion, as to success, of outsiders, the fact that the people themselves, are determined to retain it is the most conclusive evidence possible in its favor. The people of each locality saw what was the state of things before the law was tried; they see what is the state of things now, and they know all the circumstances in connection with its attempted enforcement. They are, therefore, competent judges. The fact that the majority of the people continue in its favor will outweigh any number of facts or objections that may tend in the contrary direction.

## JACOB FAITHFUL.

The Old Man on Story-telling, and Fussy People, and Stock Gambling, and Men and things in General.

Curious how difficult it is to make things short. I might have learned as much by this time. But I have not. Just listen to speeches sometimes. They are as dreary as the desert and lengthy as a line of longitude. Then there is often nothing in them and when there is it might have been said to better purpose in five minutes. What shall be said of sermons or prayers, or what not? To be effective they must be short. And yet not too short. I have heard prayers and sermons as cold as a last summer's nest and as pointless as the base of the Rocky Mountains, and yet they have been as short as short could be. Shortness is much, but it is not everything. When one has really something to say you can stand him a good while, but oh, the weariness to the flesh when he has nothing, when at best it is but decent chaff, well meant for gram. Oh, yes! And what a mercy it is when a man stops as soon as his ideas run out! Often, however, it is only then he sparsely "spreads." Very few people can preach effectively for more than half an hour, and a good man used to say that when he had most to do at the Throne of Grace he always did it in the shortest time.

And what shall be said of story-telling? Isn't it sometimes perfectly awful? How minute the details! What wide sweep of collaterals and irrelevancies. "It was Tuesday," "No it wasn't Tuesday; it was Wednesday, for I remember," and so on. A sure sign of ailing faculties. Poor fellows! Can they help it? Perhaps not. If so, so much the worse for them. To be caught by one of these afflictive ones is dreadful. Pray to be delivered from long windedness. Come to the point and don't bother in most cases with reminiscences. Most people are so much taken up with their own that

### THEY DON'T CARE A DOT

for yours. As usual here I am off, just going on the same way myself, and making some of my readers no doubt say "Jacob's getting old. Its an awful time before he strikes oil." Is it? Now there you are mistaken, for I am striking oil all the time. I tell you last week's letter was rather long, but though I say it, that should not, it is a fact that it hit the nail on the head every time. Who has not seen the fidgetty father or mother who thinks it is a profane waste of time for a boy or girl to open a book and who is simply on tenterhooks if anybody proposes to read aloud to any one for even five minutes? Who has not seen the worried, long-suffering-like look as of a cat in the hand of a mischievous boy when some "peculiarly beautiful passage" was given at the reader's best? The jerky start every now and then, and at last the final break off before the thing was over with "Excuse me. I really have no more time!" Why should not young people read some times? And old people too? Why should it be an everlasting grind of work, work, and no rest or refuge but sleep or death? JACOB does not see. If people some times did

less they would in the long run do more.

By the way, speaking about those who are always in a fuss and a bustle might not one say a little more without preaching and without being long winded? Mr. and Mrs. Fussy are simply dreadful and the more one is bothered with them the more one is tempted to think that there is after all very little need for fuss at all. Of course there are some occasions in which something of the sort is, if not positively praiseworthy at least allowable. But even at a fire, or when the water pipes have burst and flooded the bath room there is no particular beauty or reasonableness in a person rampaging about like a fury, saying the most absurd things and giving the most contradictory orders. Is there? But even though one allow that at such extra seasons one may be excused for being put out a little, still as something chronic fuss is simply abominable. If persons would only

### TRY TO BE IN TIME

what a great deal of this might be saved all round! If they would get up so as to be ready to come down when the breakfast is ready; if they would arrange to have plenty of time for starting comfortably on a journey; if they would begin what has to be done blithe and early they might save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary discomfort. But it is always the last moment with these people and then in their furious foolish drive they get as snappish, nervous and distraught as if they were ready for a lunatic asylum. "Don't speak to me! Don't you see I'm in a hurry?" And so it goes on, and one miserable wretch who fusses very frequently puts out a whole company. But I won't say a single word more on the subject, though a good deal more needs to be.

I wanted to speak of the stock flurry in New York and lots of other things, and lo and behold my space is up. I am glad that these fellows have gone up—sharpers and cutpurses under forms of law as they are. The misery is apparently that they can't go down without dragging along with them more or fewer of decent people. It seems in vain to hope that any cure will ever be had for gambling. It is so comfortable, according to general ideas, to have money without working for it. That all risks will be ruin. It is a great mistake however all the same. *It is the earned money that gives most satisfaction, and what earning is there in shuffling some pieces of paper?* If all the stock jobbers and share gamblers were down the sea would the world be any the better? Perhaps not, for another race of the same would speedily spring up. It is a marvellous, considering how things are doctored, that any decent man ever touches stocks of any kind. There is more iniquity perpetrated in a week with these than in all the horse-races of a twelvemonth.

So the Semi-Centennial is going to be a great success? So be it. When it is to be, far better from every point of view that

### IT SHOULD BE SUCCESSFUL.

Flags medals, speeches, processions and all the other etceteras will be the order of the day. Who will be chief orator?

And where is to be the new City Hall and Court House? Some say Lombard street. Some Bay. Some Yonge among the butcher stores south of Wilton Avenue. I go for the last, though I don't feel very pronounced in my convictions.

What is going to be done with all these level crossings near the Bay? Can nothing be arranged for the foot of Yonge street for instance? If not, of course lives will be lost but that seems to cause little bother.

I really don't know what to say about the Horticultural Gardens. It is but a short time since a prominent official of that pleasant resort said that a dividend of 12 per cent. was being paid, and yet the next thing is a "poor mouth," and the President declaring that expenses are not cleared. How comes that? One would like to know.

So the bad smells are never to depart from the Don. Soap is to be made, pork is to be packed, whiskey is to be made, and swill is to be carried for all coming time. Perhaps it is as well. It is by these that most of the inhabitants live, and though pleasant surroundings are nice, yet those without bread are not much to make a boast of. Why not go for good drainage, improved methods of managing, and much else of the same kind?

Is the Zoo really going to be removed from Front street? If so, it will be a great mercy, for whatever it may be the way of a show, it is an undoubted nuisance all the same.

So the bolt factory is down. Who or what is to blame for this JACOB does not know. One thing is clear that most of our manufacturers put on great style. Would it not be better for them to draw it mild till they are perfectly sure where they stand?

JACOB was not at the Bible Society meetings, though he ought to have been. There was nothing very particular about them I am told, and the interest and speeches were not great.

No more word of those who were said to be going to blow up the old Parliamentary Buildings. Will anything ever be heard of them? Likely not. Now then I am on again,—*"too long, too long."* Not another word.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

### The-Semi Centennial.

Following is the official programme for the Semi-Centennial week, commencing June 30th. We hope all our readers will do their utmost to assist in making the week as successful as possible:—

MONDAY, JUNE 30th.—"Municipal and Historical Day." Specially commemorative of the City's municipal organization and progress. Parade to comprise: Municipal Bodies, Police, Fire Brigade, etc. York Pioneers, with superb tableaux, accompanying parade, giving a pictorial representation of prominent events in the history of the City.

In the Afternoon.—Historical Orations, at the Industrial Exhibition Grounds.

In the Evening.—Firemen's Torch-light Procession. Military Promenade Concert at the Granite Rink, at which Signor ALLESANDRO LIBERATI, the world-renowned Cornet Player, will perform. Grand Commemorative Fancy Dress Ball at the Pavilion, with Quadrille Sets in Costume, illustrative of fifty years ago, and dances then in vogue.

TUESDAY, JULY 1st.—"Military Day." Grand Street Parade and Review, comprising Visiting and City Corps to the extent of over Four Thousand men.

In the Afternoon.—The Canadian Wheelmen's Association, to the number of Five Hundred, will parade the streets, and at 3 o'clock will hold their Annual Meet, at the Rosedale Grounds, when Bicycle Contests for the Championship of Canada will take place.

In the Evening.—Grand display of Fire-works and Band Concert at the Horticultural Gardens. Military Promenade Concert at the Granite Rink, at which Signor LIBERATI will again appear.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2nd.—"Trades and Industrial Day." Specially commemorative of the past progress and present condition of the Commercial Interests of the City. Parade to comprise: (1) Members of Labor Organizations in the City, each with a Tableau illustrative of the trade followed; (2) Representatives, with illustrative Tableaux, from Railway, Telegraph, Express, and Manufacturing Companies, Boards of Trade, etc., etc., and waggon or floats, laden with goods

dealt in, artistically arranged, from each firm doing business in the City.

In the Afternoon.—Band competition at the Exhibition Grounds.

In the Evening.—At the Horticultural Pavilion, Haydn's grand Oratorio, "CREATION," by the Choral Society, assisted by Miss FANNY KELLOGG, Prima Donna Soprano and the celebrated MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTET CLUB, of Boston. Band Competition continued at the Granite Rink.

THURSDAY, JULY 3rd.—"U. E. Loyalists' Day." Commemorative of the settlement of the U. E. Loyalists in Canada, 100 years ago. In the morning a public meeting will be held, to be addressed by prominent men.

In the Afternoon.—Reception at Government House by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Grand Lacrosse Match on the Rosedale Grounds, at which Foot and Bicycle Races will be held, in which it is expected a number of the leading athletes of America will compete.

In the Evening.—At the Pavilion, Gounod's Sublime Oratorio, "REDEMPTION," by the Philharmonic Society, in which Miss FANNY KELLOGG and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTET CLUB will also assist. Completion of the Band Competition at the Granite Rink. To allow visitors an opportunity of attending the Concerts, the Grand Harbor Parade will not begin until 10:15 o'clock, and will continue until midnight. All the steamers, tugs, and row boats—hundreds in number—will form in line and move around the Bay; they will be illuminated by Chinese lanterns, etc., and all along the line a continuous shower of rockets and Roman candles will be discharged. Forts will be erected on the Bay, and for over an hour a mimic Naval Combat will be waged, closing with the most magnificent display of fiery grandeur ever witnessed in Canada.

FRIDAY, JULY 4th.—"The Benevolent Societies' Day." The Parade to comprise: Uniformed and un-Uniformed Lodges of Masons, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Malta, Foresters; National Societies, Emerald and Irish Catholic Benevolent Societies, etc., etc.

In the Afternoon.—Parade and drill of the Uniformed Encampments, when prizes will be given for best drill. Laying corner stone of Monument on site of the ancient Fort Rouille, at the Exhibition Grounds.

In the Evening.—Grand Concert at the Pavilion by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTET CLUB, assisted by Miss FANNY KELLOGG, Prima Donna Soprano, and other celebrated artists, with popular programme. Military Promenade Concert at the Granite Rink.

SATURDAY, JULY 5th.—"Educational Day." To be specially commemorative of our Educational Institutions. Parade to comprise: Officers of Educational Departments, and Tableaux illustrative of progress made; Representatives from our Universities, Colleges, Schools, and Charitable Institutions.

In the Afternoon.—Concert at Pavilion; choruses by over Six Hundred school children. Lacrosse match and games on the Rosedale Grounds.

In the Evening.—Farewell concert at the Pavilion, introducing several specialties.

Other attractions will be added from time to time.

A correspondent sends a clipping from a former issue of TRUTH which says:—"Take a double handful of the dry pods of the common white soup bean, or corn bean to three quarts of water; boil slowly for three hours, until it is reduced to three pints. Take hot or cold. Use no other drink," as a remedy for Bright's disease of the kidney. She wants to know if the pods are to be used without the bean included. The pods only are meant. Can any one tell if the same remedy would be of service if the disease has advanced to diabetes? More than one interested would be glad to hear through these columns.

## Temperance Department.

### SCOTT ACT NOTES.

**LEEDS COUNTY.**—The Leeds County Scott Act Association are taking practical steps in regard to the coming campaign. It is proposed to raise a campaign fund of three thousand dollars in Leeds and Grenville, and the sums required of each municipality have been apportioned.

**LENNOX COUNTY.**—The Napanee Beaver says:—The "Scott Act" agitation is constantly gaining ground. The government has been asked to fix a day for polling in Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. The movement will spread gradually westward. The temperance party in Lennox and Adirondack are industriously working up the petitions asking for the submission of the Act, and polling may be expected some time next fall.

**ENCOURAGING SUCCESS.**—At the recent Brampton meeting Mr. Spence gave the following significant facts in regard to Scott Act progress:—The Act has been submitted to the electors of forty counties and cities, in thirty-three of which it has been adopted. The total vote in the forty contests gave a majority of 22,159 in favor of the Act. So far it had never been repealed in any city or county where it had gone into force.

**WENTWORTH Co.**—The temperance men of Wentworth County are at work again. Nearly three years ago a vote was taken in that county for the adoption of the Act, and the temperance men were defeated. Now they are resolving to try it again, being convinced that there has been considerable growth in public opinion since that time. The fact that the Act is in successful operation in the adjoining County of Halton is doing much to help the new movement.

**WELLINGTON Co.**—At Guelph, on the 17th inst at a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union the question of submitting the Scott Act this year was taken up and discussed at length, and the feeling expressed by the meeting was that while it might not be advisable to bring matters to an issue so soon, all the energies of the Union should be directed to preparing the way for the Act, by means of lectures, distribution of "War Notes," and other temperance literature.

**GLENGARY COUNTY.**—The temperance men of Glengarry County have been at work getting ready for the adoption of the Scott Act. Last week the necessary petition signed by over twenty-five per cent of the electors, was presented at Ottawa by Rev. Mr. McGillivray of Williamstown and others, and the next step will be to issue the official proclamation, ordering the vote. The counties of Dundas and Stormont are united with Glengarry for municipal and judicial purposes and the vote must be taken in all at the one time.

The Anti party are evidently hard at work. The two men, E. King Dodds, of Toronto, and J. T. Bell, of Dundas, employed by the Licensed Victuallers Association, have been at work in the county. They recently addressed large meetings at Cornwall and Morrisburgh in opposition to the Act. There was no opposition at these meetings. The custom of Mr. Dodds is always to insist on the last speech at any such meeting and his opponents complain so much of his unfairness in connection with this cause as to refuse to meet him on such terms.

**PORT PERRY.**—An influential meeting was held here on Friday afternoon, at which delegates from various parts of the country were present. Rev. Geo. J. Bishop, of Uxbridge, was appointed Chairman, and Mr. N. F. Paterson, Q. C., Secretary. Several stirring speeches were made, and a Central Committee appointed with headquarters at Port Perry, to continue the campaign throughout the county. Local organizations are being formed through which the Central Committee will act. It is expected that active

canvassing and the holding of meetings will begin in about ten days.

**THE MOVEMENT GENERAL.**—The Presbyterian of last week says:—Active steps are being taken for the early submission of the Scott Act to the electors in various counties. In Northumberland, West Durham, Ontario, York, Brant, Middlesex, Elgin, St. Thomas, Lambton and Kent, the question is being discussed with much keenness. In several of these constituencies, there is no doubt that the Act will be adopted. In other, the contest will be carried on with the utmost determination on both sides. The liquor interest is being thoroughly organized, large sums of money have been subscribed for carrying on the war, and speakers have been engaged to oppose the Act. It is obviously the duty of all in favor of temperance to perfect their organizations in every district to work unitedly and energetically in favour of this prohibitory measure. Steady and persistent effort will secure victory all along the line.

**PERTH COUNTY.**—A large County Convention of the representative temperance men of Perth took place at Stratford on Wednesday of last week. There were about 160 delegates present representing every municipality in the county. J. H. Flagg Esq., of Mitchell, G. W. C. T. of the Good Templars, presided. After considerable speech making and considering the whole question a resolution was adopted to take steps at once to have the Scott Act submitted for adoption by the electors of the county. It was resolved to raise a fund of \$1,655 to carry on the campaign, the required amount to be appropriated among the several municipalities. A County Association was formed for the purpose of carrying on the campaign and the following officers were elected:—President, J. H. Flagg Esq., Mitchell; Secretary, Rev. Mr. Tulley, Mitchell; Treasurer, Walter Thompson, Mitchell. Vice-Presidents were chosen from each municipality. The petitions will be put in circulation at once and another convention will be held about the first of July when the result of the canvass will be made known and future steps will be decided upon.

### DRINKS DOINGS

**A BRUTAL ASSAULT.**—On Sunday last a young Toronto man, Thomas Downs, got drunk and while in that state brutally kicked and injured his mother, an old woman, at her own home. He was arrested and imprisoned.

**BIGAMY AND DRINK.**—A man named Dugald McKenzie pleaded guilty to a charge of bigamy at the Police Court on Wednesday last week. It was explained that while intoxicated, and not realizing what he was doing, he became illegally married to a prostitute here. The Magistrate took a lenient view of the case and sentenced him to thirty days imprisonment.

**NEARLY A SUICIDE.**—William Christie, a middle aged Englishman, residing in Toronto, had been drinking heavily for some days and in consequence was requested to leave his boarding house. He went to his room and was found hanging there a short time after just in time to save his life. He was cut down when black in the face and insensible. He was taken to the hospital and restored with great difficulty.

**ANOTHER OUTRAGE.**—On Saturday last an old woman, Sarah Sloper, was found lying insensible at the foot of the stairs of a house on Richmond street of this city. Her head was badly cut and there was a pool of blood on the floor beside her. She was taken to the hospital and cared for. Her complaint was that a man named Richard Broderick attempted an outrage and then struck her violently knocking her down stairs. The Mail reports: "It is said that all the occupants of the house were under the influence of liquor when the affair occurred." That accounts for it all.

**WIT AND WHISKY.**—A man named John Mahor, described by the Mail as being "always dry himself," was up at the Police Court last week for drunkenness, one day after he had served six months in the Central Prison as a penalty for former drunken acts. The Mail says that "for many years he has been an inmate of the gaol, with brief intervals for rest and refreshment," all through drink. He begged hard for a few days liberty, any way, and got it, but it is quite possible he will soon be up again. The old temptations are around him and his powers of resistance appear to have become too feeble, by former habits, to stand.

**BURNED TO DEATH.**—One of the most terrible warnings of the dangers of drink to those who do drink, and to others who do not, took place at Sharbot Lake, north of Kingston, on the 19th inst. An old man, George Peters, a resident of that place, got drunk and went home, where, in a quarrel with some members of the family, he threw an oil lamp down stairs, and a blaze took place at once. His son tried to extinguish the fire by throwing on a pail of water, which only made matters worse. In a few minutes the small frame house was all in flames. George Peters, a grown up daughter, and a Miss Bridgen, all perished in the flames, only portions of their bodies being afterward found. Another grown up daughter was so badly burned that if she lives she will probably be maimed for life. Other occupants of the house made narrow escapes. The son states that through the flames he could hear the drunken old man cursing his luck in his last moments. During the last two or three years there have been a number of drunken men killed or maimed for life in the vicinity of Sharbot Lake, and one murder in which drink had a prominent part. Still the Provincial authorities continue to license the business bringing about so much evil.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—There is wisdom in the remark of a contemporary that while all other temperance effort is directed toward stopping the stream, prohibition proposes to dry up the fountain. When this is accomplished, there will be no streams to stop, and until it is, they can be but temporarily checked. Lay the axe to the root of the tree and the branches will die.

**WHAT EACH DRINK.**—It seems that the average inhabitant of Great Britain spends \$17.64 annually upon intoxicating liquor, \$1.57 on the education of his children, and 15 cents on Christian missions. The average Canadian lays out \$6.33 on intoxicating drink, \$1.77 on education, and 11½ cents upon missions. This comparison may be said to be "odorous," but not to us. It would be interesting to know how much of the \$1.77 goes for school readers.

**A SERIOUS QUESTION.**—The Witness says:—The catalogue of the dead and wounded rioters at Cincinnati shows that a great majority bear German names and most of the minority are Irish. These are the great supporters of the liquor traffic, and it is fair to infer that had the State of Ohio not been hindered by these two elements of the population from passing a prohibitory law there would have been no riot and no loss of life in Cincinnati last Friday and Saturday.

**TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.**—It is not many years since the facts were notorious about the bibulous propensities of the soldiers of the British army. The brave men banded together to defend the country against all enemies themselves fell victims to an uncontrolled appetite. This was especially the case in India. Many more British soldiers have been slain by drink in India than in battle. There are now in India twelve thousand soldiers who are total abstainers, and they are safer from disease and more reliable at all times than any others.

**MANITOBA MOVING.**—A few days ago the question of Prohibition came up in

the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba. Of course it was well enough understood that the Legislature has no right to enact a prohibitory law, that being the sole prerogative of the Dominion Parliament. The following resolution, moved by Mr. Davidson, M.P.P., and there was not a member of the House who cared to record his vote against it.—"That in the opinion of this House it is desirable, and it would be to the best interests of this Province, that an Act should be passed prohibiting the importation, sale or traffic in intoxicating liquors. Verily, the signs of the times are becoming more and more clear every day.

**ANOTHER ADVANCE.**—The Irish League Journal says:—The United States Senate has done itself honor by passing an order that the sale of intoxicating liquors be strictly prohibited in the restaurants of that house, and the House of Representatives. Such liquors have heretofore been freely served in these establishments to both members and strangers, under the merely nominal disguise of calling for "tea" and drinking from tea-cups, instead of calling them by their proper names, and drinking from tumblers. The scandal was pressed home upon the attention of the Senate recently, which body voted promptly and properly "sat upon" it. We are pleased that such a course as this has been adopted. The use of intoxicants in any house of legislation is inimicable to the best interests of the country. Hon. members who take liquor at dinner and have to make speeches and vote on questions affecting the happiness of millions of people, are not likely to be so careful as if they were perfectly sober.

**HIGH LICENSES.**—The Canada Presbyterian says:—"There is a raging war just now on the other side of the lines between the advocates of Prohibition and the friends of High License. Quite a number of western cities in which Prohibition is in the meantime an impossibility have fixed saloon licenses at \$1,000, and it is claimed that the high tax has materially lessened the number of drinking places. It does seem strange that any man who has the temperance cause at heart should oppose this attempt to curtail a traffic that it is impossible just now to prohibit, but such is the fact. A most furious assault has been made against High License. The most ingenious arguments are used to show that the granting of a license to regulate the traffic endorses the traffic and makes the commonwealth a partner in the business. As prohibition is an utter impossibility in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee and other places, the actual alternative is High License or free trade. It does seem as if those who oppose High Licenses are so wedded to their theory that they would say—Free Trade!"

**LAW AND LIQUOR.**—Demorest's Monthly a leading New York magazine says:—In New York State it is now proposed to charge a license of \$250 a year for every seller of beer, and \$500 a year for the privilege of dispensing spirituous liquors. In this the New York legislators are imitating what has been done in Missouri, Illinois, and Ohio. Public opinion is not yet ripe in all the States for prohibiting the sale of liquor, but there is a determination everywhere to make the liquor-selling interest pay for some of the damage they inflict upon the community. Meanwhile the production and consumption of spirits is enormous. The distilleries turn out 1,500,000 gallons every month, while the consumption is over a million gallons a month. Last October the total amount of distilled spirits in the United States was 115,949,235 gallons; of which the government kept in its own storehouses a bond nearly 75,000,000 gallons, until the owners could find it convenient to pay the taxes upon it. The distillers who have liquor in bond have been trying to bully Congress into extending the time upon which they might take their liquor out of bond, but so far the representatives have been able to resist their blandishments and insist upon the payments of the dues upon whiskey.

## IN GOLDEN BONDS.

## CHAPTER XXX.—AND LAST

The heartless cruelty of Mr. Rayner in allowing his poor submissive wife to live in a room such as he would not for the world have kept horse, or dog, or even violin in checked and repelled me, and wrung from me the cry—

"The villain!"

"Hush!" said she. "He may be listening to us now."

"I don't care!" cried I passionately. "I am glad if he hears—if he hears me say that this morning I hoped he would escape, but that now I hope they will find him, for they cannot possibly punish him as he deserves. Oh, Mrs. Rayner, and I—I sleeping up in the turret to be out of the damp! How you must have hated me!"

"I did once, I own," she whispered, sinking into a chair and taking the hands I stretched out towards her. "But it was foolish of me, for you did not know—how could you know?"

"But why did you stay? Why did you say nothing about it? And why were you not glad to go up stairs, instead of begging as you did to remain here?"

"Because," she whispered, her nervous agitation coming back again, "I knew that while I remained down here they would not kill me outright; they would not let me die down here and introduce doctors and strangers to examine into the cause of my death into this room. I knew that a change of room was my death-warrant; and it would have been, but for the accident which happened to Sarah on the very night when, but for you, I should have been sleeping upstairs ready to her hand."

I staggered back, suddenly remembering the message Mr. Rayner had in his letter told me to give Sarah. It was this—"Tell Sarah not to forget the work she has to do in my absence." And I remember also the grim way in which she had received it. Could he have meant that?

Mrs. Rayner continued—

"He hates violence; and was to have been over by his return, and he free to marry you."

"But he couldn't. I was engaged to Laurence, Mrs. Rayner."

She gave a little bitter smile.

"And do you think that, with Laurence away and Mr. Rayner here, you could have withstood him? In spite of his soft manners, he has a will that acts like a spell. I tell you," said she, twisting my fingers nervously, "though you say he is in America and Laurence Reads says I shall never be in his power again, his influence is strong upon me even now. There is no peace, no freedom for me as long as he lives."

"Mrs. Rayner," said I suddenly, "may I ask you if what Mr. Rayner told me when I first came is true—that you were rich and he poor, and that he lived on your money?"

"No, it is not true. I had a little money when he first married me; which he ran through with at once."

"And is it true you once wrote books and had a little boy whose death made a great change in you?" said I slowly, watching her face.

"No; I never had any child but Mona and Haidee."

"Then what did he—"

"What did he tell you so for? He delights in making up fantastic tales of the sort, and often in making me bear witness to the truth of his inventions; it is part of his wild humour. When he went away to carry out a robbery, he would let me know what he was going to do—just to torture me."

The dead calmness with which she told me all this was maddening to me.

"Why did you bear it? Why didn't you rebel, or run away and tell a policeman?"

"If Sarah had killed me, and you had married Mr. Rayner," she answered slowly, staring straight at me, "you would have understood why."

And the power this man exercised over every one who came much in his way became in a moment clear to me, when I saw by what different means he had on the one hand cowed his wife and the fiery Sarah, and on the other gained a strong influence over such different women as Mrs. Reads and myself. But the revelation was more than I could bear. I said faintly—

"May I go to my room, Mrs. Rayner? I—I am not well."

And she herself led me very slowly—for I was indeed weak and ill, half with the pain

of my arm and half with misery and disgust—up to my bed in the turret-room.

Before the end of the day I heard that Mrs. Saunders had disappeared without any warning or any application for payment of services, as soon as Sarah had been taken off to the lunatic asylum. She had spared no pangs of self-reproach on her account, however, by taking with her Mrs. Rayner's watch, and also the cook's, which had been left in the rooms of their respective owners.

"She doesn't expect to see Mr. Rayner again then," I whispered to Mrs. Rayner, who came to my bedside to tell me the news, "or she would never dare to do that."

And, persuaded by me, Mrs. Rayner now relieved of any dread on Sarah's account, returned to the front spare-room, which, however disagreeable the remembrance of Sarah's mad attempt on her life might be, was at any rate healthier than the dungeon in the left wing. There was really nothing to keep the poor lady at the Alders now, as I told Laurence by letter that evening all that Gordon had said to me in the store-room, and the idea had gained ground that Mr. Rayner had gone to America. But she insisted upon remaining until I was well enough to be moved, an event which I had myself retarded by rashly leaving my room three times since I had been told to keep my bed.

Next day, which was Saturday, Laurence wrote to say he had himself searched the store-room and Mr. Rayner's study, but found no trace of Gordon beyond a pair of handcuffs placed neatly in the middle of the store-room on the top of a pyramid of biscuit tins and pickle-jars, with a sheet of paper saying that the *lancet* was begged to return them with thanks to the police, who might perhaps succeed in making them stay longer on the wrist of a simpler rogue than his obedient servant, F. Gordon.

Those days that I spent in bed were a miserable time for all of us. The suspense we were all in—never sure whether Mr. Rayner was in America or whether he might be really close to us all the time. The bits of news brought us from hour to hour by the awe-stricken Jane—first that there was a large reward offered for his capture; then rumours, which always proves to be false, of his having been caught; then complaints of the number of people who came just to look at the outside of the house that the ugly stories were being told about! For the facts fell far short of the accounts which were freely circulated—of there being a cellar full of human bones, supposed to be the remains of Mr. Rayner's victims, under the Alders; that the household consisted entirely of women whom he had married at one time or another; and so forth.

Meanwhile the fog still hung about the place, and Nap, the retriever howled every night. When Monday came, I, anxious to be declared convalescent as soon as possible, and to be able to avail myself of Mrs. Maner's invitation to stay at the vicarage, prepared Doctor Lowe to let me go down stairs. It was about twelve o'clock when I left my room, and I had made my way as far as the corridor below, when I became aware of an unusual commotion on the ground floor, doors being opened and shut, the sobbing of a woman, excited whisperings between Jane and the cook, and then a heavy tramp, tramp of men's feet through the hall and along the passage to Mr. Rayner's study.

I went to the top of the back stair-case, descended a few steps, and looked over the garden and Sam were carrying between them a door, on which something was lying covered by a sheet. The cook opened the study door, and they took it in. A horrible dread filled my mind and kept me powerless for a few moments. Then I ran along the corridor, down the front staircase, and met little Haidee with awe on her childish face.

"Oh, Miss Christie," she whispered, clutching my arm in terror, "they've found papa!"

Jane ran forward and caught me as I tottered in the child's clasp. Before I had recovered sufficiently to go to Mrs. Rayner in the drawing room, Laurence and Mrs. Maner arrived, having heard the ghastly news already. They took us over to the vicarage at once, and I never returned to the Alders again.

In the evening Laurence told me all about the discovery. The gardener, who had done little work for the last three days beyond keeping the gate locked and driving away with a whip the boys who would swarm over when they got a chance, "just to have a look at the place," had been attracted that morning by the shrill cries of Mona, who,

now more neglected than ever, spent all day in the garden in spite of the fog. He ran to the pond, where she was nearly always to be found, and whence her cries came, fearing she had fallen in. But he found her standing in the mud on the edge of it, screaming, "Come out, come out!" and clutching with a stick at an object in the water. It was the body of her father, entangled among the reeds.

The down-trodden grasses and rushes at that corner of the pond nearest to the stile which joined the path through the plantation to the path through the field beyond told the story of how he must have missed his way coming through the plantation in the dense fog of Wednesday night, on his way back from the Hall to the Alders, slipped into the pond, and been drowned out there in the fog and darkness, while his dog Nap, hearing his cry for help, had tried in vain, by howling and barking, to draw attention to his master's need.

It was an awful thing that night to lay awake in my strange room at the Vicarage, and picture to myself the dead Mr. Rayner lying at the Alders, the sole occupant, with the exception of the woman hired to watch by him, of the big dreary house where he, with his love of fun and laughter had seemed to me to be the one ray of brightness.

I heard next day that two passages, booked in the name of "Mr. and Mrs. Norris," had actually been taken by him on board a ship which left Liverpool for New York on the very Thursday when we were to have started on our journey "to Monaco." The tickets were found upon him and also the necklace, which proved to be a valuable ornament of rubies that had belonged to Mrs. Cunningham, which he had clasped around my neck on the night of his death, but which I had flung upon the floor. These were the only ones, of all the stolen jewels, which were ever recovered, with the exception of the diamond pendant, which I sent back to its owner, Lord Dalston. Upon the house being searched, the candle which had fallen from my hand when I first went into the cellar under the store room was found under the stagnant water there, and also the brown perimantean, which was identified as the one belonging to Sir Jonas Mills; but the jewels, with the exception of one drop from an ear ring, had disappeared.

I heard about Gordon, as he told me I should, through Carruthers, who long before the impression these events made died away, received a letter dated from New York, in which Gordon, in a very respectful manner, apologised for the inconvenience his sudden disappearance might have caused his master, who had, he could not doubt, by this time learned the reason of it through the London papers. Mr. Carruthers would find that the bills he had commissioned him to settle in Beaconsburg on that unfortunate Wednesday afternoon had been paid, and he begged to forward him the receipts; he had also let the silver-mounted flask to be repaired at Bell's and the hunting stock at Maradon's. He had given up service for the present and taken to a different profession as he felt if he was not taking a liberty in saying so, that it would be impossible for him to find in America a master who gave him in all respects so much satisfaction as Mr. Carruthers had done.

Nothing more has ever been heard of Gordon under that name; but some time afterwards a representative of the United States Congress, who was described as a rich Western merchant, made a great sensation by a very impressive speech upon some financial question; a rough sketch of him in New York illustrated paper fell into the hands of Mr. Carruthers, who sent it to Laurence, and under the trimly cut moustaches and hair parted very much to one side we fancied we recognised something like the clear-cut features and bland expression of our old friend Gordon.

I was married to Laurence before the trial of poor Tom Parkes and of the subordinate who had been caught removing the plate from the Hall. I had to give evidence, and I was so much distressed at having to do so that Tom, good-natured to the last, called out—

"Don't take on so miss. Lor' bless you, you can't say any worse than they know I only a matter of form you know."

He took a stolid sort of glory in his iniquities, pleaded "Guilty" to the charges brought against him of taking an active part in all three robberies, and exulted especially in the neatness of the execution of the robbery at Donham Court, where the various articles stolen were being quietly abstracted one by one at different times by Gordon for

two or three days before the Tuesday, when they were finally carried off by Mr. Rayner, and taken by him and Tom to the Alders, where Sarah had received them, as I had seen.

As to what had become of the jewels afterwards, Tom professed himself as innocent as a child; but, whether this is true or not, nobody believed him. He was sentenced to fourteen years penal servitude, and did not hear the sentence with half so much concern as I.

Poor Mrs. Rayner never entirely shook off the gloomy reserve which had grown around her during those long years of her miserable marriage. Kind-hearted Sir Jonas Mills was among the very first to come forward to help her; and, by his generous assistance and that of other friends, she went to live abroad, taking Haidee with her, and Jane, who proved a most devoted servant and friend.

Laurence and I who were married before she left England, undertook the care of poor little savage Mona, who has grown into almost as nice a girl as her sister. And now I have one of my own too.

(THE END.)

## The "Hollow Square."

The "hollow square" formation that won the battle at El Teb, is undoubtedly a formidable one in these days of long range rifles, when the assailants can be exterminated long before they ever reach the bayonet points. But that Infantry squares have been broken by cavalry on more than one occasion, is now a matter of history. Authorities are still divided as to whether Victor Hugo was right in affirming, or Siborne in denying, that the French heavy brigade drove in the face of a British square at Waterloo.

But Montbrun's cuirassiers broke a Russian square at Borodino in 1812, and Col. Cailincourt's horse, in the same battle, actually charged into an entrenched redoubt. In the course of the Anglo Arabian war that followed the annexation of Aden, in 1839, an English square was attacked in the open plain by a mass of Abdali horsemen. The Arabs forced their way in so far as to kill several men in the third rank, and were then beaten off with bayonets and clubbed muskets, an occurrence utilized by James Grant in one of his military novels. The Irish brigade had a similar experience at Talavera.

"So, my Connaught boys," said General Pictou to them after the battle, "you let the Frenchmen get into your square, to-day, did you?"

## Blessed for Charity.

A little old woman, pale faced and bowed in form, dressed in the habit of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, is always to be found pacing the wards or corridors of the chain of institutions which surround the block bounded by Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, Lexington and Third Avenues, New York. This is Sister Irene, the foster mother of thousands of foundlings. Toddlers of all complexions cling to her skirts and nestle at her side, awaiting her benignant smile and loving greeting. Four fully appointed suitcases, the Asylum, St. Ann's and St. John's Hospitals, and an imposing chapel, occupy the square purchased by the efforts of this woman, who began her work without a penny in her pocket. Sister Irene and Mrs. P. L. Thebaud begged the first ten dollars that was the nest-egg of the fund to save the foundlings. Last week \$10,017 was paid as wages to the nurses who take care of the children in their homes. There are nearly two thousand children in the asylum, besides 1,700 nurses outside. The number left in the creche daily average forty-nine. "The great effort of my life," says Sister Irene, "is to restore the mothers; if they come here they are shielded, and, by kindness and good counsel, brought back to a virtuous way of living."

In 1881 a Fargo (Dakota) farmer noticed a single stool of wheat in his oat-field, which consisted of twenty-two stalks, headed out. These contained 860 grains, of which 760 were planted in 1882, yielding one-fifth of a bushel. Last Spring this wheat was planted and carefully cultivated. The product is seventeen bushels, an increase of eighty five fold, and a yield of fifty-six bushels and thirty-two pounds to the acre. Seventeen bushels from a single kernel in three ears is a good growth.



**THE SPHINX.**

"I name me this and guess him if you can."—  
*Druiden.*

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

**NO. 79.—AN ENIGMA.**

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE)

With the innocent babe in its cradle I dwell,  
As well as the wretch in his dungeon cell,  
And the pauper's hovel I enter the same  
As reception room of the haughtiest dame.  
The needy ones constantly look for my aid  
For although I'm in debt I succour each trade.  
Not a noble in England, however so grand  
But claimeth my kinship, in tones that are bland,  
While Ireland, poor Ireland! I share thy distress  
And the friends who thee succour, I help thee to bless.  
Oh, beautiful Isle, thou gem of the sea!  
In thy green fields forever I'm fain to be,  
While thy exiles all in a foreign land  
May rely on me still for a helping hand.  
In the reign of Queen Bess, though, I blush to own,  
I joined that rebellion with the earl of Tyrone,  
Which Essex himself was not fit to quell,  
Though I lent my aid on his side as well  
And when unrecalled he forsook the place  
I went with him thence I shared his disgrace.  
And now, though some this may seem an affront to,  
I certainly shall eschew Toronto,  
Although in each puzzle that's published there  
I claim the right of having a share.

M. J. WILKINS.

**NO. 80.—A TRANSPOSITION.**

What you and I must do to live,  
Transposed a foreign plant 'twill give,  
Much used in England's happy isle,  
When toil is laid aside a while,  
Where mirth and cheerfulness abound  
And various jocund tales go round.

GEORGIE WILCOX.

**NO. 81.—AN ENIGMATIC CHARADE.**

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE.)

There's a saw that is told, as a maxim of old,  
'Tis spoke by St. Paul;  
But whether he wrote it or merely did quote it  
The doctors may recall:  
It was uttered in Greek, and the truth it doth speak,  
In tragic iambic line.  
From the old English Bible under five words reliable  
The same truth may be thine.  
You may brace out the first in the name of the worst,  
The author of all ill.  
The second may be found throughout the busy round  
Of speech or act at will.  
An equivalent word to pollute is the third,  
The fourth is akin to best,  
For without it, the last as sure as thou hast,  
None over can be blest.

A. M. L.

**NO. 82.—AN ANATOMICAL FEAT.**

Place within an animal a bone  
And cut no other caper;  
If you put the bone in proper place  
Your feat will end in vapor.

P. A. TRICK.

**NO. 83.—A CHARADE.**

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE.)

To call you my first might your anger provoke  
And perhaps at the word, with a no gentle stroke  
Your cane on my head would be seen to descend,  
As a sort of a hint I should make the "amonde."  
My second I trust if you fool at your ease  
You'll attend in full dress; you may dance if you please.  
To engage in my whole would not sully your name,  
For a cool summer day 'tis an excellent game.

M. J. WILKINS.

**NO. 84.—DECAPITATION.**

Behold not drop and strange to state,  
The answer is to consecrate;  
But if in turn this is beheld  
You'll find that to permit 'tis wedded.  
But now curtail two vowels, and  
Into the whole it will expand.

ED. NORR.

**THE PRIZES.**

For the best lot of answers to "the Sphinx" for May will be awarded an elegantly bound volume of Longfellow's complete poems. Each week's answers should be forwarded within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles.

Five dollars will be presented to the sender of the best original contribution to "The Sphinx" during 1884.

Two dollars will be given for the best variety of original contributions sent in by any person during the year.

**APRIL'S AWARD.**

An extraordinary, good list of solutions to the "Sphinx" for April was sent by D. Forayth, Berlin, Ont., who correctly answered 98 per cent of the puzzles for the month, and is awarded the prize. Other excellent lists reaching or exceeding 75 per cent were sent in by the readers named below.—K. A. R., Poterboro; Effie Lafferty, Chatham; R. W. Black, Saintfield; Alfred Deadman, Lambboth; M. J. Clarke, Montreal; J. C. Cameron, Camerontown; M. J. Wilkins, St. John, N. B.; T. C. Wilson, Sheridan; A. F. C., Toronto; Jennie Russell, Pakenham; Mrs. A. Jordan, Prescott; Viola Ulsh, Silver Lake, Ind.; Box 31, Foint Edwards; Cora B. McDermid, Skowhegan, Me. The remaining lists received contained answers for only one or two weeks, giving percentages ranging from 20 to 50.

**ANSWERS.**

- 68.—The letter U.
- 69.—1. Pansy (sigh). 2. Lily (lie-lie).
- 3. Ferns.
- 70.—1. SA (essay). 2. AT (eighty).
- 3. IV (ivy). 4. EZ (easy).
- 71.—Ti(o)-ara.
- 72.—A Secret.

**Japanese Superstitions**

Japanese people are very superstitious, and have innumerable signs and tokens by which to regulate their conduct. They never sweep the rooms of a house immediately after one of the inmates has set out upon a journey, as this would sweep out all the luck with him. At a marriage ceremony neither bride nor bridegroom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade. They have some curious ideas in regard to the finger nails, which are cut only at certain times. If a woman steps over an egg shell, she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will be broken. If a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. The Japanese have numberless other superstitions of a similar character.

**A Parsee Funeral.**

**In the Shadows of the Towers of Silence**

By the kindness of a Parsee gentleman I was enabled to visit the Towers of Silence. There is a strange, almost mystical, solemnity about this garden, in which, at sunrise, I stood for a time alone, gazing at the towers from the distance of thirty yards, beyond which none must pass who would return to the abodes of men. (This rule is so rigorously observed that ugly stories are naturally rife of persons coming to life on the tower, only to be slain by the carriers of bodies, themselves forever separated from the outside world.) As soon as a body is dead, it becomes the possession of Ahriman. A demon tenant of his occupies it. The dying are deserted by the holders of this uncanny creed in a heartless way. A chant reached my ear and presently a group of men in snow-white garments and turbans entered the gateway, bearing their shrouded burden. They passed silently and very quickly upwards towards the towers. Presently there appeared, twenty yards behind them, another group in snow-white robes chanting as they rapidly moved, their chant being very different from any I had heard about Hindu temples. It was entirely from minor or whining notes.

Everything about this funeral was light, quick and cheerful, inasmuch that I remembered a picture of Egyptian festivities on the entrance of a soul into a paradise never doubted. It is still forbidden every Parsee to weep for one dead. The singers speedily returned to the garden, where they formed a regular group and intoned their conversation, occasionally breaking into a chant. I was informed that they spoke of the virtues of the deceased and chanted hymns of the Avesta. I listened, gazing at the top of the tower, whereon the body had been deposited and its limbs fastened, face upward to the sun. Already at its coming a circle of vultures had descended to perch around its parapet, where they sat peacefully still during the presence of the corpse carriers. The large, lazy aerial scavengers bore quaint resemblance to gowned and surpliced figures that had once been human. The moment when the body was abandoned by its bearers was reported by the slow and dignified disappearance of these birds, which presently rose into the air, each bearing some last contribution of a mortal to the immortal Cosmos. Somehow this scene impressed me more than the burning pyres of the Ganges. There I felt how much pleasanter to the imagination it would be to contemplate in one's last moments ascending in that fiery chariot to cloud and ether; here I felt that the Parsees had a more poetic prospect of mingling in the currents of organic life, smiling in flowers, singing in the throats of birds, smiling again in human loveliness.—*Monseur D. Couicay in San Francisco Chronicle.*

**Bitten by a Cobra.**

Among many instances of snake-bite poisoning I have seen was a strong young Brahmin of 20, well-known to me, who had been bitten during the night while watching his maize crop. Ere I know of it they had brought him into my compound in front of the bungalow. As yet yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was that peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, however, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope now. He could still clearly tell me particulars. He had been bitten, he said, on putting his foot to the ground while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter, and gone to sleep; and, till he was awoken by his friends coming in search of him. With some difficulty I was able to find the bite—very faint, no larger than the prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the

poison-fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just above the knee, where he felt it had already reached, the limb below that being, he said, numbbed, and painless to the touch, like the foot when asleep. I gave him the usual remedies, and kept him walking to and fro, but gradually his limbs seemed to be losing their power of voluntary motion, and his head was beginning to droop from the overpowering drowsiness that was surely gathering over him. At intervals he pointed out the poison line steadily rising higher, and was still able to answer questions clearly on being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by keeping him moving about, and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly afterwards, while being supported in a sitting posture, all at once, without any promontory sign, he gave one or two long sighs, and life ceased, about an hour after he had himself walked into the compound. There was something terribly real in this faculty of pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only another hour or half-hour of life remaining to him; and yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keenness that an on-looker does, probably from the poison benumbing at the same time the powers of the mind as well as of the body.

**Prince Leopold's Student Life.**

During an interview recently, Canon Duckworth, who was for four years and a half—1866-1870—the Duke of Albany's private tutor stated that the extremely delicate health of His Royal Highness interfered, as might be expected, very materially with the progress of his education. During the whole period named no regular system of lessons could be practised. In fact Canon Duckworth was chosen for the responsible post he occupied in relation to the young prince, largely because his connection with public school life had enabled him to deal with pupils who could not submit to the routine and discipline which robust health permitted.

It was in spite of these drawbacks that His Royal Highness attained the singular amount of culture which his after life displayed. His progress was greatly assisted by a wonderfully retentive and accurate memory. The Canon has seen few youths who equalled him in this respect. His favorite study was history, in which his reading was extensive and thorough. He was also proficient in Italian, French and German literature.

In the general features of his character, and especially in the strength and constancy of his attachments, he bore a striking resemblance, said the Canon, to Her Majesty. He was dobarred from the ordinary manly exercises in which his brothers indulged. He could not enter into hunting or shooting, or even fishing. The result was that he was thrown largely upon the companionship of older people than himself, and the naturally contemptulative cast of his character was thereby confirmed. Few princes were ever so popular as he was during his stay at Oxford. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the scholarly life which there surrounded him, and he frequently, after leaving the university, alluded to his residence at Oxford as embracing the happiest days of his life. He had the rare power of discerning and attaching to himself the best intellects among his fellow students, and at his rooms the ablest men in residence were found as frequent guests. To his interest in his fellow-students may be traced much of that interest in social and intellectual questions which pre-eminently distinguished him.

His attachment to Christ Church College may be gauged from the fact that he retained his rooms at college in order that he might at any time renew his old associations of undergraduate days.—*London Telegraph.*

# J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

## NEWS FROM LODGES.

**A. BURN, HURON Co.**—Maitland Lodge has a membership of 90 which speaks for its self. J. W. Smith, W.C.T.; Sister P. D. Smith, W.V.; J. Stalker, W.S.

**LAKELET, HURON Co.**—Lakelet Lodge reports progress, with 7 new members added last quarter. W. F. Pontland, W.C.T.; Sister E. J. Clark, W.V.; A. P. Shepperd, W.S.; S. Howard, L.D.

**SEAFORTH, ONT.**—Huron Lodge is still flourishing with a membership of 134 and 15 new ones taken in this quarter. J. E. Kent, W.C.T.; Sister A. G. Dorance, W.V.; J. H. Pyper, W.S.; R. N. Brett, L.D.

**RELIANCE LODGE, of Hamilton,** has also a good record. They number 84 in all, and had 28 initiations last quarter. T. Le Messurier, W.C.T.; Sister B. Yeager, W.V.; Bro. Marriott, W.S.; George T. Turner, L.D.

**TIVERTON, BRUCE Co.**—Bruce Lodge seems to be flourishing, with a membership of 60 and 14 new ones taken in last quarter. P. McPherson, W.C., Sister Christie, McLaren, W.V., J. Kippen, W.S.; A. G. Montgomery, L.D.

**RUTHVIN, ESSEX, Co.**—Bro. Geo. E. Wightman writes that Erie Lodge is doing pretty well, but might do better. Has 83 members and only added 4 during the quarter. Judson Troux, W.C.T.; Sister Celia Neville, W.V.; T. Isaacs, W.S.

**HAMILTON, ONT.**—Ambitious City Lodge still reports an increase in membership. They number 51 in all, and have elected Bro. Richard Skill, as their L.D. for the ensuing year; Bro. McBride, W.O.T.; Sister Foster, W.V.; Bro. Campbell, W.S.

**RUTHERFORD, LANDBOS Co.**—Evergreen Lodge is steadily increasing in numbers and influence. They have now within a fraction of 60 members, and report an increase of six during last quarter. Wm. Ball, W. C. T.; Jonah Webster, W.S.; H. N. Roberts, L.D.

**DUART, KENT Co.**—Bro. John McArthur writes that lodge work is not booming there just now. Fern Lodge has had no initiations this quarter, but expect a number within the next few weeks. D. Crawford, W. C. T.; Sister Jennie Tait, W.V.; W. C. McCarther, W.S.

**THE KENT COUNTY SCOTT ACT ASSOCIATION** are holding meetings throughout the county with a view to submitting the Scott Act to the electors some time in June or July. I heard a retired hotel keeper say that he would vote for it, and that Chatham and Ridgeway would give it a big majority.

**CARLISLE, WENTWORTH Co.**—Union Lodge reports a membership of 72 with 7 initiations this quarter. Geo. Church, W.C.T.; Sister Annie Allison, W.V.; Arthur Newell, W. S. This lodge was instituted in 1873 and has been steadily holding on its way and carrying with it an influence which is felt in the community.

**ANGASTER, WENTWORTH Co.**—Mountain Village Lodge was instituted in December last by Bro. R. W. Dingle, of Dundas, and has now a membership of 56, with 13 initiations during last quarter, as well as otherwise doing a good work. J. W. Crooks, W. C. T.; E. Jackson, W. V.; J. E. Clark, W. S.; Rev. R. Duff, L.D.

**SMITHFIELD, NORTHUMBERLAND Co.**—Royal Oak Lodge has only been in existence three months, and has a membership of 63 which speaks well for the community. Where there is a heart for, and a will to do temperance work, there is usually a way opens up. M. M. Dreyer,

W.O.T.; Sister H. A. Ferguson, W.V.; W. Clark, W.S.: W. L. Joanson, L.D.

**HAMPDEN, GREY, Co.**—Of Hampden Lodge Bro. T. C. Smith, L.D., sends the following encouraging report:—"We are getting along nicely with our Lodge, as you will notice by the returns. We have initiated twenty new members during the past quarter, and we expect more to join us soon. We have now sixty five members, which I think is not bad for a country school section." Henry Byers, W.C.T.; Maggie Kerr, W.V.; Wm. Mitchell, W.F.S.; James Whyte, W.O.

**MOUNT PLEASANT, DURHAM Co.**—This Lodge was instituted 27 years ago by the Rev. O. G. Curtis, and ranks among our most influential lodges. Bro. John Best, then L.D., writes that they were never in better working order than at present, although they have lost some members who have gone to Dakota. They have a new set of regalia, the material costing \$50. The Sister are making them. They are of silk velvet, trimmed with gold gimp and fringed tassels, etc.

**ANOTHER ADDITION.**—A new Lodge, "Allendale, No. 372," was instituted at Allendale village, Peterboro' County, on the 8th inst., by Rev. John Shaw, P.W.C.T., assisted by Bro. George Early, L.D., of Peterboro'. The new Lodge commences work with 28 charter members and excellent prospects of success. The chief is an old worker in our Order. W.C.T., Kenward Mark; W.S., William Dindle; L.D., Rev. J. Tozeland, Keene P.O. Night of meeting, Saturday.

**NAPANEE.**—The Napanee Express of last week says:—"The I.O.G.T. held their first meeting in their new Lodge room Thursday evening. The room is in the new Cartwright block over Birrell & Phalen's implement store. It is about fifty-five feet long by twenty-three feet wide and has two ante-rooms. When fully fitted up it will be one of the finest lodge rooms in the town. Much credit is due to the committee who have had the furnishings in hand as they have had many difficulties to work against. A concert will be given in the hall next Thursday evening, the proceeds of which are to go towards the expense of furnishing."

**MOUNT HOBON LODGE, Peel County,** had an open meeting on Wednesday evening, 14th inst. The hall was comfortably filled. Bro. Rev. W. Campbell, of Weston; Tyl, of Brampton; Wilson, of Derry West; Ballantine, of Brampton; H. Rodden, of Toronto were amongst the visitors and contributors to the programme. There was a very pleasant evening's enjoyment, and ten names of candidates for admission to membership were obtained. Previous to the open meeting the officers for the quarter were installed by Bro. Rodden, P.D. W.C.T., John Nixon; W.V., Maggie Moore; W.S., Geo. Bailey; W.C., Joseph Lundy.

**BUXTON, ONT.**—Rising Star Lodge was instituted in March last by Bro. O. H. Meham, who writes that in one month and a half they took in 11 members and have several more ready for initiation the next meeting night. Several of the members from Mount Hobron meet with this Lodge every meeting night to help them along. They have no convenient meeting place and have to meet in an out of the way place at one side of the settle ment. They want to build as soon as they can. Could you or any readers of TRUTH tell us how they could secure some help for this weak lodge? They certainly need a proper meeting place. John King, W.C.T.; Alice Hunt, W.V.; Charles Haakot, W.S.; Geo. N. Smith, L.D.

**WOODBRIDGE, ONT.**—Never Surrender Juvenile Temple gave a very successful concert in the Orange Hall, on Monday evening 12th inst., under the direction of Bro. G. J. Farmer, C.D. The chair was occupied by N. C. Wallace, Esq., M.P., for West York. A good deal of interest was manifested in the concert in consequence of its being a departure from those usually given in that temperance sentiment pervaded the whole evening's programme,

making it an entire temperance lecture, in the form of dialogues, songs, recitations, and the like. There was a lengthy programme in which a large number took part. The various parts were well rendered, and received much well merited applause from the audience. Mr. Wallace, in a short and appropriate speech, congratulated the Temple on its excellent success since its formation a few months ago, and he expressed strong hope that they would long prosper. This gentleman has kindly given the Templars the use of the hall free of rent for their meetings, and he takes a very lively interest in the progress of the temperance cause in the village. G. J. FANNER, C. D.

**COBBOURG.**—The World referring to Beaver Lodge, No. 151, says.—It has now reached a strength altogether beyond any previous period in its history,—quite a temperance "boom" having evidently struck the good town of Cobourg. The returns to G. L. for quarter ending 30th April, showed a large advance in membership,—the admissions for the term (12 sessions), having numbered 35; and initiations have continued, week after week, with unbroken regularity, for the last six months. The installation of officers for the ensuing quarter by L.D. Rev. R. Brooking took place on Tuesday evening of last week, as follows.—W.C.T., Rev. J. J. Rice; W.R.H.S., Miss Aggie Clark; W.L.H.S., Miss M. Oliver; W.V.T., Miss Maggie Rice; W. Sec'y., Mr. G. Featherston; W.A.S., Miss A. Dewey; W.T., Mrs. W. Bear; W.F.L., Mrs. Phillips, W. Chap., Mr. A. Scoon; W.M., Mr. J. Hopper; W.D.M., Miss J. Gillard; W.I.G., Miss Tweed; W.O.G., Mr. W. Eradine, sen.; I.W.C.T., Mr. Rutledge. Mrs. J. J. Rice was heartily thanked for past service as Organist, and was induced to continue to act as such for the time being.

**DISTRICT LODGE MEETING.**—The regular session of the District Lodge of York County and City of Toronto was held at Newmarket on Tuesday 13th inst. There were twenty lodges represented by about sixty delegates. The meeting was one of the most pleasant and harmonious of the kind yet held. The forenoon session was spent in routine business, the appointment of committees and the like.

At the afternoon session the Committee on the Extension of the Order reported that two Lodges had been organized in the County since the last meeting and the work was proceeding satisfactorily. The Newmarket Templars were complimented on the tasty manner in which the Hall had been decorated for the occasion and the hearty reception they had given to the delegates. The members were urged to endeavor to impress their respective lodges with the necessity of giving the Scott Act their hearty support during the coming campaign. It was also suggested to recommend four County Deputies for the District. The report was carefully considered and adopted.

The following Brothers were recommended as County Deputies for York:—G. Munns, Glenville P. O., for North Riding; J. H. Sanderson, Richmond Hill, for East Riding; G. J. Fanner, Woodbridge, for West Riding. The election of a Deputy for Toronto was deferred for an adjourned meeting, to be held in the City in June.

The advisability of holding a grand demonstration at Newmarket on Dominion Day under the auspices of Blooming Rose Lodge was discussed. The delegates promised to support the same in their respective lodges.

During the afternoon there was an earnest discussion in regard to the Scott Act. Many of the members, whose experiences of the Dunkin Act were very disappointing, entertained doubts at first. The explanations given by Bro. F. S. Spence were very satisfactory and the general feeling of all present, before the close of the meeting was to do all in their power to assist in its adoption, by a large majority, in York County. The Lodge

adjourned to meeting in Toronto in June, subject to the call of the Executive.

In the evening a large public temperance meeting was held. A procession was formed at the Temperance Hall, consisting of the Good Templars headed by the Newmarket Brass Band, the members of the Salvation Army following. The procession marched to the Town Hall, where the meeting was held. In the absence of E. J. Davis Esq., Warden of the County the chair was occupied by Mr. Cano, Mayor of Newmarket. The Toronto Bell Ringers, Bros. Jackman, Morrison, Johnson and Shunshon, much enlivened the proceedings with their excellent music. Miss Carson, of Newmarket gave a song which was much applauded, and Bro. Johnson gave a popular recitation, after which Bro. F. S. Spence gave an excellent and convincing address in behalf of the Scott Act, which received careful attention and produced very convincing results.

## From Nova Scotia.

Bro J. P. Chisholm, G.W.C.T., of Nova Scotia, in a private letter written from Truro, previous to his departure for the coming session of the R.W.G. Lodge, says:—

"I am going in company with the Delegates from Maine and Massachusetts. We are making up a company of about twenty and go via Boston to Washington at reduced rates. We go from here to the R. W. G. Lodge this time with a splendid report of work done during the past year in Nova Scotia. There has been a good deal of hard work, and it has been attended with magnificent results. I am more than ever proud of the Order of Good Templars, and look for a bright and successful future. Certainly there never were greater efforts put forth by any Grand Lodge, proportionate to its opportunities, than by ours during the past year, and never have we had a greater work accomplished. It has been done without money. It was purely the love of the Cause that actuated our workers, as we had no paid agents in the field. The only Grand Lodge Officer receiving any pay is the G.W. Secretary, and he does not get half enough for the amount of labor he does. Our expectations are to bring home with us from the R. W. G. Lodge Col. J. J. Hickman for a few weeks work here. Talk about cheap men! I believe if Grand Lodges are going to engage men to do work, able, intelligent, prominent men should be secured, whose hearts and sympathies are in the work, and they should be sustained accordingly. With such men we may expect to meet with success and to make our influence felt. We expect much good to come out of Col. Hickman's visit, both to our Cause and our Order.

We also need a travelling Agent besides, who should visit the various parts of the field continually, encouraging and strengthening the weak lodges, organizing new ones in the outlying districts, and by lectures presenting the claims of our Order to the public. So far we have failed to get such a man as we need for this purpose—or one willing to risk his success as an organizer. We are hoping to meet with some such Brother as much of our work is at a stand still for want of such laborers.

## Good Templars' Directory.

**SOUTH WOODSLEE, ESSEX Co. HOPKINS** of Rochester Lodge No. 157, meets Friday evening. W. C. T., J. A. Smith; W. V., Frank Fair; L. D., E. J. Smith. 12033.

**HUMBKSTONE WELAND CO.—HUMBERTON** Lodge No. 376 meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Good Templar Visitors always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. V., SISTER SCHOFIELD; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

**LONGFORD MILLS, SIMCOE CO. KISSES**—ARHETA Locke (Indian) meets at Good Templars Hall, Rama, every Saturday evening. W. C. T., Mrs. Ann Sandy; W. V., Fanny Sandy; W. S., Sarah Sandy, W. F. S., Joseph Yellowhead; W. C. Chief Joseph Dawson; W. T., John Williams; W. M., John Wender; L. G., Mary Yellowhead; O. O., Sam Rucker; L. D., Gilbert Williams. 12032.

## Our Young Folks.

## The Four Silverpennys

By ALICE GIRARD.

Mr. Silverpenny was a bachelor, who, at sixty-seven, found himself with few friends and no relations to lay claim to the very respectable fortune he had amassed by years of labor and self-denial.

As is not infrequently the case, now that he had climbed to the top of the ladder he found that, so far as he was concerned, the pleasure of making money far exceeded the pleasure of spending it. The habits of years cannot be cast aside in a day, and to be lavish, or even liberal, needs, as most other qualities do, a certain amount of education. This, as regarded expenditure, Mr. Silverpenny had never had. He had come to the small inland city when a mere boy, had worked his way upwards from clerk to master, and, retired now from business, he lived in an unpretentious house, his wants attended to by a faithful, honest housekeeper, who closed her hand as tightly over her master's money as she did over her own. The two had grown old together, and their peculiarities and the practice of their small economies were now a part of their nature. To alter his surroundings, go to a more fashionable quarter of the town, live in any other way than he did, never occurred to Mr. Silverpenny. One care alone weighed heavily on him, and that was to decide what he should do with his money. Nothing in the newspapers interested him half as much as the wills of the various persons, their bequests, and how they disposed of their property; but though these perusal—extending over many years now—had afforded him much varied and strange information, up the present date he had not come across any favorable precedent for the solution of his difficulty.

There were hospitals, orphanages, charities without number, each and every one calling loudly for support from him; but even while living, Mr. Silverpenny turned a deaf ear to such appeals, agreeing with his old housekeeper, Martha, that such places went mostly "to harbor idle vagabonds." No, he had not toiled for such as these.

Churches? In his opinion there were already too many. Schools? It was enough if boys could write and read. Poor Mr. Silverpenny! Had he carried his \$300,000 on his back he could hardly have felt its burden more heavily.

The 20th of May was his birthday, and according to custom, Martha, who had marked the festival by her choice of his dinner, was detained after clearing the cloth away to drink a glass of wine to the health of her master.

"Sixty-seven you be," she said, setting down on the table the glass from which she had sipped—"Twelve months older than you was this day last year. Him! Well, you looks it," and she regarded him fixedly.

Mr. Silverpenny winced under Martha's searching eye. He knew, as well as she did, that there was truth in her candor. During the past year, for some reason unknown, he had felt that he was sliding down life's hill two steps at a time, and it was with a sigh that he answered, "Quite true, Martha. I'm beginning to feel an old man."

"Oh, twan't o' that I was thinking, for I follows so close behind ye that when you dies through fright of old age I shall quake for fear, but,—well, you ain't the man you was, master."

Mr. Silverpenny nodded his head absently.

"And," continued Martha, "us time that if I was you I should put my house in order. Mr. Silverpenny did not answer, but he stroked his chin meditatively.

"Hain't got no relations o' no kind nowhere?"

Martha had long been acquainted with her master's difficulty.

No. Mr. Silverpenny had no relations

whatever. "Mine is a very uncommon name," he said, "very."

"I'll be bound if you went to Boston you'd find Silverpennys in plenty. Oh, now, you don't know, master"—for Mr. Silverpenny had given her to see how he dissented from her—"why, look to me, Martha Green, I've neither kith nor kin so far as I know by; but if I'd got money to leave away, take my word if there wouldn't spring up a reg'lar crop o' Greens to claim relation with me. And so with Silverpennys—there ain't any other here 'tis true, but in Boston, don't tell me, I'll wager you'd find 'em there in scores."

This argument had frequently before been advanced by Martha, and as frequently pooh-poohed by Mr. Silverpenny, but driven to his wits' ends to know what else to do, although he did not say so to her, he entertained the thought now more seriously, brooded on it that night, and the result was that some six weeks later Mr. Silverpenny announced to Martha his intention of starting for Boston on the morrow.

"That's right," she said, approvingly, "and what you ought to have done long ago."

The root of many of our paradoxical eccentricities might be traced to vanity, and without doubt some feeling of this kind had prompted Mr. Silverpenny to desire that the fortune he had to leave should be inherited by some one who at least bore his name. As he had said to Martha, it was a singular one, and when, the morning after his arrival in Boston, desiring the waiter of the hotel to procure for him the directory for that year, he opened the book to begin his search, he felt a certain degree of trepidation.

There were Silversides and Silverstones, Silverlocks and Silverthorns, not a Silverpenny—stay though. Yes, and he read, "Silverpenny, John James, baker, 21 New Street." Martha was not right, although not absolutely wrong; the scores of Silverpennys, like the cats, had turned out to be one. Summoning the waiter, Mr. Silverpenny desired that he might be directed to New Street. An omnibus which passed close by he found would take him there, and he was soon deposited some twenty yards distant from the baker's door.

The shop was a modest one, with its window full of bread, at which Mr. Silverpenny stood staring, trying to find some excuse for going in. Naturally he did not wish to at once blurt out his reasons for coming. Yet what could he ask for? there was nothing but bread there—not a biscuit—not a bun. He walked past and back again, and then, not being given to hesitation, he stepped in.

"A roll," echoed the baker's wife; "certainly," and she handed him two, saying, "That's to-day's; this is a stale one."

Mr. Silverpenny made his choice. At the same time asking might he be allowed to eat it there. "I'm a trifle tired," he said, "and it will rest me."

"Johnny, bring out a chair here."

"That's good," thought Mr. Silverpenny; "they're a boy;" but, to his disappointment, the bearer of the chair was the baker, who, placing it for him, remarked that the weather was hot but seasonable, and then presuming that his customer came from the country, he inquired how the crops might be looking down his way.

Mr. Silverpenny gave the best answer he could to the question, for being a town-bred man, except in the grain he didn't know cockle from corn. Whatever he said, however, seemed to satisfy the baker, who needed only the very smallest opportunity to let his tongue run glibly, and, to Mr. Silverpenny's satisfaction, the roll was not half got through before he was able to introduce the subject which he had kept ready all the while, by saying, "Your name, Silverpenny, is a very uncommon one."

"Ah, I believe you," said the baker, complacently. "There ain't another Silverpenny in all Boston."

"Not as you know of, Johnny," said his wife, circumspectly.

"Not that nobody knows of," asserted the baker, confidently; "and more than that, I don't believe you'd find more than one other than me if you was to search through a'l America."

"And he is, I suppose, related to you?" said Mr. Silverpenny, cautiously.

"No, not as I know of, in any way, though he's the sort of friend that sticks closer than a brother, and so he's proved himself to me, and I'm proud to be beholden to one who bears the name of Silverpenny."

"He always holds to it," said the wife, "that you two must be related to one another, he's a minister," she added, to Mr. Silverpenny, "and's got a church of his own in the country."

Fortunately, for the satisfaction of Mr. Silverpenny's curiosity, the attention of the baker's wife was at this moment engrossed by the advent of a street vender, and while the worthy housewife chaffered over the prices of cabbages and onions, Mr. Silverpenny adroitly made himself master of the baker's past history. It was a very simple one—he had fallen ill, and left his situation to go to a hospital, from which he was sent out weak, and all but penniless. At a country town he had completely broken down, and declared that he must have died from want had not the minister there—the other Silverpenny—heard his name and help him on; "and that did not end all he did for me," he added; "he lent me money, he gave me clothes, and he wrote a letter to a friend he had here—well, the parson of that very church which, if you come to where I'm standing, its spire you can see and, as it turned out, Mr. Webber, that was the clergyman's name, know of a party here, a baker, as from being old and infirm, wanted a brisk young chap to keep things going. Mr. Silverpenny answered for me, and whether he was foolish or wise in his man, is best shown, inasmuch as that business is now mine. The old gentlemen is gone, and I stand in his shoes as master here. She," and he indicated his wife, "was his niece. I tell her I took her with the fixtures. Ah, well, I might ha' done worse. The bad job is, we've got no children, you see. 'Tis a pity, ain't it, a tidy business like this, and nobody to leave it to?"

"The other one,—the minister, I mean—is a rich man, I suppose."

"Rich! Ah, bless ye, not he; he's as poor as a church mouse, and would be if he'd got the double of what he's got now, but he's a gentleman, every of him, and a Christian too; and, as I say, if he don't go to heaven I don't know who will. 'Twill be a poor lookout for such as me and you."

Mr. Silverpenny did not pick up the stone cast at him.

"Where might this gentleman live?" he said, "and is he married—has he a family?"

"Yes, there's a boy—one—and a fine chap he is. He's schooling at Andover. They pitched themselves to let him go, and I send him a cake whenever I can—a real good one, too, no mistake," and he winked his eye. "He'd tell ye, would Master Charlie, that it ain't half a bad thing to have a friend a baker."

"I should agree, with him," said Mr. Silverpenny.

"Ah, I'd do more than that for the son of his father," said the baker. "I was a stranger, and he took me in—hungry, and he fed me—naked and he clothed me. That's what I call acting up to Scripture, I da'."

"And all because of your being called Silverpenny?"

"Well, so he said, but bless you, if not, he'd ha' done the same, no, mind, but he's proud of the name, ah, very, and so am I too, and rightly I take it, when there's but the two, John James Silverpenny, baker, 21 New Street, and the Rev. Anthony Charles Silverpenny, Pittsfield, Massachusetts."

Once in possession of the information he wanted, Mr. Silverpenny soon

brought his visit to a close. At parting, he shook the friendly baker by the hand, and as soon as he was out of sight of the shop he hailed a cab, and telling the driver where he wished to go, was soon deposited at the Boston and Albany station. Fortune favored his plans so far, that a train for the west was shortly starting, and having arrived at the end of his journey of five hours, he started for the parsonage.

This time he meant to adopt another plan he would no longer suppress his cognomen, but boldly sent in his card bearing the name of Silverpenny.

"Silverpenny! and not my friend the baker."

The minister into whose sanctum Mr. Silverpenny had been taken, looked at him with curiosity.

Assuredly it never entered into the reverend gentleman's mind to suppose that the possessor of a fortune stood before him. Our good friend, always a little inclined to look shabby, was now, in addition, dusty and travel-stained, the heat, excitement and hurry had in no ways improved him, and he had not Martha near to set out his proper linen.

In the good minister's sight here was a man old and needy, and it was in a softened voice he next spoke to him.

"And so, my friend, you bear the name of Silverpenny, well, I am glad to see you, for I thought there were only two left of that name."

"And I," said Mr. Silverpenny, "feared there was but one."

"No no," and the minister laughed cheerily; "not so badly off as that yet, each Silverpenny has two to help him—ah, isn't it so?" and he wondered into what straits the old man's necessities had reduced him.

"You speak there, sir, with authority," said Mr. Silverpenny, and then to enlighten him further, he added, "I have been to New Street, and seen the baker, who told me his story."

"Oh, ah—I see—yes, but don't rely too much on that fellow, he has too long a tongue and too good memory, I tell him. A mere nothing the help he got from me. He owes everything to his own industry—he's a fine specimen—a very fine specimen—a credit to the name of Silverpenny."

"May I ask if you came from New Hampshire?" said Mr. Silverpenny, anxiously. "I was born at Wishton, there."

"No, my friend, no. We are Massachusetts people—all, so far I can tell. I was born the other side of the Berkshire Hills, the only son of my mother, and I, myself, and he stifled a rising sigh, "am in a very similar condition; my poor wife is recently dead, and I am left with one ewe lamb—an only son."

"Master Charlie?"

"Ah, that fellow, the baker, spoke of him to you, did he?—the rascal, he stuffs him with cakes and sweets of all kinds, sends them to his boarding school, spoils him, you know; but he's a good boy, is Charlie, and, I trust, will grow up to be a good man. I pray that he may prove worthy of our name of Silverpenny, and you, my friend, must ask it for him too. The world is full of pitfalls. Youth needs a steady helmman."

"You must give me his proper name," said Mr. Silverpenny.

"I will; I'll write it down for you, to assist your memory. Anthony Charles Silverpenny, aged thirteen, born 1st of May. There, now, you won't forget him," and he handed over the slip of paper, adding, "You have not told me yet how I can serve you."

"You're very good; but my object in coming was merely to satisfy the curiosity I had to see another man who bore the name of Silverpenny."

"In that case you must stay and see my son; he is home for a holiday—not in now, but he will be presently."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Forty-one counties in West Virginia prohibit the sale of intoxicants.

## CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

### CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

"I think it was madness that came upon me then; the cold cruel words lighted a fire in my heart and brain—a fire that burns unquenchably.—A little cry broke from my lips; but as yet I could not speak.

"Compose yourself my dear Olivia," he broke in suavely. "Jilting is not pleasant, as I know. You made me the laughing-stock of London once, but I assure you the story of my wrong was, and the story of my vengeance will be, a nine days' wonder at the worst. Your pride will help you to bear a little bitter jesting, and, by the time the diamonds glitter on my Nora's neck, the world will have forgotten that you ever forestalled Lady de Gretton's privilege and wore them."

"Did I do wrong to kill him, coward and traitor that he was? Did I do wrong to drive my dagger to his base heart, and rid the world of a monster? No, I say—ten thousand times no! Alboric Grant deserved the death I dealt him. I was not a murderess, but an executioner.

"I hardly know how I lived through the time that followed—through the civil sneers and biting jests that encountered me on every side. I was the diversion of the season; and I knew it. Yet the knowledge hardly hurt me as I thought it would. I seemed to move in a dull and misty atmosphere, in which I saw all things distinctly. One thought only shaped itself clearly and distinctly in my mind, the thought of revenge—"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." He had laid mine desolate, and I would take his in return.

"I think the stern calm with which I bore my punishment alarmed him more than any fiery outbreak would have done. He avoided me at first; but finding that I in no way ahrank from society, that I had even forced myself to call upon his bride-elect—a poor spirit-broken child, sold to the rich man like a bale of goods, and sick for the love of a dead lover—he tried to conciliate me and teach me to forget. Well, the wedding day, to which I looked forward far more eagerly than if it had been my own, came and passed. Nora Bruce became Lady de Gretton; and I stood calmly by, regardless of the pin-prick stings, the smiles and shoulder-shrugs and whispers of my dear familiar friends—for did not every word the priest spoke, every step the bridal pair took from the altar bring me nearer to my revenge?

"I stood in statue-like endurance through the ceremony; but I would not break bread with them. I excused myself to the bride's mother on the plea of an immediate return to Ireland, where my sister-in-law lay dangerously ill; and I started for Devonshire by the same train that bore Lord and Lady de Gretton on the first stage of their honeymoon journey. I knew every nook and corner of Cliff Cottage and its grounds, and I knew my cousin's habit of despatching all business in the little room that opened on to the verandah and the lawn. True, there might be some change in even his methodical habits upon his wedding day; but in some way or other it would be strange indeed if I did not catch him for one moment alone—and then—

"I felt the edge of the long, slender steel, my mother's Spanish dagger; and I was content to wait, crouched in the dense impenetrable shrubbery that lay to the side of the house—to see him come and go, now to answer some business telegram, now to bring back the young bride to whom he should have been all love and tenderness, but upon whom he looked with the same cold and cruel anger that had once shone in his eyes for me.

"Something had come between them—but what? I pondered the question as I knelt on and on in my cramped, comfortless position, till the sun vanished beyond the horizon-line, till the last pink tinge faded from the sky, till the stars began to peep shyly out, their tremulous

light half lost in the soft splendor of the full round moon, till the dew drenched my black dress and my limbs grew numb and stiff, till the lights twinkled from window to window, and one by one, went out, till only the steady star that shone from the open doorway of de Gretton's room broke the long line of shadow.

"Then I forgot all things, for the longed-for hour had come. Slowly, for my limbs were cramped and aching, I came to the pretty flower grown porch, and crept along in its shadow. As I hoped and expected, both French windows stood open, and he was seated at the farther one, his back turned to me, at the large writing table which Mr. Romayne had always laughingly consecrated to his use.

"One breathless second I paused in the doorway—and then with the bound of a tigress, I sprang upon him, and the long keen knife did its fatal work. He tried to cry—he did ejaculate my name; but I flung the cloth I had soaked with chloroform across his lips and then—when I drew the dagger forth with all my strength; and, when I saw the blood that followed it, I knew that he must die. How heavily he fell to the ground! Yet no one stirred.

"In a stupid immobility I sat watching the finely-cut cruel face that grew grayer and grayer in the cold white light. I had no hope of escape; it seemed to me that all the world would know this vengeance must be mine, and I was prepared to pay its price.

"But suddenly the white face seemed to stir, or a shifting ray of moonlight gave it the ghastly semblance of the old mocking smile. The sight filled me with a wild abject terror. I started to my feet and rushed across the lawn, as though ten thousand furies pursued me. Another moment and I was on the open shore; the dagger had flashed in the air and sunk in the fathomless depths of the sea. I was away from the scene, free from the worst evidence of my crime.

"With that knowledge there came to me the faint hope of escape. I examined my dress—the long close fitting cloak, the dark bonnet and veil, would certainly not attract attention in passing through the streets. There might be an early train. The little town was unusually full. I did not count much on the chance, still I would try.

"I did try: there was a train which went earlier than I hoped, and such a throng of home-returning pleasure seekers as made it easy indeed to pass unnoticed. Unnoticed and unmolested I made my way along the coast, and crossed St. George's Channel; and I first learned that Lord de Gretton's murder had been discovered, and that public opinion attributed the crime to his missing wife.

"The days that followed were days of agony to me. Had Nora de Gretton been brought to trial, I would have confessed my crime and saved her—that I swear in this the last hour of my life, as I confess it now, and die to save her!

"Let her forgive me if she can. The wrong I did her even in her grave has haunted my thoughts and well-nigh driven me mad, ever has her shadow pursued me, a phantom figure, with sad and angry eyes and pale reproachful lips. She will forgive me, for she will be happy and happiness is merciful, most merciful to the unhappy dead. I ask no other pardon for my sin against her. There has been some expiatory agony even here: and for the crime for which the law would take my life I go to answer to another judge."

The document was duly sealed and signed, not only by Lady Olivia, but by the two women whom she had, with apparent carelessness, asked to sign her "will," before retiring for the night. Being placed in the hands of the proper authorities, it speedily secured Nora's release from custody and the removal of the last shadow of suspicion from her name.

### CHAPTER XXXI., AND LAST.

"Good night, Cristina. If we sit talking any more, you will have no roses for

to-morrow; and what will the Baron say?"

Nora spoke with a touch of peremptory playfulness such as she never would have shown to her step-sister in the old Nettleton days. But, though Cristina smiled a little, she did not stir. She leaned one elbow on the chimney-piece, and looking into the brightly blazing fire, said slowly and thoughtfully—

"No, let me stay a little longer dear; I have so much to say."

Nora winced a little, but dropped back into her chair and crossed her hands upon her lap. She was lovelier than ever, Cristina thought, watching her with eyes that were troubled still, but clouded with hate and envy no longer. The six months that had passed since Lady Olivia gave her back her life and freedom had deepened the rose-tint in the smooth soft cheek, and restored the old stary lustre to the great gray eyes. But for the soft snow-white hair that contrasted so quaintly with the peach-like skin and arched black brows, Nora de Gretton would have been fairer than Nora Bruce had been; and even that, to her lover's faithful eyes was to her girlish grace and loveliness as a sacred crown of martyrdom.

Cristina looked, till the tears that had been gathering slowly filled her eyes and blinded her; then she dropped suddenly upon her knees and hid her face in Nora's lap.

"Cristina, tears on your bridal-ve, when you should be so happy!" Nora said, trying to raise the blonde head; but Cristina would not look up.

"Happy?" she echoed with a passionate cry. "How dare I hope for happiness? Nora, I am afraid!"

"Why, dear? Baron Benjuda loves you; and I think he is a good man."

"Too good. I never thought he would forgive me; but he says he can trust me still. Is it not wonderful?"

"Wonderful that he should see how nobly you repaired a wrong and overcame

"A jealousy," Cristina finished in a whisper. "Nora, we will never speak of this again; but I was madly jealous of you always, of your beauty and fascination, of your father's affection and Vance's preference—last and most of all, of Arthur Beaupre's love!"

"Oh, hush! Nora interrupted sharply; but Cristina went steadily on—

"Wait! Do you think that, if that foolish fire had not burned to gray ashes long ago, I would have stirred its embers now? I only want you to know what poor excuse there was for my savage cruelty to win your full forgiveness as my best wedding-gift."

For all answer Nora stooped and kissed her; and the two sisters clung together in a silence that was eloquent of love and peace.

"Vance was so good to me to-day," Cristina went on, after a little pause. "He and Israel are great friends now. Israel vows he will make his fortune."

"And Nettie and my godchild—were they good too?" Nora asked, with a smile.

"Dear Nettie! Yes; what a happy couple they are—and yet what a terrible thing we should have thought such a marriage for Vance once!"

"Ah, once!" The words came almost unconsciously from Lady de Gretton's lips, the deep eyes were shadowed with the pain of reminiscence. "We thought so many strange things in that 'once,' Cristina!"

"Nothing so strange as what has been," Cristina said hurriedly. "Nora how different your life would have been if your father had never brought us to his home?"

"Different indeed," Nora answered, with a sad half-smile, "for I should never have known Vance!"

"Ah, Vance redeemed us!" Cristina said heartily. "Our scapegrace was the best of us, after all. Well—moving reluctantly towards the door—"there is peace between us now, Nora?"

"Peace always," Nora said, with gentle earnestness. "And now, for the last time, Miss Singleton, good night. Mrs.

Bruce will be shocked if you stay here any longer."

Cristina went then; but Nora sat long with clasped hands and dreamy eyes fixed on the dying fire; living again in vivid reminiscence through the cruel sorrows and rare joys of her darkly-shadowed past.

Her life, so far as she could see it now, was bright and full of promise. Lady Olivia's confession had absolved her from all suspicion so completely that even the most malicious could find no more to say of her than she had been wrongfully accused. She might, had she chosen, have posed dramatically on her reappearance in society, and received all the honors due to a martyr heroine; but she recoiled with a sore pitiful shrinking from all allusion to the events of those two years: and even yet she had not conquered her morbid distaste for the company of strangers.

Mrs. Beaupre indeed had come to her at once with a warm maternal welcome that had overcome the girl's shy pride and won her heart. With the woman who had followed to the grave, because her son had loved her, the poor waif entombed as Nora de Gretton, the girl had had an instinctive sympathy from the first; and Mrs. Beaupre's cheerful piety and strong common-sense had done much to dispel the nervous terrors that were the natural result of the long unnatural strain Nora had borne.

"She is like a plant that has lived too long in the shade, and wants all the sunshine we can give her, Arthur," Mrs. Beaupre would say in her bright hopeful fashion, when Arthur complained dolefully that the light was long in coming back to the gray eyes, and the roses were long in blooming on the pale thin face.

"Trust in time, dear, and do not frighten her. She will never forget; but by-and-by her memories will grow dim; and then I shall welcome my daughter, Arthur."

"Is she not lovely?" Arthur asked, his worn face lighting with an eager smile. And his mother warmly assented—

"Lovely and lovable; I have but one fault to find with her."

"A fault?" the young man echoed indignantly. "What fault has the poor child, mother?"

"She is too forgiving," Mrs. Beaupre said, with such decision. "No, I am not unchristian, Arthur; but, in her place I would never have spoken to Cristina Singleton."

"Why, mother, do you forget that, if she wronged Nora once, she rendered her signal service at the last?"

"Pure accident!" the obstinate old lady said disdainfully. "Lady Olivia's conscience would have wakened without her aid. Miss Singleton is a clever girl, and, seeing how the tide had turned, took advantage of an opportunity to re-establish herself in every one's good graces; but she will never find a place in mine—never!"

There was a grim determination in the last word that Arthur found it impossible to shake—he knew what his mother's prejudices were, and that first of all Cristina's sins, with her, ranked the wild attempt to establish herself as his nurse.

It was a subject fraught with perils, and one he never cared to discuss; so, smiling a little uneasily, he said—

"Well, I will not be so irreverent as to deny your charity; but we may as well let Nora live at peace with those belonging to her."

"With all my heart. The step-mother is a foolish, selfish woman; but I think her lesson has sobered her a little, and Vance—Vance and his wife are simply charming. No, I object simply to Cristina."

"And Cristina will be Baroness Benjuda almost immediately, and live abroad at least half the year."

"So much the better!" interrupted Mrs. Beaupre, with crushing emphasis. "And I hope the Baron Benjuda is a man with a will of his own, who knows how to keep his wife in order."

"He does not look very weak," Arthur

said, with a smile, and there the subject dropped; but in his heart he knew that his mother's prejudice was quite unshaken. She refused, with a grim courtesy, the invitation to Cristino's wedding, though she did not attempt to keep her son from attending it, saying indeed that she would be glad to hear, on the evidence of an eye-witness, that it had really taken place, as she was always in fear that Israel Bonjuda would discover some fresh wickedness on his betrothed's part, and break the marriage off at the last moment.

Her fear was not justified. In the clear bright sunshine of a fine March morning, Cristino Singleton, arrayed in white velvet, Brussels lace, orange-blossoms, and pearls, knelt on the altar-steps, and rose up Baronesse Bonjuda. The ceremony was less ornate and splendid than quite suited the bridegroom's Oriental taste, the guests assembled were fewer in number than seemed right to his lavish hospitality; but he could find no flaw in the beauty or the splendour of his bride; and he looked a proud and radiantly happy man as he walked, with astounding self-possession, down the long aisle, with that fair and shining vision on his arm.

Cristino's serene self-possession did not desert her on her wedding-day; she bore her new honors with a graceful ease that filled the Baron with rapture, and supplemented her mother's somewhat nervous hospitality with a ready tact of her own. Looking at her, Nora could hardly recognize in this smiling, coolly-gracious woman the tearful, pleading Cristino of the previous night.

Nora herself was painfully nervous at the beginning of the ceremony which in evitable brought back memories of her own tragic wedding. Arthur Beaupre, standing beside her, and Vance Singleton, watching her across the church, saw the color flicker in her face and the red lips quiver; but she controlled herself with a strong effort—perhaps the touch of Arthur's hand was reassuring, perhaps the calm of the sacred place fell on her spirit—and before the service ended the lovely face bore no trace of fear or trouble, only a sweet grave peacefulness.

Nettie was there, a radiant little matronly figure in garnet-coloured velvet and soft fur, by her tall husband's side; Mrs. Clara too, and Jennie; but Jennie for once, deserted both mother and sister to cling to Nora's hand—for the little cripple had taken one of her capricious fancies to the pale patient girl she had known as Miss Vanittart, and clung to her in and out of season with a persistency that once had all but cost Nora dear.

Not until the breakfast was over, and the necessary change of dress effected, till the carriage waiting to convey the bride and bridegroom to the station was at the door, did Cristino show any sign of feeling: then in saying good-bye to Vance, she threw both her arms around his neck, and whispered with something like passion—

"Try to think well of me in the future, Vance. I have been a bad daughter and a cruel sister; but—I will try to be a good wife."

There was no mistaking the fervent sincerity of the promise. Vance was too startled to answer at once, though he returned the embrace warmly, and, when breath and words came back to him, he saw his sister's fair face framed in the carriage window, smiling back in gracious farewell.

But, evanescent as that emotional outburst had been, it left a more hopeful feeling in Vance Singleton's mind.

"All's well that ends well, Vance," said his mother, with a sigh of full content. "I never thought, after all her disappointments and misfortunes, that Cristino would be a great lady after all."

"It is better than that mother," he answered gravely. "Once, not long ago I thought that Cristino would never be a good woman. Now I hope and think 'so will."

That afternoon, when the wedding-guests had taken their leave, when Mrs. Bruce, worn out with the fatigue and ex-

citement of the day, had stolen away to sleep off an incipient headache, Arthur and Nora found themselves alone. The bright chill day was fading into dusk, the lamps were gleaming in the gray haze outside. Within, only the ruddy firelight shone on Nora's warm velvet dress, on the slender clasped hands and sweet calm face.

She sat in her favorite attitude in the low chair beside the chimney-corner. Arthur, leaning with crossed arms on the top of the *prie-dieu* chair, watched her in silence, wondering whether her thoughts had taken flight. Then suddenly he spoke.

"Did you dread the ordeal of to-day, Nora?"

She winced a little, but raised her large clear eyes to his, with the instant answer: "Yes—it was terrible at first. I could think of nothing but that dreadful day of—"

She paused, with a shudder, and turned her head away. The wound had been sore and deep, and must be long in healing; yet Arthur Beaupre thought, with a sudden quickening of his breath, that he dared touch it—at last.

"The worst is over now, my darling," he cried fondly. "There is no need ever to look back any more. Now, I have waited long and patiently for this moment, I must speak. My own love, you know what boon I ask, know how truly and unchangeably I love you. When shall my love meet with some reward?"

She trembled violently; but there was no repulsion in the attitude of the graceful figure, no anger in the fair troubled face. With a wild heart-throb, Arthur knew his cause was won.

"Nora, I have served as Jacob served for Rachel. When will my wife be mine?"

She rose and stood before him, a wild appeal in her great gray eyes.

"Arthur, may I be happy—dare I—is it right? My love, I love you so well, I would not do you harm."

"Harm, when you give me all I love on earth?" He clasped her to him in a lover's rapture, and kissed the red sweet lips to stay their pleading. "Dare you be happy, Nora? Dare to be any thing else when you are once my wife, and you shall see the tyrant I will be!"

She smiled; but a faint touch of the old trouble lingered around her lips and in her eyes.

"But you, Arthur—will you never regret that your wife has lost all that you used to praise in the old days—beauty and youth and gaiety of heart? See—I am almost an old woman!"

She touched the white lock with a pitiful upward look. He stooped and kissed them with a sadder reverent passion, though he answered cheerily—

"Calumnies all, Mistress Nora! I regret nothing on this day that makes you mine; and whoever says my wife is not the youngest and best and fairest of women must answer to me, her lover and lord."

(THE END.)

#### In The Choir.

During the sermon one of the quartette fell asleep.

"Now's your chance," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you can catch the tenor."

"You won't dare dust," said the contralto.

"You'll wake hymn up" suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that as sure as my name's Psalm," remarked the boy that pumped the organ; but he said it so solo that no one quartet.

Hawthorne once wrote: "If I were to meet with such books as mine by another writer, I do not believe I should be able to get through them."

Quitting to learn is beginning to die. Schooling is not only needed for girls and boys, but for men and women through every phase of life, if they would complete their careers.

## Music and the Drama.

### Some Recent Concerts.

The choir of Parson Johnston, Hay Meeting House, called by the Metropolitan, will give a great Concerto of Sacred Hymns and Tunes, and likewise Worldly Songs, certain of which were sung in the year of our Lord 1679, and which will be once more played and sung in the Pavilion which is in the Gardens which is called Horticultural, on the 30th day of the month of May, N. S., under the direction of Father Helpall Torrington, Timont. The tickets will be Four York Shillings, and the people that like to be with the Deacons can have the privilege by paying One York Shilling more at the Harpist's Store kept by one Suckling, near the crossroads called Yonge and Adelaide.

Mr. W. W. Laudor will give two recitals of chamber music during the semi-centennial celebration, assisted by the Toronto Quartette Club, and Mr. H. Jacobsen. Among others the following important works will be performed:—Schumann's grand quintette, for piano and strings; Saint Saens' Algerian suite, for two pianos (Miss McCutcheon and Mr. Laudor); Beethoven's Kretzer sonata; Rubinstein's great sonata for piano and violin; Gade's romantic sonata for piano and violin; and Hensell's great F minor concerto. Both of these recitals will be varied by songs from prominent vocalists.

It is pleasant to be able to record the increasing appreciation by the public of the efforts made by the Toronto Quartette club to popularize the chamber music of the great masters. The club's fourth concert was attended by a very large audience, and the playing of the quartette, under Herr Jacobsen's lead, was characterized by much genuine artistic excellence. Miss Agnes Corlett sang one or two songs in her accustomed tasteful manner, being especially happy in Dr. Strath's new composition, (with cello obligato) "To an Absent Friend."

The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under Mr. A. E. Fisher's direction, produced Cumming's "Fairy Ring"—an attractive little cantata—at St. Luke's School house, Thursday last, before a very large audience. The soloists were the Misses Katie Heyes and Scott, and Messrs. Kitchener and Schuch, all of whom acquitted themselves in a very satisfactory manner. Miss Fisher, a sister of the conductor, made her debut as a vocalist, and sang "Bid Me Discourse" in a manner that at once secured an imperative encore.

Mr. J. F. Thomson has secured Rafael Joseffy, the famous pianist, for two recitals during the first week in June. This celebrated performer was greeted by a very large and appreciative audience on his first visit to this city, and doubtless those who heard him then will be anxious to hear him again. The programme proposed is one of the finest ever offered to a Toronto audience.

Mrs. J. R. Adamson, the well known violinist, gave a highly successful matinee musicale at Messrs. Mason & Risch's music-rooms, Saturday afternoon, before a very large and fashionable audience. She was assisted by Miss Hillary, Mr. H. M. Field, and Mrs. Dick. The programme was a most attractive one, and many of the numbers received well merited applause.

Mr. W. Redstone, the well known tenor, of this city, recently made his first appearance before a Bowmanville audience, and although down on the programme for two numbers only, made such an impression that he was recalled four or five times before his audience was satisfied—a mark of appreciation which the artist doubtless valued very highly.

Herr Jacobsen, solo violinist, and Miss Agnes Corlett, soprano, have been engaged to support Claxton's Orchestra upon their tour through the Provinces early in June. Mr. J. F. Thomson has control of the business direction of the organiza-

tion. The manner of their trip will be sufficiently complete to include a special car.

Messrs. Sims & Pettit's highly successful military and spectacular drama, "In the Italia," will be produced at the Grand Opera House next week. It has met with unusual success in London, New York and elsewhere, and will doubtless prove equally successful here.

"Sam'l of Posen" has made his bow to a Toronto audience. We are unable, unfortunately, at this present writing, to speak from personal observation of an impersonation which has won golden opinions wherever presented.

S. P. Warren the famous organist of Grace Church, New York, will give one organ recital at Bond St. Church, on the evening of July 4th, during the semi-centennial celebration.

The pressure on our space this week prevents our noticing the Trebelli Concert as its importance deserves. We therefore hold over our notice until next week.

Mr. J. F. Thomson is negotiating with Mr. Fredk. Archer, the famous English Organist, for a recital here, at an early date, which has yet to be fixed.

### The Iron Duke.

A writer thus describes the action of the Duke of Wellington during the memorable battle of Waterloo:—At every moment and at every place the Duke exposed himself with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions. While thus engaged several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his staff, and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he coolly observed—"That's good practice." Riding up to a regiment in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, my lads; we must not be beaten. What will they say in England!" On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest had fallen, and the event of the battle seemed doubtful, he said, with the coolness of a spectator—"Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used the common sporting expression—"Hard pounding, this, gentlemen; let us see who will pound the longest." One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the Duke that his brigade was reduced to one-third of its numbers, and that those who remained were so exhausted through hard fighting that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of necessity. "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field must die on this spot now or occupy." "It is enough," returned the general, "I and every man under my command are determined to share his fate."

### Portable Sunlight.

The *Mud* ears. It is said that a syndicate has been formed somewhere, with very large capital for the purpose of developing an invention which will work a revolution in mundane affairs. It is simply an apparatus for collecting sunlight and conveying it over an electric wire to any point which it may be desired to illuminate. Such a result may seem impossible, but it is not more so than the telephone would have appeared a few years ago. The managers of fairs and exhibitions the advantages of such a contrivance would be enormous. On a gloomy day during the Semi Centennial week here the Committee could, for example, switch on to Montreal, or Boston, or New York, or whatever place might then be bathed in sunlight, and light up this city quite independently of the weather. It may not be wise, however, to discuss the matter till mere light is thrown on it.

# GENERAL SIGEL'S GRAND MARCH.

Composed by

T. J. MARTIN.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

*Maestoso.* Cres - - cen - - do. *p* *f*

Cres - - cen - - do *p* *f* Cres - - cen - -

do *p* *f* Cres - - cen - - do

*Tromboni Solo*

*p* *f* *p* Ben Marcato Basso *p*

*pp* *p* *p*

*March.*

2

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several slurs and accents. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'ff'.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff includes the instruction 'Fine. Cornet'. The bass staff includes dynamic markings 'Fine. p' and 'Cres - -'.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff includes the instruction 'cen - - do.'. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with melodic and accompaniment parts.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a melodic line with slurs and accents in the treble staff.

Seventh system of musical notation. The treble staff includes the instruction 'D.S. All Fine. S'. The piece concludes with a final melodic phrase.

# EATON'S.

What a beautiful assortment of Amoskeag, Westbrook, and Gordon Gingham, at Eaton's in all the new shades and patterns, 15, 20, 25c. yard.

Eaton is showing a very nice line of Pacific lawns, organdies, muslins and Canton chambrays in all the newest patterns, just received a few days, at 12½, 15, 20c. yard. These goods are beautiful for spring and summer dresses.

## T. EATON & CO.

There is a special line in brocade and check dress goods, at 5c. per yard. worth 12½c. Every lady should call in and see those goods before they are all sold. They are a bargain.

## T. EATON & CO.

Eaton is selling now Melange satens in checks, 12½c. yard, worth 20c., new check washing silks, 20 inches wide, 35c. per yard.

Silk warp dress goods, 25c. yard, oriental brockie dress goods, 25, 30c. yard up.

Ladies, visit Eaton's dress department and see the beautiful new goods they are selling at net cash prices.

## TRIMMING DEPARTMENT.

If you want new buttons, new fringes, new braids, and all the latest novelties in trimmings, call at

## T. EATON & CO'S.

## PARASOLS.

Three hundred doz. parasols to be sold at less than cost price. Nice parasols for children only 10c. Ladies, if you want a parasol to protect your children from the sun or rain, visit Eaton's new store.

See the black satin parasols Eaton is selling, lined and trimmed with lace, 50c. Very nice parasols, black satin, fancy handles, only 75c.

## T. EATON & CO.

Every lady should guard her complexion from the burning rays of the sun and the showers of rain which fall so numerously this time of year. T. Eaton & Co. will help you to guard against the sun and rain, as they are offering for sale silk parasols in black, brown, and green, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50 up. These goods are warranted the best London makes.

## T. EATON & CO.

Eaton is selling ladies' rubber circulars in all sizes, from 50 to 60 inches, at \$1.15. Children's rubber circulars in all sizes, from 36 to 48 inches, \$1.10.

In the boot and shoe department Eaton keeps a very nice stock in ladies', misses', and children's wear.

Great variety of corsets. Dr. Ball's celebrated corsets always in stock. Full lines of skirts and bustles in all the different makes.

## GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

The Glove has become an indispensable article of dress. No costume is considered complete unless it has the Glove to match, and there is nothing that improves a dress so much as a nice fitting Glove, whether it be kid, silk or cotton. The leading style this summer is the Mousquetaire Gloves, in 4, 6 and 8 button lengths. We show this week a special line of fine Mousquetaire Kid, 8 Button length, at \$1.25 a pair, actually worth \$1.75, to be had in black only.

Fine Mousquetaire Gloves, in black, brown, myrtle, grenat, tan, white and cream shades, in 6 and 8 button length, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.

Ladies' Black Undressed Kids, 75c., commonly sold at \$1.25.

Eaton's special 2 butt. Josephine Kid Gloves, 50c.

For a nice, light, cool Glove, and one to keep the colour and hold the wear, ask for a Taffeta Silk Glove, to be had in black and colours, 4 buttons, for 35c. a pair.

Full assortment of black and coloured Lisle Thread Gloves at 10, 15, 20c up.

## T. EATON & CO.

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Pretty, neat and cheap, made of fine Maltese lace, 20 and 25c. each.

Made of fine Guipure lace, 35, 45, and 50c. a pr.

Oriental lace collars, 50, 75c.

Oriental lace fichus, 75c. \$1, \$1.25 up.

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## JERSEY SUITS.

Our boys. What sort of a suit shall we get for them? If we get them a Tweed suit they will come in from the play ground with a torn coat. We will get them a Jersey suit, to be had in all sizes to suit boys up to ten years of age, at \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.25 for complete suit.

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Pure all wool, two ply, good patterns, 75c. a yd.

Very good tapestry carpets, 30, 35, 40c.

Choice carpets, 50, 60, 70c. yd.

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Rooms measured and carpet cut and matched free of charge.

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Linoleums, in all widths, 65, 75, 90c. square yard.

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The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, Paris London, and New York.

"No, sir," said the professional heavy-weight lifter; "I've never visited a pawnshop, but I often put up dumb-bells for money."

A poet says: "Yesterday comes not." He should tell us something we don't know. What we are looking for is the return of the week before last.

The Lord's Prayer is not, as some fancy the easiest, the most natural of all devout utterances. It may be committed to memory quickly, but it is slowly learnt by heart.

"Do you not think I would make a very attractive angel?" said a dude with very large ears to a young lady. "Well, no," she replied, pointing to his immense ears; "I think your wings are a little too high up."



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No. 1.—A dainty little bonnet of Havana brown Milan braid, the rim edged with brown velvet, and a lovely wreath of buttercups arranged across the front and sides. A pompon of brown tips sustaining a small aigrette is placed near the front, and strings of Ottoman ribbon, of the shade of brown before mentioned, are tied in a large bow underneath the chin.

No. 2.—This becoming hat is a fine straw with a Scotch mixture of coloring showing green and gray. The crown is high and square, and the brim is moderately projecting but caught up coquettishly at the side. The velvet ribbon that encircles the crown is in the *vert-de-gris* shade with both gray and green combined. A gold buckle secures the velvet straps as they overlap in front, while three curling ostrich tips, with a mingling of the colors specified, fall artistically over the side and crown.

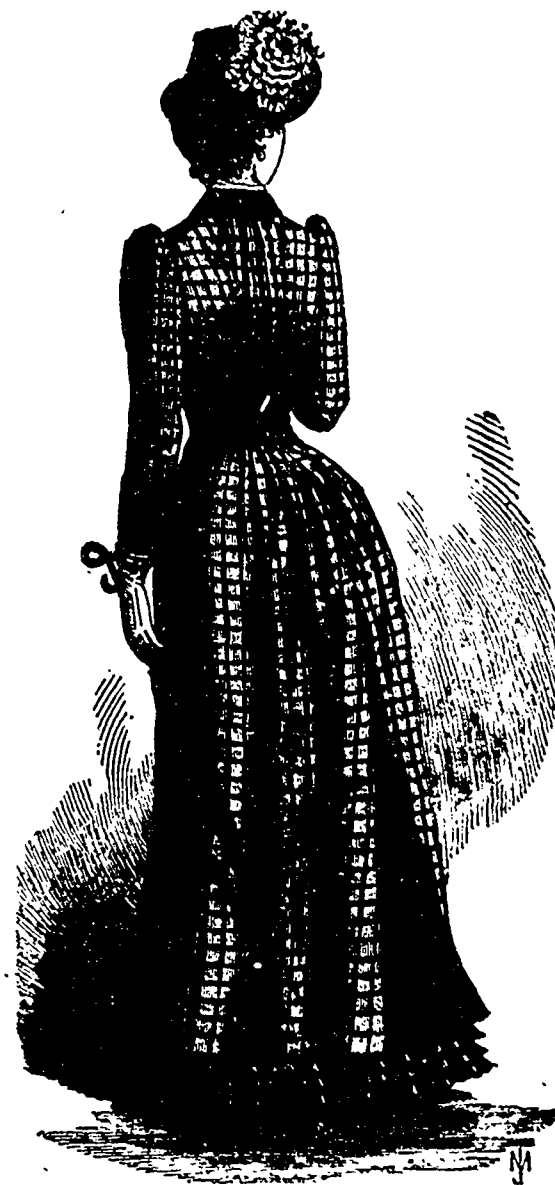
No. 3.—A suspicion of the poke is perceptible in this picturesque hat of white satin straw, which the young may assume with the utmost propriety. Rich ruby velvet combined with Oriental lace and a bunch of pink azaleas constitute the trimmings which add to its attractiveness. The facing is ruby velvet, with rows of Oriental lace placed over it, and this

lovely color is effectively displayed at the back where the brim turns up. A bow of the velvet set against a full jabot of the lace makes the front of this hat strikingly pretty.

No. 4.—A capote of pearl gray Belgian satin braid. The brim is edged with velvet of the same color, while the front is ornamented with a pompon of ostrich tips in varying pearl tones, supporting a red aigrette. Satin-lined Ottoman ribbon of pearl-gray is arranged plainly at the back and finishes in a full bow tied at the left side.

No. 5.—This is an extremely stylish shape for a young lady. It is a white Milan braid faced with black velvet. The trimming consists of a twist of black velvet ribbon around the crown, while a handsome bow of black velvet ribbon is placed at the right side, and on the left is a full *monture* of white clover blossoms extending across the front with an aigrette in the centre.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for from \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.



FELICIE REDINGOTE

A graceful garment that will be found comfortable and serviceable for travelling, and equally suitable for walking, riding, or shopping. Cheviot, tweed or pongee is generally selected for wraps of this kind, the one illustrated being of checked Cheviot showing the Venetian commingling of colors, olive and dark red being especially noticeable. It is cut in sacque shape full back and front, shirred at the waist in the back, drawn in by gathers below the waist line in front and confined by a sash, and fitted by side gores under the arms. The fullness at the neck is gathered under a turned-down collar. The opening at the back is faced with changeable satin surah, olive and red. A ribbon to match is tied in a bow over the fullness in front. The collar and cuffs are of olive velvet. All sorts of plain cloths, or those showing an artistic blending of colors, look very stylish made in this way, with velvet collar and cuffs and facings and sash of silk or satin. The skirt in the illustration is of surah matching the facings to the redingote, and bordered with four over-lapping, box-plaited ruffles. Hat of black chip, faced with black velvet and trimmed with a cluster of poppies arranged against a rosette of black Spanish lace. Suede Musquetaire gloves of a light tan color. Price of redingote patterns, thirty cents each size.

## Health Department.

### Mother and Infant.

Of every two children born into the world, one dies before ten years have passed away.

Of every three children born, one dies before five years.

Of every five children born, one dies within a year.

With intelligent care, instead of half of all the children who come into the world dying within ten years, four-fifths of them ought to live, and would live.

That so many die is owing to the fact, in part, that mothers do not know soon enough that anything is the matter with their children, and the time is past for them to be saved; but they can know, they ought to know; and it is proposed here to show the mother how to know promptly that her child is not well, and to determine at once what part of the body suffers or is threatened.

If an infant is well its tongue is white, its eyes are bright, its flesh plump and full, and its skin soft and cool; the breathing is regular and easy and natural; when awake it is lively, cheerful, always disposed to laugh, always pleased to be played with; and, when asleep, it rests quietly, the countenance is composed, and conveys an expression of happy enjoyment.

### SIGNS OF DISEASE.

1. If the brow is contracted, there is pain in the head; if the head is hot, and turned restlessly from side to side, and the eyes stare or there is a glare in them, there is inflammation, and

### WATER ON THE BRAIN

is threatened. Relief must be promptly had or the child is doomed. Put cold compresses or ice-pads on the head, and keep them there; compel the feet to keep warm, give warm sitz-bath, and keep at these until the symptoms have abated, and the child sleeps quietly, or is disposed to eat or play.

2. If the lips are apart, with a kind of gritting, there is pain in the belly, and most certainly it has been fed too much or too often.

3. If the nostrils are drawn upward and there is quick breathing, there is pain in the chest; something is the matter with the lungs.

4. If there is a squinting in the eye, or bluish tint about the lips, and a kind of rotating movement of the eyeballs, convulsions will soon follow; there is indigestion, and a warm water emetic must be resorted to.

5. If the eyes are unusually dull, or there is an unnatural quickness, with a pearly look of the whites, brain-disease is approaching; give an enema and a dose of castor oil, and feed with regularity. [Instead of an enema, use "Nelson's Suppositories for Children."

6. If a child, usually sprightly, holding itself up straight, is noticed to drop the head and seem languid and sleepy, or if it usually goes about from chair to chair, or is disposed to climb, but suddenly shows no disposition to do anything but lie down on the floor, there is something wrong in the stomach or bowels.

7. If there is crying and the legs are drawn up, there is indigestion, and the bowels are disordered.

8. In health, a child seldom carries the hands above the mouth; if that is observed repeatedly, there is something wrong in the head; the feet are cold, and they must be kept warm; if the bowels have not acted within ten hours, give an enema or a teaspoonful of castor-oil every hour until there is an action.

9. A healthy child, especially if not over two years old, is often carrying the hand to the mouth; but if it stops at the throat, croup is most likely forming; notice instantly if the feet or hands are cold, and turn to the article on croup.

10. In the first months of infancy, if the little one is well, it nurses, plays awhile, and then falls into a gentle, easy,

good sleep; if it is restless, especially if it starts up in its sleep, or wakes and whines, there is disturbance in the brain, and it should be seen to that the bowels are regular, feet warm, and food given at proper intervals, and of a suitable quality.

11. The first passages of an infant are dark colored, called the *meconium*; to bring this away is essential; if this is not done the child will suffer. But the first milk secreted, called the *colostrum*, acts as purgative and carries the *meconium* before it; but if it does not come away oil must be given; sometimes warm water will answer; and in first confinements no milk appears sometimes for several days, hence any uneasiness of the first-born for the first few days may be caused by costiveness.

12. In health young children go to sleep at once, and sleep quietly and soundly; if they are not well they do not lie down willingly at the regular hour for sleep, nor do they fall asleep at once, nor do they sleep continuously; there are frequent turnings and changings and wakings or startings up, often in alarm—then the bowels or head are out of order.

13. The passages of a healthy child are yellowish, and thicker than thick syrup, and are of uniform appearance, from three to four times a day; less than two is costiveness. It should be rectified with an enema or castor oil. More than three or four, and as thin as milk and as light colored, show diarrhea, and are rapidly debilitating. Keep the belly warm, especially the feet and hands. Do not feed at oftener than five hours' interval, and let the food be boiled rice, sago, tapioca, exclusively, with a little boiled milk, until there is a reduction in frequency, and greater consistency is manifested. If the stools are curdy, or green, or smell badly, or come out with considerable force, there is disease to be treated as just named.

14. Crying: Young children never cry if all is well. If an infant cries, it is suffering. Each mother should notice the different cries of her child, for they mean different things, a cry from hunger is very different from a cry from hurt. A sticking pin causes a quick, instantaneous cry; a string or fastening which is too tight causes a fret at first, gradually increasing as the blood accumulates. The hunger cry does not come on suddenly, for the little thing begins to turn its head or face about, or makes motions with the tongue or lips; if it cannot find the breast it begins to make a noise, gets more and more impatient, and finally breaks out into a fierce, mad cry. The wisdom of the mother, then, should be called into requisition in deciding what cries mean, but in all cases attend to them; in a young infant it often means that a change of position is needed, or that it is too warm or too cold or thirsty, and wants a drink of cold water. A good plan always is when a child is fretful, notice at once if the feet and hands are warm. If the children are regularly fed as advised elsewhere they will never cry from hunger, unless their food is not sufficiently nourishing. A tearless cry means pain or suffering. When tears are abundant it is the cry of anger, and should always be disregarded; very young children will soon find out as to such crying, "It's no use knocking at the door any more."

A moaning cry always indicates suffering, and should never be neglected.

Breathing in a healthy child is regular, slow, easy, and full; in proportion as it is different in any case there is disease.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### Foreign Bodies.

A contemporary offers the following excellent suggestions respecting the removal of foreign bodies from the throat, nose, ear, and eye:—

*In the Throat.*—When anything has lodged in the throat, causing choking or suffocation, a smart blow on the back between the shoulders will in many cases send the substance out of

the mouth. Should this fail, hold up the body by the feet (in the case of a child) and let another person strike between the shoulders with the open hand. This process should only last for a moment. Look in the throat, and see if the substance can be reached; seize hold of it with the thumb and finger, or a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, and pull it out. If there is only a small substance in the throat, causing a troublesome, tickling cough, give bread, followed by a drink of water; and if this is not sufficient, give a little mustard and warm water as an emetic, and after vomiting there will probably be no further trouble.

*In the Nose.*—When any small article, as a pea, or pebble, has been pushed into the nose, it may often be removed by snuff, or any other substance which will produce sneezing, being introduced into the opposite nostril, or by the use of a pair of forceps or blunt-pointed scissors, care being taken not to push the substance back into the throat. Peas and beans are the more dangerous as they increase in size by the absorption of moisture.

*In the Ear.*—Insects in the ear are removed by plugging the external opening with a piece of cotton saturated with a solution of salt or vinegar, so as to prevent the admission of air. Then let the patient lie on the affected side, and press the hand firmly on the ear. After a few minutes, the insect may be found imbedded in the cotton. Or lay the patient on the opposite side, and fill the ear with oil. A small stream of water from a syringe will often remove small bodies or sand. If any substance can be readily seized with the forceps, they may be used for this purpose; but very little force must be used, or the substance will be pushed still further in, rupturing the drum of the ear, and permanent deafness will be the result.

*In the Eye.*—For the removal of dirt, sand, etc., from the eye, it will often suffice to lift the upper lid away from the eyeball by taking hold of the lashes, drawing it down over the lower lid, and allowing it to slide slowly back. Then wipe the edges with a handkerchief to remove the foreign body from the lashes. Or, take something hard, like a knitting-needle or pencil, and press it across the outside of the upper lid, then take hold of the lashes and make the lid turn over the pencil, and the substance will generally be seen sticking to the delicate membrane which lines the lids, when it can be gently washed or rubbed off.

### Tea as a Stimulant.

Some good literary work has been done under the influence of tea. Kant's breakfast, it is reported, consisted of a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco, and on these he worked eight hours. Do Quincey who was no revolutionist, usually drank tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. Victor Hugo, who is revolutionary, drinks tea it is true, but then he fortifies it with a drop of rum. Buckle was a most fastidious tea-drinker. No woman, he declared, could make tea until he had taught her; the great thing, he believed, was to have the cups and even the spoons warmed. Most of the writing men of our day drink tea. Most of our busy men, however, find some stimulant essential. One uses alcohol, another tobacco, a third tea.

Sir Charles Dilke's usual stimulant in London is tea, but when leading a healthy out-door life he abstains almost absolutely from stimulants of every kind. Commenting upon William Cullen Bryant's confession that he never touched tea or coffee, William Howitt said,—

"I regularly take both, find the greatest refreshment in both, and never experienced any deleterious effects from either, except in one instance, when by mistake I took a cup of tea strong enough for ten men. On the contrary, tea is to me a wonderful refresher and reviver. But people should learn to take such things as suit them, and avoid such as do not."

This, perhaps, is the essence of the whole matter. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," says the homely proverb; and it is as true of tea as of everything else. That tea may produce nervous irritability is no doubt true, but it is also the most potent rival of the gin bottle. As for the accusation that it dissatisfies men with the existing order and predisposes them to seek after the impossible, that is hardly a reproach, when there is so much that is wrong in the existing order.

### Contagious Baldness.

A German physician contends that premature baldness is usually a result of contagion. He claims that the hair is destroyed by a fungus which communicated from one head to the other by means of combs and hair-brushes. The remedy recommended is washing the scalp daily with tar soap, afterward bathing it with warm water for some time, and then drying the hair, and applying a weak solution of carbolic acid. A one or two percent solution is of sufficient strength. The wash should be continued six or eight weeks, and is said to be successfully employed when the hair first begins to fall out.

### Ear Disease in Children.

A German specialist has been examining the ears of school children, and finds so large a number as 1,392 in 6,905 children affected by some form of disease of the ear, or nearly one fifth of the total number examined. Children are often accused of stupidity, when the real difficulty is defective hearing. This is a matter which every parent should look after; and as soon as any evidence of disease is discovered, such as discharge from the ear, frequent ear-ache, tenderness about the ear, noises in the ear, or defective hearing, a competent specialist should be consulted.

### Health Maxims.

To sleep well a man must work hard.

Cold is the greatest enemy of old age.

A hearty meal taken while excessively fatigued has often destroyed life.

A finger that has been bruised or crushed will pain less after dipping in ice-cold water. When first put in the pain is intensified but soon passes away.

A celebrated physician says: "There is nothing from which infants and children suffer so much as from thirst. They require water usually ten times where they get it once. Infants should have a teaspoonful or more of cold water every hour, commencing when they are a week old. Infants often cry so as to disturb every one present. If a sip of water is given to a child who seems to be crying without cause it will stop instantly in nine cases out of ten. Thirst causes more bad tempers in children than anything else. We speak of anything being 'as free as water, let the children share this freedom and they will be better and healthier for it."

A well-known doctor says women require more sleep than men, other things being equal. "Their nervous system being more active in blowing up their husbands, studying how to marry off their daughters," etc. Healthy children under ten should have ten hours' sleep, school girls from 12 to 18 ought to sleep at least nine hours and other mortals eight. The four hours' sleep from 10 o'clock until 2 is worth six hours' sleep after 12. If persons have force of will enough to keep from going to sleep a second time, and also if they have time, it is best to remain in bed for ten or fifteen minutes after waking up to enjoy the feeling of pleasurable tiredness which comes over us on waking. Jumping up immediately on waking often causes headache.

## Current Events.

## Canadian.

Sir Leonard Tilley, Hon. Finance Minister, leaves at once for England on official business, and may be gone some weeks.

Ottawa teachers oppose the proposition to substitute a Chief Superintendent and a Council of Public Instruction for a Minister of Education.

At the London City Council meeting recently, it was announced that Lord Lansdowne would be unable to visit the Western Fair this summer.

The report is that the Ottawa Government have succeeded in arranging satisfactory terms with the Manitoba "Better Terms" Delegation, and they are now returning satisfied.

The old stone portico or arch forming the entrance to Fort Garry grounds at Winnipeg will probably be removed to the new government buildings and preserved as a relic.

Hon. Oliver Mowat has gone to England, to argue the Boundary Award case before the judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is expected to come up for hearing in June.

One day last week twenty-four thousand musk rat skins were shipped from Kingston by two dealers. Of these 9,000 were sent to England and the balance to the States.

Sir Charles Tupper is to receive an ovation from the men prominently connected with live stock shipping, in Montreal, in a few days, and then he will take his final leave for his official duties as Agent-General in London.

Hon. Senator MacPherson has resigned his position as Minister of the Interior and goes on a trip to Europe at once. His friends say that he is suffering from serious disease and the step became necessary on that account.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has succeeded in effecting an amicable settlement with the widows and the members of the families of the Humber victims, killed in the collision near Toronto, last January. The total sum paid was about seventy thousand dollars.

Judge Hagarty has received his appointment as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals in place of the late Chief Justice Spragge, and took the oath of office on Monday. Judge Wilson is now Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench and Judge Cameron Chief of the Common Pleas.

There are fears of Indian troubles in the North-West Territory. Chief Piapot is reported to complain that the reserve given his tribe is too swampy and unhealthy on that account, and his people are fed on too much bacon, and are getting the scurvy in consequence. He wants a new reserve near a river where fish can be caught. The other chiefs are making similar complaints.

Phipps, the Detroit man who shot his wife on the Ferry boat between Detroit and Windsor, is sentenced to be hanged next month. As the sentence is by a Canadian Court, there is a good chance that it will be carried out. Phipps' American friends are much surprised and are doing their best to get a reprieve or something of the kind. The plea is that he had been drinking and his "mind wandered."

## United States.

Henry Schneider, a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, aged 63, died from the effects of a rooster's bite on Monday.

The burning of the Harlem railway shops at New York on Sunday last, involved a loss of over a quarter of a million dollars.

Another lynching took place in South Carolina last week. At Winston two hundred and fifty citizens took Henry Swain from jail and hanged him. He was accused of the murder of Mrs. Harrison of that place.

Thousands of acres near Shreveport, Louisiana, which have not been submerged for fifteen years, have been overflowed, and the amount of damage is incalculable. For miles the crops will have to be replanted.

Secretary Chandler has issued an official proclamation, offering the reward of \$25,000 for the rescue of the Greely explorers, but warning unprepared vessels against incurring extraordinary peril in the search, since the United States will not assume any liability or responsibility beyond the reward itself.

Charles Taylor, a negro brakeman on the Texas Central railroad has been in the habit of placing negroes in the first-class cars on which he worked. He was shot near Hempstead on Monday, and his sudden taking off is attributed to this habit. They have a prompt manner of settling vexed questions at rest in Texas!

Accounts from the interior of South Carolina report many cases of actual suffering caused by persons being unable to get food. A local paper says "there has been no year since the war when provisions have been so scarce. There are perhaps, hundreds in Marion county today who cannot get enough bread to eat. The largest liberality must prevail or starvation in some instances must ensue."

Application has been made to the commissioners of the Illinois and Michigan canal for the right of way along the canal for a pneumatic tube to run from Chicago to La Salle, a distance of 100 miles. It is to be eighteen inches in diameter, and is to be used for shipping wheat, packages, etc., by means of compressed air. There are to be stations at Joliet, Leckport and intermediate points. The proprietor claims that he can secure a speed of a mile a minute, and that wheat and corn when put in bulk will travel faster. Permission was granted.

The Gloucester fisherman takes his life in his hand and exposes himself to danger greater than that which confronts a soldier in battle. Since August last eighteen Gloucester vessels have been lost, and with them the lives of 249 men, who have left in that port—already full of mourners—65 widows and 134 fatherless children. Men will brave great perils in the hope of gaining a rich prize, but a Gloucester fisherman makes only a living. There must be some peculiar fascination about a business in which strong men, generation after generation, so fearlessly sacrifice their lives.

A remarkable state of things prevails in the Belle Fourche region of Dacotah, according to a newspaper correspondent. A long-continued feud between the cattle men and the farmers has culminated in the death of all the dogs owned by the farmers on the river, and the burning of the range, and drowning of hundreds of cattle. The stock-men poisoned the dogs to keep them from running their stock, and the farmers being unable to fence to save their property from being destroyed by range cattle set the grass on fire, and the cattle perished in the river, while endeavoring to escape from the flames.

Mr. C. Menelas, a cotton exporter at Savannah and a large planter in Mississippi, who has experimented successfully for several years in the cultivation of tea, expresses the opinion that this industry will in time become so extensive as to do away almost entirely with the importation of tea. He says the greatest trouble in tea culture in this country is not its growth, but its manufacture. The various processes of steaming, firing, assorting and fanning employed in the tea growing countries will have to be learned by experience, and when this is accomplished there will be nothing to prevent the preparation of a tea as fine as the finest from India or Japan.

Here are a number of "Curious American Items" clipped from the *Canadian American*—

Two brothers in Connecticut married sisters, and the first son of each couple was born on the 29th of February.

A Georgia lady has entered suit against her husband for divorce, because he would not give her the combination to his safe.

A careless farmer near Dublin, Ga., found a rat's nest in the matted hair of her horse's tail. The young rats were nearly half grown.

Mrs. Susan Canfield, of Nashua, N. H., has a mania for collecting buttons of odd patterns. She has 1,160 buttons of different kinds on one string.

A Stratford, Conn., woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife. She awoke and struck him in the face breaking his nose.

A clerk in the Massachusetts State Library was so deeply interested in autographs that he cut the signatures of eminent men from old documents stored in the archives.

A pretty young lady of New Lisbon, Ohio, announces herself as the prize in a raffle—a hundred chances at \$1 apiece. She agrees to marry the winner, provided he is under 40 years of age, and bears a good reputation.

One of the reasons given by J. P. Hicks, of Evansville, Ind., in a petition asking for an absolute divorce from his wife, is that she prays God daily he may die, and as he is a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, he is afraid that her appeal may be answered.

## Great Britain.

The *Telegram* says:—"The last blow has been struck at the channel tunnel project in the English House of Commons, the bill authorizing the construction of the tunnel having been voted down. This is a serious matter, as a considerable proportion of the work has been done, and it is of a most expensive character. From a commercial point of view a tunnel between France and England would be of great advantage. It would also be a great convenience to the travelling public, as crossing the channel by boat is not the pleasantest thing in the world, the water usually being choppy. Against all this, however, was the military objection that decided the matter. England's most experienced military men showed that as England's strength depended upon her insular position it would be a great mistake to open an additional means of entrance to her territory."

## Personal.

O. H. McCormick, the great agricultural implement maker, died at his residence at Chicago, a few days ago, leaving behind him about ten millions worth of property, all of which he made out of the implement business.

The friends of Knox College, Presbyterian, in Toronto, have been at work for some time to provide it with an endowment. The sum desired is \$200,000 and of this \$154,000 has already been subscribed. There is little doubt but the whole amount will be obtained.

A grand new Roman Catholic edifice has just been completed in London. Cardinal Manning has recently opened, with great ceremony the new oratory dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, at South Kensington. The new church is said to have cost four hundred thousand dollars.

Gen. Sherman, one of the ablest of the American public men, has been the favorite of many of the Republican party for Presidential candidate. He has just written a letter, to be read at the National Convention, declaring himself out of public life, and not therefore a candidate.

The title of D. D. was recently conferred on Rev. Prof. Mowat, of Queen's College, Kingston, by one of the Scotch Universities. Prof. Mowat is a brother of the Premier of Ontario, and was a member of the first graduating class at Queens. He is a Minister in the Presbyterian Church and a gentleman of much religious zeal.

The United States Senate is probably the most important collective body of the

nation, and its members are usually honoured as the most able men available in political life. In regard to church connection the present members of the Senate have been classified as follows: Presbyterians, 27; Episcopalians, 16; Methodists, 12; Congregational, 7; Unitarians, 5; Baptists, 4; Roman Catholics, 4; Jew, 1. Total 76.

D. D. Calvin, Esq., of Garden Island, near Kingston, died at his residence on Sunday, at the advanced age of 86. Mr. Calvin has been for many years one of the prominent business men of Canada, the head of the firm Calvin & Breck, vessel owners and lumber merchants. He represented Frontenac County in the local Legislature and of the County Council when past 80 years of age. Mr. Calvin was a zealous temperance man and attributed much of his longevity and good health to his total abstinence habits.

## General.

A telegram from Constantinople states that the town of Bu Bazar, in Asia Minor, has been burned. There were nearly 2,000 buildings destroyed, including 950 dwellings, 544 ware houses, 11 mosques, 15 schools, and many other buildings. Eleven persons perished in the flames.

## A Sicilian Murder Club.

Some curious and startling information respecting a criminal association has lately fallen into the hands of the Sicilian police, and the members of which, 104 in number, are to be tried for their lives at Palermo during the first week in May. On the 15th of April, 1883, Signor Antonio Scordato, the Mayor of a small town named Bagheria, situate a short distance from Palermo, accompanied some friends who had been visiting him to the railway station at a late hour at night. As the party was passing by a small wood abutting on the highroad, several shots were fired from the covert, and three of the Mayor's companions fell dead upon the ground.

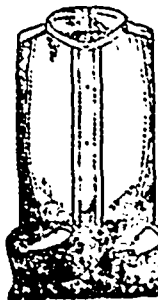
In the course of the inquiries instituted suspicion fell upon four householders of Bagheria, who were accordingly arrested and conveyed to Palermo, where they presently confessed themselves to be active members of a murder club established in Bagheria, and numbering fifty-nine members pledged to exercise the practice of homicide for their common advantage and profit.

Those affiliated to this association were bound to execute private vengeance for hire, their wages in such cases being paid in to the association's cashier for distribution at certain fixed periods. "As, financially, the club flourished exceedingly, it sought to extend its business by establishing a branch in the town of Sicarazzi, where forty five citizens took the oaths and proceeded to carry out the programme of the parent association. It has been ascertained that within a few months thirty persons perished at the hands of assassins belonging to the branch club alone.

Denounced by the four Bagheria murderers above referred to, all these miscreants have been seized, and are now lodged in the jail at Palermo.

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

## GEO. ROGERS



Showing a very fine stock of Gentlemen's W. & D. Dress Shirts, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Silk Scarfs and Ties, Hosiery and Gloves, and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Boys' Jersey Suits in great variety at lower prices than elsewhere.

346 YONGE ST.,  
COR. ELM.

# THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CASE STATED.

"Well, here's my place of business. You'll know me when you want me."

"Third floor—Pierce and Pierce. Who is the other Pierce, Bob?"

"My partner."

"One of the mysterious unknown who have figured as 'Co' in former enterprises, I suspect. What are you now?"

Mr. Pierce dropped his voice and murmured in his friend's ear—

"Private inquiry agents, if you please."

"A private inquiry agent—you? Ho, ho. You don't mind my laughing?"

"Not at all—I'm tolerably inured to it; but I should like to know where the point of the joke is."

"Hang it, Bob, no one can understand your being an agent for coals, sewing-machines, mineral-waters, knife-cleaners, or being even a theatrical agent; but it's past comprehension how a man like you could think of being a private inquirer—something between a plain-clothes policeman and an earwig! Certainly you might make any number of private inquiries without leading any one to suspect that you were employed for that purpose; for to tell you the truth, Pierce, you look more like an alderman than a spy."

"I should prefer to be an alderman; but circumstances give me no choice in the matter. A moneyless man must do something for his living, unfortunately. No one would have me for a clerk if he had any business principles whatever; I can't constitute myself director of a flourishing company; and I have not sufficient cash to open a chandler's shop. Here I have a snug little office at five shillings a week where I can sit and read my newspaper without the slightest worry or interruption."

"But suppose any one is rash enough to employ you in a case that requires active investigation?"

"I shall sit in my office and read my newspaper."

"But your case?—for I know you well enough to believe that you would deceive nobody—"

"Except in the way of business."

"I mean nobody who employed you. Well, how would you act fairly to him and sit eternally in your office with your everlasting newspaper?"

"Oh, the eavesdropping, the poking and prying part of the business is conducted by the other Pierce!"

"Then you really have a partner?"

"Undoubtedly; and, if you ask me the origin of my partner's species, I should answer, without the slightest hesitation—ferrets. To a man like me, who loves peace and quiet beyond most things, who loves to read his newspaper without being bothered, and to come and go and do just what he pleases without question or interference, it would be, as you may imagine, a great blessing to be intrusted with an investigation that should occupy a restless inquisitive partner wholly."

"Undoubtedly. Is there any hope of your getting such employment for him?"

"I think there is. By-the-by, I must put my pipe out. I expect my client—client, my boy—at ten, and it won't do to be caught gossiping in the street with a pipe in my mouth. Come up into my office if you have nothing better to do for a quarter of an hour, and I'll give you an outline of the case—it's a rather curious one. But you must put your pipe out, you know."

Mr. Pierce went up to his office on the third floor, followed by his friend; and when he had put on a pair of easy slippers, and both were seated, he said—

"We will begin at the beginning; read that."

He handed a letter taken from a bun-

dlo which he had brought out of the capacious pocket of his coat. The communication, written in a feminine hand, ran as follows—

"Having seen your advertisement in the morning papers, I should be glad to know upon what terms you undertake investigations. Address 'Anon., Post-office, Walham Green.'"

"I replied, saying that our terms depend upon the nature of the work and the amount of it to be done, and at the same time requested that she—our client is a lady—would call upon me or lay her case as clearly as possible before me in a letter. Two days later I received this." Mr. Pierce handed his friend a second letter.

"The following is the statement of facts you require. As I am unacquainted with any person who has had transactions with you, and wish to commit myself to nothing at this stage of our negotiations, I have given imaginary names to the persons concerned."

"At the age of twenty-six my daughter married a person of title and considerable wealth. For the first two years my daughter lived in London and at her husband's country-seat. I have no reason to think that my child was ill-used during this time, although her husband was a man of the world, with a temper at times sardonic, at times violent, as I had on more than one occasion to remark. At the end of two years Sir Charles went abroad, taking my daughter with him; and I have letters to prove that he was at this time unreasonably suspicious, exacting and self-willed. They were abroad twelve months, and then returned to England, but not to London. In express opposition to my daughter's wish and my entreaties, Sir Charles gave up his town-house and insisted upon residing in the country, where my daughter suffered physically and mentally. The house was old, and in the winter, damp, and the society was unbearable. My daughter had been used to indulgence, to life, and the excitement of the season. I can produce forty-three letters, written to me in the space of a year, to show that Sir Charles treated his wife with absolute barbarity. He would not listen to her wishes; nor, I may add, would he listen to my prayers. Indeed his behaviour to me became so intolerable that my visits at his house became shorter and more remote every time, until they finally ceased altogether. My daughter however did not fail to correspond regularly, and in the following year, the fourth of her married life, she complained bitterly of her husband's neglect and of the surveillance under which she was placed in his absence. It was clear to me that my daughter could not exist in this deplorable condition, and that either she would put an end to her life or leave her husband. She had begged me to procure a legal separation, but my solicitor informed me that this was impracticable. In the autumn of the fourth year my daughter disappeared. The fact was made known to me through Sir Charles's solicitor. A boat taken from the boat house was found upset below the weir, but no trace of my daughter could be discovered. No one believed that she had committed suicide, for she had taken with her a maidservant and all her jewels. It was concluded that she had crossed the river and then suffered it to go down with the current. This was my own conclusion. After this, I naturally expected to see my daughter, or at least to receive a message or letter from her. But no message came; and I then began to suspect the truth. My suspicions were verified in the spring. In February I was summoned to —, where a quantity of hair, some fragments of clothing, and some jewellery were shown me. I identi-

fied them at once as belonging to my dear daughter. These remains, with others unrecognisable, had been discovered under water in repairing the empty boat-house. I saw at once that Sir Charles had murdered his wife, and at the inquest I produced my child's letters, and described fully the barbarous treatment to which he had subjected her. He made no denial of my charges, he offered no explanation of the way by which his wife had come by her death, and he was committed to take his trial at the assizes. The prosecution was shamefully lenient to Sir Charles. Instead of representing my child as the blameless and suffering angel she was, the Queen's Counsel tacitly admitted that she had misconducted herself and given Sir Charles ample cause to regret his marriage. My solicitor tried to convince me that this course was unavoidable, since, supposing Sir Charles to be in his senses, a motive for the murder must be admitted; he further added that no jury would hang a man of title on presumptive evidence, and that the utmost the Crown could do was to cast strong suspicion on Sir Charles and debar him from holding an honorable position in society for the future. My letters were scarcely referred to, and in the witness-box I was grossly insulted. No direct evidence against Sir Charles was found; and it was merely suggested that, having followed his wife to the boat-house, he had there, tempted by opportunity, or provoked by her refusal to return with him to the house, thrust her into the water and suffered her to drown. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty"—here Mr. Pierce's friend gave a grunt of approval. "But," the letter concluded, "I am thoroughly convinced that this verdict could not have been returned had a searching inquiry been made into Sir Charles's relations with the servants, who were undoubtedly bribed to withhold evidence. It is this investigation which I will have made if the cost of making it is within my means."

"She doesn't say what became of the maidservant who left with her daughter."

"Oh, she disappeared—with the major part of her mistress's jewels!"

"Just what I expected. Of course she did it."

"Don't be hasty; you haven't heard the other side. I wrote to my client, asking for particulars as to Sir Charles's defence. Here's her reply."

Mr. Pierce's friend read—

"The counsel for the defense charged my daughter with insobriety and a clandestine acquaintances with James Barton, Sir Charles's discharged valet, who is said to have been at the same time secretly courting my daughter's maid. With regard to insobriety, our family doctor declared that it was a disease which should have elicited her husband's sympathy and pity rather than his malevolent anger. As to the clandestine acquaintance I do not believe one word of it."

"Do you believe a word of it, Bob?"

"Oh, it was proved at the trial!"

"How do you know that?"

Mr. Pierce chuckled quietly.

"My correspondent's vanity did it,"

said he. "You can see she is as proud as a peacock, and could not conceal the fact that she had married her daughter to a man of title. My partner at once recollected the case of a baronet being tried for murder, and that of a boat being found at the foot of a weir. A few hours spent with a file of newspapers put us in possession of all the particulars my client mentions, and many others she had passed over. It was proved that the lady was afflicted with dipsomania before her marriage, and that the fact had been carefully concealed by her mother—it was on this point that the lady received the gross insult in the witness-box of which she complains in her letter. It was proved that her husband was compelled to withdraw her from society, and that he took her abroad by the advice of a physician with the hope of curing her."

It was proved that she grew worse instead of better, and had to be put under paid keepers. It was proved that she eluded their vigilance and carried on a clandestine acquaintance with Sir Charles's valet, who was dismissed on that account. It was proved that the lady's maid was at the same time secretly courted by this man-servant. It was proved that on the day before the lady's death she received through her maid a letter from the discharged man-servant; and it was proved that the man and the maid were together, and took the train to London on the morning after the lady's flight from her husband's house, and that they carried a box which they would not trust to the man who took their portmanteau from the hotel to the station."

"Oh, the case doesn't admit of doubt! Your client must be mad to think of overturning a verdict based upon such evidence as that."

"I dare say she is mad," said Mr. Pierce, with another chuckle. "I see her position pretty clearly. She marries her daughter to a baronet, and becomes at once a kind of Triton among her middle-class minnows. Then comes this revelation, which covers her daughter with disgrace, and her also, and all through her own precious cleverness at the inquest. But for her evidence, there would have been a simple verdict of 'Found drowned,' in all probability. To save his wife's name from disgrace, Sir Charles said nothing about her propensities or this unpleasant acquaintance with his valet until he was compelled to do so."

"That shows he was a gentleman. Of course, if you take up this case, you can't expect to prove Sir Charles guilty."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"What! You think he is guilty?"

"Of complicity perhaps."

"But there's not a tittle of evidence against him."

"There it is. You may fairly doubt the justice of any verdict that is returned for want of evidence on the other side. Ha!"

A gong upon the door in the outer office sounded, and Mr. Pierce rose from his chair.

"There's my client," said he. "You must go."

"I wish you luck, Bob. Good-bye!"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE INTERVIEW.

Mr. Pierce closed the door of the outer office upon his friend, and turned to the lady who waited by the little mahogany counter.

"Ah, this is the office of Messrs. Pierce and Pierce, I believe?" she said.

"It is, m'am. My name is Pierce."

"Ah, indeed!" She unfolded a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, and, holding them with great delicacy a few inches from her eyes, examined Mr. Pierce with the cool audacity of a very superior super-genteel person; whilst he, with his knuckle on the little counter, looked over the top of his glasses at her with the stolidity of a phlegmatic man.

She was well dressed, tall, very erect, and about fifty. Her features might have served Mr. du Maurier as a model for his duchess. They were features with a good deal of character in them—unpleasant character, as it seemed to Mr. Pierce. She spoke with severe distinctness, and, having spoken, drew back her lips tightly upon her perfect teeth, giving to her face the semblance of a smile which seemed much at variance with the expression of her eyes, for her eyebrows were raised in pained astonishment, and she looked anything but pleased with the aspect of Mr. Pierce.

In truth, his appearance was enough to disappoint any one about to intrust him with an enterprise requiring shrewdness and quick address. He was large and heavy, with the patient ox-like expression of an unsuccessful man. There was a slipshod air about him, and a distinct at-

mosphere of the previous night's bird's-eye. His dress was negligent. Half of his ill-folded newspaper stuck out of one pocket, and two-thirds of an old baudana hung out of the other; and he seemed not at all conscious of his utter commonplaceness and very inferior condition.

The lady lowered her glasses, and said—

"I have written to you signing myself anonymously. You received my letter yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am. If you will walk into my office, we can talk without fear of interruption. This way, if you please." Mr. Pierce opened the inner door.

The lady hesitated, as if she regretted having anything to do with Mr. Pierce; however, there was no going back at this point, so she entered the inner office. There was nothing at all business-like in the look of this small room except a desk and a stool. Looking about her deliberately, she observed that, while the two arm-chairs had the air of being extensively sat upon, there was a thick stratum of dust upon the stool. Mr. Pierce placed a chair for her, and with difficulty poised himself upon the stool.

"I should like to know if you are the principal of this firm?"

"I am the senior partner and head of the business."

"Thank you. I do not wish to waste your time or my own, Mr. Pierce; we will therefore come to the point at once."

"She wants to get out of it," thought Mr. Pierce. "Like my luck!"

"You have taken three weeks to consider the subject of our correspondence."

"Yes ma'am; we do nothing in a hurry."

"Obviously; and you have arrived at a conclusion?"

"Yes. We are prepared to make the investigation, and to begin at once."

"Just so. Be good enough to tell me now, if you please, at what price you value your services."

"It will cost you two guineas a day."

"For how long?"

"Until the guilt or innocence of the party suspected is proved to your satisfaction."

The lady smiled; there was something quite too ridiculous in Mr. Pierce's proposal.

"That is to say," said she, "the inquiry is to be protracted indefinitely at my expense."

"I shouldn't advise you to have it extended beyond six months. If nothing is discovered by that time, nothing will ever be discovered."

"I am afraid the result would not be worth the expense"—the lady rose from her seat—"I must therefore decline to go any further with this investigation, Mr. Pierce." With the slightest perceptible inclination of the head, she turned towards the door.

Mr. Pierce slipped off his stool with an air of resignation, and going to open the door for his escaping client, murmured—

"So much the better for Sir Gilbert."

"Sir Gilbert!" exclaimed the lady, stopping abruptly and turning towards Mr. Pierce. "How did you come into possession of that name?"

"Do you suppose I should take up a case, knowing no more about it than you told me in your letter, Mrs. Gower?"

"How long have you known my name?"

"Only within the last three weeks."

"And—and what do you know of this case?"

"Sufficient to warrant me in offering my services on your side. This private inquiry business is not a very exalted kind of thing—not the sort of work a gentleman would take to if he could help it, nor the occupation that any decent man would devote himself to without a pretty

strong conviction that he could get his living honestly by it."

"Then you believe Sir Gilbert is guilty?"

"I do not believe him guiltless. I am tolerably certain he had a stronger motive for wishing his wife out of the way than the counsel for the prosecution discovered."

Mr. Pierce spoke with his hand resting on the handle of the door. Mrs. Gower after regarding him without the aid of her glasses for a couple of moments in silent surprise, quietly turned to the chair she had left and reseated herself. Mr. Pierce, returning to his desk, dropped by force of habit into the arm-chair that faced her.

"What motive had he?" she asked.

Mr. Pierce did not reply directly; he seemed to calculate for a brief space how far he could play with his fish before striking.

"Do you know that Sir Gilbert has given up the Abbey?" he presently inquired.

"I heard that he had left Monkden. No one would miss him."

"Do you know that he has taken a second wife?"

"Sir Gilbert married again, and not a year since my dear Griselda was alive?"

Mr. Pierce nodded.

"To whom? What is the creature's name? How long has he known her?"

"Her name now is Lady Linton. He made her acquaintance about five or six months before your daughter was drowned."

"That is precisely what I suspected!" cried Mrs. Gower in great excitement.

"I was certain of it. I said to my husband again and again, 'There is another woman at the bottom of this.'"

"That reminds me ma'am. If this investigation is to be proceeded with, absolute secrecy is necessary. Above all things, Mr. Gower must suspect nothing of your knowledge."

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Gower is in frequent communication with Sir Gilbert Linton, and is not only his friend, but also, I believe, an old acquaintance of the present Lady Linton."

"Oh, the infamous man, the monster, the wicked base creature! Why did I ever marry him?"

"Ah!" Mr. Pierce made a little gesture which signified that this question was open to a good deal of private inquiry.

"Go on, Mr. Pierce; do not regard my emotion. Tell me all; let me know everything."

Here Mr. Pierce thought that the time had come to strike.

"As you may suppose ma'am," said he, rising and thrusting his hands into his pockets, "this knowledge has not been acquired without a good deal of trouble and expense on our part. If the investigation ends here, I shall be a loser. That is my affair. One must speculate in every business. I have given you sufficient proof, I think, that we are neither stupid or dishonest. If you still think the result of our inquiries will not be worth the cost, you are at liberty to withdraw at once; but if you desire to know anything further from me concerning Sir Gilbert Linton and Lady Linton—and your husband—you must sign this little memorandum of agreement, empowering us to carry on inquiries in your behalf at a payment of two guineas per diem for a space not exceeding six months from the present date." Saying this, Mr. Pierce pulled out the bundle of letters from his pocket, and, after opening half a dozen envelopes, at length found the copy of agreement, which he handed over to the lady.

Mrs. Gower read the form of agreement through, and sat for some moments in silent reflection, tapping the paper with the rim of her glasses.

"It is not a trifling sum that I may be compelled to pay," she said at length.

"Before signing this agreement, I ought to have a more defined prospect of success. The facts—if they are facts—which you have produced may be all that you can obtain."

"Oh, yes," murmured Mr. Pierce thoughtfully, looking up at the ceiling over his glasses, "I think you are right there! It's a fair suggestion. Do you think, ma'am," he proceeded turning his glance down to his client—"do you think a man could keep a secret from his wife?"

"Not if she wished to know it," answered Mrs. Gower sharply.

"And there are very few secrets that a wife doesn't want to know, generally speaking," said Mr. Pierce, with a chuckle. "Now Mr. Gower was a widower when you married him. Do you think, if he was suspected of having murdered his first wife, you would have found out the truth very soon after your marriage? This is merely a suggestion to prove the case."

"Of course I should."

"You think that any woman, living constantly with her husband and on affectionate terms with him, would in the course of a few months discover whether the charges against him were true or false?"

After considering the question for a minute, Mrs. Gower replied—

"Yes; I think that any woman with ordinary common sense would discover that—after marriage certainly, if not before."

"Then I fancy I can give you some assurance of discovering more facts than I have already produced."

Saying this, Mr. Pierce had recourse once more to the bundle of letters in his pocket, and, taking out a bulky packet, held it up and said—

"This, ma'am, contains a faithful copy of the present Lady Linton's diary, as I am given to understand. As yet I have only just glanced at it, for it came to me only by this morning's post. It is not the whole of the diary, nor anything like the whole. Apparently it begins at the date of the lady's first meeting with Sir Gilbert; but I am assured that the diary contains a complete record of the writer's experiences and reflections up to the present day. I may tell you that my partner is now residing with Sir Gilbert and his wife, and has access to Lady Linton's diary." Mr. Pierce looked at his slippers, as if he were rather ashamed of his partner.

"The opportunities of seeing the diary and copying from it are naturally few and brief—an hour or two each day is about the average; but we may reasonably expect to get the whole of it in time. I am told that there are facts relating to Mr. Gower which will be of great interest to you."

"You will let me read that and what follows?" Mrs. Gower asked eagerly.

"Certainly. I will give you this packet as soon as you have signed the agreement."

"Give me a pen."

With some difficulty Mr. Pierce found ink that would flow and a pen that would write, and, having brushed the desk with his coat-sleeve, invited Mrs. Gower to put her name to the agreement. This she did, and then handing the paper to Mr. Pierce said—

"Now give me that woman's diary," Mr. Pierce handed her the packet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There may be several of our readers who do not know what evolution means. For the benefit of such it affords us pleasure to state that, according to Herbert Spencer, evolution is simply "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Now that they know the definition of evolution, they will marvel that it never occurred to them before.

### Modern Algiers.

A traveler arriving at Algiers by rail naturally feels a sense of disappointment, as if he were come upon a modern French town with its streets, large warehouses, colonnades, and gay shop windows. This is modern Algiers; and it lies along the borders of the sea for a distance of two miles or more, and on the rising hillside, three or four blocks upward. High above the French buildings, and directly back of them, rises what is left of the old Arab city. The houses, white as an advanced knowledge of the art of whitewashing can make them, are irregularly piled together, like a huge mass of rock candy. A flight of five hundred steps leads to the Kasba, or port, that surmounts the height; and many other streets and lanes, dark, narrow and circuitous, lead to the same point, giving the old town a triangular shape. Scattered over the hills on either side of the city one sees a large number of villas; those belonging to the French and the rich Hebrews are more to the left of the town, while to the right live a large number of English, who occupy a tract of land extending three or four miles beyond Algiers. The impression of the place is much grander when one approaches it by water; its fine harbor, with the forts, lighthouse, and a small, the rising mass of buildings of dingy whiteness, terminating in the grand old fort on the summit, and the Moorish villas which surround the bay, half concealed by the luxuriance of the foliage, make Algiers one of the most beautiful cities. The climate is absolute perfection. Neither hot nor cold, but allowing one always to sit with open windows. The seasons are not marked by the budding of trees and the putting forth of flowers, for this is going on throughout the year.

### Greeley's Casual Lunch

Speaking of Horace Greeley, the anecdotes which have been going the rounds of the press about his wonderful powers of digestion, recall one of Parton's stories. Greeley was much interested in the log cabin campaign, and during it could think and talk of nothing else. One night he was invited out to tea. The hour came. All were present, but Greeley did not appear. After waiting a reasonable time, the rest of the party sat down and ate their meal. A half hour after they had finished, in came Mr. Greeley. He said nothing about being late, and apparently had forgotten about taking anything to eat. He sat down, and at once began to talk about the campaign. The lady of the house attempted to ask him if he had had his tea, but he brushed the question aside, and went on talking.

She went out and brought in a large cake basket, holding perhaps a half peck of doughnuts, rich and greasy, but not bad to taste; these she handed to Mr. Greeley supposing he would take one or two, and then pass them along. He took the dish mechanically, and placed it in his lap. He then took a doughnut and munched away unconsciously as he talked. This eaten he took another, and so went on eating and talking, to the surprise of all, until the half peck was entirely eaten up. As he finished the last one, the lady took away the dish, and I suppose on the principle that cheese is good for digestion, she put a plate of this in its place, Mr. Greeley talking all the time.

A moment later and his hand instinctively sought the cheese. He took it up, block after block, and before he had finished talking, the plate was empty. It was taken away quietly, and the person who witnessed the scene says he don't believe Greeley was either then or afterwards aware that he had eaten anything.

When a young girl finds a four-leaf clover it is a sign that she will be married within a year. It is strange that some families don't hire a farm and sow it all to clover.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 28 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—12 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 39 cents per line; three months, 60 cents per line; six months, \$1.10 cents per line; twelve months, \$2 per line.

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

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 100 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.88 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St. B. BIGGAR, Manager.

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

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 date.

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. Frank Wilson, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

A Critic Criticised.

The accompanying letter has been sent us by a gentleman holding an important public position in this Province. He has not been, to our knowledge a prize winner in any of the Bible competitions, but evidently is of opinion, as are hundreds of others, that he did not "draw a blank" in getting TRUTH for the money sent:—

Editor TRUTH.

Sir:—A correspondent over the signature of "L," in the Canada Presbyterian of the 7th inst., with passionate ardor denounces TRUTH for what he terms "gambling with the Bible." The principle of awarding prizes for the greatest proficiency in learning, (to which he takes exception,) permeates our entire educational system, as well as our harmless muscular competitions in laudable amusements which as yet have not been characterized as gambling. Even Caleb, who was unquestionably as good a man as the writer referred to, proffered his daughter and a goodly portion with her, as a prize to anyone who would undertake to reduce the city of Kirjath-sopher. Othniel took the place and obtained the prize. Had he been slain he would have "drawn a blank," at great cost; minus an equivalent.

TRUTH's subscribers deny the charge of gambling in a matter where they are endeavoring to gain by mutual strife what others are seeking to obtain at the same time. They also ignore the possibility of drawing blanks, seeing that TRUTH is a newspaper held in repute; in fact, it is simply immense, and its subscribers receive full value for the investment, good measure pressed down, sufficient to satisfy any complete embodiment of grinding penuriousness.

"L," strenuously alleges that the whole affair is "a game of chance." My contention is that nothing comes to us by chance, because Providence orders and directs those things which to us are perfectly casual; nor is any event determined by a blind fortune. Sometimes solemn appeals are made to Providence by the casting of lots, to settle matters of

great moment which could not otherwise be so well decided, for example, direction is given to Moses, to divide the land among the Israelites by a general rule of equity and the application of this rule was determined by lot, and according to it the possession was divided. The first King of Israel was also chosen by lot, and the different tribes and families were pleased at having a throw for it; although there was just one prize among the tens of thousands of blanks drawn.

This correspondent will have it that the competitors in TRUTH are being demoralized by a profane use of God's Word. His proposition is simply preposterous, and for which he deserves to be credited for pharisaical bawling. In fact his moribund argument is just a trifle righteous overmuch. The drift of the questions unannounced in TRUTH are calculated to lead the competitors to search for the pearl of great price. By having recourse to the Bible they consider the scope and drift of the texts comprising the questions. And like the Boreans they examine, compare and search the Scriptures daily; thereby growing nobler than the peevish, prejudiced, Thessalonican strait-laced bigot, who figured last week in the Canada Presbyterian.

J. W.

Toronto, 13th May 1884.

GALT, May 6th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—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. I am also pleased with TRUTH, it is really an excellent weekly journal and well worth its price.

Yours fraternally,  
W. S. WALKER.

UPPER NINE MILE RIVER, HANTS CO., N. S., May 8th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—My prize, a nice Watch, came to hand all right, I am very much pleased with it and trust you will pardon me for not acknowledging its receipt and thanking you before this.

I was the first person in this locality that took TRUTH, but I hear with pleasure that there are quite a number taking it now and I hope that its circulation will extend more and more. Every home should take it.

Yours with respect,  
MAGGIE JANE MACKENZIE.

ORANGEVILLE, May 6th, 1884.  
S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Silver Watch I was fortunate enough to win in No. 9 competition. I am very much pleased with it and have been assured by competent judges that it is in every respect a thoroughly good and reliable time-keeper.

I wish you success and prosperity.

Sincerely yours,  
J. J. FLISHER.

EDGAR, 6th May, 1884.  
S. F. WILSON, Esq.

"TRUTH Office," Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I am rather late, owing to business, in acknowledging receipt of a copy of Shakespeare's Poems awarded to me in the late Biblical contest. Having seen TRUTH I thought and know it worth subscribing for, but was very skeptical regarding the prizes and had no idea that they were ever awarded only to a "ring," but my doubts speedily vanished when I saw the fine copy of "Glorious Will." You will please accept my thanks. Regarding TRUTH I think it the magazine of Canada and a paper that should have a place in every household.

Yours cordially,  
W. A. LAUDER.

HORNBY, May 5th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the ring won by me in TRUTH competition No. 9, I am well pleased with it.

Yours truly,  
FRED FOX.

From the following we have letters written in a similar strain:—Watchos:—John Leslie, Beaverton, Ont.; Peter Munro, St. Elmo, Ont.; Annabel Messenger, Bridgetown, N. S.; E. A. Robins, Beamsville, Ont.; May Sunbury, North Littleton, N. B.; W. Quinn, Stanleydale, Ont.; F. F. Mencho, Nanticoke, Ont.; Mrs. A. Althauson, Regina, Man.; Lizzio Rosebrugh, Glenmorris. Set of Silver-plated Spoons:—V. Moore, St. Louis Tollgate, Que.; Mrs. J. Forman, Kirkfield, Ont. Books:—H. McKoricher, Fallowfield; E. C. Laurie, Wroxeter, Ont.; Josephine H. Graham, Brampton; Edwin Clarke, Port Elgin, R. B. Wallace, Simcoo.

HALIFAX, N. S.

To the Editor of TRUTH.

SIR,—I have been wanting to write and add my little mite of congratulation on your most excellent publication. I had not the faintest idea that a paper of the high order of TRUTH was published in Canada, and when I sent my subscription I must confess it was more from curiosity to see if it was another fraud than any other motive. I did not get a prize, as one of my answers was wrong, but I got full value for my money in the paper itself. But although I missed it last time I am not at all discouraged. As Jacob Faithful says (not your one but Captain Marryatt's) "it's no use crying, better luck next time."

Yours very truly,  
W. M. TAIT.

D. G. CAMERON, Nelson, Man.—We don't think anything is to be gained by continuing the controversy. Thanks for your good wishes.

Another Bible Alphabet.

In our next issue we shall submit, for the amusement of our young readers, a Biblical Alphabet, which has been carefully prepared by a gentleman connected with our office. We shall offer two valuable books as prizes for its correct solution. Particulars and conditions will appear along with the Alphabet. Look out for it next week.

How Gerster views it: Reporter—I suppose you heard about that kissing affair between Gov. Crittenden and Patti? Gerster—I heard that the governor kissed Patti before she had time to resist, but I don't see anything in that to create so much talk. Reporter—You don't? Gerster—Certainly not. There is nothing wrong in a man's kissing a woman old enough to be his mother.

The north of Scotland recently came in for the tag end of a shower from Hecla or the other Icelandic crater. Between the Orkneys and the Shetlands ash has fallen so thick that it had to be shovelled off the deck of passing vessels. When Skapta broke out violently some years since, the fine dust fell in such quantities over Caithness that it entirely killed the crops.

"Your fare, young lady," said the stage-driver, as a pretty miss stepped from his vehicle, and was about tripping away. "O, thank you," responded the absented little beauty; "I think your mustache becomes you real well, too." She got her ride free.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

\$7,500 REWARD.

IN "TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION.

Number Ten, Closing June 10th.

We do think this time that we far surpass any of our many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible questions. Some say "it is a marvel how he can do it." We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in the past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the six hundred and twenty-five persons who send correct answers to the Bible Questions given below by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, all of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Is there a single verse in the Bible in which consumption and ague are both mentioned?
2.—Is there another verse in the Bible where consumption fever, and inflammation are all referred to?
3.—Mention a passage in the Bible in which a lump of figs is ordered as a good plaster for boils?

It is our aim to increase the study of the good old Book, somewhat out of fashion nowadays. The interest now taken in these Bible competitions is somewhat keener than at first. Here are

THE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Elegant Rosewood Piano..... \$5500
2 1 Twelve Stop Cabinet Organ..... 2500
3 2 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-setting, box cases, elegantly engraved Elgin Watchos ..... 2200
4 3 Magnificent Triple Silver-Plated Tea Services, 6 pieces..... 330 00
5 2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watchos ..... 200 00
6 2 Celebrated Wanzel Sewing Machines ..... 120 00
7 5 Gentlemen's Elegant Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watchos ..... 125 00
8 3 Gentlemen's Open-Face Solid Coin Silver Watchos ..... 72 00
9 9 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-Case Watchos..... 144 00
10 9 Solid Nickel Silver, open-face, heavy Bevelled Crystal Watchos..... 135 00
11 9 Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watchos..... 126 00
12 5 Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings..... 350 00
13 11 Solid Gold Gem Rings..... 99 00
14 12 Renowned Waterbury Watchos.. 60 00
15 11 Half-Dozen sets solid triple silver-plated dessert spoons..... 88 00
16 11 Half-Dozen sets of solid triple silver-plated Countess Tea Spoons 66 00
17 109 Copies, sumptuously bound, of Shakespeare's Works..... 252 50
18 139 Elegant triple silver-plated butter knives..... 139 00

Bear in mind that each competitor must send with their answers one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for six months. You, therefore, PAY NOTHING ADDITIONAL for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, getting full and big value for your dollar investment in receiving TRUTH for six months. The regular subscription price of TRUTH is two dollars per year. Remember, to the sender of the first correct answer to the questions proposed the piano will be sent. The second correct answer will take the organ, the third, one of those beautiful solid gold watches, and so on, until the two hundred and forty-seven rewards are disposed of. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-winding, box cases, Elgin Watch.....\$110 00
- 2 Beautiful Triple Silver-Plated Tea Sets ..... 200 00
- 1 Lady's Solid Gold Watch..... 100 00
- 2 Wanzel Sewing Machines..... 120 00
- 5 Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches ..... 125 00
- 3 Open Face Solid Coin Silver Watches..... 69 00
- 13 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches ..... 247 00
- 17 Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches..... 306 00
- 15 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 223 00
- 21 Half dozen sets triple plated Tea Spoons..... 147 00
- 9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches.. 45 00
- 39 Copies, beautifully bound, Tennyson's Poems..... 97 50
- 27 Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives..... 27 00

The number one of these rewards will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, and the senders of the next one hundred and fifty-four correct answers following the middle one, will be awarded the remaining prizes.

And the last comers are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting-Case (beautifully engraved), Genuine Elgin Watch..... \$110 00
- 1 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch 100 00
- 1 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Tea Service ..... 100 00
- 3 Double-Barrelled Breach-Loading Shot Guns, pistol grip, rebounding Locks all latest improvements, from Chas. Stark's Great Gun House, Toronto ..... 300 00
- 9 Double-Barrelled Breach-Loading Shot Guns, not so highly finished ..... 810 00
- 4 Fine Silk Dress Patterns..... 200 00
- 15 Fine Black Camoro Dress Patterns.. 150 00
- 21 Elegant New Sateen Print Dresses ..... 315 00
- 15 Triple Silver-Plated Cruet Stands ..... 120 00
- 31 Half-Dozen Gentlemen's best linen Pocket Handkerchiefs.... 155 00
- 29 Half-Dozen Ladies' Fancy Border-ed Pocket Handkerchiefs..... 145 00

Making in all over SIX HUNDRED of the most costly and beautiful premium rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world.

In these consolation rewards the further you live from Toronto the better your chances are for obtaining a reward, as it is the last correct answer received at this office gets number one reward, and the next to the last correct answer, number two, and so on, till all the last or consolation rewards are given out. But bear in mind that the letters must all bear the post-mark of office where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition, which is June 10th. You can, therefore, compete if you live in British Columbia, the States or England, or anywhere else, if you have a letter will reach here say in thirty, ten or fifteen days after the close of the competition, as long as it bears the post-mark of the 10th June, in the place where post-mailed. Address S. FRANK WILSON, full 20 Bay Street, Toronto, and don't delay after reading this, but send in the 10 answers and dollar at once; and whether you got a prize or not you will be well pleased with your investment. The one will certainly get a prize if your answers are correct and they arrive in time.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and if sick at the stomach all the time; who might be glad and happy, if they only used Dr. Cassen's Stomach Remedy occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. 1 Dose 50 cents.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

NO. XIV.

We join in the regret that has been more than once expressed that no more than three prizes are given every week. Three does seem a small number when there are so many competitors. The fact is, however, that we cannot well increase that number. The proposition was a volunteer one of our own, and we do not in the least grudge the money. But it takes money, and while we should willingly give a dozen prizes every week we simply cannot afford it. We like the friendly interest and competition that have been awakened by these Enigmas, and hope that they may go on increasing, but in the meantime we must adhere to the three prizes, and however much some of our correspondents have earnestly and good humoredly protested against making the contest only once a month we shall not promise but what it may come to that. In the meantime we shall keep on as we have been doing. A letter has come our way from Chicago which, though intended for Mr. Wilson, may receive a friendly answer here. The writer says that his daughter has, with considerable trouble and care, forwarded correct answers to all the three Biblical questions contests, and yet there is not a solitary subscriber's name in that section of the country mentioned as successful. He seems to think that the contestants about Chicago are not receiving a fair chance. We are sorry for the non-success of any. But as our correspondent says "it is impossible to send prizes to every one," and it is our interest and our wish to have not even the shadow of favoritism in this whole matter. Very few of the successful are known to us, while some who are tolerably intimate friends, though they don't know the fact, have uniformly failed.

We don't know what this Enigma business is coming too. Apparently the number of our correspondents keeps on growing every week, and the answers in many cases show an increased amount of research and thought. The fact is we are in some instances receiving little treatises well thought out, well written, and generally very correct. Our request for explanatory remarks has greatly increased our own labor, for we have not only to ascertain the correctness of the replies and the order of their receipt, but also to read over in some cases whole pages of closely written foolscap in order to decide the issue. We are pleased, however, all the same, for it shows that many in connection with their questions are really studying the Word of God, and that while, no doubt, pleased to get a prize, they are quite satisfied with the pleasurable and profitable exercise even though they fail.

Miss Geddes' answer to No. 11 in verse somehow did not put in an appearance. Sorry.

It would be quite impossible to print all the kind and encouraging words we receive, but some we like to give every week, not because we rather enjoy being doosed with flattery, but because we find no other proof of our work being successful.

A Guelph correspondent voices a very common expression when he says "I long to receive TRUTH every week."

Another says "I hope you are not so wearied in reading your own praises in the letters sent you by the Bible Students that you feel it necessary to brave the task but 'once a month.' Had you seen the blank looks of the family when your announcement in to-day's TRUTH was read at the dinner table, I believe you would at once have registered a vow to give half a dozen every week & that we might have one for each day. I can assure you the only 'weariness' we ex-

perience is in the length of time which must necessarily ensue between each issue, for we all find it such a truly 'profitable and pleasant exercise' that we are loth to think of it being given so seldom as once a month. We individually and collectively imagined that we were pretty well versed in Bible lore, but one after the other has been forced to acknowledge audibly or otherwise that that Boat of Books has been read—not carelessly, but with eyes shut to many interesting facts. Another says "I hope the enigmas go on as usual. I would sooner give something towards their support than to have to wait a month."

Another writes from a Prince Edward Island Manse: "We like TRUTH very much though we have had only a few numbers as yet."

Still another in New York State says. "I am a recent subscriber to TRUTH and have become very much interested in the Scriptural Enigmas. I have studied out the answers to several and find the research highly beneficial and a source of great pleasure. I think your plan a very excellent one."

We have room for only another which comes from "Lizzie" in Brussels. She says: "Dear Teacher. I think you have the largest Bible Class in existence. I wonder you are not 'plagued to death' with us all. But as you appear to be importurbable I venture to ask a question or two." In reply to "Lizzie" we say that a correct answer is taken whether it happen to have the reference we give or not. We very carefully verify answers when there may be the possibility of two or more correct references. Of course if double or treble references are sent so much the better, but this is not necessary to being thought correct. "Lizzie" adds: "I used to be head in my classes but I seem to be no place in this. When will you have a public examination? When we all stand up together perhaps I'll be able to find out what my number is." Perhaps you will, "Lizzie." In the meantime what is your "other name?"

Now for No. XI. We have had more trouble and spent more time in determining who should have the prizes for this number than in any case before. The answers to the questions were easy enough but the "explanatory remarks" made a very considerable difference, and increased the difficulty greatly.

The correct answer is:—

- Elisha, 2 Kings ii, 10-17.
- 1 Euroclydon, Acts xxvii, 14.
- 2 Lasca, Acts xxvii, 8.
- 3 Irad, Gen. iv, 18.
- 4 Sihon, Numb. xxi, 21-24, Deut ii, 30.
- 5 Huldah, 2 Kings xxii, 13-14, 2 Chron. xxxiv, 22.
- 6 Admah, Deut. xxix, 23.

The successful this week are: E. F. Hobart, Kingston P. O. Mrs. H. P. Cowperthwaite, Cornwall, Prince Edward Island.

H. A. Gardner, Carleton Place, Ont.

These friends will get copies of any of the Poets on our list by forwarding 12 cents and their address as well as the No. of the Competition in which they have been successful to Mr. Wilson.

It is more than time we came to No. XIV. As a good many seem to like two Enigmas in the week we so far gratify them.

I. THE GOVERNOR OF AN ISLAND.

- 1. The wife of a tent maker.
- 2. The country where Job lived.
- 3. A name given to the men of Gibeah.
- 4. An inhabitant of Cyrene.
- 5. One who is described as "a strong ass couching down between two burdens."
- 6. The name of one whom a king caused to be slain in order to obtain his wife.
- 7. An Egyptian whom a King of Israel called to his aid against the Assyrians.

II. A CAPTAIN OF THE HOST OF ISRAEL AT WHOSE GRAVE A KING LAMENTED.

- 1. One of Jesse's sons who followed Saul to battle.

2. One who was cast into prison for murder.

3. One who showed kindness to David under his persecutions.

4. A young man who fell asleep while the Gospel was being preached.

5. The name of a well.

Let us have some explanatory remarks on these as well. Not long. In many cases the length of such things is not the strength.

All are welcome to compete, whether subscribers or not. The only conditions are priority in sending, accuracy of reply, neatness in writing out, and intelligent acquaintance in explanatory notes. Be sure and not make your remarks long. It is easy to copy a long paragraph from a book. This is not wanted.

EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

Boyer "Kittens"

One dwelling harbors from four to twelve individuals, rarely more, though eighteen or twenty have been noted, all of the same family, but of two generations, representing litters of kittens of two successive years. The young make their appearance usually in May, and are from four to eight in number, five being the average. Queer looking little fellows they are, too, with their heavy heads, big cutting-teeth, flat-tails, and fine mouse-like fur, not yet disfigured by the long, coarse hair so noticeable with adults.

When taken at an early age they are easily domesticated, and are so esteemed as pets in the far West and far countries, that almost every trading post or camp, can exhibit three or four. It is no uncommon occurrence to see one running about an Indian lodge, submitting patiently to the wiles and caprices of the little savages, or joining in their sports, and frequently receiving with the papoose the nourishment from the maternal breast. The cry of the "kitten," too, is so exactly like that of an unweaned child, that one is readily mistaken for the other, even by the initiated. On one occasion I visited a wigwam at Little Traverse, Michigan, for the purpose of viewing a "real, live, baby beaver."

"He cry all same as papoose," remarked the squaw, as she brought the little fellow forward, at the same time giving him an unmerciful pinch, that caused him to set up a doleful little wail, that, had I not been forewarned, I would certainly have believed to proceed from a minute, black-eyed specimen of an aboriginal infant, that, swathed in cloth, beads and bark, and bound fast, mummy-like, to a board, stood leaned up against the wall. By-the-way, do Indian babies ever cry or laugh? I suppose they do occasionally, though I do not remember ever hearing one.—Dr. A. Stockwell, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

Unclaimed Baggage

"All these old valises belong to tramps," said the baggage-master. "The majority of them will never be called for and will be sold at public auction, because the chances are their aspiring and migratory owners have long since been killed while trying to steal a ride on the truck of a freight train. We allow such freight to remain for a year, and then sell it at auction to the highest bidder. Very often I have had a tramp come into the office and show a receipt for an old valise that had been on hand for at least, eight or ten months. He would open it and take out a comparatively clean shirt and put a soiled one in its place, and then ask me what it would cost to send the valise to Little Rock. I would state the express charge, and then he would say, will it cost much more to send it to El Paso? 'Yes, a little more. 'If I send it to Santa Fe how long will they keep it before it is sold? 'One year.' 'Well, if that's the case, just send it to Santa Fe; I'll be there in that time. Here is your money, sir.' And, without another word, he will turn and walk out, and you will never see his gentle face again."

## Ladies' Department.

### The Name for a Girl.

If we granted the following request, which comes to us from Kentucky, we should do the baby referred to a poor service:

"Please send us some pretty name for a girl baby—something novel and uncommon—and you will much oblige a reader of the Sun."

Novel and uncommon, or merely pretty and fanciful names, are the ones of all others for you to avoid. You may make your girl an object of ridicule, and cause her mortification which will do serious injury to her disposition, if you give her some old and romantic name.

The old and simple and homely names are the best for girls—the names which have been borne by women for thousands of years, and which are both beautiful in themselves and sweet in their associations. There is a dignity about them which befits womanhood, while a great part of the fanciful names which have of late come into fashion, are inappropriate, except in the nursery, as pet appellations of babies.

There are a score of common names which are far better than any of those manufactured by romancers. They are all good, and all suitable, and because thousands and millions of women have been known by them, they are none the less attractive. Those which are most commonly used, are indeed, the most agreeable to the ear—like Mary and Margie, Catherine and Harriet, Jane and Lucy, and Elizabeth. They are dignified, and their homeliness makes them all the more charming. Affection will never get tired of them. They will be as common a thousand years from now, as they were a thousand years ago, and as they are to-day.

We therefore advise our friend to give up his plan for distinguishing his girl by burdening her with some "novel and uncommon" name, and if she grows to be a sensible woman she will thank us for our refusal to assist him in finding such an appellation. —N. Y. Sun.

### Women who Go to Sea.

The duty which the seaman is called upon to perform are of such an arduous nature, that woman has, by common consent, been debarred from undertaking them. Even the most advanced advocates of the rights of woman do not urge her to enter into competition with the stronger sex in this field of usefulness. There are, however, a large number of women who habitually go to sea, and who feel as out of place on land as does the most hardened old salt who ever spliced a rope. Seagoing women, as a rule, are either the stewardesses, or the wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, cousins or aunts of captains or officers. The stewardess is the only one who may be strictly classed as a female member of a ship's crew. She goes to sea in the way of business, and she fills the only position on board ship for which Nature has fitted her. She signs articles before sailing, like the officers and sailors, while the female relatives of the captain and officers are classed as passengers.

The life which women lead on board ship is a monotonous one. Their quarters are clear, and their social opportunities are quite limited. The captain's wife may tire of the society of her husband, or of the constant care of the children. If she wishes to go out to walk, she is confined to the quarter-deck. A flirtation, during her airing, with one of the mates, or the carpenter, would be beneath her. If she happens to be good-looking, the vessel will constantly swing a few points out of its course, for the man at the wheel will keep his eye on her as long as she continues her promenade. She may make an occasional excursion to the forward part of the ship, but even in that novelty she finds little to attract

her. A passing vessel arouses her interest, and a hurricane relieves, to a certain extent, the monotony of her existence; but these blessings do not come along very day. She has no one to gossip with but the stewardess, and they find few matters of recent date which are worth discussing at any great length.

The captain's wife may be as gay as she chooses without causing any scandal; but, unfortunately, she has very little to stimulate whatever desire for gaiety she may possess. She has some advantages, however, for she is able to keep an eye on her husband. How, or where he spends his evenings, is no mystery to her.

A woman who is fond of society does not enjoy herself on shipboard, and, consequently, captain's wives who go to sea, are, as a rule, staid matrons who care little for excitement, and are only comfortable with quiet surroundings. After having been at sea a few years, the master's wife regards herself as an old sailor. She picks up the technical terms, and acquires the art of preserving her equilibrium in rough weather. If her husband is a part owner of the ship, she keeps an eye on the stores, and sees that neither the cook nor the stewardess is guilty of the sin of wasting. If by any chance she has, while on shore, become religious, she undertakes the conversion of some of the hardened sinners among the crew. She sometimes establishes a Sunday school, and distributes tracts among the sailors. The latter take an interest in the institution as long as it continues to be a novelty. —American Aquatic Magazine.

### A New Profession for Women.

"I'm a duster," said a young woman whom a reporter met in a private house up-town, "a professional duster. It's a regular profession, dusting is, nowadays. The parlors of the rich have grown to be so many museums of delicate and costly ornaments. To dust and arrange these collections every day would too severely tax the strength of the wealthy ladies. To set the servants at the work was found to be bad management, not because they were bungling and liable to smash the delicate fabrics but because the servants have no time to spare from their other duties. Therefore the mistresses employ competent women to keep their parlors in order. The dusting business is an established industry, but it is confined to the metropolis, and almost entirely to the region of brown-stone fronts. All the dusters I know of are women who have seen better days; but of course it isn't every educated and refined woman who can make a good duster."

"What are the requirements?"

"She must be light-footed, quick, and strong in her wrists and arms. To visit a dozen houses in the forenoon before callers arrive, and dust and arrange things, is no child's play. A woman must fairly jump at her work. The remuneration? Well, a dollar, or seventy-five cents a visit, sometimes more. At some houses, where the hostess entertains a good many guests the rooms are arranged every day. Orders are given to the dusters to change the arrangement of the appointments every time they come. Then, again, a duster must know how to take hold of every sort of knick-knack, and how to move it safely. She must know just what sort of brush to use for every sort of dusting. The brush that will not break a filmy tureen of glass, is useless on a piece of furniture, and would not reach the ceiling corners. She must have several brushes, and she must not be careless or slapdash for an instant. There are a few bits of bric-a-brac in those parlors that I could not replace with six months' earnings." —Philadelphia Press.

### A Lady in Japan.

An English lady traveling in Japan writes as follows about her experience in

"In the country house of a daimo, where we obtained lodging and en-

tainment, I was the cause of much amusement. A number of ladies were invited to meet me at afternoon nice (the name for dinner.) They sat on their heels around the little table which I used as a chair. My feet were stretched out before me. The hostess with, as I took it; many apologies, began to inspect my boots. As her curiosity was keen, I drew them off. All the ladies pronounced upon them, and some then asked me leave to fit them on. Before doing this, they caused bowls of hot water to be brought, washed their feet carefully and dried them by fanning them which made the wet evaporate quickly. As they all had children's feet, my boots were awkwardly big and more ridiculous than I can say. The ladies next handled my skirt and corsage, and, to oblige them I took them off. The petticoats had their turn, then my stockings, which they did not laugh at, after them my buckled elastic garters, and last my stays. Japanese politeness here broke down. Everyone shook and cried with laughter in looking at the stays. One of the ladies had picked some French at Osaka (a treaty port), and explained to me that the others wished to know whether the stays had been invented to serve as a cuirass to protect fair Europeans from rude men, or, was it worn as a penitential garment to expiate sins? I said: "No, but to beautify the figure." This answer convulsed them. A stayed-up woman affected their impressive and well-educated eyes as something monstrously ugly and absurd. Japanese dress is beautiful and so easy. There was yet another question to be answered. There are, so far as I know, neither cows nor goats in Japan. Children are not, therefore, weaned until they are big enough to go to school. I had noticed that poor Miss Mito was an object of general commiseration. I did not know why. The reason came out when my stays were being examined. They were a barrier between the mother and the child, which was cut off by them from its lactical rights. I told them that we delegated the nursing duties to poor women and cows. I am afraid I was imperfectly translated, for I saw that I was for a moment an object of horror."

### How Cotton is Made.

Here lie heaps of the snowy cotton wool as it has been opened out of the bales in which it was carried across the Atlantic. Take up a tuft of wool and examine it. The fibres lie in all directions, and are apparently in a state of hopeless entanglement. It is evident that before they can be formed into a thread they must be brought to something like parallel order. Accordingly we find that the first business to which the cotton spinner applies himself is to give the fibres the needful parallel arrangement. This he does by means of a machine known as a carding engine. This consists of a series of drums or cylinders, covered with fine wire spikes. As the wool is passed through between the cylinders, the spikes catch the fibres and draw them straight. After this operation has been repeated a sufficient number of times, the wool is drawn off in the form of a soft rope about the thickness of one's finger. As yet it has received no twist, and consequently has to be dealt with tenderly. The rope of fibres, having been wound upon large bobbins, is taken to the first of the series of spinning machines, by which it is drawn out and slightly twisted into a cord of about the thickness of a quill. This cord is then passed to another machine which draws it still farther, and gives it some more twist. After it has been brought to the desired degree of fineness by operations such as these, it receives its final drawing and twisting on the spinning mule, a most complicated piece of mechanism. \* \* \* So far we have got only a single yarn towards the formation of a thread, and we must follow that yarn to the doubling machine. Before being placed on the machine, however, the yarn

has to be passed rapidly through a gas flame in order to burn off the loose ends of fibre. Were this not done, the finished thread would have a rough exterior, and would not be so easy to sew with. Two lengths of yarn are now twisted together, and then three of these double filaments are formed into a thread. The thread is reeled off into hanks, and in that form is either bleached or dyed as may be desired. All that is now necessary to do is to polish the thread by passing it between rollers having a peculiar motion, and to wind it upon the bobbins on which it is sent to market.

**COFFEE CAKE.**—One cup of strong coffee, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, three eggs, four cups of flour, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, and one-half-teaspoonful of saleratus. This makes two loaves.

**ROLL JELLY CAKE.**—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of cream, one half-teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make it the thickness of cream. Butter white paper, put in a long pan bake quickly. Remove from the tin as soon as done, lay upon a towel bottom side up, spread with jelly and roll quickly as possible. Leave the towel closely wrapped about the cake until ready to cut.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has such concentrated, curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and surest blood-purifier known.

Always behind-hand—The wrist. Always ahead—The twelve-inch rule. Always ahead—The source of the river.

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

Passenger (in a hurry)—"Is the train punctual?" Porter—"Yes, sir, generally a quarter of an hour late to a minute."

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, etc., 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 any good."

It was the late Bishop of Litchfield who, when he was abruptly asked the way to heaven, replied, "Turn to the right, and go straight forward."



## HEADACHES

Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement

of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of

## Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache, and Sick Headache; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthy condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

## Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.



**Farmers' Department.**

**Contagious Diseases of Cattle.**

Professional men quite often evince a narrowness of view, and a prejudice even at times, which prevent them from discussing in a useful manner, some vexed questions which may be public property as well as professional. The time has long since passed away when professional men had a monopoly of matters pertaining to their profession or could hold themselves above criticism by intelligent persons outside of their class. And this view of the case becomes clear when we read the remarks made in the paper read by a veterinary surgeon at the Chicago convention. We propose to refer to but one of the views of several which we think to be mistaken in that paper. The author of the paper compares the origin of the diseases under consideration to the seeding of a field with corn, without which there could be no possible growth. This is a wholly erroneous view of the case. On the other hand, it would have been much more reasonable and truthful to compare the animal system to a soil apparently free from vegetable growth, but still charged with dormant seeds of weeds which are waiting for some favorable conditions, some warm shower and sunshine, to burst into sudden and vigorous growth.

This is the view taken by physicians and physiologists as regards the nature of many of these so called germ diseases *ab initio*. There are many cases of these diseases, of which no apparent outside origin can be even suspected that has relation to infection or contagion. There are sufficient cases, however, to warrant the beliefs, or certainty, that the dormant seeds of disease which are always present in the system, waiting for development by favorable conditions, have been quickened into active life by these exciting causes, just as the soil, apparently clear and entirely free from pernicious growth, is quickly covered with an eruption of veruura from the effect of warmth and moisture.

And in a similar manner we have seen an apparently healthy and vigorous man working in the harvest field, remove his coat, and, when saturated with perspiration, sit in the shade and enjoy the cool breeze, which quickly closed the pores of the skin, turned back the current of evaporation of impure matter from the blood, and struck a chill to the very marrow. Within a few hours the man is stricken with typhoid fever (which is an infectious disease,) and is at the very gates of the grave or within its cold walls. This is a type of perhaps the majority of sporadic cases of such diseases, and is especially true of those "germ" disorders which are popularly termed "malarial," such as "ague," "chills," and into mitent or remittent fevers. Our own experience in regard to animals proves the same thing. Hog cholera is produced *de novo* beyond any doubt. So is splenic fever among cattle, and so is glanders among horses. But no doubt, too, these diseases are spread by contagion as well.

We might argue the question in the direction of the uselessness of precautionary hygiene and sanitary measures as a method of preventing this class of disease, and of the utter helplessness of man to avoid them, if they are always necessarily produced by contagion, because the contagion virus—the germs—are indestructible by any ordinary measures. But this is scarcely necessary. It is not long since, as might be pointed out, the Department of Agriculture reported that swine cholera was utterly exterminated and had disappeared. But yet, as usual, when the feeding season, with all its unwholesome conditions and environments, has begun, cholera appears here and there with the prevailing characteristics and results. No doubt each case is a centre from which the disease spreads, until, like the rings in a pool caused by the dropping of the rain upon it, the whole surface is soon in commotion, the disease sweeps over wide localities and invades every herd.

It is to be regretted that the dangerous and ineffective practice of vaccination is recommended, or rather suggested. It has been very conclusively shown that this merely perpetuates the disease, especially as regards the fatal pleuro-pneumonia, and tends to divert attention from the indispensable sanitary precautions which alone can avoid the exciting causes of the disease.

The usefulness of these precautions is conclusively shown in the present rarity of epi-

demio diseases in the well drained, more clean and wholesome cities, where formerly they ran fearful riot and slew thousands upon thousands of victims, whose lives were sacrificed to the filth and foulness with which large cities then overflowed. Sanitary precautions should be to the veterinary surgeon, as well as to the physician, what hoeing and clean cultivation are to the farmer, to destroy the seed or the germs of the organism—weeds in either case—which lie dormant in the blood in the one and in the soil in another; for it is abundantly clear that the seeds of disease exist in the blood, waiting for favorable chances to germinate, just as those of the weeds exist in the soil, and that the diseases are not always sown after the manner in which we sow corn—*Chicago Times*.

**Poultry—Breeds for Laying**

The best breeds of fowls for laying, are those that suit the climate in which they are kept. It is an oft-repeated inquiry as to which breeds is most suitable, by those who contemplate poultry keeping. Such inquiry can only be answered by those who have experimented with different varieties in different locations. There is no doubt that the Leghorns are equal to any other breed for egg production, but it does not follow that they are the most profitable fowl under all circumstances. They are divided into two classes—the single, and rose comb—and there is a further subdivision, according to color. The single comb varieties of fowls are subject to frozen combs in very cold weather, but when properly managed they escape harm. The difficulty may be overcome by "dubbing" them, as is done with Games, but as the principal points of the Leghorns are given to the comb, they would thereby be disqualified from competition at the fairs and poultry shows. A frosted comb would not be very objectionable to those who only breed fowls for profit and not for exhibition, but when the comb becomes frosted, the hen ceases to lay until the injured member is completely healed. As the comb may be frozen several times during the cold season, the loss of time from egg production, owing to the effect of the temperature, would be quite an important item. The double comb varieties, though exposing quite a large surface to the action of cold, have their combs closer to the head.

In thus noticing so small a matter as the comb, the object is to present one of the difficulties in the way of keeping a breed that never sits, but lays well. While the breed may not find favor in cold climates, that is no reason why it should not be popular in other sections. As the Leghorns have their virtues and faults, so do the other breeds of fowls. In raising fowls for market, many object to the Brahmas and Cochins on account of their slow growth, and this objection may be a strong one if the fowls are to be sent to market as chicks, as they do not feather until well advanced. If matured fowls are intended for shipment; the largest carcasses, with fine appearance, may be obtained from such breeds. The Plymouth Rocks, which grow fast, and are uniform in appearance when young, also make good market fowls when grown, but while they are excellent layers, they are liable to become excessively fat when highly fed, especially when they are confined, which is a hindrance to egg-production. This may also be an objection to the Brahmas and Cochins. The best results are derived from Plymouth Rocks when they have free range. All breeds do best with freedom, but the larger ones are more contented under restriction. It is best, therefore, in selecting a breed for laying, to take into consideration its hardiness, fitness for market, time of maturity, adaptability to climate, and disposition. By selecting that breed which possesses qualities adapting them to the conditions of the particular sections of country, the best breed for laying as well as for other purposes will be secured.

"Is it possible, Mus, that you do not know the name of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied. "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

**THE SIMPLE AND PERFECT DYE.**—Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as Diamond Dye. Far better and cheaper than any other dye. 10c. Druggists sell them. Sample Card for 2c. stamp. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

**From Death's Door.**

M. M. Devereaux of Iowa, Mich., was a sight to behold. He says: "I had no notion of the Kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney-Wort. In four or five days a change came, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle." All druggists keep Kidney-Wort which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

A model surgical operation—To take the cheek out of a young man, and the jaw out of a young woman.

Those Twin Foes to bodily comfort, Dyspepsia and Bloating, yield when war is waged against them with Northrup & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Its use 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.

Egyptian affairs—Pyramids, and sphinxes, and things. Is it the "things" that cause all the trouble?

Baldness may be avoided by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, which prevents the falling out of the hair, and stimulates it to renewed growth and luxuriance. It also restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and radically cures nearly every disease of the scalp.

The greatest common measure—a quart pot.

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

"Force" meat—Cold mutton and rabbit pie.

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

By the way—Milestones.

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

A wife's vocation—Industry.

STARCEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewellery, trinkets, toys, etc.

Stock-taking—Sheep stealing.

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

Always in use—The letter "z."

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

High tied—Married in a balloon.

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

A crystal ghost—A glass shade.

What makes me laugh when others sigh? No tears can o'er my bow-wow mine eye. It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

The Maltose cross—An ill-natured cat.

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

Persons who pick up a living—Mucra.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Strong but-ter—An eight-year-old ram.

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

**IT LEADS ALL.**

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 29, 1882.

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to our directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results."

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

**GAIN Health and Happiness.**

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered? "Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 different doctors in Detroit." M. W. Devereaux, Mechanic, Iowa, Mich.

Are your nerves weak? "Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness, etc., after I was not expected to live." Mrs. M. M. R. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease? "Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilcox, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes? "Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Philip C. Hallor, Monticello, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint? "Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching? "Kidney-Wort (a bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Ballmae, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease? "Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unprosperous doctoring. Its worth \$10 a box." Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated? "Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria? "Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. H. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious? "Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken for biliousness." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles? "Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Klise recomended it to me." Geo. H. Horn, Cashier N. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked? "Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Beth, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering? "Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

**KIDNEY-WORT**

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

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

The *Poly* line states that the use of paper towels in cleaning wounds has been found very satisfactory. Sponges have always been regarded with suspicion by surgeons, as it is so difficult to keep them in a perfectly purified condition. But the paper towels are to be used once only, and, as they cost only from \$6 to \$7 50 per 1,000, are available in the sick room. They are from Japan, and the pale colors with which they are decorated are found to be unobjectionable.

A new native Indian journal has, according to the *Madras Athenaeum* been started for the express purpose of advocating the remarriage of Indian widows and the reduction of the wedding expenses, which Indian customs render costly. In a recent number of the new organ we are told seven Hindoo widows announce their readiness to re-enter the marriage state. In one case the widow is only twelve years of age, and her father is anxious to betroth her to a Bengal gentleman.

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"My occupation's gone" is the sad exclamation of the host of slavers who once exercised themselves upon the pedals of the people. Of course it is too bad; but a new and brighter era has dawned upon the sufferer from corns. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is more efficient than the knife, and yet it acts without pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor does its work better, is cheaper, and absolutely painless, and therefore is much better than the old butchering process. Do not take any other than Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., prop., Kingston.

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A single cattle ranch in Texas, at the head of Red River, is said to contain nearly 25,000 acres more than the entire State of Rhode Island contains a territory.

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A. P. 178.

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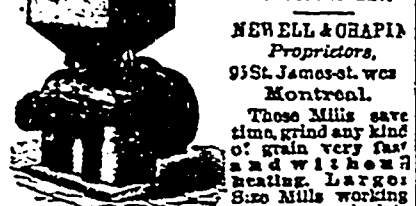
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