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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO 224.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

A very unusual celebration took place in Bridgewater, Mass., the other day. This was nothing less than the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the wedding day of an aged couple named Thompson. The groom of the long ago was 94 years old and the bride was 91. Everyone will be glad to know that they are both in good health. Let us all hope that they may both be spared to celebrate their centennaries.

Chicago keeps up its character pretty well the paradise of thugs and rascals of assorted sizes. A gang of these young ruffians recently stopped a street car at ten o'clock at night, and went through it, relieving the passengers in true highway-man style.

Presidential elections come somewhat high. The last Democratic Convention cost \$150,000. It is not likely that the Republican cost much less. And then there would be other expenses which would very considerably swell the total amount. Good things, however, are apt to come high.

We are not so nervous as Canning's life grinder about speaking or writing anything in the way of politics. Quite the reverse. For what may politics be after all, but a peep should affect such a holy horror about touching them with even a ten cent pole? The dictionaries tell us that it is the science of government; that part of politics which has to do with the regulation of government of a nation or state, the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the defence of its existence and interests, against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals. If this is politics, then instead of anybody being ashamed to meddle with it; every one who claims a share of intelligence and public spirit ought to be ashamed to acknowledge that it does not meddle with it all the time. Some of those we have known who have been the readiest to turn up their eyes in horror at the very name of "dirty" politics, when they phrase it, have personally been at the meanest, uncleanest, and least reputable in their business relations that could be thought of. In fact, politics are "dirty" when handled by "dirty" people, and as a general rule the politics of a country pretty fairly reflect the general character of the inhabitants. The meanest people will have mean, unscrupulous politicians, and mean, unwholesome politics. A citizen of a free country who takes no interest in its concerns, is not worthy of the position he occupies. He should go to the place where the rulers do all the thinking and all the management. He may be a fat, headless man, and such as sleep on their feet, but he is little more—such a man, or a tyrant's love and self-seeking, is a disgraceful matter. TRUTH has often, wondered, especially at clergymen, crying out about politics, as if having anything to do with it was the sure road to the bottomless

pit. Such talk tells very evidently that their preaching has had very little effect, for if it had been as successful as it ought to have been, the whole moral and political atmosphere of the country would have been changed and improved. In short, a religion that can't exist in the atmosphere of active political life and grow strong in it, is not worth much, and we therefore say to all the weak friends who put, on their longest face of self-satisfied Phariseism and thank God they are not politicians—"Pray friends don't. You have no idea how ridiculous you appear, and hollow and ungenious you will."

A valuable paper on scarlet fever, how propagated and how prevented, from the pen of Dr. W. Canniff, City Health Officer of Toronto, will appear in the next issue of TRUTH. The paper is of great practical value, coming as it does from a gentleman of skill and large practical experience. To many this paper alone will be worth more than an entire year's subscription to TRUTH. To others it may be the means of saving life. TRUTH will furnish much reading of great value, as well as of great interest, this year.

In compliance with the request of a number of the friends of TRUTH, arrangements have been again made for the publication of a piece of good music in each issue. Every pains will be taken to furnish TRUTH readers with the very latest and best music available, as well as with the latest and best literature of all kinds. TRUTH aspires to be the most popular family journal in Canada.

We fear Toronto is a long way yet from having a full and satisfactory supply of good pure water. It will no doubt, come by and by, but it is a very long and expensive road apparently, that has to be travelled first.

So the British Government has check-mated Bismarck after all, in that matter of Angra Pequena, or however it may be spelled. What the Germans wanted was to get a access to the rebellious Dutch Boers of the Transvaal, so as to make them more and more thorns in the sides of Britain. The strip actually annexed by them is a long strip of barren coast line. What does Britain do but quietly annex all the fertile territory lying between it and the Transvaal, on the west side, and takes also possession of the only feasible harbor in Delagoa Bay, on the east. Gladstone's Government may not be blustering and Jingolish in its talk, and may have no swagger about it, but it is not by any means asleep, and is all the better prepared for any eventuality by striving continually to be just. Not a bad plan that either, for individuals or governments.

What is loyalty at the present day? Is it adherence to a system; to a dynasty or to a government, however bad the one and injurious the other? If this young man or that think upon the whole that it would be better for Canada were she independent of Great Britain, would he be justly liable to be

shot, or at least have his hat knocked over his eyes if he said so? Frankly, TRUTH believes in no such talk. People are loyal to Britain because they believe it is best for all their interests that they should be so. But you won't convince the folks of the present day that it is their duty to continue loyal, though it were the very reverse, though they were thereby made to starve instead of having all they could desire.

No, no, friend fool. In these practical days such doctrines won't go down, and ought not. Should Canada ever change her political relations it will be by the fiat of the overwhelming majority of her people, and any small minority, that would "shoulder a musket" to prevent such majority having its way, would be very foolish, and something worse. It is by the silken cords of common interest and common affection that such ties are to be maintained, not by confused noises and garments rolled in blood.

It is curious how there is always every now and then, cropping up a real or supposed scandal in connection with school books. When the present series of Readers which is about to be laid aside was introduced, there was great outcry about jobbery, and we rather think with some good ground. The books were prepared in great haste, revised with the least possible labor and care, paid for to the supposed literary laborers with a large amount of liberality, and handed over to one firm for exclusive publication for one year, and that for no reason at all that would stand impartial investigation. That one year gave a mighty fine profit to the fortunate bibliopole. Now there is an outcry of a similar job, but of larger dimensions, being consummated. It is not enough to say that the books are cheap unless it can be shown that they are as cheap as it is possible for them to be produced. And this can never be shown except by unlimited competition. Why should three firms have a monopoly for ten years? The first shadow of a defensible reason for this has not as yet been produced. If these three firms in reason had a claim for being recompensed their loss ought to have been valued, and compensation given them in hard cash. But to hand over the stereotype plates prepared by Government, and to let them have the monopoly of sale for five thousand schools for ten years, to onlookers appears perfectly monstrous. If tenders had been asked for printing from these plates, and that is all the favoured ones have to do, there would have been a large yearly royalty paid with the greatest of pleasure. It would have yielded more to the country than two or three good timber limits, and the happy man that got the contract would have made spanking profits besides. It is said that it is not everybody that can turn out such fine work. Such nonsense! If any don't turn out the job in a proper, workmanlike way, their goods, according to present contract, are confiscated. Could not that have been done to anybody that agreed to try the work? And why not at any rate say to all and sundry, "well, here are the plates. Any body that likes can get a set for \$2,500

and he can try his hand." With such a prospect of gain, plenty would have enlarged their premises, put more capital into their business, imported workmen if necessary, &c. Go along! The thing is altogether too thin. The ministers we have no doubt in general, and Mr. Ross in particular, meant to do the right and fair thing. But the men of paper have been too cute for them, and have pulled the wool very considerably over their eyes. Think of a man selling out his stand, for which he paid \$2,000, for \$25,000, and then very likely gnawing his nails that he had been so moderate!

It may be all as it ought to be, but it looks queer. Ever since Sir Hugh Allan's mournful lamentation over his disappearing duce, the word *recoup*, has had an awkward, yet very suggestive sound. Most sincerely do we hope that the school book business will all be satisfactorily explained, and it be shown that, by the arrangement made, neither the country nor any other person has suffered injury to the extent of a farthing.

In the proposed federation of colleges, those institutions which have university powers are not to surrender those, but simply keep them in abeyance, so that if at any time not pleased with the new arrangement they can return to their old condition as full-fledged universities.

The *Globe* has at last got a new wrinkle, and this time altogether its own. It is going to give Spurgeon's sermon every week. It is on the right track now, and we believe it will succeed. At any rate, its readers will be all the better for getting the reading of a sermon every Sunday by the great Baptist. Sermons have not gone out of fashion, not at any rate if they are of the right sort, and Spurgeon's has stood quite a long and a heavy test. It will pay better than the watches, after all.

The *Ontario Gleaner*, of Cannington, came out with a very large and imposing Christmas number, with a fine blue cover and twelve pages of reading matter. The *Gleaner* is certainly an enterprising and well-conducted country journal.

A well written article on some of the practical results of prohibition in Maine appears in another page of this journal, from the pen of the Hon. John B. Finch, of Nebraska. Mr. Finch stands to-day admittedly in the front ranks of the prohibitionists of the United States, and he has carefully investigated the subject of which he writes. That there has been a great deal of wilful misrepresentation about the state of affairs in Maine few can doubt. No doubt good will come from the most careful enquiry. That there should be a greater amount of crime in any country under prohibition than under the open license liquor traffic, few will believe. Mr. Finch will favor TRUTH readers with other papers on this important question during the year.

If the North West mounted police are in the condition reported, it is more than time that a searching investigation was made. It is to be feared there is very much in connection with that force that could not well face enquiry. There are rumors of lack of discipline which it is to be sincerely hoped are not true. The country spends enough money on that force to expect good service, and there can be no honest doubt that in the past they have done good work. They are yet to a very large extent a necessity in that new country, and it is of the first importance that they should be in a thorough state of efficiency, and one of the first things to be looked at in this connection, is the maintenance of proper relations between officers and men. If it is true, as alleged, that the majority of the men act as servants for the officers, a proper esprit de corps, and the most thoroughly efficient discipline, can never be secured.

For a time, there was every prospect of a serious disturbance in Hamilton the other day, when a number of farmers, acting in accordance with Judge Sinclair's decision, refused to pay toll at a bar within the city limits. The whole system of toll-bars is a relic of the old time which ought to be swept away. The people are tired of it. It is not a system in accord with advanced civilization.

Poor Spain has been dreadfully shaken up for a week or two past. It reconciles one wonderfully to the rigors of a climate like our own, that we are pretty well out of the range of these terrible convulsions.

Now it is said that Germany covets Heligoland, and would be willing enough to give Agura Pequena, and the rest of her claims in the east coast of Africa in exchange for it. This is of course not improbable, though we incline to regard it as not very likely. Germany at the present moment evidently possesses a strong craze in the direction of colonization, and foreign possession. Of course it must be a galling thing to have an island so near one's own door in the possessions of a foreign power. But even were Germany over so willing to trade Heligoland for possessions in East Africa it is more than doubtful if Britain would be equally ready. Heligoland is a place of very considerable strategic importance, while Britain has just about as many colonial possessions in the meantime as she knows what to do with. And if she wants territory in Africa she is just as able to get some as Germany was—by hoisting the national flag over, it that is to say.

The Irish party are not going to be very troublesome next session, as far as appears from any new projects they have in hand. Only one is spoken of, that of their local self government scheme, namely, to establish counting boards, etc. This would seem to be a reasonable enough measure to hope for, but if these dynamite outrages continue it is to be feared that English temper may not be in the most conciliatory mood to grant it. Reasonably or not, the Irish race get the blame of these mad attempts.

The intolerance of Roman Catholics in Montreal seems to be rivalled with Protestant intolerance in Newfoundland. Whether from Catholics or Orangemen, such exhibitions are only disgraceful.

Will the United States ever pass a Bill to establish International copyright? There is one before the Senate just now, but we have our doubts about its passing.

Franco has her work cut out for her in China. She has quite as big a contract there as she cares for, and unless we greatly

mistake she will find before the same is played out that the Celestials are more than a match for her. The Chinese are throwing out splendid baits to German officers in the shape of such offers as \$1,000 a month to serve in her navy. There can be no doubt of her getting plenty of volunteers on such terms. What a chance for many a poor officer to exchange his beggarly stipend in Germany for what, if he is lucky enough to escape getting shot, will in a few months enable him to retire and live like a fighting cock all the rest of his days.

The appointment of Gen. Lowal as Minister of War is said to promise a more vigorous policy on the part of France. It is thought in a high degree likely that she will soon really and truly declare war against China, and show her definitely what she can do in the way of fighting. From this way of talking we naturally conclude that France wishes to convey the impression that she has hitherto been merely playing a war with China, and that as soon as she makes her formal declaration, she will march on Peking straightway without any ado. It seems to us that she has been doing her best all along, and that that "beat" has been nothing very much after all. And it is likely that any formal declaration will do not much to mend matters.

It was regarded as a symptom of decay in the Roman Empire when the Emperor and other grandees made public exhibitions of themselves in the circus and elsewhere. Is it coming to this in England? We read that among the upper classes the latest fashionable craze is exhibitions of athletics in private circuses by both men and women performers. A well known Marchioness, it is said, has made a great reputation by the skill with which she jumps through the hoops, while a Duke is an acknowledged master on the trapeze.

John Chinaman is everywhere making his way into prominence. One Celestial, Yan Foo Lee by name, recently captured a class prize at Yale College for English composition, and is also the best chess player in all New Haven. The white men had better look "a leedle outd." The women are pressing them hard for first honors on the one hand, and if they are going to let Chinamen beat them in the use of their mother-tongue at that rate, they had better go out of the education business altogether, and remove to the diggings at once, or to some other locality where they can get on quite as well without the ability to write good English.

We should think that Baron Tennyson, after that last poem of his, would feel some hesitancy about drawing his perquisites as Poet Laureate. Not he, however, for he has just laid in five pipes of fine old port. There is no use, of course, of a man letting his modesty wrong him, but if we were in Alfred Tennyson's place just now, we should feel as if we hadn't given a poetical equivalent during the past year for all that good stuff.

Andrew Carnegie is a Scottish American millionaire who has learned the Yankee art of self-advertising to some good purpose. He recently proclaimed himself a Socialist to some newspaper interviewer, and that fact has been duly chronicled in and commented upon by every paper from Maine to California. Just what special importance it has to call for such attention one is at a loss to determine, but then there the fact is. If the ranks of millionaires were diligently searched it would not be a hard matter to find some, perhaps quite a few of these favored individuals who would quite willingly confess to the possession of some mildly social-

istic views. It should be no such wonderful thing that a very rich man should occasionally ask himself why it was that he had so much while others had so little, and whether he really deserved all his superabundance, and if, theoretically speaking, it would not be the right thing for him to "divide up" among his less favored brethren. That surely would be no such rare thing that it need occasion any surprise, or afford a text for wise editorial utterances. Carnegie is no doubt sincere enough in his so-called socialistic beliefs, nor can one fairly doubt that sincerity because he is not yet ready to divide with Tom, Dick and Harry. He no doubt thinks he can use it for them better than than they could for themselves. But give him time, there is no saying what he may come to yet.

Speaking of Socialists reminds one of a band of dangerous cranks—male and female—who meet periodically in Chicago and amuse themselves by inciting one another to murder. In speech they are all very bloodthirsty, both men and women of them, but more than half-crazy, most of them, no doubt. Half-crazy people, it must be remembered, have often worked far more mischief than could be easily remedied, as witness Guiteau, for example. Bloodthirsty fanatics like those in Chicago should be closely watched.

These dynamiters manage to give plenty of annoyance, if nothing more. London is no sooner out of one panic, than they throw her into another. An attempt on London Bridge one week, and on the underground railroad the next. It is all very alarming, and so mysterious, too. The rascals get off every time and leave no trace behind. Are they bad spirits in the guise of men, or what, that they manage to elude detection in this way?

One unfortunate result will be that a very bitter feeling will be stirred up against all Irishmen, and a great many innocent persons will be made to suffer for the sin of a few. This may not be right, but one can hardly say that it is unreasonable. There is such a thing as raising spirits that one cannot quell, and Messrs Parnell & Co bent their energies some time ago to foster feelings, some of the results of which we hope they have lived to regret. We don't believe that the vast majority of Irishmen are anything but out of all sympathy with these dynamite outrages, but for all that it can hardly be wondered at as we have said that the Irish race should be shouldered with much execration because of them, and Parnell and others with a large, if not the lion's share, of the responsibility.

Boston is all eyes and ears just now in trying to discover who the benevolent lady was who went to the superintendent of the city's schools and offered \$50,000 as a fund to provide for the care of the children's teeth. The Athens of America finds great difficulty in suitably expressing its cultured surprise. They are perhaps a trifle indignant withal, regarding the offer as an implied slight, perhaps, on Boston brown bread and baked beans, the favorite dishes of the philosophers, young and old.

New York feels herself insulted by the appointment of an untried and almost unknown man from Boston as the Commissioner of Public Works. Capable or incapable, he will have most to say as to the new Croton Aqueduct, which is to be one of the greatest feats of modern engineering. Strange-like thing, surely, bearing a remarkable resemblance to a job of portentous proportions. The little African who is somewhere in the neighborhood will doubtless

reveal himself in due time. Not, however, perhaps, before much time and many millions of money have been irretrievably wasted. But New York is so much accustomed to "big jobs," that by this time it ought surely to be able to say in all seriousness and earnest sobriety, "O, its nothing when you're used to it." What with elevated railroads, and a big bridge, and Broadway given over to a company, they have had practice enough by this time in "getting used to it."

Who wouldn't live in the North-West! Only 55° below zero. Why, that's nothing. They never feel the cold up there. That clear, bracing atmosphere, so warms the cockles of all hearts that, let the mercury sink clear out of sight as it likes, what matters it? They never really feel cold, not they. Look well after your nose and ears, for Jack Frost can't be fooled with, even in Winnipeg. Wrap yourself in a fur coat, and bundle your feet in a dozen pairs of socks, and a pair of moccasins, and you are all right.

Louis of Battenburg, the German prince, who is to marry Princess Boatrice is described as an awkward looking fellow anywhere but on horseback. The British taxpayer will, of course, have to foot the bill for the wedding and the maintenance of the subsequent establishment.

The young man it is said is being put through his facings as the Queen's future son-in-law. He has dined with Her Majesty and furnished the escort on various occasions of pomp and ceremony.

He is one year younger than his future wife, but that is no greater objection.

It is to be hoped that the Prince of Wales will treat him better than he treated his brother-in-law Lorne.

It is said that Princess Beatrice had begun to feel a little sore against her royal mother for keeping her so long from the honors and joys of matrimony. But can one wonder that the Queen should be anxious to keep one daughter with her as long as she can, that even after she has formed other ties, she should wish her to remain by her side. Her Majesty, like humbler folk, no doubt feels the need of close and affectionate companionship, a blessing which one in her position can hardly look for except with one closely connected by birth.

The person who does the public printing at Washington ought to get rich if he does any thing like proportionately with what some government printers in Canada are said to have done. The bill for printing last year was not less than \$3,000,000. What dream of a margin for profit does not this vast sum conjure up!

By the death of Mr. William Johnson, last week, the Reform party lost one of its most noted workers. Mr. Johnson, had he lived, gave every promise of a highly successful career. He was an energetic, painstaking able man. As an organizer and conductor of political contests, the Grit party will find some difficulty in replacing him.

By last accounts Rev. Mr. Withrow is getting on so nicely. The doctor is a able man, and an ornament of the great church to which he belongs.

Mother Mandelbaum has not fared well in Canada as many of her cotemporaries in crime have done. These awkward bottom laws, you know, which impose a penalty on the importation of precious stones, proved a barrier to her feeling of blissful security, which she did not anticipate.

has to pay some such little trifle as \$800 on the diamonds she brought with her when she thought she had been long enough in New York, and determined to cross the border.

The general disposition among the wiser heads in England with reference to the Nicaraguan canal scheme seems to be that the British Government has no call to interfere. It is really none of their funeral. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is really a dead thing, and it would be folly and worse to pick a quarrel with the United States on any such pretext.

It would not be wise in any case; but at this particular time, when Britain has so many things to see to, it would be madness.

France, it is said, intends to say nothing on the subject. That is, we presume, nothing in the meantime. We are very much mistaken if she is not just waiting to take her cue from England.

Can it be true, as some doctors say, that self-poisoning by chloral is so common among women. It is to be hoped not. That there is some of it, cannot be doubted for a moment, but that there is so much of it as some medical men would lead us to believe, is we hope, open to very considerable question.

Poor General Grant seems to be in bad financial straits. He borrowed \$150,000 from Vanderbilt at the time of the Grant and Ward failure, and now Vanderbilt has come down on him for it. A judgment has been entered against the old hero, in consequence of which an inventory of his effects has been taken which includes presents of weapons, bric-a-brac, and precious things of various kinds. Even the swords and medals awarded him by Congress are included, his pictures and books, and the engraved cards ordered to be struck to commemorate the thanks of Congress. It is safe to say that if Vanderbilt presses his claim so as to force a sale of all these things it will make him vastly more unpopular than even his historic, "The public be d—d."

The most ominous thing for freedom and free institutions is when there are multitudes so venal as to be ready to sell their votes for a dollar or a dram. This is just what they are doing to-day. Yes, and lying as they live, personating the absent and the dead. It is too bad. Not only so, but think of wretched creatures glorying in such work. A repeater, a personator, or a bribed person should be sent to herd with criminals and get a goodly allowance of raw hide besides. They are the greatest enemies freedom can encounter.

The *Christian Guardian*, of this city, the organ, of the Methodist Church, begins the new year in an entirely new form. It now comes out as a sixteen page paper with the pages neatly cut and pasted. New machinery has been imported at great cost for the purpose. The *Guardian* is the largest and most widely circulated denominational journal in Canada. It is well printed and ably edited, and wields a powerful influence for good. It is now in its fifty-seventh year, and is consequently the oldest of the Canadian religious journals.

The news that no demand, or, to use a better word, request, for an allowance for his eldest son Prince Albert Victor, would be made by the Prince of Wales, seemed almost too good news to be true, and now we find out why he did so. At the next session of Parliament it is understood that the Government will have on the table a proposition to lower Princess Beatrice with £150,000 upon her marriage with Prince

Henry of Battenburg, and also a proposition to give the young couple thereafter an annuity of \$30,000 to live on; another German Prince to be supported out of the pockets of the ratepayers, and while we are on this subject we will just give the readers of *TRUTH* an idea of how much the Royal family costs England. The Princess Royal receives £8,000 a year since her marriage in 1857. The Prince of Wales and Princess of Wales were voted £40,000 and £10,000 respectively at their marriage. The Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred, £15,000 a year since his majority in 1866, and an extra £10,000 since his marriage in 1874. Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, has been supplied with funds at the same proportion, £15,000 a year, since his majority, and £10,000 a year since his marriage. Princess Helena, of Schleswic, and Princess Louise have each received £6,000 a year since marriage. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, received £3,000 a year, and £2,000 a year since her marriage. Princess Augusta, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, has been paid £3,000 a year. The Duchess of Cambridge has been paid at the same rate and for the same time, viz.; £3,000 a year for thirty-nine years. The Duke of Cambridge has received £12,000 a year in yearly grants for thirty-two years, in addition to his military pay and other emoluments. Prince Leopold received £15,000 a year up to his death, and was voted £10,000 after his marriage, which, poor fellow, he did not long survive to enjoy.

The total sum thus spent on the support of the Royal family of England up to date amounts to the enormous sum of nearly £3,000,000 sterling.

Prince Bismarck must be a great favorite with his clerks. He lately informed the German Reichstag that they work from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight, that they are excellent lawyers and linguists, that they are absolutely trustworthy and and that he pays them much less than they would ordinarily earn in private life.

Madame Scalchi, in her suit against Manager Abbey for arrears of salary, has introduced the world to the interesting fact that a *prima donna assoluta* can not sing well or safely two hours after eating a hearty meal. She proved the fact by the testimony of several eminent singers, among them Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.

Persecution seems to have no salutary effect in abating the zeal of Mormon missionaries. They are as active as hornets in Switzerland even yet, despite the efforts against them. Nor do they seem to have much difficulty in making converts, the Swiss female mind being easily gulled by lying promises about marriage.

As was very generally feared one result of the Franco-Chinese war has been the cessation of missionary operations in Formosa. The Canadian Presbyterian missionaries, Messrs. McKay and Jamieson, with their wives, when last heard from were in Hong Kong.

Cobourg must brace up. For a town of its size, good looks and pretensions to be so deeply in debt, is disgraceful. Let it put itself up at auction, if it can't do better.

"Big Push" Wilkinson has a hard time of it. Poor beggar, they say he had to sneak home on Christmas day, and eat his dinner on the sly. Always the way. The chief conspirators get off pretty easily. The poor tool takes the sins of others into the wilderness with him.

On dit that *Grip's* independence, so called, gives offence in certain quarters. The *Grit* pushers like it first rate when he carica-

tures their foes, but when, for the sake of a show of consistency, he puts their phizzes on paper in a comical way, they don't half like it.

*Grip*, by the way, if rumor speaks truly, pays pretty well nowadays.

It deserves its success too, being a clean sheet, and independent enough no doubt for all practical purposes, though people do say that since some of the *Grit* mugwumps took stock in it, its grittiness has been more pronounced.

It is a good scheme the Presbyterians of this county are engaged in, trying to bring the salary of every minister in the denomination up to \$750 and a manso. It is little enough, in all conscience. Few people but ministers and their families know the number of calls that are made upon them. In the first place they need to keep up appearances to a certain extent. Few congregations, though they may pay their preacher little more than a mechanic's wages, would care to see him live like one. Those who paid least towards his support, would be the first to cry out in such a case. Then the minister has generally to entertain a great deal. Much more, certainly, than any average member of his congregation. In some places he almost keeps open house. Many people seem to regard "the minister's" as a sort of hotel, possessing the great advantage of being not merely "strictly temperance," but "absolutely free." And still further, he is expected to show a good example to his flock in the way of giving. They look to him to give a subscription to everything that comes along, and his wife, if he has one, is expected to do a good deal in the same way. Indeed, it is quite extraordinary how much some congregations expect to get out of a man and his wife for the beggarly \$600 or \$700 a year they give them. Though according to their scale of giving, their souls are only worth about \$5.00 apiece on the average, if as much, yet they expect their minister to remember that their souls are immortal, and therefore priceless.

We think a good deal could be said in favor of a law forbidding men and women to marry before they are twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, at any rate. That is quite soon enough. There are numbers of baby-faced girls taken to the altar every year, that are more fit for the nursery. Calf-love no doubt is inevitable. It is a pretty enough thing too, in its way, but there is no good reason why it should precipitate itself in to the state of matrimony.

Cleveland's praise is in the mouths of many, if not of all men in the States just now, because of some recent utterance of his about Civil Service reform. They have the right ring about them, that gives men good ground for believing that the right thing will be done. His letter to George William Curtis was plain, practical, and common-sense, just the kind of letter to be expected from a man like Cleveland.

Now that Mr. Manning has got himself into the Mayor's chair, it is to be hoped that both for his own sake, and the sake of the citizens, he will try to make for himself such a character as an efficient conscientious official, not seeking his own things so much as the general good, that when the next election season comes round, neither the *Globe* nor the *Telegram* nor the *World* can have any excuse for standing in the way of his triumphant re-election. He has an opportunity now, which, if he loses, he can never hope to recall. Let him put to shame those who say his first thoughts are always

for "Number one," by proving the falseness of their allegations.

By all means let him give his best attention to getting the citizens good water. It is badly enough needed, in all conscience. The kind of stuff people are forced to drink just now can be used with no little force against the introduction of Scott Act principles.

And if he puts the sewerage system of the city into better condition, he will earn the thanks of even the most dogged *Grit* wire-puller that worked against his election. Mayor Manning! quit yourself like a man now, and be strong! Show the mettle you are made of, and "by well-doing put to silence the enmity of (foolish?) men." One feels sorry for Withrow's disappointment, though it is impossible to feel much surprised. He worked hard, no doubt, and his friends worked hard, but it seemed to me as if Manning and Manning's friends worked harder still. They were more thoroughly organized, and then there was more personal enthusiasm among them.

It is a great pity that such contests should be allowed to degenerate into mere strifes of party. This, unfortunately, was a phase of the elections not confined to Toronto. It is, perhaps, hardly to be expected that political feeling should have no influence whatever in municipal elections, but the side that deliberately stirs up party spirit in such matters, acts the part of an enemy to the community. In Toronto, and no doubt elsewhere, both sides were quite conscious of this, and each industriously strove to cast the responsibility of such ill-judged action on the other.

But now that the elections are over, it is the duty of every good citizen to reconcile himself cheerfully, however personally disappointed he may feel, to the result of the popular election. Let him give an intelligent attention to municipal affairs. Let him follow the course of those whom the popular voice has chosen to superintend the business of the community. Let him show them that he takes an active interest in their measures. Let them see that they cannot hope to take any devious courses without his knowledge, and let them see also that if they show themselves honorable, trustworthy officers, he is ready to appreciate their efforts, and give honor where honor is due. Far too few citizens take the interest they ought to take in the proceedings of their "city fathers." Their meetings are open to the public. They should always be attended by the public. A very beneficial influence would be exerted if the proper advantage were taken of these meetings. How very few of our leading citizens ever see the inside of the Council room? They may glance over the report of what was done at such and such a meeting, and they may even read it through if it appears to be interesting, but as for attending these meetings themselves, it never seems to occur to them. This is altogether wrong.

An undertaker in London (Eng.) recently shocked public decency by advertising his trade in the public sheets by a procession of six men, each dressed in a long white garment, and a white weeper round his hat. Each carried in front of him also a coffin lid with skull and cross-bones painted on it.

General Grant's health is a subject of some anxiety just now. Some assert that he is in rather a bad way, while others say that the old soldier was never better. It can hardly be doubted, however, that the veteran's constitution has been considerably shattered by his experiences of the past year.

Truth's Contributors.

"Turning Over a New Leaf."

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D. D., TORONTO.

The opening year is an appropriate time for forming new purposes, making good resolutions, turning over a new leaf. Why should we not, as we "ring out the old," "ring in the new," thoughtfully ask ourselves, where we have committed blunders and mistakes, and try to avoid the errors and follies of the past?

A volume of 365 pages, many of them full of wrongs and mistakes which we would gladly blot out, has been closed and sealed and laid away on the shelf of the past awaiting the opening of the Judgment, and another volume has been put into our hands into which we are to work our lives.

Already we are slipping our fingers through the leaves and looking over the chalk-white opening pages. What number of pages the new volume contains for us we know not, for should the mystic book of the Future be spread before our eyes many of us would plainly read the prophetic sentence, "This year thou shalt die."

We have left the dead past, with its opportunities, failures, and broken promises, behind; and with new hopes and aspirations, and stronger resolutions we enter upon that to come.

As we think of the old purposes broken, we give the new ones a firmer twist, and, making stepping stones of our dead selves, enter the untrodden path. Even as we read, that strange, mysterious, awful thing which we call Time, is sliding, gliding, slipping on, and, "In to-day already walks to-morrow."

With many, more than anything, is needed a new start. Life, with its strong passions and disturbing currents of evil, and binding habits of sin, has got beyond their control. The ship, nobly built and freighted with immortality, is drifting helplessly and wind-piloted, at the mercy of every gale. And what is needed is that the will, reinforced by dependence upon Divine strength, gather up its reins, ship a good captain, and start on a new career.

What a wonderful truth it is, that the Author of our lives, in his Redeeming Love, has prepared a bankrupt act, so that we are all offered the advantages of a new start in life.

The old score may be cancelled, and all the guilty and sad past be but an ugly dream. In reforming and building character we may go "straight forward," turning neither to the right hand or the left. In Dr. Judson's life we find that a native Christian woman came to him to tell him that she was about to engage in something which he considered not conducive to her highest good. He urged her to give up her darling project. "Look here," said he eagerly, snatching a ruler from the table, and tracing not a very straight line upon the floor, "here is where you have been walking, a little crooked, to be sure, out of the path half the time, but then you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads, and now," bringing down the ruler with emphasis to indicate a certain position, "here you stand. You know where this path leads. You know what is before you. But to the left branches off another pleasant road, and along the air floats rather temptingly a pretty bubble. You do not mean to leave the path you have walked in; you only want to step aside and catch the bubble, and you think you will come back again, but you never will. Woman, think." She pondered, and kept on the straight path.

It will cost many a long, hard pull to get away from our old enemies, and follow in the path marked out by the Divine finger, but it is worth the effort.

The Dutch represent worldly vanity by the picture of a man carrying on his shoulders a full-blown bladder, and another behind pricking it with a pin, with the motto, "Quam Sabito." How soon all is blown down. So, the things that allure from the right road may seem great and important, but they are only as a straw on the mighty bosom of a flood.

Dear reader if you have "sworn off," if you have made good resolutions and purposes to turn over a new leaf, let nothing hinder you from honestly endeavoring to conform to your promises. It was just after the Battle of Antislant that President Lincoln urged upon his Cabinet the emancipation policy, and in a low, solemn tone he said that he had promised his God that he would do it. The Secretary, Mr. Chase, asked if they correctly understood him. And the President explained, "I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves." The proclamation was issued, and the manacles dropped from the limbs of four millions of slaves. So when thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it, for He hath no pleasure in fools. Pay that which thou hast vowed.

Many a prodigal, by grasping the cold hand of a dying father, with tears and sobbings has promised to forsake his evil ways and begin a new course of life, but ere the funeral solemnities have been over he has gone back to his old ways. So many a one by the bedside of the old dying year, the touch of whose hand has melted their heart, has promised to live differently, but before New Year's day was over the opening page was full of blot and blurs and broken vows.

Under the Imperial ensign, in the presence of the Legion with all its officers, the old Roman soldier surrendered allegiance to the reigning Caesar, and pledged fidelity to all the interests of the great Empire. So before the altar of High Heaven, why should not we make our pledges of fealty to the true and the good, and sign with the sign of the Cross our devotion to the best interests of humanity? And what is done must be done quickly. Now is the time for decisive action. Yesterday's work cannot be done to-day. The past is irreparable. The duties of to-day cannot be left until to-morrow, the chance once gone is lost forever. Turn over the leaf quickly—turn it now. Eternity is calling to you louder and louder, and it is "Now or Never."

Temperance Legislation in Massachusetts.

BY C. E. TILLINGHAST, STATE LIBRARIAN, BOSTON.

Probably in no one of the United States has the conflict between the home and the saloon been more constantly waged, and with more varying fortune, as in the historic commonwealth of Massachusetts. Certainly in no other has the progress, the victories and the defeats, been of greater interest, or awakened more comment or discussion.

The Pilgrims and the Puritans regarded drunkenness as a crime. As early as 1633 a man was placed in the stocks and fined for drunkenness in the Pilgrim Colony at Plymouth, and the same year the Puritans of the Massachusetts Colony ordered a man to wear a red letter "D" about his neck for a year, as a punishment for the same offence against public decency. In 1658 the Plymouth Colony disfranchised drunkards, and a decade earlier the Massachusetts Colony forbade, by statute, the drinking of healths. In 1646 the Massachusetts Colonists enacted a law which contained provisions authorizing the searching for, and the seizing of liquors, similar to those which were embodied, almost exactly two centuries later, in the famous "Maine Law." But for more than a century and a half thereafter the dangers and privations of pioneer life; the conflicts with stubborn nature on the one hand and the wily Indian on the other; the war of the Revolution, and the demoralization which war always brings in its train, coupled with the introduction of West India rum and the subsequent manufacture of New England rum, aggravated the evils of intemperance to such an extent that all legal restraint was practically relaxed. The convivial spirit pervaded all social occasions, and even attended upon the celebration of religious rites. The culminating point was reached about forty years after the close of the Revolution, when it was estimated that

the annual consumption of distilled liquors and wines averaged seven and a half gallons per capita for all the people of the United States. John Adams, almost alone among the early patriots of the State, called attention to the necessity of restraining the alarming evil, but it was not until 1811 that any body of people made any determined move toward even using moral effort to check the tide. The first step taken by the "General Association of Massachusetts" led to the formation of the "Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance" in 1813, which was followed by the establishment of forty auxiliary societies throughout the State within five years. The reform made slow progress, and some of the most prominent of the early reformers retired from the field in despair. The Society, however—the earliest organization of the kind of any note in the country—prepared the way and educated the people for future effort, and is still in existence, after more than three score years and ten of honorable, and more or less active service. Other societies, local and national, were formed to oppose intemperance on moral grounds, and to encourage total abstinence. Considerable success had been secured, when in 1840 the "Washingtonian" movement spread over the country with a rapidity which has never characterized any other step of the reform, and, according to the best estimates, reformed 600,000 drunkards in the United States. This was followed by the beneficent mission of Father Mathew, and then sprang up the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, and other secret orders to shield and sustain those who had been lifted up by the reform. From the early colonial legislation, to which reference has been made, there appears to have been no practical effort to restrain the evil by law until about 1835.

The granting of licenses was made one of the duties of the county commissioners, and, in order that the views of the people might be made effective, these offices were made elective. Within two or three years six of the fourteen counties of the State refused to grant licenses. In 1838 the legislature, by a more than a two-third vote, enacted a law which prohibited the sale of liquors, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes, in quantities of less than fifteen gallons—which became famous as the "Fifteen Gallon Law." Many ingenious devices were adopted to evade this law, and, judging from the sales, the mechanical industries needed frequent lubrication, and the health of the people waned so as to require an alarming amount of medical stimulant. One man started an exhibition of a "Striped Pig," and treated his thirsty patrons to a beverage which the delicate stomach of the pig repelled.

Two years later the law was repealed, and the struggle for local prohibition through the county commissioners was renewed with such effect that license practically ceased. The right of prohibition was contested, but, notwithstanding the arguments of Webster and Choate—the most eloquent advocates of the day—it was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, the best court of resort.

In 1852 a prohibitory law was enacted in Massachusetts—a law which had been framed and presented in this State a few years earlier, but which was christened the "Maine Law," because it became a law in that State a year earlier than it was placed on the statute books of Massachusetts. This law remained in force until 1868, when the liquor dealers secured for their champion the popular and patriotic war governor, John A. Andrew—a man that the people loved and almost revered. His argument, however fallacious, was brilliant, and since that day has remained for this locality the "classic" of license.

This effort, aided by all that money could do, and favored by changes in our population from foreign immigration and other causes, secured the repeal of the law, and the enactment of a license law in its stead. The results of this change were so bad that the next year the prohibitory law was restored. In 1870 this law was greatly weakened by the addition of a clause which allowed the sale of beer, porter and ale, as under the guise of these stronger liquors were sold.

In 1875 this law was repealed, and a license law substituted. The Legislature attempted to add a local option clause in 1877, but it was vetoed by the Executive, on the ground that the license law had not had time for a fair trial.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Crime Under Prohibition.

BY HON. J. B. FINCH, R. W. O. T.

Editor Truth.

During my recent trip in your country I was more than ever impressed with the fact that the liquor traffic has no legitimate defence, but that its only hope lies in misrepresentation and misstatement. The issue raised by the prohibition movement is simple, viz.: The relation of the alcoholic liquor traffic to society. Is the traffic a social nuisance that ought to be suppressed, or a social blessing that ought to be encouraged and defended? The question is, the guilt or innocence of the traffic as a social institution. To say that prohibition does not prohibit is an evasion of the issue raised by raising another, viz., the ability, efficacy and character of government. It is more than that, it is a plea of guilty to the charge of being a social enemy and a defiance of government. That the traffic ought to be suppressed is admitted, and the ability of government to suppress is the only question to be settled. In Canada, I find the old charge against prohibition, to wit, "Prohibition increases crime and pauperism in Maine." I was much astonished to find so-called official figures given to support this absurd statement. In this letter let me notice one of these statements, the crime in Maine. A table of figures giving the crimes committed in 1851 and 1880 in Maine, showing a great increase in crime, is going the rounds of the Canadian press. I have taken the trouble to look up the official record, and find the fraud to be in giving in 1851 the number of commitments to States' prison, and in 1870 the number of prisoners confined in States' prison. Even then the figures were not correct. One class of crime will do to expose the whole table. In 1851 the number of murders is given as 4; in 1880 as 21. The 21 murderers reported in 1880 were confined in States' prison. They committed their crimes as follows: 1857, 1; 1861, 1; 1863, 1; 1867, 1; 1869, 1; 1870, 1; 1872, 2; 1874, 2; 1875, 1; 1876, 3; 1879, 2; 1880, five. The same fraud is used in the other grades of crime, making the table a vicious falsehood. The real results of prohibition in Maine is best shown by comparing the criminal statistics of license States. In 1879 the number of persons in the States' prisons of Maine, New Hampshire, Alabama, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and California, was as follows:

Table showing crime statistics for Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and California in 1852 and 1880. Includes columns for population and crime rates.

The above figures show the criminals of all grades. The following shows the average of felonies:

Table showing the average of felonies for Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and California.

No person claims that the liquor traffic is the cause of all crime, but that the liquor traffic is the principal promoting cause of crime. That the public dramshop is a bad where crime is propagated, a nursery where vice is cradled, is an axiom that needs no demonstration.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, Jan. 6th, 1885. Matrimony is a high sea, and every man who plunges therein, runs a great risk of what he may find—treasures, pearls or terrors. "Robbie," said the visitor kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replies wee Robbie wrenly. "I'm all the children we've got." Masher—"Ah—h. Permit me to coax you, ladies!" Ladies—"Certainly; we're just going to get some oysters." A wife should be like roast-lamb, tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

Vertical text on the right margin containing various small notices, advertisements, and snippets of dialogue.

Tid-Bits.

\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

Commencing with this issue will be given weekly further notice, a prize of twenty dollars in gold for the best selected or Original Tid-Bit, which in the judgment of the committee, is thought suitable for this page. No conditions are attached to the competition except that each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least three months and must therefore send along with their Tid-Bit, half a dollar for the quarter's subscription. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional quarter for the half dollar sent. Competitors must send ONE TID-BIT only (the one among their collection they think is the best.) The article, or Tid-Bit, need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any pamphlet, book, newspaper, magazine or otherwise attached to a sheet of paper on which is written the name and post-office address of the sender. If two or more persons happen to send in the same article, the first one received will have the preference if it is considered by the editor as worthy of the prize offered. We want to make this one of the most interesting pages in TRUTH. The competition is open now. The first twenty dollars will be given immediately after the publication of our first issue in January. Look up your old or new scraps, or send us something original, and whenever it is published the prize will be promptly forwarded. Try now. Don't delay. The article, or Tid-Bit, may be only one line (if it contains the necessary point) and must not exceed a half a column in length. The offer is open now and until further notice, and the name of the sender and address in full, will be published immediately following the article. Address—Prize Tid Bit Committee, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada.

THE PRIZE TID-BIT.

SENT BY J. R. LAWSON, KUCLOUD AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Sleighting With a Belle.

Now along the snowy highway Slip the cutter and the maiden, And the fellow who is spoony, And the great big robe of bearskin, And the horse whose mouth is just a-bow as hard as is his harness, And the youth whose 'stache is sprouting Put his arm about the maiden, Not attending to the equine, And they tumble down the snowbank As you notice by the stockings, Striped, and of cheerful carnine, And the bill that young man payeth On the morrow knocks his salary for several weeks to blazes.

How to Make a Match.

Two lovers once, on an excursion, 'Midst other innocent diversion, Desirous all new things to see, Went through a big match factory. The flying wheels, the dust, the din, The unknown flitting out and in, The rats of red tartarum fire, And weird blue flames and odors dire, To their huge wonder did conspire. What need of so much pothering To make so very small a thing? They scarce could keep their faces straight, To see things go at such a rate. "O, Lucy," cried the laughing swain, "Some folks are fools, 'tis very plain— Now, if I were to make a match, Methinks I'd do it with dispatch." "Yes," simpered Lucy, "so would I— Say, John (she looked down), let's we try?" "All right," the swain responded quick, "You be the sulphur, I—the stick. Here goes!" He gave a sounding smack, Which she with unctious echoed back. The thing was done so spooning in it— They were engaged within the minute, Long may they live without a scratch, To prove the perils of a match.

Finally Said It.

Jeanne off is coy—so when one day I asked if still she loved the same, She shrugged her shoulders, turned away, And answered dully, "Je vous aime." "Ah, dear, if I have sinned," I cried, "I pray you my transgression name." "Why, what's the matter?" she replied; "Je vous respecte, que je vous aime." "Ah, why by coldness do you try To banish from my heart love's flame? Why should you lay your kindness by And say so crossly 'Je vous aime?'" "I merit not so fair a dove, I have not wealth, or rank, or fame; But you have said 'tis me you love, Then why this haughty 'Je vous aime?'" But with consummate art she played Some moments more her cunning game, And on my heart sad burdens laid By her half-meeting "Je vous aime."

Probably Sorry She Said It.

Last night, within the little curtained room, Where the gay music sounded faintly clear, And silver lights came stealing through the gloom, You told the tale that women love to hear; And deep eyes glowing with a tender light, Mere acting? but your prayer was half divine Last night, last night.

Ah, you had much to offer—wealth enough To guild the future, and a path of ease For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough; New friends—life calm as summer seas— And something (was it love?) to keep us true And make precious in each other's sight. Ah, then, indeed, my heart's resolve I know, Last night, last night.

Let the world go, with all its dress and pelf! Only for one, like Portia, could I say, "I would be trebled twenty times myself." Only for one, and he is far away; His voice came back to me, distinct and dear, And thrilled me with the pain of lost delight; The present faded, but the past was clear, Last night, last night.

If others answered as I answered then, We would hear less, perchance, of blighted lives; There would be truer women, nobler men, And fewer dreary homes and faithless wives; Because I could not give you all my best, I gave you nothing. Judge me—was I right? You may thank Heaven that I stood the test. Last night, last night.

His Apology.

Your coming in last night, my love, Was something sudden, I was helping Nell To tie the ribbon of her rigoletto; She put the crimson of her mouth up—well, I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing, came, Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden Northern lights Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes; I like such things, I like to see the wind Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies; I like the sea, and when it's really mad, A very pretty woman very mad!

I liked the dangerous and regal air (You bear a Queen's name and a Queen your are) With which you donned your thicket opera cloak, And clasped it with a diamond like a star. 'Twas charming in my mistress. But, my life It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then I should not like to own them. Who would be Proprietor of earthquakes or loose hurricanes, Or comets plunging in celestial sea? Or wed a maid that could, if she should please, Give him a touch of one of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunderstorm Brood in your eyes, with every now and then A flash of angry lightning. You have had Your March and April, now be June again; And let your fine-cut eyebrows' alien span Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now (You'll spoil that roscodid if you twist it so) Give me both hands, that I may say "Good Bess, The Good Queen Bess, and kiss you, ere I go— The Good Queen Bess, whose heart, and mind, and face Teach me to love all women—as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell, I honored one who taught me to admire Hair worn in their twenties—don't you see? But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her, Her lips quite close—now this entre nous— Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you!

On account of a typographical error occurring in last week's prize Tid-Bit, we again publish it this week:— ODE TO TRUTH—AN ACROSTIC.

Thrones, dominions, stately towers, Royal names and princely powers Upward rise, then prostrate fall; Thou, Oh Truth, unlike them all— Heaven born,—shall never fall.

Thou'st welcome, Truth, to hearts and homes, Right cheerily we greet thee; Unique, harmonious with the times, Thy pages filled with prose and rhymes, Ho! haste we then to meet thee.

Anticipating the Confidence Trick.

He was a plain old man from the country; he wore an old-style, broad-brimmed hat, and his clothes were homespun; but when a slick-looking stranger stepped up to him and professed to know him, and asked all about his wife and family, and wanted to know when he came down and when he was going back, the old man declined the proffered hand, and drawing back said: "That's all right, young man; never mind the preliminaries; get right down to business 'twonce. You've got some goods at the depot and want to pay the freight? Haven't got nothin' but a fifty-dollar bill, and let you have five-and-twenty dollars to pay the freight? Or perhaps you've just draw'd a prize in a lottery, and would I just step round with you and see you get the money; or p'raps—"

But the confidence man had slipped away; the old man was too well posted altogether. As the old man gazed after his retreating figure he chuckled out: "Slipped up that time, Mr. Bunker; I'm posted—I read the papers."

Uncle Daniel Drew.

One day when Uncle Daniel Drew was in the zenith of his power, so to say, a gentleman stopped him on the street and said: "Mr. Drew, I believe you are a Christian man?"

"Well, y-e-s," answered the speculator. "Then I ask you to do the right thing by me. A month ago I sold you some Blank & Blank railroad stock at 33. In two weeks it jumped to 60. It is only fair that you should present me with at least \$1,000.

"My Christian friend," replied Uncle Daniel, with a lonesome squint to his left eye, "I remember that transaction. Next day after buying the bonds I concluded that I had made a fool of myself, and therefore resold for 35. Let us embrace and console each other and divide my loss between us.— [Wall Street News.

Cross Purposes.

An Irishman one morning went out very early in search of some game on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner, whom did he meet but the gentleman who owned the estate. Paddy, seeing the game was up, coolly advanced toward the gentleman and said, "The top of the morning to your honor! and what brought your honor out so early this morning?" The gentleman replied by saying, "Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out to see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast;" and then, eyeing Paddy rather suspiciously, said, "and now, Paddy, what brought you out so early this morning?" Paddy replied, "Indeed, your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could find a breakfast for my appetite!"

Japanese English.

The Japanese are very precise and correct, as a rule, in their pronunciation of English, as they learn more or less like parrots. One day a man went into the Hiogo telegraph office with a message to be sent to Osaka. The polite Jap took it from him, looked blandly over it, and then said: "You—cannot—send—this—message—to-day." "Why?" "The—gentleman—who—takes—charge—of—the—telegraph—office—is—drunk." "Indeed! Is he often taken like that?" "He—is—very—frequently—drunk." "Well, what am I to do?" "If—you—will—leave—your—address—I—will—send—and—tell—you—when—he—is—sober."

Before And After.

Just starting off on the wedding trip Young Wife—I am a—id, dear, that our trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very expensive.

Young Husband—It may be a trifle expensive, but just think what a delightful time we will have!

Just ending the wedding trip: Young Wife—What a delightful time we have had, dear!

Young Husband—Yes we have had a pleasant enough time, but just think what an awful expense it has been!

Only Wait.

A wise Quakeress used to say, in her sermons, that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was, their climbing trees to shake fruit down, when, if they only waited a little, it would fall of its own accord; the second was, that they should go to kill each other, when, if they but waited, they would all die naturally; and the third was, that they should run after women, which, if they would not do, the women would be sure to run after them.—[Baptist Weekly.

A Ride on His Knees.

The obliging visitor, to show that he is really fond of children, and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, treats the kid to a ride upon his knees. "Trot, trot, trot! How do you like that, my boy! Is that nice?" "Yes sir," replies the child, "but not so nice as on the real donkey, the one with four legs!"

"A Solemnious Occashun."

Parson Whangdoodle Baxter distinguished himself once more at the funeral of an aged colored man:

"Our diseased brudder was married foah times during his life," said Whangdoodle, "but only one ob de widows an so fortunato as to be able to survive him long enough to be present on dis heal very solemnious occashun.—[Texas Siftings.

A lady in Cosoytown discovered a mouse in the flour-barrel. She summoned her husband and told him to get a gun and call the dog and station him near the scene of onslaught. Getting up on a high chair she commenced punching the flour-barrel with a pole. The poor mouse soon made its appearance and started across the floor, the dog immediately in pursuit. In the excitement the man fired the gun, killing the dog, and the lady fainted and fell off the chair. The man thinking that she was dead and fearing arrest for murder, cleared out and has not been heard of since. The mouse escaped.

He had just gone down and purchased two tickets for the opera, and grasping the two halves of his week's salary he hastened to the house and was ushered into her presence. "Ah, Miss do Smith, a very cold day, is it not? Will you not allow me the pleasure of being your escort to the opera to-night?" "O, thank you so much, but, Mr. Brown has asked me, and I am afraid I shall have to refuse you; I am so sorry. Yes, indeed, it is a very, very cold day."

A check for Mountainville, Miss? I should like to accommodate you; but hadn't you better change your route?" Fashionable Miss—"Change my route, indeed! What do you mean, sir?" "O, I don't mean no disrespect; no, indeed, Miss. But there's a good many tunnels on that road." "Well, suppose there are, I'm not afraid of tunnels." "Of course not, Miss; but I don't see how they're ever going to get that trunk through 'em."

She had named Friday of the following week as a day for the wedding. "But Friday is an unlucky day," said George. "O, so it is!" she exclaimed. "I had forgotten that. No, it wouldn't do to be married Friday." "How would Saturday or Monday do?" suggested George, tenderly. The girl hesitated and blushed a little. Then she said: "I—I think Thursday would be better, George."

Last Sunday an up-town lady appeared ready for church in a magnificent new silk dress. "Won't you feel uncomfortable in that dress at church?" asked her husband, "The weather is warm and it seems to fit you very snugly." "I think not," she said. "No woman ever found a new silk dress uncomfortable in church."

"You are very late sending your evening mail out," said an editor to his daughter, when he came home at 2 in the morning and met a timid shivering young man between the front door and the gate. "Not at all," answered the thoughtful girl, "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."

There, before the boudoir dresser, With an animated face, Holding fast a sponge and bottle, In her girlish glee and grace She exclaims: "O, I am saintly, For is not the proverb sung; Worried thus, so very quaintly: 'Yes, the truly good dye young.'"

A physician says:—"If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." He doesn't state how long the child should be boiled. We should think there would be danger of leaving it to boil too long.

An old Scotch keeper said, when asked what he thought of some bigger fish than his own which was reported: "Aye, aye! they're nae bigger fish; they're just bigger leetars!"

"One glass sometimes makes a tumbler," remarked the chap who found that a single drink of rum punch triced his legs in a bow knot.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"The larks are loud above our leagues of white, Now the sun's perfume fills their glorious gold With odor like the color; all the world Is only light and song and wind whorled These twins are blest in one with shining din."

Joy and Blyth were up on the moors a morning or two later. Before them lay a long, sloping hill-side yellow with gorse, sweet of scent, alive with music of gladness; for, as old Dunbar sings,

"The skies rang with shouting of the larks." They rambled where their feet had so often strayed together as children; for Blyth said he felt as if he could not look enough upon all the old spots he loved, nor take his fill of the strong, sweet moor-air again into his lungs.

How young and happy and handsome they both were, wandering over the heather and bracken! The sun looked down with a great shining eye of love upon them out of a deep blue sky, swept clear of clouds by the high breeze. The lintwhites and stone-chats whirred in and out of the furze before them, playing courtship; the brown bees droned heavily by, honey-laden from the heather, working for their home and hive. All things around in earth and sky seemed only to speak of love and gladness and mirth. They were in the heyday of their youth and beauty, and the gorse was in bloom when "kissing is in favor."

At last, after a quick hour's stretch up the hills, which tried their breath, good walker though Joy was, and because Blyth had been so long pent up on ship-board, they sat down on the hill-side to rest. And then it was little wonder, as Joy sat on a flat stone, like a young princess of the moors in her proud beauty, that Blyth stretched himself at her feet in silent worship; and while he let his gaze rest on her now and again by stealth, felt sweet and secret thoughts creep about his heart.

Her hair, that waved in strong, glossy ripples back from her pretty ears, was black as were the ravens yonder up at the tor, with blue lights in the sun, such as none of the soft-complexioned, born-haired maidens round could equal. The sunny, laughing face, with its clear olive tint and glorious, dark-red glow of health, showed, too, such a gleam of snowy teeth between her lips which last were like

"Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower."

And her eyes were dark suns, lighted up with frank affection for all the world, yet holding depths of untried love for some. Joy was not by nature a deep-thinking girl, or given to learning, or with craft or ambition in the least degree. Yet neither was she light or shallow, nor even simple—a woman to love and be loved, caring deeply but for few, may be, but for those with all her heart and soul, besides her duty to her Maker; blending passionate, earthly feeling with religious devotion. A woman who would tend and toil and toil for husband and children to her last breath, and still be happy, having them.

All the while, walking, Blyth had only talked of Australia—by fits and starts interrupting himself to exclaim on the home-nights round him. He spoke in answer to Joy's repeated and rather pertinacious questions, and answered her about the climate, and that his uncle had been kind to him; so that he was sorry when the old man died, though it left himself free to come home after settling what business remained. But, though thus talking, it was curious how little he told! He never said if the dead man had been rich or poor, or had left himself aught. Joy little heeded; she kept to the subject because it was so safe. She was quite sure Blyth would hold back no secrets from her. But when they sat, neither spoke much for a time; for indeed Joy was rather silent for a woman, and her eyes often said more than her tongue.

At last Blyth said, softly, "Joy, do you remember, one August evening, a little while before I went away, nearly three years ago, we were coming over Blacktor there, and found some white heather? I have the sprig you gave me still."

Joy, surprised, blushed a little as he deliberately drew a leather pocket-book from the breast of his coat, and showed her, carefully wrapped therein in paper, a small brown sprig.

"It—it has nearly crumbled away," she said, suddenly embarrassed.

"Yes," answered Blyth. He did not wish to hurry her, so added, in a musing way, "Don't you think you might give me a fresh flower, now?"

Joy looked at the young whortleberries that grow thick and pale-green underfoot, and then around, where only golden gorse met her gaze; and that she could not give because of its meaning.

"Wait. There are flowers of all sorts at home in the garden," she said, laughing under her breath at him. "Wall-flowers, and—and bachelor's buttons and lavender."

She had thought of prettier flowers even in the haste of her answer: pansies—but their other name was jump-up-and-kiss-me—and rosemary—but that meant remembrance; while forget-me-nots must not be thought of.

"Yes, and there are hen-and-chicken daisies and rose-peonies and—and monk's-hood and snap-dragon. I wonder you do not offer them too, Joy," said the young giant at her feet, rather angrily.

But his heart was so soft toward her that love extinguished anger, and he added, in gentle reproach,

"I should have liked a red rose, such as the one you wore the other night in your breast when I came."

"Oh, I nearly always wear them; our red roses blow best. Perhaps—but I do not promise," answered Joy, still smiling in her glorious fresh beauty above him, and keeping her light air.

"No, will you come back with me past Rossett's-tor, and down to see the holidays—again?"

"But, Blyth, you forgot; the sheep that the father wished you to see are on the other side of the valley."

A little silence. Young Berrington, strong, handsome, and travelled as he was, began to feel as if he were getting no further in his love-making. Nevertheless, the fresh west wind blowing on his face brought a sense of elation and briskness of spirit in its breath. And all the earth was full of secret strivings, budding, and bursting to sure success in blossom and fruit, which makes spring the season of hope. Lying there on the heather hills owned by his father, seeing with lazy, half-closed eyes their own flocks of sheep, all baa-ing and springing and browsing around, with a large red B on their fat flanks; and farther on all their grazing cattle in the valley; and the meadows with the milk-kine near the brown, stout farmstead walls just to be described in the distance—seeing all this, I say, such a sense of solidity and well-being brought comfort into Blyth's soul, that with Joy, his dear little playfellow of old, and sweetheart now, beside him, he could not believe it possible he should lose her any more than these.

So, plucking up courage, he beat about the bush no more, but went manfully straight to the point, though with some awkwardness of voice and inward hesitation.

"I have not yet spoken to you, Joy, about the question I asked you when I went away, two years and a half ago—whether you would be my wife. But since I have been at home these two days—the—has been so much to see on the farm; and my father and Hannah always beside us, to hear any such talk;—and I feared it would seem too soon, to—"

"Yes, Blyth; it would have been too soon."

"Maybe. But to-day it came upon me you might think my mind had changed," pursued Blyth, keeping to his point as steadily and straight as he had often driven Dogberry and Dewberry, their last farm-bred pair of horses, through the heaviest furrows of the low wheat-fields when holding the plough. "I do not want to hurry you, nay, nor hurry you either, dear, God forbid! You are under the shelter of my father's roof; and, rather than vex you by presuming on that situation, I would go back to Australia, ay, for a year, till you had decided in your own heart; or—for always!"

The blood had come into Blyth's cheeks, and a clear ring to his voice now, as he faced his own words. He had scarcely meant to say this last; and yet, now he had

said it; he believed it was right, and meant to stick to it.

"No, no, no!" cried Joy, warm and quick, all her lightness gone, and speaking with her whole loving woman's soul. "You are too generous, Blyth. It is I who must leave the farm if we—disagree about this matter. I am not your father's daughter, dearly as I love him. You are his son; and he is an old man."

"Why should we disagree?" Blyth went on, sturdily, almost stolidly. "You are so fond of my father and the Red House, and we have been fast comrades ever since the evening you came as a little girl in our wagon; and I loved you at first sight then, as I do now. Why?—but have there been others while I was away? Tell me, Joy, have there been others?"

His tone had changed, with the last turn in his thoughts, to one of almost stern insistence. Vexed with him, Joy cried back, in frank and saucy petulance,

"Others! yes; half a score of admirers. Do you think, sir, that no eyes but your own should like to look at me?"

"To admire you is one thing, and is quite natural; but what I want to know is this; do others, or does some one—whom perhaps you like—seek to marry you?"

Blyth spoke heavily, only wishing to learn how far matters had gone. For if this girl, his dear little playfellow of old, was unhappy, he must help her, at whatever cost to himself. But her hasty woman's mind over-shot his meaning, like an arrow sped by one of too fearful a heart, yet no coward, rather one imagining and daring the worst.

"I thank you, Blyth Berrington. You are worldly wise. Hannah taught me as much long ago, though, in an old Scotch song of hers, so I am not at all offended."

Upon which Joy raised her voice, and sent it thrilling clearly over the furr,lea, singing,

"Be a lassie ne'er see black, Gin she ha'e the penny ailler; Set her up on Tintock tap, The wind will blow a guideman till her,

"Be a lassie e'er see fair, An' she want the penny ailler, A file may tell her the air, Before a man be e'en'd till her."

She sang with a merry, mocking lilt, as if not caring a straw. Yet however quick to take fire, and brave to scorn her own pain, Joy was still more guileless in all things, and her lip trembled. Blyth saw it, slow of perception as she thought him.

"I don't like your Scotch words, nor their meaning," replied he, with gathering warmth, fixing his blue eyes full upon her, and rousing like a sleepy young lion, who shakes himself and rises from his couch.

"Your song is folly to an honest man, as satire often enough is. Here am I, for one, no better, I fear, than most men, unless they are fools or rogues or liars. Yet I would myself more lucky to get you for my wife, with only the gown on your back, than another girl who owned all the forest of the moor and the lowlands that run for twenty miles down to the sea. There?"

"You are a good man, Blyth Berrington," breathed Joy, with heaving breast, and breath that quickly came and went. "But there is more to say. Could you hold up your head, proud as you are that the Berringtons have been honest people for generations, if the other farmers round knew that you had married a covvier's daughter?"

Her eyes shot a gleam like a swordflash, accompanying the swift thrust of her words. She thought to herself, "By this I will try him."

Blyth never flinched from her gaze, but, standing straight and strong on the hillside before her, raised his open hand toward the sky in grandly simple attestation of his words.

"As there is a heaven above us, I swear that I would marry you if your father, grandfather, and every man ancestor of your family each swung on a gibbet on every tor round the moors!" Then resuming his ordinary quiet manner he came near, and said, tenderly, "Darling, is that all?"

"No," whispered Joy, so moved she could hardly speak. "There is—did you know—my poor mad mother down there in the cottage?"

"Yes; I guessed it long ago. My father told me as much as he could, without breaking faith, three years ago, and Hannah let out more, as women will. Poor child! does that thought distress you so much?" and Blyth dropped on his knees beside her, the better to give her comfort. "Dear Joy! she was driven crazy by an unhappy marriage,

and her temper was not one to bear such troubles well, I have gathered. But if kindness can soothe her declining days, let me help—"

"Ah, how do I know that she will have me, Blyth? I owe her all duty because she is unhappy; but still she has her own reason between-whiles, and will talk to me often, poor soul, of having the moors, and of her ambition for me."

"Her ambition! and what is that?" "She wishes me to marry a rich man—a gentleman."

Blyth gently drew back a little, and an odd smile, small of its kind, sat a moment on his lips. As to Joy, the moment she had spoken, looking at him, a glow of crimson so spread in a shamed tide from her beating heart over her cheeks that she hid her face in her hands and wept. Her soul had melted within her, thinking how the friend and comrade of her whole young life had spoken to her, and how she had answered him. Besides, she could not look at him, for he seemed a new man. What was this feeling?

Had she not always known that Blyth had a noble head, and hair as yellow as a wheat-field, and eyes as blue as the far, far sea one could just see from the top of the highest tor; and that he was straight and tall and stalwart as any young oak down in the wooded country. But never before had it come to her to wonder how it would be, for the last time, she saw those eyes turned up to hers in honest, dumb beseeching—to go away and never see Blyth or the Red House nigh again.

And yet others (Stennie Hawkahaw for one) were handsome too, and admired her, and—Oh, it is hard for a girl to know what is best sometimes, as also what she truly wishes!

"Don't cry, dear; don't," said Blyth, pained. Then he spoke with a sort of sorrowful wonder, his voice seeming strange, yet as familiar to her as the scent of the gorse, or the larks' songs and the sun shining; she knew its tones so well, though the words were new. "But, Joy darling—surely you love me a little?"

"I do like you very much, Blyth," she answered, with quick breath. "Indeed I have always loved you as a brother, and so still. But whether I care for you more, this is the whole truth—I don't know! So here, this is what I fear, that you and I have grown up so used to being together, we are used to the Red House, and seeing the Chad flow by, and the heather grow on the hills, that we may mistake this feeling of habit and true liking for the highest passion of which our hearts are capable. Then if we found out our mistake too late, we should be miserable. When you went away I was still almost a child, too!"

"That is true. But I was a man in heart and have come to know my own mind fixed, while far away." "There has not been time for me since you came back to know mine; and besides I hardly know you for the same again," murmured Joy. "Give me time, Blyth—long time."

"Would a month be too short for you, Joy? To me it means four long weeks; I have now been here three days, too." "A month—let it be at least midsummer's eve. That is only a few days more," she pleaded.

"Well, let it be as you wish, dear. While, at least tell me this, that you are free. If my chance is as good as another's I will not yield to any man. But if not—you must trust me indeed as a brother. And—I will swear to help you."

He spoke slowly and sighed. Joy did not mistake his slowness now.

"I am quite free; oh, yes," she said, clear. "Thank you from my heart, and clear. Come, dinner will be waiting; Blyth; let us go home."

CHAPTER XXXII

"Of all the torments, all the cares, With which our lives are crissed, Of all the plagues a lover bears, Sure rivals are the worst. By partners in each other kind, Afflictions easier grow. In love alone we have to find Companions of our woe."—WALSH.

That same afternoon, after he had been on the moor with Joy, Blyth sought Hannah in the wash-house, hoping for some private words. But the good soul was most invisible from the steam of hot water rising out of the great tubs around, and piles of wet clothes surrounded her like thick clouds over which angels peeped

heads family ing, w farm- linen- red fa forcbe for lov "It said in you ha the Lo is too work. "W is no lo ones. since y give it a good week's your ch safe on comes f directly "Qui turning pleauri Hannah He di terview cause er he knew Magdala When at the R rington and som him on might b taying up flowers, Each one own fast reigning inhaled yard on found he in state crowded and thei dreaming nearly dea market. "Here bread of butter, sc meat (the Friday d nah said, her chick "I wisl co from Blyth, w that awai "Ay, p or my o plague," s rank: "No more delicate orbye tha will eat th Hannah speaking o and not wi rondered rouble to "Hanna she pleaded. "Well, let it be as you wish, dear. M only. "ec House taking yo not—you must trust me indeed as a broth Hannah arned alm sibly mo "What r, Miss ratoring; rect forr outh, "I tistraction Blyth k oulder. "You g at kind; Miss Joy were to l an the I old go a "Oh, I ay my br n, trying w of pos used to g future, B

heads and shoulders in the farmer's old family Bible. Mistress Hannah was scolding, washing, and vigorously directing two farm women who were wringing out the linen—all in a breath. As she turned a hot red face of inquiry to Blyth, and wiped her forehead, he felt it was not the time or place for love-confidences.

"It is Saturday evening, Hannah," he said in her ear, with a significant look; "so you had better let me carry the basket to the Logans, now I am home again. It is too heavy for you, after all this hard work."

"Well, as to its being too heavy, there is no labor I would call too great for those ones. I've done it these three years, night since you went away, and the master had to give it up when his legs failed. Still, it's a good offer, and I'm obliged—and this week's wash is heavier by ordinary with all your clothes forbye the rest. Besides, it's safe enough, for only Miss Rachel ever comes for the basket, and if you walk off directly she'll not see you."

"Quite so, quite so," responded Blyth turning on his heel with alacrity, and with pleasure in his heart. "Then that's settled, Hannah, I'll take it."

He distinctly meant to seek a private interview with Rachel Estons, and plead his cause and gain her aid, if possible; and now he knew how to do this without rousing Magdalen's quick suspicions.

When the evening fell, it was the custom at the Red House after supper for old Berrington to sit in the porch, with his pipe and some beer comfortably placed beside him on a small table. Joy, meanwhile, might be straying near him in the garden, tying up pinks, or otherwise tending the flowers, or taking a stroll down the lane. Each one enjoyed his or her ease after their own fashion. And Hannah, for her part, reigning over the back premises, generally inhaled the cool of the air in the poultry-yard outside the kitchen. Hero Blyth found her on this special evening, sitting in state on an inverted bucket, while a crowded court of scratching, clucking hens and their broods surrounded her, little dreaming she mused how many should find early deaths and grace the pot, or go to market.

"Here is your basket ready—a batch of bread of my own making, and Miss Joy's butter, some eggs, and a little bit of flesh meat (they don't eat as much as a sparrow's Friday dinner). It's heavy enough," Hannah said, hardly looking up, still counting her chickens.

"I wish they would take the loan of a goat from us, and graze it up the glen. Goat's milk is not fit for them," observed Blyth, without yet touching the burden that awaited him.

"Ay, pride's an ill horse to ride; and, for my own part, I never found plenty a plague," sentimentally returned Hannah. "I was thinking just now that next year I'll raise more young game-hens. Their eggs are delicate, and your father likes them, or by that those at the cottage up yonder will eat them when they care for no other."

Hannah always used vague terms when speaking of the sisters at Cold-Home. They had not wished to be known as ladies, and pondered at; so in her respect she was contented to find any suitable phrases.)

"Hannah, I wonder how we should get a without you," said the young man suddenly. "You would not like to leave the Red House either, and turn out now, after making yourself and us comfortable for so long; would you?"

Hannah gave a jump on her bucket, and turned almost pale. Her big person was so visibly moved she quaked like a jelly.

"What do you mean, Blyth?—I ask pardon, Mister Blyth?" she said, her voice wavering; adding with sinking heart the correct form of words so long disused in her mouth, "If so be that I have not given satisfaction—"

Blyth kindly stooped and patted her shoulder.

"You good old goose! It's nothing of that kind; but can't you guess my meaning? Miss Joy—here he lowered his voice—"if we were to like other places and people better at the Red House and us—why, you would go away with her, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, I see; yes—that's it. You took my breath very nearly," gasped Hannah, trying to recover the shock of this new flow of possibilities. But her puzzled mind used to grasp the change of ideas as to the future, and she could only utter in feeble protest, "But I thought that you and she—"

at least, you seemed made for each other from you were children. And the master—he was by way of telling me you were courting her only this blessed morning. Besides, there's no man after her to compare with yourself in these parts; unless to some folks' mind that young Steenie Hawkshaw."

"Ah—Hawkshaw? And does he come often, Hannah?"

"More often than my will allows him," returned the old woman, emphatically. "He may have a handsome face, still there's an empty head behind it, and a poor heart below it. But there! I spoke up for you while you were far away; for, thinks I, it's a poor hen that can't scrape for one chicken, and Miss Joy has only me to look after her. But now you're back, and you're not the man I take you for if you need an old wife's help in courting."

"Her mother wants her to marry a gentleman, Hannah. And, they say, Steenie Hawkshaw calls himself one now."

"A gentleman? Oh, Lord! dart his impudence! I've known too much of that sort of gentlemen in my life," replied Hannah, with a snort of indignation.

"You would prefer an honest farmer like me. Well, I am glad to have you on my side, Hannah," smiled Blyth, adding, in a slightly scornful tone, "And if becoming a gentleman depends on a fair stock of grandfathers, or a smattering of learning, or even a longer purse than one's neighbors, why, who knows but I might hold my own with my rival yet?"

"It's not all that," sobbed Hannah, fairly overcome now. "It's the airs that does it! Your mother was a lady, if only a governess; and his was a gypsy, they say, and not rightly married, either. But no matter; it's always airs as gets folks on in this world, and he's got the best of them."

"Well, good-night, Hannah; I must be going."

Young Berrington caught up the heavy basket like a feather-weight and trudged off. He was secretly well pleased with the probable result of his own wiliness, and thought gayly enough, "All's fair in love or war."

The night was falling when he parted from Hannah in the Red House fowl-yard. The darkness had deepened when he found himself waiting behind the Logans. He listened, it seemed for a long time, but heard nothing of human presence—only a night-jar's cry, or the short, fine squeak of the bats flying around like winged mice, or perhaps a cry, as mournful as that of a lost child, which came from the white owls who lived up in the wood, and were now hunting their prey of "rats, mice, and such small deer" in noiseless flight. At last he distinguished a light footstep coming stealing over the ground, halting in an uncertain way, then fitfully nearing him. It approached.

"Miss Rachel!" said Blyth, stepping out from the black darkness of the big stone. There was a cry. He saw a white face one instant; the next, a black, slight figure went speeding away through the night like a scared shadow, and he knew he had frightened Joy's mother.

"It is only Berrington—Blyth Berrington," he shouted, in his fresh, honest voice, to reassure her.

But no answer came back, though he waited long. And there lay the basket. Heartily vexed, and not knowing what was best, Blyth at last took up the cottage provisions again, which he carried as far as the little porch of Cold-home; setting down his load with a sound thump, and clearing his throat with a resounding "Hem!" before remarking aloud, "I beg pardon—the basket!"

He fancied a nervous wailing could be heard behind the cottage door, and soothing, whispering sounds of answer. As he slowly retreated, Cold-home door opened, and by the lantern he could decry the sister's figures, both peeping after him. He halted and hesitated.

"Thank you, Blyth—I had lamed my foot with a thorn," said Rachel's clear voice, reaching him some yards away, though she seemed to speak low. "Don't wait."

Blyth Berrington took off his hat courteously, though they could hardly see the action. He went home in the darkness less gay than he had gone forth that night, feeling foiled.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"If ye would love and loved be, In mind keep well these things three, And sadly in thy breast imprint— Be secret, true, and patient!"

"Thus he that wants one of these three, A lover glad may never be. But aye in something discontent— Be secret, true, and patient!"—DUNBAR.

They were very busy at Red House Farm with the moor-ponies. These had been driven in from the hills into a stone-fenced pound, and then Blyth and his men chose out of those branded with George Berrington's mark all fitted for breaking-in for house or for sale. The latter were now confined in a large lower yard, where they behaved much like school-boys when holidays are over and lessons not yet begun, alternately playing with, kicking, or biting each other.

"There is a beauty! Oh, I should like to have that one myself to ride," Joy had cried, pointing out a jetty black pony, with never a white hair upon it.

This was a handsome little animal, with short, thick, fore-legs, a broad, intelligent forehead, and prominent eyes; short in the back, and with strong hind-quarters.

"He is the pick of the basket," quoth Blyth, looking at the little beast with sage deliberation. "You are right, Joy; and you shall have him. I will train him for you myself."

Whereupon he gave orders to Dick that no one but himself (Blyth) should touch or meddle with Blackberry, as Joy had named her choice. All the Red House horses were called after berries of some sort. Blackberry was to be the young mistress's own pony, and required a careful education. Dick only put his tongue in his cheek, and at once resolved, like the obstinate old block-head that he was, to have his finger, when possible, in this pie.

This training of the moor pony is like unto the Firstly of the short discourse of this simple chapter. The Secondly concerns an incident of the sheep-washing on the farm.

The Chad had been partly dammed in the near meadow, at a spot where it ran shallow and sparkling, after having just made a wide pool, firm of footing, and not much deeper than would reach to a well-grown man's knee. Here, time out of mind, the Red House sheep had been washed; once more, the cleansing of the flock began. But presently, whilst overlooking his men, young Berrington's soul became sorely vexed within him.

All the laboring men of those parts had most easy, if not lazy, notions of what a day's work might be. And while he, who had always felt proud and glad of exerting his strength—and came indeed of a different race long ago than theirs—had brought back fresh vigor and ideas of energy from Australia, without doubt the farm-work had been growing more and more slack in his absence. Old Farmer Berrington seemed to have lost heart while his handsome son was away. His weight of flesh was a heavy burden upon him. Because he suffered from gout and swelling of the legs, he could only move about slowly and not far; wherefore, his men behaved more and more as if they had all bad legs too. Dick was the worst, being as nearly a rogue as an honest man can well be; also that often privileged plague, an old servant.

So now, as the sun grew hot that day, so did Blyth's inward wrath, as he from time to time urged on the easy-tempered laggards who washed the sheep, while another man passed each animal down, and boys and sheep-dogs kept the flocks from straying. Meanwhile, Joy and old Berrington looked on from beneath the shade of an oak tree on the bank, and saw little amiss.

"Isn't it a pretty sight?" exclaimed Joy, rejoicing in the warm sunlight, the fresh, early green of the trees and grass, the shining of the clear river above and below the pool, the pastoral scene, with all the woolly, gentle creatures crowded together, the mild baa-ings and barking that filled the air.

"I am sorry for the poor sheep in the river, they beat as if they disliked the water so much. But see, as each one is washed and set free out there in the meadow, how happy they are. It makes one think of souls passing through the river of death, and enjoying themselves white and spotless in the happy fields of Paradise."

"Well, now, that thought surpasses mine," said old Berrington, admiringly. "I had only thought this sheep-washing reminded me of the Baptists on a christening Sunday. I've seen them dip as many as forty in this very Chad, away down by Mooretown, or Dippers' Hole, as they call the spot. There is a rook mid-stream where one man is placed lest any should drown, for the pool is deep enough to submerge them

over their heads and ears. I was mortal sorry for some of the poor maidens, who looked grieved over their Sunday finery all dripping. But the happy souls—now that is a pleasant thought to dwell upon in one's mind. Is it not so, Blyth? Eh, boy?"

"Joy has always sweet and pleasant thoughts, sir, I think; and what is more, she gives them to those who only look at her," said Blyth, looking up at the girl under the tree no less admiringly than his father had done—only differently. Or perhaps Joy thought so, for she gently murmured something about helping Hannah in the house, and flitted away in her pale cotton dress, like a spring butterfly. When she had gone, Blyth could stand his dissatisfaction no longer. He had hitherto restrained himself, but now he called out in anger to the men that he could wash two sheep himself to every one of theirs, aye, and better! Their task at this rate would not be over by sundown. The men paused and looked up at him. Dick slowly grinned and made reply.

"Well, young master, us don't know as to that. Two to our one! he, he! Well, mebbe her had better try."

"I will," cried Blyth, his blood fired; so, pulling off his coat and waistcoat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, he waded into the pool and began his task in thorough earnest, yet dealing gently with the dumb beasts. He had some ado to keep his word, for the men, of course, at once brisled up, and, grumbling to each other in murmurs, were apparently resolved to thwart him in so shaming them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth of a Good Name.

A man of very pleasing address, but very dishonest in his practices, once said to an honorable merchant: "I would give fifty thousand dollars for your goodname."

"Why so," asked the other in some surprise.

"Because I could make a hundred thousand dollars out of it."

The honorable character, which was at the bottom of the good name, he cared nothing for; it was only the reputation, which he could turn to account in a money point of view, which he coveted.

But a good name cannot be bought with silver; it, of all other possessions, must be fairly earned. When it is possessed it is better business capital than a great sum of money. It is a fortune any boy or girl may secure. Honesty must be its foundation, even in the smallest particulars. When an employer says: "There is a boy I can trust," that youth will always find himself in demand, provided he joins industry with honor. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

It seems hard at the time, perhaps, to be bound to a ceaseless round of work, while other boys are lounging or playing on the green. But the reward will come if you are faithful. While idlers are dragging out a miserable lifetime in privation and poverty, the hard-working boy lives at his ease, respected and honored.

Remember that if you desire to make your way in the world, there is nothing that can serve your purpose like a name for honesty and industry; and you will never acquire either if you are a loiterer about the streets, and neglectful about your business. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Occupations of Old.

Most of our ancestors seem to have had occupation, which are inherited the present day

- Adam was a husband-man.
- Cain and Abel were cooks.
- Noah was a sailor and anti-prohibitionist, (as all sailors are.)
- Shem, Ham and Japhet were builders.
- Abraham was a minister.
- Jacob was a shepherd.
- Jonah was a diver.
- Samson was a pugilist, that would have knocked Sullivan inside out.
- Job was a doctor, because he had great deal of patients.



## Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CASEY, G. W. B., Editor, Napanee, Ont.

### A Plea for Prohibition.

What the result of a single day's prohibition will do in a city like Toronto may be inferred from the following paragraph, clipped from the *Globe* of Tuesday, 6th inst:—

"Yesterday being election day the saloons and taverns in the city were all kept rigidly closed, and the result was plainly perceptible at the various stations, not a single prisoner being in custody for drunkenness."

The civic elections in this city were more than usually exciting this year, and there is good reason to believe that, had all the liquor shops been open as on other days instead of the ordinary dozen or score of "drunks" being arrested, there would have been double that number. On Christmas day the streets of the city contained a large number of reeling drunkards, and the policemen had a busy time running them in; on New Year's day it was even worse, but on both those days the saloons were open and busy and the imbibers enjoyed the full "liberty of the subject" of which so much boast is made, and many of them enjoyed the full result of that "liberty," by being locked up in the cells the same night, while the taxpayers enjoy the liberty of paying extra taxes for caring for all these men, as the Police constables and the Police Court cares for them.

Surely the time will come when the people will become fairly aroused to the fact that the open saloons cause most of the open drunkenness, and that so long as the one is allowed by law the other will go on, notwithstanding the law prohibits it under the pains and penalties of fine and imprisonment.

Is there any honest reason for supposing that prohibition on other days would not be as productive of good results as is prohibition on election days? Surely the arguments in favor of one time apply with as much force to all times. We would do well to give the experiment a fair trial at any rate.

### The Alliance Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Prohibitory Alliance will be held in Temperance Hall, Toronto, commencing on Tuesday, 20th inst., and it will continue three days. The Executive are making arrangements for a large and successful meeting, and a general representation is requested. Public meetings of some kind are expected each of the three evenings, and questions of importance will be discussed by some of the ablest men in the temperance work. Arrangements have been made for reduced railway fare to all wishing to attend. Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Mr. F. S. Spence, Toronto.

### Another Vote.

It is now officially announced that voting or the adoption of the Scott Act will take place in the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham on Tuesday, February, 28th. It is also expected that voting will take place in Lambton County some time next month. Several other counties have sent in their petitions and are waiting the action of the Government to fix the time of voting.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

ANOTHER ADDITION.—Lowell Lodge, King P. O., York County, was organized on the 17th ult. by Bro. Wm. Bosley, with fair prospects of success. W.C.T., J. S. Green; W.V., Mary Fanning; W.S., Wm. Blanchard; F.S., Alf Reddett; W.C., E. J. Davis; W.T., Susan Hollinghead; W.M., John Fraser; L.G., Lizzie Green; O.G., Geo. Brett. Night of meeting, Saturday.

INCREASING.—The Order appears to be on the increase again in Great Britain, after some years of discouragements. The recent report of the Secretary of the Worthy Grand

Lodge of the British Isles shows a nett increase of 823 members over last year's returns.

COL. HICKMAN.—Arrangements have been made by the Executive of the Grand Lodge of this Province, with Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, to address thirty or more meetings in various sections of the country, in the interest of Temperance and Templary. Col. Hickman is one of the most eloquent and prominent temperance workers in the United States, and his name is well and favorably known in Canada in connection with his former labors here. Much good is expected from these meetings. The object is specially to aid the Good Templar work, by organizing new lodges and strengthening those already at work. The G. W. C. T. has authorized Bro. Thomas Lawless, G. W. C., of Napanee, to make all the arrangements for Col. Hickman's meetings, and parties desiring his services will do well to write to that gentleman at once. The meetings will probably commence in the western section of the Province also at the last week in this month. No time should be lost in making application.

### THE BABY IN THE BROWN COTTAGE.

T. S. ARTHUR.  
(Concluded.)

"I've thought it all over, Mrs. Wilder—over and over again—and Marj and I can do it all," said Hetty.

"Mary and you! Why Mary is only seven years old," answered the neighbor.

"She's a handy little thing for all that. Oh, we can get along, if they won't take baby."

"What does your father say about it? Has Mrs. Florence spoken to him?"

"Yes; I heard them talking it over. Mrs. Florence wanted to take baby right off, but father said, wait until to-morrow."

"It would, perhaps, be better for the baby—"

"It wouldn't be better for anybody," spoke out Hetty, in a strong and decided manner. "And in particular, it wouldn't be for father."

"Why not for your father?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

Hetty's face grew hot, and then pale; and her voice choked a little at first, as she answered,

"You know about father, how dreadful it is. It will get worse if baby goes. I'm sure of that. He loves baby. And now mother's gone, I've thought his loving baby so might help him to—"

Hetty paused; she could not speak the word that was on her tongue, but the neighbor understood her.

"You are a wise little girl," said Mrs. Wilder, laying her hand on the child's head, tenderly, "and in the right I'm thinking. Now tell me freely all that is in your mind."

"It's just this, Mrs. Wilder," said Hetty, her manner taking on the thoughtful seriousness of a woman. "Father loves baby, and now that mother's gone he will feel softer towards us all. Mary and I will do everything to make it comfortable for him; and we'll always keep baby looking so sweet and clean that he'll love to come home just to see him, instead of going to the tavern when he shuts down the mill. If Mrs. Florence would give baby a nice white frock, and one with a white or blue spot in it, and a pair of new shoes, I could keep him looking oh, so lovely! Father couldn't help coming right home from—"

"I'll see Mrs. Florence and talk with her," said Mrs. Wilder, as Hetty stopped speaking.

"Will you? Oh, do, please, right away! Tell her that it won't be good for us to let baby go."

Mrs. Florence, when all this was related to her, was deeply moved. She had lost a dear baby two years before, and the clothes it used to wear had been folded away in a bureau drawer since then.

"The dear child shall have her way," she answered. Then going to the drawer, into which she had not looked for many months, she took out three almost new frocks, one of white muslin, and two of delicately figured chintz; also three pairs of stockings, a pair of morocco shoes, and some underclothing, and sent them to the motherless baby.

On the next day the miller, sored by the loss of his wife, kept away from the

tavern, and tried to settle in his mind what was best to be done. He had promised the baby to Mrs. Florence, but baby had given him so tight a hug as he kissed and parted from him at breakfast time, that he felt his dear little arms clinging around his neck all the morning as he went about the mill. How could he let him go? And Hetty was good and thoughtful, and so fond of baby. It would break her heart to give him up.

"What a handy girl Hetty is!" the miller said to himself, as he remembered how nice a breakfast she had got for him, and how clean and orderly everything was about the house.

As it drew towards noon the miller began to feel a little anxious about his promise to Mrs. Florence. She was to have baby that day. What if she had come for him already, and then when he went home at dinner time there should be no baby to spring into his arms and hug him around the neck.

In the meantime Hetty had received the bundle of clothes, and with the bundle had come a message from Mrs. Florence saying that she had changed her mind about taking baby.

"Oh, darling, Darling! exclaimed Hetty, almost wild with joy, hugging and kissing the baby, who crowed and laughed and hugged and kissed her in return, as if he understood and shared in her delight.

"Oh, but won't he look sweet!" she exclaimed, as she opened and admired the beautiful baby clothes, finer than anything he had ever worn.

"Father will be home soon," she said to Mary. "You set the table, and I'll wash petty and dress him in this pink slip with the white ruffled apron, and tie up the sleeves with bows of blue ribbon. He'll look so sweet that father will hardly know him."

So baby was washed and dressed in the new clothes, and I can tell you he did look lovely. There was not a handsomer baby in all that neighborhood.

"He's going to sleep," said Mary, who saw his eyes beginning to droop. "Oh, I wish he'd stay awake until father comes." But even as she spoke, the long dark lashes fell lower and lower until they rested on his cheeks.

"You hold him until I put on a clean pillow-case," and Hetty placed the sleeper in her sister's arms. A soiled pillow-case was changed for one of snowy whiteness, and baby laid upon the bed where only a few days before his mother had slept the sleep from which none ever awakes in this world.

How lovely he was! No wonder the little sisters hung around the bed, so entranced by his beauty that it seemed impossible to tear themselves away.

"Father is coming," said Mary, who had turned her eyes to the window.

Hetty looked out and saw him crossing the road. His steps were quicker and firmer than usual.

"I want him to see baby all alone by himself." And Hetty as she spoke, drew Mary from the room.

They heard a low exclamation of surprise from their father as he entered, and then all was still—still for so long a time that Hetty began to wonder, and then to feel uneasy. At last, pushing open the door softly, she looked in and saw her father on his knees by the bedside, his face buried in the clothes. A little while she stood, almost without breath. She was about closing the door, when he lifted his face from the bed-clothes and fixed his eyes on the baby. Tears wet his cheeks. How fondly, tenderly, almost reverently did he look at the sleeping child—pure as an angel.

A slight movement drew his attention to Hetty. He looked at her for a moment and then said,

"Call Mary."

The two children went up to him. He took them in his arms, still kneeling, and tried to speak to them. But sobs choked back the words he would have uttered. At last, in the anguish of repentance, and in half despair of his own strength, he cried out,

"O, Lord and Saviour, help me to be a father indeed to these motherless little ones!"

Then a deep quiet fell upon them. A stillness, as if each listened for an audible answer to the almost wildly spoken prayer. Hetty was first to break silence.

"Dear father," she said kissing him, and tenderly stroking his cheek, "We'll do everything, Mary and I, to make it nice for you at home. And we'll keep baby as sweet

and clean as the richest baby in the land.

"Oh, isn't he a darling!" Then they all arose and bent over the sleeping baby, and though dear had just taken their dearest one away, it was a long time since the waves of happiness had flooded their hearts so deeply as now.

The shadows that lifted that day did not fall again. The miller had dragged himself, by a strong effort, through strength given from heaven, out of a worse slough than Christian got mired in ere he reached the Wicket gate. Once more on firm ground, love for his baby, that grew more winning every day, and love for his good children, Hetty and Mary, who never tired of doing for their father, God used as a means of keeping his feet in the safe ways of sobriety. He never went again astray.

## Music and the Drama.

DEAR TRUTH.—Last week your readers very reluctantly bade farewell to their old and tried friend, "Sempronious." Many have been the expressions of regret at his departure from among us, and if our genial critic could have heard the flattering tributes paid to his good qualities of head and heart, he would certainly have felt that this world was something more than "a howling wilderness."

In assuming the duties so ably, impartially and conscientiously discharged by "Sempronious," I am impressed with a deep sense of my inability to fill the place in the hearts of the readers of TRUTH which he has so long occupied. But I am sure will at least have their forbearance, and as we become acquainted with each other, I hope to enlist a share of their good will and affection.

In theatrical circles, last week was perhaps the dulllest which managers will see during the entire season. The attraction at the Grand was the ever popular success, "The Black Flag." I am certainly safe in saying that scarcely any other piece would have drawn such large and enthusiastic audiences so soon after holiday week. The company on this occasion was an unusually strong one, and where each performer merited unqualified and unstinted praise, it would be invidious for me to particularize. Suffice it to say that Mr. Thorne, as the hero of the play, fully sustained his well-earned reputation as a clever and brilliant actor.

This week the powerful melodrama, "Her Last Hope," holds the boards at the Grand. This play is by the well-known W. C. Cowper, who appears in one of the leading roles. The piece, which is described as being one of the most fascinating and interesting which has visited Toronto for some time, is playing to good business.

I did not attend any of the "Jesse James" performances at Montford's last week. I am thoroughly in accord with the sentiment expressed by "Sempronious" last week in regard to the injurious tendency of such plays as those of the "Jesse James" stamp. Of course the theatre was crowded nightly. The audiences were composed mainly of young men, whose purposes and aims in attending this questionable and demoralizing production.

This week the Tervenier Dramatic Company at this theatre.

After a brief interval of holidaying, the Philharmonic Society have resumed their practices. The society at its next concert will produce "Gode's Crusaders" and the magnificent cantata, "Fair Ellen." I, with the rest of the public, eagerly await the announcement of the dates for the Philharmonic's next performance.

The Toronto string quartette club gave their second concert in the Convocation Hall of the University, on Saturday afternoon last. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and the performance was greatly appreciated. Rarely in Toronto an opportunity given of hearing the music of the great masters so brilliantly rendered. On this occasion the audience had the additional pleasure of listening to Miss C. Cluxton, of Peterboro, a young vocalist of great promise.

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Our Young Folks

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRYL.

CHAPTER VII.—SINBAD THE SAILOR'S HOUSE.

"You had no right to tell those birds my name was Gloopitch!" said Davy angrily.

"Well, it's of no consequence," said the Hole-keeper, complacently.

"Of course I'm not," said Davy.

"Oh, no," answered Davy, rather reluctantly.

"It's sure to be in your way because it's so big," said the Hole-keeper.

"The savage was sitting in the shade of one of the dusters, complacently reading the little red book."

"Oh! you dear, delicious old Goblin!" cried Davy.

"What does B. G. stand for?" said Davy.

"Baldergong's Geography, of course," said the Hole-keeper.

"But why do you put that on the letter?" inquired Davy.

"Because you can't find Jeran Feranderperadamam anywhere else, stupid," said the Hole-keeper.

As Davy walked mournfully along, turning the big letter over and over in his hands.

BALDERGONG'S STUFFING FOR THE STUPID.

"Perhaps this will tell me where to go," he thought as he opened it.

he thought as he opened it; but it proved to be far more confusing than the Hole-keeper himself had been.

Now Davy knew perfectly well, as all little boys should know, that when you meet a savage in the woods you must get behind a tree as quickly as possible.

As Davy and the Goblin sat down beside him, Sinbad hastily put on his turban.

"Then tell it to me," said the Goblin, with great presence of mind.

"All right," said Sinbad, "I'll give you a nautical one."

Here he rose for a moment, hitched up his big trousers like a sailor.

"A capital ship for an ocean trip, was 'The Walloping Window-blind'."

"The boatwain's mate was very sedate, yet fond of amusement, too."

"The captain alip for an ocean trip, was 'The Walloping Window-blind'."

"The capt' in sat in a commodore's hat and dived in royal way."

"The capt' in sat in a commodore's hat and dived in royal way."

and on the door itself was a large knocker, marked:

Postman.

After examining all these, Davy decided that, as he had a letter in charge, he was more of a postman than anything else.

Davy walked through the door-way and found himself in the oddest-looking little country place that could possibly be imagined.

The trees were simply large feather-dusters, but they seemed, nevertheless, to be growing in a very thriving manner.

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"All nautical pride we laid aside, And we cast the vessel ashore."

"On rubgub bark, from dawn to dark, We fed, till we all had grown."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

"I don't s'pose it makes any difference when poor ones like us die, do you, Jennie?"

"What makes you talk like that, Dickey? Try to go to sleep, and when mother comes home you can have an orange like what you wanted yesterday; that, is, if she gets the pay for the washin'."

"I don't want to go to sleep, 'cause I ache so; and somehow I'd like to know what there is up in the sky, for I shouldn't wonder if I was goin' there, like Joe Hardy did when he got run over."

"Oh, Don't, Dickey, don't talk like that! I'll fix the room up so it'll look better, and then you shall get up an' sit by the window."

Jennie bustled around the scantily-furnished room, trying with but poor success to so arrange the few pieces of furniture that the wretched apartment might seem more cheerful to the poor little invalid, who had been confined to his bed for so many long, weary weeks that it seemed as if he had always been there.

"It ain't any good, Jennie," he said, with a faint sigh, while his pale face grew more pallid, as an unusually severe spasm of pain passed through the wasted body.

"I don't want to sit at the window, but I do want you to come and talk to me. Don't you know what if was Limpey Jim said rich people's children told God when they wanted to talk to Him?"

"I don't know what you mean, Dickey," said Jennie, as she furtively wiped the tears from her eyes, while she took the sick boy's poor little wasted hand in her own.

"But don't you remember what Limpey said? I wouldn't want to go up to the sky all alone without lettin' God know I was comin', though perhaps He wouldn't let me in there anyway, 'cause my clothes are so bad. I know how it commenced."

"How what commenced, Dickey, darling?"

"That what Limpey told about. It was, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' That couldn't be for me, could it, Jennie? 'cause I ache so, I can't lay down to sleep. I wish I knew the rest of it, 'cause perhaps God could give me new clothes so's I'd look fit to go where He is, if I only knew how to tell Him about it. 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' P'raps God wouldn't mind if that hain't jest the way it really is, seein's how I don't know what the words—now I've got it. 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' I hain't jest sure I know what that means? do you, Jennie?"

"Oh, Dickey, what is the matter? What makes you talk so when you know mother promised us we should have a good dinner with real meat to eat when she came?"

"Now, listen, Jennie; 'cause it seems as if it would make me feel almost well if I could only say it. 'Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake'—/ I should get to sleep, Jennie, and if I should die before I got awake, where would I be, Jennie?"

"I don't know, Dickey; I don't know. Perhaps you'd go right up into the sky. Put please don't die, Dickey dear, 'cause you and mother is all I've got; and what would I do if you wasn't here?"

"But 's'pose I should die, where would I be? I don't ache so very much now; but I wish I knowed all of it; wouldn't it be tough if I was to go up to the sky without lettin' any one know I was comin'. I s'pose I'd get throwed out, anyway; but perhaps I might have a chance of stayin' a little while if anybody knowed I was comin'."

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Do you s'pose He'd take the trouble to keep the souls of poor young ones, like me an' you, Jennie? If we was rich folks and had good clothes, it wouldn't make much difference if I did die, 'cause I ache so dreadfully all the time."

"Indeed it would make a difference, Dickey; for you're the only brother or sister I've got, an' what would I do if I was all alone here when mother goes to work?"

"Well, I wou'd if I can help it, though if I know jest whether God would let me come up into the sky, it wouldn't seem so bad—I—down to—sleep—soul to sleep."

The words came slowly and falteringly from the cold lips; the face that had been distorted by pain was wreathed by the fanning of the angels' wings into smiles; the pain-racked body was stilled by the presence of the white-robed visitors, and Dickey had really lain down to sleep.

To him had come that certainty which comes to all as they reach the brink of the dark river, that He does all things well; and there it was that poor little invalid Dickey knew that in his father's mansion neither money nor raiment was needed to make even the poorest in this world's goods one of the favored dwellers.

If he should die! Dickey had but awakened to a life of which he had known nothing, but the glories of which were to be shown to him. Ah, yes, poor little Dickey, poor no longer, had gone home with never a doubt to make him afraid.

RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The person who first sent these rules to be printed, says truly, "if any boy or girl thinks it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think, also, what a happy place it would make of home if you only could."

- 1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do, a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should, or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manner for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last and best friend be your mother.

Grandma in the Family.

What a treasure is "grandma" to the happy child who is blessed with one! He knows he will never find her too "busy," as the mother often is, to attend to his numerous wants. She can always find a button just the right size. She has always on hand an unlimited supply of tail for his kite. She has always just the right kind of piece of string for his top; and she always has time to mend his mittens, help him to hunt his school-books, and hear him say "that line of hard spelling." To her with all his little confidences he goes, fearing no ridicule, but sure of such sympathy as no one else can give. To her he unfolds all his plans and aims, knowing that her perfect faith in him will discover every element of success in them, because they are his. To her does the trembling little transgressor go with his confession of wrong doing, for she can explain to mother, so much better than he could, how he meant to obey, but "before he thought" he did the very thing forbidden.

## THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 9.

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Set "Genuine Elgin Watch, valued at about \$60, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or copied, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must be a subscriber to TRUTH for at least six months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at TRUTH office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Ebroa's PAISS BROK, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Gold Hunting Case, Stem-Winding Elgin Watch offered as a prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and Registration.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

SENT BY JOHN HENDERSON, KINGSFORDS, OSWEGO, N. Y.

Dr. Aeneas Macbride was strong in comparative anatomy, and dissected everything that came in his way. His dissecting room was in the courtyard of the Palazzo, Carmine, Rome. But it was up-stairs in his library and alone that "Il Scorsoco" carried out his choicest manipulations, and made the more delicate of his "preparations" of human muscles, arteries, veins, and nerves, which, when completed, were displayed under glass shades on a large table in the centre of the apartment. It was at this table, having just finished the dissection of a very small hand, never mind to what kind of creature the hand, while it was a living one, had belonged, that he was sitting one evening in July, 1755, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had exhausted his supply of cochineal with which to tinge the melted wax which he proposed to inject on the morrow morning into the venous system of his "preparation."

Dr. Aeneas Macbride proceeded to the well-known druggist's shop kept by Signor Panciarotte, at the corner of the Viale Condotta. It was one of the largest and handsomest shops in Rome. He made his purchase, and placed the packet of cochineal in a side pocket.

"Stay," he suddenly exclaimed, pausing on the threshold. "I had forgotten something. You must make up, if you please, that admirably efficacious sleeping draught with the secret of the formula of which only you and I are cognizant, and which has given ease to so many of my patients. Will you prepare it for me at once? I must take it with me."

"With pleasure, illustrissimo ed excellentissimo dottore," said the apothecary, as he hustled from jar to jar, pouring various ingredients into a glass vial. "This a wonderful sleeping draught to be sure. I have tried it on my wife, who, poor soul, endures agonies from the toothache, and it never fails in producing alumber. To be sure, had you not told me that the potion was quite harmless, I should have been afraid to use it; for the sleep which it brings about is so deep and so long as to be really like the sleep of death."

He had soon completed his task, and Dr. Macbride, placing the vial in his side pocket with the cochineal, left the farmacia. He crossed the Piazza di Spagna, in the direction of the College of the Propaganda; when just as he had reached the spot where now is the monument, his path was crossed by a tall man who was wrapped up in a long brown cloak and who wore his broad flapped hat slouched over his eyes.

"It's all very well for you to slouch your hat over your eyes, my friend," said Dr. Macbride to himself; but I know that hat and coat very well, or I am grievously mistaken. They belong to the Nameless Man who lodges in one of the garrets at the Palazzo Carmine. I once nursed you through a fever, my friend, and gave you money to get your cloak out of pawn. I don't think that you would do me any harm, although folks do say that you are a spadaccio—a hired assassin!"

Scarcely had he thus mentally expressed himself, when he heard a low voice behind him, the single word, "Eccolo i here he is!" and immediately he was seized from behind by strong arms, a heavy cloak was thrown over his head, and he was lifted from the ground and carried some yards. Then he was thrust forward on what seemed to be some kind of a bench or seat; the arms

which had seized him had released their grasp, a door was slammed, and he became aware that he was in a rapidly moving vehicle.

Dr. Aeneas Macbride had in verity been kidnapped by two men, forcibly carried by them to a coach, one of the doors of which was standing open, huddled into the vehicle, and rapidly driven away.

The whole proceeding, indeed, had been watched with the liveliest interest by an individual who was clad in a long brownish overcoat and who wore his hat slouched over his eyes and who—there is no indiscretion in saying it—was the Nameless Man who lived in one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carmine, and whose profession was conjectured to be that of an assassin for hire. And as he watched the carriage rapidly retreating into the shadow, the Nameless Man was jingling some golden coins in his pocket and chuckling merrily.

"Ten ducats," he reflected. "Ten ducats only for pointing out the Signor Dottore to them. And they have sworn not to do him any harm. Of course if they had wanted to harm him they would have come to me; but I would not have stabbed the Signor Dottore; no, not for a hundred ducats. Let us go and drink a bottle of Chianti."

While the Nameless was thus congratulating himself on the successful result of this exceptionally bloodless night's work, unseen hands had relieved Dr. Macbride of the heavy cloak in which he had been muffled, and in which he had been all but suffocated. He sat up, to find himself indeed in the interior of what was evidently a carriage belonging to some person of rank. The blinds were closely drawn down, but a small lamp hanging from the roof gave sufficient light for him to see that the opposite seat was occupied by two gentlemen very richly dressed, but whose countenances were wholly concealed by masks of black silk, having deep fringes of the same material. One of the gentlemen hastened to inform him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged, as the person in whose presence they were about to conduct him was a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was imperatively necessary to conceal. As he pulled the bandage out of his pocket and proceeded very adroitly to adjust it to the doctor's eyes his companion took occasion to remark that he and the other gentleman were fully armed, and should the doctor, at this or any other stage of the proceedings, offer the slightest resistance to any request which was proffered to him, he would be immediately stabbed to death. Upon this admonition Dr. Aeneas Macbride determined, like the canny Scot he was, to hold his tongue and see—when he was permitted to use his eyesight again—what came of it.

It seemed to him that the carriage was continually turning and was being driven through a variety of streets, possibly with the view to prevent him forming any accurate idea as to the part of the city to which he was being conducted.

The coach at length stopped, and the door was opened for him. His two companions took him each under one arm, assisted him to alight and conducted him up a narrow staircase into a room, where after a moment's pause, the bandage was removed from his eyes. He found himself in a small drawing-room, or boudoir, dimly lighted by wax tapers and richly furnished, although sheets and pieces of tapestry had been thrown over some of the chairs or placed in

front of the picture frames, as though for the purpose of preventing a stranger from too closely identifying the contents of the room.

There was a flask of wine on the table and one of the gentlemen filled a large bumper of Venetian glass and offered it to Dr. Macbride.

"I want no wine," he said coolly, "it may be poison for aught I know."

The gentleman who had offered him the wine, and who was very tall and clad in a suit of dark blue paduasary, richly laced with gold, for all reply, put the goblet to his lips and tossed off the contents at a draught. Then his companion, who was shorter and stouter—neither had removed his mask—and who wore a green doublet and coat laced with silver, filled another glass with wine and offered it to the doctor, saying, "You had better drink it. Remember what I told you in the carriage. We allow no trifling in this house; and, besides, you have need to nerve yourself for what you have to do."

"I don't like Dutch courage!" replied Dr. Macbride, "and am not used to dram drinking to nerve me for my work. However, as I have not the slightest wish to have my throat cut, and you appear to be prepared to cut it,"—both gentlemen nodded their heads significantly—"at a moment's notice, if things do not go as you wish them to go, I will drink. And now," he resumed after a very moderate potation, "What is it that you require me to do?"

"To perform a surgical operation."

"When?"

"This instant."

"Where?"

"You shall see."

As the taller of the two masked men made this reply, he took the doctor by the arm and led him forward. The shorter person lifted a heavy velvet curtain veiling in an open portal, and the three passed into a vast bed-chamber.

Here everything in the way of furniture, and even the ceiling and the counterpane of a huge four-post bed in the centre of the room, had been shrouded in white sheeting. At the foot of the bed there sat, or rather there was half-reclining, in a large chair covered with crimson velvet, a young lady—she could be scarcely more than nineteen—exceedingly beautiful, and with golden hair that rippled over her shoulders. Her hands were tightly clasped, and she was deathly pale. She was clad in a long, loosely flowing undress robe of some white, silky material; and Dr. Macbride could see that her little feet were bare.

"You see this woman—this most guilty and unhappy woman!" said in a harsh voice the taller of the two gentlemen. "She has disgraced the noble family to which she belongs, and it is necessary that she should be deprived of life. Here is a case of lancets, and you will instantly proceed to bleed her to death."

"She is prepared to submit to her fate," added the shorter gentleman in green and silver, "and you will make the greatest possible expedition; I need scarcely say that you will be amply recompensed for your pains."

"I will do no such horrible and unmanly thing," cried Dr. Aeneas Macbride. "Do you think that I, a physician, whose bounden duty is to do everything that he possibly can do to save human life—be it that of the newborn infant or of the dotard of 90—would consent to put to a cruel death a poor lady who should be enjoying all the happiness that earth can give? Do your butchery work yourself; I'll have no hand in it."

"It is precisely," replied the latter gentleman, "because we are desirous that this indispensable work should not be done in a butcherly manner that we have brought you here. You are known to be the skillful surgeon in Rome, and you will perform the operation at once by opening the veins in her ankles; if you refuse, I swear that I and my Bro—" he checked himself before he could pronounce the word "Brother"—"my companion will fall on you with our poinards and hack you to death."

"Do their bidding," said, in a low, faint voice, the young lady in the armchair.

"Do I hear aright?" said the doctor.

"You do!" resumed the lady. "Do their bidding, or you will incur a fate as dreadful as my own."

Dr. Aeneas Macbride appeared to hesitate for a moment; then he said, "I will do your will, and may Heaven forgive me for yielding to you! But I must have a vessel, a large vessel of warm water."

"That shall be at once procured," replied the taller of the masked men, leaving the room.

You will remember that Dr. Aeneas Macbride was also tall of stature. He bent over the reclining lady and whispered something to her.

"I have told her," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "that I will not hurt her much."

Presently two female attendants, each closely masked, entered the room, carrying between them a large silver tub full of warm water. This vessel they placed before the young lady who, without a word, immersed her feet in the water.

Then Dr. Macbride, once more bending over the victim, smoothing the hair on her forehead, and feeling her pulse, knelt lancet in hand by the side of the silver foot-bath.

He rose, looked in the victim's face, chose a fresh lancet, and knelt again by the side of the foot-bath. The water was now deeply discolored. Ere long it was completely crimson.

"Bring another bath—a tub—a bucket—what you will!" said the doctor, "and more warm water!" Then he continued, hastily holding his wrists around the ankles of the patient while the first foot-bath was taken away and another substituted for it. "This will finish the work."

"How she bleeds!" said the tall man, who, with folded arms, was watching the scene.

The young lady had fallen back in her chair, her arms hanging loosely.

"She is insensible!" said the shorter of the masked men.

"She is dead!" said Dr. Aeneas Macbride, solemnly.

"How she bled!" repeated the shorter of the two masked men.

"She will bleed no more," said Dr. Macbride. "And now let me ask you what you intend to do with the evidence of your, and, I may almost say my, guilt? How do you intend to dispose of the corpse?"

"Put it in a sack full of stones and sink it in the Tiber," muttered the taller gentleman.

"At the risk of the sack rotting, the weights becoming disengaged from the body, and of the corpse floating, or of being washed on shore and the features being recognized."

"Bury it in the garden," suggested the shorter man.

"It is still dangerous," resumed the doctor. "The bodies of buried people that have been murdered have been disinterred over and over again. One was, you know, last year in that vineyard close to the Appian Way, and the assassin was brought to justice."

"That is true."

"When you planned your little scheme, gentlemen," the doctor went on almost laconically, "you should have planned the last act of your tragedy as well as the preceding ones. Let me tell you that a murdered dead body is, in a civilized city, one of the most difficult of imaginable things to get rid of. But since I have gone so far with you in this abominable business I will go yet further and help you to conceal this corpse. Bring it back with me to my surgery in the Piazza di Spagna—I am accustomed to have such burdens brought to me in the dead of night—and I'll dissect her. By which means that in less than twelve hours no cognizable trace will remain of your deceased relative—if relative she be."

The victim was evidently stone-dead.

After a long consultation the masked men acceded to the proposition of the doctor who appeared to have become their accomplice, and who accepted with many professions of thanks, a large purse of gold sequins.

Again he submitted to have his eyes bandaged, and again he was conducted to the coach in waiting below; but something else accompanied the party, and was placed on the seat beside the doctor.

That something else was the body, wrapped up in many thicknesses of white linen of the lady who had been bled to death. The carriage made a route as circuitous before to the Piazza di Spagna; but it was then, at Dr. Macbride's request, driven round to the entrance of the narrow passage behind the Palazzo Carmine. Then a burden wrapped in white linen was carried by the doctor and the taller of the masked men by the back door into the dissecting room, and laid like a stone on the table. The doctor noticed that his fellow-bled man was trembling violently, and he had

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dently had enough of horrors for that night.

Three months afterwards Dr. Aeneas Macbride returned to Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, a young and extremely handsome Italian lady of a noble Roman family.

Pope Benedict the fourteenth (14th), the enlightened and humane Lambrotini, had had much to do with bringing about the union of the handsome young lady with "Ill Dottore Ena-Macbride, scozzese."

He had informed the young lady's brothers, Don Rafacello and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, Counts of that ilk, that if they did not consent to the match and pay over a very large fine to the Apostolic Chamber they should be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law for having basely attempted to murder their sister by causing her, as they thought, to have the veins of her ankles opened.

Dr. Aeneas Macbride, while pretending to execute the dreadful behests of Don Rafacello and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, had first administered to her a potion which speedily reduced her to complete insensibility, and had next skilfully mingled with the warm water in which the feet of the patient were immersed the contents of the packet of cochineal, which he had purchased at the faomacia-Panciarotto.

The poor girl's only offence had been that she had imprudently, and in mere girlish folly, encouraged for a short time the addresses of a young man much her inferior in rank; but by her haughty and vindictive brothers this transient flirtation was deemed a crime, which her death alone could expiate.

How fortunate it was that Dr. Aeneas Macbride was so much addicted to making anatomical "preparations," necessitating the use of cochineal for their perfection.

I fancy, however, that after his marriage he ceased to dissect small dead hands, and consoled himself with covering small live ones with kisses.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

TORONTO BAPTIST COLLEGE.

By this name is known the Theological School which is conducted in McMaster Hall, Toronto, and which, since 1883 has been the one and only Theological School of the Baptists of Canada. Previous to 1883 there was a department of Theology in the University of Acadia College, Nova Scotia, supported and controlled by the Baptist body of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and one also in connection with the Baptist College of Woodstock, Ont., under the control of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec.

At the annual meeting of the Missionary convention of Ontario, held in St. Catharines, Ont., 1879, the Hon. Wm. McMaster intimated his purpose to erect, at his own expense, a building for a Theological School in Toronto. Accordingly he secured from the Senate of the University of Toronto a plot of ground on Bloor street 250x250 feet. As soon as the property was secured, Mr. McMaster secured the services of Messrs. Langley, Langley & Burke, architects, to prepare plans for the new College building. In order to embrace the latest improvements in school architecture, a member of the firm, Mr. Edmund Burke, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Castle, visited many of the most noted schools and colleges in New England. The result of their investigations was embodied in plans which Mr. McMaster approved, furnishing every appliance for the health, convenience, and comfort of the students. Ground was broken July 15th, 1880 with unostentatious but appropriate religious services. In Feb. of the following year the mechanics were putting on the roof, and in the ensuing fall it was ready for occupation. The material of the building is brown stone, with red brick facings. There are four stories above the basement. The dimensions are 149x54 feet, exclusive of an extension in the rear for kitchen, boiling room (there is steam heating throughout), and servant's apartments. There are four lecture rooms, chapel, parlor, library, reading room, two dining rooms, and a gymnasium, besides chambers and study accommodation for 64 students, allowing three

rooms for every two students, a study room in common, and separate chambers. Every room has independent floor and ceiling ventilation. On each floor are bath rooms and other conveniences. The building is an ornament to the city. Though in the immediate vicinity of some of the finest structures in the Province, it will not suffer by comparison.

In this same year (1881) a Bill incorporating the new college, and providing for a maximum of twenty-five Trustees, received the sanction of the Lieut.-Governor, and Mr. McMaster conveyed this magnificent property by deed to the denomination.

The following resolutions were passed by the Baptist Union of 1881:— Resolved,—That this Union desires to record its profound thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for inducing our brother, Hon. Wm. McMaster, to provide lands, and erect, at his own expense, the magnificent building now in process of construction for a Theological College.

Resolved.—That inasmuch as our brother, Wm. McMaster, has to this extent become his own executor, we fervently pray that God may long spare his life to witness such first fruits of his generosity as shall enable him to rejoice in the quality and abundance of the coming harvest.

vacant chair at the earliest moment, and that a Professor must be secured who could command the confidence of the people. Negotiations were opened with Malcolm McVicar, LL. D., of Ypsilanti, Michigan, which resulted favorably, and he was accordingly elected at a special meeting of the Board, held September 9th, to the Chair of Apologetics and Biblical Interpretation, and entered upon his work early in November.

The Formal Dedication of the College took place on Oct. 18th. The ceremonies of the occasion were participated in by as large a number as the College Chapel could possibly accommodate. Representatives of Baptist Churches far and near, were present, as well as the Faculties of kindred institutions, and many distinguished men of other branches of the church of Christ.

A good beginning was made in securing a library for the College. By the spontaneous and unanimous action of the Trustees of the Canadian Literary Institute, more than one thousand volumes, which belonged to the Theological Department, were transferred from Woodstock to Toronto. The first addition to this nucleus was a donation of \$2,000 by Mrs. William McMaster. Feeling the importance of giving the rising ministry access to the best styles of general English Literature, Thomas Lailley, Esq., of

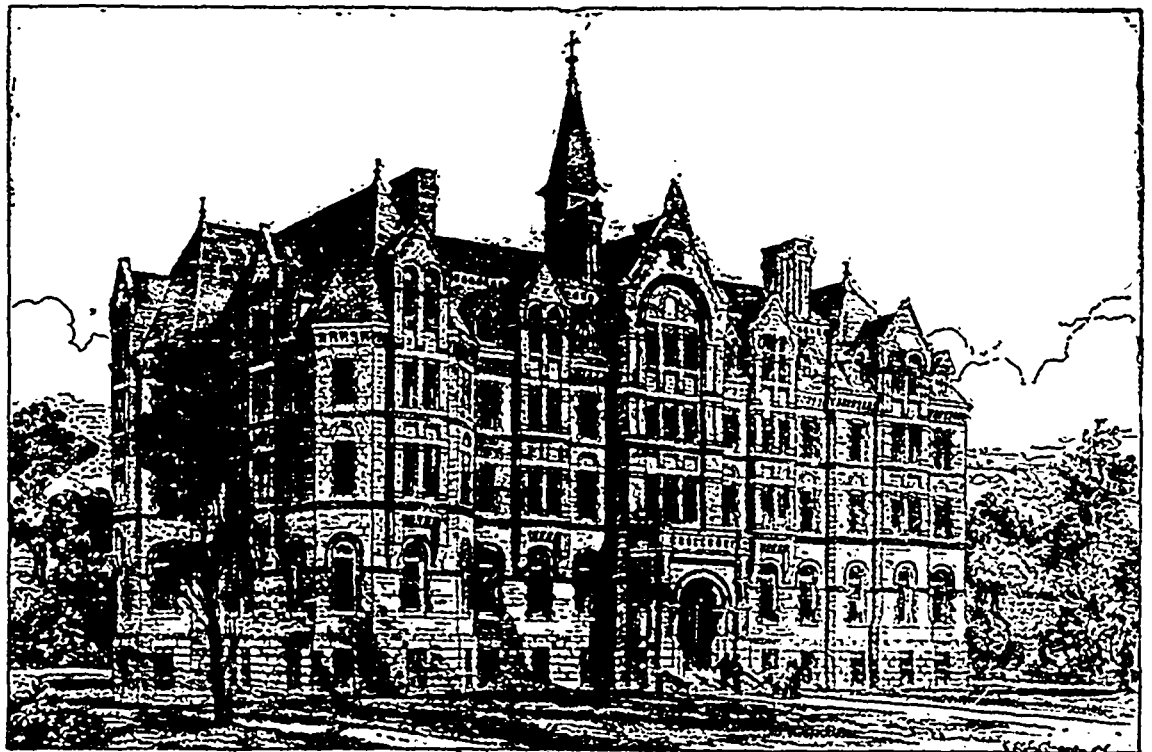
the chair of Old Testament Interpretation and Pastoral Theology.

Four of the five Professors are sustained by Hon. Wm. McMaster, the founder of the Institution, and the remaining one by the denomination. Mr. McMaster contributes \$1500 yearly also to the support of students while pursuing their studies in the College. Upwards of forty students are now in attendance; and the Library now consists of over 7000 carefully selected volumes.

As supplementary to the above, it may be added that Woodstock College, formerly the Canadian Literary Institute, is also under the general patronage and control of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec.

It is beautifully situated in the town of Woodstock, Ont. It was founded in 1867, principally through the exertions of the late R. A. Fyfe, D. D. Under his wise presidency, ably assisted for 18 years by Prof. J. E. Wells, M. A., the school constantly increased in efficiency and power, until from a small beginning it has attained to its present large proportions and wide influence.

Its friends have donated in all, nearly \$100,000 for grounds and buildings. A portion of this was expended in the erection of the first building, which was burned; the remainder purchased the grounds and erected the present buildings. The buildings



TORONTO BAPTIST COLLEGE.

Resolved.—That the Baptist union of Canada respectfully and urgently requests our munificent benefactor to permit the present building to be called McMaster Hall."

The Trustees of the College held their first meeting in Jarvis St. Church, April 12th, 1882, and organized by the appointment of Hon. W. McMaster, Chairman; H. E. Buchan, M. D., Secretary; and D. E. Thompson Esq., Treasurer. A constitution and rules of order were adopted, to control the subsequent proceedings of the Board and its Committees. At the first meeting, Rev. J. H. Castle, D. D., was elected President of the College, and Rev. John Torrance, Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Apologetics. The teaching staff was completed at a subsequent meeting of the Board, held on the 21st of June, when Prof. A. H. Newman, of Rochester, was chosen to the Chair of Church History and Old Testament Exegesis. The staff being now filled, the Professors projected a course of instruction, which, with all other information in regard to the College, was published in a prospectus in July.

On the third day of August the College was bereaved in the death of Prof. Torrance. His death was felt by the Board and the Faculty to be a heavy blow,—more especially as it occurred so soon after the opening of the College. Though the Board was oppressed with a sense of deep loss, it was seen that steps must be taken to fill the

Toronto, laid the foundation of a Department of English Literature by the donation of nearly five hundred volumes of the great masters of the English pen. Wm. Gooderham, Esq. presented a handsomely bound copy of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"—now in course of issue.

In 1883 the constituency of the College was greatly enlarged. By the action of the Manitoba Baptist Convention, in June 1883, Prairie College, which had been created chiefly through the agency of Dr. Crawford to the Baptist College of Manitoba and the North West Territory, and which contained two departments, a Literary and a Theological, was closed, and its students in Theology were recommended to pursue their studies in Toronto. Then, in August of the same year, the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces unanimously resolved to transfer the work of the Theological Department of Acadia College to Toronto. Thus, in the year 1883, Toronto Baptist College became the Theological Seminary of the whole Dominion of Canada, and the other Colleges of the denomination were left free to put their strength into literary work.

At this time also the teaching staff was enlarged by the addition of two Professors. Rev. W. N. Clark, D. D., of Montreal, was appointed to the chair of New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics; and Rev. D. M. Welton, Ph. D., D. D., of the late Department of Theology in Acadia College, to

now consist of three large and separate structures: First the central or main building, containing class and reading rooms, dormitories, library, chapel, etc.; 2nd, ladies' building, also containing dormitories, reading rooms, parlors, etc.; 3rd, commercial building, now fitted up in the most approved manner for conducting the business of a Commercial College.

During the Presidency of the late Dr. Fife, the school consisted of two departments, a theological and a literary. Into the latter both sexes were admitted. Owing to the removal of the theological department to McMaster Hall, the literary, now Woodstock College, enlarged by the addition of a commercial college, alone remains.

At the last meeting of the Baptist Union it was decided to spend \$25,000 in enlarging and improving the buildings of Woodstock College, and also to raise the Endowment Fund to \$100,000.

Of the sum needed to accomplish this, Senator McMaster has offered to contribute \$32,000.

The Principal of the college is Rev. N. Wolverton, B. A., who has associated with him about a dozen other teachers.

A little nine-year-old fellow, seeing a horse with the spring-halt pass the window, cried out: "Oh, look at that horse with the ketching in his hind leg."

The Poet's Page.

Falling Leaves.

BY J. Z. WILKINSON.

Poor falling leaves! I have watched you falling slowly, with heavy heart;

Short-lived, but ah! how lovely were all the peaceful summer hours;

I revelled as a child of nature, by hillside, cool streamlet and sea;

But I knew when the Autumn shrouded the world in a strange, and veiled,

Whence comes these weird, sad longings? Ah! wherefore this dreary pain?

The New Year.

BY ALFRED DAVIDSON.

Again time takers in the day— Another year has passed away, Another link is formed, and we are nearer to eternity!

Fulfillment.

Desires that human mind retains Are not in vain;

The forms we loved so gladly here Will reappear;

Though all the powers of life give way, Love holds its sway.

The sequence of all good in store We've known before— Love—regal through eternity, Forevermore!

He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright, Out of the sunshine into darkest night,

Only for this—I know He holds my hand, So whether in green or desert land

And by still waters? No, not always so; Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow,

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,

Above the tempest wild I hear him say, "Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,

In every path of thine I lead the way.

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair I dwell, or in the sunless valley where

And more than this; where'er the pathway leads He gives to me no help, broken need,

So where he leads me I can safely go; And in the best hereafter I shall know

One and Two.

If you to me be cold, Or I be false to you, The world will go on, I think,

If the whole of a page be read, If a book be finished through, Still the world may read on, I think,

If we who have sailed together Flit out of each other's view, The world will sail on, I think

Don't be in a Hurry.

Don't be in a hurry to answer yes or no; Nothing's lost by being reasonably slow,

If a lover seeks you to become his wife, Happiness or misery may be yours for life;

Should one ask forgiveness for a grave offence, Honest tears betraying penitence,

Hurry brings us worry; worry wears us out; Easy-going people know what they're about,

Don't be in a hurry to throw yourself away; By the side of Wisdom for a while delay.

Don't be in a hurry to speak an angry word; Don't be in a hurry to spread the tale you've heard;

There's no Pocket in a Shroud.

You must leave your many millions, And the gay and festive crowd,

Whether pauper, prince or peasant, Whether rich, or poor, or proud— Remember that there isn't

You'll leave all this world of glory, With a record long and loud, And a place in song and glory,

So be lavish of your riches, Neither vain, nor cold, nor proud, And you'll gain the golden riches

Nearing the End.

BY JAMES A. LOAN.

I'm nearing old; the hopes and fears The waned an ever varying strife

The silent one, the jealous three, Which turned and raged without remorse,

Strong passion owns my reason's sway; Calm peace comes where love's bestowed;

No unknown future threatens ill; No fierce ambition drives me on;

What though my natural powers decay— My lessening time makes less demand;

And sees his harvest waving fair, Thy ridgy rows with plenty filled;

So looks life's landscape to my eyes; My earthly work is nearly done,

Country Courting.

(Somerville Journal.)

Soon the wintry winds will whistle The town and country o'er,

But beyond, within the parlor, They will seek love's blissful goal,

And his love will sweetly suoker And say: "Dear Albert, don't go,"

Prayer and Potatoes.

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily good, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled;

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair, With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair,

But now they are gone: of bad or good Not one was left, for the old lady's food,

And she thought of the deacon the way, The deacon so rare, to worship and pray,

And the deacon came over as fast as he could, Thinking to do the old lady some good,

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way; He was more accustomed to preach and pray,

He played for patience and wisdom and grace, But when he prayed, "Lord give her peace,"

The deacon was troubled; knew not what to do; 'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so

And that groan followed him all the way home, In the midst of the night it haunted his room:

Again he went to the widow's lone hut; Her all-eyes she had not yet shut;

The widow's heart leaped for joy; Her face was haggard and wan no more,

And would you, who hear the simple tale, Pray for the poor, and praying "never all,"

Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food, For wisdom and guidance, for all these are good,

Heaven!

BY AUSTY FRISCHILLA.

A traveller stranded on a rocky shore, The winds howl past, the surges toss and roar;

No storm is here around his sand-washed feet, Spring clover blooms, and violets blue and sweet;

But travellers we, whose life with Christ is hid; We work and wait, then hush! a sudden bid,

Scotland and Liberty.

BY REV. JAMES FREEMAN FOSTER.

All hail, Scotia hall, thou home of the brave— Thou art all like a gem on the breast of the sea,

Thou land of the Bruce, where freedom sat crowned, And where the broad claymore gleamed bright in the sun.

Oh, where's now the valor that made thee renowned, And made thee admired for the deeds thou hast done?

Do not thy proud hills like God's sentinels stand To guard thy free freedom from tyrant and knave?

Since freedom's thy birthright by Heaven's decree, 'Tis sealed in thy mountains, it gleams in thy lake,

Oh, why shouldst thou crouch like a slave and cease to be free, Because he hath claims that are founded on night?

And shall law and wrong in this age of the world, Crush it in the dust soon, whose lives ne'er would

But who from his throne the oppressor they hurled, And taught nations manhood on ocean and field

Sound loud every voice from the Pentland to Tweed Thy laws need reform, and thy sons need redress,

Let Skye dry her tears, and her fair sister Isles, That now weep in sorrow upon her fair breast,

Remember that Sol owns his last beam's smile; Upon these fair islands, sweet gems of the west;

Let Skye dry her tears, and her fair sister Isles, That now weep in sorrow upon her fair breast,

Remember that Sol owns his last beam's smile; Upon these fair islands, sweet gems of the west;

Let Skye dry her tears, and her fair sister Isles, That now weep in sorrow upon her fair breast,

Remember that Sol owns his last beam's smile; Upon these fair islands, sweet gems of the west;

Ponder the Following.

To render evil for evil is beast-like; To render good for good is man-like;

To render evil for good is devil-like; But to render good for evil is God-like.

Inscribed on a Kentucky Gravestone.

(From the Republic.)

Here lies the body of Amasa Crump, Waiting the summons of the awful trumpet.

Amasa was not learned in city ways, He dwelt in old Kentucky all his days.

When he had reached the age of fifty-one He made a journey on to Washington.

There on one morning he arrived quite well And took a room in a first-class hotel.

At 10 p.m. Amasa Crump desired He should be called at 7, and retired.

# JACOB FAITHFUL.

## How to Repel an Attack of the "Blues"—Advice to Weather Growlers.

When one is seedy, dull and down in the mouth, it is better just to acknowledge the fact and throw pen, ink and paper to the winds. It is difficult to argue successfully with low spirits, but, at any rate, one can keep silence, though sometimes this even is not so easy a process as some imagine. Happy the man who has been born with a happy, equable temperament; who is never very low and never very high. But let him not take so much credit to himself, or thank God too often in a pitying, contemptuous way, that he is not cranky, cross and crabbed—not like this publican of adyspeptic. Perhaps that despised despoite with his abominable arrangement called a stomach is really doing more battle with the devil and all his works, though sometimes boorish if not even brutal than this good natured fellow, who is genial without effort, and good tempered by birth, not by either prayer or pertinacious effort.

Jacob rather persuades himself that he is not as a general thing, a bad sort of an old chap as things go. Quite the contrary. Yet true it is and of verity, that there are times when he almost takes a pleasure in saying nasty things, and when he is awfully inclined to drive his clinched fist against a half inch board. He has, however, always as much sense left in such cases as to whisper, "Jacob, Jacob, my boy, you need a blue pill. Your liver is out of order. You have been playing the mischief with your stomach. The sky is really not so dark as you fancy. That acquaintance did not cut you and you need not fume and vow that you will never speak to him again. He has not heard any thing to your disadvantage and there is really no plot to ruin your reputation. You need not skulk up the back streets as if ashamed to face your fellows, Pahaw! they are not looking at you."

So far, it is well when one can go that length, and I have generally managed it, though occasionally it has been just as much as I could do. I have, as a general thing, come to the conclusion that when a man thinks every body is looking and laughing at him, it is about time he was getting home and taking very strong medicine. The misery is that when one is in that state he is very much as if he were drunk, persuaded that there is nothing the matter with him, and touchy to the very last degree. He would then insult and all but strike his own mother, though there is not a being on the face of the earth of whom he thinks more. Oh, Jacob knows a good deal of the secrets of that prison house, and all the advice he can give is to make the best of a bad bargain by living very simply, counting always a hundred before speaking if tempted to be cross. Not forgetting the blue pill. Going to bed at reasonable hours, and if the worst comes to the worst, trying to believe that after all, things are not so bad as they seem. Above all, my bilious friend, don't begin to tell your woes to other people. The most forbearing and sympathetic soon feel tired of hearing that you are the most sinful and miserable creature on the face of God's earth, and will very cordially at last acquiesce in the idea that you are, and very earnestly wish that you might soon go to your appropriate place.

You were an awfully foolish, wicked and unreconstructed boy? Well, be it so. But what is the use of quarreling continually about that? You might have been a great man had you only been diligent. Oh, well! Don't you know that a great number of

people are thinking the very same thing, and are mad at the idea of anybody infringing on their particular patent for growling.

The weather has been terrible, and JACOB has been as miserable as Carlyle's rusty coat-jack. But what of that? There is no use in making a fuss about the thing, or trying to have anybody as miserable as oneself. Why, bless your heart, I know people who think you do them a personal injury if you simply remark that it is a fine day, and who can on the shortest notice go into a general diet of cursing at the weather, morning, noon or night. They look as if they did well to be angry, and their whole face has become puckered, sour and shrunk up, chiefly by blaming the atmosphere, and holding an everlasting controversy with the east wind or the muddy roads. No, no. Burn your own smoke, and if you have nothing to say but that this is a dreadful life, a dreadful country, and dreadful weather, why don't say anything. If you hold your tongue you may be counted wise. If you only growl you will be thought a bear, if not a brute, and kicked and cuffed accordingly.

Now this long joremiad and general advice giving has done JACOB good. He was rather in the blues, and his chin was getting wretchedly down on his breast. But advising others has done good, and Richard is himself again."

By the by, JACOB got the second letter from a "Subscriber." Pleased that she is pleased. It is as true as truth, women often make themselves far too cheap. If JACOB could only successfully counsel some foolish, thoughtless young things, how pleased he would be. It is little, however, he can do, and when he thinks of the talks he has overheard among mere girls on Yonge-st. and elsewhere, he almost despairs. Girls, if you want to be respected respect yourselves. So says your friend Jacob.

### The Bible as a Book of Travels.

Much of the Bible really forms a book of travels. Journeys occupying a considerable space in the divine records. "Get the out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee," was one of the first revealed commands after the catastrophe of the deluge, and the attempt to build the Tower of Babel. It was directed to Abram, who became the father of the faithful; and, obedient to the mandate, he departed at once. The following little picture of foreign travel stands at the head of numerous volumes, including some most popular in the present day: "So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him; and Abram was 75 years old when he departed out of Haran; and Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran, and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And Abram passed through the land into the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh." We can picture the patriarch, far advanced in life, dressed in primitive oriental costume, seated on the back of a patient camel, with his nephew and wife and other relations accompanying him in long retinue; the flocks and herds not far off with shepherds and drivers, all with their Lord and master pursuing a divinely directed journey to a distant land they had never seen before. There was enterprise in this original expedition, and curiosity and wonder must have stirred the bosom of this early explorer as he tracked his way over unknown lands, as his eye rested on plain, valley, and mountain, and as he drew nigh to the wooded hills of Northern Canaan, and paced the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and saw a fertile country spread out before him under the shadows of Ebal and Gerizim.

# Our Scriptural Enigma.

## FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

NO MONEY REQUIRED. TRY YOUR SKILL.

NO. XLVII.

Nothing very particular is to be said of No. 44, and the answers it has called forth. Some have thought it easy even to trifling. Others so difficult that it is simply "horrid." We shall not say. Only the number of correct answers is limited. The Scriptural clocks seem rather in the ascendant at present. About them there has been some little mistake. We have given out only one in about three weeks, and yet all the answers come to us. This will be rectified.

No. 44 then is correctly answered as follows:

1. Cessera, Acts xi. 34.
2. Abib, Exod. xii. 2; xiii. 4.
3. Image, Exod. xx. 4
4. Nergal, 2 Kings, xvii. 30.

This makes, with the initials and finals, CAIN—ABEZL.

The prizes this week go to the following, who will send, as usual, the 12 cents to Mr. Wilson and mention the volume of poems they wish. Don't send anything about these matters to us, nor anything about changes of address, &c.: Miss Maud Dolson, Chatham; George Adams, Belleville; George May, Au Sable Forks, N. Y. We think it will perhaps serve a good purpose to give our friends a holiday by-and-bye, not only from competing for prizes, but from having the enigma altogether. It is not well in any case to have too much of any one thing, and while we have had many kind words about the enigma, yet we should be sorry if by its "continued coming" it should be in danger of "wearying any or many."

We do not pledge ourselves to give on every occasion a prize for the Scriptural clock, and we are less inclined than ever this week to do so in connection with the one on "Sing." There are so many so nearly of the same excellence that we could not single one for a prize, but shall only mention the names of those who have favored us with their work, giving them in what we regard the order of excellence, though of the correctness of our estimate we are not very sure.

W. C. Ferguson, London; Edith Neger, Ingersoll; Lily Young, Ingersoll; E. Mackay, Hamilton; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; T. E. G., 44 Pembroke St., Toronto; Ethel Rickaby, Orono; Lizzie Boyd, London; and Mamie Porter, Exeter.

We again ask friends to put the number of the Enigma on the outside. It saves a great deal of unnecessary labor. We repeat about the postage. In order to go for one cent up to four ounces of weight, there must be no letter enclosed; the envelope must be open and on the outside must be written "Printer's Copy." With these precautions there is no fear but all will reach safely, without challenge, on the one cent. At least if they don't, any one aggrieved can get the matter rectified by writing to the Postmaster General. No postmaster has a right to refuse such communications.

For No. XLVII please take the following:—

### TRIPLE ACROSTIC FROM INITIALS, MEDIALS AND FINALS.

My first was shepherd, poet, king,  
Who to my second food did bring,  
And in my last for joy did sing.

1. Behold the champion on the plain,  
His mighty strength is all in vain,—  
What is he now, that he is slain?
2. Say what the word which joyful rings,  
As he in triumph song now sings  
His praises to the King of Kings.
3. By this, one might the prophet heard,  
And brought the king this faithful word,—  
To build My house thy son preferred.

4. Behold one in the dewy eve,  
His chosen wife with joy receive,  
So bravely prompt her home to leave.
  5. Ah! mourn each soul their earliest sin,  
The name by which death entered in,  
The name which did our woes begin.
- For a clock take FORGIVE.  
EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

### Some Wise Hints.

Sydney Smith had a keen appreciation of the value of good cheer and pleasant manners when he said: "Nothing contributes more certainly to the animal spirits than benevolence. Servants and common people are always about you; make moderate attempts to please everybody and the effort will insensibly lead you to a more happy state of mind. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it, you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest. The receipt for cheerfulness is not to have one motive only in the day for living, but a number of little motives; a man who, from the time he rises till bedtime conducts himself like a gentleman, who throws some little condescension into his manner to inferiors, and who is always contriving to soften the distance between himself and the poor and ignorant, is always improving his animal spirits and adding to his happiness. I recommend light as a great improver of animal spirits. How is it possible to be happy with two tallow candles ill-snuffed? You may be virtuous and wise and good, but two candles will not do for animal spirits. Every night the room in which I sit is lighted up like a town after a great naval victory, and in this cerous galaxy and with a blazing fire it is scarcely possible to be low spirited—a thousand pleasing images spring up in the mind—and I can see the little blue demons scampering off like parish boys pursued by the beadle."

### One Hundred and Twenty Miles on Steerback.

Oxen can be readily trained to be governed by a bridle and to carry a rider. When a boy we had an ox broken thus as well as a horse. This was of course done for the novelty of it, as there are plenty of saddle horses on the farm. The Fort Worth (Texas) Gazette gives the following: "An old gentleman named Jones rode from Oak Grove, fifteen miles from here, to a neighborhood forty-five miles south of here, on Wednesday, to notify his daughter that her mother was dangerously ill. He did not ride a wild and untamed horse of the pampas, nor ride in a chariot, but mounting the hurricane deck of a two-year-old steer made the trip of sixty miles in sixteen hours. He started on his return this morning before the sun was up, his daughter accompanying him, riding a pony, while the old gentleman contented himself with his faithful bovine. The party arrived at Fort Worth at seven o'clock last night, and after some simple refreshments and a little rest proceeded on their way, intending to make the remainder of the journey by midnight, thus accomplishing 120 miles in forty-eight hours on steerback; a feat never before performed."—*St. Louis Republican.*

### Everyday Politeness.

It is astonishing how many people there are in the world who do not know intuitively what common politeness dictates; but still more astonishing how many there are who, knowing what it dictates, do not seem to reflect that in discarding the rules of politeness they indirectly sacrifice themselves by ignoring rules deduced for the comfort of all from the experience of mankind; for the purpose, first of all, to prevent mankind; for the purpose, first of all, to prevent mankind's treading on each other's toes, and then, in the higher grade, to make their pathway through life pleasant. Trifles, it is said, make up the sum of life; but, paradoxically nothing is, therefore, a trifle that goes to make up a sum which, for the most favored of mortals, may indeed be in excess of his deserts, but which is for any one never absolutely great. It is only by making the fund of comfort a great tenting that men, women, and children can secure the full amount of whatever life has in it of possible enjoyment.

# T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 Yonge Street,

## TORONTO.

While the general rule at Eaton's is to sell cheap, yet there are seasons when prices are cut still closer in order to reduce surplus stock, and in this winter season we are making a special reduction sale in order to clear off all surplus stock, and in order to make a sure clearance in certain lines we have reduced to prices at a loss, and we think the quicker the loss is over the better, so to begin we offer some extraordinary reductions in every department.

### UNDERWEAR.

We offer a special line of Ladies' fine Scotch all-wool Under Vests, XX quality, in S. W. — W. — and O'S. sizes; the ordinary prices of these goods were \$1.33; our sale price, \$1.00.

### BLACK GOODS.

Extra line of Black Union Cashmere in Blue-Black at 25c. per yard. Black Cashmeres, fine French finish, 45, 55, 65, 75, 90c, and \$1. Extra Heavy Mantle Cashmeres, \$1.15, \$1.25, and \$1.50.

### DRESS GOODS.

100 pieces of Extra Heavy Foulle Cloth Dress Stuff, in Bronze, Brown, and Grey, at 20c. per yd. The regular price of these goods is 30c, sale price is 20c. a yard. 100 pieces of same class of goods in same colors, 22 inches wide, 10c. a yd.

Brocade Dress Goods in Blue and Brown, 12½c. yd

### GLOVES.

In this department all our customers are well served. Every class of Gloves is to be had, and parties sending for Gloves can be sure of getting the right glove at the right prices.

Our special this week is a fresh shipment of French Gloves in 4, 6, and 8-Buttons, in Cream, Opera tints and White, in all sizes.

Also Black 4-Button Josephine, in sizes 5½ and 6 only, at 50c. a pr.

# T. EATON & CO.,

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**WATSON, THORNE & SMELLIE** Barristers and  
Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

**TAPE WORM CURED.** — CUMMING THE  
greatest and most successful tape worm exter-  
minator known. Cures in three days. No drugs but  
a simple remedy causing no suffering. Send 3-cent  
stamp for reply. W. CUMMING, Kilmore, Can.

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

### BIRTHDAY CARDS!

BY MAIL,  
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

For 25 cts will be mailed, (graded value,) 10, 7, 4, or  
2 beautiful Birthday Cards, no two alike, large and  
artistic.

For \$1.00 will be mailed, (graded value,) 10, 7, 4, 2,  
or 1 silk fringed cards (same quality of cards as above.)

For 50 cts. will be mailed double quantity unfringed  
or half the quantity of fringed.

In the above are included Prang's American Hilde-  
schneider and Faulkner's English, and other artistic  
series. Orders filled also for more expensive Cards.  
Send us \$2, \$3, \$5, or \$10, and we will send you a fine  
assortment at lowest rates.

**MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.**

93 Yonge St. Toronto.



### LADIES!

If you want to buy a  
fine Style in Laundry  
Bangs, Waves, Switch  
es, etc., in any shade  
of hair in letter,  
and amount, and I will  
send you any style or-  
dered by return mail.  
If you have nice long  
curly hair that you want  
to sell, send it to me by  
mail, and I shall send  
you money what it is  
worth in return. Ad-  
dress: A. DOREN-  
WENDS, Paris Hair  
Works, 106 Yonge St.,  
Toronto, Ont. Circular  
sent on application.

### MRS. MALLORY

is prepared to furnish all the latest

### SKIRT IMPROVERS,

—ALSO THOSE—

+ Perfect-Fitting Corded Health Corsets +  
made to measure, and satisfaction guaranteed; also  
"DOMESTIC PATTERN" AGENCY,  
266 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

## LADIES SHOULD EXAMINE

—OUR PRICES OF—

## BERLIN WOOLS AND EMBROIDERIES

THE BEST VALUE IN CANADA.

Berlin Wools, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz. Shetland Wools, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz. Andalusian Wool  
all colors, 12½ cts. per oz. Saxony Wools, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz. Ice Wools, all colors, ounce balls, 15  
cts. per ball. Haddwin's Finest Wools, all colors, 10 cts. per skein. Tinsel in balls, very thick, all colors,  
10 cts. per ball. Finest, superior quality, 24 in. wide, \$2.50 per yard. Woolen Java Curries, all colors, 50 cts  
per yard. CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT LOWEST PRICES.

Silk and Chenille Corsets and Trusses, Fringes, Silks, Y'hoellers, Pom-poms, Silk and Wool Arrasances, Hats  
and Houlton Lace Brads, Slippers, Cushions, Brackets, Bannettes, Slipper Holders, Ladies' and Children's  
Hand Crochet Jackets, Hoods, Fascinators, &c., &c., together with a full assortment of all articles new  
and in the fancy business.

Letter Orders receive prompt attention. Can send Goods to any part of Canada. Write for Price  
List and save 25 per cent.

## HENRY DAVIS,

DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 YONGE ST., TORONTO.



## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-  
dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dis-  
eases, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating,  
Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remark-  
able success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally  
valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing  
this annoying complaint, while they also correct  
all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver  
and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who  
suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortu-  
nately their goodness does not end here, and those  
who once try them will find these little pills val-  
uable in so many ways that they will not be willing  
to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we  
make our great boast. Our pills cure it while  
others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and  
very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose.  
They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or  
purge, but by their gentle action please all who  
use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold  
by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

**CARTER MEDICINE CO.,**  
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AGENTS TO SELL THE NOVELTY RUG Ma-  
chines; patented; best selling article ever offered  
to agents. For particulars apply to R. W. ROSS,  
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WRITTEN VISITING CARDS ARE THE BEST  
used in the best society; your name beautifully  
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Leave orders personally or by post card.



### A QUICK SHAVE.

A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.

LADIES, when you are distressed with superfluous hair  
on face or arms, buy a bottle of  
**DOREN WENDS,**  
"EUREKA" HAIR DESTROYER.

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes  
the hair but by careful observation of directions de-  
stroys the roots also without and besides the con-  
venience; it is safe, harmless, and painless.

Send to any address on receipt of price, \$1.00 for one  
bottle or three bottles for \$2.00. Write address plainly  
and enclose money to

Dorenwends Manufacturing Co.,  
105 YONGE STREET TORONTO.  
A. DOREN WENDS, — — — — —

# UNDER THE DAISIES.

*Allegretto ma con tristezza.*

*Con espress.*

- 1. I've just been learn-ing the
- 2. And thus for-ov-er through-
- 3. And so 'tis bet-ter wo

*mf legato.* *f*

*rall. e portamento.*

les-son of life, The sad, sad les-son of lov-ing..... And all of its pow-ers for pleas-ure or pain Been  
 out this wide world, Is love a sor-row prov-ing..... There are still many sor-row-ful things in life, But tho  
 lived as we did, The sum-mer of love to-gether,..... And that one of us tired and lay down to rest Ero tho

*colla voce.*

*cres. sf*

slow-ly and sad-ly prov-ing; And all... that's left of the bright, bright dream, With its thou-sand bril-liant  
 saddest of all is lov-ing; The life... of some is worse than Death, For fate a high wall oft  
 coming of win-ter weather; For the sad-dest of love is love grown cold, And 'tis one of its sur-est

*ad lib.*

*cres.*

phas-es,..... Is a hand-ful of dust in a col-fin hid, A col-fin under the  
 rais-es,..... And far bet-ter than life with two hearts estranged, Is a low grave starr'd with Dai-sies..... Tho  
 phas-es,..... So I bless my lot, tho' with break-ing heart, For that grave en-starr'd with

*Col canto.*

*p*

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Dai-sies,.....

The snow-y, snow-y Dai-sies,.....

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*Col canto.*



## Health Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondents on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in the hands of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words "Health Department" written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—Ed.]

### Lodging Houses and Lodgers.

BY ROBT. SPROULE, M. D., M.A., TORONTO.

(Concluded.)

It must also be remembered that the capacity of the lungs increases or decreases eight cubic inches for every inch of increase or decrease in stature. Another, and a very obvious test of oxygen starvation is the color of the lips, inside of the eyelids and skin and the general bearing of languor which accompanies it. When oxygen is insufficiently supplied for the wants of the body what occurs is this, the oxygen is all consumed in the large vessels and never reaches the surface of the skin at all, consequently it becomes pale, leaden, flabby and badly nourished. Contrast this with the ruddy lips and cheeks of the rural lass, where the healthy blood courses to the very surface burning off and carrying all the used up and worn out debris in the form of carbonic acid and other hurtful material to be thrown out of the system by the proper organs. If the oxygen starvation is merely temporary, as for example in an overcrowded theatre or church, the manifestations of organic poisoning are more apparent, ladies faint or suffer from headache and lassitude while robust men become hot and drowsy and feel suffocated, but in the lodging house bedroom what occurs? There the enemy is still more dangerous, since its presence is unnoticed and the work of death insidious. Now an overheated room, though it may be inconvenient and unpleasant, provided the air is pure, is not dangerous, and until the air becomes vitiated cannot through mere heat become so, and it is a popular error to ascribe to over-heating the effects which are purely those of overcrowding. During sleep or indisposition when we are most probably in our bedrooms the system is not in such a vigorous attitude of opposition to the invasion of disease as during health and all the energies awake, and it is just this point which I would call the attention of the people in general to, to the end that proper and sufficient sleeping accommodation may in all cases be secured, or the insufficient space at once rejected.

One of the first things which we notice on going into a badly ventilated room is the stuffy smell and it should be sufficient to warn us against sleeping there, at least till the room is thoroughly cleansed and properly aired. Again we should choose a bedroom with a free admission of daylight and if possible of the direct rays of the sun and one with the sun shining into an open window during the day. Sunlight is the great vivifying agency which reaches us on earth and without it organic life becomes depressed or abnormal. It is well known that places and rooms where the rays of the sun do not reach are by no means so healthy as those where they do. Sunlight itself is a powerful oxidizer and purifier of the air and therefore it should be always fully admitted to our rooms. But what is pure air? and what air is fit to support robust and healthy life? That air is generally considered wholesome which does not contain more than four parts of carbonic acid in ten thousand parts of air, and from five to eight degrees of moistness or humidity as shown by the difference in the registering of temperature of the wet and dry bulb thermometers; and which of course does not otherwise contain injurious gases or effluvia. The chemical composition of air is somewhat as follows in about one hundred parts. 21 of oxygen, 79 of nitrogen, .04 of carbonic acid and a variable trace of watery vapour, ammonia and oxygen. Let us now note the changes which the inspired air undergoes in the lungs before it is expired. First then

we find, that however dry the external air may be, the expired air is saturated with watery vapour, or nearly so; second no matter what is the temperature of the external air, the temperature of the expired air is always the same as that of the blood, or about 98° Fahr.; and third, we find that the oxygen of the inspired air has been reduced from about 21 per cent. to about 15 or 16 per cent. and that the carbonic acid has been increased from .04 per cent. to about 4.7 per cent; or in other words that air which has once been breathed has gained 5 per cent. of carbonic acid and lost about 15 per cent. of oxygen. In addition to these substances the expired air contains a considerable amount of animal matter, which speedily decomposes, and when allowed to accumulate in a crowded room becomes very offensive and injurious, and let me here remark that it is not always the number of persons in a room, who crowd it in the above meaning—it is the number of persons in proportion to the space and ventilation accommodation allowed to each person; so that actually one person might overcrowd a room. The amount of nitrogen taken into the lungs remains almost unaltered. Expired air, therefore, contains about 400 parts of carbonic acid to each 10,000 parts of air, or one hundred times more than pure wholesome air. If then a man breathes sixteen times per minute and inhales thirty cubic inches each time, he will in the short space of one hour consume 28,800 cubic inches of air or between 16 and 17 cubic feet.

One thousand cubic feet should be the smallest allowance per individual but few of us enjoy so much. What then can we do? Why simply this, see that the smaller the room is the better must it be ventilated, that is the air must be changed in it more frequently by the proper use of doors, windows, chimneys, etc.

All windows should open at both top and bottom, and to the open air, not on a staircase or passage, and all should open near the ceiling. In the morning the bed-clothes should be thrown down and the windows opened wide so that the fresh air can get about every part of the room and cleanse it. In lodgings where servants are often overworked and careless a great many little details fall on the shoulders of the lodger, if he or she would keep the bedroom fresh and healthy.

"Many a man becomes restless and sickly, complains of headache, malaise and parched throat, from no other cause than sleeping in a vitiated atmosphere. The effects may be very gradual, but they are none the less certain." And lastly, never on any account sleep on the floor.

### Treatment of Infants.

It has been stated that one-third of all the children born in New York die before they attain to their fifth year. This large mortality is doubtless owing to some species of mismanagement. Young mothers are usually so ignorant of the wants of their babes, and old nurses are frequently so prejudiced in their old-time ways, that they will not give the requisite attention to fresh air, proper food, &c. And thus the death rates are increased, and "Rachel mourneth for her children, and refuseth to be comforted."

Pure, fresh air in the nursery is one of the chief requisites; and yet many nurses appear to think that a young lady can almost live without any fresh air, and so they shut all the windows at night, and burn a light to decrease the oxygen; and in the morning a person accustomed to pure air will be nearly suffocated in the atmosphere in which both mother and babe are supposed to gain strength. The effects of confinement and want of pure air will surely make themselves known by the lack of color in the face, the dullness of the eyes, the flabbiness of the muscles, and the slight increase in weight and growth, and will also bring in its train the numberless disorders to which all flesh is subject.

The nursery-room should be the most airy, sunny, and the largest room in the house. It should be well aired every day by opening the doors and windows, carrying the child into another room while the operation is performed. A window should also be left open at night, but so arranged that no draught falls upon the child. A movable screen is an excellent piece of furniture for

a nursery, because it can be placed around the crib or cradle, and shield the baby from draughts and lights; for while an abundance of fresh air is a necessity to the child's life, it should not be exposed to a strong current of air.

When a baby is a month old, it should be carried out every day, when the weather is bright; and noon-time in autumn and winter is the best seasons for this exercise; but earlier or later during warm weather. All children enjoy this airing exceedingly, and manifest their delight in it at a very early age; and this is an indication of a need of fresh air and bright sunlight to their health and well-being.

Cradles and cribs should never be covered with thick curtains to exclude the air. A drapery of lace is not objectionable, however, but rather desirable, because it shields the child from flies, and also from too much light. But their little heads and faces should not be covered with even a linen sheet; for any covering will force them to inhale the air impregnated by the exhalation from their bodies, and tend to decrease their strength and vigor. Nor must their faces be smothered up in shawls, when they are taken out to walk, for fear they should inhale too much cold air. A slight veil can be thrown over their face in a cold day—but even this a healthy child will often resent as an indignity. And if bright, pleasant days are chosen, and due heed paid to wrapping up their legs, feet, and arms, there is little danger of taking cold when out of doors.

Avoid over-feeding at all times. Regular intervals should always be observed even with the youngest child. For the first month, feeding once in two hours will give sufficient nourishment during the day; and twice at night is quite enough.

### Dr. Hammond on Baths.

Much of the literature on the subject of the Turkish bath owes its origin to those who are financially interested in the success of the baths. As such it is, of course, to be regarded with a certain degree of scepticism. In order to get the opinion of high and disinterested medical authority in the matter, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond was called upon. In response to the question: "Is the Turkish bath always beneficial in its effects?" Dr. Hammond said: "The Turkish bath is generally beneficial to a person in good health. Always is a word which never occurs in a physician's vocabulary. Thus the layman might say that strawberries were always healthful, but the physician knows that the generally harmless strawberry, when eaten by certain persons will produce a most violent eruption of the skin. I am justified in saying then that the Turkish bath is generally beneficial, although I have known cases in which a serious derangement of the body's functions has resulted from a single bath."

"In what cases is the baths most injurious?"

"In all cases where there is a tendency to heart disease. Men have died in the bath from aggravation of this trouble produced by it. No one should enter the hot room for the first time without having had his heart examined by a physician."

"Are you a patron of the Turkish bath?"

"I used to frequent them," was the reply; "but of late have contented myself with a cold bath every morning. I find that the best both for health and cleanliness."

"Would you recommend that for a person of slight physique?" asked the reporter, with a glance at the doctor's stalwart figure.

"I would recommend it for every one with whom it agrees. That is the test of common sense and medical science. If you remain blue and cold after a bath don't take it again while in the same state of health. If, on the other hand, your system reacts, the effect is entirely beneficial. If you pin me down to generalization, I should say that the tepid bath is most beneficial to the majority of the people. The hot bath should never be taken in one's house."

When handed a long newspaper clipping in which it was laboriously proven that the curse of this age was a too free use of soap and water, the people of the temperate regions growing weak and short-lived

under its application, while the natives of the north lived to a good old age, encased in dirt and train oil, the doctor characterized it as "an elaborate argument built upon false premises."

"A person should wash once a day," he continued, "with soap; for without soap the skin will shed water like the plumage of a duck. Indulgence in a Turkish bath should not be so frequent, owing to its weakening tendencies. It is preposterous to say that the inhabitants of the north outlive those of the south. The Esquimaux are a very short-lived race, while the negroes are at the other extreme. Witness the number of colored nurses who dandled the father of his country upon their knees, and still live to tell the tale.—[New York Tribune.]

### Health of Women.

A well known physician, whose practice lies in the direction of the fashionable uptown and avenues and is largely among women, was talking about health matters generally with a reporter of the New York Mail and Express, when the conversation turned upon the ill-health of women as compared with that of the sterner sex.

"The principal cause of woman's ill-health," said the doctor, "is that she ignores the old saying: 'Men's sana in corpore sana.' The majority of women who have passed their 20th year know next to nothing about the exertion of mind and body. To begin with, woman is moulded with of finer clay than men, and is, of course, more susceptible to injury. They do not observe the rules of hygiene so uniformly as men do."

"Explain matters a little more in detail, doctor."

"Well, women do not eat, drink or dress with reason. They nibble too much. Their stomachs are constantly at work. It is almost impossible for that organ to secrete any chyle—that is, the juice which acts as a solvent to the contents of the stomach—so long as that organ is at work. By this too frequent eating a rational appetite is spoiled. Only one thing then can follow—an impaired digestion and dyspepsia."

"The greatest cause of the poor health of American women, however, is the lack of invigorating employment. They loiter too much. Their brain and whole muscular system becomes sluggish, and at last incapable of sustaining any strain at all. The need of American women is not doctors and medicines, but advice and more out of door exercise, more useful employment in the house, and more interchange of ideas and opinions. Woman instead of being made inferior, and the weaker of the two, is intended by nature to be the greater and stronger."

### The Training of Children.

Infancy is the only time when it is nature or right to be wholly recipient. Between this time and full maturity giving and taking should be wisely alternated and one becomes as essential to the happiness of the other. It is not kindness but cruelty to neglect this training in responsibility to allow youth quietly to appropriate everything and contribute nothing. It is simply a training in selfishness, which quickly leads to ingratitude as one of its chief fruits. Children who are honoured by their parent's confidence, and accustomed to add their share of assistance, and to bear their share of self-sacrifice whenever the good of the family requires it, will rarely be guilty of ingratitude. They are not opposed to, but quick sympathy with, their parents, because they are gifted with specially sympathetic natures or are in any way superior to ordinary young people, but simply because they have been made sharers with their parents in the cares and hopes, and responsibilities and labours of the family.

R. U., PORT FERRY.—Q. What is a good thing to stop the pain of toothache? A. A few drops of camphor and laudanum dropped on a piece of lint and put into the hollow of the tooth will stop the pain immediately. But this relief though certain is only temporary. If the tooth is decayed, it should be extracted.

Ladies' Department.

Hints For Housewives.

So much information about everything is now so easily obtainable, that there is little excuse for enduring many of the small domestic worries to which housekeepers and others are often subjected.

Flies are a familiar nuisance; but we are told of a foreign remedy in laurel oil, which, better than fly-catchers and others, will not only rid us of these pests, but preserves looking-glasses and picture-frames when coated with it.

It is not frequenters of restaurants only who wonder why the simple precaution of throwing red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pan—said to prevent odors from boiling ham, cabbage, &c.—is not oftener observed.

Eggs could be purchased with greater confidence if the German method of preserving them by means of silicate of soda was generally followed.

Economy in housekeeping would be facilitated by the better observance of what are known in common parlance as 'wrinkles.' For example, why purchase inferior nutmegs, when their quality can be tested by tricking them with a pin?

Broken china can be mended with a useful substitute made with a piece of old cheese mixed with lime; and the wooden palings of the garden may be preserved from the weather by treating them with a composition of lard and linseed oil and pulverized charcoal, mixed to the consistence of paint.

Amateur joiners may derive comfort from the knowledge that nails and screws if rubbed with a little soap are easily driven into hard wood.

A deal of breakage amongst glass and crockery can be prevented by the simple precaution of placing lamp-chimneys, tumblers, and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table-salt has been added.

When the articles are taken out and washed, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature.

Crape may be renovated by thoroughly brushing all dust from the material, sprinkling with alcohol, and rolling in newspaper, commencing with the paper and crape together, so that the paper may be between every portion of the material.

A better plan for removing grease spots than by applying a hot iron is to rub in some spirit of wine with the hand until the grease is brought to powder, and there will be no trace of it.

The elasticity of cane-chair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new.

Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp-oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-Cologne rubbed dry with another cloth.

Egg-shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but make the glass look like new.

Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth.

Bed-Covers.

While our winter is such as to demand warm clothing, it does not necessarily follow that bedding should be heavy to insure warmth.

A useful and pretty sofa quilt can be made with cheese-cloth and sheet-wadding. Take three breadths of the cloth, each two and one-eighth yards long.

A deal of breakage amongst glass and crockery can be prevented by the simple precaution of placing lamp-chimneys, tumblers, and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table-salt has been added.

make a delicate combination, though of course one can suit the taste in the shade of wool. The edge I refer to is about three inches wide.

First Appearance of Women on the Stage.

It is a significant fact that it was during the reign of the second Charles that women first made their appearance on the stage. Previous to the Restoration, female characters were enacted by boys or effeminate looking young men; and perhaps this circumstance may palliate much of the coarse language with which most of the earlier plays abound.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent asks for a cure for water-brash. We know of none.

MISS L. B., Mt. Morris, N. Y.—All right. The mistake is now rectified.

A. H. P., 1009 Grayson St., Louisville, Ky.—Many thanks for offer, but we cannot accept it now.

Mrs. B. E. Menden.—Thanks for story. I hope it will meet with the approbation of the Committee.

C. A. R., Box 218, Picton, Ont., writes.—The almanac (1859) mentioned in your paper. I can send, if you still wish one of that date.

G. E. HUTCHINSON sends TID BIT and does not give his post office address. The envelope is postmarked with Dresden and Chatham.

MARY S., KINGSTON STATION, N. S.—That was a "bull" and big one, but no doubt you are right. Many thanks for good words about TRUTH. Hope your story will be one of the successful ones.

PATRICK GUTHRIE, BLAINSBURG, HAMILTON Co., Iowa, says.—I noticed in notes to correspondents, one under the name of Ceylon, requesting an almanac for the year 1858. I can supply you with such.

N. OWEN SOREN.—The total area of the British Empire is 8,990,211 square miles; the population is 307,725,000; the revenue \$1,016,395,000; the debt \$5,195,797,700; and the imports and exports \$5,194,361,000.

L. D.—Parcels are carried by the Post office to places within the Dominion at the rate of 6 cents for every 4 ounces or fraction thereof. No parcel must exceed 5 lbs., or have any letter enclosed, and must be prepaid by stamps.

MUSIC AND FASHIONS.—In answer to several inquiries we may say that TRUTH will hereafter contain a piece of fresh music each week, the best and most popular attainable. Fashion plates will also be published again from time to time.

WM.—Yes, you can send photographs, or maps or prints by book post at the rate of 4 ozs. for a cent. The parcel must be open at the ends or sides, and must contain no letter, and further, it must not exceed two feet in length, or one foot in width or depth.

B.—The present Canadian tariff of customs can be found in the Canadian Almanac for the present year, page 40. Any one can have a copy of that very useful book for, we suppose, 15 cents. Those who have not been in the habit of buying it could not invest 15 cents better.

MISS W., St. CATHERINES.—If stories are intended for competition the necessary dollar for a six months subscription must accompany them invariably. One only need be sent, unless six months, subscription

accompanies each one. Stories may be either written or printed; printed ones are more in favor with our printers.

A SUBSCRIBER TO TRUTH, Hamilton.—Could you give me any information of wood engravers, and if there are any establishments of the kind in Toronto? Having a son seeking for a situation as improver, you would oblige me by giving me any information on the subject.—Yes, Ralph Smith & Co. are probably the best.

G. E. F., Halifax, N. S.—If TRUTH fails to reach Halifax at its usual time the fault must be in the mails somewhere, and is entirely beyond our control. The mails are despatched from here every week at the regular time. There has not been one failure about that in this office in many months. Possibly the late storms may have had to do with it.

G.—Yes. Married women can carry on business, sue and be sued in the same manner as if unmarried. They are entitled to hold property free from debts and control of husband, but cannot convey away real estate without husband's connivance. They are entitled to dower on the real estate owned by husband during marriage, and on such secured real estate as the husband may die entitled to.

M. F.—Sorry for you, but never despair. When you know the folly and wickedness of your conduct, the evil ought to be half remedied. A great many young men are in lunatic asylums just through similar courses, and you will go too if you don't take care. No sacrifice is too great, no mortification too severe in order to get quit of the fascination. But if you will go on, you must take the consequence. They that sow inequity reap the same.

I. I.—Newfoundland was discovered in 1500 A. D. It has an area of about 40,000 square miles, and in 1874 had a population of 161,359. In expenditure it keeps well within its means, and has only about \$1,500,000 of debt. At one time it was thought that Newfoundland would soon ask to be received as part of Canada. The people, however, are now greatly off the idea, being persuaded that they are better as they are.

I. C. T., BRIDGEWATER, O.—The Princess Beatrice was born on the 14th of April, 1857, and is consequently nearly 28 years of age. Whether or not she is becoming crusty from incipient old-fashionedness, as the newspapers affirm we cannot say. We are equally ignorant about the way her coming marriage is being received by the royal circle and if we were to speak the honest truth we might add that we did not care at all how it went. Those concerned can settle the difficulty among themselves.

JACK.—The Marquis of Lansdowne was born in 1845, and is consequently in the fortieth year of his age. He is Earl of Kerry and Shelburne in the Irish peerage. His oldest son, whose courtesy title is Earl of Kerry, was born in 1872. The title is not an old one, it being only a hundred years since the first Marquis was raised to that honor, and the Irish title only dates back to 1722. Still, considering the number of what are called New Men in the House of Lords this family may actually be reckoned among the old if that is any recommendation.

E. F. D., SHERYVILLE, OHIO.—Pleased not to get too angry. You surely don't think that the U. S. ought to harbor and defend "all the rascality of Europe." No one would even think of saying that all the people of the United States were of that category. We wish the States ten fold more prosperity and wealth than they have. Still we say it is not for them to make their territory a safe base for rascals devising schemes against the peace of other countries. If our correspondent thinks they ought, we beg to differ from him and always shall.

GEO. ROGERS.

346 YONGE ST.

Is showing a very large assortment of Gentlemen's Woolen Underclothing, Ribbed Wool Shirts and Drawers 40c. up, Shetland 1/2 Wool Shirts and Drawers \$1.25 up, Cashmere Wool Shirts and Drawers, Merino Shirts and Drawers \$1.00 up. 1- small, medium and large men's sizes. Boys Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, Boys Plain Shirts and Drawers, Boys Merino Shirts and Drawers, all sizes. Prices Very Low.

GEO. ROGERS,

346 Yonge St., Cor. Elm.

# THE TWO ACTS;

## OR, "THEY HAVE THEIR REWARD."

"No, indeed I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Lionel to her husband, who had come home with the intelligence that a cousin of his, a widow, had died suddenly, and left a little girl, three years old, whom he proposed that his wife should adopt and bring up as her own—they having no children. But she gave a decided negative on the spot.

"She is a sweet, interesting child," urged Mr. Lionel. "You will soon get attached to her, and be more than repaid, in the new affection awakened in your heart, for all the care and trouble she may occasion."

"It is of no use to talk to me, Mr. Lionel," returned the lady, in a positive tone of voice. "I know all about the care and trouble, and am not willing to take it upon myself. As I have no children of my own, I am not disposed to take the burden of other people's. So it is useless for you to press this subject; for I will never consent to what you propose."

"If you feel in that way, I shall certainly not urge the matter," said her husband. "Though, as far as I am concerned, it would give me great pleasure to adopt Aggie, who is a charming little creature. I wish you could see her."

"I have no particular desire. All children are alike to me. As to beauty, that is a poor compensation for the trouble. So I must beg to be excused."

Mr. Lionel said no more on the subject. He was exceedingly fond of children, and never ceased to regret that he had none of his own.

In two or three instances before, he had endeavoured to prevail upon his wife to adopt a child; but she had, each time, firmly declined. She had very little affection for children herself, and was not willing to take the care and trouble that she saw would necessarily be involved in the adoption of a child. The little girl who, by the death of his cousin, had been left homeless and apparently friendless, was a sweet young creature, whom to look upon was to love. Mr. Lionel had never seen her without a warming of his heart toward her, and a secret wish that she were his own instead of another's. The moment he heard of his cousin's death he determined to adopt Agnes, or Aggie, as she was called, provided his wife were willing. But Mrs. Lionel was not willing. She was too selfish to love anything out of herself. A thought of the child's good—of giving a home to the homeless—of being a mother to the motherless—never crossed her mind. She only thought of the trouble the little orphan would give.

The insuperable difficulty in the way of adopting Aggie as his own did not destroy the interest which Mr. Lionel felt in her. He considered it his duty to see that she was provided with a good home, and was willing to be at the cost of her maintenance, if necessary. His first thought had been to adopt the child, and until that was understood to be out of the question, he had thought of nothing else in regard to her. How she was to be disposed of, now that his wife had definitely settled the matter against him, became a new subject of reflection. After due deliberation, he determined to see a distant relative on the subject, with whom, since his marriage, he had held but little familiar intercourse, although he entertained for her a high respect. The reason of this was the cold, proud, unsocial temper of his wife, who rather looked down upon his relatives, because their standing in society was not, as she considered it, quite so high as hers had been, and still was. Necessarily, such a disposition in his wife, could prevent intimate social intercourse between Mr. Lionel and his relatives.

The relative to whom reference has just been made was a lady whose husband, a very estimable man, was in moderately good circumstances. They had three children of their own, the youngest of which was nearly ten years of age. From his appreciation of Mrs. Wellford's character, Mr. Lionel, who, from thinking of Aggie as his adopted child, began to love her almost as much as if she were really his own, felt a strong desire that she should take the orphan. He had not seen her for a couple of years when he called upon her to talk about the matter. A little to his surprise, Mrs. Wellford, when she met him in the parlour, entered leading Aggie by the hand.

"Dear little creature!" said he, taking the child in his arms and kissing her, as soon as he had shaken hands with Mrs. Wellford. "I am glad to see you in such good hands. It is about this very child, Mary," he added, "that I have come to talk with you. What is to be done with her?"

"I don't know," returned Mrs. Wellford. "She must have a home somewhere among us. The dear child! Anybody could love her. Have you thought of taking her?"

"If I were to consult my own feelings and wishes, I should adopt her as my own child immediately. But I am not at liberty to do this, and therefore must not think about it. I am willing, however, to be at the entire cost of her maintenance and education, if you will undertake the care of her. What I can do, I will do with all my heart."

"We have already talked seriously about adding Aggie to our little household," replied Mrs. Wellford, "and if no one else offers to do so, we will keep her, and do for her the same as if she were our own. It will bring more care and anxiety to me, which, as my health is not good, will be my duty to take the place of her mother, and I shall assume the office cheerfully."

"But at my charge," said Mr. Lionel.

"No," replied Mrs. Wellford. "A mother accepts no pay for her duty. It is a labour of love, and brings its own reward. Though Providence has not given us wealth, yet we have enough, and I think as much to spare as this dear child will need. For your kind wishes and intentions for Aggie, I will thank you in her stead. I thought, perhaps, as you had no children, that you might wish to adopt her; but as this cannot be, it will doubtless fall to our lot."

Mr. Lionel went home feeling less satisfied with his wife's spirit and temper—so strongly contrasted as it was with that of Mrs. Wellford—than he had felt for a long time.

"She will have her reward," he murmured to himself; "and, as she said, justly, it will be sweet." This was an allusion to Mrs. Wellford, who had called the mother's duty she was about to assume, a labour of love.

Little Aggie scarcely felt the loss of her parent. The love she had borne her mother was transferred to her aunt, as Mrs. Wellford was called, so early that no void was left in her heart. It took but a little while for each member of the family to feel that Aggie had a right to be among them, and for Mr. and Mrs. Wellford to love her as their own child.

Years rolled by, and brought many unlooked-for changes both to Mrs. Lionel and Mrs. Wellford. Both had been subjected to afflictions and reverses—the severest, perhaps, that ordinarily fall to the lot of any—for both were widows, and both friendless and poor. As for Mrs. Wellford, she had not only lost her husband, but all her children were taken, and she was left alone in the world with the orphan Aggie. But she, grown into a lovely young woman, nestled closer to her side and into her very bosom; though not with a helpless, but in a sustaining spirit. Death, though he had robbed Mrs. Wellford of Mr. H., had still left her much. Bereaved as she had been, she was neither lonely nor sad. How different was the case of Mrs. Lionel! After the death of her husband, and the total loss of her property, she fell back at once from her high position in the social scale, into neglect, obscurity, and want. For the very means of subsistence, exertion became necessary. But what could she do for a living, who had, in her whole life, done scarcely a useful thing—who had been little better than a drone in the social hive? Nothing! And if there was small ability, there was pride enough besides to prevent its exercise.

At the time of her husband's death, which followed shortly after the reverses that stripped him of all worldly possessions, Mrs. Lionel retired into the family of a poor relative, who had been little thought of in brighter days, and who, although she did not wish to receive her, could not close her door in her face. A sad spectacle she was. Shut up in the little chamber that was assigned, she never went out, and only met

the family she was burlening with her presence at the table, and then with an aspect so gloomy and reserved, as to throw a chill over the feelings of all.

For a short period Mrs. Lionel paid a small sum for her board, but not very long time passed before all her money was exhausted, and she became absolutely dependent upon a poor woman distantly related to her, whose only means of support was her own and her daughter's personal labour.

After the death of her husband and children, Mrs. Wellford, who was left quite as poor as Mrs. Lionel, began to look around her for some means of securing an income for herself and Agnes, whom she loved, now that all the rest were gone, with a tenderness that equalled the sum of her love for all. But what to do was a difficult thing to determine. When a young girl, her education had been very plain; she could not, therefore, resort to teaching in any branch, for she had not the requisite ability. Sewing always gave her a severe pain in the chest and side, so that whatever might be her skill in needlework, she was precluded from resorting to it as a means of obtaining money.

"I think," said she to Agnes, after looking at the subject in every possible light, "that there is but one thing left for me to do."

"What is that, aunt?" inquired Agnes. "Taking a few boarders. I could attend to them."

"It will be very hard work," suggested the niece, "too hard for you. No, no, aunt, that will not do; look what a slave's life Mrs. Minturn has. Don't think of it."

"I must do something, you know, Aggie dear; in a little while, all our money will be gone. I have thought of everything, but my mind comes back to this at last. I don't like the thought of it, but it is right for me to exert myself, and I must do so without a murmur."

"Haven't you yet thought of anything that I can do?" asked Agnes, in a cheerful voice. "I am sure that I can do something," she added, confidently; "and I am younger, and have better health than you have."

"I cannot think, my dear child," said Mrs. Wellford, with much earnestness in her voice, "of your being exposed to the world's rough contact; you are too young."

"The contact you seem so to dread cannot hurt me, aunt," returned Agnes, "for I have given myself to Jesus, and I know he will enable me to overcome the world."

"But I cannot bear the thought of seeing you, in the very spring-time of life, when all along your path should grow up flowers to fill the air with perfume, chained like a slave to the car of Labour. No, no, Aggie, it must not be; I can do all that is required. If I fail, then it will be time enough to call upon you for aid."

Pride as well as affection reigned in the breast of Mrs. Wellford. She could not bear the thought of seeing Agnes engaged in any kind of labour for money. She was fully capable of giving instruction in many things, and of securing thereby a fair income; but her aunt would not hear of her seeking for employment.

"Aunt is wrong," said Agnes to herself, when alone, soon after the interview, in which Mrs. Wellford declared it as her belief that the only thing left for her to do was to take a few boarders. "I ought not to see her do this." She sat thoughtful for a few moments, and then added aloud— "And I will not see her do it. I have received everything from her, and now is the time for me to make some return. But what shall I do? Where shall I seek for employment?"

Half an hour after she had asked herself these questions so earnestly, Agnes picked up a newspaper, and the first thing that met her eyes was an advertisement for a person to give lessons in music and one or two modern languages to three young ladies, for which a liberal compensation would be paid. Without saying a word to her aunt, Agnes dressed herself and went to the place mentioned in the advertisement. The house before which she paused was a very large one, in a fashionable part of the city; everything around it indicated a wealthy owner. For a few moments she felt timid, and hesitated about presenting herself; but she soon regained her self-possession, and made the application for which she had come.

A middle-aged woman, of mild and lady-like deportment, met her on being shown into one of the apartments.

"I believe you advertised for a teacher," said Agnes, speaking in a low trembling voice. She found herself more agitated than she had expected.

"We did," replied the lady, "and have already received several applications, though none of those who have answered the advertisement suit us in all respects. And I am afraid that we shall hardly find all that we desire in you."

There was nothing in the way this was said to hurt the feelings of Agnes, but rather to make her feel more free to speak.

"Why do you think I shall not suit?" she asked, looking earnestly into the lady's face.

"Because you are too young. You are not yet over seventeen years of age."

"I am sixteen," returned Agnes.

"But even that is too young. We wish a person of some experience, and of the first ability. I will not question your ability, but you certainly cannot have much experience in teaching. Have you ever given lessons in music?"

"Not yet; but I wish to do so, and believe that I could give satisfaction."

"Then you have never been engaged in teaching at all?"

"No, never."

"I hardly think you would suit us."

The countenance of Agnes fell so suddenly that the lady's sympathies were awakened, and she said, "Are you very desirous of securing a situation as teacher?"

"Desirous above all things," replied Agnes, with much earnestness.

The lady continued to ask questions after question, until she understood fully what was in the young girl's mind. She then appreciated her more highly, although she did not believe her fully qualified to give instruction that was desired. Agnes, who gained confidence the more she conversed with the lady, at length urged that she might have a trial.

"But suppose, after we give you a trial, that you do not suit us; we shall find it hard to send you away."

The force of this objection was fully appreciated by the lady when she uttered it, for already she felt so drawn toward the young girl with whom she was holding the interview, that her feelings were fast getting the control of her judgment.

"I am sure I shall suit you," replied Agnes, "for I will give the most untiring attention to my duties."

The lady looked at her beautiful young face, lit up with the earnestness of a true purpose, and felt as she had never before felt for a stranger. She addressed a few words to her in French. Agnes replied in the same language.

"Your accent is certainly very correct. Now let me hear you perform something on the piano," she said.

Agnes went to the instrument, and, after selecting a piece of music, sat down and ran her fingers gracefully over the keys. The lady stood by to listen. Soon the young girl was in the midst of a beautiful but familiar composition, which she executed with unusual taste and brilliancy. Her touch was exquisite, and at the same time full and, where required, bold and confident.

"Admirable!" she heard uttered in a low voice just behind her, as she struck the last note in the piece. It was not the voice of a woman.

She started and turned quickly. More auditors than she had supposed were present. A young man and three beautiful young girls stood listening behind their mother, they had been attracted from an adjoining room by the music, so far superior to anything ordinarily heard. A drop crimson overspread the sweet young face of Agnes, heightening every native charm. The young man instantly retired, and the mother introduced her to her daughter, who were in love with so charming an actress, and gave their voices at once in favour of her favour. This but seconded the mother's propositions.

"Nothing has yet been said about compensation," remarked the lady to Agnes after she had requested the girls to leave them again alone. "We are willing to pay liberally, if we can get the person we wish. At present I feel strongly in favour of giving you a trial. If, after thinking over the subject, it is concluded to do so, your salary will be eighty pounds. Do you think that will meet your wishes?"

"Fully," replied Agnes, with an emotion that she could scarcely conceal. The sum was larger than she had expected.

"Of course, I should like to be at home every night with my aunt," said she.

"To the section. prepared to Agnes rec- ret trembl- the engage- She said n- taking boa- morning to purpose. went with decision th- her applic- On going- had not y- back for t- blown wil- bed. A he- head ache- until I w- better. "I have- just suit,"- to allude- give me a- "If I loo- sick enou- "I have- fatigued- ter you sh- think of it- great, we c- an expen- present to- "Yes, I- had the al- we have n- income." "There- "But w- that thro- in the min- "Forgi- tionate gi- neck of lie- at your ti- pelled to t- fore, appli- a private- languages- am to rec- year." "While- house, an- tigue and- fully to re- the great- that she- She was,- to receiv- made by- "You a- plied, kis- "And y- the niece. "How- leaving h- of Agnes, she looke- eyelashes- And turn- own happ- Six mo- sat alone- woman w- on whom- came in v- you know- was marr- the riches- "No; I- Lionel, e- billing, e- poverty c- "No, r- Agnes- teaching- his morn- keep boar- and, a- and appli- three you- which sh- pounds a- before th- in love w- objection- they are- "And egerly- and Mrs. L- Mrs. L- and sink- "Oh, wh- that she- How- Lionel di- She has- had her.

"To that we should make no serious objection. To-morrow morning I shall be prepared to give you an answer."

Agnes retired with a heart full of hope, but trembling lest something should prevent the engagement she was so eager to make. She said nothing to her aunt, who, bent on taking boarders, went out on the following morning to look for a house suited for that purpose. As soon as she was gone, Agnes went with a trembling heart to hear the decision that was to be made concerning her application. It was favourable.

On going home, she found that her aunt had not yet returned, nor did she come back for two hours; then she was so worn down with fatigue, that she had to go to bed. A cup of tea revived her; but her head ached so badly, that she did not get up until late in the afternoon, when she was better.

"I have found a house, Aggie, that will just suit," said she, as soon as she felt able to allude to the subject. "The owner is to give me an answer about it to-morrow."

"If looking for a house has made you sick enough to go to bed, aunt," returned Agnes, "how can you expect to bear the fatigue of keeping boarders in the house after you shall have taken it? You must not think of it. In two good rooms, at a light rent, we can live very comfortably, and at an expense much lighter than we have at present to bear."

"Yes, Agnes, comfortably enough, if we had the ability to meet that expense; but we have not. You know that there is no income."

"There has been none, but—" "But what, dear?" Mrs. Wellford saw that there was something more than usual in the mind of Agnes.

"Forgive me, dear aunt," said the affectionate girl, throwing her arms around the neck of her relative; but I cannot see you, at your time of life, and in ill health, compelled to toil as you propose. I have, therefore, applied for and secured a situation in a private family, as a teacher of music and languages to the young ladies, for which I am to receive a salary of eighty pounds a year."

While Mrs. Wellford was looking for a house, and after she had found one, the fatigue and pain she suffered led her more fully to realize than she had done before, the great labour, with a doubtful result, that she was about taking upon herself. She was, therefore, just in the state of mind to receive the unexpected communication made by Agnes.

"You are a good girl," she merely replied, kissing her as she spoke.

"And you do not object?" eagerly asked the niece.

"How can I?" responded Mrs. Wellford, leaving her head down upon the shoulder of Agnes. In a few moments she said, as she looked up, with tears glistening on her eyelashes—"May Heaven reward you!" And turning away, she left Agnes to her own happy thoughts.

Six months from this time, as Mrs. Lionel sat alone in her room, gloomy and sad, the woman with whom she was living, and upon whom she still remained a heavy burden, came in where she was, and said—"Did you know that your niece, Agnes Wellford, was married yesterday to a son of one of the richest men in town?"

"No; it can't be!" quickly replied Mrs. Lionel. "Mr. Wellford died not worth a shilling, and his widow has been as poor as poverty ever since."

"No, not quite that," said the woman. "Agnes has supported her comfortably by teaching music. I heard the whole story this morning. Mrs. Wellford wanted to keep boarders, but Agnes wouldn't hear of it, and, against her aunt's wishes, went out and applied for a situation as teacher to three young ladies in a wealthy family, for which she was to receive a salary of eighty pounds a year. She had not taught long before the brother of the young ladies fell in love with her, to which no very strong objection was made by his friends; and now they are married."

"And what of Mrs. Wellford?" was eagerly inquired.

"They go to house-keeping forthwith, and Mrs. Wellford is to live with them." Mrs. Lionel clasped her hands together, and sinking back in her chair, murmured—"Oh, what an error I committed!" "How?" inquired the woman. But Mrs. Lionel did not answer the question. She had her reward, and Mrs. Wellford had hers.

### Ralph the Peacemaker.

The evening meal is finished, and my husband and I sit down before the fire to spend the most enjoyable part of the day. He, after the manner of his kind, unfolds the newspaper and buries his face behind it. My fingers are soon busy with bright-colored fancy work. Edward affects to despise this occupation, though he never fails to remind me when a new pair of slippers are wanted. For half an hour nothing is heard but the click of the needle and rustle of the newspaper. Ralph, a venerable retriever, stretched upon the hearth-rug, becoming weary of the monotony, rises and places his large intelligent head upon my lap, looking up with kind, expressive brown eyes. He has come for a little potting, and gets it to his heart's content. Good old Ralph! though your curly black coat is sprinkled with gray, you are still a prime favorite in the household, and have easy times under an indulgent mistress. Reader, you will scarcely wonder that we regard him with such affection, when you learn what a valuable service he once rendered us.

It was some years ago, in the days of my maidenhood. My father's home was a pretty sheltered villa, outside the little town of G—. From the windows, we could see across a few meadows the clear water of the river; and beyond, through the distant trees, the delicate spire of a church. It formed a beautiful rural picture, the fresh green of the foliage undimmed by the smoke of factories. At the other end of the town lived Edward Drayton—the same individual who sits their silently reading his newspaper — who worked busily from morning to night in a dusty office. We seldom met during the week; but with unflinching regularity he called for me, every Sunday afternoon. In summer, when the bright sunshine invited every living creature to delight in the warm rays, we would stroll arm-in-arm through the meadows and wander by the side of the river. Ralph always accompanied us.

How the hours fled past as we sat and watched the martins skimming over the surface, or read what were to us the most interesting of love stories in one another's eyes! This courtship had lasted several months, when a foolish quarrel threatened to break our engagement off altogether. The cause was trivial in itself, and I now wonder how we can ever have let such a thing trouble us; but unfortunately lovers are much given to misunderstanding one another. Each of us had a considerable share of pride, too much at all events to make the first overtures of peace. Gloomily we nursed our resentment during the week. Twice had we met in the street, and passed without a word. Did his heart throb like mine, I wonder, and a plea for forgiveness rise to his lips? If it did, he allowed the opportunity to pass unimproved. Sunday came round again. Only one week had elapsed since the quarrel, but oh! how the days had dragged by; what a weary, weary time it had been! The afternoon was bright and sunny. A delicious south wind tempered the summer heat. No ring at the bell announced the welcome notice, "Mr. Drayton to see you, Miss." Lonely and sick at heart, I strolled out into the meadows. I noticed not that the ground was carpeted with buttercups, and the air full of the hum of insects; the bitter reflections within excluded all else. The stile was reached, the smooth comfortable old stile near the river, where some one had always before been so ready to assist; but he was not here to-day, and the mere thought caused the pent-up tears to burst forth. Sitting down beneath a gnarled oak hard by, I laid my face in my hands and sobbed piteously. Presently, Ralph's joyous bark aroused me from the painful reverie. Looking up, I saw bending over me the dear object of my regrets, who said, as he gave a reconciling kiss. "Ralph has brought me to you, and taught us both a wholesome lesson."

True enough, the sagacious dog had played the part of peacemaker. I remembered seeing him follow me from the house, but had been too absorbed to notice his disap-

pearance. Some reflection like this must have passed through his canine imagination: "My mistress goes out alone, sad and unhappy; formerly, she had some one with her, and the result was different; let me run and fetch the third person, and doubtless we shall all three be glad together."

Whether such were his thoughts or not, he trotted off to the other end of the town, and called at the Drayton's house. He found Edward sitting disconsolately in the garden, pretending to read. Ralph placed his forepaws on Edward's knees and gave a short inquiring kind of bark; then started off towards the gate, returned, and almost as plainly as words could have done, requested to be followed. Nothing loathe to lay aside the book, and wondering what the dog could want, Edward rose, and started along the path. Ralph's joy knew no bounds; with barks of delight, he ran ahead, turning every now and then to wait for his companion. Thus had he brought the repentant lover to the field where his mistress sat sobbing beneath the oak tree. And there Ralph now stood, holding forth eloquently with his tail, and something almost like a quiet smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

In honor of the occasion, a little wren hopped out of her moss roofed cottage on the bough above, and burst forth into a flood of high-pitched music. Her throat swelled, and her tiny lungs worked bravely, as the song grew into a passion of shrill melody. That song was the precursor of a peal of bells!

As some return for the gratitude we owe to Ralph, it is our delight to treat him as a worthy aged retainer. All his wants are supplied with affectionate care, the troubles of advanced years being smoothed away as far as possible.

### Sydney Smith on Happiness.

I have a contempt for persons who destroy themselves. Live on, and look evil in the face; walk up to it and you will find it less than you imagined, and often you will not find it at all, for it will recede as you advance. When you are in a melancholy fit, first suspect the body, appeal to rhubarb and calomel, and send for the apothecary; a little bit of gristle sticking in the wrong place, an untimely consumption of custard, excessive gooseberries, often cover the mind with clouds and bring on the most distressing views of human life. I start up at two o'clock in the morning, after my first sleep, in an agony of terror, and feel all the weight of life upon my soul. It is impossible that I can bring up such a family of children; my sons and daughters will be beggars; I shall see those whom I love exposed to the scorn and contumely of the world! So I argued, and lived dejected and with little hope; but the difficulty vanished as life went on. My daughters married well; I had two or three appointments, and before life was half over became a prosperous man. And so will you. Friends start up out of the earth; time brings a thousand chances in your favor. Nothing so absurd as to sit down and wring your hands because all the good which may happen to you in twenty years has not taken place at this precise moment.

### Men to Reason With.

If you find a man with sense enough to ignore his own pride, to reason without getting into a passion, to contend for truth and principle, and not victory and party; who has patience enough to hear your side of the question as well as his own; and who has the charity to suppose that you are as sincere as himself, and have as much right to your opinions as he has to his, I say when you find a man of this stamp, there may be some benefit in your exchanging ideas. But to expect an impartial hearing and decision from a person wedded to a party and his own pride, is to labor under a gigantic delusion. You will find that some men do not know the difference between ridicule and reason; between persons and principles. Always avoid disputing with such. You run too much risk. They cannot honor you and may disgrace you. These are little things that it may be well to heed.

### Carlyle and Hawthorne as Husbands.

"My dear, whatever you do, never marry a man of genius," was a vein of advice in which poor nerve-wrecked Mrs. Thomas Carlyle was very much addicted to indulging with her young lady friends; not, probably, because she thought the alarming surplus of genius thrown on the matrimonial market was in danger of setting on a general stampede in that direction, but because the bare possibility of one case of such misery in a million seemed to her enough to justify a warning cry. Rightly or wrongly, women get the credit of drawing, sweeping, universal conclusions from single instances, and where the instances are of a peculiarly exasperating kind, the thing is hardly to be wondered at. That at the very time when she herself was dutifully staying at home, the house a pandemonium of hammering carpenters and splashing plasterers, and nothing but a dark closet left her to sleep in, her husband abroad in Germany, should entertain her in his letters with little but a catalogue of the cats that had soredened him the previous night, and of the roosters whose crowing had waked him up at dawn, and of the dead dogs he had seen floating on the green waters of the Rhine, all this might perhaps have been enough to justify her at moments in sympathizing with the Roman Emperor's amiable wish that the whole tribe of men of genius had but one neck, and there were a convenient ax ready to hand. And yet, on the other side, how many of the young women who, after reading the recent biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife, will lay the book down with the sigh: "Ah, that heaven would only send me such a husband! Never marry a man of genius! Why, I will take a vow of perpetual virginity unless I can find one somewhere." And the young lady is not so far wrong. Stupid and commonplace men have too many advantages already in a world so well fitted to them to be allowed a longer monopoly of the claim that they furnish the only material out of which ideal husbands can be made. If a woman must have a man to worship, why should she never be indulged in one toward whom the adoration involves a less exhausting strain? — [Boston Herald.]

### It's No Use.

The real, solemn fact is that nobody, man or woman, statesman or tramp, can strike an icy spot in public and go cavorting around to bring up with a crash on the flagstones without feeling more or less poisoned against the whole world. At such a time any words of consolation you may offer are like cranberry sauce offered to a man with the lock-jaw.

Yesterday as a woman of 50 years and 150 pounds was passing the City Hall she struck the spot which had been looking for her ever since the first freeze-up. An exclamation of astonishment was followed by a yell of alarm and while she was wondering what made the sidewalk bob around so she sat down in four Paris styles. Close behind her was a philanthropist, and as he rushed to her assistance he said:

"Never mind, madam! The day is coming when everybody will be provided with air-cushions, and a fall will make our porous plasters stick the tighter. Allow me to send a messenger for a derrick to hoist you on your pins again."

She refused his offer, and after a struggle reached her feet. Then she seized the fence with one hand, and waving the other in the air she screamed out:

"Air-cushions! Derricks! Pins! Porous plasters! you old bow-legged, bald-headed bean pole, if my husband doesn't hunt you down and make you eat your ears I won't live with him another day! Go on with you!" And the broken-hearted man went on.

Patti, it seems, refuses to re-enter society. O, why will you shut yourself up and be an oyster-Patti.

We cannot be too grateful to the Naugatuck man who has invented a rubber shoe that can be carried in the pocket. This will obviate leaving it in the hall for some one to drain his umbrella in.

The Detroit Free Press talks about "a hen which will lay around on top of a nest full of eggs for the best part of a month." If the Free Press man thinks it's merely fun to sit on a dozen of eggs, let him try it once,

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chers' Etymological Dictionary No. 90, came to hand all right, and I am highly pleased with it. It is a most excellent book, and what every person requires.

CHARLOTTE ROGERS, Merriton, Ont.—I received the brooch which was awarded me in Bible Competition No. 10. Please accept my thanks; I am well pleased with it.

J. D. CHAPMAN, Bloomsburg, Ont.—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks, the receipt of the gold brooch awarded me as a prize in Competition No. 11; it far exceeds my expectation in beauty and design.

LIZZIE SHEPPARD, Clinton, Ont.—I received yesterday by mail a handsome gold brooch awarded me in TRUTH Bible Competition No. 11, first rewards. I am exceedingly well pleased with it.

HENRY FREE, Kincardine, Ont.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a very handsome butter knife as a prize in the last competition; please accept my thanks for the same, and warmest wishes for your continued prosperity.

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JOSEPH HOWARD JONES, Longford Mills, Ont.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold brooch awarded to me in TRUTH Bible Competition No. 11. My wife is very much pleased with it.

A. C. POWER, Kingston, Ont.—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the gold brooch which I was fortunate to win in Bible Competition No. 11.

LEVI MOYER, Jordan, Ont.—This is now my second attempt at competition, having tried in June and thereby becoming a subscriber to your paper, and though not having won a prize I am well pleased with my investment.

M. COULTS, Hamilton, Ont.—Please excuse my delay so long in acknowledging the silver watch which I received for a prize in TRUTH Bible Competition. I am very much pleased with it, and also TRUTH, which is well worth the money.

FRANCIS COLLETTE, 425 Dundas-street London, Ont.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the watch awarded to me in number eleven Bible Competition of TRUTH.

ALEX. D. ROBERTSON, Belleville, Ont.—I am in receipt of the Chambers' Dictionary, which I had the good fortune to win in Competition No. 11, and with which I am very much pleased. Wishing TRUTH every success, I remain.

S. FRANK, London, Ont.—The book, Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, which I was so fortunate as to win in the Bible Competition No. 11, was received all right, for which please accept my thanks.

WARNER CORNELL, Meaford, Ont.—The gold brooch, which was awarded me in Bible Competition No. 11, came duly to hand, and was as represented; but outside of the prize altogether, I consider that I am getting good value for my \$2.00.

S. E. KENNER, Watford, Ont.—Brooch received all safe, and am well pleased. Please accept my thanks for same.

ELLA GINGRICK, Hespeler, Ont.—Please accept my thanks for the handsome gold brooch won in Bible Competition No. 8, LADIES' JOURNAL. I am very much pleased with it. Wishing you success.

A. S. NASH, Winger, Ont.—I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of prize 227 in Journal Competition No. 9, (a beautiful gold brooch.) I admire it very much, and earnestly hope you may be very successful, as your fair dealings with all deserve.

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LIST OF WINNERS OF THE CONSOLATION REWARDS IN 'TRUTH' COMPETITION NO. 12.

The following persons have answered the questions given in this competition (No. 12,) and are entitled to the rewards as given below:—

- 1 Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.—G. R. Kuffman, Coblenz, Germany; 2, One Square Grand Piano.—Mary K. Duggan, Saint-Cloud, France; 3 and 4, Two Grand Cabinet Organs.—3, F. T. Rogers, Alost, Belgium; 4, Mary M. Craig, Autwerp, Belgium. 5, 6, and 7, Three Silver Tea Services.—5, M. Dugo, Chemnitz, Germany; 6, U. Dugo, Chemnitz, Germany; 7, M. R. Grovalse, Carlow, Ireland. 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, Five Gentlemen's solid genuine Gold Watches.—8, T. M. Murphy, Peterhead, Scotland; 9, M. A. Inglis, Oban, Scotland; 10, J. Chambers, Newport, Isle of Wight; 11, Mrs. A. M. Ayers, Shields, England; 12, J. R. Daggan, Limerick, Ireland. 13 to 19, Seven Ladies' Gold Watches.—13, M. Ford, Enniskeen, Ireland; 14, T. R. Ford, Enniskeen, Ireland; 15, M. A. Henderson, Longford, Ireland; 16, J. D. Marsden, Romford, Eng.; 17, J. R. York, Preston, Eng.; 18, L. J. Lewis, Richmond, Surrey, Eng.; 19, T. Darling, Seattle, Wash. Ter. U. S. 20 to 31, Twelve Solid Coin silver Hunting Case open face watches.—20, R. Lawrence, Pine Bluff, Ark.; 21, M. Logan, Pine Bluff, Ark.; 22, D. L. Dixon, Victoria, B. C.; 23, L. M. Luxton, Biggs Sta., Cal.; 24, M. Marr, Chico, California; 25, A. B. Smith, Alameda, California; 26, M. Tyson, Sacramento, California; 27, G. Tyson, Sacramento, California; 28, J. B. Lawson, Van Buren, Arkansas; 29, M. Lowes, Van Buren, Arkansas; 30, J. Forster, Los Angeles, Cal.; 31, M. A. Durkee, Brantford, sent from B. C.; 32 to 51.—Twenty Aluminum Gold Hunting-case Watches, 52, L. Douglas, Lucerne, Switzerland; 33, M. Foster, Lucerne, Switzerland; 34, Mary Burke, Dublin, Ireland; 35, Daniel Jarvis, Dublin, Ireland; 36, B. Patterson, York, Eng.; 37, L. J. Farquar, Montreal, sent from Ireland; 38, M. Dixon, St. Catharines, sent from Edinburgh, Scotland; 39, J. M. Lang, Waterloo, P. O., sent from Holland; 40, Minnie Ferguson, Rochester, sent from Stirling, Eng.; 41, M. M. Ball, Rochester, sent from Stirling, Eng.; 42, J. M. Scott, Buffalo, (Exchange St.), sent from Belgium; 43, F. Maitland, St. Albans, Eng.; 44, T. Burton, St. Albans, Eng.; 45, L. Lavin, Shoreham, Eng.; 46, M. A. Day, Dover, Eng.; 47, Laura Kim, Monterey, Cal.; 48, Carrie A. Kim, Monterey, Cal.; 49, J. L. Laurie, Berlin, Germany; 50, Mrs. M. R. Thomas, Berlin, Germany; 51, D. D. Schuyler, Madrid, Spain. 52 to 70.—Twenty-three Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Rings.—52, F. C. Charter, Hamilton, Bermuda; 53, L. M. Challis, Barcelona, Spain; 54, D. B. Charlesworth, Brentford, Eng.; 55, F. Copp, Chatham, Kent Co., Eng.; 56, J. Copp, Chatham, Kent Co., Eng.; 57, Lizzie Speight, Gravesend, Eng.; 58, M. Cavers, Denver, Col. U. S.; 59, Mrs. J. Stewart, Salt Lake City, Utah; 60, Frank McCall, Salt Lake City, Utah; 61, J. Carter, Godalming, Eng.; 62, Charles James, Nanaimo, B. C.; 63, Fanny Barr, Guildford, Eng.; 64, Lucy Humphrey, Bismarck, Dakota, U. S.; 65, M. A. Bouguerion, Paris, France; 66, L. Briggs, printer, Paris, France; 67, Mary A. Husband, Edinburgh, Scotland; 68, Minnie F. Parish, Woolwich, Eng.; 69, D. R. Robertson, Brantford, sent from France; 70, C. McNeill, Uxbridge, Eng.; 71 to 183.—One hundred and thirty-three Ladies' elegant Gold Brooches.—71, Wm. Smith, McGrath Mountain, P. O., French River, Pictou Co., N. S.; 72, P. A. Grattan, Carman, Man.; 73, Henry Simmons, Beachville, Ont.; 74, H. McCabe, Sennahmo, Was. Ter.; 75, Mary A. McCabe, Sennahmo, Was. Ter.; 76, John Martin, Sennahmo, Was. Ter.; 77, Rosanna Martin, Sennahmo, Was. Ter.; 78, H. H. Hillier, Fredericksburg, Iowa; 79, D. C. McCord, Caledon Mines, N. S.; 80, Wm. McCarman, 81, A. H. Hamilton, North Sydney, C. B.; 82, Mrs. W. Smith, McGrath Mountain, P. O., French R., Pictou Co., N. S.; 83, David Mills, Downoyville, P. O., N. B.; 84, F. J. Brown, Hastings, Nob.; 85, Mrs. M. Morrison, Nanaimo, B. C.; 86, Geo. Firth, Wyovale; 87, Maggie Myers, Mt. Albion, Lot 43, P. E. I.; 88, Wm. Chaplin, St. Catharines, sent from Nicolet Valley, K. C.; 89, E. F. Ritchie, 180 Isabel St. East, St. Paul, Minn.; 90, W. B. Chambers, Manselburg; 91, Sarah J. Darke, Brookfield, P. E. I.; 92, R. H. Warner, Kingsport, N. S.; 93, W. H. Hall, Lehman, B. C.; 94, Mrs. Samuel Snowden, Fortune, Nfld.; 95, Anna McLean, St. Auns, Nfld.; 96, Laura M. Roberts, Ross Blanche, Nfld.; 97, E. M. Harris, Fortune, Nfld.; 98, Mrs. J. Handton Clin, Langvale, Man.; 99, M. E. Pen-tel, Turnbridge, Kent, Eng.; 100, Mary Archer, Tandragee, Co. Armagh, Ireland; 101, D. McCorquodale, 12 Blockfield St. Liverpool, Eng.; 102, Margaret Powell, Albion St., Brighouse, Yorkshire, Eng.; 103, Agnes Jas., Aberdeen, Scotland; 104, Robert Henderson, Mocklerama, Antrim, Ireland; 105, F. A. Stiles, 17 Heathcote St., London, W. C., Eng.; 106, C. McFaul, Miller, Madocum Co., Cal.; 107, Miss Maggie Broad, 23 Parade, Downhadie, Ireland; 108, Mrs. Mollatt, 44 Lomo Ave., Montreal, sent from South Shields, Eng.; 109, Carrie Borroughs, Chico, Butler Co., Cal.; 110, A. Curran, Chico, Cal.; 111, Mrs. A. A. Stirling, 42 King St. E., Toronto; sent from Arbroath, Ireland; 112, Jas. Simpson, Fort William, sent from Ellon, Eng.; 113, Rev. Henry Cocks, Almonte, Ont., sent from Aberdeen, Scotland; 114, Miss Triffitt, Pickering, Ont., sent from Grimsby, Eng.; 115, Mrs. E. Lee, Belleville, sent from Bristol, Eng.; 116, Lulu Pennock, Elgin, sent from London, Eng.; 117, Mrs. A. Brown, 39 Metcalf St. Montreal, sent from London, Eng.; 118, John A. H. Brown, Qu'Appella, Assiniboia; 119, Angus Brown, Little River, Halifax, Co., N. S.; 120, John Morrison, Pense, Assa.; 121, P. B. Cleland, Fish Creek, Alberta, N. W. T.; 122, John Gibson, Go River, C. B.; 123, Anne McClellan, Clinton, B. C.; 124, Mrs. John A. Warren, Keestrin Mills, Man.; 125, Alex. Smith, Craigleed, Man.; 126, Wm. Sutherland, Lower Lairg, Pictou, N. S.; 127, Will M. Haight, Rowland, Man.; 128, John McHenry, Mt. Holly, Ark.; 129, Mrs. Margaret Cleave, Estes Park, Colo.; 130, Jennie Wildfield, Denver, Colo.; 131, Mrs. E. E. Veitch, Kansas, O.; 132, Mary E. Wood, Harbine, Knuckles Co., Neb.; 133, Ruth Kent, Colchester, Ill.; 134, R. J. McManus, Roseclaire, Ill.; 135, E. Burns, Harrisburg, Ont. sent from Arseniboia N. T. W.; 136, Thos. Walker, Shoal Lake, Man.; 137, E. A. Lockhart, Routhtraill, Man.; 138, C. E. Ridd, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; 139, Mrs. Wm. Robertson, Sydney, C. B.; 140, Bessie Johnson, Dalhousie, N. B.; 141, D. McPherson, Westville, N. S.; 142, A. H. Tryman, Harbor Grace, Nfld.; 143, Frank Nash, Regina, N. W. T.; 144, Eugenie E. Galbraith, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; 145, Wm. Dreyer, Regina, N. W. T.; 146, Mabel Ayer, Sackville, N. B.; 147, Jas. M. Duncan, Regina, N. W. T.; 148, Eva Des Brissey, Nelson, Man.; 149, Wm. McKay, Clifton, P. E. I., sent from New Zealand; 150, Mr. Geo. Kerr, Souris, Man.; 151, Geo. Tomperley, What Cheer, Keokuk, Iowa; 152, Walter Millic, Henderson, N. C.; 153, Robert Fleming, Beaulieu, Penikese Co., Dakotah; 154, Mrs. H. H. Titus, Tracy, Minn.; 155, Oliver Hancock, Appleton, Wis.; 156, J. C. Slater, Linnens, Mo.; 157, Ed. Blackburn, Pond Pike, Ky.; 158, Mrs. E. Hunt, Hoboken, N. Y.; 159, Mrs. E. H. Carson, Nashua, N. H.; 160, C. W. Webster, Springfield, O.; 161, Addie J. Verrell, Manchester, N. H.; 162, Kate M. Baker, East Aurora, N. Y.; 163, C. E. Sheppard, Gallatin, Mo.; 164, W. Hillis, Carlyle P. O., Assiniboia N. W. T.; 165, A. Galloway, Moosomin, N. W. T.; 166, C. McCormack, Allandale, N. B.; 167, A. C. Choso, Upper Brighton, N. B.; 168, Stewart Jenkes, Box 91, Farnborough, N. S.; 169, Rufus B. Gallup, Rendallville, Ind. U. S.; 170, Geo. Brown, West River, N. Scotia; 171, Amy A. Nash, Jene Centre, Vt.; 172, Arthur Wilson, Salt Lake City, Utah; 173, Mrs. F. Olds, Albat Whiteasides, Ill.; 174, Peter Copeland, Marietta, Iowa; 175, Norman Packard, Bachelor, Mich.; 176, Bithia B. Miller, Chicago; 177, Mrs. M. J. Lorne, Smith

CUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13. \$50,000.00!

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Prizes, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., to agents, to give all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner: To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible? 2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible? One reference or answer to each question will suffice.

Will be given in the order mentioned below, the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards:—

Table of rewards with descriptions and values: First Great Reward (\$1,000 in gold), First Correct Answer to the foregoing Bible questions (\$1,000 in gold), 2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos (1,650), 5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs (700), 8 to 12. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches (700), 13 to 20. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches (1,171), 21 to 24. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces (750), 25 to 30. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case Watches (900), 31 to 40. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches (600), 41 to 100. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern (625), 101 to 200. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Tea spoons (850), 201 to 400. Two hundred and four elegant bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems (510), 401 to 715. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (200).

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in order the correct answers to those Bible questions are received at TRUTH office. The first correct answer taking number one (\$1,000 in gold) the second correct answer taking number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards which will be given in this way:— At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y 15th,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, when to the sender of the middle correct answer, will be given number one, a fine stylish trotting-horse and carriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

Table of middle rewards: Number one. A fine stylish trotting horse and Carriage (\$1,000), 2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker (2,100), 6, 7, 8 and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker (2,100), 10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches (1,000), 21 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches (1,000), 33 to 40. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services (1,440), 41 to 70. Thirty Double-barrel English Twist breech-loading Shot Guns (2,700), 71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) Complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia (2,600), 111 to 134. Twenty-seven Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches (600), 135 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches (540), 163 to 350. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea spoons (900), 351 to 715. Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design (1,650), 716 to 940. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems (865), 941 to 1244. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (314).

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the last correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that take their rewards. The plan is this,

your letter must be post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition which is February fifteenth, (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

Table of consolation rewards: 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos (\$1,610), 4, 5, 6 and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches (400), 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches (400), 12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services (540), 18 to 21. Fifteen sets Chambers' Encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set) (500), 22 to 30. Ten Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches (300), 31 to 39. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches (1,000), 40 to 41. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design (450), 42 to 200. Eighty-one dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons (445), 201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound (450).

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards offered by any publisher in the world. It will positively be the last unless the results of this competition far exceeds the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards, will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send one dollar with their answer for which TRUTH, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issue of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done so, as promised during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgement of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely. Address,

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor TRUTH,

23 and 35 Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada

Important.

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

Exchange Department.

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

A large quantity of stamps and coins, for the same. Send for lists. 30 St. Gallant, Galves, N. Y.

A pair of Acme club spring skates for violin and furniture. J. R. LAWLER, Whitby, Ontario, Canada.

A pair of ice King skates and 10 good books (juvenile), for free on the whole or part of them. GEORGE HAWKINS, 57 Canada St., St. Paul, Minn.

Jasper, porphyry, star-fish, horse-shoe crabs, crabs, backs, sea-urchins, and other sea curiosities, for the best offer of minerals. C. H. CURRIE, 7 Walden St., Lynn, Mass.

A fine self-inking printing press in good working order, and 2 full fonts of type in case, for a small photographic outfit in good order, or a good brass microscope. W. O. HARRIS, 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Petified wood, water agates, rattlesnake rattles, small pieces of antelope or Cashmere goat skin, and sprigs of sage brush, for second-hand school or other instructive books. P. M. OZZETO, Syracuse, Hamilton Co., Kan.

Twenty-five handsome pictorial advertising cards, 250 rare foreign stamps, and 11 comic Canadian papers, for the triangular Newfoundland, 10-cent Nova Scotia of 1850, or 6-p Bahamas of 1850-63. COLLIER, Drawer 23, Whitby Ontario, Can.

Queen Ann farthing, very rare, has been in present owners family over one hundred years. To exchange for second-hand silver watch, or what offers. Communications respecting rare old copper coins solicited. Mrs. HENRY OLIVER, Allen's Corners, Que.

A good canvas double canoe, made of two thicknesses of canvas cemented together with white lead, and 2 lateen rigged sails, air-tanks, oars, carlocks, rudder, and cushion seats, complete, for a Columbia bicycle in good order, from \$6 to \$50 in. WILL L. STREAR, Champaign, Ill.

A printing-press and outfit, Chatterbox for 1880 and 1881, a game of dominoes, 2 fine chromos, (1 by 14 ft.), Comic Conversation cards, and 50 large color ad. advertising cards, for a good snare drum at least 16 inches in diameter, with sticks. BERTIE MARYEWSON, Blackberry Station, Ill.

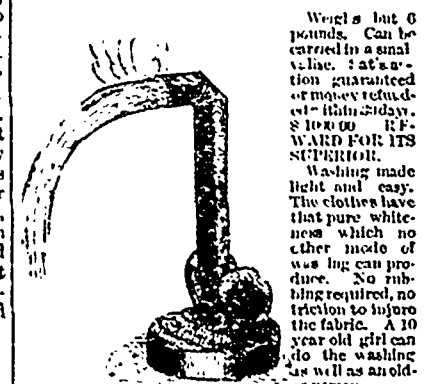
101 splendid steel engravings on stout paper, 9 by 11, taken from National Gallery, London England, well bound, gilt-edged, descriptive account on leaf after each engraving. In splendid order. A rare copy. Will exchange for a good violin, or best offer for four weeks. Address R. WHITTAKER, 55 Nelson St., Toronto, Can.

Thirteen numbers of the Granite State Philatelist, 8 numbers of Burbine's Monthly, and 10 different miscellaneous philatelic papers, for a 7 and 9 cent War and a triangular Cape of Good Hope; How to Amuse an Evening Party and The Taxidermist's Guide, for the 2-cent stamp of 1862. JOHN KELLERT, Box 453, Whitby, Ontario, Canada.

"If you don't keep out of this yard you'll catch it," said a woman to a boy in West Lynn. "All right," replied the gamin. "I wouldn't 've come in if I'd known your folks had t."

50 Fine Chromo Cards, no two alike, or 40 Transparenc Cards for 100. CHARLES R. LATHE, Bridgeport, Mich.

The Improved Model Washer and Bleacher



To place it in every household the price is very moderate to \$1.50, and it is of a most satisfactory nature. money refunded, see what the Canada Bleacher, says about it. The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. DENNIS offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial on the 10th of Oct we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges 1.11 2/0. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED. O. W. DENNIS, TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE, 23 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Ms. Ill.; 178, J. H. Stanbon, 207 Dundas St., Toronto; 170, C. Bentley, Caro Benita Nichols, Vergara, Mexico; 180, W. A. E. Anderson, Poquico, York Co., N.B.; 181, John Alexander, Mascouche, Que.; 182, Gertha Fisher, Wellington Br. Col.; 183, W. Hodgson, Moodyville, Burrard's Inlet, Br. Col.; 184 to 307.—Two hundred and fourteen bound volumes of "Toronto Past and Present." 184, James H. Wales, 44 Hanover St., Jamaica, West Ind.; 185, James Lamont, Hamilton, Ont.; 186, Henry McMaster, 230 German St., Montreal, Que.; 187, William E. Chappler, Exbridge, Ont., sent from Edinburgh; 188, Miss Sarah Blaikie, Norwood, Rice Lake, Ont.; 189, Hattie Cook, Box 128 Pembroke, Ont.; 190, Mrs. John E. Tway, Victoria, Columbia; 191, Geo. Wilkie, Lancaster Ave., Fennel St., Manchester, Eng.; 192, Wm. Bury, 5 New London St., London, E. Eng.; 193, M. Elliott, Cabra, House, Co. Wick, Ireland; 194, Mrs. J. Steinhilf, Fort McLeod, N.W.T.; 195, Mrs. G. Haddon, Wellington, B.C.; 196, G. McClemtison, Cache Creek, B.C.; 197, W. A. Brodly, Lytton, B.C.; 198, E. H. Haddon, Wellington, B.C.; 199, H. Robinson, Port Elgin, Ont., sent from England; 200, Thos. Stacey, Bluevale, Ont., sent from England; 201, J. Welsh, Uxbridge, Ont., sent from England; 202, Jane Thompson, Burnham Eves, Langholm, Eng.; 203, James Harris Dumino, St. Andrews, Scotl.; 204, G. Holler, 204 Argyle St., Toronto, Ont.; 205, J. Roland, New Germany, Lenburg Co., N. Scotia; 206, O. Duncan, Comox, B.C.; 207, Mrs. T. G. Doversell, Exton, Brit. Col.; 208, Mrs. D. C. Weber, Maple Ridge, Brit. Col.; 209, Laura Leslie, Grotto Cottage, Leistonstone, Eng.; 210, C. P. Miller, Briscoe Sall Co., N.Y.; 211, Mrs. Rd Pincoctec, Strathroy, sent from B.C.; 212, Louis Grace, Hamilton, Ont., sent from Amsterdam, Holland; 213, J. Findlay, Cowcaddins, (Burnside St.) Glasgow, Scotland; 214, Mrs. W. E. Ethick, Bowmanville, Ont., sent from Eng.; 215, Andrew, Kirk, Wilton Grove P. O., Ont., sent from B.C.; 216, Alfred Cofford, 143 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.; 217, J. J. Hall, Clinton, Brit. Col.

How Napkins are Used.

Some people unfold their napkin at table and carefully fasten it around them like an apron; and I have seen the same people gathered up the crumbs at the close of a meal and carefully shake them over the cloth. There are others who would let slide onto the floor and make every one uncomfortable to regain it. And I have observed the absent minded person use it for pocket-handkerchief, and calmly proceed appropriate it, feeling quite mortified afterward when the contents of his pocket are revealed. There are those who tuck the napkin under the chin, as one does when about to feed an infant, and some who leave the table carefully fold it as if for future use. This is not good form unless it is supplied. It is a pretty custom to keep rings for guests, each ring of a different pattern, or designated, if for ladies, a different colored ribbon. It gives the guests an at home feeling as if he had some are in the home. Otherwise, on leaving the table the napkin should remain on the side of the plate, discarded, without attempt at folding.

Delays in Receiving Premiums.

If the article which you have won does not come by the next mail do not feel at all anxious, and do not write at once. You should wait five, ten, or perhaps fifteen days, according to the distance you are from Toronto. If you have occasion to write, please give the date when you mailed your letter; and how much money you enclosed.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had in his hands by an East India missionary the only of a simple, vegetable remedy for the speedy permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a simple and radical cure for Nervous Debility and various Complaints, after having tested its wonderful powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men, and by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who send me this recipe, in German, French, or English, full directions for preparing and using. Sent by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, to Mrs. J. H. Korte, 119 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Roast Goose and Apple-Sauce.

"Did you ever hear of how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workman to my father one day when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father; "how was it?" "Well, sir, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to his dinner."

"What's for dinner?" said the man. "Roast goose," replied his wife.

"Is there apple-sauce?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple sauce."

"What apple-sauce is," said the narrator of this anecdote, "I don't know, but I suppose it's something good they eat with goose."

When the woman had left the room to prepare this wonderful delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that for the first time in his life he began to think, and his eyes were opened so that he was enabled to clearly see what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner off roast goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shall dine off roast goose again at my expense." So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public house never to enter it again.

This happened many years ago, but the same thing is now going on in thousands of public houses all over the country—the landlord and his wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the poor tipsey fools who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves from starving.

"Every poor wretch, who sits drinking away his earnings in the public-house, sees this going on before his eyes, but he is too stupid with drink to apply the lesson to himself, as the poor mason was enabled to do.

Reader, are you one of the number? Thank God, if you are not; but if you are, the next time you visit the public-house notice the nice, hot savory meal that is preparing for the landlord and his family, and then contrast it with the wretched food that is being prepared in your poverty-stricken home.

Suppose you were to be told that a family were coming to live in one of the most comfortable houses in the village, and that every workman was expected to give a large portion of his earnings towards the support of these people. Why, the whole village would be up in arms to resist such tyranny. Fancy the commotion there would be! Can you not hear the people saying—"We have scarcely enough bread for our little ones, and are we to be taxed to keep a parcel of lazy, idle vagabonds?" Yet you know perfectly well that all this time you and your companions are supporting two or three such families in your village, ay, and reaching yourselves, too, that they may have all the comforts and luxuries you can give them.

God grant that your eyes may be opened before it is too late to the folly and misery of your present course, which is leading you on by sure and certain steps in the path to destruction. The way of the transgressor is hard, and harder you will find it the longer you continue in your evil course.

Young ladies have very generally adapted the peaked brim hat, which is really a hat, as it has no strings, and they are most easily made of all shapes, as fancy runs riot in their arrangement.

"LADIES' JOURNAL"

Bible Competition No. 9,

\$20,000.00.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES' JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the street and number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, no fraud. We can positively testify to the fairness of the matter ourselves, as we know everything is carried out exactly as promised. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge, except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be answered first:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where are horses first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are cows first mentioned in the Bible?
They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of the first correct answer to these two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of the second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker 600
3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Pianos 1,000
5 and 6.—Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated firm 500
7, 8 and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five o'clock Tea Service. 300
10 to 15.—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 600
16 to 20.—Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches 450
21 to 30.—Ten Renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 600
31 to 40.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-case or Opened-faced, Coin-silver Watches 200
41 to 60.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs 200
61 to 100.—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 400
101 to 310.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegant by No. and Volumes of Tennyson's Poems 300
311 to 500.—One Hundred and Ninety well-bound volumes of World's Encyclopedia a library in itself 575

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of the middle rewards. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. Seven hundred and fifty Dollars in gold coin \$ 750
2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 1,650
5, 6 and 7.—Three Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker 750
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Watches 400
12 to 17.—Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns 300
18 to 20.—Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 550
31 to 60.—Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 240
61 to 90.—Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains. 100
91 to 99.—Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands 300

- 01 to 257.—One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches. 600
258 to 500.—Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's Poems. 1,020

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct one will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$ 500
2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos 1,600
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker 750
8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services 300
11 to 13.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case genuine stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches 800
14 to 20.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns 500
21 to 30.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns 442
31 to 100.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons. 360
151 to 200.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches. 500
201 to 500.—One hundred and ten fine silver-plated butter knives or sugar spoons. 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering these Bible questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and serial stories, household hints, fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till fifteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing (15th February) or anytime between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may be sure to secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb.) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing, at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

A man who had a bad cold said he had just set up a rig of his own. It was a little hoarse and a hack. We have recently been reading a good deal about "ice gorges." Surely there must be some mistake about the season. Our well, our intended always makes us pay for them in the summer. TOMATO SOUP.—Cut up two onions, two carrots, two turnips, and put in a pot with soup-bone; also salt, pepper, and one dozen tomatoes. Boil two hours, toast some pieces of bread a light brown, cut them into dice form and put them into the soup. The soup should be turned on the toast just before it is taken to the table, as soaking long spoils it.

Mrs. Henry Sheldon, of Farmerville, was cured of Canker of the Stomach by Burdock Blood Bitters when her friends had nearly abandoned all hope.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O nature!

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bicklo's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Lovy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bicklo's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bicklo's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

"Do you suppose eating angel cake will make an angel of me?" asked a scrappy young lady of the worldly young man. "I have no doubt it will," he answered, "you will only eat enough of it."

One great advantage of Burdock Blood Bitters over other medicines, is that it acts at the same time on the Liver, the Bowels, the Secretions and the Kidneys while it imparts strength.

Little Arthur had been to church. "What did you like the sermon?" asked his aunt. "Pretty well," replied the youthful child. "The beginning was very good, and so was the end, but it had too much middle."

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says: "I was bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend, who witnessed the occurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for such wounds." See that you get the genuine Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, as there are many imitations on the market.

One of the little boys in the infant school of a South-side Sunday school was asked by his teacher; "What was the Pharisee's prayer, and what was the publican's prayer?" The Pharisee said to the Lord: "I thank thee that I am not like that man, for I am a democrat!" the little boy responded.

Maladies Multiply one Another. Simple fits of digestion may especially constitute is not naturally vigorous throw the entire mechanism of the liver bowels out of gear. Sick headache follows poisoning of the blood by biliousness, and there is grave and serious disturbance of entire system. Check the threatened danger at the outset with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure the medicine that drives every impurity from the blood.

The hard times are telling even on dressmakers. W. H. of Paris, offers to furnish an entire bridal outfit as low as \$20,000.

A. Burns, blacksmith, Cobourg, has every known remedy during fifteen years suffering with Dyspepsia. Four bottles Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

The reason American sopranos are successful until they go across the ocean is that they never achieve greatness until they go to C.

No sufferer from any scrofulous disease who will fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, will despair of a cure. It will purge the system of all impurities, thereby destroying germs from which scrofula is derived, and will infuse new life and vigor throughout the whole physical organization.

After Punch: Dreamy young lady in way carriage to cheerful and exuberant healthy-looking young man—"Oh, my, you aesthetic!" "No, ma'am; I'm a butcher."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning, restlessness during sleep. Graves' Worm Exterminator is pure and effectual. If your drug store none in stock, get him to procure you.

An Arab Household.

He was a grand-looking old man, and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascended a dark narrow wooden staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in an arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few goats were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting-room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and children, not two of them dressed alike. No poor children were all laden with bracelets, anklets, and nose-rings, while a few had even nostril-rings. Indeed, many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted round their eyes. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly reminded me of the faces of the natives of the North-West. One exceedingly fat baby was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little girl was surrounded by a tuft of feathers all the colors of the rainbow. His arms and legs were perfectly laden with jewels, and his little neck smothered by rows and rows of beads, from which were suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands with me, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-screamer screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my work hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves. It was the first time that any of them had seen a pair of gloves; and the whole party were very much astonished, when I took them off, to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a handkerchief, and handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at a wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival the servants brought in a gilt tray with two green goblets full of sweet syrup; and I had to drink a little of this, as well as three small cups of coffee, the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand "that was Arab custom to drink not less than two."

Reading the evening newspaper at the table often brings out the real tendencies of the family. "Hello!" said Mr. Job little. "The Chinese have beaten the 'ch.'" "What's the score?" eagerly asked the youthful base ball enthusiast of the little family.

**Briggs' Genuine Electric Oil.**—Electricity feeds the sinews and muscles, in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy for man and beast. The happiest results follow in rheumatic, neuralgic, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

"Appointment" and "interment" is a name sent in by a poet this morning. If he kindly make the former, we will guarantee that he will get the latter.

**DRY EYES.**—The Golden Eye Salvo is one of the articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids. "Anxious Engineer" asks us how he may learn to write well. Write it well, my friend. There be those who write it with one pen, but the best authors double the final consonant.

Why sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be cured in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup. A female correspondent complains that her husband eats onions, and snores. Now a man who would snore with an onion flavor-breath should go somewhere and start a farm.

It makes me hale and stout, and my friends can't make it out, unless they could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills. When a man's wife comes in and sees him in her hand and with his face all lather, she asks him, "Are you shaving?" It's a shocking thing in him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove!"

It makes me laugh when others sigh, because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills. A young lady in Penn Yan, N.Y., wears two diamond rings on one finger. She would also wear a gold band around her head to prevent the crack in her skull from becoming wider.

He's dead, or grooved, or ill, do not pay a doctor's bill, take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!

I shrank! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81 R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle Nearly cured me."

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver, and urinary complaint,"

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost Do miracles?"

Mrs. E. D. Slack.

How to Get Sick. Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest. doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

The other day a little girl heard a choir sing, "Rock of Ages Cleft for me." When she went home she was heard singing very seriously, "Rock the babies kept for me."

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that at the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers through out the United States and Canada.

Rumor has it that "Pinafore" has been done into Chinese. Perhaps it runs in this way: "No neble, neble thick ride on blig pond." "Wassece, neble?" "Only lil', one thime, some thime."

Have You Tried It?—If so, you can testify to a marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaint, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

The slats on the shutter of our office window are in a dilapidated condition. "Please help the blind."

**STAR CEMENT.**—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

Speaking of the sudden variations in the weather and the danger of taking cold, a friend says it isn't safe to change a pocket handkerchief nowadays.

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

A "sum" in arithmetic. If you can get one towel out of one yard of cloth, how many can you get out of two yards? It depends altogether on how many there are on the clothes line.

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

A clergyman was giving Ralph a lesson in morals. "Now," said the preacher, "what is your duty toward your neighbor?" Ralph—"To keep your eye on 'im, sir."

Health giving Herbs, Barks, Roots and Berries are in Burdock Blood Bitters which regulate all the secretions, purify the blood and strengthen the entire system.

The motto of much of the alleged poetry that is born to blush unseen in the waste basket is fully as unreliable as the average gas meter.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Detroit has "gum socials." You needn't go unless you chaws.

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure."—CLARA E. PORTER.

Jail birds are confined in guill cages.

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

An old wisacre—a decayed wisdom tooth.

Burdock Blood Bitters will speedily cleanse all impurities form the blood and cure Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Erysipelas and Chronic diseases of the Skin.

The reason women as a class don't smoke is because they can't keep their mouths shut long enough to prevent a cigar from going out.

Annie Heath, of Portland, states that her face was disfigured by eruptions, but she regained her former pure complexion by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

Job must have been of a very happy disposition. He fairly boiled over with humor.

Some say "Consumption can't be cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as proved by forty years' experience, will cure this disease when not already advanced beyond the reach of medical aid. Even then its use affords very great relief, and insures refreshing sleep.

Dr. SPROULE, M.A.,

Member Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; member King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, Licentiate in Midwifery, Bachelor of Medicine, Paris University, France; member of the Imperial College of Surgeons and Physicians, of Bengal, Medical Doctor, London University, England; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario; late Surgeon Royal Navy; late Commissioner on Cholera and Fevers, India. Staff-Surgeon Indian Medical Civil Service; Foreign Corresponding Member of the Vienna Institute of Science; Author of "Cholera and Fevers, in relation to diseases of the heart and lungs," "Health and Healthy Homes in Canada," "Practical Hygiene for general readers;" "What can we do till the Doctor Comes?" etc. Correspondence by letter solicited on all legitimate diseases. Office and residence 84 Lippincott Street, Toronto.

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Ladies' Needlework a Specialty, Mattresses Remade, &c.

All kinds of Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

CARPETS MADE AND LAID.

JAS. HICKEY,

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230 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.



INTERNATIONAL AND COLONIAL EXHIBITIONS ANTWERP IN 1885—LONDON IN 1886.

It is the intention to have a Canadian representation at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at Antwerp, commencing in May, 1885, and also at the COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION in London in 1886.

The Government will defray the cost of freight in conveying Canadian Exhibits to Antwerp, and from Antwerp to London, and also in returning them to Canada in the event of their not being sold.

All Exhibits for Antwerp should be ready for shipment not later than the first week in March next.

These Exhibitions, it is believed, will afford favourable opportunity for making known the natural capabilities, and manufacturing and industrial progress of the Dominion.

Circulars and forms containing more particular information may be obtained by letter (post free) addressed to the department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

By order, JOHN LOWE, Secy., Dept. of Agric.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, December 19th 1884.

MEDLAND & JONES, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS and Brokers. General Agents: Acclot, Insurance Company of North America. City Agents: Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society Offices—North-East Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts. 87 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

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Dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meats at lowest prices. Give him a call. Orders called for daily.

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155 WILTON AVENUE,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meats, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables &c., &c., always on hand.

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183 WILTON AVE.

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Electric Physician,

Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

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23 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

Send Fifty Cents and get a box containing over 200 useful prices.

FREE BY RETURN MAIL Full description of MOODY'S New Talking System of dress-making GUARANTEED TO FIT EVERY conceivable garment to be perfect without the use of tape or pattern—can be learned by a young girl without a teacher from the FULL printed and illustrated INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN FREE. Send six 3c. stamps for two sample patterns GUARANTEED to fit perfectly or send no cent postal for a copy on PROOF. MOODY 102 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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Bennett & Wright

Are now open with a large assortment of

New & Elegant Designs

by the best makers.

Globes in Great Variety,

72 QUEEN ST. EAST.

A. B. FLINT'S

—ENTIRE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS

To be cleared out previous to removal,

SEALETTES, HOSE,

VELVETS, DRESSES,

SILKS, SATINS,

OTTOMAN CLOTHES,

Whole stock to be sold out in

60 Days.

ALL NET PRICES.

A. B. FLINT.

109 KING ST. E.



Bill Nyo's Philosophy.

To the young the future has a roscate hue. The roscate hue comes high, but we have to use it in this place. To the young there spreads out a glorious range of possibilities. After the youth has endorsed for an intimate friend a few times, and purchased the paper at the bank himself later on, the horizon won't seem to horizon so tumultuously as it did aforetime. I remember at one time of purchasing such a piece of accommodation paper at a bank, and I still have it. I didn't need it any more than a cat needs eleven tails at one and the same time. Still the bank made it an object to me and I secured it. Such things as these harshly knock the fluff and bloom off the cheek of youth, and prompt us to turn the straw berry-box bottom side up before we purchase it. Youth is gay and hopeful, age is covered with experience and scars where the skin has been knocked off and had to grow on again. To the young a dollar looks large and strong, but to the middle aged and the old it is weak and inefficient. When we are in the heyday and fizz of existence, we believe everything, but after awhile we murmur, "What's that you're giving us," or words of a like character. Age brings caution and a lot of shop worn experience purchased at the highest market price. Time brings vain regrets and wisdom teeth that can be left in a glass of water over night. - The Ingle-side.

The Distribution of Wealth.

There has been more wealth created in the last twenty-five years than was created during the preceding 250 years. This means the transfer to the many of what was formerly the possession of the few. It means silver teaspoons in every house, carpets on the floor of every laborer, and the general comfort of all classes. One dollar buys more now than it ever did before in the world since it was a world. Queen Elizabeth did not live so comfortably as the humblest stevedore in New York can today if he is temperate. Our forefathers taught the shallowest nonsense upon the subject of wealth and poverty, but in our days Christian teachers have dared to assert Christ's words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." If a community will make God their king, and live by His law, they will have things enough. But now comes the important question. "What will you do with these things?" The laborer now works ten hours a day, and the young cat of you will see the time when it will be only eight. What will he do with the rest of his time? Spend it in a liquor-saloon, or at the public library and the concert? What will the man of millions do with his surplus wealth? Upon the answers to these questions will the national prosperity depend.

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is one of the most common and distressing complaints incidental to this climate. It is not confined to any particular season, for whilst most general in the winter seasons, yet many suffer its excruciating agony in the heat of summer. In late years this form of disease has become better known, and consequently the means of relief have become greatly increased in numbers as well as in efficacy. Among the most powerful and penetrating combinations, placed within the reach of the public for the relief of neuralgia, we can mention no remedy equal to or more certain than Polson's NEURALGIC. Its power over pain is something wonderful, and we advise a trial for neuralgia, or any other painful complaints. Norviline is sold by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle, also trial bottles at 10 cents.

According to the United States Surgeon General's annual report, the death rate for colored troops has, for the first time since their organization, fallen below that for white troops. Their mortality from respiratory affections—usually pneumonia—is more than four times as great as that of white troops.

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of impaired circulation of the blood. Dr. Carson's Compound Cure promotes the circulation, keeps the bowels regular, and induces good health. Large bottles at 50c.

"Isn't that Mrs. Holmes? I thought the doctors gave her up. She looks well now."

"She is well. After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and began to get better right away. I heard her say not long ago, that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She does her own work and says that life seems worth living, at last. 'Why, said she, 'I feel as if I had been raised from the dead, almost.' Thus do thousands attest, the marvellous efficacy of this God-given remedy for female weakness, prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhoea, morning sickness, weakness of stomach, tendency to cancerous disease, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred affections.

The building fund of the African Methodist Church at Grand Rapids, was lost at faro by two of the trustees.

\* \* \* \* \* Delicate diseases of either sex, however incurred, speedily and permanently cured. Book of particulars 9 cents, in stamps. Consultation free. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The eldest son of the Prince of Wales, heir-prosumptive to the British throne, will attend President Cleveland's inauguration.

Composed of genuine French Grape Brandy, Extract of Smart-Weed and Jamaica Ginger, with Camphor Water, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed excels as a remedy for cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody flux, or to break up colds, fevers or inflammatory attacks.

At present there are something over 3,000 Indians in southern California.

Some tobacco is put up in the pipe while smoking, with little cracking explosions. This is caused by the addition of foreign matter to assist the combustion. When the purity of the tobacco is not tampered with and it has been properly taken care of, this combustible foreign matter is wholly unnecessary. It burns with steady combustion throughout.

An ounce of keep your mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation after you have said it.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Compound should be used in almost every family in Canada. It is one of the best and most certain remedies known. In large bottles at 50 cents.

I don't understand what our Sunday school teacher was telling us about a camel going through the eye of a needle. Shouldn't you think his hump would stop him? Small brother of the average American type: No, sir; he'd have to hump himself to get through.

Young Men!—Read This. The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belt, and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. As for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The greatest miser in Indiana put his savings into life insurance policies, and denied himself all luxuries and most comforts in order to pay the premiums, though his heirs were distant relatives, for whom he seemed to care nothing. They will get, now that he is dead, about \$24,000.

Corns! Corns! Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists every where. Polson & Co., Kingston, prop'rs.

CATARH—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that out of five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are cured, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the bladder, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and other treatment has ever existed. The application of this remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure. The majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 321 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Montreal Star.

A colossal bronze bust of Elias Howe, of the sewing machine, is to be erected on a granite pedestal over his grave.

You've got something to stop that cough "Fee loo" will do in 30 time. It's certain. Insecter fails. The great Cough and Cold Cure.

There are 80,000 widows in India from three to five years of age who will never be married. In that country as soon as a child is born a match is made by the parents. If the boy dies the girl becomes a widow, and must wear mourning for her intended as long as she lives.

A. P. 211

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