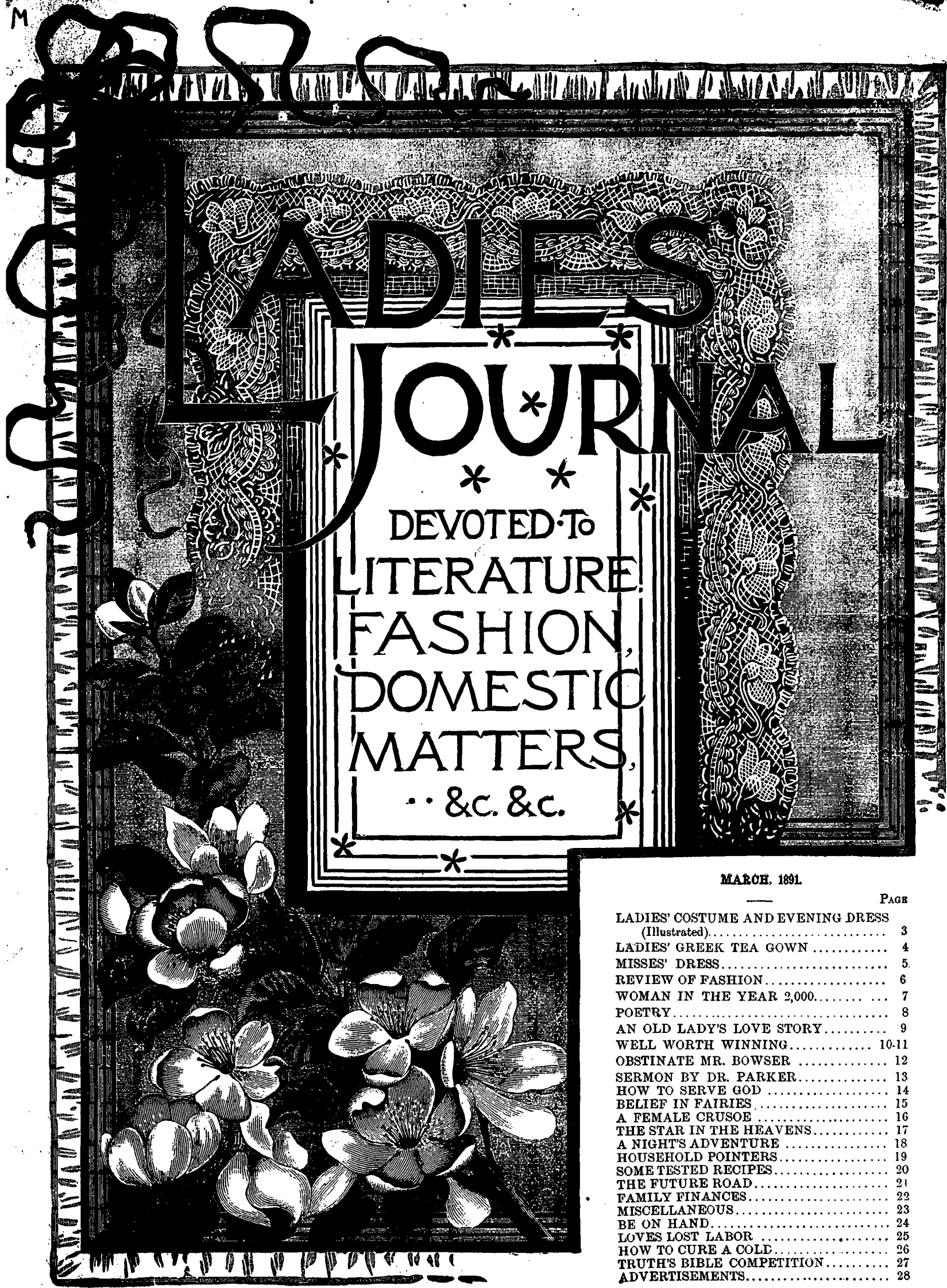


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# LADIES' JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO  
LITERATURE,  
FASHION,  
DOMESTIC  
MATTERS,  
.. &c. &c.

MARCH, 1891.

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# WINTER HUMORS

Cold, raw winds of winter fan to fury itching, burning, and scaly humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire. *Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure.* Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the



most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unflinching success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of

crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the Cuticura Remedies cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

How to Cure Diseases of the Skin and Blood mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer. CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 35c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.50 Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

**Pimply Skin,** red, rough hands, painful finger-ends and shapeless nails are prevented and cured by Cuticura Soap, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive and cure of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere. Price, 35 cts.

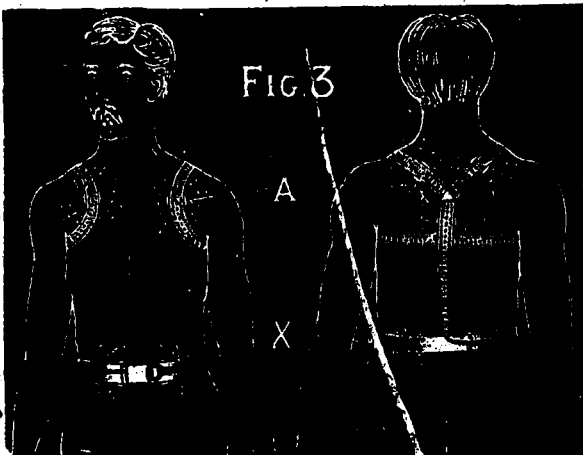
# The Dorenwend Electric Belt

Is revolutionizing the application of Electricity for medical purposes. Physicians everywhere recognize its incalculable value, and promise quicker and permanent cures by drug treatment if the Dorenwend Belt is used in conjunction. Why do they advocate the Dorenwend and not others? Simply because in it they find advantages not possessed by any other. It gives a perfect galvanic current, a current that can be increased or decreased at will while the belt is on the body. The attachments are such as convey the current to any part of the body, thus reaching the diseased parts. It is the only Electric body contrivance in the world that is in strict accordance with the laws of electricity. Electricity is nature's remedy for all forms of muscular and nervous diseases. It is the governing principle over all elements, and when applied by the Dorenwend Belt it will cure

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Weak Back, Gout, Paralysis, Indigestion, Kidney Trouble, Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, Spinal Disease, Nervous Debility, Cramps, Weak Circulation, Lung Trouble, Female Complaints, Varicocele, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, etc., etc.

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THE WORLD'S BEST.

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### Electricity is Life.

This has almost become an acknowledged fact even by the medical profession. There are many diseases that ordinary treatment could not remove, but which have yielded to electricity in some shape or form. Those who have made this treatment a study and invented batteries, etc., so that every person could administer the mysterious life-giving fluid without the aid of a professional man, are recognized as benefactors. W. T. Baer & Co., of 171 Queen St. West, are now reaping the benefit of their efforts in this direction, as we are told they cannot keep up with the demand for their Belts. If you wish to learn something on this subject that will be beneficial to you, write them for their circulars. Attention is called to the advertisement of his firm on another page.

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NOTICE  
AUGUST 1901  
OF  
STEWART'S LABORATORY  
THE GENUINE  
CHARTSHORN

**WISONS CURE FOR**  
THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.  
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Will knit Stockings, Mitts, Scarfs, Leggings, Fancy work, and everything required in the household from home-sewn or factory yarn. Simple and easy to operate. Just the machine every family has long wished for. On receipt of \$1 I will ship the machine packed up, with full instructions, by express O. D. You can pay the balance \$4, when machine is received. Large commission to agents. Terms and terms free. Sale delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Address  
Carden & Gearhart, Whitby, Ont., Can.

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**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**  
Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhoea. It costs a bottle.

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**CARDS FREE FOR EVERYONE!**

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**5¢** For one cent stamps or other to pay postage, I will send you FREE a Royal Package of great value, which lasts for 30 months! Arthur Labely, 107 St. James St., Montreal, P.Q.

**1 Sample Ring, 1 Band** and 1000 other things for 1 cent! Send 1 cent stamps to Arthur Labely, 107 St. James St., Montreal, P.Q.

**ARE YOU HARBORING OF DEAF?** Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, No. 230, Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**MUSIC** - Send to SUTHERLAND'S MUSIC STORE, 282 Yonge Street, Toronto, for Catalogue of Sheet Music and Music Books. Mention this paper.

**PENNYROYAL WAFERS.** Prescription of a physician who has had a life-long experience in treating female diseases. It is used monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitutes, or imitations. For sealed particulars, Envelope all over world, 1 per box. Address: THE HUNTER & CO. DRUGGISTS, Montreal. For sale and mailed by E. E. McGale, Montreal.

**ONLY LIVE FISH**  
SWIM UP STREAM.

IT TAKES VIGOR AND BACK BONE TO GO AGAINST THE TIDE. THE SICK MAN IS SELDOM THE SUCCESSFUL MAN. THE POINT IS: GET WELL AND KEEP WELL THIS CAN BE DONE. HERE'S A NATURAL WAY: INHALE NATURE'S VITALIZER-OXYGEN. NOT THE AMOUNT WHICH YOU GET IN ORDINARY BREATHING BUT A CONDENSATION OF IT. THIS IS FOUND IN COMPOUND OXYGEN. THIS POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT IS NOT ONLY AN INCREASE OVER THE NORMAL SUPPLY, BUT IT IS VITALIZED BY CHARGES OF ELECTRICITY. IT MAKES STRENGTH AND MAINTAINS IT. THE BEST FEATURE OF VITALITY GAINED IN THIS WAY IS THAT IT REMAINS AFTER THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN IS DISCONTINUED.

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# THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No.2 - NEW SERIES.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1891.

\$1 00 PER YEAR.



FIG. 31. No. 4870.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32, 34 inches, 12 yards; 36 inches, 12 1-2 yards; 38 inches, 12 3-4 yards; 40, 42 inches, 13 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32, 34 inches, 6 yards; 36 inches, 6 1-4 yards; 38 inches, 6 3-8 yards; 40, 42 inches, 6 1-2 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 6 yards of 42-inch material, 5-8 of a yard of 20-inch velvet, 3 1-2 yards of narrow ribbon velvet, and 2 yards of wide ribbon velvet will be

required for the medium size. Cambric for skirt, 5 yards.

FIG. 31.—The very novel and elegant model of a lady's costume, shown in this example and made from Pattern 4870, displays one of the newest fabrics of the coming spring being a pale tan-colored cloth, with moons of velvet richly contrasting with the ground. The top is in the undecorated portion of the "robe," and is made with side pieces like the "tailor"—not the tailor made—jackets, a recent novelty. The sleeves are high, and have the seam on the inside of the arm. The skirt is plain below, folds at top, and gathered at back.



FIG. 32.—No. 4892.—YOUNG LADIES' EVENING DRESS. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 28 inches, 6 7-8 yards; 30 inches, 7 yards; 32 inches, 7 1-4 yards; 34 inches, 7 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 8 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 6 1-4 yards of drapery net, 9 yards of 21-inch silk for lining, 3 3-4 yards of lace, and 2 pieces of ribbon will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 32.—This figure displays a young lady's evening dress of great style and effectiveness, having a pointed bodice, with

six rows of shirring below full folds, which are richly gathered at the top, which is somewhat low cut. The sleeves consist of a very high puff above shirring and a ruffle. The skirt is gathered all round, and is trimmed at its foot with a pleating above a flounce, and the richness of this beautiful model is added to by a deep festooning below bows and streamers of broad ribbon. At the top of the waist this ribbon is arranged in at jacket effect. The elegance of this model, which is made from Pattern 4892, cannot be exceeded. The material is muslin, adorned with moons, as this decoration is called. Figured silk is equally pretty, however.

## Pointing To The Road.

Though my early home was very plain and my father and mother were plain people they lived close up to God, and nobody ever doubted where they went when they died. Oh, I had a glorious starting, and when I think of the opportunities I have had for usefulness, I am amazed that I have done so little! It is with no feeling of can't that I express it, but with deep and unfeigned contrition before God. Oh, it is a tremendous

thing to stand in a pulpit, or write in such a paper as this Journal and know that a great many people will be influenced by what you say or write concerning God, or the soul, or the great future!

Suppose a man asks of you the direction to a certain place, and you, through carelessness, thoughtlessly tell him the way, and you hear after awhile that he got lost on the mountains, and went over the rocks and perished. "Oh," you will say, "I will never forgive myself that I didn't take more

time with that man! It was my fault. If I had given him the right direction he would have gone the right way." And, oh, the greater responsibility of standing in a pulpit, or sitting in an editorial chair, and telling people which is the road to Heaven! Alas, if we tell them wrong! The temptation is so mighty in this day to smooth down the truth, and hush up the alarms of the Gospel, and pat men on the shoulder, and sing them on down toward the last plunge, and tell

them they are all right. Or, as the poet has put it—

"Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite,  
And snugly keep damnation out of sight."

A man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about it.

**Hor Mad Lover.**

The Parisians are being treated to another sensational trial. A young Russian, named Vladimiroff, is arraigned at the Assize Court of Versailles for the murder, under romantic circumstances, of a young and fascinating widow with whom he had for some time maintained a "liaison pique." Vladimiroff was only twenty years of age. He is the son of a Russian Government official, and his mother was a French lady of good family. The victim of the crime was the daughter of a notary. She was left a widow at a comparatively early age, with two children, the elder of whom was twelve years of age. She does not appear to have been possessed of much strength of character, agreeable, rich, and of an affectionate disposition. She was attracted by the aristocratic manners of young Vladimiroff. There was some talk of marriage, but in the meantime Madame Dida, in order to lessen her sufferings from an internal complaint, resorted to an excessive use of morphia. Under the influence of this drug her will became more and more passive, and Vladimiroff's control over her increased in a corresponding degree. Her parents sought to intervene with the object of

**AVOIDING A SCANDAL.**

and opposed the suggested marriage, especially having regard to the declaration of Vladimiroff's father, that he would only consent to the union on condition that Madame Dida's parents should dower her with an annuity of six thousand francs. Her health becoming still more unsatisfactory, Madame Dida was sent to an asylum. Vladimiroff followed her thither, and did all he could to compromise her, continuing somehow or other, to conduct her to various places of amusement. After a time she was allowed to leave the asylum, and her parents managed at length to set her against the projected marriage. Vladimiroff nevertheless continued to pursue her with his attentions, and threatened on several occasions to shoot himself with a revolver, which he always carried, if she did not promise to become his wife. Yielding at length to his supplications, she consented to accompany him upon a pleasure trip to Ville d'Avray. They went to a restaurant situated in the middle of the woods at that place, and while alone together in a room there, called upon her for the last time to marry him. Upon her persisting in her refusal,

**HE DREW HIS REVOLVER.**

and fired three shots at her. She fell mortally wounded, and Vladimiroff despatched her by placing the pistol to her temple, and sending the last remaining bullet through her brain. He then ran out of doors, shouting, "I have killed my mistress, and would have killed myself also, but I have no more cartridges." The assassin was promptly arrested. The trial will clear up the question as to whether he was a mere adventurer or a madman. Little more than ten years ago a double murder was perpetrated in Paris. A chemist, carrying on business in the Place Beauveau was, together with his servant maid assassinated in the night. The object of the crime was robbery. Suspicion immediately fell upon the chemist's assistant, a young man named Wolder, who simultaneously disappeared. No trace of him could be discovered, and after a long-continued but fruitless effort to trace him, the police, as well as the family of the murdered man, abandoned all hope of bringing the criminal to justice. The case, which produced a great commotion in Paris at the time, thus came to be classed as one of those to which no sequel would ever be forthcoming. According to the French law of prescription, however, it appears that a murderer who can elude detection for ten years may then declare himself with impunity. This Wolder has just done. He has caused it to be made known to all whom it may concern that he has during the period of absence been comfortably settled in business as a chemist at Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, under the name of Welsen. He has had the effrontery

**TO RELATE THE WHOLE STORY**

of his adventures since the night of the murder. The person to whom he thus unbosomed himself was none other than a member of the Venezuelan police. With the utmost assurance he recalled all the circumstances of the murder, and admitted it was he who had assassinated both his employer and the domestic servant. He refrained, however, from mentioning the forty thousand francs that disappeared from the house in the Place Beauveau on the night of the crime, which, he added, was committed in a moment of madness. His first instinct on realising what he had done was to give himself up to the police, but the instinct of self-preservation prevailed. After hiding in the neighborhood of St. Lazare Railway Station for two months, he succeeded in



FIG.—30. No. 4882.—LADIES' GREEK TEA GOWN. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Brocade (21 inches wide) for 32 inches, 15 1-4 yards; 34 inches, 15 1-2 yards; 36 inches, 15 3-4 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 16 yards.  
Quantity of Cashmere (42 inches wide) for 32 inches, 7 5-8 yards; 34 inches, 7 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 7 7-8 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 8 yards.  
For the medium size, 4 yards of Grecian

border or 3-4 of a yard of 18-inch velvet will be required.

FIG. 30.—Brocaded or plain silk, nun's veiling, fine cashmere, or cloth can be used for this truly artistic and harmonious model, which is made from Pattern 4882, price 35 cents. The top is adorned with fur or feather, as also are the front and border, while classic folds droop from the top of the waist. This Grecian effect is continued in the draping across the front. The sleeves are very wide, and gathered into a deep cuff. The back is trained.

reaching Nantes, and proceeded thence to the port of Paimboeuf, where he embarked for South America. On arriving there he set up in business as a chemist at Caracas. His life in Venezuela has been a somewhat chequered one. In the course of one of the revolutions which not long ago disorganised the country, he served as chief surgeon with the Nicaraguan forces. Now, he thinks he has sufficiently expiated his crime by ten years of exemplary conduct, and so long as he remains in Caracas he is safe, because France has no extradition treaty with Venezuela. It is said, moreover that he, with perfect accuracy, construes the French Law of prescription, according to which the lapse of ten years has placed him beyond the reach of justice. It would, therefore, be quite possible for the confessed murderer Wolder to return to Paris to-morrow, and M. Gorau himself, the head of the Detective Department, could not lay a finger upon him. Considering the nature of his confessions, however, it is perhaps doubtful

whether public opinion in Caracas will permit him to further pursue his present occupation there as dispenser of drugs.

**Lucky and Unlucky.**

It is not long since the Common Prayer Book reminded us specially of the 5th of November, a day the celebration of which is in most parts now dying out. The 5th of November following the union with Ireland, in 1800, was the day on which the title of King of France was abandoned by English Sovereigns after being borne for four hundred and thirty-two years. It was in consequence of this that our foreign official correspondence ceased to be carried on, as up to that time had been the case, in French. Days of the week have frequently had various influences assigned to them, some productive of good, some of bad fortune. But by common consent Friday has been pitched upon as an unlucky day, and is in England still esteemed so, inasmuch as sailors, it is well known, dislike

to sail on a Friday, and we have even heard of a popular actress refusing to take her benefit on that day.

But the Americans, who pride themselves on their superiority to the superstitions of our forefathers, have discovered that, for them at least, Friday is a day of good omen. It was on a Friday that Christopher Columbus set sail, on a Friday that he first discovered land, on a Friday that he arrived for the second time at the coast of America. The first American State paper in England is a commission from Henry VII. to John Cabot, dated Friday, March 5th, 1496, and which led to the discovery of North America. The oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, was founded on Friday, September 7th, 1565, by Melendez. Friday was the day of the arrival of the Mayflower with the Pilgrim Fathers, 1620; of the birth of George Washington; of the surrender of Yorktown; and of the motion in Congress in favour of independence. We are not likely, therefore, to find in America any tradition of an old Lancashire custom mentioned some time ago in *Notes and Queries*. It appears that when a woman comes courting on a Friday in Lancashire the malevolent spirits are averted by beating frying-pans.

**The Secret of Living.**

"And behold a certain lawyer stood up and tempted Him, saying, Master what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, what is written in the law? How readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord the God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, thou hast answered right; this do and thou shalt live.—Luke x., 25-28.

One very remarkable thing about the words of Jesus is this, they were not for the most part the result of long, patient study and deliberation. Very frequently they seem to have been entirely spontaneous. In the course of some ordinary day's experience some man in the crowd would ask a question, and without a moment's hesitation Jesus would give an answer. An answer that always was an answer and never an evasion or compromise. Sometimes an answer would stand for much more than the question at first contemplated. When the young man whose brother was wronging him on the matter of some property, came to Christ to have things set right, he received a much larger answer than he expected. Beware of covetousness! Get that out of all your hearts and there will be little need of lawyers to divide the inheritance. It is to be noted in the case now before us that the questioner in this case was in a somewhat flippant mood. This we conclude from this significant phrase, "A certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'" There was no air of deep sincerity in this important question. And where this spirit is absent, questioning is mainly folly. The answer Jesus gives to this young man is very suggestive. How do you read? What do you know about life? Then the young man goes on with an exposition of the first lines of the moral law. And Jesus says: "That's all right; do this and thou shalt live." This whole episode helps to confirm this conclusion that the difficulty in the way of noble lives is not knowing what to do but not doing what we know. No wonder if we should grow weary of the empty talk so often indulged in about the mystery of life, and about the vast unknowable, and about children "crying in the night," and "with no language but a cry." This at least should be clear, that we have to do with the knowable and the known. The vast unknowable does not, can not concern us. The true secret of living is not troubling about the mystery, and the hidden things. The answer of Jesus to this frivolous, affected lawyer is an answer for us and for all time: "This do and you shall live." We have only to act with reason and with common sense. The bread and meat upon the table this evening were full of mystery, but we ate it, because we know that we must eat to live. We know just as well as we know anything that love and charity, that truth and honesty, that industry and patience are the elements of right, wise, true living; that these constitute righteousness, godliness. If we do these we shall live. Here is the grand secret of living.

A cabinetmaker in Berlin, who was deputed by his fellow-workmen to warn their employer that all work would be stopped if he did not grant them an increase of wages, was recently sentenced by the Provincial Court to six months' imprisonment for attempted extortion.

THE WINNERS.

IN

Ladies' Journal Competition

No. 26.

CLOSED DEC. 15TH, 1890.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Applications must be made for the prizes in the same handwriting as the answers were originally sent in. Please note our charges for prizes following the list of winners. The questions were as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found:

1, HEM, 2, ROBE, 3, GARMENT.

The answers are, 1, Exodus, 28 chapter and 33 verse; 2, Exodus, 28 chapter and 4 verse; 3, Genesis, 9 chapter and 23 verse. The following are the prize winners:

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash. 1 Mabel Carrie, Mechanics St, Jackson Mich. Next fifteen, each superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated. 1 Mrs Beach, 182 James St City; 2 Mrs J W Owen, Carberry Man; 3 Myrtle May Ross, Grassill's Corners; 4 R Fountain, Coleman; 5 Mrs Milford Moffat, Jackson C B; 6 Lewis Zeran, Portage La Prairie Man; 7 Mrs Thos. Smith, Southend; 8 Mrs Jas Hussell, Loughabaton N W T; 9 F W Daniel, Campbellton N B; 10 M McAllister, 522 Water St Halifax; 11 G W Smith, 50 Dagmar St Winnipeg Man; 12 Mrs Forrie, Calgary N W T; 13 Barbara McKenzie, Malagaah Point N S; 14 Flossie A McKinnon, Medora Man; 15 Mrs John Martin, Grand Falls N B. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements. 1 R E Teeple, Ledford Man; 2 Maggie J Ross, St St Eleanor's; Lot 7, P E I; 3 Jemima E Nicholson, Kirkwell Orkney, Scotland, N B; 4 Jas K Moss, Moncton N B; 5 Chas M Field, Rodger's Pass British Columbia; 6 F. F. Macklin, Victoria B C; 7 Julia Macklin, Victoria B C. Next nineteen, each a Set of a Dozen Tea Knives, heavily plated. 1 Ida Hunter, Lincoln; 2 A B Barber, Vancouver B C; 2 W H Lockwood, Port Haney B C; 4 Mrs H W Hodgson, Tamas; 5 Thos. Duncan, New Westminster B C; 6 Alex Saunders, Watford; 7 Laura Rai, 94 Augusta Ave City; 8 E Christie, Lachute P Q; 9 J. Langdon, Parkdale; 10 Andrew Glenn, Fairburn Man; 11 Mrs D J Switzer, Heaslip Man; 12 Mrs E M Atwater, Hartley, Man; 13 Mrs R Cabel, Wooddale Cal; 14 Alex Campbell, Elk Rapids Mich; 15 Chas R Callina, Grafton N S; 16 M E James, Charlottown P E; 17 F H Badderham, North Sydney, C B; 18 Mrs W J Kennedy, Virdean Man; 19 Edwin Naylor, Stirling. Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch. 1 Bella Richards, Belleville; 2 Jno Halls Derby Mills; 3 Mrs Geo McDonald, Fort William W; 4 Geok Kyer, Forestville; 5 B F Bayles, Pt St Charles P Q. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring. 1 Martha Walker, Dorchester Station; 2 Mrs Annie Taylor, Gushoro N S; 3 Mrs J Gorrell, Carberry Man; 4 Herald J Hall, Brandon Man; 5 Mrs Arron A Wilson, 290 Princess St, St Johns N B; 6 W J McDonald, Baddeck Bay, N S; 7 J M Riddell, Bell's Corners; 8 A M Brymer, Port Sidney; 9 John Armand, jr, Oakfield N S; 10 Mrs B Milne, Wroxeter; 11 John C Tripp, Woodstock N B; 12 A F Babel, Bamfield P O; 13 J Kandale, Port Burwell; 14 Mary Kandale, Port Burwell; 15 W A Ryan, Richmond Quebec. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair. 1 Mrs. Cunningham, 9 Belmont St Toronto; 2 Miss E Kelly, Thamesville; 3 Grace Irvine, 45 St Roch St, Quebec; 4 Chas W Reckworth, Fredericton N B; 5 Mrs William McCullon, Gifford St, St John N B; 6 Maggie Flemming, 45 Smith St, St Roch Quebec; 7 Minnie Fair, South Monaghan; 8 Ellen Elliot, Norton Creek Que; 9 Mrs. Robert Lang, South Monaghan; 10 A Selkirk, Mull; 11 Mrs A E Taylor, South Stukely Que; 12 Mrs A Campbell, Germania; 13 Mrs J Johnston, Winthrop; 14 Carrie Hainstock, Florida; 15 Betsy Jones, Hagersville; 16 Wm Robson, Campbellford; 17 C Edwin Marquis, Pickering; 18 Malville W. Rossie, 119 Maple St London; 19 Chas Holmes Somenos, Van Isl B C; 20 Chas Clapham, 153 Drolet St Montreal; 21 Eva S Miller 98 Ste Famille St Montreal; 22 Mrs W J Cowan, 127 Gazelle St Syracuse; 23 Minnie A Baker, box 133 W Duluth, Minn; 24 George Hill, 94 Amelia St, city; 25 Miss G Hamilton, 118 Orange St, St John N B; 26 Lillie G Easton, 396 College St city; 27 Edith Yako,



FIG. 53.—No. 4872.—MISSES' DRESS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 10 years, 6½ yards; 11 years, 6¾ yards; 12 years, 7 yards; 13 years, 7¼ yards; 14 years, 8¼ yards; 15 years, 8¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 3½ yards; 11 years, 3¾ yards; 12 years, 3¾ yards; 13 years, 3¾ yards; 14 years, 4¼ yards; 15 years, 4¾ yards.

For the medium size, ½ of a yard of 18-inch velvet, and 1½ yards of ribbon will be required.

FIG. 53.—This figure shows a charming model for a miss's dress, and is made from Pattern 4872. It has a circular yoke of black velvet under a round collar of the same. The waist fastens on the left side with buttoning, and is garnished below the yoke with a ruffle, which runs down the side of the buttoning also. The sleeves are high, and their fullness continues to below the elbow, where there is a shirring and a deep ruffle, and below this ruffle a deep cuff of the velvet is used. The belt consists of shirring, and has a bow on the side. The skirt is slightly full in front, and pleated at the back. Figured silk or muslin are equally pretty for this dress.

Stouffville; 28 Mrs T D Tompkin, Whippany N Jersey; 29 E MacGregor, New York city N Y; 30 Robt C Smith, Brampton; 31 Wm Wyndham, 24 Alanson St Hamilton; 32 Edith Lowe, box 292 Chatham; 33 Mrs M T Allen, Hamilton; 34 Maggie McTaggart, Kingmill; 35 Mrs C H Whitaker, Brantford; 36 H Warner, 465 Waterloo St London; 37 Edith Bainslaugh, Burch; 38 J F McMaster, 144 Ontario St Kingston; 39 Mrs C W Gowans, Paris; 40 Mrs J C Chapman, St Catharines; 41 John B Morgan, Truro N S. Next twenty-nine each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth. 1 W D Mitchell, Atwood; 2 Mrs H Graham, Point Edward; 3 Mrs WS Lawrence, Clinton; 4 Mrs J L Charles, Glencoe; 5 Mary Gay, Bothwell; 6 Jennie Milligan, Cardinal; 7 Mrs Sam'l Reynolds, 717 Drawer Brockville; 8 Mrs W Preece, Bradford; 9 Beatrice Waite, Rat Portage; 10 Maud Mills, 140 Ragot St Kingston; 11 Mrs G S Gooke, 152 Pork St N Hamilton; 12 Robt. Denwoodie, Box 241 Campbellford; 13 Mrs Thos Patterson, Collingwood; 14 Mary L Campbell, Noyan Que; 15 Blanche DeLacey, Smithville; 16 Harriet Besset, 192 Duchess St city; 17 B McAr, Regina N W T; 18 B Colborne, Smith Falls; 19 Mrs J S Fraser, Wallaceburg; 20 C Lang, 75 Nelson St city; 21 R S Dunlop, Box 559 Chatham; 22 Elizabeth Clarke, 32 St Alban's St city; 23 Willis Fulton, Avonmore; 24 Geo Addy, Newport; 25 Mrs Wm Amos, Holstam; 26 Elsie Doherty, Galt; 27 Geo Wood, Com-

Ave Hamilton; 7 Wm Jameson, Bakerston; 8 Mrs Geo Smith, Coldwater; 9 Geo F Clark, Davenport; 10 Edwin Arthur Pinkman, Barrie; 11 Louisa Carberry, Norwood; 12 Lena Gibson, Kinsale; 13 Mrs John Robertson, Box 76 Prescott; 14 Sadie Northwood, Victoria Ave Chatham; 15 B M Waddell, Hamilton P Q; 16 Mrs Jos Suddall, Glencoe; 17 Katie, Mills, 10 Cook St Hamilton; 18 Jean G Emmy, Carlton Place; 19 Mrs J W Barnes, Dutton; 20 Sarah Baskerville, Talbot St., London; 21 Jane T Townsland, 102 Park St. N Hamilton; 22 Emmerline M Ellis, Calgary N W T; 23 Mrs W L Henry, Wroxeter; 24 Jennie Robertson, Whitby; 25 W S Miners, Sarnia.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same handwriting in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight.—Pianos, \$20; Sewing Machines, \$2; Silver plated Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 20c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00

We have had the above notice standing in *TURN* for several months, and yet in previous competitions we have had a large number of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely, only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will, at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received within thirty days after the list has been published.

Curiosities of Wedlock.

The joining of the right hands in ancient times had the solemnity and validity of an oath.

Goethe said that he married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married a young lady for spite.

There is a story of a man who was married because he inherited a four-post bedstead.

Giving a ring is supposed to indicate the eternity of union, seeing that a circle is endless.

Under the Roman Empire marriage was simply a civil contract; hence we read of men putting away their wives.

Among the Jews the rule was for a maiden to marry on the fourth, and a widow on the fifth, day of the week—not earlier.

In Jewish marriages the woman is set on the right, but throughout Christendom her place in the ceremony is on the left.

In a Roman marriage the bride was purchased by the bridegroom's payment of three pieces of copper money to her parents.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

The custom of putting a veil upon the maid before the betrothal was done to conceal her blushes at the first touch of the man's hand, and at the closing kiss.

Kissing the bride the moment the marriage ceremonial ended, though not now prescribed by the rubric of the Western Churches, formerly was regarded as an imperative act on the part of the bridegroom.

How to cure indigestion and dyspepsia. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

The first London directory was printed in 1667 and contained sixty-four pages, with the names of 1,790 persons and firms.

Miqard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

# Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

MARCH, 1891.

Printed and Published by S. FRANK WILSON,  
59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto,  
Ontario, at \$1.00 per year, or 50c  
for six months.

## OUR PATTERNS.

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## REVIEW OF FASHION.

Although it may seem early to do so, we give in "Seasonable Fabrics" the description of some of the early materials intended for summer wear, though we are still in mid-winter; this will be satisfactory to our readers for the reason that during February and March cotton dresses can be made up at home, some ladies even beginning such work as early as the month of January, and so finishing by the time that woolen fabrics are out of sight.

Black gowns are still stylish, and both Worth and Sarah Meyer, as well as other noted fashioners, have lately issued dresses in black with touches of color that are characterized to an eminent degree by the desirable feature of decided style, yellow being used on the cording and as the background for a gold-thread-worked plastron and cuffs, in a remarkable example in black brocade, with a Louis-Quinze coat as top, this beautiful garment being a creation of Sarah Meyer's.

Such touches as these, with the panel, cuffs and revers in black velvet, give already the keynote of the styles that will reign in the early spring, and which will, by their coatlike top, enable ladies to dispense with any but a light upper wrap, such as a mere pelerine of lace-trimmed velvet, if the weather should prove to be mild.

For indoor festivities the vogue of black China crepe and black lace of the Spanish pattern, seen in the most sought Escorial continuos. Such dresses still show the high-shouldered sleeve, the vest of color, yellow or pink being extremely fashionable with black crepe or lace, as well as turquoise blue, as noted by us at the beginning of the use of this charming novelty in the trimming with turquoise beads, while the very decided favoritism of embellishment of metal thread continues to be demonstrated in the most exquisite effects imaginable.

Among the most effective gowns are those in finely twilled white wool with braiding in gold or silver. A ripple or Arab fold is seen at the top of the skirt of such dresses which are of straight shape, and on the border is an inch-wide fur, above which is displayed a design in flowers or leaves in the metal braid. There is a sharply pointed front to the bodice, which has a habit back, and opens over a V-shaped or rounded vest of silk, on which the gold or silver braiding re-occurs. A corselet similarly decorated is also frequently seen, and the high-shouldered sleeve is ornamented at the cuff with fur.

This season had introduced the dinner-coat, as it is called, and sometimes also concert-coat, being a coat of brocade which is meant to be worn with a skirt of silk, cloth, or lace. These elegant as well as convenient garments are of the Louis-Quinze shape, which extends far down on the hips, often as far as in the examples given in pictures of the reign of that monarch, which show them carried to the knee-line and extremely

close fitting, thus giving added elegance to a good figure. There are cross-seams at the sides and an effective embellishment of very large pocket flaps. The deep pointed vest is of unfigured silk and has its revers in brocade. These spread out to the shoulder, and at the back show points, and are adorned with gold bullion and silk cord. The cuffs are pointed and much wider than the wrist-measure, while the collar shows a slight flare.

The brocaded silks used for these elegant dinner coats are of every variety, and among the most elegant is a fabric of ivory-white with black velvet tulips; another is in celadon green with leaves in a darker green. Gray is brocaded with mauve or with dark brown leaves, pale green with oranges or with lemons in black, and the same fruit, in natural colors as to the flowers and leaves as well as the oranges or lemons themselves, is seen on black, the ground working in velvet and the fruit in satin, in this instance.

For visiting toilettes there is a decided tendency to the selection of the darkest and richest hues in both velvet and brocade. The colors seen are imperial blue, blue-flag purple, so called from the blue lily or flag, dark leaf-green, fur-brown, dahlia-red, clematis blue, and chinchilla gray, named after that portion of the fur which shows its darkest shade. These colors are seen enhanced by the richest furs. Two shades of any of the colors enumerated are also seen in one toilette. The decorating furs are sable, mink, and beaver; and chinchilla is now used as a trimming to dark chinchilla gray. All dark greens are adorned with silver, where metal trimming is used and, as above stated, this accessory continues to be extremely fashionable, while for browns, such as tan, bark, nut, and a new brown called sabot—it being named after the color of the wooden shoe of the French peasantry—a preference is shown for gold braid or passementerie, and rich jet, or else silk in *vielle-rose*, pale green, or, of late, a peculiar blue resembling cobalt, but not quite so vivid, and which, being used in heraldic painting, has the name of *bleu heraut* or heraldic blue, is used for trimming such browns.

The shapes for visiting toilettes show a severely plain skirt as a rule, while florid fancy revels in the variety shown in the bodice.

Among the charming designs for such tops are those which have a yoke-like display of velvet on the top of the bodice, parting to show brocade, there being gathers and a belt at the back, while the fronts on which the velvet runs down to their edge, suffer the tight-fitting portion of the brocade to be seen between these extended revers.

A narrow edge of fur on such a bodice runs all round that portion which is in the velvet, as well as on the cuffs of the brocade sleeves. On the straight skirt are either three narrow bands of fur of one inch or of graduated width, or a wide single border. At its top such a skirt is gored.

There are two extremes in the fashioning of the stylish all velvet gowns worn for visiting, for, while some are severely plain others are lavishly adorned with a new and costly passementerie simulating jewels, or with gold braid displayed on silk, or, again, with gold passementerie in a lace-like effect, and still further heightened in picturesqueness by the use of ostrich feather tips on the collar and cuffs.

The use of black lace and jet is singularly effective on ruby red velvet and on imperial blue, bringing out, as these accessories do, the sombre yet rich tints alluded to, and such effects are seen in some of the most elegant of present visiting toilettes, the character of which will be well suited to a cold or what is called a late spring.

The waist being in velvet is warm in such dresses, and is made high, with the back and front pointed. An apron of black lace, criss-

crossed by narrow bands of black velvet ribbon elaborately wrought with jet, has on each side a band of stiff jet trimming so arranged as to stand away from the apron, and that widens to the hem. On the waist, after forming a flaring collar, the same trimming narrows to a line of single and small beads at the waist-line. At the top of the high-shouldered sleeves black lace forms bristling puffs with bands of the jetted velvet ribbon crossing them, while battlement squares of the lace, bound by the ribbon are seen on the hips, a superb fringe of spear-head jet being set on the edge of these squares. At the back the skirt is half-train.

For evening dresses nothing is as yet preferred among novelties to the crinkled muslin unless it should be the silk muslin and the satins showing either flowers or stripes in the design.

The iridescent effect in some new tulles seems to have found favor, dresses of which show frills around their *decollé* top. With tulle dresses a bodice in satin only is preferred. There is a skirt of crepe over the foundation, then a tulle skirt, and a second of the same tulle, which is designed to display the ribbons in bows, waves, criss-crossing or round-running rows. The mixture of black and rose color in the flowers or feathers of a trimming is much liked, and in some very fashionable toilettes black and yellow feathers occur.

## Violin Playing For Women.

There are three essentials necessary to violin playing for a woman: Musical talent, health and application. The first is God given; and unless a girl possesses perfect physical strength, she can never endure the extremely rigorous practice necessary in such a training—a training which requires from two to four hours of practice daily, standing with the violin in position, in order to acquire even ordinary execution; and from four to seven hours, to attain to the highest artistic excellence. For a girl in good health the training is most beneficial if the position held during practice is the correct one. For then the shoulders are so thrown back that the lungs and chest secure proper expansion and development. As standing motionless, for even the space of five minutes, is so intensely wearying, the usual method of practising should be while quietly and gently walking about. This calls into play all the muscles of the arms and back. The exercise tends to impart a graceful carriage, a flexibility and grace in the use of the arms, wrists and hands, and a roundness and firmness to the flesh of the arms.

"But may I not sit to practice?" I hear some would-be student ask. You may indeed; but it is not wise to make a habit of so doing. The draperies of your gown are apt to entangle your bow, and the position thus taken is not one of equal freedom or grace. Women do sit in *ensemble* playing, i. e., trios, quartets, etc., but for ordinary practice and solo work the standing pose is the better one.

So much for the second essential, which seems to have led very naturally into the third and last application. In addition to the fatigues caused by the long hours of practice and study—back of which must be a genuine love for the work—devotion and sacrifice are necessary. Many social pleasures must be denied, and intense must be the application of the girl who would become proficient.

And to her who would become a professional artist, let me say with "Puuch" when addressing those about to marry—"Don't." The life is one of such incessant work—at least to the true artist—of nervous strain, of such denial and loss of social life, of home and family, that the rewards are but lightly to be weighed against it.

An interesting discovery of scientific importance was made at Revel, Russia. Digging the ground at some distance from the sea to lay the foundation for a sailors' bath, the laborers discovered the frame of a vessel. By order of the authorities, with the approval of the local authorities, a thorough search was made. The whole contour of the sunken vessel was dug up, and vestiges of cannons and other appliances were found in the frame whose manufacture belongs to this century. This proves that within this century the sea has receded in that place a distance of a verst or more. At the same rate the sea recedes in St. Petersburg.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

It is prepared by thoroughly competent pharmacists, in the most careful manner, by a peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, giving to it curative power

## Peculiar To Itself

It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.

It overcomes That Tired Feeling, Creates an Appetite, and gives mental, nerve, bodily, and digestive strength. The value of

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is certified to by thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country whom it has cured of diseases more or less severe. It is sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

## 100 Doses One Dollar

### About Some Wedding Belongings.

Somebody is going to get married to the man she loves. I wish the dear little somebody all the happiness possible, and I congratulate the man she loves on gaining her. This somebody wants to know what she shall get for her wedding belongings, and by them she means what kind of linen and how much. Funnily enough, a bridegroom in prospective who had been told of the enormous trousseau that his future bride was getting, said that it was not very complimentary to him, inasmuch as there seemed to be a doubt in the mind of the family as to whether he would ever be able to buy her a flannel petticoat or not. And you know really he told the truth; though it was in an odd sort of a way.

Pretty underwear, bought by the dozens, is packed away, and grows yellow and old. So that this is my advice to somebody: With what you already possess half a dozen of everything you are in the habit of wearing will be quite sufficient, and, if the money which you have is more than enough for that number, be wise and put it in the bank as a little nest-egg for the future—a nest-egg that will hatch out the dollars when you want to give somebody a present, or remember the birthday of the dearest man in the world, and don't care to ask him to give you the money to buy his own gift. And don't get too many dresses. They go out of style, and unless you are going to entertain and be entertained a great deal, you will really have very little need for them. I tell you a very good mantle to provide yourself with—that famous one of Charity. Don't leave it out of your trousseau, and use it continually to cover the little faults of husband and friends. It will be of more use to you than almost anything you can buy. And you certainly can not afford to be without it. God bless you, little bride, and take care of you and yours forever.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill-smelling, oily, and often useless preparations for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful, and penetrating as Nerviline is can be purchased from any dealer in medicine? Nerviline cures instantly aches and pains. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for internal pains. Nerviline applied externally subdues the most intense pain almost at once.









## Well Worth Winning.

## CHAPTER I.—THE DEAD HAND.

Mr. Lawson Loring, of Priors Loring, died somewhat suddenly at Brighton in the early days of February, and left matters in a melancholy state for his only son and heir, then a young fellow just yet twenty-two, and reading for his degree at Oxford.

It was a pity, because Arthur Loring was worthy of better fortune; but it was the hard fact all the same. He had partly expected this result, but not wholly; and the completeness of the ruin was only brought home to him by the solicitor of his late father, within a month after the funeral, when the mansion was already advertised "to be let, furnished."

"It is well, Mr. Arthur," said the lawyer that memorable day, in the late Squire's study, "that you have no sisters or brothers—sisters especially. I think you are stout enough to face the world by yourself; for you must face it now."

"How much is the house and property supposed to be worth in the market?"

"A hard question to answer in these times," said the lawyer, shaking his head. "The mortgagees will have to find it out one of these days."

"You mean they will foreclose and sell the property?"

"They must, in order to save themselves. The Moon Insurance Company hold a first mortgage of a hundred thousand at four and a half per cent., representing a charge of four thousand five hundred a year, which is more than the estate is able to pay."

"Then they haven't been paid?"

"Just a moment. Last year the interest was considerably in arrears, and they threatened to foreclose. You remember, another mortgage was effected—you didn't look into it much at the time—but we got thirty thousand pounds, and paid up the arrears of interest. There were other debts which swallowed the rest. Now, for their own protection, the first mortgagees will foreclose, and by a forced sale recover their principal before it melts away."

"And the second mortgagees?"

"Their money is probably lost, Mr. Arthur," said the lawyer, shrugging his shoulders. "They have no one to blame but themselves. However, it was a transaction into which other considerations entered that you may hear of some day. I need not say any more now."

"So I have just nothing, Mr. Harding?" said the heir, looking the situation full in the face.

"Nothing, Mr. Arthur. You see how plainly I put it," he added, in a changed tone, "for I want you to comprehend it clearly."

"My comprehension of the case is quite clear, Mr. Harding," Arthur Loring answered, with a smile in which the mixture of courage and melancholy was winning.

"I know you are a brave boy. The world will not beat you."

"All I want to take is the picture of my mother and my own private effects."

The old solicitor looked at the picture, which hung over the mantel-piece, and from it to the boy—for he really looked a boy—beside him. "Arthur, how like her you are," he said, reverently. "You hardly remember her. Ah, me! the sunny day she first came to Priors Loring, and the dark day she left it; for there never has been light in the place since.—So you are going to-day?"

"I am going to-day; but you shall hear from me often, Mr. Harding."

The two walked out to the front of the house and there parted; and then Arthur Loring went back to pack up his things.

He was in his old room at this sad task, with as brave a heart as could be expected, when a kitchenmaid—almost the last of the household now left—tapped at the door to say that there were two ladies below.

"Ladies?" he repeated with surprise.

"What ladies?"

"Strangers, sir, come to view the house; and there's no one in but me."

"Very well, Jane; say I shall be down directly."

There was no reason why he should not have followed at once, save for vexation and shame. It was mortifying to have to "show" the house to inquisitive and captious strangers just as he was leaving it. If they were vulgar, they would probably offend him; if they were gentlewomen, no doubt they would pity him. Either prospect was bitter enough to the beggared heir. He went down, his pale face showing some of the colour which he could not quite drive back, and found two ladies standing at the drawing-room window looking out—apparently mother and daughter. The latter, a girl certainly under twenty, turned her face

he entered, and some singular influence in the modest radiance of her beauty for an instant surprised him. But he at once bowed, and gave his attention to the elder lady—a cold and handsome woman of middle age, of tall and graceful figure. This lady presented her card of admission, and hoped, with quiet dignity, that their visit was not inconveniently timed. To which he answered, "Not at all," and expressed his readiness, for want of a better guide, to show them all they wished to see.

Preceding them from room to room, and briefly but courteously answering the few questions which the elder lady addressed to him—the girl not opening her lips at all—he conducted them through the several reception rooms. Once, before a certain picture, he knew that they both turned and glanced at him, though his face was directed another way; but the likeness was one that nobody could have missed.

Arthur Loring sent the maid to show them the rooms in the upper part, and waited in the hall until they came down, which was not long. Passing the door of the study, he noticed the elder lady glance towards it.

"It is a book-room," he said, "with nothing to recommend it except the view from the window. Pray look at it."

He led them in, and pointed out the fine view which the window commanded. Then he took the opportunity of explaining that everything in the house would be left exactly as they saw it.

"Except that," he added, seeing them looking at the picture of his mother, "which is all I wish to take with me."

"A sister?" said the lady very softly, with a delicacy in her tone which seemed to deprecate offence.

"My mother, madam; the portrait was painted very soon after I was born."

Then the curious influence which had startled him on first seeing the young lady's face was explained. It struck the girl's mother at the same instant, for she withdrew her gaze suddenly from the portrait and looked at her daughter with considerable surprise. The girl's eyes might have been painted for those of Arthur Loring's mother. A blush of interesting consciousness suffused her face; and then, without a word spoken on the subject, they withdrew from the room.

The fly from the station was waiting at the door, and in a couple of minutes they had thanked him and driven away. He only recollected after they were gone that the card—which was still in his hand—was made out to "the bearer;" but he put it in his pocket-book, so that he could find out from the agents in London who the visitors were.

The same evening, at eight o'clock, found Arthur Loring in London, with the world before him.

Without as yet bestowing much thought upon a change of life which he had still to realise, Arthur Loring instinctively kept away from those localities he had hitherto known best, and put up for the present at the *Midland Hotel* at St. Pancras. He put off thinking until he had dined; and having dined, found the thinking not so easy a matter. In fact, it was a failure, for he knew no more what he was fitted for in the battle of life than a girl from a country boarding-school. And in truth, in whatever direction his thoughts turned, they never failed to meet the sweet eyes of the young lady who had visited Priors Loring that afternoon.

He had two uncles residing in London, one reputed to be a rich man, whom good fortune had raised above his deserts; the other was a bachelor engaged in business, and possessed of nothing beyond the salary he earned. However, there was an old attachment between Arthur and the poorer uncle—who was the youngest of the three brothers—and to him he went.

He knew his uncle's house in Chelsea well, for in his brighter days he had been a frequent visitor. Over a draper's shop in the King's Road, Mr. Ralph Loring had his three respectable but by no means genteel rooms.

"Arthur?" he said, glancing up from his evening paper; "how is this? Glad to see you, my lad, but something's the matter."

Arthur Loring laughed—not very cheerfully—and without more ceremony told his uncle the whole "matter" in a few words.

"I want your advice, Uncle Ralph. What had I best do?"

"Of course I expected there would be nothing left, Arthur, and I'm not surprised at seeing you. The question is what can you do? It strikes me your school acquirements are of little practical use, except you can impart them to others—and there are too many teachers.—Wouldn't some of your old friends provide a berth for you?"

Arthur reddened. "You don't suppose I would ask them, uncle?"

"Well, then, you must go to school again.

Arthur. That is to say, you must learn the ways of business in some office."

"I suppose that's it."

"But here let me tell you, my boy, that it isn't so easy to get the chance. There are a hundred eager applicants for every vacant stool in London, and although none of them has an education like yours, the least qualified of the lot is far ahead of you in point of utility."

"It isn't encouraging. But something I must get, or—"

"Just so. But whatever you may get will be ill paid. Do you think you can live on thirty shillings a week? You will hardly get that to start with, for it will be some time before you can be of much use. You will have to learn book-keeping and shorthand, which are now elementary requisites in every business office."

Arthur Loring sighed, and thought it might be better to enlist as a soldier at once and have done with anxiety.

"It strikes me, Arthur, your only course is to apply to your uncle Henry; he is at the head of a large office, and could give you a place at once."

"You know he was my father's enemy."

"I know he was, and that he has a little love for you. He is the most unmitigated scoundrel in London, though he lives in a square and keeps carriages. However, his day is coming.—But all that is beside the question; you must apply to him."

"Tell me this, uncle," cried the young man with sudden energy: "did my father ever injure him, that they should be enemies?"

"That depends on the way you look at it. Henry admired your mother; but your father won and wedded her. Before you were born, Henry came down to Priors Loring, half tipsy, and acted in so outrageous a fashion that your father horsewhipped him out of the place. He has never been there since. I know a good deal of his subsequent history, which I may tell you some time. He is now manager of a company, the Annuitants' Investment Association, and Heaven help the annuitants! It was he who advanced that last mortgage on Priors Loring."

"And it is all lost?"

"All lost. Do you know why he did it? Of course it was the company's money, and his name was not in the transaction—at least your poor father was ignorant of it. He wanted to see your father's ruin. He was in treaty with the insurance people for the transfer of the first mortgage, so as to be able to strike the blow with his own hand. Instead of what he hoped for, he received two heavy blows himself. The insurance people declined to transfer their mortgage on the terms offered, and your father has died. Net result, thirty thousand lost, without the anticipated equivalent of breaking your father's heart."

Arthur Loring turned this over in his mind for a few minutes. "And will the mortgagees foreclose and sell the place?" he inquired anxiously.

"I don't think so, if they can get in their four and a half per cent. There will be no charge on the estates now—no Squire to keep up—and the rent of the house and park and shootings will be considerable. I'm afraid, though, your prospects of going back, Arthur, are very poor."

"I was not thinking of that, uncle," he answered sadly. "I have bid farewell to Priors Loring. All the same, I shall be glad if it is not sold, though it will be much the same thing to have strangers living there.—Only fancy! I had the pleasure of showing two 'viewers' over the house to-day."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know; they were ladies—mother and daughter. Curiously enough, they seemed to be specially interested in the house, for they said very little; and"—he was on his tongue to mention the incident of the portrait, but instead he added: "They didn't say a word as to whether they liked the place or not, but merely thanked me, and drove away to the station in a fly."

"Any one who rents Priors Loring will require money to keep it up," observed Ralph Loring. "What were the ladies like?"

He described them briefly, only referring to the younger lady as being very beautiful and quiet.

"What kind of eyes has she? When I hear a lady described, Arthur, I make it a rule to know all I can about her eyes. A woman's eyes are everything, to my mind."

"Well, as it happens," said the young fellow, laughing, "this young lady's eyes are very interesting."

"What colour are they?"

"I don't know about the colour, Uncle Ralph; but," he added softly, "you remember my mother's eyes?"

"Ah!" said the old gentleman quickly. "Just what I suspected. You would never

guess who the tall woman was, who seemed so deeply interested in Priors Loring?"

"No."

"Your enemy's wife, Arthur—Mrs. Henry Loring."

The young man started with an uneasy feeling. If the ladies' visit foreshadowed the coming of Henry Loring to occupy the place of master of Priors Loring, the heir would rather see the old house sold by public auction to any stranger in the land. "Are you sure about mortgagees, Uncle Ralph?" he asked with dim fear.

"Well, I don't think your uncle will get the mortgage, though he is a clever man.—And now, hadn't you better see him to-morrow? I know you don't like it, but I think it will be best."

Arthur Loring confessed to himself as he drove back to the hotel that night, that whatsoever odd humor his uncle Ralph might have been in, his words had not administered comfort. Ralph evidently detested his brother heartily, and Arthur was not disposed to deny that Henry entirely deserved it. But the young fellow was far from willing to approach the prosperous uncle who hated him as his father's son—or his mother's?—in the character of one in distress. He meant to try other resource first.

He tried them day after day for a week, and the vain applications he made here, there, and everywhere, left him sick at heart. At the same time—he left the hotel and took a lodging in Marylebone.

One day, after failing in two new quarters to which he went in answer to advertisements he took a sudden resolution and went to the office of the Annuitants' Investment Association in Pall Mall. But his heart failed him when, in answer to his inquiry whether Mr. Loring was in, a supercilious clerk shortly demanded, "What name?"

He reddened, and declining to give his name, walked out.

He now resolved that he would go to Cadogan Square and leave his card with a request for an interview. This would be more dignified, at all events; and if his uncle should then suggest appointing him in the Annuitants' office, it would take away the humiliation of having to make the request himself. Poor Arthur Loring was both startled and mortified when the door of the mansion in Cadogan Square was opened to him by one of the Priors Loring footmen.

"You here, Brooks?" he said.

A sense of shame coloured the menial's face as he answered: "Yes, Mr. Arthur. Mr. Loring has taken on all of us as was willing to engage.—It isn't quite so comfortable as Priors Loring, sir, but we hope soon."

"Never mind," interrupted Arthur, cutting him short; "give my card to Mr. Loring." So saying, he turned from the door.

How the transfer of these servant's allegiance, and the half-spoken prospect of soon going back to Priors Loring with their new master, made his pride smart! But the heart of a young man is more prone to other emotions as Arthur Loring immediately found before he had descended the last step from his uncle's door.

A carriage drove up and stopped, and carelessly glancing towards it, he met the eyes of his cousin. The girl slightly coloured with surprise, and smiled a timid recognition. A young man who sat opposite to her noted these things, and treated Loring to a stare of haughty astonishment as he raised his hat to the lady; but Arthur Loring gave no thought to the presence of the gentleman—until he next met him—and walked away under the magic influence of a new feeling, which was, of course, kindled by his fair cousin's bright eyes.

"You are right, Uncle Ralph," he observed that night, as he sat sipping a cup of that epicurean bachelor's cocoa—"you are right in what you hold concerning ladies' eyes."

"Oh, said Uncle Ralph with a short cough, "so you have met her again, have you?"

"I didn't mean that—I wasn't thinking"

"—Arthur stammered, red and laughing.

"However, I suppose that was what put the thought in my head."

"Very good," was the dry remark.—"Well?"

"Well—I hadn't anything else to say. Of course Miss Loring's eyes are very attractive."

"Of course.—And now, tell me how it happened."

"Simply enough. I was leaving a card for my uncle, and she drove up as I came away—that was all."

"Anybody with her?"

"Only a gentleman, who, by the way, seemed to resent the courtesy of raising my hat to her."

"He resented you knowing each other, Arthur. That man, now, will be your natural enemy if you meet him again, as very likely you shall."

"Why should he be my enemy?"

"Because he wants the girl for himself."  
"But I don't want to take her from him," said Arthur Loring; "and if I did," he added, "there would be little probability of my succeeding."

"Let me tell you, though," said his uncle, "she is a prize worth the winning. Is there her equal for beauty in London? You admit there isn't. Furthermore, she owns none of your excellent uncle's blood; and her name is Maud Lavelle, and I believe she has a fortune of a quarter of a million."

The young man heard this with amazement. "Not my uncle's daughter? Whose daughter is she, then?"

"Her mother's, of course. Mrs Loring is an American lady, and was a widow when your uncle married her. She has money, too, but it is her own, though Henry enjoys the income of it. I suppose the mother's money will eventually go to the daughter. Think of Priors Loring again, Arthur, with such a mistress as Maud Lavelle!"

The suggestion, touching as it did his own secret sentiment respecting this lovely girl, sent the blood coursing through Arthur Loring and mounting to his very forehead. "Ah, well, uncle," he observed presently with a sigh, "it is no use thinking of such things. I have other matters to attend to at present. I suppose Uncle Henry will not notice my card. Mrs. Loring seems to be a stern lady."

"She has been deceived, Arthur," answered his uncle; "and would have revolted if she had been able. But her husband inspires her with fear, and she is a mere slave to his will. So, for that matter, is her daughter. If Mrs. Loring had the power to give him her money, he would have had every penny of it from her long since. It is a pity, for your sake."

"What is a pity?"  
"That the women have no will of their own. If they had, you could go in and win the girl in spite of him."

"So, then, the case is this, uncle," Arthur Loring replied with a bitter laugh—"that Miss Lavelle is not to be won without my uncle's consent. That's a hopeful prospect for me, is it not?"

"All the same, your father's son shouldn't be dismayed. I should try, if I were you."

"And fail. But failure in such matters involves a good deal, Uncle Ralph; and I think I will spare myself the unhappiness. I have enough without it."

#### CHAPTER II.—MAUD.

Arthur Loring sat down to his breakfast with the resolution that if no message came from his uncle he would proceed straight to Charing Cross and enlist with a sergeant of hussars whom he had noticed near the National Gallery. This act would cut the knot of his anxieties and separate him effectually—under another name—from the harassment of his present situation and every vain thought of Maud Lavelle.

There was a certain desperate comfort in the prospect, from which he was drawing that satisfaction that comes from a mind made up, when the landlady's little girl came in and put a letter on the table. It was a civil invitation from Mr. Henry Loring to call at his office between two and five and to dine at Cadogan Square in the evening.

"I will go," he said, "and find out what he means. I wish I could see Uncle Ralph first, but it is impossible.—Perhaps, after all," his thoughts suggested to him later on, "it might be wiser to pass by his office and go straight on to the sergeant. My uncle has no love for me, and—and"—There was a certain danger ahead, which for the moment he possessed sense enough to appreciate; yet it was the fatal fascination of that very danger that was drawing him on towards his enemy.

The same supercilious clerk took his card looked from it to Loring with cool surprise, and tossing it to a junior, directed him to take it to "the secretary."

Now Arthur Loring thought this proceeding an insult, and it was with no very gracious feeling he presently followed the junior into an adjoining room with the word "Secretary" on the door.

The secretary looked at him with an expression of cold curiosity when he entered. Loring was not even invited to take a chair, an incivility which he overlooked in recognising the secretary as the same gentleman whom he had seen in the carriage with Miss Lavelle.

"Well, Mr. Loring," observed the secretary, referring to the card, "can I do anything for you?"

"Not that I am aware of," said Arthur. "I have called to see my uncle, Mr. Loring, with whom," he added, catching at the business formula, "I have an appointment."

"Ah, an appointment?" said the secretary doubtfully. "Mr. Loring generally

advises me of his appointments, and I was not aware of this one. Are you sure it was for to-day? Perhaps, however, if you will state your business to me?"

"Perhaps, sir," interrupted Arthur, "you would have the goodness to send my card to Mr. Loring? My business is with him, and I need not trouble you further."

"Well," said the secretary coolly, "if you will wait outside, I shall see. One of the clerks will give you an answer."

The secretary, snatching from the brief encounter, laid the card on his table for a quarter of an hour before he rang for the clerk to take it in.

The clerk came for Arthur Loring just as he was putting on his hat to go; and he was ushered into the presence of his uncle, whom he saw standing on the hearthrug, waiting for him with a smile most unpleasantly like a grin.

"So you have bid adieu to Priors Loring, Arthur," he observed, fixing his eyes on the young man's face. "Have you any plans for the future? I suppose your expensive education is not thrown away?"

"You know the value of an expensive education, uncle," said Arthur courageously, when you want to earn bread by it. It is not worth much."

"Do you want me to help, or merely to advise you? I presume it was not out of mere courtesy you left your card at my house."

"I want to earn my living," said the young man, swallowing a lump in his throat. "I want no further help than to be put in the way of doing so."

"Very well," replied Mr. Loring quietly; "I will do as much as that for you. But the salary you will be worth—for a long while yet—will hardly keep you in the clothes you have been used to."

"I want no more than I may be worth; and I mean to live upon it, be it ever so little, without disgracing either yourself or your office."

"You will come to dinner this evening, of course? Very well.—And now let us understand each other, Mr. Arthur Loring. I may ask you to my house again; but you will clearly understand that no intimacy shall ever exist between you and me. There is that in the past which does not allow it."

In this sentiment Arthur fully concurred, but from another point of view. What followed rather took him by surprise.

"When I speak of intimacy, I refer only to myself. With my wife and daughter you may be as intimate as they, and your opportunities, permit. You see I am not unreasonable or unjust. Am I quite understood?"

"I think so, sir."  
"You have met my wife and daughter already, I understand. Perhaps I ought to explain why they went to Priors Loring. It is because I do not intend to allow the house I was born in to be occupied by strangers. I have more reverence for the old roof-tree than your father had, who brought it to this sad pass."

"Then you have rented the house, sir?"  
"I have rented it, pending another arrangement whereby I shall possess it."

"It is not for sale."  
"What have you to do with it, that you should know whether it is or not?" he demanded sharply.

"Nominally, at least, it is still mine, although that, I admit, amounts to very little."

"You have been talking to my brother Ralph," said Mr. Loring. "But if you take my advice yourself, you will avoid your uncle Ralph; his counsel will be of as little value to you as it has been to himself."

Arthur Loring had all this while been standing, and now he thought the interview had gone far enough, and observed: "If it is your intention to give me a trial in your office, sir, I should be glad to know when I am to come here again."

"Mr. Longfield, the secretary, will arrange that with you; he has entire control of the office." He touched a bell, and the secretary came in. "This young gentleman, Arthur, is my nephew, Mr. Arthur Loring. Hornby may leave the office this day week, and you will put Mr. Loring in his place, or at such other work as you deem best."

"Very well," said the secretary, without deigning to glance at the young man; "let him be here this day week at half-past nine."

Arthur Loring went down the stone stairs full of shame and mortification, and half tempted to go back and decline to serve under two such men as his uncle and the secretary. But now that he had gone so far he set his teeth with the resolution to follow it up. That secretary, especially, he felt to be his enemy.

Arthur made the most of his opportunities that evening. The secretary was there; and during dinner Arthur exerted himself to the utmost in his attention to the mother

and daughter; and as Mr. Loring seemed secretly amused, they gave themselves freely to the enjoyment of their guests' good spirits and constant rattle of small-talk. After he had held open the door for them to withdraw, he returned, and rested his elbows on the edge of the table.

"Won't you take some wine, Arthur?" said his uncle.

"I don't care for any wine; but if you don't mind, uncle, I will join the ladies?"

"All right," said Mr. Loring; "we shan't be very long after you."

Arthur Loring proceeded to the drawing-room, where he found Miss Lavelle alone. The girl gave a little start of surprise, and looked pleased.

"Mamma has gone up for a handkerchief," she said. "You have left the dining-room very soon, Mr. Loring. Will they not think you unsozial?"

"And what will you think me, Miss Lavelle?" he asked. "I hope not intrusive?"

"Oh no," she said.  
"Will you tell me now," he asked, "what you think of Priors Loring? Shall you like to live there?"

"I have never been in so lovely a place, Mr. Loring."

"When are you going down to live there?"  
"Oh, I don't know at all," she answered, looking frightened, as he thought.

"You will grow attached to Priors Loring. Wait until you know it better, and have seen the woods in their full dress: there isn't another place like it in England. I wish I was there to show it to you, I know it so well!"

He spoke with a little enthusiasm, for a very light touch of the subject made his heart warm; but Miss Lavelle recalled him to sober reality by an innocent suggestion.

"Perhaps you will come down—perhaps Mr. Loring—she never spoke of her mother's husband as her father—" will ask you to come down and stay a while with us. I should be so glad."

"Thank you, Miss Lavelle. No; my uncle will not ask me down to Priors Loring; and if he did, I could not accept his invitation, even to meet you."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, indeed, Mr. Loring," she quickly said, pink with distress. "I did not think of what I was saying."

"There is nothing to pardon. But I shall never stand in Priors Loring again."

"Isn't 'never' a long time, Mr. Loring?" she inquired with a pretty smile, "and you are not very old as yet."

"True enough; but even earlier in life, people often have to say 'never'—something is always coming to an end, you know—like this pleasant little conversation," he added, as Mrs. Loring returned to the drawing-room, and the other gentlemen came in. Mr. Longfield, with a glance of contempt at Loring, walked over and seated himself beside Miss Lavelle on the couch.

Arthur Loring was taken aback for a moment by this proceeding. He was standing by the couch, and the situation became awkward for a minute or two, until, in spite of his self-control, the blood mounted to his face, and he moved away to where Mrs. Loring sat. Longfield laughing softly as he retired—either at him or at something else—made his ears tingle, and gave him the first inspiration of a craving for retaliation, which afterwards led to singular results.

The rest of the evening was wretchedly uncomfortable. Mr. Henry Loring stood mostly on the hearthrug, a silent observer of the scene. What he thought of it, no one could guess from his inscrutable face. Longfield was whispering to Maud Lavelle; and Arthur Loring doing his painful best to maintain a conversation with the cold and reserved mistress of the house. Perhaps an unexpected, and it may indeed have been unconscious, cordiality in her manner of saying good-night was a tribute to the spirit with which he had carried off a trying hour; perhaps, on the other hand, Mrs. Loring was glad it was over.

Arthur, considerably on his mettle now, did not allow himself to be annoyed or abashed by the man's supercilious stare as he approached to take leave of the younger lady.

"Good-night, Miss Lavelle," he said in his pleasantest manner, "or—will you let me say Maud, for we are cousins, you know?"

"Oh, certainly," answered the girl, taken a little by surprise, but reddening and smiling at the same time.

"Thank you, Maud.—Good-night." Returning Mr. Longfield's courtesy by forgetting to notice him, Arthur took a cheerful leave of his uncle and went away.

There was a minute's silence. Miss Lavelle rose and went to her mother. Then Mr. Longfield, recovering from his temporary stupefaction, observed: "Well, I admire that impudence! I wonder you allow—"  
"I wonder you allow—"

That the girl possessed some spirit he had suddenly rising colour made manifest, without the sharp rejoinder which she made to this observation.

"Mr. Loring is a gentleman," she said, "and my cousin."

"A gentleman, is he?" replied Longfield. "I should hardly have thought it."

"Perhaps you are not a good judge;" the girl quietly retorted; and then she and her mother retired.

Arthur Loring, singular to say, was in excellent spirits as he walked out into Sloane Street from the square—he was satisfied that he had given Mr. Longfield a good knock-down, and his gratitude to Maud Lavelle for permitting him knew no bounds.

"She's a glorious girl!" was his fervid thought as he halted a minute, looking back into the square. "Oh Maud, Maud! does that call mean you to be his?"

That the "call" meant it, there could be no doubt; and indeed it looked as if the matter were already removed beyond the province of speculation. The conviction made Arthur Loring smart; but his step was firm and elastic, and he carried his head defiantly as he walked up the street and turned into King's Road.

From the opposite side of the street he saw light in the window of his uncle's sitting-room, and he immediately crossed the road and obtained admittance.

"Well, Arthur," inquired Ralph with considerable curiosity, "how did it come off?"

"Delightfully, uncle," the young fellow dryly answered, throwing himself in a chair and stretching his rather long legs.—"Do you know, I wished you were there."

"It's a pity I wasn't. Perhaps, if you gave him a hint, Henry might invite me next time you dine there." The old fellow seemed to enjoy the fancy.

"I'm afraid that will never happen, uncle," said Arthur, laughing. "Indeed, I doubt whether I shall myself be again honoured, only there's no accounting for things. Do you know, I had a palpable brush with that fellow Longfield?"

"You don't say? Tell me all about it."  
Arthur did so, and Uncle Ralph enjoyed it immensely. The bold way in which the young fellow had made up to the girl and called her "Maud," quite carried him away.

"You took her hand, I suppose?"

"Of course I did."  
"Squeezed it, I hope?—Hang me, Arthur," he broke out, laughing, "I'm sorry you didn't complete the business with a cousinly kiss! But that's coming, I take it."

"Gently, uncle; I'm not so sure about all that. Miss Lavelle, as far as I can see, is engaged."

"No doubt of it, but she isn't married. Would you have scruples about cutting up Mr. Longfield?"

Arthur Loring made no answer to this question. He was not conceited enough to suppose that, after a couple of hours' acquaintance, the young lady would be in the least inclined to encourage him as a lover. These reflections were disheartening, for Arthur Loring was head and ears in love with Maud Lavelle already; and thus, as he felt, illustrating the proverb that misfortunes never come singly.

He proceeded to relate to his uncle, next, the friendly references made by Mr. Henry Loring at the office that afternoon. In his admonition to the young man to beware of following his uncle Ralph's example and advice, Ralph freely admitted that his excellent brother had a good deal on his side— from which, however, Arthur resolutely dissented. In regard to the intimation that he, Mr. Henry Loring, meant to "acquire" Priors Loring, Mr. Ralph Loring was more serious.

"He means it, sure enough," he said gravely; "and he will do it too—and play ducks and drakes with the old place—out of pure malice—which is the worst of it. First of all, he will gut the woods till you won't recognise the ragged remnant."

"Uncle," said Arthur Loring, jumping up with flaming face, "I thought you said the mortgages would not foreclose?"

"My dear fellow, I merely said what I thought. The men do not live who will risk a thousand pounds if they can help it. Priors Loring at a forced sale might not realise the money. There is a fair prospect of getting in the interest, but at present it is precarious as its best; and a proposal to transfer the mortgage is too tempting to be resisted."

"Who offers to take over the mortgage?" he asked in dismay.

"Your uncle Henry—nominally, Miss Lavelle's trustees, whom he has persuaded to the step; but, in fact, your uncle. Priors Loring is to be acquired with that charming young lady's money, for of course they will



**A Sermon by Dr. Joseph Parker.**

My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of mine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart. Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister; and call understanding thy kinswoman: that they may keep thee from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words.—Prov. vii. 1-5.

The father gathers himself together as for a final effort to rescue his son from the temptations and perils of life. The appeal really begins with the twenty-fourth verse of the preceding chapter. By a description the most vivid and graphic ever drawn by human genius, the young man is warned of a vital danger. The only security of the "son" is to keep the commandment of the father, and to make his law as the apple of the eye. The father exhorts the son to bind the paternal commandments upon his fingers. It appears that the thong of the phylactery for the left arm was wound seven times round the middle finger. This represents the idea of trusting to other than merely human power, and being well prepared against the day of danger. It was not enough in the judgment of the father that the young man should be warned against evil, the wise father proceeds to fill up the very mind and soul of the child with wise words and useful occupations. "Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister, and call understanding the kinswoman." Thus the negative and positive are happily combined in the school of Scriptural teaching. The greatest danger of all is a vacant mind, and a heart that has no supreme affection and law is exposed to the seductions of sense. Our only security is in high and useful employment. We ought to be able to say with Nehemiah to every tempter and to every enemy, "I am doing a great work, and cannot come down." The enemy is always on the alert, and, as represented by the figure of the text, night is as day, and day is as night; every form of blandishment and eloquence is pressed into the unholy service, and the demon-possessed heart is resolute upon the accomplishment of one object. The process which is described vividly represents the reality of life. First, we are accustomed to the sight of evil; secondly, we become enouraged of it; thirdly, we are prepared to listen, to its voice; fourthly, we are entitled to look upon its charms and then suddenly, if after such a course there can be any sudden action, we lose our foothold and destroy our own soul. No man can take fire into his bosom without his clothes being burned, nor can a man walk upon hot coals without his feet being scorched. The pain immediately follows the pleasure. The drop from earth to hell is instantaneous. Awful, indeed, is the position of tempted lives. That which is revolting is hidden, and that only which is beautiful and fascinating is allowed to be seen. The bed decked with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt, may be spoken of with artistic appreciation, and taste itself may delight in the perfume of myrrh, aloe and cinnamon; but gates of pearl may open upon perdition, and at the end of the flowery way may be found the very gulf of hell. Pitiful is the picture of the man who is allured by mighty temptations. "He goeth as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." It is a blind irrationalism which attempts to ignore all the machinery of hell which is working on the very surface of the earth. We may draw down the blind, and exclude the light, but the mighty engine is working to the destruction of all that is noble in youth, beautiful in manners, and hopeful in progress. The wisest piety will go out and confront the evil, exposing its subtle policy and its cruel design, and speaking about it with the holy audacity which can utter even corrupt words without being corrupted by their pollution.

"Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." (Vers. 24-27.)

In the twenty-seventh verse there is an energetic expression full of mournful suggestion, "Her house is the way to hell." Observe, it is not the place itself, but the way to it! In this case, what is the difference between the way and the destination? Verily, the one is as the other, so much so, that he that has entered the way may reckon upon it as a fatal certainty that he will accomplish the journey and be plunged into "the chamber of death." No man means to go the whole length. A man's will is not

destroyed in an instant; it is taken from him, as it were, little by little, and almost imperceptibly; he imagines that he is as strong as ever, and says that he will go out and shake himself as at other times, not knowing that the spirit of might has gone from him. Is there any object on earth more pathetic than that of a man who has lost his power of resistance to evil, and is dragged on an unresisting victim whithersoever the spirit of perdition may desire to take him? Like the young man in the parable, he is taken to the fire and to the water, and the infernal spirit does what he pleases with the victim. It is true that the young man can plead the power of fascination: all that music and color, and blandishment, and flatter can do has been done; the cloven foot has been most successfully concealed; the speech has been all garden and paradise and sweetness and joy; the word hell or perdition has not been so much as mentioned. The young man might have been on the way to heaven, so flowery was the path and so many birds sang brightly in the blue air as he passed along as upon wings rather than upon feet. How could such a path lead to aught less than a home beautiful as summer and blessed as heaven! This is what is meant by seduction; leading a man out of himself and from himself onward and onward by carefully graded processes until fascination has accomplished its work and bound the consenting soul in eternal bondage. Sometimes indeed men have awakened to the reality of their condition, and with heartrending cries have appealed for help. Then it has been found to be too late. Are there any words in the speech of man so solemn and so awful as the words "too late" when addressed to the soul that feels the extremity of pain? Whilst we have no right to dilate upon this possible aspect of human experience merely for the sake of mocking human agony and despair, we are entitled to dwell upon it in the hope that the tempted and imperilled souls of the very gray be alarmed and excited to consideration. That there is a hell no man of experience can deny,—a hell here! a hell of remorse, self-reproach, appalling memory, hopelessness—a despair compared with which all darkness is as mid-day. How difficult to forewarn men with any success! The exhorter himself has been overwhelmed, the teacher victimized, the saintliest soul is conscious of a ministry not divine. Still, on every hand the word of exhortation and persuasion must be spoken, and the prayer of entreaty must be breathed with eagerness and passion if haply one soul may be rescued from the way to hell and the chambers of death.

**Potato Scab.**

Some very interesting experiments have been conducted by Prof. J. C. Arthur of the New-York Experimental Station at Geneva on the cause of the trouble known as the scab in the potato. This has been believed to be due to fungus action, or to minute insects, the believers in neither being able, as Prof. Arthur suggests, to give any reason for the faith that is in them. The author reminds us that a potato may lie for days exposed to the full sun, and yet not shrink in the slightest degree. It will resist the most exsiccating efforts to induce evaporation. He finds this to result from the impervious character of the thin skin covering the tuber. It is a delicate layer of cork. The cells composing it are flat, in seven or more layers, fitting together so closely as to leave no space between, and without a trace of the starchy matter so abundant in the great mass of the potato tuber. It is the destruction of these cells that causes the scab. No trace of fungus growth appears through any of the destructive stages, nor is there any trace of insect depredation. Just what does bring about the destruction of the cells Prof. Arthur was not able to discover; but it is certainly neither of these influences that have been attributed to it. So far as his observations went, he found more scab in potatoes where stable manure had been employed as a fertilizer than elsewhere. This leads him to suppose that it is some chemical element combating the water-proof character of the cuticle that causes the trouble. Just as in other dermic wounds, the potato has the power of healing these by forming new skin under that which has been destroyed, by transforming the starch-bearing cells to these flat, corky ones. This can readily be shown by macerating a potato in water when the scab is pushed off, and the clear, smooth skin exposed beneath.

A contemporary starts the query: "Why do shoes squeak?" Probably for the same reason that opera singers do, because of the music in their soles.

**A Reverie.**

Twenty years with their lights and shades have passed and I am standing once more on the threshold of the old home. Yes, it is twenty long years since I was a little bare-foot boy tramping to school in happy innocence, and the scenes of childhood are fresh and bright in my memory as though it was but yesterday that the school bell called me for the first time.

But alas there is a depth of sadness in everything, and as I gaze around I miss the ringing laughter of youthful playmates, and fail to catch a glimpse of the loved ones whose forms have been laid in the silent churchyard that slopes so gently towards the sleeping valley. Where are the children who hand in hand trudged to school in the summer sunlight? Where are the friends of youth and early manhood? The shadows creep up from the waving cedars, and as the chill evening winds mourn dimly around me, they seem to whisper gone! Yes, gone. Like the fluttering autumn leaves that are now borne to my feet with a gentle murmur before being whirled with many grotesque gyrations down the sloping hill, they have been borne out upon the bosom of the great ocean of life; and I miss them all. The old house is deserted now, and the grass and weeds are growing over the path that was once so smooth and firm. I move out from the gloom that surrounds the weather-beaten structure, and stand where my eye can trace the distant line that marks the horizon. So far away that line of bluish hills seemed to me once, that in fancy I could almost discern the steeples in some distant city; and could almost hear the chiming of church bells.

Hark! I hear the old school bell. It alone has remained untouched and unharmed, and its solemn clang brings back a flood of half-forgotten memories. What scenes that old bell has witnessed, and what stories its iron tongue could tell. But to me the stories are as plain as though written in letters of fire, and turning back page after page of the book of memory, I see again my early life—I and the old bell.

Ding Dong. It is summer morning, and the laughing sunlight gleams through the tangled leaves of the old maples, and sparkles on the flowers so ruthlessly crushed beneath our childish feet. My first day at school, and light as the wings of the chirping wren in the thicket by the bridge my heart bounds in joyful anticipation of the coming pleasures, which alas! were soon found to be less bright than my childish fancy had pictured. But time heals nearly all things; and peace settled calmly down in my youthful breast.

Ding Dong. Ten years have passed away, and I'm standing by the grave of a loved one. My school days are over now, and as I watch the growing mound, I realize how rebellious I have been, and how unworthy I am to face the storms of life alone, and the gentle words of the pastor "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away," do not I fear, convey their true meaning to me. Oh Death! Oh bitter parting; how soon shall we cease to mourn on this earth, and when shall our tears be dried never again to flow.

Ding Dong. And the Angel of earth still goes on. The grass is waving over the grave of the old schoolmaster, and a little plot not far away from his marks the resting place of an old school-fellow.

Ding Dong, and the faces of old friends seem to rise up before me in the gathering dusk.

The far far West gives up a welcoming face Long, lank Henry M., the amateur showman in the playground, who was always building castles in the air about the wonderful things he would do when he was a man—he waves his hand and disappears as suddenly as did his boyish dreams. Poor Henry, he did not carry out his bright plans for he holds a plough on the far off plains of Montana, and when his little children beg for pennies to see the clown in the traveling circus, he smiles, and pats the head of the youngest, and tells him not to think too much about clowns and circus rings.

And Will H., the boy who was always climbing trees and building caves in the woods, and who was found one day in the top of the old beech that waved its fantastic arms over the school-house. His wandering disposition remained with him when he reached manhood, and he now sleeps beneath the troubled waters of the Atlantic.

And happy, frolicking Tom P., who was always in mischief, and who loved sweet winsome Nellie Moore. Poor Tom, his bones bleach on the far off field of Atlanta, and the wild winds that sweep over the plain seem to bear with them the sad, sad tale. With his heart beating high with martial ardour, with the stirring notes of

the bugle in his ears and the flash of steel before his eyes he gave up that life which he so often risked for the sake of others.

And Nellie, sweet dainty Nellie. Poverty alas, came to her happy home, and she was forced to work for her daily bread in the great city of Washington. But her sweet disposition and her love for Tom kept her up through many trials and temptations. She was found one morning with her face pillowed on an old cap belonging to Tom, with a paper in her hand containing the news of the Battle of Atlanta, and an account of the death of Lieutenant Tom Powers.

Her pure face was as sweet as in the days when she wandered around the lanes and fields with him she loved, but the light had left her eyes for ever.

And thus they all come before me, and as I muse my eyes fill with tears, for I seem to hear their voices calling me. I can almost hear the click of the cricket bat, the murmur of merry voices and the sound of many feet.

Ding Dong, and the holidays are near. We are standing together and singing our favorite hymns, and the light is streaming through the windows lighting up the battered seats and shining like a crown on the old teacher's head.

Ding Dong, Ding Dong. I start suddenly, for I hear the sound of wheels, and here stands the old horse that is to take me to the nearest station, the same horse, I believe, that scampered as a colt a score of years ago, and as I pat his soft nose he turns his neck eyes upon me, as if he too recollects it all, as well as I. Then I wave a last adieu to the woods, the hills and the valleys and am off in the whirl and excitement of the world again.

But after all I visited the old friends, though they were not with me, and I trust that on the last Great Day we shall all stand hand in hand together and sing the hymns we used to sing long ago.

**In the Winter Woods.**

High-fung at noon, in chill and sombre state,  
The naked woods uplift their naked arms,  
Silent and grim, to meet the evening hate  
Which with the winter scourges waves and rains  
And chills and nips and blows insatiate.  
High-fung and grey, athwart the frozen lands  
Wind-caverned, stark, the winter forest stands

Here I have wandered all a frosted day,  
In fancy dream of sheeted ice and snow;  
Great rafters and branches stretching mossed and grey  
Ice-filled pools and drifted snows below,  
With forlorn winds that creep from far away,  
Steal in and moan across the fading light,  
While with great stride glooms in the lonely night.

The lofty maples shake their tops and sigh,  
The snow-mossed beeches stir their beards of leaves.

Still clinging from the autumn long gone by,  
And all the woodland dark the night receives,  
Into its snowy-caverned sanctity,  
The shadows darken, lovelier slants the sun,  
Bright beams the moon when scarce the day is done.

With one red gleam the sun has vanished  
Down  
Over the icy forest's bearded rim,  
Low crown the winds, blacker the shadows frown,

Across the eerie twilight, far and dim,  
Comes a faint gleam from out the twinkling town,  
Steals in the night, the grey wood bends and sighs,  
Pale glims the moon in frosty reveries.

Keen grows the air from frosts that creep  
A near,  
Night's icy hoists that all the grey wood thrill,  
Far overhead the stars grow sharp and clear,  
Ice-rending sounds the tingling silence fill  
From the far river cold in marshes drear,  
Across white flocks a shadowy phantom flows  
From wind-whirled boughs and smoke of drifting snows.

Then back I turn me homeward, wading drifts  
In eddied hollows, skirting icy pools;  
Dreaming red hearthblugs through the frosty rifts,

While o'er my path the moon throws icy gules  
Where overhead the forest's gloom uplifts  
Its shadowy bars against the climbing light,—  
The awful silence of the arctic night.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

**A Mutual Feeling.**

Algy (out gunning)—Aw, I wish you wouldn't get behind me that way when I shoot. It makes me nervous!

Cholly—Mebbe; but law, jove, it makes me more nervous yet to get anywhere else.

Do not let either discourse or action pass unobserved; attend to the sense and signification of the one, and to the tendency and design of the other.—[Marcus Aurelius.]

Politician (angrily)—"These newspapers tell abominable lies about me." Friend—"And yet they might do worse." Politician—"Do worse! What do you mean?" Friend—"They might tell the truth." (last among them, and the reigning kin) "was troubled" that was not unnatural and "all Jerusalem with him." That was the hard part of it.

## HOW TO SERVE GOD.

BY GEORGE HODG KES.

"If God will keep me in the way that I go and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."

That was the bargain which Jacob made with God. Jacob was just then running away from the consequences of one over-cunning bargain, and it came to pass as he stopped to say his prayers, that the phrases of trade crept in among the phrases of petition. And he tried to make a contract with God. He was like some business men who come to church to-day and plan their Monday work in prayer time and do sums in mental arithmetic during the sermon. Even that is better than to imitate the people of the parable, who went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, one to his leisure at home, another to his accounts at the store, and missed the service altogether.

Jacob was a shrewd and crafty money-maker. Even religion, he thought, might be made to minister to a man's material advancement. If God would give him bread to eat and raiment to put on, if God would build him a good house and furnish it, if God would give him a fair measure of success in his mercantile adventures, why, then, for his part, he would be perfectly willing to recite his prayers, and sing his praises, and to be on the side of God. So much prosperity, so much praise, so much wealth, so much worship. "Then shall the Lord be my God." It would be a paying bargain. It would be worth while.

That was the idea of God which that Saxon priest of Odin had, who listened to the good Bishop Paulinus as he preached the promises of the new religion and said: "The old gods have profited me little. These long years have I served them, no man more diligently, and yet many are richer and more prosperous than I am. I will try the new." And thereafter the role fell into Odin's temple, and with his lance tumbled the great statue of the god over into the dust.

That was the idea of God which men had in those days when the favorite deity among the Romans was that fickle goddess Fortune. There are no more pathetic and significant relics of that old religion than the little battered and broken altars dedicated to Fortune. "Let us say our prayers," men said. "To the great god, Good Luck. Let us get him to give us this and that." Toward the end, nothing remained of that ancient faith but this—a serving of the gods to ward off evil and to get good.

To-day, "the negro of Guinea beats his gods when they do not gratify his wishes, and the New Zealander threatens to kill and eat them." Indeed, it was the opinion of the devil in that wonderful play of "Job," that godliness everywhere is merely for the sake of gain. In comes Satan among the sons of God, weary with a long journey. He has been going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it. "And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, Doth Job fear God for naught?"

It was the opinion of the devil that any man will serve God faithfully so long as he gets good pay for it. If the Lord gives him bread to eat and raiment to put on, any man will chose the Lord for his God. But let adversity come—and then see! Doth any man serve God for naught?

I am afraid that Jacob's bargains has its parallels in Christian communities. I am afraid that the devil's sneering question must in some instances be answered in the devil's way. The most evident instances are of course to be looked for in connection with the great troubles of life. Adversity comes, and it is not everybody who meets it as faithfully as Job did. People lose their money, or they lose their health, or they lose their friends; and then because they are poor, or sick, or full of loneliness and sorrow, they lose their faith. They begin to stay away from the sacrament, and to be missed out of their places in the church, and presently they are found to say that God does not care for them, and perhaps there is no God at all. If there is a God, why do they suffer? Why does He not send prosperity? What is God for if not to help us? A God who does not serve us, why should we serve Him?

That was not what Job said. No doubt there were plenty of imperfections in Job's religion, but, at least, it was not founded upon selfishness. It was not built upon that shifting sand. It was not constructed out of such materials that it stood up and made a brave show in the sunshine, and toppled over and went to pieces when it rained. Job said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Jacob said, "If he pay me, then

will I trust him." There is some difference!

It is said that in these days the commercial spirit of our time has got into religion; that Jacob is still bargaining with God; and this not only in the great adversities which try men's souls, but in lesser matters in some of the ordinary duties of the Christian life. Thus there is a general complaint among the clergy that people nowadays must be paid for everything.

Jacob will give money for Christian uses, he will help the cause of missions, he will assist the poor, he will do his part in building the church and maintaining the parish—if you pay him, if you get up a great supper, and give him something good to eat, or a concert, and let him hear sweet music, Jacob will come to church—if he is well paid for coming, if there is a popular preacher and a fine choir. Provide enough "attraction." Make the services "taking," "interesting," and not too religious, and Jacob will never miss a meeting.

"If God will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house, then shall the Lord be my God."

But we ought to think a great deal more about what we owe to God, than about what God owes to us. The central fact of our religion ought to be the fact of God, rather than the fact of self. The sovereignty of God and the smallness of man, the omnipotence of God and the weakness of man, the inexpressible pre-eminence of God—we ought to think of. It used to be asked of converts, in one of the great religious communions, if they set God first that they were even willing, if it were for God's glory, to be forever damned. That is a strong way of putting it. But there is a great truth underlying that given question, nevertheless. It is an essential condition of Christianity to look utterly away from self toward God.

There are accordingly two words which we all need to emphasize in our religious life. One word is duty, the other is devotion. There are a great many things which we ought to do, whether they are pleasing to us or not, simply because they are among our duties. I fear that the good word "duty" has not the place which it should have in the vocabulary of modern life. People live in the direction of their inclinations. Whatever good work interests them, they do—as long as it interests them! When it gets to be tiresome or unpleasant, they put it away, like a child. They go where they like, and when they like, and as long as they like. And they take small counsel of that stout imperative "must."

But God expects every Christian to do his duty. Nelson reminded his sailors that England expected that of every Englishman. Napoleon reminded his soldiers, at the Battle of the Nile, that from yonder pyramids forty centuries looked down upon them. There are the two motives. Shall we work to give something, to give our allegiance and our lives to the Power that is over us? or shall we work to get something, to get somebody's good opinion, or to get a gratification of our own pleasure? Shall our offering be a sacrifice or a bargain?

God desires us to do our duty. And one of the characteristics of duty is that it is a thing done out of a sense of obligation. It is our duty, for example, to obey the will of Christ. And that means that we are to do just what He tells us to do, whether we want to or not; obeying not our own inclinations, but his positive commandments. Take for instance the matter of forgiveness, upon which He laid such frequent emphasis. When it is easy for us to forgive, we are probably not obeying Christ nor doing our duty at all; we are obeying our own pleasure. When it seems almost impossible to forgive, and yet we forgive—then we are following the Master, along the hard path of duty.

Indeed, the test of duty is nearly always the presence of difficulty. When inclination says "I don't want to do that," and conscience says "You must," there is a case of duty. Let me illustrate this by two or three everyday applications.

I would say that it is the duty of all Christian people, who are in health and are not imperatively hindered, to present themselves before God in His home upon every Lord's day. This is one of the things which man owes to God. When you are tired with your week's work, or the way is long, or the sky is overcast, or the rain falls, then the test comes. You can go to church, and you don't want to go to church, but you ought to go to church. That is the syllogism of duty. Now you will discover whether your attendance is a matter of duty with you, or not. When there are empty seats upon a rainy Sunday, one-third of those who are absent are infirm in body, the other two-thirds are only infirm in duty.

I would say, further, that it is the duty of every Christian who has time to do some Christian work. This applies to every Christian, but especially to women, because they have most time. The societies of a parish never enroll all the members of a parish; often the members are but a minority of the congregation. This is partly because some of the people have no time. They are mothers who must take care of their children, or who must do their household work. In their case, the call of duty is to stay at home. But there are always a great many other people in every parish who are never seen helping with the good work because they are deficient in a sense of duty. They are doing what they like, not what they ought.

It is also a universal Christian duty to give not only time but money. And this applies chiefly to the men, because they have most money. But every offering in every congregation discovers a lack of this sense of duty. Whoever sees it, and notices what kind of coins compose it, knows that the larger part of it was given simply at haphazard. The plate came by, and the giver felt constrained to give something, and he put his hand in his pocket and gave the first small coin which his fingers lighted upon. That was his honest, Christian giving. That did not count, in God's sight, for anything. These men did not say to themselves: Here is this good cause, how much ought I to give? They knew that if they gave nothing, somebody would notice it. And so they gave—perhaps a three-cent piece which looks so much like a dime. Ask the Treasurer of the church how often people come to him, after the day of some special offering, and say: "I could not be at church last Sunday, here is my part of the contribution." That is a measure of the sense of duty.

But there is a better word than duty, and that is devotion.

"When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do." What! Unprofitable servants still, with all our duties done? Yes; for there is a defect in duty. Duty has plenty of conscience, but no heart. The essential characteristic of it, as I said, is obligation. But that is not the ideal kind of service. "I will take the Lord for my God, because I want to; because I love Him." That is the ideal way of serving God.

Love is better than obligation. Better than duty is devotion. For it is love which enriches, and beautifies, and inspires and consecrates devotion, and lifts it high above all the duty-doing in the world. Love drives no bargains. Love knows no measuring of give and take. It is love's privilege to give. By and by Jacob came to love God; he came to realize his own imperfect service and God's great infinite love and boundless goodness; he came to see that a balancing of divine blessing with human obedience would be the most disastrous thing that could happen to a sinful man.

God is our loving Father. What devotion is too great for us to give Him? Christ from His cross cries: "This have I done for thee." Who shall set a bound or a measure or an end to our willingness and eagerness to do whatever thing we can for Him?

For all who love God the terms of that old bargain are written over again, with a different meaning. Though God lead me along a narrow way, where it is hard to go, and give me of bread and raiment but a scanty measure, and tribulation with it, yet will I serve Him, yet will I devote myself to Him body and soul, and count no sacrifice precious enough for Him, yet will I love Him with all the love of my whole heart, and the Lord shall be my God.

## Three Pairs of Shoes.

There they are in a neat little row under the mantel in the children's bedroom, a pair of twelves, a pair of nines and a tiny pair of fives belonging to the baby.

They are all more or less wrinkled and worn and the pair of twelves have holes in the toes which caused me to say a little while ago to the sturdy wearer of them that there was "no sense in his kicking out shoes like that," and if he were not more careful he would just have to go barefooted.

He heard me with the utmost indifference as I know from the fact that the threat was hardly out of my mouth when he asked me if I knew whose little boy he would have been if I had never been born.

"You might have been the little boy of some papa who couldn't have bought you any shoes at all," I said reproachfully.

"Oh, well," he says, calmly, in the fullness and beauty of his childish faith, "God has millions and millions of shoes and I

could just ask Him for a pair whenever I wanted them. Don't you see, papa.

Three pairs of shoes! Three pairs of tender little feet upon the untried border of life's mysterious land.

I sit and look at the little shoes wondering where the feet that wear them will be led in the time to come, the little feet that

"—Through long years,  
Must wander on 'mid hopes and fears."  
How much I would give to know the future that I might stand between them and the temptations so sure to assail them, that I might guide their feet aright, that I might shield them from pain and sorrow if I could.

There is something strangely appealing and half pathetic to every loving father and mother in the sight of a row of little shoes like those I see before me now. They arouse the tenderest instincts of one's nature. I don't know why.

The wearers of the little shoes may have been very fretful or mischievous or trying all day.

You may have been "all out of patience" with them. You may have whipped the little hands or put the rebellious little ones to bed, declaring that they were "worrying the life out of you," but they are not "worrying" you any more, and you go about picking up a little stocking here and a little shirt there with nothing but tenderness in your heart toward them.

You think only how precious the wearers of the little clothes are, and there is no melody on earth one-half so sweet to you as the music of the baby voices when they knelt around you a little while ago saying "God bless mamma and papa, and keep us all safely through the night." You will hear no sweeter music than that this side of Paradise.

You reproach yourself for your lack of tenderness and patience as you look at that little row of shoes, and sometimes you fall to thinking of the unutterable sorrow that would fill your heart to breaking if the wearer of any one pair of the little shoes would wear them no more—if you should awaken some morning, as heartbroken fathers and mothers have sometimes awakened, and find that the wearer of one pair of the little shoes had gone from you in the night to wear the garments that wax not old.

Three pairs of little shoes! There are tears in your eyes as you look at them now, and perhaps you steal softly to the bedside of the little sleepers to make sure that they are sleeping sweetly and safely and to touch their little hands or their cool, moist brows with your lips, your heart filled with tender memories, with hopes and tears, with unspoken prayers.

Three pairs of little shoes! Three little pilgrims setting out on the voyage of life, their frail bark as yet untouched and unharmed by adverse winds and waves. God bring them all to port!

## A Glorious River.

The St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers, says *Nature's Realm*. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that affect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not 1 per cent of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case.

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caused by drouth or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary and wondrously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.

## Sad Deception.

"Have you parted from that grass widow?"

"Yes. We have said farewell forever."

"How did she take it?"

"She said I would be always green 'in her memory.'"

"Well, but you won't."

"Why?"

"Because there's nothing green about grass widows."

### The Belief in Fairies.

In countries where a good deal of Celtic blood yet remains pure and untainted with Teutonic or Scandinavian a lingering belief in fairies may still be traced in remote parts. A few years ago an old man in the Isle of Man solemnly assured a traveler there that he himself had one night beheld the fairies at their revels in such multitudes "that there was quite a thickness tremendous of them," and no amount of skeptical questioning could shake the old man in his belief. At the present day, in the wilder parts of Cornwall, a quite genuine belief in being "pisky-led" prevails. "Piskie" (pixie in Devonian) is the common Cornish name for fairies and certain mischievous sprites among them are supposed to derive great pleasure in enticing unwary travelers across the wild moors and hills from the right paths and leading them grievously astray. After landing some unluckily wight in a bog a burst of merry laughter in the air generally informs the traveler who his guide has been. The only way to circumvent these airy sprites is to turn the coat inside out before venturing across a desolate expanse. That they have a certain command over the powers of nature is shown by their having the power to blind and bewilder the traveler by throwing a fog around him, so that he cannot trace his way.

The following account of their personal appearance is preserved in a tale told by old wives in the neighborhood of Lamorna beyond Penzance: An old woman called "Aunt Joan," when on a visit to a neighbor popularly supposed to be a white witch, rubs a little ointment she finds hidden under some fern upon one of her eyes, and the result is that when she opens her eyes "the places was full of sprites and spriggans. In all the folds of the nets and sails hanging from the beams troops of small people were cutting all sorts of capers, the little creatures were tossing up their heels, waving their feathered caps and fans as they launched up and down on the merest bits of sticks or green twigs. Numbers of them were swinging in the cobwebs that hung from the rafters, or riding the mice in and out through the holes in the thatch.

"I noted that all the little men were dressed in green, pinked out with red, and had feathered caps on their heads, high riding boots, with silver spurs on their heels; their ladies were all decked out in the grand old fashion, their gowns were of green velvet, with long trains, some looped up with silver chains and bells or tassels, others had their trains sweeping behind them as they walked in grand state up and down. They seemed to think there was nobody in the house but themselves, prancing about in their high-heeled shoes, sparkling with diamond buckles. The little women all wore high-crowned steeple hats like mine, with wreaths of the most beautiful flowers of all colors around them, sprigs and garlands on all the other parts of their dress and in their hands as well, flirting their fans in the faces of the mer. They were the sauciest little mortals I ever disce. What puzzled me most was to see so many sweet flowers with them at that time of the year. . . . I spied some ugly spriggans seated in the dark corner looking very gloomy, because they are doomed to guard the treasures and do irksome things the merry small people are free from. . . . A troop of the small people entered, playing such sweet strains on the pipes, flutes and other instruments they had made with green reeds of the brook and shells of the shore."

Then follows an account of how the fairy band approached the old dame Chenance (the white witch) and cast bunches of the herbs into her apron, with which she made the healing slaves and lotions. As soon as these fairies retired others came forward, bearing in their hands unopened flowers of the foxglove from which they poured magic dyes, which no sooner touched her dress than it was changed into velvet; others laid silver cord on the quiltings of the petticoat, and decked the old dame out in all manner and variety of flowers. The house is covered with marvelous tapestries, and the old dame so transformed with her fairy attire that Aunt Joan gets frightened and hobbles off, but on glancing back with her unappointed eyes sees Dame Chenance in her ordinary clothes sewing; but on looking with the anointed eye the fairy scene is again revealed.

Another story relates how a man, cutting furze on the heath, finds among the bushes a tiny figure asleep. He was no bigger than a cat and dressed in a green coat, sky-blue breeches and diamond-buckled shoes. Uncle Billy takes him home to his children, who make great friends with him, and call him Bobby Griglans (griglans is old Cornish for heath). He is a gay little creature, who sings and dances for hours together, with a great abhorrence of dirt or dust. He only drinks milk and eats blackberries or hips and haws. They keep him a few days, but

among the furze one day Bobby and the children meet a little man and woman, the man dressed just as Bobby, only wearing riding boots with silver spurs. The little woman wore a green gown spangled all over with silver stars. Her little steeple-crowned hat was wreathed with heather, perched on her golden curls, and the pretty soul was wringing her hands a crying, "Oh, my dear and tender Skillywidden, where ever canst 'a be gone to, my only joy?" "Now go'e back," said Bobby to the children; "my dad and mam are come. Here I am, mammy." By the time he said "Here I am" the little man and woman and Skillywidden vanished and were never more seen. The children got a good thrashing for letting Skillywidden go, for if they had kept him he would have shown their daddy where crocks of gold are buried and they would all of them have been rich.

This allusion to the crock of gold must not serve to confound the fairies with the "Knackers," who are in reality gnomes and live underground, and have possession of gold and gems. Many a man in Cornwall at the present day will tell you with fear and trembling that he has heard the Knackers at work in the mines, and he knows misfortune awaits him. This class of being has no affinity with the fairies of Celtic fancy, but belongs to the demon and gnome traditions of Teutonic nations.

All things pass away; even our children now will scarcely deign to own belief in one of the purest fancies that ever entered human imaginations, and which in former days great poets deigned to treat as a byno means despicable belief. Fairies are wholesome diet for our babies' minds than anecdotes of great men and diluted history of human endeavors and failures. Let the children keep their fairies as long as possible, for fairy reverence means simple faith in goodness, and it does no harm for a child to see fairies in the cups of the flowers, even if he afterward has to learn all that can be learnt about vegetable tissues and coloring matter in solution.

### The Toboggan.

Now that we have had one good snow storm, with plenty of sleighing and coasting, it is not unreasonable to hope we may have another. There is scarcely a boy in this country who has not enjoyed the fun to be obtained from a sled, and there are few who have not one of these most desirable playthings. But there is a contrivance well known in Canada, which in some respects is better than a sled. This is the toboggan. It is the Indian sled, invented by the Eskimos, who were forced to have some form of carrier which would ride on the crust of the snow. The toboggan is the companion to the snow shoe, and in its way is as perfect a means to an end.

The advantage of a toboggan when sliding for pleasure lies in the fact that no beaten snow is necessary. It is impossible to use a sled unless one can find a road or path which has been packed down, and coasting is, therefore, confined to places where there has been a good deal of travel. But the course of all others for the toboggan is the open hillside when there has been a good fall of snow, a slight thaw and a sharp frost to set the crust. Over this crust the toboggan fairly flies in its downward run.

To make a sled requires a carpenter and a blacksmith. To make a toboggan requires nothing but the wood, a jack plane and an ax, together with some rawhide thongs or some copper wire. The first thing to get is the wood for the bottom boards. If you want a toboggan seven feet long get a piece of tough spruce nine feet long, five inches wide and five inches thick. Be sure it is straight grained and without knots. Then with the ax start a split at one end one inch thick. By a careful use of wedges you can rive this off the whole length, when you will have a piece nine feet long, five inches wide and one inch thick. This can be split again into pieces half an inch thick, but it is better to dress it down with the jack plane. Prepare the other four pieces in the same way and reduce the width of each to four inches. Tie them all in place on the sides and let them "set" for a day.

The next work is to get out the cross bars. These are half circles in section, flat on one side, one inch and a-half wide and twenty-two inches long. They may be made of pine or any wood that is easily worked and you will need six of them.

Begin at the flat end of the slit, and two inches from the end lay down one of the cross bars at right angles to the slit. Mark each side with a pencil line. Along these lines make holes with an awl large enough to put the wire easily through. These holes on the two lines should not be opposite each other, but should have about three-quarters of an inch between them. On the upper

side of the slit cut a shallow groove between the holes for the wire to lie in. Take some No. 10 copper wire, and after securing the end of the cross bar, lace the bar down to the slit with it. When one slit is laced carry the wire on to the next until you have laced all the slits to the cross bar, when make the wire fast. You must allow a quarter of an inch space between each two slits.

Measure eighteen inches along the slit and put on another cross bar. Then another at the same distance. When you have put on five you will find the last one laces to the slits on the inside of the curved up ends. Now take the sixth cross bar and lace it on top of the curved tips of the slits.

The next thing to do is to provide yourself with two rods of some tough wood, about seven and a half feet long and from three-quarters to one inch in diameter. One of these is laid along on the ends of the cross bars and laced down to each with cord or wire. The other is put on the other side of the toboggan, and the two serve as hand rails. Now take some cord and fasten to the end of the sixth cross bar. Bring it down, under the side rod and back to the fourth cross bar, carry it rock and forward until you have a good secure lashing. Do the same on the other side and the bent end of the toboggan is securely in place. Then fasten the towing line to the side rails back of the fourth cross bar and the toboggan is complete.

It is amazing what rough usage these things will stand and how you can hang them about. They are the best of all sleds for camping and far better than ordinary sleds for rough work on hill sides or in the field, as they slide over the snow and do not cut into it. They cost the merest trifle for if you can get rawhide to cut into thongs you do not even need to buy wire. Any boy who can use an ax, wedge and jack plane can make one.

Of course you can ornament them in any fashion you please with paint or gold and silver leaf, and as they are very graceful things they always look pretty.

### A Hindu Girl.

A Hindu baby girl is an unwelcome addition to the family; her birth is supposed to be no blessing, but a curse and a sign of divine wrath. Rukhmalai says that when the new-born baby is a girl "the father gnashes his teeth and stamps his feet. The mother is sorely disappointed, and although her tenderness may bring its sure wealth of love, she curses both herself and the child. There is, moreover, a notion that women who bear only girls are sinful, and this intensifies the grief." Another Hindu woman gives the same testimony. Ramabai (high caste Hindu widow) says that in no country in the world is a mother so laden with care and anxiety in anticipation of the birth of a child as in India. All her hope of happiness depends upon the sex of the unborn child. A wife who bears daughters and no sons is frequently put away by her husband; husbands sometimes threaten their wives that, if the coming child is a daughter, the offending mother will be henceforth banished from the society of her lord and master; a new wife will be installed in her place and the offending wife will be made into the servant and drudge of the household. Ramabai does not merely make general statements to this effect, but gives several special instances that have come within her own knowledge, among her own friends and acquaintances, of this punishment having been meted out to mothers who gave birth to girls. Mothers try to avert the bad luck of having a daughter by superstitious ceremonies previous to the birth of the child.

### Soda as a Sugar Saver.

Have you ever stood despairingly before a crock of stewed cranberries, gooseberries, rhubarb, dried plums—or, worse than all, prunellas—throwing in sugar, tasting, pucker your face and throwing in more, glancing dubiously meanwhile at the lowering of the sugar in your "dollar's worth" can? I remember well my grandmother's rule for sweetening pie plant pies. It was this: "Put in all the sugar your conscience will allow, then shut your eyes and throw in a double handful." Her pies were excellent, but the rule was expensive. Here is a cheaper one: When sweetening extremely acid fruits like the above stir in a little soda before adding the sugar. Experience will guide you as to the quantity you may safely use without injuring the flavor of the fruit, but, as a general rule, I think a half a teaspoonful of soda to a quart of fruit may be easily borne.

Never speak ill of anybody: you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look.

### Spring Smiles.

Are women born contrary, or is it acquired.

A man never gets so poor that he can't borrow trouble without security.

"Papa, what is a fad?" "A fad, my son, is somebody else's peculiarity."

Complaint is made that the choirsings out of tune. They should wear tunics.

Marriages are called "matches" because they are sometimes followed by scratching.

A boat is a funny thing, and so polite too. It never goes before the public without a bow.

Lot's wife originated, "Looking Backward" thousands of years before Bellamy was born.

The habitual drinker is hardly an amusing spectacle, and yet he raises a good many smiles.

Experience has established the fact that lawsuits are more wearing on a man than any other.

A man who is crushed under a falling ceiling would not be apt to consider the situation sublime.

A fugitive poem is one that has escaped from its author after it has been out doing time in a scrap book.

Clara—"Oh, I have so much to say to you." Maude—"And I to you. Let's go to the opera to-night."

A woman who married a one-legged man says it doesn't take much to make her husband "hopping mad."

"I," said Blinks, "started life without a cent in my pocket." "And I," put in Hicks, "started in life without a pocket."

Hot water is said to be a sure cure for every complaint, but we never knew a man to feel any better because his wife kept him in it.

Sunday-School Teacher—"Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath?" Freddy Fangle—"Please, ma'am, he was rock'd to sleep."

He—"And you say we are too poor to marry; would you marry me if you were rich?" She—"No, but I would marry you if you were rich?"

Trembling Youth—"Madam, I love you to distraction; will you be my wife?" Girl of the Future—"You may leave your reference and call again."

Kicker—"Why do you keep Smythe in your store? He is no good as a clerk?" Merchant—"No, he would hardly do as the head of a department; but he is all right as a counter-irritant."

Caller—"Please, sir, the master, Deacon Skinfint, died last night and the missus wants to know if you will preside at the funeral?" Long-Suffering Pastor—"Yes, certainly, with pleasure."

Dolly—"So you've named the mare after me, Jack, you dear, silly boy?" Jack—"Yes rather; she's the fastest little thing in the country."

"Not this Eve, some other Eve," gallantly remarked Adam, when his good wife was accused of having mimicked the sacred apple.

Aunt Mary—"Now, Jennie, let me see whether you know your lesson. Tell me who first discovered whalebone?" "Jonah. I guess."

Rejected you? Why, I thought she had a great interest in you. "But then love isn't so much a matter of interest with her as capital."

The man who will complain that a twenty-minute sermon is too long will sit half a day watching a couple of chess players making two moves.

### Children's Eating.

Some parents compel their children to eat against their will, as when they come to the breakfast table without an appetite, or have lost in prospect of a visit or a ride, or for the sake of "eating their plates clean" in discouragement of wasteful habits. Unless we are thirsty we cannot drink the purest spring water without aversion, and as for eating when there is no appetite it is revolting, as any one may prove to himself by attempting to take a second meal in twenty minutes after having eaten a regular dinner. The appetite, the hunger, is excited by the presence of gastric juice about the stomach; but if there is no gastric juice there can be no hunger, no appetite, and to compel a child to swallow food when it is distasteful is an absurdity and a cruelty.

The amount cleared at the Montreal clearing house in 1890 was \$473,984.00, against \$454,529,000 in 1889. Of the 81 cities and towns in Canada and the United States where there are clearing houses, Montreal stands twelfth.

## A Female Crusoe.

On the 26th day of October, A. D. 1871, the trading schooner Little Kings sailed out of the port of Singapore, bound for the Kinderloo Islands, to the north, and only one of her crew was ever again met with. For five years before the schooner had belonged to and been commanded by Captain Ezra Williams, a Canadian from Halifax. He traded between Singapore and Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and the smaller islands of the Java Sea, and in May, 1871, died at Singapore of fever. He had been married for three years to an English woman, whose maiden name was Danforth, who had been a domestic in an English family in Singapore. She had accompanied him in all his voyages, and had secured much experience and information. As she could not readily dispose of the schooner, she determined to continue in the business, acting as her own supercargo.

Mrs. Williams secured an Englishman named Parker as Captain, another named Hope as mate, and with three Malays before the mast and a Chinese cook, and with about \$7,000 in specie in the cabin, she sailed away on her first voyage, and it was four years later before she was again heard of. The purpose of this narrative is to chronicle her adventures in the interim, as I had it from her own lips.

While it was a bit queer to start on a voyage with a woman virtually in command of the craft, Mrs. Williams had nothing to fear from her crew. The officers were good navigators, and the men willing, and all were anxious for a profitable voyage. She had no complaints to make until the Islands had been reached. The group lies between the Malay Peninsula and the island of Borneo, about 100 miles off the coast of the former, and from 250 to 300 miles from Borneo. There are nineteen islands in the group, covering a length of 120 miles by about forty broad. There are only seven or eight, which are inhabited, and at the time of which I write the people were a lawless set, and a share of them out-and-out pirates. The products were dried fish, sea shell, coconuts, dye stuffs, various herbs and roots for medicinal purposes, and several sorts of spices. The Schooner had been there once before and made a profitable trip of it. She had clothing, powder, shoes, axes, and a great variety of notions, and where none of these were wanted she paid cash.

On this trip the schooner worked to northward and made her stop at the Island of Quewang, being the third one from the northernmost island of the group. She met with a cordial reception, and at once began bartering for and receiving cargo. She was anchored in a sheltered bay, within 500 feet of the beach, and had been there five days before anything occurred to arouse Mrs. Williams's suspicions that all was not right. She then observed that the entire crew were drinking deeply of a native liquor which the natives were supplying in a liberal manner, and that some of the fellows were becoming impudently familiar. When the Captain was spoken to he laughed at her idea of trouble and promised better things, but the drinking continued. On the afternoon of the seventh day several women

## CAMP OFF IN THE CANOES.

One of them who could speak English pretty fairly, was presented with some ornaments by Mrs. Williams, and in return she hinted to her that it was the intention of the natives to capture and loot the schooner that night. They had discovered that there was a large sum of money on board, and they had found the crew an easy one to handle. The native women hadn't time nor opportunity to say much, but no sooner had the crowd of natives left the schooner at dusk, as was their custom, than Mrs. Williams set out to sound the alarm. Imagine her feelings when she discovered that every single man on board, from Captain to cook, was so much under the influence of liquor as to be unable to comprehend her words. She doused them with sea water and pounded them with belaying pins, but all to no purpose. The entire lot were stupidly drunk, just as the natives had planned for.

was a serious situation for the woman to be placed in. If the natives captured the schooner they would murder every one of the crew as a natural sequence, and the first step toward capturing her had already been taken. The step she took showed sound judgment. The schooner's yawl was down, having been in almost hourly use. The native village was about forty rods back from the beach, and as the schooner swung to the ebb tide she presented her broadside to the village. When the yawl was pulled around to the port side she was out of sight. Mrs. Williams's first act was to step the mast; her next to supply the craft with provisions and water. There were an unusual number of lights burning in the village showing that something was on foot, but she had no fear of an attack until a later hour.

The natives would wait until certain that all the people were helpless.

Mrs. Williams had determined to slip away from the doomed craft in the yawl, although she had no experience in the management of a small boat. After water and provisions she brought up all her money, which was in boxes she could handle. Not a penny of it was left behind. There was a rife, revolver, and double-barrelled shotgun belonging to her husband. These she took, together with powder, shot, and fixed ammunition. Then she gathered up all her bedding and clothing, took three or

## FOUR SPARE BLANKETS

two suits of clothes belonging to the officers, and when these were in the boat she took pots, pans, dishes, and cutlery, bundled up a lot of carpenter's tools, secured two axes, a lot of small rope, several pieces of canvas, and in brief loaded the yawl with whatever was portable and handy, including the clock, compass, quadrant, sextant, and a lamp and four gallons of oil. She worked for upward of two hours getting these things into a boat, and the last articles taken aboard were meat, flour, beans, tea, and provisions from the lazarette.

It was about 10 o'clock when Mrs. Williams took her seat in the yawl and cast off from the schooner, and the tide at once drifted her out of the bay and to the north. The only thing of consequence she had forgotten was a chart of the Java Sea, which she could have put her hand on at a minute's notice, and it was the want of this which made a Crusoe of her for several years. As the yawl went to sea after its own fashion, Mrs. Williams lost the points of the compass at once. Indeed, had she kept them in mind it would have been of no benefit just then, as she had not studied the chart and could not have told which way to steer to reach another group or the land. She heard nothing whatever from the natives, but several years later it was ascertained that they did not board the schooner until midnight. The men, all of whom were still drunk and asleep, were stripped and tossed overboard to drown, and then the absence of the woman and her money was discovered. Five or six native crafts were at once sent pursuit, while the people who remained looted the schooner of everything of value to them, and then towed her out to deep water and scuttled her to hide as evidences of their crime.

After drifting three or four miles out to sea the yawl got a light breeze, and after a few trials the woman learned how to manage the sail and lay a course. She had no idea which way she was heading, but ran off before the breeze, and kept going all night and until mid-afternoon next day. She must have passed the Upnong in the early morning, but so far to the westward that she could not see it. The wind hauling at mid-forenoon altered her course by several points, and the northernmost island of the group, named Poillo, was thus brought in line. The island is seven miles long by three in width at its widest part, well wooded and watered. The woman landed on the east side, at the mouth of a creek which forms

## A SING LITTLE HARBOR.

She was convinced that this was one of the islands of the Kinderloo group, but she did not know that it was the most northerly one. By consulting the compass she got the cardinal points, but not having studied the chart she could not say in what direction any other land lay. She had seen the sails of two traders that morning, but as they were native crafts she had every wish to avoid them. The boats which were sent in pursuit of her must have taken another course, as she saw nothing of them.

When Mrs. Williams landed on the island she had no idea of stopping there for more than a day or two, or until she could decide on some plan. She had scarcely gone ashore when a gale came up which lasted about thirty hours, during which the yawl was so damaged that she must undergo repairs. She unloaded her goods on the shore, covered them from the weather, and then set out to explore the island, pretty well satisfied that it was inhabited, and hoping, if it was, that her money might secure assistance. Before night she was satisfied that she was all alone, and she made a shelter out of the blankets, and slept the night away as peacefully as if in her cabin on the schooner. Next day she exchanged her apparel for a man's suit and began the erection of a hut. In a grove about 200 feet from the beach, she erected a shelter, 10x20 feet, which withstood the storms of almost four years. While the sides consisted of canvas and poles, the roof was thatched with a long grass which she found on the island in abundance.

It took the woman about a week to construct her hut and move her stores into it and this had scarcely been done when her boat, owing to carelessness on her part, was carried off by the sea, and she now realized that she was a prisoner until such time as

the crew of some trading vessel might land and discover her. After her house was completed she made a more thorough exploration of her island home. There were parrots and other birds, snakes of a harmless variety, Borneo rats, and a drove of about 300 Java pigs, which are about the size of the American peccary, but are wild instead of fierce.

The woman had clothing to last her five or six years, but the provisions she had brought from the schooner would not supply her needs more than a few months. While hoping and expecting to be taken off almost any day, she wisely prepared for a long stay. She had fish-hooks and lines in her outfit, and with fish from the sea, meat from the woods, and bananas and wild fruits from the groves, she had a variety and a plenty. Six months after she landed a native craft put in about a mile from her hut, but

## CREEPING THROUGH THE WOODS

she saw that all were Malays, and so savage in appearance that she did not dare make herself known. Seven months later a second craft sent men ashore to fill two water casks, but she was also afraid of these. She lived very quietly from that time until nearly two years after her landing, having remarkably good health all the time, but naturally lonely and cast down at times.

One afternoon, as she was in the forest about half a mile from home, having her shotgun with her, a Borneo sailor suddenly confronted her. He was entirely alone, and whether he had been marooned or cast away she never learned. As she was dressed in a man's suit he naturally took her for a man, but his first movement was a hostile one. He advanced upon the woman with a club in his hand and uttering shouts of menace and to save her own life she was compelled to shoot him.

Now and then, all through her stay, trading vessels were sighted in the offing, with now and then a craft known to be manned by Englishmen, but the signals made to the latter by means of smoke were never heeded. Her main hope was that the loss of the schooner would in some way reach her friends at Singapore, and that a searching party might be sent out to her rescue.

One day, when she had been on the island four years, lacking about fifty days, the British survey ship Sahib, then engaged in re-surveying the group, dropped anchor off the mouth of the creek, and sent a party ashore to explore the interior. I had the honor not to only head this party, but to be the first to see and to speak to Mrs. Williams. We found her in excellent health, although tanned and roughened by exposure to the weather. When she had donned her own proper apparel and had time to tidy up no one could find fault with her appearance.

After a few days we sailed for Singapore, where Mrs. Williams was safely landed, and a few weeks later a man-of-war was despatched to the island where the schooner had been seized. Natives were found who gave all the particulars, and the result was that eight men were brought aboard, tried, convicted, and swung up at the yardarm, while three more were shot while trying to escape from the island.

“What is the poetry of motion?” This is a question which has formed an unsettled topic of many discussions, but being of neither political nor religious significance, has as yet failed to produce any deadly feuds or breaches of friendship. Skaters, to a man or a woman, contend that nothing on earth can surpass the movements of an accomplished figure skater, circling and twisting about in all directions with consummate ease. This is especially the case with women, who invariably have the call on the sterner sex.

Although much enjoyment may be found in plain skating and variety obtained by means of racing and games on the ice, the pleasure is more than doubled by learning fancy figures, for the latter can be performed on a pond where it would be impossible to play games, and, moreover, do not require companionship to make them agreeable. Figure skating is an art which requires constant practice to become proficient in. Some persons are better adapted to it than others, but any person of ordinary capacity and physical strength may learn many pretty figures by practice. Some figures, such as the “spread eagle,” which require great flexibility of the legs, would be a physical impossibility to many men who might in other respects be very proficient, while there are others who can accomplish all sorts of grotesque movements better than the champion, but fail on regulation figures. Thus it is that there have been certain skaters better than any one else in their own figures, who from lack of knowledge in others had no chance to win a championship

To win a competition requires an all-round skater, unless he can take enough points on what he knows to overbalance what is lost on figures he cannot skate. An example of this occurred in the championship of 1887, when Robinson, the famous Canadian skater of Toronto, went to New York for the main purpose of defeating his countryman, Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, on neutral ground. The contest was postponed on account of unfavorable weather, and Rubenstein, tired of waiting, failed to put in an appearance. Robinson never dreamed that he would be defeated, but he had to succumb to Frank E. Good of Brooklyn, who won the championship with several points to spare. Although Robinson went through certain movements to perfection, he had not studied the programme, and fell so far short on other figures that Good beat him out. Robinson is considered one of the greatest figure skaters in the world, and many believe he would have won had he practised his weak movements, for a good fancy skater can readily adapt himself to almost anything on ice.

The first requisite for figure skating is a snug fitting and comfortable shoe. There should be no unsteadiness about the foot, for there is quite enough difficulty in keeping the balance at an angle of 75 degrees with everything favorable. Many skaters wear a shoe laced an inch or two further down than an ordinary walking shoe, in order to lace it tighter around the instep. Figure skating consists almost entirely of movements on the outside and inside edges. The outside edge is the right edge of the right skate, and the left edge of the left skate. The inside edge is the left edge of the right skate and the right edge of the left skate. These are really ambiguous terms, for, strange as it may seem, there is practically no outside or inside edge. This is proved by placing one foot directly in front of the other and describing a circle on the ice, when the skater will actually be travelling on both edges. Outside and inside edges, however, are the terms used by skaters to denote the essential movements in figure skating.

## A Few Hints About Oil Lamps.

The tank, or reservoir, for holding the oil should be of metal rather than china or glass. Wicks should be dry, be just long enough to reach to the bottom of the reservoir and be softly woven. They should be just wide enough to easily fill the wick holder without being pulled or squeezed in. It is necessary, too, that they be soaked with oil just before using the lamp. When the lamp is lit the wick should be at first turned down, and then slowly raised as it burns. One great essential to avoid all odors from a lamp is to have it thoroughly clean, and all charred wick and dust removed before lighting. In putting out a lamp where it has no extinguishing appliances the wick should be turned down, and a sharp puff blown across the top of the chimney, but not down on it. A little systematic care in the use of a lamp will bring, instead of discomfort, a warm, cheering atmosphere to the home.

He used to drink of pleasures cup  
And found it sweet, no doubt;  
He seldom with the lurk got up,  
But oft on one was out.

There's now an end to all his fun  
At night with gay carousers;  
He's married, and his wife's the one,  
They say, that wears the trousers.

## THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Bilioussness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BUFDUCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.











**THE FUTURE ROAD.**

**Two Hundred Miles an Hour.—Pennington's Air Ship and What it can do.**

"In a few months from now a man will be able to fly over to the continent of Europe on Saturday night and return in time for business on Monday morning," said Mr. W. C. Dewey, of Grand Rapids, after witnessing the working of the Pennington air ship at Chicago a few days ago and subscribing largely to the stock lists. "It is really the simplest practical matter in the world," he asserted, "and if successful it will revolutionize the world even more than the railroad or telegraph has done. We are already in correspondence with the Post Office Department in Washington, and have been assured that the mails will be sent by our airships as soon as we can go faster than the present mail trains.

**GROWS ON YOU.**

"The thing grows on you as you consider it. It is cheap, and that recommends it. There are no lobbies to pay, no franchises to purchase, no tunnels to dig and no tracks to lay. The air is free."

While hundreds of partly successful attempts have been made in the direction of the solution of the problem of navigating the air, the reason the feat has never been accomplished, Mr. Pennington says, is that knowledge of electricity has not until now reached the necessary point of perfection.

The Pennington airship will carry cars about the size of the present Pullmans, and will contain fifty persons each, special cars to be manufactured for quick mail and passenger service. The airship that

**TO BE GIVEN A TRIAL**

in a short time, will weigh about thirteen hundred and fifty pounds. It will be in shape very much like the hull of an ordinary sea vessel, and the crew will consist of but two men, who will however, have the most perfect control of her. On either side, and extending the entire length, are large wings, arranged so as to be convertible into parachutes in case of accident. At the ends of these wings there are propeller wheels—means of which the ship can be raised or lowered at will. A large propelling wheel at the bow furnishes the power by which she can be made to go either forward or backward.

The vessel proper is a huge buoyancy chamber composed almost entirely of aluminum, and the ship that makes the test trial will be 107 feet in length, with a diameter of 28 feet. Underneath this is a storage carrying a 100 horse power engine, weighing 50 pounds. When every compartment is full of hydrogen, which is the buoyancy power used to elevate the vessel, the full lifting power will aggregate 5,500 pounds. The plan for carrying the hydrogen gas is an aluminum cylinder, which will act as a counterbalance, so that in fact the vessel will weigh practically nothing.

**STEERING BY ELECTRIC FORCE.**

Above the buoying chamber is a rudder for steering upward or downward. Just in the rear of this is a smaller one to steer either to the right or left. The cabin, or car, is suspended immediately beneath, while under it are the storage batteries, which also act as ballast. At the front of the car is the place for the pilot, who is provided with levers for switching the electrical appliances, the rudders and propellers being controlled by electricity. The chief factor in this final and successful (according to the inventor) solving of the problem of aerial navigation has been aluminum. The company manufacturing the ships makes own aluminum at a cost, it is stated, of about ten cents per pound. It is also stated that the cost of the vessel will be but about \$3,500.

**LITTLE DANGER OF ACCIDENTS.**

All the machinery in the new vessel is of entirely new design, and of the lightest weight possible. One feature of the airship is that in order to cause the vessel to fall or cause the engineer to lose control of its management, the rudders, wings, propeller wheels and buoyancy chambers must all break at once, for any one of them would keep it suspended in the air. But even should anything break, the automatic parachutes, formed instantly by the side wings, would allow the ship to descend gently to the ground, and as special cars are to be made for crossing the ocean the ship would float on the water, should anything happen while making the voyage.

**TWO HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR.**

When everything is in readiness for a trip the machine will be lifted into the air at the height desired by the aerial engineer by a vertical propeller. The height as it is proposed the ship shall attain is about one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, and when that point is reached a propeller in front

of the machine will be started. The gas used to supply the machine is to be furnished from a cylinder by a gas engine through a hose, and when the vessel has been directed on its course it is expected that it will whirl through the air at the rate of fully two hundred miles per hour, according to the computations made of the resistance of the air. It will be steered by an electrical appliance whereby a compass course will be laid and the ship automatically guided through the air.

Another company has been formed in Chicago to manufacture ships after the mode invented by F. N. Atwood, which is in many respects like the Pennington invention. The Pennington company has a capital of \$20,000,000, and the Atwood company \$200,000.

**Japanese Bath-houses**

Next comes the bathhouse. If you do not recognize the furo-do by the Chinese or hiragana characters stamped on the blue curtains fluttering outside its door, you shall know it by the boys and men emerging from the "honorable hot water," with hands and feet bright red, by reason of the parboiling which they have just undergone; or, by the women with wet hair brushed back from their foreheads, and tied up at the end in a triangular piece of paper.

When these latter get home, O Kami San, the coiffeuse, will come and dress their moist, black tresses for the next two or three days, in one of the many modes prescribed by fashion. There is the mage for married women, where the hair is drawn over a pad in a solid, shining, single boss; and there are other elaborate styles for unmarried damsels, musumes girls and geishas, not to be achieved without much appliance of camelin-oil, gold and silver strings, and Kanzashi—the carved and tinsel-hairpins.

Inside the bathhouse are to be seen tubs, tanks and a sloping wooden floor, the spaces for males and females being divided, if at all, by a more lattice as often as by any solid partition. The Japanese are not in the least ashamed of the body, the "city of nine gates" which the soul temporarily inhabits. In summer time there is not much of anybody concealed, especially in the country villages, where the police are not particular, as sometimes they show themselves in the towns. This frank exposure goes with the most perfect modesty, and indeed leads to it.

He would be considered a very ill-bred person who gazed with eyes of too much curiosity at what the bathhouse, or the toilet in the shop front, or the maternal duties attended to upon the pavement should casually reveal. Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly loses, by its candor of Japanese manners as regards nudity, for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum.

**The Hawaiian Islands.**

As touching the Hawaiian islands which for upwards of a hundred years have been known to the civilized world—having been discovered by Capt. Cook in 1788—they are the most important Polynesian group in the North Pacific. They are twelve in number, eight inhabited, and four uninhabited. The natives which belong to the Malayo-Polynesian race, are thus described by a writer in the Britannica: "The Hawaiians are a good-tempered, light-hearted, and pleasure loving race. Their reddish-brown skin has been compared to the hue of tarnished copper. The hair, usually raven black, is straight or at most wavy; the beard is thin, the face broad, the profile not prominent, the nose rather flattened, and the lips thick. The bulk of the population are of moderate stature, but the chiefs and the women of their families are remarkable for height." Like the natives of Polynesia generally the Hawaiians were originally idolaters and cannibals. Despite the moral and material progress which has been made in the islands since the introduction of Christianity in 1820 the race is dying out, and indeed is threatened with extinction in the course of a few years. Captain Cook estimated the natives at 400,000; in 1823 the Americans calculated them to be only 142,000; the census of 1832 showed the population to be 130,313 and the census of 1878 proved that the number of natives was not more than 44,088. This decadence is attributed to the poisoning of the blood of the natives by the introduction of foreign diseases. Another instance in which the vices of Christians (?) have brought desolation and death to the native races.

Secretary Blaine thinks the United States was purposely snubbed by the English Government in not being invited to be represented at the Jamaica Exhibition.

**Superstitions in Royme.**

Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for news;  
Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health;  
Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth;  
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;  
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;  
Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil.

For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.

Marry Monday for wealth,  
Marry Tuesday for health,  
Marry Wednesday, the best day of all;  
Marry Thursday for crosses,  
Marry Friday for losses,  
Marry Saturday, no luck at all.

Born on Monday,  
Fair of face;  
Born on Tuesday,  
Full of God's grace;  
Born on Wednesday,  
Merry and glad;  
Born on Thursday,  
Sour and sad;  
Born on Friday,  
Godly given;  
Born on a Saturday,  
Work for a living;  
Born on a Sunday,  
Never shall want;  
So there's the way;  
And the end on't.

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger,  
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you'll kiss a stranger;  
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;

Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;  
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow;  
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart tomorrow;  
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek—  
The devil will have you the whole of the week.

**A Golden Wedding.**

"Where are you going, all dressed up as fine as a fiddle?"

"I have been invited to attend the golden wedding of Tim Spickens."

"Did you say you were going to attend his golden wedding?"

"Yes."

"People celebrate their golden wedding when they have been married fifty years, don't they?"

"Certainly."

"Then we're not talking about the same man, for the Tom Spickens I mean is not more than thirty years of age, and he wasn't married at all six months ago."

"We are talking about the same man, but you see there are different kinds of golden weddings. I call Tom's wedding a golden wedding because the fair bride, who is a sixty-year-old widow, is said to have thirty thousand dollars all in twenty dollar gold pieces."

**Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!**

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrophulous, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

**Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.**

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

**DR. FOWLER'S**

**EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES**

**HOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS**

**DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY**

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

**ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED**

Send name and address for THESIS, with REPORTS OF CASES, to

**P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D.,**  
716 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**A Century of Talking**

Is not worth a **Minute's Proof**

It don't take many minutes to prove that

**Pyle's Pearline**

will wash clothes, will clean house—will do it well—will save you time; labor; wear and tear; will reduce drudgery; will not hurt your hands; your clothes or paint, and besides will cost you no more than common bar soap. One honest trial will prove all that. Why not accept the testimony of the millions who use it, as proof of its virtue. Among your friends you'll find those who have used Pearline for years—ask them—they will tell you "can't do without it."



**Beware**

Pearline is the original Washing Compound—used by millions, but imitated by thousands who peddle their stuff or give worthless prizes. Pearline is never peddled, but sold by all grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York













# "TRUTH'S" SPRING BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 22.

## LIST OF REWARDS ARRANGED IN TWENTY-ONE DIVISIONS.

SEND NOW! DON'T DELAY!

In these latter days there have arisen many false schemes and many scores of imitations of TRUTH'S Competitions, but one after another have failed and utterly perished, yet TRUTH prevails, and makes good all its promises. Its reputation is now too well established to risk damaging it, and as it has cost a very large amount of money and many years of care and labor to build up, the publisher could not afford to fail in carrying out all his agreements to the letter. Please note that there are twenty-one divisions, instead of three as formerly, of the largest list of bona fide prizes ever offered and ever actually given away by any publisher in the world. The total value of prizes in this Spring list is about \$10,000. Send one dollar and answers to the five following questions: Where in the Bible are these words first found: 1, GRAIN; 2, CORN; 3, WHEAT; 4, BARLEY; 5, RYE. If your answers are correct, and your letters arrive in time, you are almost sure to get a reward, as there are so many and every one sending in cannot always find correct answers to all these questions. All the five answers must be correct to get any prize, but you will get full value for the dollar in TRUTH if you don't get anything else. There have been very few dissatisfied prize-winners in previous competitions, considering that we have given away during the past eight years scores of thousands of prizes. Some people expect a piano for every dollar sent, and are mad if they don't get it. We wish it were possible to give every subscriber a gold watch or a piano or both, but we can't do it. Some publishers intimate they will, but nobody can do it for any length of time. Send one dollar and correct answers and you won't regret it; and bear in mind that we do not guarantee that everybody whose answers are correct will get a prize, but this we do say, that all those prizes in the twenty-one different lists will be given away:

FIRST REWARDS.	SIXTH REWARDS.	ELEVENTH REWARDS.	SIXTEENTH REWARDS.
One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Italian Firm. \$300	First Three, each a fine Black Corded Silk Dress length, \$25. \$75	First three, each a Fine Black Corded, Silk Dress, \$25. \$75	First Three an Elegant China Dinner Service of 104 pieces, \$50. \$150
One Gentleman's First-Class Bicycle, Ball Bearings, a super-machine. \$120	Next Fifteen, each Half Dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons, extra quality. \$45	Next fifteen, each Half Doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons, extra quality. \$45	Next Five each a Fine French Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, \$10. \$200
Five each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled Ice Maker, \$12. At thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament. \$3. \$60	Next Ten, each a beautifully bound Set of Macaulay's History of England 6 vols., \$10. \$100	Next Ten each a New Pattern extra quadruple plate Cake Basket, very pretty, \$7. \$70	Next Seven each a complete set of George Elliott's Works, bound in cloth, 3 vols. \$15. \$105
Next Twenty-Four, each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon, in Fine Satin Lined Case, \$2. \$72	Next Six, each a Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Watch, a good article. \$10. \$60	Next Five, each a Full Quadruple Plate Bone Dish, with beautifully colored and white cut glass bowl, a very showy, choicest article. \$15. \$75	Next Five each a superbly bound volume Poets Bible Gallery, a beautiful gift book, \$2. \$10
SECONDO REWARDS.	SEVENTH REWARDS.	TWELFTH REWARDS.	SEVENTEENTH REWARDS.
First Three Each Fine Family Sewing Machine, with all latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at \$70. \$310	First Six, each a set of half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated Table Spoons. \$5. \$30	First Three, each a Ladies' open face, Solid Gold Stem Watch, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, \$30. \$90	First One Twenty Dollars in Cash. \$20
Next Two, each a Fine Double Barreled English Breach Loading Shot Gun, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, twist barrels, \$30. \$60	Next Six, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate Dessert Spoons, \$4.50. \$27	Next Three, each a Gentleman's Gold Open Face Watch, Waltham movement, exact time piece, \$50. \$150	Next Five an Elegant China Tea Service of 44 pieces, \$25. \$125
Next Three Each a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, hunting case, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, \$30. \$150	Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate Tea Knives, in neat case, \$10. \$60	Next Six Each a Fine extra quadruple plate Dinner Cruet, \$7. \$42	Next Five Each a Beautifully Bound Gift Book, Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, \$2.50. \$12.50
Next Ten, each an Elegant Breakfast Cruet, extra quadruple plate, hand painted bottles, very neat, \$4. \$40	Next Four, each an Extra Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Service, 4 pcs., satin finish, a beautiful set, \$40. \$160	Next Three, each a Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble, \$1.50. \$7.50	Next Seven Each a Complete Set of Macaulay's History of England, as entertaining as a novel, bound in cloth 6 vols., \$15. \$105
THIRD REWARDS.	EIGHTH REWARDS.	THIRTEENTH REWARDS.	EIGHTEENTH REWARDS.
First Three, each an Extra Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Service, (4 pieces), satin finish, a beautiful set, \$10. \$120	First Four, each an Extra Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Service, 4 pcs., satin finish, a beautiful set, \$40. \$160	First Five, each a Gentleman's Hunting Case or Open Face Gold Watch, extra cases, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winding, \$50. \$250	First Fifty Dollars in cash. \$50
Next Three, each a Coils New Lightning Magazine Rifle, sixteen shots, a magnificent firearm, \$25. \$75	Next three, each a Coils New Lightning Magazine Rifle, sixteen shots, a magnificent firearm, \$25. \$75	Next Twelve Each a Lady's or Gentleman's Fine Gold Pencil, very useful, and pretty, \$2. \$24	Next Two Each a Fine Family Sewing Machine, \$50. \$100
Next Four, each a Fine Stain Dish Service, (100 pieces), an extra choice set. \$10. \$40	Next Four, each a Fine Stain Dish Service, (100 pieces), an extra choice set. \$10. \$40	Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament, \$3. \$90	Next Three Each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, hunting case, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, \$30. \$90
Next Thirteen, each a Pair of Excellent Steel Scissors, \$3. \$39	Next Three, each a double barreled English Breach Loading Shot Gun, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, best twist barrels, \$30. \$90	Next twenty-one, each a Fine Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble, (any size), \$5. \$105	Next Five Each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) \$40. \$200
Next Twenty-five, each a Dozen Set Silver Plated Forks, useful for extra service, not heavily plated, \$2. \$50	Next Three, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, hunting case, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, \$30. \$90	Next Twelve Each a Lady's or Gentleman's Fine Gold Pencil, very useful, and pretty, \$2. \$24	Next Nine Each a Ladies' Fine Silver Watch, an excellent article, \$10. \$90
FOURTH REWARDS.	NINTH REWARDS.	FOURTEENTH REWARDS.	NINETEENTH REWARDS.
First Three, each a Gentleman's Hunting Case Gold Watch, extra heavy case, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, pinion set, stem winding, \$50. \$150	First Five Each a set Carvers' Knife, Fork and Steel, very fine, \$7. \$35	First Five Each, a set of half a dozen of extra full quadruple silver plated Table Spoons, \$5. \$25	First One, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. \$500
Next Fifteen, each an Extra Quadruple Plate, fine silver plated Dish, \$3. \$45	Next Two, Fine Family Sewing Machine, with all the latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at \$70. \$140	Next Seven, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate Dessert Spoons, \$4.50. \$31.50	Second, One, One Hundred Dollars in cash. \$100
Next Twenty-one, each a Fine Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble, (any size), \$5. \$105	Next three, each a double barreled English Breach Loading Shot Gun, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, best twist barrels, \$30. \$90	Next Six Each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate Tea Knives in neat case, \$8. \$48	Next Fifteen Each a supremely bound Teacher's Bible, \$3. \$45
FIFTH REWARDS.	TENTH REWARDS.	FIFTEENTH REWARDS.	TWENTIETH REWARDS.
First Five, each a Ladies' Open Face, Solid Plain Gold Swiss Watch, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, \$30. \$150	First One Fifty Dollars in Cash. \$50	First, One very Fine Toned and Finished Upright Piano, by reliable maker. \$500	First One Twenty Dollars in cash. \$20
Next six, each a Gentleman's Silver Open Face Watch, Waltham movement, exact time piece, \$50. \$300	Next Five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, satin finished, Waltham or Waltham, \$10. \$50	Second, One First Class Lady's Safety Bicycle, ball bearings, a superior machine. \$110	Next Eighteen Each a Gentleman's Handsome Silver Open Face Watch, Waltham Movement, \$30. \$540
Next six, each a Ladies' Gold Stemming Case Watch, reliable maker, \$25. \$150	Next Two, each a very fine solid nickel-plated line lever Gemma Watch. This watch is well constructed and an exact time piece, and no way to be compared with cheap nickel watches, \$24. \$48	Next six, each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, double Rolled Ice Pitcher, \$15. \$90	Next Five Each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50. \$250
Next fifty, each a Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble, \$1.50. \$75	Next one, a French music box, plays tangere, Harp, Harmonica and Piccolo, changes air at will, in handsome Rosewood case, with inlaid cover, size. \$20. \$20	Next twenty-four, each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated, Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon, in fine Satin Lined Case, \$3. \$72	Next Forty-five Each a handsome long Silver Plated Baton Book. \$55. \$2475

This competition remains open only until the last day of June next, inclusive, and the prizes will be immediately distributed to the successful ones. Ten days will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points after the 30th June. All, however, must be postmarked where mailed not later than the 30th June, or any time between now and that date. Address S. Frank Wilson, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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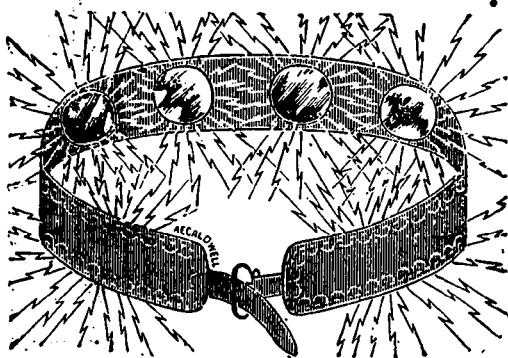
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Having Absorbent Qualities.

REPUTATION ESTABLISHED

OVER 20,000 SOLD

### A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE



ALL DISEASES ARE CURED BY OUR MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES

Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

### ALL HOME REFERENCES. NO FOREIGN OR MANUFACTURED TESTIMONIALS

- Isaac Bedford**, 35 Adelaide street east—Butterfly Belt and Insoles, cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.
- Samuel W. Abbott**, Millichamp's Building, cured in six weeks, Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.
- A. E. Caldwell**, Engraver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.
- J. McQuate**, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.
- Jas. Weeks**, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lane Back cured in fifteen days.
- W. J. Gould**, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days—Sciatica.
- Mrs. J. Swift**, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.
- C. C. Rockwood**, 16 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lane Back in a few days.
- Mrs. Geo. Planner**, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.
- Miss Flora McDonald**, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
- Josiah Fennell**, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day—Neuralgia.
- Mrs. Wm. Bennett**, 14 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.
- Mrs. S. M. Whitehead**, 578 Jarvis street, City, sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.
- Mrs. F. Stevens**, 140 Lisgar St., City, Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation—cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
- Geo. H. Lucas**, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
- Richard Hood**, 40 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.
- Alex. Rogers**, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth \$100. Headache.
- E. Riggs**, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.
- John Thompson**, Toronto Junction, cured of tumor in the eye in two weeks by Actina.
- Miss E. M. Forsyth**, 18 Brant street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.
- Senator A. E. Botsford** advises everybody to use Actina for Pailing Eye-sight.
- Miss Laura Grose**, 106 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.
- Mrs. J. Stevens**, 82 Tecumseth street, City, Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in twodays.
- Mrs. M'Laughlin**, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Kupture, now able to attend to her household duties.
- Giles Williams**, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.
- J. H. McCarthy**, Agt. N. E. & M. Ry., Alton, Ont., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.
- THOMAS JOHNSON**, New Sarnia, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.
- Mrs. Beard**, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of three years' standing—Actina and Insoles.
- Rev. R. W. Mills**, Briston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.
- H. S. Fleetwood**, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.
- Thomas Guthrie**, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.
- Thos. Bryan**, 511 Dundas street, City, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
- Chas. Cozens**, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.
- J. A. T. Ivy**, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. M. C. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. N. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.
- W. T. Brown**, 73 Richmond street west, City, Varicocele, tried several doctors: all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.
- John Bromberg**, Varicoceles, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.
- Reuben Sivertho**, Tecumville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

Many Such Letters on File.

### ANY BELT Requiring Vinegar or Acid will Burn the Skin

All Electric Belt Companies in Canada use Vinegar or Acids in their Appliances excepting this Company.

Send for Illustrated "Health Journal" and List of Home Testimonials Free and Mention This Paper.



## W. T. BAER & CO

171 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

**CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE**

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF

**ACTINA**

\$3. Given on 15c



Insoles, per pair, \$1.00

**No Vinegar or Acid USED.**



BUTTERFLY BELT AND SUSPENSORY ONLY \$7.00

There is the whole than a cold chiefs are at feels that silk worth havir Vigorous labor

It covers the ground—the B. & C. corset. It is perfect in shape and fit, is boned with Kabo, which will not break nor roll up, and if you are not satisfied, after wearing it two or three weeks, return it and get your money.

### IF You ARE UNMARRIED—Send your name and address to the Manager CLIMAX, 60 Ave. Chicago.

### Victory at Last!

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**THE BLIND CAN USE THEM.**

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