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TRUTH

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July 19th, 1890.

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JENNIE LIND'S GRAVE.
Barnum Corrects a False Report and Talks of the Great Songstress.
Phineas T. Barnum was asked the other day about the story written in England and reprinted in the New York papers to the effect that Jennie Lind's grave is unmarked and neglected, that her last days were shadowed by the indifference of her husband, and that she died broken-hearted.
"Not a word of truth in it. It's false. Contradict it at once. If you don't, I shall over my own name. It is unjust to the dead—it is not fair to the living. Bless my soul! how do such things get into print!"
The smile, so familiar to the world, vanished from the great old showman's face as he spoke.
"I was over in the old country recently, as you know," he continued, with a quiver on his lips. "I went to Jennie Lind's home and saw and talked with her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, and her daughter and her granddaughter, and they with me. As for the grave of the dear dead woman, it is marked by a monument in the shape of a cross. It is touching in its simplicity. But it is like her in that respect. It is costly and unique. The grave is strewn with fresh flowers every day, and most of these are sent down by the Goldschmidt family."
"There are a number of fine portraits of the nightingale on the walls of Mr. Goldschmidt's home, and several fine marble busts. Her memory is a perpetual theme in that house. Mr. Goldschmidt is a thorough gentleman, and talked with me about his dead wife in the tenderest way. I am sure he was sincere. And her daughter's voice was full of feeling when she spoke of "poor mamma."
"How could any one say that Jennie Lind's grave was neglected, and how could any one say that she died broken-hearted? Her whole life was a song. Her last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. She was the most charitable woman that ever lived. I could make her cry in two minutes by telling her a story of poverty, and she always backed her tears with a purse full of money. It is a mistake to say the fame of Jennie Lind rests solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow. She was guileless, great-hearted, and her heart beat for the poor. She would have been known and loved if she had never sung a note. Of all the people with whom I have had relations as a showman, I became most attached to her. It was in 1850 that she came to me. I had never seen her until I met her on the vessel that brought her over. Dear Jennie Lind's name will live forever, and that she was not loved to her last breath, and that her memory is not tenderly kept, and that her grave is not covered daily with flowers is not true. Not a word, sir, I repeat the contradiction will be emphatic."

Effect of Whistling on Seals.
While reading of "Instances of the Effects of Musical Sounds on Animals," by Mr. Stearns, in which I have been much interested, it recalled to my mind apparently similar effects, produced upon seals, which I often noticed during a prolonged stay in Hudson's Strait. Here the Eskimo might often be seen lying at full length at the edge of an ice floe, and although no seals could be seen, they persistently whistled in a low note similar to that often used in calling tame pigeons, or, if words can express my meaning, like a plaintive phew, few-few, the first note being prolonged at least three seconds. If there were any seals within hearing distance, they were invariably attracted to the spot, and it was amusing to see them lifting themselves as high as possible out of the water and slowly shaking their heads, as though highly delighted with the music.
Here they would remain for some time until one, perhaps more venturesome than the rest, would come within striking distance of the Eskimo, who, starting to his feet with gun or harpoon, would often change the seal's tone of joy to one of sorrow, the others making off as fast as possible.
The whistling had to be continuous, and was more effective if performed by another Eskimo a short distance back from the one lying motionless at the edge of the ice.
I may add that the experiment was often tried by myself with the same result.
A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.—[Pope].
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TRUTH.

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TORONTO, ONT., JULY 19, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. V. NO. 511.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

The dangers to which dwellers in cities are exposed are not confined to those which originate within the city itself, through the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants, or imperfect sanitary conditions. Dangers from without likewise threaten. One of these is the possibility of importing diseases from dairy farms. That this is a real and not an imaginary danger, experience has placed beyond all doubt. Many facts go to show that it is possible not only to carry the germs of consumption in the milk of cows infected with tuberculosis, but also the germs of such diseases as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc. The published accounts of the investigations made in or near London, under the direction of the health authorities of that city, concerning the cause of certain localized epidemics are among the most interesting and valuable of recent contributions to sanitary science. Epidemics of scarlet fever have been traced through the milk supply to dairy farms where one or more cows in a herd had the disease or one eating very closely resembling it, or where the disease was found in the dairyman's family. It has repeatedly been shown that localized epidemics of typhoid have been caused by the transmission of germs in milk supplied from dairy farms where persons were suffering from this disease, and in some instances the infection has been accounted for by the discovery that the milk pans were washed in water from a polluted well. A few days ago the prevalence of typhoid fever in a certain district of the city of Waterbury, Conn., caused an inquiry concerning the milk supply to be made. There were about thirty cases, and it was found that all of the affected families had been buying milk brought into the city from the farm of one Dibble, in the adjoining town of Middlebury. One of the Waterbury doctors says: "This man Dibble is sick with the fever, and his hired man was taken to the hospital some time ago, where he died of the same disease. A brook runs by the house, and it is possible that some of the germs were washed into it, and, as the cattle drink from it and the milk cans were probably washed in it, this stream would be an excellent channel for spreading the disease."

The immunity which Canada has hitherto enjoyed from tuberculosis among her herds makes the danger of contracting consumption in this way very remote to dwellers in Canadian cities; and were this the only disease to which consumers of milk are exposed our people might well dismiss their fears. But with respect to the importation of typhoid and scarlet fever germs the case is different. In this regard we are constantly exposed. That no epidemic has arisen from this cause is owing more to the good fortune or good sense of our dairymen than to any measures taken to prevent such a calamity. But that all the suppliers of this important article of food have sufficient hygienic knowledge to carry them through a visitation of typhoid in their families in such a manner as not to expose their customers to the disease, or that all have such a lofty estimate of their duty to their fellow men as would lead them to take extra precaution in a matter of this kind, is a view of the case which few have charity enough to believe. On the principle, therefore, that prevention is better than cure, some provision should be made by the health authori-

ties, of large cities especially, for frequent inspection of the herds and farms from which milk is brought into a city for sale, and by properly qualified veterinarians and sanitary experts. The owner of the cows or some of his employes may be ill with infectious disease, or the milk may be exposed to infection from polluted wells or streams. It is plain that in respect to detecting disease germs the use of the lactometer, which discovers whether the milk has been robbed of its cream or adulterated with water, is of no avail. To protect the community in this respect nothing less than frequent inspection of the dairy herds and surroundings where the milk is obtained will suffice.

A sensational story has been going the rounds of the press during the last few days to the effect that the negotiations between Secretary Blaine and the British Minister for a settlement of the Behring sea difficulty had come to an abrupt close, and that Sir Julian Pauncefote, the representative of her majesty's Government, had notified Mr. Blaine that if the American revenue cutters seized any vessel flying the British flag the British fleet, now assembling at Victoria, B.C., would receive orders to recapture the vessel. Being interviewed in regard to the report Sir Julian Pauncefote gave it a flat contradiction, saying not only were the negotiations still in progress, but that all indications pointed to a satisfactory and amicable adjustment of the difficulty. The man who in this hot weather, when everybody aims at exerting himself as little as possible, would not hesitate to give currency to a story calculated to put a nation in a stew, deserves no better fate than to be transported for life, or to be held up for perpetual execration as a descendant of Ananias.

The scramble for territory in Eastern Africa between England and Germany, which has been going on more or less earnestly for the last four or five years, has had the effect of directing public attention to that part of the Dark Continent to such an extent that colonial operations elsewhere have generally passed unnoticed. Meanwhile France, who chose for her field of operation western Africa, has not been idle; but without any blare of trumpets has quietly gone on extending her influence until now she spreads her protecting wing over an extent of territory which any of her nations might envy. Five years ago her only notable possession, north of the Gulf of Guinea, was the colony of Senegal. That colony, in area, is now only an insignificant part of her dominions, for the policy inaugurated by Gen. Faidherbe in Senegambia has advanced France's boundaries to the Niger, has overthrown the large empire of Samory on the south and added it to the French possessions, and finally through the remarkable journey of Capt. Binger from the upper Niger to the Ivory Coast, it has extended the French influence to the Gulf of Guinea. This explorer made treaties with the rulers of the large native kingdoms of Tieba, King and Bondouker, and with the chiefs of smaller states on the way to the sea by which they accepted French protectorates. The possessions which France now claims extend unbrokenly from the Senegal River to the Ivory Coast on the Gulf of Guinea including a vast area lying behind the British territories of Gambia and Sierra Leone, and the republic of Liberia. France's little s'camers on the Niger in their second

journey to Timbuctoo, have made treaties of protection with several of the shore tribes. The territories that France has acquired within four years, not without several hard campaigns in the countries east and south of Senegal, extend north and south about 900 miles. No wonder that with such success the French are dreaming of a vast empire in west Africa which shall extend across the Sahara, and form an unbroken line of French interests and stations from Algeria to the Gulf of Guinea. Great opportunities for trade have been opened by these acquisitions, and French colonial energy has been rewarded with a rich share of the most tempting plums that have fallen to European nations in the African scramble.

Ask the average farmer when is a cow a cow? and he would likely answer, "When she has had a calf; give me something harder." Simple as the question seems, it actually became the pivot on which a case, recently tried at the Division Court in Guelph, was made to turn. While no doubt the popular conception is expressed in the above answer, it does not harmonize with the limitations laid down in the dictionaries which define cow as "the female of the bovine genus." This definition, which is scientifically correct, is not sufficiently particular for practical purposes. Hence two terms have been pressed into service to cover the ground embraced by the dictionaries, viz., heifer, to describe the female of the bovine genus until such time as the period of motherhood is reached, and cow when the animal has had a calf. This popular distinction is not likely to be followed with any confusion or serious consequences unless, as in the case just decided, a money consideration should depend upon the proper definition of the word. The case is interesting as serving to show how the significance of words gradually changes until the old meaning gives place to a new and often very different conception.

The contention of Grant Allen, the distinguished naturalist, that "the instincts of mankind are not monogamous," has received additional confirmation by the conduct of a German who lives in the Canadian town of Berlin. This imitator of Brigham Young is now under arrest, charged with being the possessor of seven wives. His latest love, a widow residing in Berlin, was won only a few days ago, after a wooing, quite by incessant in its nature, of some two or three weeks. This victim of his prepossessing ways and oily tongue, when she learned of his other half dozen alliances strongly objected to being so small a sharer of her husband's affections, and took steps to avenge herself for the deception that had been practiced on her. It is expected that when this much-married man's whole career is overhauled it will be found out that, together with his seven reputed wives, he has all of thirty children, some of whom are married. The case is so aggravated that little mercy may be looked for from the court. An opportunity will no doubt be afforded this trifler with others, to realize, while pining behind the bars, the meaning of the old saw, "to repent in haste, and repent at leisure."

No great surprise will be felt at the management just entered into by the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Ottawa City, whereby for the first time two congregations will worship together in Knox church in Ottawa, thus allowing each of them to

for three weeks without trouble or expense. Church union is in the air and most persons are prepared for almost any step in that direction. The circumstance is interesting, however, as a particular illustration of the growth of the union sentiment during the last decade or two. Had anyone ventured to predict, twenty-five years ago, that before his generation should pass away the things now happening would come to pass, he would have found few to believe his prophecy. This coming together of the churches, which, while still adhering to their peculiar doctrinal tenets, are recognizing the oneness of purpose and aim that inspires the different sections, and the many instances of Christly devotion that are found in all, is something in which all who sympathize with the work the church is commissioned to perform will heartily rejoice. The Ottawa example is a good one, and one that might be imitated in many other cities and towns to the mutual benefit of the pastors and people concerned.

What with the advice of Bob Burdette to his son concerning cranks, to whom the noted humorist gives this praise, that they are useful for turning something, and what with the recent theory of the physicians of the Indianapolis Insane Asylum that crankiness is caused by irregularities in the circulation of the blood, some parts of the brain receiving too much and others not enough, it may be taken for granted that the future lot of this much-berated and heartily despised specimen of mankind will be greatly mitigated. Henceforth the element of pity will temper the feelings and judgment of those who encounter these eccentric individuals, whose peculiarities will no longer be regarded as the products of natural perversity and waywardness, but as simply the result of abnormal arterial circulation. Cranks are to be placed among the world's invalids, among the maimed and incompetent, and their vagaries tolerated as signs of fluctuation in the public pulse.

The twin cities of St. Paul's and Minneapolis are furnishing considerable amusement for the citizens of the Union generally, by the warmth and energy with which they are contending over the results of the recent census enumeration. These cities have long been jealous of each other, and so nearly equally have they contended in the race for superiority that each has flattered itself with the belief that it was larger than the other. This delusion has been dispelled by the official returns, which give the place of honor to the city of Minneapolis. This verdict has raised a great indignation, and charges and counter-charges of stuffing the census are freely made. As an instance of the acrimony attendant upon the contest, one of the Minneapolis styles itself the Minneapolis *Gazette*, has wiped its feet of ink and now advertises itself simply as the *Minneapolis Gazette*. The *Nov* rallies the warring twins to a sincere and open competition.

any circumstances whatever; that no naval officer shall be admitted except on business, and then only when accompanied by a military officer; that military officers in plain clothes shall not be allowed to visit the forts; and that information of any character regarding the forts must not be given to visitors. It is also stated that vast fortifications, costing enormous sums of money, are being erected at York redoubt and at McNab's island; and also that two torpedo boats have recently arrived at Halifax. This unusual activity naturally provokes the question, why? in response to which there is nothing but a provoking silence. It may mean much, or it may mean very little so far as actual war is concerned. Where such tomblak secrecy is maintained the course of wisdom for outsiders is to patiently await the development of events. Meantime speculation is sure to be busy; and it will not be surprising if the most startling rumors should be circulated. Truth need hardly point out to its readers the advisability of taking all such reports with the proverbial grain of salt.

If any Canadians have been entertaining the notion that the preference given by American brewers to Canadian barley was owing to their strong affection for their neighbors to the north, they will now be obliged to revise their opinion. Not for love of Canada, but because Canadian barley is absolutely necessary for the production of the best quality of their beer, have they passed by their western brethren. A Philadelphia brewer, being interviewed, said: "There is one thing which shows pretty conclusively how absolutely necessary Canada barley is. Even the western brewers, especially the better brewers of St. Louis, Milwaukee and Chicago, use Canada barley. Wisconsin is a great barley-growing state, and the brewers there, who could buy their grain right at home and save transportation, certainly would not use Canada barley if it were not necessary." As might be supposed the brewers are not friends of the pending tariff bill, which proposes to raise the duty on barley from 10 cents to 30 cents per bush. On the contrary, they are unanimous in declaring that as a means of raising revenue and adding to the funds in the treasury the measure is a good one, but as a protection to the western farmer it is useless, for Canadian barley they must have.

The imitative faculty seems to be developing in the fair sex. For centuries the "loris of creation" have had a virtual monopoly of clubs, lodges and institutions of this kind; but latterly their right has been disputed and their domain invaded by the wives and daughters, who evidently think that "what's good for the gander is sauce for the goose." The Toronto is a Lodge of Orange women, and for this article shall have come to the attention of the reader, will have taken notice of the demonstrations of the glorious Bay State they have what the United Order of Independent. Though dating back nearly this organization is really of the institution arose in the city and vicinity it is still the society was by six women who felt that as good for women as for men (for they were all

of a deceased member. There is also the sick benefit department, which pays to a sick member \$3 each week for a term of six weeks, or longer if the case really demand it. Entrance into the society is gained upon meeting the following condition: "Any acceptable white lady wishing to join a subordinate lodge must be a believer in a Supreme Being and of Protestant faith and temperate habits. She shall not be under 18 nor over 60 years of age, and shall be of respectable standing in society, having some known means of support and exempt from all infirmities which would prevent her from gaining a livelihood."

Now that the order is well established on a solid basis, the applicants for membership are investigated more closely than in the earlier stages of its history, and women who fall short of any of the conditions are disqualified. It requires a good deal of red tape to become an Odd Lady, and it requires a good deal more before the candidate is in good and regular standing and qualified to wear the purple insignia, which signifies membership in the Government Board. The rules for the internal regulation of the order are very strict. Thus, any member found guilty of using drugs or intoxicating drinks as a beverage or feigning herself sick for the purpose of abusing the benevolent intentions of the Order, must be expelled; or, any member who shall complain among the sisters, or out of the order, of the proceedings of the lodge, does or says anything detrimental to any lodge, shall be suspended or expelled, as the lodge may direct. As might be inferred from the rapid growth the society has made during the last ten years, the order has passed the probationary stage, has outlived the opposition at first encountered, and has purchased for itself an acknowledged place among the benevolent institutions of our day. Its manifest fruits are its sufficient endorsement. In nine years the order has paid \$2,250 to beneficiaries of deceased members, besides rendering valuable assistance to great numbers out of the sick benefit fund. With some modifications of the conditions of membership, as for instance the restriction as to religious belief, the order might be profitably extended to other cities than Boston.

"One hundred and fifty-six infants under one year" is the mortality record of the city of Montreal for the week ending July 5th. Of this number one hundred and forty-seven were children belonging to families inhabiting the narrow streets and crowded parts of the city. Dr. LaBerge, the Medical Health Officer, speaking of the excessive death rate says:—"It is perfectly well known among our artisans that there is a certain fermentation takes place during these hot months with young babies that is more dangerous than at any other time. The mortality is not so large among Protestants for the simple reason that the condition of living is so different. Protestant babies are either out of town or else live in wide open streets with well-ventilated houses, instead of living, as many poor French-Canadian babies, in narrow streets and crowded rooms. Protestant babies have mothers with plenty of time to look after them, but with French-Canadian mothers, who have ten, twelve, fifteen children, the little baby too often gets neglected. In the case of very small children, the principal thing they require is not medical treatment, but a mother's care. If that mother is poor and has a large family of children, the baby naturally attracts the attention it requires and is left off." In the light of this it is hardly to be contended that the society is a blessing, and that the women which seems to have surrounded themselves. In one is, under the cases are the character of the petition itself and the nature of the cause it espouses.

The amount of suffering imposed thereby upon the innocent children is simply incalculable. Instead of offering premiums for overflowing households, it would be a more humane work on the part of the Provincial Government to offer rewards to the young men who refrain from entering the marriage relation until they are in a position to properly provide for the wants of a family.

Even the sluggish Turk is beginning to be affected by the general stir that is just now taking place among the nations of Europe. Report says: "The Turkish Government has sent a new note to the British Government, demanding that it fix a date upon which Egypt will be evacuated by the British troops, without the right of again occupying that country." However Lord Salisbury may frame his reply, the purport of that answer will doubtless be, "When British interests in Egypt, and especially in the Suez Canal, are safe—not till then."

There is nothing new in the testimony of Baron Wissmann that "missions in Africa deserve precedence as a civilizing factor." Many lands to which the Gospel has been carried witness to the same fact. So that even on the basis of commercial gain it pays to prosecute this great modern enterprise of the church. Of course, no church could be excused for making this low motive her only aim. Nevertheless, the circumstance that the more sordid consideration, which enters so largely into the reckonings of men, is on the side of the missionary, need not vitiate the higher motive of love and duty. It must be a consolation to these men to know that while laboring for the conversion of the heathen they are promoting the best interests of civilization. And Baron Wissmann can now be added to the long line of witnesses who confirm this truth.

Montreal is in the midst of her decennial count, which has proceeded sufficiently to give rise to the expectation that when the figures are all in it will be found that the city has nearly doubled her population during the decade. Taken together the city and suburbs are expected to reach the encouraging figure of 275,000 and upwards, which, in point of numbers, will easily give her the first place among Canadian Cities. Toronto congratulates her big rival of the Royal Mount, at the same time warning her to look to her laurels lest when the next official numbering takes place the order of precedence shall be reversed—a possibility which the growth of the Queen city during the last ten years renders extremely probable. But whether first or second, Torontonians whose feelings scorn the bounds of provincial limitations and who are first citizens of Canada and afterwards citizens of Toronto, will rejoice in the prosperity which Canada's commercial capital manifestly enjoys. May her love of righteousness and truth keep pace with her material advance.

If the effective power of a petition depended upon its cubic dimensions or its weight according to the scales the prayer of the publicans in behalf of the compensation clauses of the License Bill ought to have been well nigh invincible. The petition is said to have been signed by 600,000 inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland and was divided into three parts. Each part was rolled into cylindrical form and then encased in a frame. These cases together occupied nearly 300 cubic feet of space, and were so high that when standing on the floor of the house they completely obstructed the member's view. No doubt they represented an immense amount of labor, for 600,000 names are not secured without toil even though many signatures stood for persons who were not now, or had never been. Unfortunately, however, for the petitioners, the qualities that count in such cases are the character of the petition itself and the nature of the cause it espouses.

Those outweigh a mountain of paper and ink. Tried in these balances, the publicans' petition, as intimated last week, was found wanting.

The bachelor M. P., who hails from the capital city of the great North West, and who so unmercifully scored the Dominion government last session for its supineness in the matter of immigration, may be expected to let his voice be heard again when parliament re-assembles, unless the influx of foreigners seeking homes among us shall be greater during the current six months than it was during the half year just ended. The returns are far from satisfactory, considering our large area of territory still awaiting the settler. Compared with 1888 and 1889 there is a marked falling off, when there ought to have been an increase. During the first six months of 1888 the number of English immigrants who arrived was 7,524, in 1889 it was 5,814 and this year 3,750. The number of Irish during the same period of 1888 was 1,044, last year 1,201 and this year 923. The number of Scotch arriving during the periods mentioned were respectively 2,402, 1,485 and 978. It is not likely that Mr. Davin will be satisfied with characterizing the government as a "set of antiques" or men of fossil ideas, though what epithets this master of English will press into his service, it is impossible to predict. Were it not for the feeling that he is engaged in a hopeless task many would not feel grieved if he should repeat the castigation. But then what's the use? Some men are past feeling.

American cattle exporters are chafing under the restriction imposed upon them by the British authorities placing their cattle upon the schedule list, and are making an effort to have the restriction removed. The state department at Washington has appointed three veterinary inspectors to inspect all American cattle landed in Great Britain. One will be stationed at Liverpool, one at London, and one at Glasgow. By this means they hope to convince the British authorities that the restrictions are unjustifiable, that no contagious diseases exist in their country. The chief difficulty connected with this scheme is the undisguised and undeniable fact that contagious diseases exist, and that frequently they work great havoc among American herds. Indeed, within the last two weeks a shipment from New York arrived at Liverpool, amongst which was found an animal affected with pleuropneumonia. These cases which are known to the British authorities will go far to set aside the assertion that "contagious diseases do not exist." Evidently our friends have set a difficult task for themselves.

It now transpires that the silence which has prevailed the last fortnight concerning cholera in Spain has been due rather to an effort on the part of the Spanish authorities to conceal the facts than to any abatement of the ravages of the disease. The United States' representative at Madrid has sent out word to the effect that the condition of affairs is very bad, and that fears are entertained that the epidemic, which is prevailing in Spain, will become serious, as it is spreading. The government are taking precautions at Madrid and are erecting hospitals outside the city. This announcement will, no doubt, stimulate our quarantine officers to greater diligence in guarding our ports lest the terrible scourge should again get in its deadly work in Canada. Of course if Prof. Wiggins's theory be correct all their precautions must prove unavailing. According to this authority cholera is due to planetary influence and prevails most widely at certain regular periods. He says there is some danger of the disease appearing in America the present summer. Cholera, he observes, appears every eighteen years, the time of the moon's node and Jupiter's conjunctions, and as the disease showed itself in Canada and carried off its thousands in 1854, he fears that after

twice-eighteen years the disease may recur, especially as it is already in Europe. Being atmospheric and volcanic it is plain that no quarantine regulation can prevent the disease from gaining access to our shores. But until this Ottawa prophet shall have established a reputation for accuracy it will perhaps be as well for the Government to continue the old order, and have all incoming vessels closely inspected by competent officials. Then if the cholera comes to us over our heads and by way of Jupiter and the moon we shall at least be free from any feelings of self-reproach that we have failed to do our duty.

The case with which facts of similar kind can be made to contribute to opposing theories is aptly shown in the use made the other day by two of our leading dailies of the circumstance of the great agricultural depression in the United States. Says the *Empire*:

The Kansas Farmers' Alliance has been investigating the financial status of its members. It finds that out of 73,000 farms heard from 45,000 are mortgaged to the amount of \$146,563,134, and that but 7,500 are unencumbered. Farmers with unencumbered lands are paying high interest on chattel mortgages. The *Detroit Free Press* says that the estimated number of farms in Kansas is 270,000, or nearly four times the number reported to the alliance. If the farms reported represent a fair average, the total number of farms mortgaged in the state is not far from 175,000, and the aggregate indebtedness is not far from \$570,000,000.

The same morning the *Globe* contained the following:

The agricultural depression in the Eastern States is one of the most remarkable economic facts before the world to-day. In Vermont, for instance, a commissioner of immigration has been appointed, who is offering great inducements to thrifty farmers. Hundreds of farms are lying abandoned, and these, buildings, orchards and all, are sold at the rate of from \$2 to \$5 an acre. The State agreeing to loan \$25 and furnish a cow for a stipulated period to each family. Western farmers are not doing very well, but at least they are prospering sufficiently to keep up the value of their land. The condition in New England bears hardly upon the home market theory. Here are these farms, next door to some of the largest cities of the continent, yet the land, for some reason, is worth less than nothing, supposing that the improvements are worth anything.

Pointing to the burdened condition of the Kansas farmer the *Empire* assures itself that the Canadian farmer will hardly pine for access to a market that does no better for the agriculturists of Kansas. On the other hand, the *Globe*, with its eyes upon homes forsaken and buildings going to ruin, concludes that "perhaps the main reason for this state of affairs is that in the United States, as in Canada, the tariff system crushes the farmer, and then it is also argued that the discriminating railway freight rates place the land of Kansas commercially nearer to the seaboard or to the European market than is the land of New England." The point of view from which one looks upon a subject makes a world of difference.

There are times in the history of institutions and communities when great opportunities present themselves, which, being neglected, never return. Such a time has come to the citizens of Toronto in the matter of securing permanently a suitable and convenient breathing place for themselves and their children. The Queen's Park has hitherto been one of the city's proudest boasts, and the spot where many a health-giving breath has been drawn. The influences of that charming place have no doubt contributed not a little to the health, happiness and morality of our favored city. But this sylvan retreat is threatened with invasion. That part of it north of the University, and containing about fifteen acres, is about to be cut up and sold for building lots to increase the revenues of the University. But though the act may to many seem almost sacrilegious, it will not avail to stand idly by and cry "shame" while the invasion goes on. The University authorities are in a

position to reply, "Is it not lawful for us to do what we will with our own?" Something therefore more practical must be done. Prof. Goldwin Smith, whose public spirit is above question, has in a very timely letter to the Mayor, suggested that another attempt be made to treat with the University authorities. He entertains the hope that they may be induced to abate the demands they formerly made of "leasing the fifteen acres to the city for twenty one years at \$25,000 a year." The city has just shown itself a friend to the University in its time of need, and might reasonably expect that in this matter, where the public interests are so vitally concerned, that institution would be disposed to adopt a liberal policy. Of course, if the authorities remain inexorable, and insist on the \$25,000 proposition that settles the matter, and the ground must be lost to the city; but the University will have purchased for itself a feeling that will not make its path any smoother in dealing with the city in time to come.

It is difficult to understand by what principle or law of ethics Ex-Governor Hoadly of Ohio, justifies his position that a nation's dignity and honor may in certain cases compel her to fight in support of a wrong which she herself has committed, when a retraction of her unjust and unwarrantable claims would remove the *causæ belli*, and be morally certain to restore amicable relations. Being interviewed the other day regarding the Behring Sea question he said: The United States Government is wholly in the wrong from first to last, and is occupying a position that is in no sense tenable on the basis of strict justice and right in all intercourse between nations. It can easily be convicted of occupying such a position from its own former utterances and actions in connection with the very same matter. It has not been over 75 years since this same ground was fought over between nations, with Russia then holding the position of alleged ownership now occupied by this country. The United States then stoutly maintained—and justly, too—that the Behring sea—the home of the valuable seal—was an open sea. There can be no question, in my opinion, regarding that fact. It is an open body of water, free to the commerce and occupation of all the nations of the earth, and our Government has no moral or legal right to endeavor to convert and hold it to its own benefit for selfish and narrow purposes. The Englishmen have just as much right to capture seals from the rookeries of the Behring Sea as we have to go up every year—as we certainly do—and catch innumerable marketable fish off the coasts of Newfoundland." And yet, while this confession is warm upon his lips, he adds: "I am a firm believer in the policy of strictly maintaining the dignity of the United States Government, in the face of all adverse powers in the world, even though serious complications should result. We cannot afford to show the white feather, even in the slightest degree, now that British war vessels are sticking their belligerent noses up against our shores. Such a course would bring down upon us the contempt of the world, and make us the laughing stock of nations, that we can now afford to despise. We may have made a very serious mistake, and are, therefore, morally and legally in the wrong, but British cannon must be removed from our doors before we can afford to come out like men and acknowledge that such is the case." It is safe to say that Ex-Governor Hoadly is less a teacher of morals than a patriot, and that were his ethical views to prevail all moral distinctions must soon cease. No circumstances can justify a man or a nation in defending a wrong, which is known to be a wrong, and whose defence involves additional wrong. In no case can two wrongs make a right.

It may be presumed that one of the most interesting presents made to Mr. Stanley

and his bride last Saturday was the gift of Col. Gouraud. This was a phonograph, one of the most wonderful of its kind, and made to contain spaces for hundred volume voices. Not as a piece of curious workmanship, however, will it be chiefly interesting, but in what it contains and will be able to tell. It was the silent, impassive, unconscious witness on that auspicious occasion of all that was said and sung, of all that organ pealed or wedding bells proclaimed. And what it heard it recorded with flawless and unrelenting truthfulness. It has gone forth from that wedding scene charged with a wonderful story. In time to come the happy pair, whose launch upon the matrimonial sea took place amid so much splendor and demonstration, can in the quiet of their home rehearse the interesting features of the important event. Their truthful witness will be able to repeat the welcome of the bells, the swelling notes of the organ, the voices of the choir. It will be able to tell word for word the language of the marriage contract, and the names of the signers thereto. It will contain the good wishes of the American friends of the great explorer, and of those who are not so far away. It will, in short, tell the story of the wedding as no other witness has been able to describe it, and of this story it will never grow tired telling. No doubt Mr. and Mrs. Stanley will cherish this curious gift as one of their peculiar treasures.

A church dispute that has gained considerable notoriety, owing to the nature of the quarrel and the prominence of the parties involved in it, has just been pronounced upon by his holiness the Pope. Some time ago Dr. Burtzell, rector of a parish in New York, incurred the displeasure of his superior officer, Archbishop Corrigan, by publicly espousing the cause of Dr. McGlynn, whose insubordination about two years ago, resulted in his excommunication. For his sin, Mgr. Corrigan, with the concurrence of the Baltimore Council, proposed to transfer Dr. Burtzell to another parish where he would have less opportunity of doing harm by his pernicious teaching. To this arrangement Dr. Burtzell objected and appealed to the Propaganda at Rome. Thither Archbishop Corrigan went and urged his cause. The result is that the Archbishop has been sustained and the Pope, on the recommendation of the Propaganda, has called upon Dr. Burtzell to make his submission to the Archbishop, and to obey his order to take charge of another parish. Whether the recalcitrant father will meekly submit, or will follow the lead of Dr. McGlynn, remains to be seen. But whichever course he may be induced to take the teaching of the incident will not be affected thereby. It is significant how that within so short a period two distinguished members of that church, which has been wont to say to its subordinates go, and they went, and come, and they came, should have dared to dispute the authority of those above them. Many will see in these cases the working of the spirit of the times, of that spirit which refuses to allow another to become the keeper of its conscience, or to submit to any dictation which denies freedom of enquiry and liberty of speech.

Not to be outdone by her more powerful rival, Belgium has lately been taking steps to strengthen her position in the Congo Continent. The Congo Free State, five years ago at the time when she was made her special province, has now offers to come to a special session of the Congo administration has set on foot a bill was introduced for five million dollars for the eventual Belgium. The million is to

the balance in ten equal annual instalments, the loan to be free from interest. Six months from the expiration of the ten years, Belgium can annex the Congo State and all its properties and rights in conformity with the Acta signed in Berlin February 20, 1885, and in Brussels on July 1, 1890, Belgium assuming all responsibility toward other parties, and King Leopold renouncing his claims for indemnity for sacrifices made by him. If, on the expiration of the term, Belgium does not desire to annex the Congo State, the loan will bear interest at 3½ per cent., and repayment can be demanded on the expiration of a further ten years. This latest move on the part of Belgium disposes of the surmise which some were entertaining that Lord Salisbury was negotiating with King Leopold with a view to securing for England greater control of this important part of Africa.

The *New York Sun*, whose energies have been so sorely taxed in keeping the Republican party at Washington in a tolerable state of purity, has managed to turn for a moment toward the North, and throw its kindling ray across the field of Canadian politics. And the scene it witnessed was a curious one. Liberals in Ontario and Quebec holding the seats of power, mainly through the influence of the Catholic vote; and Conservatives at Ottawa occupying the Treasury benches through the same Catholic support. A game of see-saw, surely, which the *Sun* believes Sir John Macdonald expects to see continued at the next Dominion election.

"This is clear," it says, "from the conduct of Sir John himself, who, instead of condoling with Mr. Meredith, the beaten chief of the Ontario Conservatives, actually congratulates Mr. Mowat on his success in retaining a firm grasp on the Provincial Legislature. Evidently Sir John is counting on a postponement of the present arrangement which he has found so useful in the past, and by which the Liberal leaders in Ontario are allowed to avail themselves of Catholic assistance in provincial contests on the understanding that this decisive factor shall be transferred to the Conservatives in the more important Dominion election.

But the *Sun* sees in Mr. Mercier a disturbing factor and one which might rudely interrupt the old Chieftain's plans. The *Sun* continues:

"So long as in the Liberal chiefs of Provincial Governments Sir John Macdonald had to deal only with men of small calibre and restricted influence, it was comparatively easy for him to bargain with them on terms favorable to himself. The situation is different, now that in Mr. Mercier, the Premier of Quebec, Sir John must reckon with a politician of abilities equal to his own, who has a right to look forward to the avowed or real headship of the Dominion Government. Many recent incidents concur to prove that no other civilian in Canada possesses a title of Mr. Mercier's. He is with the Roman Catholic Church, and the incredible that against his Catholic vote in Ontario was transferred from the Liberals to the Conservatives. Suppose, then, that at the next elections for the Ontario come around, Mr. Mercier's mind that the time has come to stop to the manipulative interests in the Conservative cause the whole Catholic vote for Liberal candidates in the principal provinces of Ontario. It is but little doubt that to carry out such a project would be the result would be the Macdonald Government, and the ostensible result would be the

Truth's Contributors.

BRUSSELS IN JUNE, 1835.

Curious State of the Town in Waterloo Days.

It is no easy task to reconstruct the picture of Brussels on the eve of the "glorious eighteenth." The changes which have taken place since then are as numerous as they are sweeping; the contemporary journals seem to have dealt in everything except news, and after the lapse of three-quarters of a century very few eye-witnesses remain who are still endowed with "sound mind, memory, and understanding." In a word, the Brussels of 1800 has little or nothing in common with the Brussels of 1815. In a vaulted chamber high up in the tower of the Hotel de Ville, M. Alphonse Wautors, the city architect, whose career began with the "forties," unearthed for my edification a dusty file of the *Journal de la Belgique* and the *Oracle*.

It is evident from a cursory perusal of their contents that the Belgian world during that eventful Spring wagged much as usual in spite of the din of war, the presence of foreign troops, and the preparations for the coming conflict. Napoleon had many sympathizers in Brussels, the

CONFIDENCE IN HIS DESTINY

was widespread, and he was generally spoken of as the Emperor till Wellington returned victorious, when he became simply "Bonaparte" or something worse. It will be a surprise to many to learn that the great Duke contrived to combine business with pleasure during the time he was the guest of M. Van den Cruyce in the mansion now occupied by M. Matthieu, the financier in the Rue Royale. On April 28 he gave a great dinner at the Hotel Bellevue, (where he afterward lodged,) having Admiral Sir Sidney Smith among his guests.

It was followed by a ball in the hall of the Grand Concert (or Concert Noble) in the Rue Ducale. On May 13 he entertained 'the Princes' at a banquet in the imperial rooms at Laeken, and on May 29 he organized a second and more splendid fete in honor of Marshal Blucher at the Concert Noble. He visited Enghien, Ghent, (where he paid his respects to the courageous Duchesse d'Angoulême,) and Ath; he went with Blucher to Tirlmont and Grammont; he patronized Catalani's concerts twice at least; he was present at the performances of the *Assaio* he sat for his bust to Ruxthiel; he walked to dinner in the Allee Verte, and he held frequent reviews on the plains of Mont-la-Peine, now covered with bricks and

On June 13 limits its military to the toast proposed by the "A l'heroin de France. a la chute du despotisme," et a la chute du despotisme. An advertisement of "Elegant" well worthy the attention of the day it tells its readers all the news of the day at Antwerp and the city of Haarlem. On the occasion of the Duchesse de Nemours reports that "Le Grand Theatre, are singing:"

... .. Wellington

more than the Hanoverians and the Prussians, though there lives one very old man, of the church, who flogged for theft out-

... .. still wears the gold at the beginning of the not yet finally resigned He saw both in the streets of from the lips of position who drove Marshal prod- be hesitated

but announces the arrival of Dumoulin and Cambaceres as prisoners, and the embalming of the Duke of Brunswick's body. On the 20th the great triumph is proclaimed in the streets; the

PUBLIC RINGING OF BELLS

in honor of "the decisive victory" is duly recorded, and then comes, without any change of type or other distinction, the comforting information that "Hirsch, Cern Doctor, 152 No. 8 street, formerly attached in that quality to her Royal Highness Marie Christine, Governess of the Low Countries, is licensed to follow his art of curing corns, nails, and chilblains without the least pain."

"Brussels now becomes one vast infirmary. Fifteen hundred wounded Frenchmen are encamped on the Place de la Monnaie, while the illuminations for the *affaire decisive de la Belle-Alliance* are burning brightly, and the playgoers inside are roaring at the drolleries of "L'Avocat Patalin." The Church of the Madeleine and the Sallie des Varietes are alike full of the sick and dying; "Jones, Lieutenant Colonel," (the only English officer except Wellington ever mentioned in the *Journal*!) asks for the addresses of wounded officers "to facilitate the researches of friends;" tent hospitals are erected outside the Louvian and Namur gates; for an entire week the peasants are either burying the dead or bringing in the wounded and a great "benefit" is organized at the Monnaie.

Then on June 24 came the latest news from Paris—a salute of 100 guns has been fired to celebrate the victory at Ligny! In the succeeding week we have "Te Deum" for the living and solemn masses for the dead. The wounded Prince of Orange is able to take carriage exercise; the Comtesse Cornet de Grez holds the plate "for the wounded soldiers" at the door of Ste. Gudule; Dudart, the dentist, has changed his residence; a consignment of "excellent port wine and Barclay's brown stout, bottled in London," arrives; and exactly ten days after Waterloo was won M. Penley (an ancestor possibly of "The Private Secretary") and Jones reopen the English season at the Park Theatre with "The Clandestine Marriage," "Tom Thumb," and "The Jew and the Doctor." Deaths were so frequent during the months which followed Waterloo that all attempts at registration were abandoned; the supply of wood for coffins gave out, and a bill still exists for sawing used to bury the dead soldiers of the Scotch regiments encamped in the fields now occupied by the Luxembourg station.

The Duke of Wellington's stay in Brussels on June 19 only lasted a few hours, as he started at once for Paris. On several subsequent occasions he revisited the scene of his crowning achievement, and in September, 1821, he acted as guide to George IV. Enghien is so frequently mentioned in connection with the campaign of 1815 that I determined to see something of the little town, which has apparently slumbered peacefully through the past seventy-five Summers. The house where the Duke lodged with the Mayor, Joseph Parmentier, is absolutely untouched; the quarters of the Third Hussars, the First Battalion of the York Regiment, and the gallant Fifty-second, can still be pointed out. The honest Englishman

LOVED THE ENGLISH

... .. more than the Hanoverians and the Prussians, though there lives one very old man, of the church, who flogged for theft out-

... .. still wears the gold at the beginning of the not yet finally resigned He saw both in the streets of from the lips of position who drove Marshal prod- be hesitated

to go quickly down a steep slope. Le Maitre, then a boy of fourteen, laid himself down on the turf in the Duc d'Arenberg's park to hear the echoes of the cannon, but he says nothing impressed him so much as the profound silence which followed the last shot. He witnessed the departure of the troops for Braine-le-Comte in the dead of night, and he used to play with the two soldiers billeted on his father. The survivors and contemporaries of Waterloo are more difficult to find in Belgium than in England. A solitary Belgian veteran—J. Desrodt of Ghent—answered to Gen. Van Merlen's roll call, but I have been fortunate enough to meet with several persons in Brussels, still well and hearty, who have cheerfully given me their reminiscences of that eventful epoch. I have, however, failed to come across a single combatant, although many were alive ten years ago.

M. Louis Spaak was born in 1804, and I found him busily engaged in his pleasant house on the Avenue des Arts, with sundry plans and projections for improving the communications between the upper and lower sections of Brussels. He is unwilling even now to give up his work as an architect, and his only enemy is the asthma. In 1815 he lived with his father in the Trurenberg, and when

THE SUN WAS RISING

on the morning of June 16 he saw the Duke of Brunswick and his suite (preceded by two of the Black Hussars with pistols in their hands) riding out to the battle of Quatre-Bras. "Two of Picton's Scotch soldiers," continued Mr. Spaak, "were billeted on us," as well as an officer named Jackson, whose servant Thomas used to let me ride on his charger. I remember Mr. Jackson returning here hurt and telling my father in bad French that it had "rained bullets," as he showed him his horse's nose pierced by a ball. I believe that our guest's name was Baril, and that he died only a very short time ago. I heard the guns firing from the old ramparts; I have never forgotten the endless procession of wounded, and I saw the brewers' drays, laden with beer, rattling over the stones of the chaussee toward Waterloo.

On the Sunday after the battle we drove out to the field where Hougomont was still smoking, and the country people were filling in the graves. I remember M. Sivery, a professor of English in the Athenaeum, one of my old friends, telling me a story about Waterloo which you may care to hear. He helped, when a youth, to nurse a Scotchman who was thought to be mortally wounded, during three months, but at last recovered and was furnished by M. Sivery with the means of returning to his home, whence he emigrated to America. Forty-two years after the professor was unexpectedly summoned to the Hotel Bellevue, and there saw a young man who placed in his hands a gold twenty-dollar piece, handsomely mounted in a case. He told him that it was the first money his father, (who had become a wealthy timber merchant and a Senator for Massachusetts,) had earned in America, and that he had commissioned his son while making the tour of Europe, to seek out his former benefactor at Brussels and place it in his hands. Sivery was himself a soldier, and wounded with a sabre at the battle of Groesbeeren. The two men became inseparable friends.

The memory of Mme. Z. Ippersiel, nee Louise Foulle, who was born with the century, is as clear as that of a woman of forty. Sitting in her bright *salon* overlooking the Rue Belliard and the tree-lined avenue, this dignified and still handsome lady talked to me for an hour over her reminiscences, which begin with the firing of the deafening salute which greeted the arrival of the First Consul and Mme. Josephine. She was nearly ten when she saw the Emperor with Marie Louise (wearing the Brussels lace shawl just given her) sitting at his side and driving to the gala performance at the Monnaie. Then

came the Waterloo days, when her father and mother went to the Wellington fete at the Concert Noble, but they were not present at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, which at the time was almost forgotten in the battle of the battle. The Foulles lived in the Viello Cour, now the Rue du Musee, (where the English Club is at present situated,) and as her father was one of the city notables, Mlle. Louise was in the very centre of all that was going on.

Her uncle, M. Alexandre Ponthiere de Beriaere, was an officer of the Seventh Belgian Battalion, commanded by Col. Vandensande, and his niece saw him depart for the war. Like everybody else, the Foulles went to the ramparts

TO HEAR THE CANNON

on the Sunday afternoon after praying in the church, and as they crossed the Place Royale one of their French friends riding past called out gayly, "Demain a Laeken!" She knew Mme. Weener of Chatteroi, and has heard her tell over and over again the story of her coming to Brussels on a common cart under cover of the darkness of the night of the 15th to tell the Duke of Wellington, who was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, that the French had crossed the frontier and were advancing.

Mlle. Foulle visited the hospitals of the Montaigne de la Cour, and assisted in looking after a dozen wounded soldiers who found an asylum in her father's house. She saw the Duke of Wellington frequently, and says he carried an umbrella even when riding in civilian attire. Louis le Desire used to strut about the Parc with a gigantic cane, and the Belgian ladies of the period admired killed Highlanders much more than the "Black Brunswickers" or any other class of the deliverers. The *Woeux Continental* ruined the popularity of Napoleon, and caused endless misery in Brussels; no grade of society was exempt from the domiciliary visits of the "rats" employed by the fiscal authorities of Dyle, and Mme. Foulle, when she went shopping with her daughter, paid a louis for a pound of sugar and purchased velvet because it was cheaper than cotton.

Mlle. Marie Sacre is the daughter of Napoleon's clockmaker. She lives with her younger brother, (a robust septuagenarian,) who has carried off countless prizes for the manufacture of mathematical instruments, and is the inventor of the balance used in half the mints of Europe. A coffin clock made by M. Sacre pere toward the close of the last century ticks sonorously in the parlor behind his son's repository in the Chaussee de Wavre, where I talked to Mlle. Marie of the days when she used to accompany her father to Laeken, where she often saw the Emperor while the palace clocks were being wound up and adjusted.

While living in the Rue de la Collegiale, near Ste. Gudule's, Mlle. Sacre looked down on the French troops marching out to the Russian campaign—Napoleon signed the declaration of war in a room where one of M. Sacre's clocks graced the mantelpiece—and she was seventeen when she watched the Duke of Brunswick and his officers, with their skull and cross-bone helmets, passing under the walls of Ste. Gudule on their way to Quatre Bras. Four years previously Marie Louise had patted her on the head in the Laeken Gardens. On the morning of the 19th she stood by the Namur Gate and saw the long convoy of wounded fil by. One English officer, who was riding, had lost his arm and the stump was bandaged up in canvas "like a ham." Mlle. Sacre helped to look after the wounded in the Petit Parc, which, like the rest of Brussels, was turned into a hospital for at least six weeks.

Though in her ninety-third year, she is very proud of her brother's successes, and it is certainly a curious coincidence that the son of the man who wound up Napoleon's clocks at Laeken, and repaired his watch before he went to Moscow, should live to make compasses for the Congo States, and gain the gold medal for *Balances de precision* at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. It is now just seventy-five years since these things happened, yet M. Spaak, Mme. Ippersiel, and Mlle. Sacre can speak of them as events of yesterday. Their personal reminiscences of those stirring times will, as far as the coming 'Waterloo' day is concerned, have much greater interest than the 'latest intelligence' of the forgotten *Journal de Belgique* or the laconic sentences of its equally dull colleague the *Oracle*. The present has its claims as well as the past, and I must leave the narratives of those who actually saw Duke Frederick William in his plumed head gear depart so bravely for his last battle-field, to go to Genappe, where, forty-eight hours hence, the obelisk destined to perpetuate his valor for all time is to be solemnly inaugurated on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his tragic death."

The Poet's Corner

-For Truth

Rachel Ripplery.

In the forest and the wildwood
I have play'd since early childhood,
And have gather'd many roses in my day;
But I never saw a flower,
Or a blossom in the bower,
Half so beautiful as Rachel Ripplery!

Could a purer glow be sleeping,
Whom the Ocean Nymph is weeping,
In the ruby-lighted caverns of the sea,
Than the blissful light which flashes
Through the long, soft, silken lashes
Of the violet eyes of Rachel Ripplery!

For the sweetness that reposes
In the petals of the roses,
For the rubies that in coral caverns lay,
I am not so very foolish,
Nay! of them I am forgetful
But I'm dying for sweet Rachel Ripplery.
ERNEST E. LEIGHT.

Echoes.

-For Truth.

If you let liabilities run
You will find to your cost by and by,
That the echo of debt is a dun,
And the echo of waste is a sigh.

You may smile on the venturesome throw
That has gained a large fortune by vice,
But 'twill fade, like a blossom in snow,
In the blasts of the furnace of vice.

You may sip the red wine and believe
That a wanton can nullify care,
But the flash of the flagon is grief,
And the echo of guilt is despair.

Or if careless of truth you obtain
A fortune, and all it may bring,
You will learn that the echo of gain,
Like the snake in the fable 's a sting.

But to labor regardless of cold,
Or to toil for a harvest in heat,
You will find that its echo is gold,
And the echo of labor is wheat.
New York. A. RAMBAY.

-For Truth

The Whirlpool Rapids.

J. E. POLLOCK, D. D.

Rushing and dashing!
Foaming and flashing!
Hither and thither casting the spray,
Fearlessly forcing thy watery way;
Rolling like thunder,
Over and under;
Mad as the mortal who in his dream
Plunges to death in thy tortuous stream!

Onward forever!
Tortuous river!
Onward ye Rapids the never so wild,
Heart of a mother hath leap'd for her child!
Wildly romantic,
Woefully frantic,
Tortured as if by some terrible spell,
Foaming as if from the fountains of hell!

Never could story
Tell the wild glory,
Leaping and seething and foaming in thee,
Raging forever as if to be free;
Leaping in thunder!
Weird with wild wonder!
Spirit and demon, hobgoblin and ghost,
Seem to be chanting the souls of the lost!

Told but with candor,
Nothing is grander,
Flashing in glory from mountain to stream,
Fancied or fashioned by poetic dream,
Than the wild waters
Every rock batters,
Dash'd into deep-seething foam and of spray,
Restless forever by night and by day!

"Wait Des a Minut."

I have a gallant lover,
Ho's true as true can be;
But it's come to this when I want a kiss
He always says to me,
"Wait des a minut."

He does not love another;
His heart is all my own;
Yet I grieve to know, when he treats me so,
That mine to him has flown—
"Wait des a minut."

His face is very fair;
His eyes are violet blue,
And the light they send as on me they bend
Most breaks my heart in two—
"Wait des a minut."

His hair is like the sun
That shines upon the dew;
But he likes not girls, and he shakes his curls,
With words that pierce me through,
"Wait des a minut."

Whenever I talk of love,
In moonlight or by day,
He just looks at me, and in mocking glee
Remarks, and runs away,
"Wait des a minut."

I'll tell you what I'll do
To punish this young man:
When he wants a wife, if it takes his life,
I'll say to the young woman,
"Wait des a minut."
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Grave of a Little Child.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where in Summer the grass grows green;
Where beneath a rustling elm tree's shade
A moss covered stono is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude long and wild;

Yet somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In Winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid beneath a shroud of snow,
But around it in springtime, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow,
And o'er it the Summer breeze blows
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the Autumn's dead leaves thickly strow
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
With her melody sweet by the hour she trills
As if by the scene beguiled;
Perhaps, who knows, 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there;
Some mother is weeping in vain,
For though years may come and years may go
'Twill never come back again.
Yes, blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and the undelled,
Some roads to heaven perhaps run through
That grave of a little child.
WALTER FREES.

A Comparison.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the hum'd bees,
A-knowing that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I really don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin' hot bricks and usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But a hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun',
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down,
You don't find such things as those in town,
(Or, ruther, in the city.)

As I said afore, such things as those,
The flowers, the birds, and the hum'd bees,
An, a-livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease, an' do as you
please,
Makes it better'n the city.

Now, all the talk don't mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me, 'tain't half as tough
As livin' in the city.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Midsummer.

A pulsing glow obscures the blue profound,
And throbs against the earth with magic
night,
The fervor hushes every creeping sound,
And all arousing impulse puts to flight;
'Tis cheerful prospect meets the thirsty sight,
No flow without the sun-god's angry trace;
The very air is awayed by some fell spright,
For o'en the breezes, as they fan my face,
Bring scorching, seething heat in sweet re-
freshment's place.

The flowers, of gentle dews and moonlight born,
With days of promise, wither 'neath the ray
Of fiery Titan, as he leaves the morn
And enters on the threshold of midday;
While birds no longer carol forth their lay
Of joy—no longer brave his glances dire,
But to his all-prevailing power give way.
And with frail men and panting flocks retire
To friendly shade, protection from his noonday
ire.
BENONI BENJAMIN.

A Spanish Submarine Boat.

Spain would appear to treat her inventors
better than most nations. A naval Lieuten-
ant, Isaac Peral, has constructed a submarine
boat moved by electricity, which, according
to the Spanish press, is the greatest inven-
tion of the age, an opinion apparently shared
by the Government, as Monday night's
Council, on the proposal of the Minister of
Marine, conferred a title of nobility upon
Lieutenant Peral, and presented him with
\$100,000 (£20,000) for services to his country
and as a testimony of his countrymen's gra-
titude. It is not stated whether this sum
represents the monetary value of the patent.
But, without wishing for a moment to detract
from the merit of Lieutenant Peral, whose
boat may be the most perfect of its kind, it
may be pointed out that similar vessels have
existed for many years past in other countries,
a fact which the Spanish newspapers seem
to forget, or at least to ignore, while heaping
almost fulsome eulogy on Lieutenant Peral
as the inventor of inventors.

Tashkend to Havela Fair.

Preparations are already being made for
the great Central Asian Exhibition, which
will be opened at Tashkend in August, in
order to celebrate the conquest of Turkestan
by the Russian troops. Tashkend was taken
by assault on the 29th of June 1855, and it
was at first intended to open the exhibition
on that day this year, but this project was
wisely abandoned, the temperature being
usually too high in June and July. Many
travelers, we learn, are expected from
Europe, especially from England.

Literary and Art Notes.

The new serials began in the last number
of Harper's Bazar: "Hor Love and His
Life," by F. W. Robinson, and "At an Old
Chateau," by Katharine S. Macquoid. Among
other attractions offered in the same number
are a sketch by Miss Bisland, entitled "An
American Woman's First Impressions of the
London Season," and a prose poem, "Hei-
delberg Castle," by Beatrice Cameron, the
actress.

In the July Arena is a complete drama
entitled "Under the Wheel," written by
the talented young Boston artist, Hamlin
Garland. It is something more than an en-
tertaining social drama, — a strong moral pur-
pose lies behind it, or rather may be said to
have inspired it. The opening scenes are in
an overcrowded tenement in Boston; from
here the actions shift to the heavily mort-
gaged farms of the far West, where the
scenes, though strikingly unlike those in the
great Eastern centre, are none the less path-
etic.

The Midsummer Number of the Jenness-
Miller Magazine is one of unusual interest.
The paper on "Physical Culture," by Ma-
bel Jenness, contains suggestions and
exercises of the greatest value to wom-
en. The Countess De Montaigne discusses
in her most fascinating manner the "Eti-
quette of Correspondence," and an article
on "Fine Gems," by Charles Blanc, is itself
a production of marked value, which no
lady who is interested in jewels should fail
to read. Other interesting contributions
are: "A Girl-Student's Year in Paris";
"Motherhood," by Clara Holbrook Smith;
"The Corporal Punishment of Children," by
Emile Pickhardt; an interesting story by
Clara Louise Burnham, and a freshly
interesting instalment of "The Philoso-
pher of Driftwood," by Annie Jenness-
Miller; "Voice Culture," by Laura Giddings,
is both interesting and instructive, and the
Fashion Talk is full of original and artistic
ideas. Address THE JENNESS-MILLER PUBLI-
CO., 363 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The last issue of the Dominion Illustrated
is an illustration of the force of example.
The previous number was devoted to Victoria,
B. C. Of course, long before its appearance,
the fact that it was due was well known in
the North-West. And not without result,
evidently. Calgary has quickly followed
suit—the present number being almost
wholly given up to that thriving western
centre. Eastern Canadians would hardly,
perhaps, expect that so much could be said
about a place so young; but, a glance at the
pages of the Calgary number of the Dom-
inion Illustrated will convince the most in-
credulous that Alberta and its fair metro-
polis comprise many features of rare in-
terest in scenery, resources, population
and general progress, and that even the
best informed will find in this rich number
the means of adding considerably to their
store of knowledge. The illustrations (which
are excellent) and the accompanying letter
press are of historic value and are well wor-
thy of preservation. Address: Dominion
Illustrated, 73 St. James St., Montreal.

Knowledge, a new weekly magazine, oc-
cupies a new field, and if it accomplishes what
it undertakes, it ought to be indispensable to
every owner of a Cyclopaedia. It proposes
to answer the almost infinite number of
questions upon which one ordinarily con-
sults a Cyclopaedia, and fails to find the an-
swer, generally because the Cyclopaedia,
is not "up to date"—it was published, prob-
ably, five years ago, or, mayhap, ten or
more years ago. "The world moves," and
the most important questions that want
answers are of to-day not of yesterday. For
instance, Capri succeeds Bismarck as Chan-
cellor of Germany; who is Capri? How do
you pronounce his name? A terrible storm
at Apia. Where is that? How do you pro-
nounce it? A revolution in Brazil a few
weeks ago. What is the new status? And
so on. If you consult any Cyclopaedia,
fail to find the answer to your question,
you find authorities differing, or you refer
card to Knowledge, and the answer is in
the next week's issue. Knowledge is
published in handsome and convenient
a complete index is promised, and
with bound volumes at non-prohibitive
subscribers. A specimen copy of the
zine will be sent free to all subscribers
price, like all the issues, is
hardly more than a trifle.
JOHN B. ALLEN,
New York.

Fanny Murfree, sister to Charles Egbert Coad-
dock, opens the Atlantic for July. The serial
is laid in one of the smaller American cities.
Miss Murfree's pages are full of clever charac-
terizations, and there is an atmosphere about
the story which promises well for the future
numbers. The very title, "The Town Poor,"
gives one a sufficiently clear idea of what
Miss Jewett's clever pen makes of such a sub-
ject. This, with some chapters of Mrs. De-
land's "Sidney," concludes the fiction of
the number. James Russel Lowell's lines
"In a Volume of Sir Thomas Browne," and
some verses on Wendell Phillips, represent
the poetry, and there is also some charming
verse at the end of Dr. Holmes's "Over the
Teacups." In this paper of the series, the Doc-
tor devotes himself to answering some ques-
tions which have been proposed to him by what
he calls "brain-tappers;" in other words,
persons who are always endeavoring to get
the opinions of noted men on all questions,
from "Whether oatmeal is preferable to pie
as American national food," to "Whether
there is any justification for the entertainment
of prejudice towards individuals solely because
they are Jews;" and one can imagine the
Doctor's comments on these somewhat varying
topics. He concludes his paper with the pret-
tiest of songs, "Too Young for Love."
Frank Gaylord Cook has a sketch of Richard
Henry Lee, and Professor Shaler writes about
"Science and the African Problem." Mr.
Albert Bushnell Hart's paper on "The Status
of Athletics in American Colleges" may be
called, if one may use a much abused phrase,
"particularly timely." In short, the Atlantic,
as usual, contributes something of real value
to the questions of the day, and does not
neglect those light forms of literature
which adapt it for holiday time.

The Number Seven in the Bible.

On the seventh day God ended His work.
In the seventh month Noah's ark touched
the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent out.
Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.
Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.
Jacob served seven years for Rachel.
And yet another seven years.
Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey
by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of
seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream
by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven
ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On and after the seventh day of the
seventh month the Children of Israel fasted
seven days and remained in their tents.

Every seventh year the land rested.
Every seventh year the law was read to
the people.

In the destruction of Jericho seven person
Lore trumpets seven days; on the seventh
day they surrounded the walls seven times,
and at the end of the seventh round the
walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the
temple (for cost, size, etc., see this depart-
ment of the Republic, issue of September
14, 1889) and fasted seven days at its dedica-
tion.

The golden candlesticks had seven
branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the Jor-
don.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and
seven nights, and offered seven bullocks,
an atonement.

Hundreds of other biblical references to
the number seven could be given, if per-
mit.

A Woman Killed by a Vampire.

The wife of Senor G. of Monterey, Cal-
ifornia, in her bed the other night, was
bit of the vampire's fangs. She had been
window, and the vampire had evidently
killed her for two tiny wounds in her
jugular vein indicated the vampire's
tured. Its escape was not long, and
the hair of its victim was found
and abundant.

Men and Women.

The late Princess of Thurn and Taxis, a sister of the Emperor of Austria, was once engaged to Emperor Francis Joseph herself, but he jilted her to marry her sixteen-year-old sister. The Princess was a few years ago the most handsome and intellectual woman in Europe.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe at seventy-eight years is in the same feeble state of mind and body that she has been for two years past, he spends much of her time in the open air, and is carefully watched over by her daughters at her Hartford home.

A New York jeweller has lately filled a unique order. This was the plating with heavy gold of a set of floor registers made of solid brass in an ornate design. These registers are to ornament the palace which Mr. Rockefeller has lately built above Tarrytown on the Hudson.

Thackeray had a broken nose, the result, as has generally been supposed, of a school-boy fight with the late G. S. Venables, Q. C. This fact has recently been established in a letter from a brother of the nose-breaker, who also says that Thackeray adopted the name of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" because the great artist's face had been "figured in the same way."

Following in the footsteps of Miss Fawcett, who won such distinction in the mathematical examinations of Cambridge University, Miss Margaret Alford has taken first place in the classical tripos. She is a niece of Dean Alford, the English poet and divine, who is best known by his edition of the Greek Testament. Miss Alford's father—a distinguished preacher and fine classical scholar—has been his daughter's principal instructor.

When the Germans began to study the tribes around Astrolabe Bay, in New Guinea, a while ago, they were very much interested to find that quite a number of Russian words had been incorporated into the various languages. The circumstance was easily explained by the fact that the Russian explorer Maclay had lived for some time among these peoples. It shows how easily it came about that these Papuan languages have a very large admixture of Polynesian and Malayan elements.

The Countess Tolstoi has lately visited London as a delegate to the Liberal Women's Federation. She is a beautiful and accomplished woman, and, unlike her husband, is extremely fond of society. She gives up her preference, however, and is the novelist's private secretary, making type-written copies of his prohibited stories, and circulating them through the mails whenever possible. There are nine children, of whom the eldest, a very attractive girl of eighteen, is her father's most enthusiastic disciple, denying herself all indulgences, wearing the cheapest clothing, and attempting in all things to live as did the primitive Christians. The family speak English, French, and most of them are musicians.

The energetic Consul, H. H. Johnson, returned home after his flying visit to the west coast of Africa, during which he raised the spirits of the natives and confirmed what at least one of the whites had reported, that if the whites at the Cape were to be exterminated, the Indian Ocean would be a sea of blood. The Consul's report is not only a confirmation of what has been reported, but also a warning to the whites to be careful of their own interests. The Consul's report is not only a confirmation of what has been reported, but also a warning to the whites to be careful of their own interests.

he had learned so much about it. But when I came to the place where he describes Michigan Avenue and the old fleet of grain ships, I said to myself, Why, he's been there!"

The simple graceful English girl of twenty-two, on whom honors are heaped for her triumphant scholarship, is Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, the lady Senior Wrangler of Cambridge, daughter of the late Postmaster-General of England. Miss Fawcett worked at her ordinary pace in the competition where she was so brilliantly successful, ate, walked and slept as usual, did not feel in the least nervous, nor owned to any fatigue when sending in her papers. Asked by a friend if she did not wish the examination over, she cheerfully replied: "No; I do not want to have three weeks taken out of my life." Miss Fawcett is the quietest of girls, with a perfect hatred of all formality and show. On the day when the list was to be announced she did wake early with excitement, and read *Mansfield Park* in bed to calm her mind. It is a gratifying fact that Miss Fawcett's studies have not injured her bloom or her health.

Mr. Stanley has now told his story of the Emin relief expedition, and the two other stories remain to be published. These are the stories of Emin himself and of the Rear Guard, for both of whom Stanley has some severe criticisms. Rose Troup, one of Stanley's officers, whom he left at Yambuya, has had his story of the Rear Guard in type for over a year, and would have published it in months before we knew where Stanley was if the Emin Relief Committee had not invoked the law to prevent him. It is understood that a book by Herbert Ward will appear as soon as he is at liberty to speak, and the wealthy relatives of Major Bartolot are anxious to vindicate his memory by publishing extracts from his diary, showing what a terrible pickle he was in at Yambuya. They will all have a chance in October, when the pledge of silence ceases to bind them; and as soon as Stanley's book gets into the hands of Emin it will not be surprising if that accomplished linguist expresses his feelings with great vigor and in at least twenty languages.

People who live in trees or employ them as places of refuge are apt to be particularly miserable specimens of the human family, for their choice of a home invariably implies that they are not strong enough to meet their enemies on the level. The tree village recently discovered by Sir William Macgregor in New Guinea is the most remarkable that has been reported in a long while. Some ways inland he found a wretched, half-starved remnant of the Veiburi tribe. In one of their settlements all the villagers live in a single enormous tree, on whose wide-spreading branches four houses, with two-stories each, had been constructed. Wide platforms are built in front of the houses on which are piles of stones, kept to hurl at intrusive persons. This wretched people are in process of extermination by a powerful and warlike neighbor. The most numerous tree villages that have been found are along the Dua branch of the Mangala River, north of the Congo. The explorer who discovered them last year says the natives are the poorest and most wretched people he has seen in Africa.

The honors which Emperor William has bestowed upon Wissmann have undoubtedly been well earned by the man who is Germany's foremost African explorer. There are few men whose discoveries in Africa cover so wide a portion of that continent. Wissmann was the first to cross the central portion of the Congo basin far south of the main river. It was he who treated geographers to a great surprise when he traced the Kassai River to its union with the Congo and found it empty into the great river far west of the supposed point of confluence. It was he who discovered that the large Sankuru River is an affluent of the Kassai instead of the Congo, and that it affords a splendid navigable route across the continent. Like Stanley, Wissmann's journeys were from the west coast of Africa to the east coast. He is now only 37 years of age, but he has high qualities for a military commander. He has also in a military way, where he has been, he has been the

HOW THE HOPPERS CAME AND WENT.

The Plague That Swarmed Down on Kansas Fifteen Years Ago.

Fifteen years ago this week a mighty cloud of winged insects rose from stricken Kansas. It darkened the sun and then rolled away to the North and West toward the Rocky Mountains. In less than one hour the grasshopper plague had vanished and hope took the place of despair in the hearts of the people.

In the summer of 1874 Kansas suffered from a severe drought. In August naked stalks of weeds and dry blades of grass rattled at every step of the passerby. Hot winds came from the South and the West, and one day on the wings of these warm messengers came a shower of grasshoppers or Rocky Mountain locusts. Big fellows they were, an inch and half in length. They hopped about for a few days, but finding little to eat, disappeared almost as suddenly as they had come. No damage was done to the crops, for such as had weathered the trying drought were all measured. The old

SETTLERS SHOOK THEIR HEADS

and said: "These old hoppers will never trouble us again, but there is certain disaster ahead. We must look out for their many times multiplied progeny. Next spring we shall have grasshoppers in swarms, where this year they have come in handfuls."

A careful examination of the ground proved that these fears were well founded. There were millions of tiny holes in which eggs had been deposited. The laying of these eggs was, in fact, the sole mission of this vanguard of the grasshopper army. There was, of course, much apprehension of coming hard times. But many farmers had so much dreaded.

Here and there a wise man sold his farm at much sacrifice and moved away. Others sought to avert the danger by turning up every square rod of land on their farms to the frosts of winter. In this way many eggs were doubtless destroyed, but as the wise old grasshoppers had selected places along the roadsides where the ground was hardest in which to deposit their eggs, the larger portion of them were left undisturbed. Besides, there was no concert among the farmers, and no systematic efforts made to head off the pest.

Spring came, and with it came all the busy scenes connected with farm life. It was an early season. April saw every crop in and well under way. May opened in all her beauty, and yet no sign of grasshoppers. But the closing days of that beautiful May brought the vindication of the prophets.

The little grasshoppers began to appear. They could be counted at first, and they were such tiny things. The next day they had come

IN COUNTLESS MILLIONS,

and for several days thereafter they seemed to increase in the same ratio, until they were no longer estimated in numbers, but in terms of bushels, tons, and square miles each in turn served as a unit of measurement. The land all at once seemed to have become alive. The surface was moving in a mass, now in this direction, now in that. Crops disappeared as if an all powerful magician with a single pass of his wand had spoken them out of existence. The fields were laid as bare as winter had left them. Gardens bore not a vestige of their present greenness. The little insects were particularly fond of onions and radishes. They ate down to the smallest hair roots, leaving the beds curiously neat and nothing green on or near the ground escaped their ravages, except the leaves of the orange. The hedges of this shrub were left untouched.

Suddenly the grasshoppers increased in size. They had moulted. Then they seemed to have a fondness for city life. They travelled the streets in vast droves. As vegetation disappeared, they became weak and inactive and no longer tried to get out of the way of pedestrians. They were crushed in great numbers on the pavements.

As the insects became weakened from lack of food they seemed to be greatly affected by the heat of the sun, and in order to avoid it they crowded along the shadows of buildings on the south side of a street. Here they were piled upon one another against the walls of the buildings to the height of a foot or more. From this came the expression: "Grasshoppers drifted a foot deep." The stench from their crushed bodies was very trying to the olfactory. Had it not been for several dashing rains which cleaned the streets from end to end, the consequences might have been much more serious.

LIKE THE FROGS OF EGYPT.

Grasshoppers were everywhere. They came into the houses, and like the frogs in plague-stricken Egypt, found their way into the bread-treys. You break open a loaf

at meal time, and behold, a grasshopper. You turn down the bedcovers on retiring, and out jump grasshoppers. Pump spouts were clogged with the insects. It was not safe to eat anything or to drink in the dark.

Attempts were made to harvest the young grasshoppers. One device was adopted in Morocco during a locust plague more than a century ago. It was to dig a long trench and drive the grasshoppers into it. Boards were set up on edge diverging from the ends of the trench several rods. As the insects came to the boards they converged to the brink of the ditch, and their next movement landed them at the bottom. They had not yet got their wings, and were not large enough to jump over the boards of the trench. The loose earth was then packed down upon the struggling mass, and millions of grasshoppers had been destroyed. Did it make any perceptible difference in the numbers? Not one whit.

It was a mystery how they lived and grow after the first wholesale destruction of crops, but they must have found something to eat, for many of them lived to get away from the land which they turned into a waste. With an energy such as is sure to follow every great disaster, the farmers went to work and re-planted their fields. Corn was the principal crop. Some of it matured, but the greater part made only fodder. Although there was no very widespread destitution as a result of the grasshopper visitation, much financial distress was felt for many years.

Hints for the Table.

SALLY LUMIN.—Mix well three tablespoonfuls of baking powder with one pound of flour; then add two well beaten eggs; warm a large cupful of milk and dissolve one large tablespoonful of butter in it; mix into a stiff dough; divide it into four parts, and form each into buns with the hands; brush the top with beaten egg; bake about 20 minutes, serve hot, split open and buttered.

GREEN PEAS SOUP.—Cut up one-quarter of a pound of salt pork, and put it on to boil in about one quart of water, allow the pork to cook until it is very tender, then remove it from the liquor and add half a peck of fresh green peas, two sprigs of celery, cut fine, and water enough to cover well; when the peas are tender, add one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and salt and white pepper, let all boil up once after milk is added; skim out a few of the peas, mash them and turn them into the tureen, and pour the hot soup upon them; serve with toast.

BROWNED MUTTON.—Sew up a leg of mutton in a piece of cheese cloth; lay it in water to cover it well; add a tablespoonful of salt and be well, allowing 12 minutes for each pound, then remove it from the water and the cloth; sprinkle with pepper and fine cracker crumbs; place in the oven until the crumbs become brown; serve with drawn butter, with chopped pickles added.

HAM PATE.—Chop all the scraps from cold boiled ham; chop six hard boiled eggs, put a layer of the ham in a small pudding dish, then a layer of the egg, and so continue until all are used; moisten each layer with a sauce made of one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of milk; cover the top of the dish with bread or cracker crumbs and bits of butter and bake about half an hour.

BEEF AND POTATO.—Put slices of cooked beef in a frying pan with pepper, salt, a cupful of stewed tomatoes and one-half a cupful of water, with a dessertspoonful of flour mixed in it; heat quickly, so the beef shall not become hardened, pour the mixture into a small platter, arrange a sort of mashed potatoes around it, wipe it over with beaten egg, place in the oven long enough to brown the potato and serve at once.

DEEP CUSTARD PIE.—One quart of milk, grated rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful of flour, four eggs, four heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar; boil the milk and lemon rind together until the milk is strongly flavored, then strain it and add the flour mixed smooth in cold milk, let it boil up once, stir it constantly, then pour it over the beaten eggs and sugar, pour into deep plates lined with paste and bake carefully.

CREAM PIES.—Beat three eggs thoroughly and add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, one tablespoonful of lard or two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, mix these ingredients thoroughly, adding the beaten whites of the eggs last; bake in shallow pans, and when cool fill with cream and dust well with powdered sugar.

JUNCLES.—One cupful of sugar, one half cupful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one scant half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of caraway seeds, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, flour enough to make a dough to roll, cut into round cakes and bake a delicate brown.

Tit-Bits.

Engaging a Coachman.

Hollingsworth. "You say you are an experienced driver?"
Pat. "Yis, sorr."
Hollingsworth. "Where did you get it?"
Pat. "Ol was a riple-droiver on th' Tarranta Bay for two years, Sorr."

His Charitableness.

"With all your wealth have you performed so much as one charitable deed today?"
"I have."
"What was it?"
"I gave a poor, decrepit old man some work."

Dirt Eaters from Way Back

"Say, Bill, do the dirt eaters date far back?"
"To the time of Noah, I suspect."
"Goodness, man! Noah wasn't a Digger Indian?"
"I did'nt say he was. But we are told that he and his family lived on dry land after they left the ark."

The Tennis Party.

Alfred (a stutterer)—M-my d-dear, I l-love you! Will y-you ma-ma-marry m-me?
Alice—Marry you? indeed no? I can't care to be proposed to on the instalment plan, if you please.

Modern Precocity.

Fond Papa—Johny, do you want a pack of fire-crackers?
Four-year-old—Nah! I want er pack er cigarettes.

A Secondary Consideration.

Miss Lenox—Has your church closed for the summer yet?
Miss Murrayhill—No, but I've stopped going, as, you know, Pa refuses to leave town until July, and I can't afford to let religion interfere with my standing in society.

A Cultivated Ear.

Little Girl (during a thunder storm)—Mamma, do they have music in heaven?
"Yes, my dear."
Little Girl—Well, I guess Wagner must be leading the orchestra.

Why the Wood Was Tougher.

"Well," said the old man to the boy at the woodpile, "what are you sweating and grunting so about? You can fly around like a young stud horse when you're playing with the boys, but the moment I mention woodpile, you're clean gone at once, ain't you?"
"But, pop," said the boy, this wood is awfully hard."
"Hard? why, in my day I used to saw up a cord a day and didn't make any fuss about it either."
"But, pop, this wood is tougher than it was in your day; for its fifty years older, you know."
Pop gave him a fifteen minutes' reprieve for his smartness and advised him to look out for brain fever.

Journalistic Luck.

Country Editor (out West)—"This has been a lucky day for me."
Faithful Wife—"Has some one been in to pay a subscription?"
Editor—"Well, n-o, it wasn't as lucky as that; but I was shot at and missed."

Not a Kick, But—

Wise Mother (from head of stairs)—"My dear, I wish you wouldn't sit up half the night reading novels."
Pretty Daughter (from the parlor)—"Why, ma, I'm n-o reading. Mr. Lilliwhite is here."
Wise Mother—"Oh, I beg his pardon. I thought you had gone, Mr. Lilliwhite, and I was afraid my daughter was injuring her eyes reading. It seems I was mistaken. Probably the noise I took to be the front door being was only the hall clock striking ten."

An Ideal Small Boy.

Johnny (aged 6, brother to Amelia)—"My sister, Mr. Spoonce, will be up directly. She is now engaged in washing supper dishes."
Mr. Spoonce—"I thought young ladies

left that business for their mothers to attend to."

Johnny—"Some young ladies who think only of their own ease may leave such work for their mothers, but Amelia never does. She never permits mother to do anything which she can do herself. I don't think I ever saw a young lady who kept herself so busy about the house. Really, I think she is never so happy as when at work."

Mr. Spoonce—"Toll me, Johnny, does she ever say anything about me?"

Johnny—"She frequently speaks of you as a gentleman whom no woman could help esteeming highly. You know she has many suitors, but never, she says, until she saw you did she experience anything approaching to love."

Mr. Spoonce—"Of course, she knows that my fortune is ample, and—"

Johnny—"Excuse me, sir, but while, of course, she is not insensible to the advantages of wealth, she has repeatedly said that when she weds it will be because of the love she bears the man who asks her hand."

Mr. Spoonce—"Come, Johnny, do you think she would have me?"

Johnny—"I can't say positively, sir. I know she thinks well of you. Indeed I am sure she cannot fail of recognizing your worth. But there is a Mr. Quick who has pressed his suit very industriously for some time, and if I may be allowed to make a suggestion, I should advise you to propose as quickly as possible. You will excuse me now, Mr. Spoonce. I hear Amelia on the stairs, and it might be embarrassing for you to meet in my presence. Good evening, sir."

A Few Fly Remarks Concerning the Fly.

The fly is here. Likewise all his relatives on both sides of the house and on the ceiling. The fly seems to think that a North American Summer would be a delusion and a snare without him. That is why he comes. The fly is a social beast, loving the habitations of man. He also loves man himself, and especially the baldheaded variety thereof.

The fly ranks second among the promoters of profanity—the telephone standing first and the fountain pen a good third. Happy is the man who has no use for either.

Natural history sharps have named the fly *musca domestica*, but I think he is really worse than that. At least I have heard more forcible language applied to him.

These gentlemen, after bestowing that designation on the fly, proceeded to take an inventory of his personal effects. They say that he carries a long spear, a buzz-saw, a pair of sharp scissors, a stomach pump and a pint (or less) bottle of poison; also a whetstone or some such apparatus, with which he keeps his tools in a high state of efficiency.

The fly has one hundred and forty three toenails to each foot, and as it has six feet you can figure up the total number of toenails yourself, or estimate them when the fly is promenading on your cranial reservation, heedless of the sign, "keep off the grass."

Then there are fly wheels, fly screens, fly young men, out on a-fly, fly-leaves and fly paper.

Fly-paper enjoys its largest circulation in the Summer time.

In the Winter its readers are few and its editors take a vacation.

Besides the flies enumerated above, we must not forget time flies.

A Difficult Task.

Editor—"Mr. Scribbler, I wish you would get up a little department headed 'Children's Sayings' and fill it full of the brightest little mots you can pick up."

Mr. Scribbler—"Very sorry, sir, but my children are all away on a visit and—"

"Then collect the bright things you hear said by other people's children."

"I—I never hear other people's children say anything worth printing."

References Required.

Mr. Hightone—"My dear, you must send that new girl away at once. She is not fit to have around."

Mrs. Hightone—"I will, just as quick as I can write her a reference."

"Reference? Do you mean to say you intend to give a creature like that a reference?"

"Of course. How can I help it? If I don't she'll tell everybody about the condition you came home in the other night, and the way I talked to you."

A Valuable Pastor.

Wiggysy—Whose church do you attend at the Branch?

Biggysy—Dr. Wind's; his sermons are so breezy that on a hot Sunday it's a positive luxury to listen to him.

Johnny's Long-Headedness.

"Johnny," said the new minister, to the six-year-old youngster seated upon his knee, "if I give you two nice, big peaches what will you do with them?"

"Gobble 'em," said Johnny.

"But how about your little brother Tommy? Are you willing to give him some of them?"

"Oh, yes, I will give him the stones," replied the generous Johnny.

"What will he do with the stones? He can't eat them."

"No," said Johnny, "but he can plant 'em and they will grow into a tree, and when he gets a big man, he will have lots of peaches."

"Yes, but why not give him the other part and keep the stones yourself, and then you would be the one to have the nice big trees full of peaches, some time?"

"Yes, I would like to do that way," said Johnny, "only, you see, I am two years older than Tommy, and I might die before the trees began to bear."

Convinced.

Police Captain—"Have you attended to that burglary at Mr. Goodman's house?"

Detective—"Yes; been at work on it all day."

"What is your conclusion?"

"A robbery has been committed."

"Very well. Now go to work on these other cases."

Cruisers and Battle-Ships.

First Citizen—"I hear the government has rejected one of the new cruisers. What was the matter with it?"

Second Citizen—"I presume it hadn't enough speed to get away from a foreign battle-ship."

Those Neighbor Children.

Fond Mother—"I have called Johnnie a hundred times to come in and go on an errand, but he won't come. He is out there playing with one of the neighbor's children."

Caller (meaningly)—"He—won't—come?"

Fond Mother—"No. Those neighbor children ought to have more respect for my feelings than to go on playing with him after he has been called, and I shall send them home this instant."

Another Artless Creature.

"Your father was exceedingly, I should say unusually, cordial in his manner to me to-night," said the bashful young man, after the old gentleman had passed on upstairs.

"Indeed, did he impress you so?" asked the fair creature who sat at his side. "And what do you think he said this morning? Oh, it was such a joke! Guess!"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea."

"Such a joke! He said—he said that as he passed through the hall last night he was sure he heard you—heard you—kiss me! The idea!"

"Why, er—why, I never did such a thing in my life."

The old gentleman will have a new son-in-law next month.

Her Choice of Hammock.

Sweet Sixteen—"Have you hammocks for sale?"

Salesman—"Yes, mum; double or single?"

Sweet Sixteen (blushing furiously)—"Why—er—well let me see; oh, yes, Cousin Nell is coming to visit me shortly, so I guess I'll take the double one," and the salesman wrapped up a large smile in the bundle as he made the sale.

He Thought He'd Better.

"Oh, Manfred!" said the beautiful girl, as she laid her soft, white arms on the moss-covered gate.

"What is it, dearest Ethelreda?" inquired the big, manly fellow softly, as he gazed lovingly into her limpid eyes.

"Do you know how many times you have kissed me good night already?"

"No, sweetheart."

"Just thirteen, Manfred, and I'm awfully superstitious. Don't you think you'd better—"

Just then the moon went down and the creaking of the gate drew Manfred thought he'd better.

Profits of the Press.

"I see by the newspaper that Sir Edwin Arnold has been elected to the post of Archbishop of Manhattan, who was voted out of office from his pen."

"O, pshaw!" said the pork packer's boy.

"I don't think you're any better than that."

A Gratifying Endorsement.

"John, Charles, William!" cried the boys' mother, "where are those peaches I left here?"

"In our midst," returned the boys; and when the doctor called that night the mother knew that her little darlings had spoken truthfully as well as with a grammatical accuracy that is not universal.

Keep it Mum.

The men who know themselves
Have most of meekness;
Only the vain and vacuous
Are willing to be garrulous
About their weakness.

A Bravo Kangaroo.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia, describing a kangaroo's daring for her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length he approached the water-pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony, on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasant ending to the story to be able to state that the eyewitness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot at a kangaroo.

Wonderful Memory.

The point to which reliance on the memory may be carried safely by proper training is thus illustrated by Mr. Frederic Pincoot: "Ranjit Singh could neither read nor write, but he knew all that was going on in every part of a kingdom as large as France. He was an able financier, and knew at all times accurately the contents of all his treasuries, the capacities of his large and varied provinces, the relative power of his neighbors, the strength and weakness of the English. The architectural triumphs of India were nearly all built by men who could neither read nor write. The Indian druggist may have hundreds of jars, one above the other from floor to ceiling, not one of them marked by label or ticket; yet he never hesitates in placing his hand on the right vessel whenever a drug is required. The ordinary washermen go round to houses with their donkeys and collect the clothes, some from one house, some from another. These they convey to the river and wash, and in turning with the huge pile, never fail to deliver each particular article to its right owner."

A Long Tramp.

An old man who tramped all the way from Halifax reached Winnipeg, Man., one day. He is sixty years old, and set out on the 1st of April for British Columbia, following the railway from Halifax. He took him a little over three months to do this far, a distance of 2,187 miles. He carried with him only a few pounds of food and shelter along the way, and managed to steal two or three dollars on freight trains. He had spent all his life on the Atlantic coast, going to British Columbia for the same avocation. He was in the least by the longest way, and when he reached Winnipeg he had been resting for two days on his journey. His subject was a tedious journey, but before he died he had had a life full of fishing expeditions.

home, every blessed thing in the world, and I've lost that cob and Victoria into the bargain. What have you lost? Not a farthing. You're better dressed and you're better off every way than when you ran away from school. Look at me? I don't look as if I were going to be hanged. Now look in that glass and tell me what sort of a nice, cheerful companion in misfortune you see there. I call it beastly ungrateful; that I do."

"Oh forgive me, dear," said Nessa; "indeed I am not ungrateful at heart. I know how much you have done for me. I mean to be bright and cheerful, and do my share in bearing the burden. But think, dear, that I am very young and unused to the world, and not able just yet to bear up so bravely as you."

Mrs. Redmond was mollified by Nessa's humility and the compliment to her own strength, and forgave her with a kiss.

"All right, chummy; we shall pull through if you make up your mind to it. Now what name will you take?"

"Any that you think will do," said Nessa with a sigh of resignation.

"What do you say to Gladys de Vera?"

"Do you think it sounds quite like me?" Nessa asked, in a tone of doubt, for the name reminded her painfully of certain cheap novelettes the girls used to smuggle into school and devour in secret.

"Perhaps not; I thought of it for myself. Viola is pretty and uncommon."

Nessa assented timidly. It was a very pretty name, she said.

"Very well, then, Viola it shall be. Viola D' something; it must be D' with an apostrophe; D'Anvers: that will do; Viola D'Anvera. Now come down and let us get some dinner. I shan't be right till I've had some sparkling!"

In the dining room Nessa felt the hot blood mount to the roots of her hair when her friend with the loud tone and peculiar pronunciation affected by persons who wish to be thought better bred and better educated than they are, said, "We will sit here, Viola," and told the waiter to see if there were any "lettains for Miss D'Anvera." It seemed to her that the gentlemen looking at her from the adjacent table must see that she had not a name like that.

In the drawing room after dinner, Mrs. Redmond seated herself carelessly before the open piano and showed off her musical attainments in a piece of such painful brilliancy that the elderly gentlemen after withdrawing to the remotest corners of the room dropped out one after the others to seek repose in the smoke room or elsewhere.

A couple of children were seated at a table with a book before them, looking un-naturally serious, as children do look in an hotel. Nessa caught sight of them at once, and was seized with a yearning to make those grave little faces gay. She had lived all her life among children; and herself, in many inclinations, was still a child at heart. She would have liked a good romp, for instance, or a game in which she could laugh without any feeling of restraint at harmless fun and innocent nonsense. In the new life she felt the loss of such outlets to natural mirth; the fun of the theatres did not seem to her quite innocent, and the nonsense of society as she saw it was certainly not laughable. And now that the conditions of her existence were becoming more and more artificial, the desire for simplicity increased.

She drew up a chair and seated herself between the two children who welcomed her at once, she being one of those who win love at first sight; and in a few minutes the little group was radiant with happiness. The book given to the children to amuse themselves with was nothing but an illustrated guide to all the advertising hotels in the world; yet out of this dull material she got an endless amount of fun and sentiment, working into her description of the bald cuts so many quaint conceits and pretty fancies that each in turn became as fascinating as a fresh chapter in a fairy story.

"What a charming picture?" said someone on the other side of the room, struck by the sweetness and vivacity in Nessa's face.

"People always say that of my little ones," replied the mother to whom the observation was addressed, as she glanced complacently at the group. "Ah, they have some one with them—a young lady, pretty, and, I should say, distinguished by her manner. Who is she, do you know?"

"Not at all. A fresh visitor. She came, I believe, with the lady at the piano."

"That creature!" gasped the matron in alarm, and then, raising her voice, "Children, come and say good-night."

The children clung to Nessa. She rose and took them across the room, giving them up to their mother with a few graceful words which were received in cold silence and replied to by an offensively distant bow.

The sensitive girl smothered under this obviously intentional escort as though she

had been struck with a whip. The smile and the colour went out of her face; she drew herself up: her features grew rigid; and lip and eye answered scorn for scorn as she turned away. But up in her room she threw herself on her pillow and burst into tears, asking herself what she had done that she should be deemed no longer fit to speak to little children.

At another time her pride might have borne her tearless through this trial; but the events of the day, and a dull misgiving as to the blamelessness of her own conduct had unstrung her. She was herself again, however, the next morning when she stood on the parade looking in wonder for the first time on the sea. The looks of the sparkling waters, the pungent smell of the fresh breeze, the sound of the long, curling waves as they burst on the shingle imparted their vivacity and vigour to her spirits, and she felt brave enough to face whatever enemy might come. She went on to the pier and stayed there, watching the water seethe amongst the columns and girders till hunger drove her back to the hotel.

Mrs. Redmond was also in high spirits, although she had not been down to the sea. She had made the acquaintance of two or three gentlemen the preceding evening—one a delightful military man—and was resolved to take apartments for the season in Brighton. In the course of the morning they found a suite of rooms on the parade to be let at the absurdly low price of ten guineas a week.

"Do you think they will do, dear?" Mrs. Redmond asked.

Nessa thought that nothing in the world could be pleasanter than to live where one could always see the sea and watch the streams of carriages and people on the parade.

"Very well, then; it is understood," said Mrs. Redmond to the highly respectable widow who let the apartments; "we take these rooms for the season at ten guineas a week. If we do not come in to-night, we shall come in on Monday. And now, Viola, dear, we shall go and lunch at the Royal."

The ladies did not come in that night, nor did they make their appearance on Monday morning, and for this simple reason, on Monday morning they were seeking apartments in Spital Square London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Health Department.

The Eyes.

A change is occurring in the refractive media of all eyes, so that every one who attains to a ripe old age will, at some time during his or her existence, be a fit subject for the oculist—or, in other words, will need to wear glasses. In young people, this change is usually gradual and unperceived, but from middle life onward its effects are plainly apparent. Those who have normal vision while young, will require glasses for reading when they have passed beyond the age of forty, and those who are near-sighted, will need glasses in early life, if the degree of nearsightedness (myopia) be considerable, and yet they may be able to read perfectly well without glasses at fifty, or even sixty years of age. Persons who are included in this category are apt to consider themselves as lucky exceptions to general laws, and are usually very proud of their sharp sight.

But not only does the eye undergo certain normal changes as age advances, but it may be abnormally formed; hence, optical defects are quite common in infants. The eye is a camera, and, while it may be perfectly sound, the vision may be bad because the rays of light are not focused upon the retina. Hence comes the necessity for wearing glasses, for, by placing suitable lenses before these eyes, normal, distinct vision may, within certain limits, be obtained. It is not generally known that it is the exception, and not the rule, to find eyes that are perfect in shape, or, technically speaking, that are "emmetropic." Still it does not follow that all eyes that are not perfect in shape should have glasses fitted to them, for some errors of refraction do not interfere seriously with vision, and never give rise to disease or decided discomfort to the patient; but, as a rule, persons whose eyes are "weak," or who suffer from complaints similar to those which we shall soon consider, should present themselves to some competent oculist for the detection and subsequent correction of any existing errors of refraction.

There still exists quite a prejudice in the minds of many against the use of glasses, but why such prejudice should exist is very difficult of explanation on any other grounds than willfulness and ignorance. All ophthalmologists teach the great necessity of cor-

recting errors of refraction by wearing proper glasses, and we shall herein endeavor to show some of the undesirable, and even portentous results of permitting optical defects to go uncorrected. As a rule, glasses add nothing to the appearance of the wearer, and they are often a source of inconvenience, and, unless there is a definite object to be attained by their use, one is better without them; but where they are indicated and advised by one competent to decide, neither vanity or prejudice should prevent their being employed.

In general, it may be said that all errors of refraction which reduce the patient's vision to any extent below the normal, or which produce any marked change in either the near or the far points, require correction by the use of suitable glasses.

The effort of accommodation is a muscular exertion, and hence a tax upon the nervous system, and, if long continued, results in more or less exhaustion. When far-sighted eyes are used for reading or near work, for any considerable period of time, a larger flow of blood is sent to the eyes, hence, there is an increased secretion of mucus, or "watering of the eyes;" and, if the work is still continued, dizziness, headache, a feeling of sickness, or even actual vomiting, may be induced. As excessive effort of accommodation is always associated with increased convergence, and, as a far-sighted eye must always increase its accommodation in order to gain clear vision, it naturally squints inward, and nervous twitchings of the eyelids and other portions of the face are sometimes occasioned by it.

Short sight is often hereditary or congenital, but may be acquired from prolonged straining of the eye. This condition is not infrequently the precursor of serious, and sometimes irremediable impairment of vision, and hence skilled advice and proper glasses, are of highest importance to the patient in preventing the accidents to which every myopic eye is liable. There is an excessive demand made upon the muscles that converge the eyes, in the efforts made to keep them both fixed upon small objects held close to the face, and sometimes, being unable to withstand this strain, they give out, and one eye is then turned outward by the opposing muscle, forming a divergent squint. The vision should be rendered normal—except in very high degrees—by the use of concave spherical glasses, and every thing which tends to congest the eyes—such as reading or writing in the recumbent or stooping posture, or by faulty light—is to be most carefully avoided.

The far-sight of old age, is caused by a lack of power of accommodation, and, although distant vision remains unimpaired, there is a constant recession of the near point. This is first noticed when one finds that he is obliged to hold his paper farther away from his eyes than before, and that the print is not so clear as formerly. This is easily corrected by convex glasses for reading, and they should be employed as soon as the affection becomes manifest. It does not usually cause inconvenience until after the age of forty.

In astigmatism, or irregular sight, the refraction differs in portions, or meridians, of the eye, and the retinal image is thus confused. This condition is usually congenital, and may be hereditary; it is, however, sometimes acquired, often occurring after inflammations of the cornea, and may even be occasioned by the use of improper glasses. It is a very common optical defect, and is corrected either by cylindrical lenses, or by combining cylindrical with either spherical or cylindrical lenses.

A different refractive condition in the two eyes of the same person is quite common. One eye may be correct, and the other long-sighted or short-sighted; or one eye may be long-sighted and the other short-sighted. Both eyes must be tested separately, and fitted accordingly.

Weakness of some one or more of the ocular muscles, is very often a complication of some error of refraction. In this condition there is a continual strain upon the weaker muscle in order to do its work, and this alone will cause very many headaches, neuralgias, and general nervous symptoms. We have already considered this subject in cases where the irregular action of the muscles of the eyeball is sufficient to mark the produce of squint, but oftentimes a marked loss of function which can only be carefully examined.

Any defect or impairment of vision, more than the far-sightedness advancing years, as soon as it is detected, should be submitted to the treatment of a competent oculist. In this regard it is likely that a jury upon the afflicted.

Children should be examined at an early age, and the necessity of certain measures of their eyes, and note the result. It is better

ing rooms; but as such light is often a necessity, it should be so shielded as not to fall directly upon the eyes of the sleeper. Neither should sunlight be allowed to shine through a window upon the bed, either directly or by reflection. Where it is necessary to sleep during the daylight hours, as is so often the case in the multifarious diversities of labor in a city, the room should not be made dark. Closing the shutters and drawing the shades so as to shut out direct light will usually be sufficient, and on waking, the change to the strong midday light will be less trying to the eyes.

In a general way, it may be said, that whatever pains the healthful eye should be avoided. This includes the reading of very fine or poor print; especially when the attempt is made on a railroad train or other conveyance, where the vibration of the vehicle constantly changes the focus, and makes it difficult to follow the lines, as well as reading at twilight, or by any other imperfect illumination.

In reading or writing, the light should come obliquely from the side, and fall upon the surface of the paper so as to fully illuminate it, with the reflection passing away at an angle without striking the reader in the face. The reflection from white paper is injurious. The sight should never be taxed during general weakness, or in convalescence, as the nerves and muscles share the general debility, and are easily overtaxed, nor is it advisable to read while lying down, or in a stooping posture. One of the advantages of the type-writer is, that it allows an erect position.

Many eyes are seriously strained and injured by deferring the use of glasses after the focus has changes by purely natural causes. This is hurtful, as their function is to assist and save the eyes. If properly treated these organs will remain efficient till life's close. The period when spectacles become a necessity varies much, but with normal and well-matched eyes, it may be expected about the age of forty-five. Sometimes it will come later or even sooner.

The selection of proper lenses at this time is not a difficult matter. Those of low power should be used at first, since the purpose is not to magnify objects, but to render them clear and distinct. See that the print you read is clear, and test the glasses by wearing them for at least half an hour, and under variety of conditions. If they bring a sense of relief to the eye while reading, and can then be laid aside without derangement of vision, they are right.

Evil Effects of Catarrh.

It has been the rule to consider nasal catarrh almost entirely a local disease, and one which has very little effect upon the general system. All this is being rapidly disproved, and it is being shown that if the nose is in an unhealthy state there is quite a long list of affections which may be induced in consequence. Hay fever has often been cured by applications to certain points in the nasal passages. Asthma also, has yielded to the same treatment. It is a well known fact that the victim of catarrh suffers from dyspepsia, scarcely any improvement in the latter can be made, no matter what is done for it, until the former is on the gain. Evidence is not wanting to show that some of the functional disturbances of the lungs, and even of the heart, are sometimes induced by catarrh of the nose. Recently, there was reported a case of a woman who had epileptic attacks for many years, and although she had sought relief, no improvement was obtained until applications were made to certain points in her nose. Her condition improved, and, after a few days' treatment, entire recovery was effected. In many other cases are on record, showing that the relation between the nose and other parts of the system is very intimate, the connection being, of course, through the nerve system.

Victoria's

The English crown jewels, valued at £4,000,000, were sold in silver for thirty-nine million francs. In pearls, diamonds, and rubies, the value is estimated at £10,000,000.

GAMMIDGE'S GHOST.

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CHAPTER I.

I was twenty-two, and Alicia was nineteen then, and we were devoted to each other; but marriage seemed a long, long way off. My salary was a remarkably small one and food and clothes and various other indispensable things absorbed every penny of it. I had no money of my own, and Alicia would only have forty pounds a year when she came of age. Though there was not much prospect of our marriage, yet we struggled bravely with fortune, and vowed to each other that love in a cottage would be preferable to single blessedness. I dare say that folks do talk like that at twenty-two and nineteen; but as ten years have gone by since Alicia and I indulged in such conversation, I have lived to see the folly of it.

At twenty-two I was only a clerk at Leader & Process's, and my "screw" was a beggarly thirty shillings a week. At thirty-two this present time of writing—I am senior partner in the firm of Gammidge & Walker, and doing very well indeed. Leader and Process are both dead, and Walker and myself took up the business. Walker's maiden aunt found him the money; I had mine already. That is seven years ago, and I was then twenty-five. We paid two thousand pounds apiece for the good-will of the concern, and it was worth it, for few firms in Chancery Lane had half as much to do as Leader & Process had.

How came I, who had thirty shillings a week at twenty-two, to have two thousand pounds at twenty-five? Somebody died and left it to me? No; I hadn't a relation who was worth a penny, unless it was Uncle Thomas Gammidge, and he never forgave me for choosing the law as a profession. I had expected him to find all the expenses, for one naturally looks to one's friends in matters of that sort; but he wouldn't stump up a penny; and in the end old Process, who was a decent fellow altogether, did it for me. No; nobody ever left me any money except Leader, who bequeathed nineteen guineas to buy a ring with. How, then, did I come by that two thousand pounds? Did I make it on the turf, or the Stock Exchange, or by speculating well and wisely? None of these. As to the turf, I don't know one horse from another; I hate the Stock Exchange; and I don't even care for speculation at cards. No; I got my two thousand, which purchased me a half-share in a great business, enabled me to marry Alicia, and thus to be happy for ever after, from a Ghost!

It was this way. One summer morning I was driving my quill over a horrible piece of draft paper in the dingy room at Leader & Process's, when the bell rang in old Process's study. I had just come in from the court, and looked at Jones, who was the only decent fellow in the room. Jones kept his head down and pretended not to hear.

"That's Process ringing," I said. "Go in, Jones."

"Go in yourself; he always wants you." I went in, knocking slightly at the door, as my wont. I believe I started Miss Penrose, and then blushed like a school-boy. I did not know who was in the room, and it rather took me by surprise to see a tall, slim, exceedingly pretty young lady sitting in the armchair which I had just vacated. We didn't often meet, for she was a young lady. She was of course; but I had never seen her before. She had a pair of eyes that were really golden, not the artificial yellow of the milliner's. Her hair was in a natural wavy curl, and he was a tall, broad-shouldered, military man, who had made a very good deal of money, and was now, as he said, retired.

Now Miss Penrose was an old party with whom we had a good deal of business in one way or another. I remembered her very well, because she was always so confoundedly snappish when she came to the office.

"Yes, sir."

"She is dead," said old Process.

"Oh, indeed, sir."

"Yes," he continued, "and nobody can find her will."

"Did we draw it up, sir?" I asked.

"No, the old — Miss Penrose made it herself."

"I know he was going to say 'the old fool,' and so did the other two, for they both smiled."

"She made it herself," said Process; "and she's hidden it somewhere where nobody can find it."

"Had she much to leave, sir?"

"Much? About half a million, I should think! And the worst of it is this: Miss Penrose always promised to leave her money in equal shares to her two nephews, John and Reginald Penrose. Reginald, however, offended her—"

"I am Reginald," said the young fellow by the window with a smile.

"And so," continued Mr. Process, "Miss Penrose made another will, and left all she had to John. Now she's dead, and that will is in existence, and John Penrose's lawyers have it. But Miss Stanley here, who resided with Miss Penrose during the last two years of her life, says that the old lady made a new will a week before her death, leaving the money in equal shares, as in the old will. The new will, however, can't be found."

"Who made the new will?" I asked, looking at Miss Stanley.

"Miss Penrose wrote it out herself," she said; "and I was one witness, and Mrs. Johnson, the housekeeper, the other."

"You were not interested in it, Miss Stanley?" said old Process.

"No. — Miss Penrose said she would leave me nothing because I was engaged to be married to Reginald, and so we should share what she left him."

"And now you can't get married unless she will's found?" said old Process, who was always very blunt. "Oh, the old lady's repentance seems to have been somewhat peculiar. — Well, to business. Gammidge—Miss Stanley is certain that the new will is in existence hidden away in Penrose Abbey somewhere. Captain Penrose heirs the Abbey under the old will!"

"With nothing to keep it up on!" groaned the Captain.

"And so he has free entry there. He wants me to send down somebody who will find the will. Will you go, Gammidge?"

"Certainly, sir. I'll do my best to find it. — But would not your brother," addressing Captain Penrose, "consent to give up one half share on hearing Miss Stanley's testimony about the new will?"

"My brother," said the Captain, "is not my friend. He is acquainted with the fact that a new will was made; but he laughs at the idea."

"Then I'll go, and if that will is in Penrose Abbey, I'll find it."

"I'll be bound you will," said old Process.

"Yes, if it is there you may trust Gammidge to discover it, Captain Penrose."

"I shall be awfully obliged if you will," said the Captain, looking at me; "and, by Jove! I trust you'll allow me to offer, off or you some'er."

"Oh yes," said Process; "you shall pay him handsomely enough when he's found it, and we've got it proved and made right."

So, then, Captain Penrose and Miss Stanley shook hands with old Process and went away, while I returned to Jones and Walker and consulted with them as to trains and times. I went away early that day, after old Process had given me some advice and a few five-pound notes; and when I had had my dinner and put on my best coat, I rode down to Clapham Common and called on Alicia, whose mamma conducted a small establishment for young ladies, throwing in the use of the globes for half

price. My mamma was Lovejoy—and told her all about it. And we all three agreed that Miss Penrose was an old woman, and the Captain and his sweetheart—over whom Alicia was just a little bit jealous—a very ill-used couple.

"And who knows," said Mrs. Lovejoy, when I went away that evening, having previously conducted Alicia through the classic groves of Wandsworth and Lavender Hill, by way of a constitutional—"who knows what may not turn out from it? Samuel may find the will; and the Captain will be so pleased that he may offer to share it with him, or he may get him a baronetcy or a commission in the line or something. But at any rate it will be a good thing if the will is found, and the poor young people are put in possession of their very own." With which fervent wish, and a good many farewell kisses and injunctions to write often from Alicia, I went home to my lodgings in Pentonville Road, resolving to get up early in the morning so as not to miss my train.

When I got to King's Cross Station at nine o'clock the next morning, whom should I see strolling up and down the platform but Captain Penrose. He was evidently on the lookout for me, for the instant he recognised me he came across to where I was standing and shook hands. "Good-morning, Mr. Gammidge," he said pleasantly. "I called at Mr. Process's office yesterday afternoon to give you this, but you had gone away. They told me what time you proposed leaving this morning, so I came to meet you." He held out a note as he spoke, and I took it and put it in my pocket, thanking him at the same time for his trouble.

"No trouble at all," he said. "It is just a note to the housekeeper, Mrs. Johnson, telling her to make you comfortable and to give you access to all parts of the Abbey."

"Is the Abbey an old place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than from curiosity regarding a place which I should be able to examine for myself in an hour or two.

"Very old. Some parts of it must be—let me see, oh, quite eight hundred years of age."

"Indeed! I suppose they are in ruins?"

"Yes," he answered; "for the most part they are in ruins. But the ruins are well kept. My aunt was very fond of them. She used to roam about in them, talking of the old monks, for hours at a time. — And, by the-by, Gammidge," he continued, "you mustn't pay any attention to any old wives' tales you may hear down there."

I looked at him in surprise. He turned his face away from me, and I thought there was an uneasy look about him.

"How do you mean, sir?"

"You know what old women are. Old Johnson is sixty, if a day, and all the women-servants are old. I thought they might perhaps fill your head full of ghost-tales and that sort of thing, what you know?"

"Oh, is that all I'm not afraid of ghosts, Captain Penrose. — Is the Abbey said to be haunted, then?"

"Well," he began, "yes, it is, Gammidge. Can't deny myself that there are some funny things happen there now and then, though I don't believe in ghosts at all. My aunt, now, believed in the Penrose Abbey ghost very firmly."

"Oh, is there a special ghost?"

"Yes; it's a Black Friar who haunts the place—at least so they say. Of course it's all nonsense; but those old women will talk, and I thought I had better warn you, in case you should feel nervous."

I'm very much obliged, sir; but I'm not nervous at all; and if I see a ghost of a black friar or a white one, I'll serve him with a notice to quit."

And then it was time for my train to start; so I shook hands again with Captain Penrose, and having promised to write if I discovered the will or any trace of it, I took my seat, and was whirled away from London and from Alicia.

Penrose Abbey is five miles from Doncaster in a north-westerly direction. It was half-past twelve o'clock when I reached Doncaster; and I stood holding my bag for a while, undecided as to whether I should hire a cab and go to my destination at once, or have a look round the famous Yorkshire racing town. My indecision was cut short by a middle-aged man in livery approaching me and inquiring if I was for Penrose Abbey. On my replying in the affirmative, he conducted me to a solemn-looking brougham outside the station, in which I bestowed myself and my traps, and was carried away. In passing along the country roads, which about there are very good and well kept, I noticed that the neighbourhood was somewhat flat and monotonous, and I wondered what I was to do with myself during my hours of recreation; for I knew quite well that if I were to overhaul the Abbey thoroughly I should have to remain there some time. I was received at the great door of the Abbey by Mrs. Johnson, a fat, motherly old person

of sixty or so, robed in rustling black silk, and displaying a grand gold chain, and eye-glasses on her capacious front. She led me with a good deal of ceremony to a small room in the interior of the building, where a capital cold luncheon was set out. I did justice to this after I had washed the dust of my journey away, and then I went out into the grounds and lighted my pipe.

It seemed almost sacrilege to smoke amongst such grand old ruins. The Abbey was certainly a very fine and romantic place. Half the house was in good repair, and almost modern, but the rest was in complete disrepair. Great masses of masonry were piled here and there about the grounds; and these, covered with ivy and other creeping plants, looked exceedingly picturesque. The chancel of the Abbey church was in very good preservation, and you could see easily where the altar and the seats for the choir had been. Altogether, it was about as romantic a place as I had ever seen.

I thoroughly examined the exterior of the place that afternoon, and got into conversation with the bailiff, a sturdy old Yorkshireman, who looked pityingly at me when I told him that I came from London. I drew him out towards the ghost business; but as soon as I put a leading question, he assumed a very solemn expression of countenance and cantered away on his pony. I began to see there were other people than the late Miss Penrose who believed in the Abbey ghost.

I dined that evening in solitude, and wondered what Alicia was doing, and how long it would be before I should see her. Then I contrasted the splendour of my meal with the frugality of my usual tea in Pentonville Road. I sat thinking and sipping my wine for an hour or two, and then I went out for another stroll and a final pipe in the grounds.

It was moonlight that evening. How grand the ruins did look! I wished over and over again that Alicia and her—no, not her mother, though the old lady was a good old soul—that Alicia and her pretty face were there. It would have been very pleasant to stroll round the massive buttresses and through the silent cloisters with Alicia. I went back dolefully to the house.

Standing at the steps was Mrs. Johnson. She seemed to be looking out for me, so I advanced to her and observed that it was a very fine evening.

"Yes, sir; a beautiful evening."

"The ruins look very fine in the moonlight."

"They do indeed," she answered with emphasis. "My late mistress, poor Miss Penrose, was very fond of them, sir. She would walk amongst them for hours in the moonlight."



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

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

ACHE
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sank down fainting. When he recovered his senses he had been relieved of his bonds. The captain and Helen, on the other hand, lay bound on the floor. Palkin looked around with eyes full of bloodthirsty revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Suppression of Rabies.

That rabies can be suppressed does not admit of a doubt. Its existence depends solely upon its contagious principle, and it cannot arise spontaneously under any conditions, any more than dogs themselves can. Eighteen years ago, through being unable to trace the origin of a case of rabies which occurred under my personal observation at Rochester, Kent, I was of opinion that it might have a spontaneous origin, and this opinion, I may state, was held at that time by several of the leading veterinarians on the Continent, (Bouley in France and Roll in Austria.) But soon afterward, on a more careful consideration of its geographical extent, and the result of sanitary police measures in different countries, I arrived at the conclusion that its maintenance was due to its contagium only, and that if this were destroyed there could be no more rabies or hydrophobia. This conclusion I have made known on every possible occasion.

It may also be asserted that though many kinds of creatures can become infected, and may infect each other, yet the dog is the original infector and the chief disseminator, the dissemination being affected by inoculation, in nearly all cases by means of a bite. After inoculation, if it is to be effective, a variable period elapses before the signs of disease manifest themselves; this is the period of latency or incubation, and it may extend from a few weeks to many months, but in the great majority of cases it does not go beyond six months, though there are some recorded in which it has been longer. Twelve months should cover all cases, and, therefore, if dogs could be prevented from biting for that period in this country, and no dogs were allowed to enter it from other infected countries, the contagion must perish for lack of renewal, and the scourge would be no more seen or felt. What a blessing to mankind, dogs, and other animals this would be! Even the dog worshippers might contrive to understand what a benefit it would confer upon their idol if they would only consider the matter. There would then be no need for all those futile, because partial and temporary, measures which harass dog owners and cause discomfort to dogs, while they have to be repeated incessantly. Nor would man look with grave and deserved suspicion, even amounting to dread, upon a devoted animal companion which he at present allows to be exposed to the risks of infection that will perchance destroy them both. Surely a few months of inconvenience are as nothing when compared with the advantages that would be obtained. Think of the children and adults who would be spared a torturing death in future years! Consider the perpetual abolition of the diabolical muzzle, ye cynophiliasts, and know that in the days to come dogs might bite and rend to their heart's content without being suspected or accused of madness, or any doubt be entertained as to the innocuousness of their saliva.—George Fleming in the Nineteenth Century.

Mighty Mimrods in Africa.

"Lion hunting made easy" might be the motto employed by M. Cattier, a bold colonist of Algeria. He has taken up the succession of the late M. Bombonnel, who died a few days ago in Dijon after having been for the greater part of his existence a mighty Nimrod in the north African jungles and deserts. If we are to credit the testimony of those who know the colony well, it is an error to suppose that there are no lions in Algeria. On the contrary, the "monarchs of the desert" abound in the forests of Bona and in the gorges of Palcatro. M. Cattier is "running" his lion-hunting business at Palcatro, and is doing his best to work up a connection, not only among gentlemen who may wish to accompany him in his expeditions, but also among ladies. Here is a splendid opening at once for the "modern woman" who dares do all that man does. M. Cattier has inscribed his business cards with a notice to the effect that in his hunting rendezvous are to be found lions of the Atlas Mountains, panthers, jackals, and other wild beasts, and that this establishment is provided with a special refuge or shelter for the weaker sex. The property on which M. Cattier has organized his happy hunting ground was bequeathed to him—so far as the rights of chase are concerned—by his friend Bombonnel, at whose disposal it was placed by the Government in order to facilitate his zoological researches—or, rather, what may literally be called "pursuits."

The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

The Sitting Room Window.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

I came home from the Dominion Temperance convention that had been held in Montreal, and sat down by the sitting room window. The girls were busy sewing—for darning and mending must be attended to even in the summer day.

The air was cool, and refreshing—home so homelike, the flowers filled the rooms with fragrance, and the quiet was comforting to my weary spirit. I talked of Miss Willard and her strong, helpful soul, that gave one the encouragement needed and told of her address, "The White Cross and Winton Shield." Her beautiful picture of love and marriage, of the home, and then her denouncement of all that is impure or frivolous in our lives, was calculated to arrest the thoughts of young girls, as well as the boys who were her hearers. It seemed as if an air of thoughtfulness and sincerity pervaded all her sentences as she spoke of the elevation of women to co-education, and all other positions equal with men when they were worthy of it. I thought as I sat there while she denounced the style of dress and manner of the girls of the period, and blamed them for men's failure to live up to their ideal, of George Merdith's sentence, "For him, she was purity, charity, the keeper of the keys of whatsoever is held precious by men." Ah, if girls only knew it, and knowing kept the keys with pure and honest hearts. Marriage, she told her hearers, was only perfect when the parties were equal in every respect, uniting the lack of one, with some other need in the other. Then I thought of Whittier's lines:

"He owns her logic of the heart
And wisdom of unreason,
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs
The needed word in season."

Prudence had a piece of news. Mattie Nelson, our neighbor's daughter, is to be married and "only think, mother," she said, "it's to Dave Thompson, and he's a poor farmer with a mortgage on the land." "Well," I said, "he's doing the right thing to help pay it off. Mattie is a careful girl; she mends the tips of her gloves daintily, has learned economy and thrift and shows her good sense by taking him now, not waiting till he is better off. If I was a girl in such a position I would resent the idea of waiting, letting the man I loved toil along alone, for it is as much in saving as making. A city girl, if she marries a man on a salary, can do a great deal toward making a comfortable home cheaper than boarding can be done. If I was destined to marry a poor farmer, I'd pay off that mortgage, but I would be there to do it, and to sustain the man on whose shoulders such a burden was imposed. Stay at home and take things easy," you say, "Ah, my dear, it is not of such stuff as that our grandmothers were made. They did not wait till all the rough paths were made smooth, but were willing to travel the rugged road together. Depend upon it in after years they will look back upon the early toiling paying off days with pride and pleasure, such as they could never have felt if they had spent them apart. A woman is so trammelled by conventionalities that she is helpless to aid the man she loves, no matter what his needs may be and an easy life becomes a reproach if she has the right spirit. Now-a-days, though thanks to the spirit of liberality prevailing, there is every opportunity for our advancement. Not the clinging vine any more, but the equal and helper of man." "Mother is quite eloquent," said Ruth, and that brought me down from the pinnacle, and I went to talking of every day affairs, and of the latest recipe for rhubarb marmalade that I had received from a city friend, who told me it was simply canned rhubarb only a little over boiled. When I asked what was the delicious flavor she told me it was one pine apple to ten pounds of rhubarb. It was all cut up together and sugar sprinkled over it the night before making up. It certainly was the most tasty conserve I have ever eaten of this nondescript "plant" that is classified as a fruit or vegetable.

The summer with its heat, and spasms of chill is now fairly upon us, and we are able to think of lawns and muslins without a shiver. The girls are fond of white dresses and yet there is so much work to keep them in order that we are sometimes censured for spending so much time on them. But it was a rule in our household while the little

girls were growing up, that they could wear them as often as they chose if they did the starching and ironing—and each took a special pride in doing her own. If they did not care to wear them it was at their will, but the season for summer pretty things is so short, I do not wonder if young people enjoy lighter garments. I confess to a weakness in that direction, since as a child in England we all wore white frocks and a bunch of spring flowers at the Whitsuntide anniversary, so that the advent of pretty spring dresses seems suited to the season of flowers and summer time. "It is not always May" and the young girls will soon enough find that life has sombre colors. So go on with your ironing, dear, and from the sitting room window I will next week talk of the best methods of doing this all important branch of house work.

Home-Made Jams and Jellies.

Belonging to the small class of the few home-made articles for table use, that are greatly superior to those that can be bought of even the best wholesale manufacturers, preserves and jellies may be safely ranked, and it is therefore much better to make them at home, not only on account of these good qualities, but as well from motives of economy, as good preserves can be made by the housekeeper, even when the fruit must be bought at half the cost of purchasing them.

But as great daintiness and nicety is required in making them, in order to be successful. Where experience is wanting and the young housekeeper is ignorant of the art, great care must be given the work, and patience and judgment exercised. None but the most perfect and best flavored fruit should be used for preserves; it should be carefully picked before becoming too ripe, and never bruised or roughly handled.

The sugar should be the best cut sugar, if clear, well-flavored preserves are desired. If not sealed, a pound of sugar should be used for every pound of fruit; if sealed, less will answer for fruit not too tart—though we know some old-fashioned housekeepers, who are famous for the superior quality and beauty of their preserves and jellies, who insist that equal quantities of sugar and fruit must always be used in order to have rich, perfect preserves.

All fruit that requires paring should be put immediately in very cold water, and allowed to remain until sufficient quantity has been prepared; this prevents the fruit from becoming discolored. Where the fruit is tender and it is desired to keep its shape and color, it may be dipped quickly into strong lemon juice, and when the syrup is made in which it is to be cooked, a little lemon juice may be added. Some cooks use alum water for hardening fruit for preserving, but we do not advise it.

A procelain kettle is best for preserving; too large a quantity should never be cooked at one time. Large fruits may be put in the syrup, cooked rapidly at first and then slowly to preserve the shape; if the fruit is cooked, and the syrup yet thin, take up a piece at a time, carefully boil the syrup until thick, return the fruit to it and cook slowly.

Small fruits should be cooked slowly thirty or forty minutes. Preserves keep best in small, glass jars or tumblers, with paper dipped in brandy laid on the tops.

If preserves ferment, which they will not do if sufficiently cooked at first, boil them over and add more sugar. If dry or candied in the jars, set them in a pot of cold water and allow gradually to come to a boil.

For making jellies, fruit should be just at the proper stage of ripeness, if over ripe or green, the result will not be satisfactory. Small fruits for jellies should never be picked immediately after a rain, or when the dew is on them.

As fruits differ in quality, and do not yield their juices all alike, it is not easy to know just how to make each variety, until a little experience has been acquired; but general rules for the work will be found useful.

Currants, berries and all juicy fruits, may be washed, and then cooked without water; then strain, and the juice boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes before adding the sugar, when little boiling will be required.

When cooking large fruits, such as quinces, apples, peaches, or pears, a little water must be added to obtain the proper consistency. When boiling, it may be strained and until the proper consistency is reached in the sugar. As soon as the fruit is taken from the fire, it should be taken from the fire, and put in glasses or molds. When firm enough to turn from the fire, to know how long to boil for jelly-making; if not set, it will not jelly; if overboiled, it will not jelly. After boiling five minutes, strain up and drop into glasses, and drop the bottom.

A pound of sugar is usually required to every pint of juice, though less may be used in making currant or ripe grape jellies. For straining the juice, it should never be extracted by squeezing, but allowed to drip through the jelly bag.

If jelly does not "form" the next day after being made, it is useless to cook it over. If it does not become firm when first cooled, standing it in the sun before covering it, will sometimes assist in hardening it. Jelly should be well covered and kept in a cool, dry place.

PEACH PRESERVES.—Pare some good ripe, sound fruit, and remove the seeds; put the peaches in cold water. Make a syrup of sugar, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. When boiling, add the fruit. Let cook slowly till done; take out a piece at a time in a perforated spoon and lay in a large dish. Boil the syrup low and thick; return the peaches to the kettle and boil gently until transparent. Put in a glass jar, pour the syrup over and cover the top with paper.

APPLE PRESERVES.—Make a syrup of three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar for every pound of apples; add a sliced lemon. Pare and quarter good, tart apples and put in; boil until transparent and put in a glass jar; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

QUINCE PRESERVES.—Pare and core the fruit and boil in clear water until tender. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit, and boil the quinces in it half-an-hour.

PEAR PRESERVES.—Pare, cut in halves, core and weigh; allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Make a syrup and drop the fruit in it. Cook slowly, when done take up and place in glass jars. Boil the syrup low, pour over and seal.

CRAB-APPLE PRESERVES.—Take the red Siberian crab-apple. Wash, and wipe dry, leave the stems on, put in water to cover, and let come to a boil. Take up, let cool, and carefully remove the skins. Weigh, allow one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Make syrup, flavor with the juice of one lemon to every three pounds. Put the crab-apples on, and cook until clear; put in jars while hot.

CHERRY PRESERVES.—Stone ripe cherries, and save the juice; allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the fruit and sugar together to make a syrup, put in the cherries, and cook until done. Put in glass jars while hot.

STRAWBERRY AND BLACKBERRY PRESERVES.—Pick and prepare the berries, put a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Sprinkle the sugar over, and let stand several hours. Boil slowly half an hour.

New Goods TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new Stampod Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

- Stamped Toilet Sets, newest designs, 25c, 40c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces.
- Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 75c and \$1 each.
- Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 50c, 60c and \$1 each.
- Splashes, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 40c, 50c and 75c each.
- Covering and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 50c and 65c each.
- Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c and \$1 each.
- Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 40c and 50c each.
- Stamped Umbrella Holders, 40c and 50c each.
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- Stamped Pouches, 40c, 50c and 75c each.
- Stamped Ties, all fringed, 25c and 35c each.
- Stamped Baggage Holders, 40c and 50c each.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wool, we are still selling single and double, at 80c and 90c each. Shetland and Andalusian. Ico Wool, all grades. Embroidery Silks. Wash Silks. Parasols. etc.

THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY, BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLIE RANSOM."

Published by arrangement with the publishers from advanced sheets of Chambers's Journal

PART III.

It must not be supposed that Frank Sanborn had abandoned his original project of attempting to discover his brother's wife and child. On the other hand, it was more than ever the main factor in all his plans, and in purchasing the Yellow Dog property he placed himself in a position to pursue the strongest clew which had so far crossed his path. It was fortunate for Frank that he possessed the means whereby he could thus so easily gratify his desire to follow up every chance, to make amends in some sort for the fatal result of his hot temper years ago.

When he arrived in California from Australia he was already as wealthy as his father had been when the old gentleman retired from active life in India; and he was glad when the opportunity presented itself for investing his money in the precise spot where the investigation into his brother's affairs just then seemed to call him.

"The boss" soon settled down in his new sphere of action, and was not long in acquiring the respect, good will, and even admiration of the strange mass of humanity in Blue Rocket Gulch. The boys could see that Frank Sanborn was a man with a mind of his own, and a stiff backbone. Mentally and physically he seemed to them like a man born to command—a man who never spoke a word which he did not mean, and which he did not also mean should be understood and respected. Such men invariably rise to the surface the world over, but especially so in the Far West, where an absence of police and other representatives of organized law and order gives greater opportunity for men possessing a combination of moral and physical strength to come to the front as leaders of their fellows. So Frank Sanborn was boss of the Yellow Dog, not merely by reason of his legal ownership of the mine, but also by virtue of his acknowledged superiority in the community as a man. He won the hearts of many by his practical kindness. He did not try to revolutionise Blue Rocket, and attempt to make an impossible Utopia out of a Nevada mining camp; but taking things as he found them, he did try to improve the place and its denizens. He did not build a church and distribute tracts, nor even insist on the mine's signing the pledge; but he did his best at persuading the boys to build better dwellings, and to apply a few of the simple laws of hygiene to their daily life. And as he was not backward in giving assistance both in United States currency and good advice, he was far from unsuccessful in his efforts.

Frank Sanborn's own residence was a palace when compared with the other habitations in the gulch. It was only a frame building by it of pine-boards, but it boasted three rooms—a kitchen, a sitting-room, and a sleeping apartment. The sitting-room also did duty as office and library; for in it were the boss's desk and iron safe, while several shelves were loaded down with books of all kinds. Two or three of them were old school and college favorites, which had accompanied their owner in all his travels; the rest of them were more recent purchases in San Francisco; while not a few had been ordered all the way from New York and Boston.

One of these treasures was not the least valuable benefit from them. All the boys who followed Frank Sanborn to Blue Rocket had had their share of the boss's tuition, who became their pupils, and "best fellow." They were not slow to learn; but they had never had the benefit of the boss's tuition in going to school and college studies for their own sake, and so they were amazed, for she who felt relieved of an arduous task.

While sitting thus, the door of the sitting-room was darkened by a young fellow in the working garb of a miner. "If you are not too busy, Mr. Sanborn, I wish you would come down to the old shaft. I think I have struck a vein of silver. Guess we had better strike the silver before we rig up the ventilator."

"What's the matter, Johnny? So there is silver down there? Does it pay to strike it?"

"No, it doesn't pay to strike it, but it's worth a try. You didn't come down to the shaft the way, Johnny? If anything, I'll go down personally to see it myself. No, sir, I'll go down generally."

and one of them he loved. Yes, when the snow was melted from the mountain tops and the wild spring weather made its appearance to disturb the regularity of studies, Frank Sanborn had to acknowledge to himself that he was in love with Seph.

And Seph? Well, with all his experience and his knowledge of human nature, Frank could not satisfy himself as to Seph's own feelings—he was not by any means sure that the girl knew the real meaning of love. One thing he could see: Frisco Johnny loved Seph with all the intensity of ardent, youthful affection and admiration. The lad worshipped her; and it would be no exaggeration to state that he would doubtless have laid down his life, if Seph had so wished, or if Seph could have been benefited thereby. And still Frank could not determine how much Seph cared for this boyish lover of hers.

One fact seemed evident to the rich man: if he had not come to Blue Rocket, it would have been fairly straight sailing for Frisco Johnny, so far as Seph was concerned. And now? Well, Frank Sanborn was sufficiently man of the world to know that with his years, his manly appearance, his experience, his educational advantages, and his conversational powers—to say nothing of his vast wealth—it would be a comparatively easy matter for him to go into the race for Seph and win. If she were deeply in love with the boy, or had she so much as passed her word to marry him, matters might have worn a different appearance, and success might not have seemed so attainable. But Sanborn felt convinced that neither of these possibilities was so. "Then," he asked himself many times, "why should I not make the girl love me?"

And there he stopped. For, to himself there seemed many reasons why he should not seek to come between Seph and her "best fellow," as she still called Frisco Johnny. As time wore away, and a successful ending to Frank Sanborn's life long search seemed to be rapidly approaching, his reasons for not wishing to lessen the lad's chances with Seph only increased and strengthened. Yet he knew more than ever that his own love for the girl was daily growing in intensity, and, without undue conceit, he thought he could still win Seph's affections with very slight effort on his part.

But he waited. He would at least give the lad a fair chance, and soon—Frank thought—those chances might be more nearly even with his own. And so honourable was Sanborn in his patience and forbearance, that never for a moment did Frisco Johnny dream of his friend and employer's secret.

As, under Frank Sanborn's tuition and training, Frisco Johnny had become more intelligent, and versed somewhat in a technical knowledge of mining, he had been placed in charge of a section of the mine. In that same part, some distance from the main shaft, was an old disused entrance, which the boss had long contemplated embodying in a grand scheme of ventilation.

It was late one afternoon, just about a year after Frank took possession of the Yellow Dog, that he sat alone in his sitting-room busily engaged in writing. All day long, notwithstanding the heat, he had been at his desk. In the morning he had received a package of papers from San Francisco, as well as a lengthy letter from London. These were spread before him all day, and to them he frequently referred as he continued to write incessantly. Towards five o'clock his work was apparently completed, for he leaned back in his chair with the air of a man who felt relieved of an arduous task.

While sitting thus, the door of the sitting-room was darkened by a young fellow in the working garb of a miner. "If you are not too busy, Mr. Sanborn, I wish you would come down to the old shaft. I think I have struck a vein of silver. Guess we had better strike the silver before we rig up the ventilator."

"What's the matter, Johnny? So there is silver down there? Does it pay to strike it?"

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carry in my watch-pocket, and the lock combination is on a slip of paper inside my watchcase.—And, Johnny, in case I do not see you again this week, I want you to come up here Sunday morning at ten o'clock, without fail. Don't forget."

"The boss of the mine transferred all his papers from his desk to drawer No. 3," and locked the safe. Then he and his young friend (and rival) walked away toward the old shaft.

The shaft was about a hundred and fifty feet in depth, but the hoisting apparatus had long since been removed. Frisco Johnny had that day erected a temporary derrick to let himself down, and near the discovered vein of silver had rigged up a couple of light platforms, each consisting of a short board set across two pieces of scantling.

Frisco Johnny was not considered by the miners the best of climbers: while Sanborn, strong and athletic as he was, felt far behind his companion in gymnastic accomplishments. Still they managed to get down to the first platform, fifty feet from the surface, which was as far as the derrick rope reached, and then "dropped" to the next board, eight feet lower. They had hammers and chisels in their pockets, and for half an hour or more they pursued their investigations. Sanborn was himself trying to secure a fair sample of the ore, when he missed striking the chisel, and badly smashed the fingers of his left hand by the violent blow from his hammer. He then decided to postpone his efforts until the morrow, and the two prepared to ascend.

Now, the younger man was slightly built, weighing little more than half as much as Sanborn, and as one of them must climb on the other to reach the top platform, they agreed that it would be better for Johnny to go first. It was going to be hard work for Frank, anyhow, on account of his lame hand; but they calculated that Johnny's assistance would be more valuable from above than from below. So Frank bent his broad back while the lad stepped upon it and grasped the scantling of the platform above him with his hands. At that moment, one of the cross-pieces under the board on which Frank stood gave way, and went crashing to the bottom of the mine. Sanborn instinctively and instantaneously with his unhurt hand grabbed one of his companion's legs, as the rest of the lower platform went thundering down the shaft.

It was a terrible situation; the heavier man relying upon one hand which grasped the none too reliable material of a pair of miner's overalls, while both depended upon a slight piece of wood far from securely fastened. Had Sanborn not met with the accident to his hand, or had their relative positions been reversed, they might have stood a fair chance of escape. As it was, their hopes were very fragile. "They shot, but no one heard them. The miners had ceased work nearly an hour before; besides which, few now came near that deserted quarter of the mine."

One, two—five minutes passed away. The strain of both men was fearful, and neither of them could make any headway. The younger man had to bear on his slender wrists, in addition to his own weight, Sanborn's two hundred pounds; while Sanborn had only his one hand to support himself. Frisco Johnny began to grow faint, and his companion felt that he could not retain his grip on the overalls much longer. In that supreme moment one thought, one impulse, was uppermost in Frank Sanborn's mind and heart. He could yet fulfil the mission of his life; but he must be quick if he would do so. "Johnny, you could get out all right if you were alone!"

"Don't talk so, boss. You've got a right to live as long as I have. Guess it's all up with us; but we'll drop together."

"Well, can you hold on a minute or two? I want to tell you something."

"I'll try, Mr. Sanborn."

"Johnny, your name is Sanborn. You are my brother's boy—my nephew. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Next Sunday, two lawyers will be here, one from Frisco, and one from London to straighten everything out. You remember all I told you this afternoon about the safe and the papers?"

"Yes, Sir."

"John Sanborn, you love Seph, so do I. You will marry her—take good care of her. Good-bye, Johnny good bye, Seph my darling!"

For as the brave man relinquished his grasp of his companion, and went crashing down the old shaft, his closing eyes rested once upon the winner's face and shapely form of Seph trying to peer into the darkness.

Two minutes later, young John Sanborn was safe above ground.

The boss of the Yellow Dog had made amends. "A life for a life" he could do no more.

[THE END.]

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing thereby giving relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest. Public speakers and singers will find Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup of incalculable value, as it speedily and effectually allays all irritation, and huskiness in the throat and bronchial tubes, and gives power to the vocal cords, rendering the voice clear and sonorous. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of BICKEL'S ANTI-CONSUMPTIVE SYRUP, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

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OUR LAKE CAPTAINS.

The Oldest of Whom is Captain Alexander Pollock.

A Short Sketch of An Interesting Career on the Great and Small Lakes—Wrecked Three Times in Sixty Years' Sailing.

"Sailing, sailing, over the bounding sea," is to many an entirely imaginary and altogether pleasant little excursion—a sort of sunshine existence without any shadows to mar the enjoyment of the absent Jack. The only idea that most of us land-lubbers have of the bounding sea is that which is gained from a spin on the Bay, and while crossing the swell of some of the large lake steamers in a row-boat or canoe. When a few catapaws gaily dance through the channels and come into the Bay the average "lover of the water, you know," is content to sing the little bounding, rollicking sea songs in a comfortable parlor built on something more substantial than 40 fathoms of water. In the great lakes of Canada the sailors are often in much danger, but what must it be to the crew of a sailing vessel rounding Cape Horn and running along with a gale of wind and a snowstorm for 20 or 30 days with their chronometer and other modern appliances as the only means by which they can feel that they are not going to run on the rocks on some forsaken land? In the city of Toronto there are many retired sailors who have seen service in all parts of the world, and who would be as much astonished, perhaps more so than a matter-of-fact land-lubber, when they viewed

THE OCEAN LEVIATHANS

that have now taken the place of the "walls of oak," bending spars, and expanse of canvas. Steam has revolutionized the shipping trade, and now it is only from the old mariners that we can gather the tales of long ago, when a voyage across the briny ponds occupied as many weeks as it now does days.

I have the honour of the acquaintance of many of the old mariners in and around Toronto, who have ploughed the briny seas and I've finally sought refuge in the less tempestuous but equally dangerous fresh water lakes, and it is my purpose to introduce from time to time to the readers of this paper some of these noble old fellows.

Captain Alexander Pollock is acknowledged by the craft to be the oldest mariner on Lake Ontario. It is just sixty years ago since the genial old mariner was apprenticed on a merchant line plying from the city of Liverpool. Three score years on the water has only made the captain feel like a fish out of water when he is on land. He went to sea when a boy of 11 years of age, and could he but wield a weighty and ready pen he could no doubt write a tale of a sailor's life that would throw in the shade the interesting works of Maryatt, Kingston, Dana, and other writers who portray the ups and downs on the crest of the waves. This is the gist of one of the captain's many interesting yarns, and for the truth of it he is willing to vouch. All who know the captain will believe it:—

"We were on the Mediterranean sea in the year 1837. I was but 17 years of age at the time, and had shipped before the mast on a fine little barque called the Spanish Packet. We had on board a man who was a first class sailor, and although an illiterate man and unable to read or write, he was a natural born linguist. He was a native of one of the Channel Isles. We loaded a cargo at a Spanish port, and had called in at a port on the coast of Portugal. One evening this man came on board and, gathering together all that belonged to him, he said he was

GOING TO LEAVE THE SHIP

The captain, who was, I may say, a drinking man, was on shore, and Bill, as we called this fellow, gave as his reason for leaving that he felt the ship was going to be cast away. "I have had bad dreams of late, and I saw the spirit of my dead mother. Boys, your ship will be lost on the Bay of Biscay. Well, when the captain came on board we told him. It was no use looking for the deserter, so we shipped a poor fellow who had just recovered from a fever and had been discharged from the hospital. We crossed the Bay of Biscay, but had very heavy weather. The captain joked with us several times about the prophecy, but he was drinking hard during the voyage. We sought shelter from a storm in the Cove of Cork, and after a short delay we put out to cross the channel to Liverpool. A storm caught us, and I was called up by the mate, a strapping young man named Hill. I went to the captain's cabin, but he was in a drunken stupor, and it was impossible to awaken him. I caught a little son Tom up in my arms despite his refusal to leave his father. We were fast drifting on the breakers, Tom

struggled to return to his father, and finally I had to let the poor little fellow go. It was the last I ever saw of him. I remember little more, but they told me I was picked up for dead on the shore by the coast guards. The mate and myself were the only ones saved. I was unconscious for many days. My arm was broken in three places and I was wounded on the head and slashed in many places. I can well remember when I returned to consciousness, thinking that we had been attacked by pirates. But I learned a lesson in the early part of my life. This, my first wrook was caused entirely by drinking to excess on the part of the captain."

And the captain not only learned the lesson well, but he has always acted upon it. There is hardly a maritime nation in the world that he has not visited.

HIS FIRST VOYAGE

was from St. Andrew's N.B., on a ship called the Two Sisters. He served his time in the West India trade before the emancipation of the black man, and after he was rated as seaman he sailed long voyages to India, Russia, and China, being on the coast of the latter country during the opium war in 1840. In 1841 he experienced his second wreck and first promotion, both occurring on the same day. The ship Alexander, bound to New Orleans, grounded on the Bahama reef, and Alex. Pollock was made second officer for his exertions in saving the passengers and cargo. This promotion was probably hastened through the solicitations of the cabin passengers. When 21 years of age he was made first mate of the ship Columbia, of the Black Ball line, and afterwards he assumed a like position on the ship Virginia, of the Star line. For several years he remained on these regular ocean vessels plying from New York to England, and he has no doubt looked after the comfort of many of our pioneers. He was known as the "big mate," for the captain is six feet in his stockings, very broad-shouldered, and weighs over two hundred. Since he came to Canada he has heard many exclamations such as "That man looks like the big mate I came out with." The captain prizes highly a medal he received from the city of Liverpool for saving the life of a lady passenger on the Columbia in 1843.

It was in this year that he came to the Canadian lakes by way of the old Erie canal, and here also he has won medals and other marks of honour for bravery shown in saving life and property on the great lakes. He has medals from the Government of British North America for saving life and property on Lake Erie, also a medal from the Humane Society of Detroit, innumerable and valuable recognitions from insurance companies; but none he prizes more highly than a handsome pair of field glasses presented to him by the Dominion Government as a mark of

HONOUR FOR THE BRAVERY

shown in rescuing the crew of the steam barge Herald, which ran ashore near Port Stanley during a gale in 1878. He put out to their help in the lifeboat of the propeller Alma Munro.

In the spring of 1844 he entered the service of the firm of Hooker & Henderson, who had a large forwarding fleet under their control, and the captain was called the commodore of the fleet. In the fall of that year he was greatly discouraged by losing the fine little schooner Sir Francis Bondhead, on the lar at Port Dalhousie, and but for the persuasions of his employers he would have put back for salt water. He commanded the vessel that took Lord Elgin from Toronto to Quebec, the year the seat of Government was changed to that place. The captain still retains fresh in his mind the memory of the pleasant chats he had with the then Governor-General.

After nine years service with Hooker & Henderson he became associated with the firm of Adam Hope & Co., in building vessels at Port Stanley. He superintended the building of the Isaac Buchanan and Jessie Ann Hope, and took the command of the former. Afterwards he organized the line called the north Shore Transportation Company with three fine propellers City of London, Shickluna, and Georgia. He managed this line for some years, and on disposing of his share he took command of the fine steamer Cumberland, plying between Collingwood and Thunder Bay. He afterwards built the Alma Munro, but was afterwards persuaded to return to the service of Adam Hope & Co., sailing the propeller Lake Erie on the Chicago and Montreal route. Getting on in years, the captain thought he would try to live on land, and compromised with his former home by using within sight of the water at Port Stanley. But four years' residence on the dry places on this earth was enough, and last year the captain returned to the water and took charge of the little steamer J. W. Steinhoff, now running from Toronto to Victoria park. His has

indeed been a varied life, full of change and excitement. Although he has reached the allotted age of man, the captain is still hale and hearty, and it is a pretty sight indeed to see the brave old weather-beaten tar taking such an interest in the little children with whom he comes in contact on his new vessel. A full volume of interesting reading matter could easily be written about Captain Alexander Pollock and his adventures.

A CIRCUS STAMPEDE.

A Scoundrel Unbars the Cages and the Animals Kill Five Persons.

One night recently a general stampede of all the animals comprising Fillis's Menagerie took place. This appalling occurrence is attributed to a miscreant, at present at large, who, possessed of a grudge against Mr. Fillis or members of his company, thought to pay it out by climbing on the fence of the enclosure in which the animals are kept, and, at imminent risk to his own life and limbs, releasing from their cages and chains the whole of the wild animals. This fiend in human shape evidently one well acquainted with the show, for not only has he exhibited a familiarity with the locks and bars of the cages, but he selected the day and hour when the supervision of the animals was most relaxed. He appears to have made good his escape before the animals realized their freedom from restraint, and as the four employees, who slept on the premises here all fallen victims to the ferocity of the wild beasts, it is impossible to say at present if his identity is known.

From what we can gather, the four male lions, Pasha, Abdul, Caliph, and Mustapha, upon discovering the door of their cage open, immediately proceeded to the stables, where the large lion, Pasha, leaped on to the back of Murat, the jumping horse, and fastened his teeth in his neck and withers. It is reported that he had always borne this horse a most unaccountable grudge, and invariably gave signs of displeasure and dislike when within sight of him. The horse's screams roused the four attendants—a Scotchman named Patterson and three Kaffir boys—and, hastily arming themselves with stable forks, they rushed to the scene of the disturbance, evidently ignorant of the numerical strength of the foe they had to contend with. These four gallant fellows met a fearful death. From the few words of one of the Kaffir boys to Mr. Fillis it appears that he and his mates, when endeavoring to beat back the lion Pasha, were attacked from the rear by the three other lions and one of the cheetahs. They were then literally torn limb from limb by the ferocious brutes, and the scene of their death is one of indescribable horror. Having tasted blood, the lions (male and female), the cheetahs, the wolves, and the leopards seemed to regain all the ferocity of their class, and Mr. Fillis's four Hungarian horses, Sang J'Or, Kremis, Lenore, and Etolle, and the performing horses Beauty and Black Bess, fell victims to their lust for blood. The elephant, frightened at the noise, in his endeavor to escape burst through the heavy iron gate and rushed into Curry street followed by nearly the whole of the wild animals, who appear to have been startled by something while engaged in their work of carnage in the stables.

A cabman residing at Beaconfield had a narrow escape. Hearing the noise, he drove down from Main street to see the animals rush out. He likens the scene to the exit from Noah's ark. An elephant came out first, and a few seconds afterward tumbled out a confused mob of lions, wolves, hyenas, baboons, leopards, cheetahs, and jackals.

The wolves, with the instinct of their race, immediately rushed upon Nelson's horses, and two of the lions attacked them also. Strange to say, they left the man himself unmolested, and he managed to climb up a post at Glover's Athletic Bar and secure his safety in one of the rooms. When last he saw his horses they were galloping madly down the Dutoitspan road, snorting and screaming with fear and pain, followed by the wolves and two of the lions. The remainder of the animals, Nelson says, dispersed in all directions, but the man appears to be so unstrung by his terrible experiences that nothing coherent can be obtained from him. A little son of Mr. Nelson's, produce dealer, happened to be in the back yard of his father's premises,

noticed a cheetah which had taken refuge there, and, with the fearlessness of childhood, walked up to it. His mother, from her bed room window, saw the brute lay her darling prostrate with one blow of its paw, and then mangle him beyond all recognition.

Four lions, two lionesses, two tigers, three bears, two wolves, one hyena, two cheetahs, four jackals, one elephant, one camel, and seventeen baboons are at large. Only two of these animals have as yet been accounted for. Mr. Murchison, residing in Dutoitspan road, having been awakened by the noise, was looking out of his bedroom window, and seeing a jackal run across the yard, shot it dead with his revolver.

Mr. Goodchild was aroused by the shrieks of his parrot, and getting out of his bed to see the cause, observed to his horror an enormous lion crouching under the trees in the front garden. With great presence of mind he took down his Martin-Henry rifle, and, firing through the window, shot it dead.

The whole of the police, armed to the teeth, are scouring the surrounding district and the town itself.—[Diamond Fields A.I.vertiser.

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HEADQUARTERS
BOOTS & SHOES



PILES



Our Young Folks.

The Spire of Saint Satorna.

It needs a steady head and a clear conscience and the thing is done." Those were old Jacob's words!

"The clear conscience is not lacking, thank God! but all these weeks of watching by a sick bed, and the scanty meals have made the head anything but steady. If I were but three months ago my courage would not fail me, but now!"

The boy broke off abruptly, and stepping back several feet, stood looking up at the stately spire that towered above him. Fair and shapely it rose, with gradually receding buttress and arch until it terminated at a point over four hundred feet from the pavement.

All day long little groups of men had struggled across the Platz and gathered in front of the great cathedral, elbowing one another and stretching upon tiptoe to read the notice nailed to the massive door. Many were the jots passed around.

"Does the old sexton think men are flies to creep along yonder dizzy height?" asked one.

"The prize is indeed worth winning," said another, "but"—he turned away with an expressive shrug of the shoulder—"life is sweet."

"When I try to reach heaven 'twill be by some less steep and dangerous way," laughed a third, with an upward glance at the spire.

"It makes a strong man feel a bit queer to go up inside as far as the great bell and look up at the network of crossing ladders; but to stand outside and wave a flag!—why, the mere thought of it is enough to make one's head swim," said the first speaker. "Jacob Wirtig is the only man in all Vienna who has the nerve for such a part."

"But he served a good apprenticeship! He learned the knack of keeping a steady head during his early days of chamois hunting in the Tyrol. But why does he seek to do others into danger? For so much gold may a man would risk his life."

"I can understand it, Caspar. Twice before, on some grand occasion, has old Jacob stood on the spire and waved a flag as the Emperor passed in the streets below. And now, after all the fighting and the victory, when there is to be a triumphal entry into the city and a grand review and such rejoicing as was never known before, he feels in honor bound to supply the customary salute from the cathedral. And since this miserable fever which has stricken down so many in the city has left him too weak to attempt it, he is trying, as you see by this notice, to get someone to take his place. He offers all the money which the Emperor never fails to send as a reward, to say nothing of the glory! I'll wager a florin that he'll offer in vain! But come! let us be going. There's too much work to be done, to be loitering here." Twice before on that day, once in the early morning, and again at noon, had the boy stood as if spellbound, with his eyes riveted on the beautiful spire. And now the setting of the sun had found him a third time at his post. The Platz was deserted, but the streets beyond were thronged with people hurrying to their homes. Was it fear or the chill of the night air that sent a shiver over the slender figure of the boy as he stood, letting his eyes slowly wander from the top of the spire to the base of the tower beneath, as if measuring the frightful distance? But as he turned away with a little gesture of despair, there rose before him the vision of a wan and weary face as white as the pillow against which it rested, and he heard the physician's voice as he gently replaced the wasted hand on the coverlet. "The fever has gone, my boy, and all that your mother needs now to make her well and strong is good care and plenty of nourishing food." The money offered by old Jacob would do all that and much more. It would mean comfort for two or three years, for both mother and son with their simple way of living.

When the lad again faced the cathedral it was with an involuntary straightening of the shrinking figure. "With God's help I will try," he said aloud, with a determined ring to his voice, "and I must go at once to let Master Wirtig know. Now that I have finally decided, it is strange how the fear has flown. It is the hesitating that takes the courage out of one! After all"—he paced back, back, back, until he was far enough from the cathedral to get a good view of the noble structure—"Who knows? It may look more difficult than it really is. 'Tis but a foothold of a few inches, but 'tis enough. If it were near the ground I should feel as safe as if I were on the floor of the great hall in the Stadt Haus. Why, then, should I fear up yonder!"

The flush in the Western sky suddenly

deepened to a vivid crimson. The clouds above the horizon, which a moment before had shone like waves of gold, became a sea of flame. The ruddy glow illuminated the old cathedral, touching rich carving and lace-like tracery with a new splendor, while far over sculptured dome and stately tower rose the lofty spire, bathed from final to base in the radiant light.

The boy made a step forward, and slipping back the little cap from his locks stretched out his clasped hands towards the sky. "Oh, Lord, great Preserver!" he cried. "Be thou with me in my time of need to-morrow! Oh, Jesus! be near to help and save!"

He replaced the cap and hurried across the Platz to the crowded thoroughfare beyond. At the end of three blocks he turned into a narrow street and stopped in front of a high house with steep, tiled roof. The lamp in the swinging iron bracket above the door gave such a feeble light that he was obliged to grope his way through the hall to the stairs.

At the second landing he paused for a moment, fancying that he heard a light footfall behind him, but all was still, and he hastened on to the next floor. Again he stopped, thinking that he caught the sound of a stealthy, cat-like tread on the steps below. "Who's there?" he called out boldly, but the lingering echo of his own voice was the only answer.

"How foolish I am!" he exclaimed. "It is but the clatter of my shoes on the stone stairs." Up another flight and down the long, narrow entry he went, and still he could not shake off the feeling that he was being followed.

At that moment a door opened and a woman peered out, holding a candle high above her head. "Is that you, Franz?" she said. "My brother has been expecting you this half hour." By the flickering light of the candle Franz could see that there was no one in the entry. He turned, impelled by a strong desire to search the tall cupboard near the stairs and see if any one had concealed himself within, but the dread of being laughed at kept him back and he followed the woman into a room where a gray-haired man sat, leaning wearily against the back of his chair.

"You may go now, Katrina," said the man, motioning to an adjoining room, and when the door closed he turned to Franz trembling with eagerness. "Well, have you decided?"

"I will try, Master Wirtig."

The old sexton wrung his thin hands nervously. "But if you should fall!"

"In God is my trust," answered the boy calmly. "But one 'if' is as good as another! Why not say, if you succeed? It sounds more cheery."

"God grant it," answered the man, sinking back in his chair. "I had thought that it would be some hardy, young sprig who should accept my offer—some sailor or stone-mason, whose calling had taught him to carry a steady head. I never dreamed that it would be a mere lad like thyself, and worn out too, with the care of thy sick mother! Even now I feel I do thee a grievous wrong to listen to thy entreaties."

"Think not of me, Master Wirtig; think rather of my mother. Shall we let her die, when a few moments on yonder spire would furnish the means to make her well? The kind physician who would have helped me was smitten with the fever yesterday, and there is no one to whom I can go."

"Had I been as prudent as I ought I could have aided thee. But this lingering illness has used up what I had put aside. Here is a little for thy present need—some broth for thy mother, and a bite for thyself; thy cheeks look as pinched as if thou hadst not eaten a good meal for a fortnight." He pulled out a covered basket from under the table and continued: "I shall arrange with Nicholas, for he has worked with me so long that he is as familiar with the ladders as myself, to go with thee up to the little, sliding window, and pass out the flag. Thou must let thyself down outside the window until thy toes touch the ledge below. Then, thou must creep cautiously around to the opposite side of the spire and wave the flag. Look always straight before thee or up at the sky. Thy safety lies in not glancing below. I believe in my heart thou wilt succeed. How I wish that this graceful Nicholas, this unruly nephew of mine, wert such an one as thou! Then should I have some comfort. But with his evil companions and bad ways he brings me naught but sorrow. Listen, Franz, if all goes well thou shalt have his place in helping me with the care of the cathedral. There is no longer any dependence to be laid on him."

In his excitement old Jacob's voice rang through the room. "What is it?" he asked, as he saw Franz start and look towards the door.

"I thought I heard a rattling of the latch—as if some one were outside."

"It's nothing but the wind drawing through the entry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO JOIN ENGLAND TO THE CONTINENT.

A Clever Frenchman Has Devised a Combination Bridge and Tunnel to Do It.

French genius threatens to teach the English how to get rid of the inconveniences of insularity without sacrificing its national insurance features. The English Channel is a large and expensive fact for Great Britain from the point of view of commerce and yet none too wide or deep when economy and security of national protection are considered. Between anxiety to advance the interests of commerce and apprehension of weakening the national security, Great Britain has stood in shivering uncertainty whenever a tunnel or other means of eliminating the water passage from the island to the Continent was under consideration. There are no unsurmountable engineering obstacles in the way of a tunnel beneath the channel from Dover to Calais, and such a work would undoubtedly have been begun long ago but for the fear that in case of war the tunnel would form an easy route for an invading army. A long bridge has also been suggested and plans for it have been drawn, but although the danger of invasion by it was lessened, as compared with a tunnel, it was not removed, and besides, by interfering with navigation on the high seas such a bridge would introduce a new element of difficulty and make it necessary to obtain an international agreement to allow of its construction.

Now, however, M. P. Bureau-Narilla comes forward with a proposition which offers to the British heart at once the safety which it craves and the extended facilities which its commerce demands. He proposes what is called a "mixed solution" of the difficulty, a "bridge-tunnel" scheme. A great bridge, similar to the Forth bridge recently opened, will be built out from the shore on either side into the sea for as long a distance as may be thought necessary. From the sea end of each bridge a shaft will be built either straight down or on an incline, through the sea and the chalk formation which forms its bed into the marly chalk below, where numerous borings have already proved that a tunnel can be easily and safely constructed. This tunnel will be driven through from bridge to bridge, proper elevators will be put into the shafts, and there you are! In time of peace, through express trains from Dover to Calais in an hour, with unlimited freight and passenger transportation possibilities. In time of war, two or three British cannon shots smash the bridge, another one knocks the shaft and its elevating machinery into smithereens, and there you are again, with the tight little island as snug as a bug in a rug.

This scheme presents, according to the claim of its author, sustained by the general opinion of engineers, less difficulty, either from an engineering or a financial standpoint, than either a simple tunnel or a bridge alone. Bridges like those proposed, except as to length, have already been built, and the manner and cost of their construction are known. As for the tunnel, it will be simply a straight cut through soft but impervious material, presenting not a tithe of the difficulties to be met with in such a work.

The real difficulty in the construction will be, M. Varilla says, with the shafts from the ends of the bridges down through and below the sea. The depth of water will probably be from 75 to 100 feet, which is not a serious matter, but the sea is very rough, and means of preserving the works during construction and maintaining them afterward will have to be specially devised.

"For this," M. Varilla says, "I will begin by establishing on the coast near to the work a little special port for the work, and I will construct there a vast box of iron plates, without bottom or top, from 600 to 700 feet long, 325 to 400 feet wide, and 80 to 100 feet high. At the same time I will provide on a large number of scows a great quantity of rock. On a calm day the box, supported on a line of scows, will be transported to the proper place and be sunk on end in position."

The rock alone will fill the box so as to be bell-like.

At the operation of the sort of island lake, which even when the water is without.

"This sort of depth of the sea seventy feet."

Catarrh

Is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. O.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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

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to sink it to the midst of the bed of marly chalk, through which the tunnel is to be pierced, and which is at once solid and perfectly compact, I need not describe the process employed for the purpose of sinking the shaft; it will be only the ordinary process of shaft sinkers. They will have to break the chalk by hammering it with the aid of augers and to dredge up the sort of mud that will result. When one shaft has been sunk through all the permeable earth into a firm and compact bed they will have to construct the body of the elevator. It will consist of four walls of concrete, very thick, and sustained by horizontal metallic framework of sufficient strength. This effected, they will sink inside a metallic caisson as high as the depth of the shaft. This being in place, they will sink concrete to fill the space between the walls of the caisson and of the original shaft, and then, the water being pumped out, will leave a huge solid mass of concrete bound together by metal, with an open shaft through the centre, to the impermeable chalk bed beneath the ocean bottom.

The task of raising and lowering cars through this shaft will not be so great as it is done on similar elevators in several places, notably at canal lifts in different parts of France.

M. Varilla asserts that the total cost of his bridge tunnel will not exceed \$80,000,000, and that it can be completed within six years. Only England and France will have anything to say about it, because the bridges will not be carried out into the sea beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of either country. That M. Varilla's scheme merits is indicated by the general interest it has excited in England and France, both laymen and scientific men.

Aphorisms.

With fame, in just proportion
The man that makes a
foes.

To rejoice in another's
give contentment to your
into another's grief is
your own. [Edwards]

The finest company
as well as the finest
in it, though the
est value.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. \$1.00 for three months. Advertising rates—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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

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

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Remove as the tax that Sin has to pay.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The more wealth a man has the louder his brag talk.

Every woman who reads the following will be anxious to be cured, may get a treatment for \$1, or a free trial of Chamberlain's Wonderful "Olive Oil" by addressing Chamberlain Medicine Co., 200 N. W. Trotter, 1000 S. Street W., Toronto.

Misery never below the surface and creates appetite, Chamberlain's Gum. Sold everywhere.

Who has the more frequent...

Known Good Samaria... afflicted with Dysentery over 20 years, but never...

...of...

...in cash... send copy... \$1.00...

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Bible Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, provided always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer, than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINOS; 2, LEOS; 3, FIST.

- FIRST REWARDS. First, one very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm \$500. Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$40. Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30. Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols, \$30. Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3.

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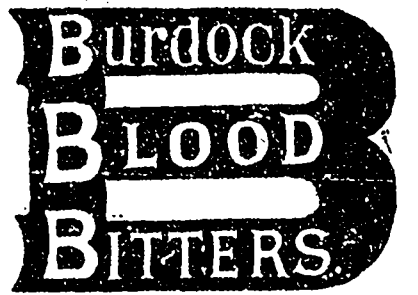
- Next one dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny any one the privilege of competing. TRUTH contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Daily, pithy, pointed, editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiased standpoint for fatherly reading. Contributors: Poems for all thoughtful readers; Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for Mothers; Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies; Choice Music and Young Folks' page for girls and boys; Copyrighted Stories and Serial Tales for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full list of the prize winners will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition, with street and number in cities, where given, and post office addresses for town, village, and country, so all may be assured of the utmost fairness.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties, and the prizes given strictly in the order the letters arrive in TRUTH office. Fifteen days after the 31st July will be allowed for letters from distant points. About 135,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Don't delay. Send now. Address, THE PUBLISHER TRUTH, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.

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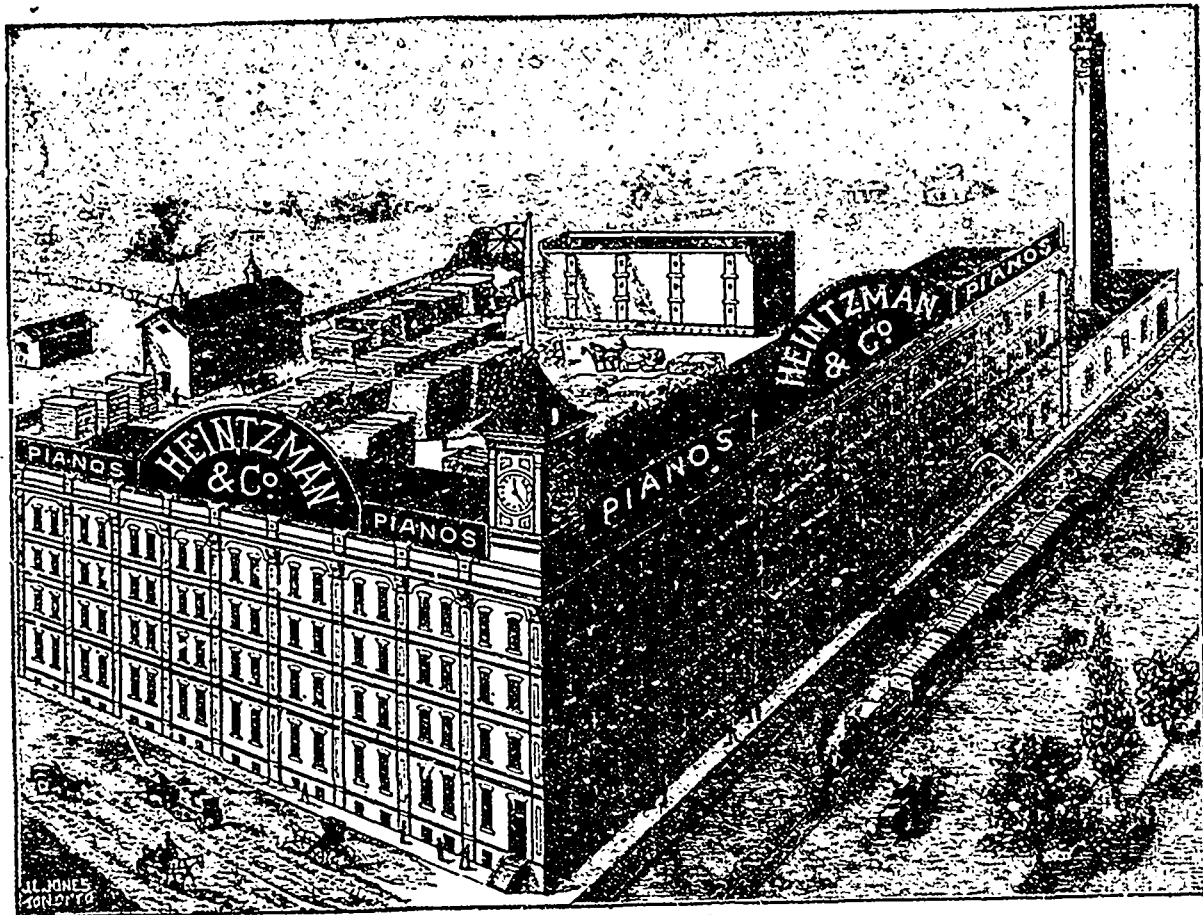
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Constipation,

If not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main St., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1837, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully endorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Connors, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Sheep Shearing in Australia.

At shearing time, on large runs, all the shearers live and mess by themselves, being in the nature of contractors, while the other hands connected with the working of the shed as yarders, pickets-up, wool-rollers, branders, &c., are paid weekly wages, and the station owner finds them in cook and rations. They mess and sleep in huts apart from the shearers, and are termed "rouseabouts." The "rouseabout" cook has also the care of the woolshed overseer and his assistant on his hands, and as 6 o'clock draws near we see him approaching with a flagon, or "billy," as it is termed, of steaming hot coffee in his hand, and the usual slices of "brownie" or "cake." On these we gratefully break our fast, and the more satisfactorily when we remember that all hands have likewise been refreshed. As we walk across to the woolshed we notice streams of men issuing from shearers' and rouseabouts' huts; and on entering the shed we find some of the shearers already at their respective places. These have been allotted for the previous day, and no man is allowed to make any change without permission of the shed manager.

Each shed has his own little doorway through which he passes his sheep into a long narrow pen cut off from his neighbors. As the shearer has arrived; he is so many shearers appointed to attend upon; the wool is rolled in their tables, and all watch the movements of the manager in hand to ring the bell; the shearers dart into their respective places allotted to them, and begin to shear the most easily-to-kill sheep on its rump, and proceed to the next.

Several minutes passed and the engine had blown its "view-hall-a" at a wayside cattle town when sudden sounds began to issue from the box. There was no doubt about it this time. There was a scuffling, a groaning, a kicking against the sides.

To say that I was horrified doesn't express it. The struggle in the box continued. I staggered to the gunrack, tore down a carbine, cocked, aimed and fired it through the box ten feet away.

Muffled shrieks now mingled with the stamping and thrashing in the box. Fired again. The shrieks were redoubled. I became more and more excited, and again at last I fired.

At last the engine stopped at water-tank No. 21 a half-hour behind schedule time. Shows were fired through the cab of the locomotive and the express car as the train dashed by Tank 22.

"The dead bandit was buried without identification at Deming, and some one scrawled upon the head-board, 'Quien Sabe?'"

WAY BILL, "A CORPSE."

AN Express Messenger's Gruesome Night Adventure in His Car.

"During the winter of 1890," said an old express messenger the other day, "I was in the Wells Fargo service between Kansas City and San Francisco. The run was made upon the Atchison, Topoka and Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railways, that join at Deming. On Christmas Eve, bearing eastward, with the journey so far done from Frisco, the train drew out of Yuma, facing the Arizona desert in the midst of an astonishing storm of sleet and rain. Yuma marks the California line, and there, as we took on the stage company's strong-box, I counted upon the last disturbance of the night. Until daybreak the journey lay through alkali stretches, where at every 100 miles the train rushes shrieking through a poor, uncommercial cluster of huts and halts long enough for the locomotive to take on water.

"Unscheduled stops, however, were not infrequent at that time, and there hung within the car a rack of repeating carbines, charged and primed.

"In taking account of the Yuma strong-box, weighing nearly two hundred pounds and 'vouchered' to contain \$50,000 in gold, I glanced at the carbines. I looked again when I remembered that the safe contained as much more.

"Joachim Murilla burned me out of the car for less than half that, and gave me the bullet that lames my back," said the burly man with a smile. "I had hardly a dollar in the car the night I stood off the rustlers at Dodge City. I reflected, what will the company accept now with \$100,000 on my shoulders?"

I assorted expressage, listed bills and overhauled the carbines as the train flew and the storm beat. I knew the route so well that I could call the towns and tanks as the engine whistled or stopped.

"Toltec," I thought, as at midnight the hoarse whistle began to sound. "We pass her with a 'howdy.' No, by George! we're going to stop."

"I opened the door enough to see a lantern swaying at a small station and a little group on the platform surrounding a box and evidently preparing to put it on board.

"Tumble it in, quick," I said.

"A little slow, partner," replied a man on the platform. "It's a coffin."

"A moment later I was alone with the corpse in a prison as secure as a tomb, while the wheels roared beneath and the storm raved outside.

"Somehow I was nervous and couldn't keep my eyes off that coffin. I fancied that it moved and was slowly rising up on end, or that it was preparing an onslaught, then that it was about to disclose the dead.

"The last of these notions—that the occupant of the coffin might liberate herself—got hold of me and I couldn't shake it off. The box was of unusual size and exceptionally ill-made. The wood was rough, warped and filled with knots and knot-holes. All this might easily have been due to the limited facilities of a desert town. I don't know why, but I couldn't get turning it over, face down. It seemed to me to roll horribly.

"Then I imagined I heard a noise at the car door and at the same moment a movement in the coffin. I knew it was foolish, but I rolled the stage company's strong box, with its 200 pounds of gold, to the coffin and set it upon the lid towards the large end.

"Then I lighted my pipe. I noticed afterwards, though I didn't think of it at the time, that most of the knot-holes towards the head of the coffin were covered and sealed by the flat iron bottom of the strong box.

"Several minutes passed and the engine had blown its 'view-hall-a' at a wayside cattle town when sudden sounds began to issue from the box. There was no doubt about it this time. There was a scuffling, a groaning, a kicking against the sides.

To say that I was horrified doesn't express it. The struggle in the box continued. I staggered to the gunrack, tore down a carbine, cocked, aimed and fired it through the box ten feet away.

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At last the engine stopped at water-tank No. 21 a half-hour behind schedule time. Shows were fired through the cab of the locomotive and the express car as the train dashed by Tank 22.

body of a man torn with a dozen terrible wounds.

"He wore the garb of the frontier, with knife and pistol at his belt, and a loaded Winchester 'y at his side. He was conscious and gasped, 'Raise me up.'

"Don't water at Tank 22," said the man with difficulty, and his jaw fell.

"The engine stopped at water-tank No. 21 a half-hour behind schedule time. Shows were fired through the cab of the locomotive and the express car as the train dashed by Tank 22.

"The dead bandit was buried without identification at Deming, and some one scrawled upon the head-board, 'Quien Sabe?'"

Exercise and Health.

Exercise, with both men and women, is a question of intelligence—a consideration of kind and quality, rather than of degree. The subject has for women peculiar embarrassments and limitations, particularly in the close house-bound life of the city. In the country there are the natural morning duties with open windows and flooding sunlight; the walk to the depot or for the mail, quiet and calming; the long piazzas. In the city, nine women out of ten are victims to morning gown and slippers. A man's hat, coat and gloves hang in the hallway, always in readiness. What would he say if boots, trousers and coat were to be changed, after an hour, before he could get out for a breath of air?

While many women still follow the traditions of delicacy and helplessness that have for so many years enshrined and enfeebled their sex, yet they have come, all the same, to understand, through the efforts of many of their sisters who must perform a strong, that a poor physique puts a woman at odds, and at the mercy of others when the stress of life comes. In the new creed to which women are giving allegiance it will come to be an article in time that weakness, unless inherited, is sin. The young woman of the future will fulfil the poet's ideal: "She gave him her hand; it was not a helpless one."

A Sensational Wedding.

A stunning and decidedly sensational wedding occurred in Odessa the other day. Marc Pogorezky led his blushing bride to the altar. While the Russian priest, or pope, as he is called, was preparing to perform the ceremony, Marc went out to get a drink, a ying that he would return in a few moments. In his absence, however, a handsome young stranger approached the bride and offered himself as a substitute. She immediately accepted him, and the pope who was half drunk never noticed the change. The ceremony was performed. Just then Marc reappeared, refreshed and ready for matrimony. But when he found out what had happened he proceeded at once to paint the church red. He thrashed the bridegroom, slapped the bride, knocked down the father-in-law, punched the pope, and kicked the mother-in-law. He was

arrested; but as the case involves a question of ecclesiastical law, it was referred to the Czar, the head of the Church.

Jones—"What is a new daughter at your house? If she grows up to resemble your wife she'll be a belle." Smith—"Yes, I suppose she will, for she bellers now."

She told him she'd be his sister.

"Oh, that's all right," said he; "But then, of course, you understand My sisters live with me."

Men declare their love before they feel it; women only confess theirs after they have proved it.

One dose of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Line will instantly stop a severe fit of coughing.

Fancy brings us as many vain hopes as idle fears.

Many a once suffering consumptive has had reason to bless that valuable preparation, T. A. SLOOUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Every druggist sells it, whilst the office of the company at Toronto, Ontario, can bear witness to the daily increasing demand for it.

There are some errors so sweet that we repent them only to bring them to memory.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation at the rectum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRQUE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send you, address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. 511.

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ginners.
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RUSSIAN STUDENTS IN PARIS.

Some of the Privations to which They are Subject—Oatmeal and Lard a Pill-ing Dish.

The Paris papers are giving a minute description of the Russian student's life in that city. The picture is rather gloomy, but the details are worked out well enough for a study.

At the present time the Russian colony in Paris includes about one hundred and fifty students, male and female, and about thirty refugees. They live with the most rigid economy, for their resources are very limited. Twelve to twenty dollars a month may be considered as the average of their income, out of which they have to pay for their terms; and moreover there is an onerous discount on the paper money which they receive from Russia. From this it is easy to see that they are obliged to endure considerable privations, and consequently they are forced to make their headquarters in la Glaciere, Saint Victor, and Croulebarbe, where the facilities of cheap living are abundant.

When a student or a refugee arrives he notifies his countrymen. There is a society among them to which the new comer applies. With its help he is enabled to find a lodging, which costs from \$15 to \$25 a year. He brings along with him his furniture, which consists of skins and bed clothing. If he is rich, comparatively, he buys a trunk, some straw and a bed. If he has not sufficient means to procure these luxuries, he does without them, and sleeps on the floor, like Mlle. Eroquino and many others, patiently waiting until he can save up, cent after cent, enough to buy a bed. If he is completely destitute he is placed with another comrade equally embarrassed, whose home and misery he shares. It is not a rare thing to find among them room-mates, men or women, who pay from \$8 to \$10 a year for their apartments.

In food the Russian student is also extremely economical. He eats black bread and cabbage. Meat is a luxury which he enjoys only once a week. The quality of his food troubles him little; quantity with him is the main object. Therefore he fills himself with cheap stale bread, including the refuse crusts of the restaurants. When he is able to have a more substantial meal he goes to one of the Russian boarding houses, where he gets the most national dishes at a cheap enough rate. The most important of these establishments is the Students' Restaurant kept by M. Koch in the Rue de la Glaciere. It is in the rear of the building, is clean and spacious, but there is, of course, no evidence of luxury in it. The gardens of a religious community can be seen from it, and the sight refreshes the poor students, sometimes almost worn out by hard study in their garrets, with little light and less air. This restaurant has about eighty customers. There is only one meal a day, the dinner, which for some begins at noon and for others at 5 in the afternoon. The price of each dish never exceeds twenty centimes, and the entire menu costs about fourteen cents. Those who come to dine a la carte and have no cash write down in a book the amount of their debts at the end of each meal, and pay when their money arrives.

Another restaurant of this kind is in the Rue Flatters. In this, as in the other one, the dish which forms the main portion of the daily menu is kacha (oatmeal and lard). For a Parisian palace this seems rather tough; but it is very filling stuff, and for four cents a student can have enough of it to last him for twenty-four hours.

When the Russian student finishes his course of studies and becomes a doctor, he will go anywhere under a sun to seek his fortune.

The Sabbath Chime.

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks and speaks to thee— Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

I delivered thee when bound, And when wounded healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care, Cease toward the child she bore? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of my throne shalt be: Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

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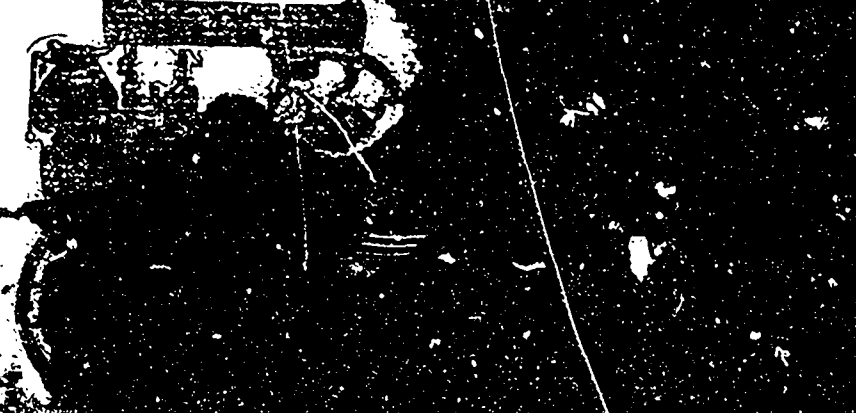
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