

# Grain

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# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., DECEMBER 29, 1883.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 169.

## TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

Mothers-in-law appear to be the most unfortunate institution in all our domestic system. From the way that a great many writers refer to them, one would be led to suppose they are a class of beings little less dangerous than human monsters. What is the cause of all this fault finding and difficulty? TRUTH cannot tell.

The difficulty is not really a sentimental one, nor does it exist in imagination only. Justice Duffy, of New York, has recently given his experience in regard to this matter. He said: "Since I have been on the Bench I have had before me over one thousand cases of abandonment, and in almost every instance the mother-in-law made the whole trouble." TRUTH would now like to hear from some of our Canadian justices on the matter. Surely it is not so bad here, but enough cases keep constantly cropping up to convince the most skeptical that a great deal of domestic difficulty here arises from the same source. What is the true solution of the difficult problem? Will some wise man rise and explain. Solomon must have had a good deal of mother-in-law experience, but if he had any trouble from that source he was wise enough not to say anything about it. But Solomon did not live in the nineteenth century.

The poor people, especially the laboring women, will be great sufferers because of these hard times. The amount of compensation many of these poor creatures receive for their hard work is something pitiable to think of. A New York paper states that in that city women are now making "hickory," or coarse, shirts often at as low a rate as one and one half cents each; and better classes of sewing are paid for at absolutely starvation rates. It can hardly be possible that any such prices are at all general, but they may be a good deal more general than many suspect. God help the poor women who are struggling to keep the wolf from the door at any such rates as these! It is not probable that matters have come to any such pass as that in Canada yet. No doubt, however, many men and women are working hard for very inadequate pay, and many others cannot get work to do at all. Little wonder that, under such circumstances, so many are tempted to drown their troubles by whiskey, or to resort to theft, or even to suicide. During the present winter persons of benevolent hearts will find ample opportunities of usefulness all over the country.

There is evidently a good deal of difficulty and dissatisfaction among certain members of the Orange body in Canada just now; but as it is a sort of family difficulty TRUTH will not pretend to put its nose in. Certain men have evidently attempted to use the organization for political party purposes, and to outsiders it

looks as though they had been pretty successful in their attempts. One hears a good deal more said about parties than about creeds in connection with Orangeism these days. There can be no doubt a great many look upon the organization as a political rather than a religious one. It is now announced that a schism has occurred in consequence of the dissatisfaction existing, and a "Loyal" Orange order is to be established. Whether the movement has its origin with certain "sore heads," such as are sure to turn up in the ranks of any such institution, or whether the feeling is pretty widespread, TRUTH does not pretend to know. Time will tell. If the organization is being perverted from its legitimate purpose there should be a cleansing effort made. But the doctors differ about that particular question, and TRUTH will not undertake to decide.

One thing is evident enough:—The party leaders during the past three or four years have been doing their very best to use the Orange question to further party ends. TRUTH does not now refer to the members of the Order, but to the party wire pullers outside of the organization. The Incorporation bills have been, in turn, made a source of embarrassment to the leaders of both parties, and the end is not yet. Outside of the actual politicians, probably few would object to the legal incorporation of the Order, but so long as it may serve as such a fruitful source of political agitation and some political profit, so long will the partisans on both sides keep up a lively fight. If the Order itself does not yet receive serious injury out of these lively skirmishes of the politicians over its situation, TRUTH will be a good deal surprised.

Lennox is to have another election protest—the third within one year! Lennox county seems to have more than its share of political squabbles, and that is saying a good deal. Last year Sir John was elected for the constituency and his election was voided, on protest, because of bribery by agents. A few weeks ago Mr. Allison was elected in Sir John's stead, and now a protest has been made against him. With in a year Mr. Roo was elected for the Local Legislature and there was a protest, but at the trial the court decided in his favor, and from that decision an appeal was made to the Court of Appeal, and the case is now pending. Besides all these there are seventeen cases for damages for personal bribery now entered against Mr. Roo in connection with Sir John's election, and the lawyers are just now raising the usual number of legal technicalities to prevent the cases coming to trial. These election trials are, no doubt, great fun for the lawyers. They usually strike a rich well paying vein down in the bottom of them, but they are not much satisfaction to anyone else. The habit of resorting to appeal in connection with every election must have become a nuisance to

the courts, and it has certainly become a serious burden to the country. There is, undoubtedly a good deal of vexatious litigation of this kind, tending more to gratify political spite and personal spleen than to further the ends of justice. However if bribery and corruption exist pretty generally, and cannot be stamped out in any other way, let the political dogs of war be let loose. Somebody will have a big bill to pay for all this sport.

An attempt is now being made to have the Scott Act repealed in Prince County, Prince Edward Island. The necessary number of electors have signed a petition asking that the question of repeal shall be submitted, and the Government proclamation has been published, ordering the vote to be taken. The Scott Act has been adopted in every municipality in the Province of Prince Edward Island, and the law has been in force throughout the entire island for some years. A good deal of interest will now be felt in the result of the repeal vote. The reports have been that the law has not been well enforced there, and if these statements are correct there need be no wonder that it is not popular. Most license laws are proverbially poorly enforced, but not much noise is made over that fact. Something else however, is evidently expected in regard to a prohibitory law. Up till this time the Scott Act has never been repealed in a municipality where it was adopted. An attempt was made at repeal at Fredericton, N.B. last year, but it failed.

TRUTH rejoices at the announcement of the fact that the long pending Boundary Award difficulty is to be settled at last. There have been years of unnecessary delay, and thousands and thousands of dollars of the public money unnecessarily spent in the fruitless endeavors to settle the question—if endeavors they could be called. Both the Dominion and the Provincial Government have pretended to be anxious for a speedy settlement of the whole difficulty, but it is as clear as noon-day that both were not honest in the matter. Had they been, some means of getting at it could have been reached long ago. Let us hope there will not now be any unnecessary delays or subterfuges resorted to. The interests of the people of the disputed territory, and the interests of the public generally, are suffering because of the delay.

The fact is, Ontario has been rather shabbily treated in connection with this Boundary dispute business. Years ago there was an agreement entered into, in undoubted faith, between the Dominion and the Ontario Governments to settle the whole question by arbitration. Tens of thousands of dollars of the public money was expended in connection with that arbitration, and three men of honor and ability earnestly applied themselves to the task, never doubting but their decision

would be accepted. To have the result of the whole work kicked over as "illegal," after so much pains and expense, was not just the thing to be expected. Under the circumstances it was a pretty serious thing to repudiate such an award, and that between two and three years should be allowed to pass between making the award and making the announcement of its illegality, if the case was so clear as some now inform us it is.

Many of the friends of Sir John's Government, and some of its members—the Hon. Minister of Customs, for example—have not hesitated to say on public platforms that our province is entitled to more territory than even the Award specifies, and yet, five years after such has been made, Ontario has not received consent to occupy one acre of the land peaceably. There may be legal technicalities; it may be that the decision of a Court would look more like the lawyer's way of doing business than a friendly arbitration by men of equal ability to those constituting the tribunal of the Court; but to the great body of laymen it looks like a small reason for backing down from an important agreement, on a greatly important question, that the decision was reached by an Arbitration and not by a Court.

Mr. Mowat certainly has made a plucky fight of it in the interests of his Province. Whether the course he adopted was the wisest and best, under the circumstances, is a matter of doubt among even our ablest public men. In his position as Premier of Ontario it is his duty to guard faithfully the interests of his native Province, and whether he could have done his whole duty in this instance and yielded to the demands of Sir John is a question TRUTH will not undertake to determine. Probably he acted on the best of his judgment, all things considered; and very probably Sir John would have found little difficulty in meeting the case half way, or at least far enough to have reached an amicable settlement. Have not the cries, on both sides, been so loud and so fierce that any kind of compromise has been made as difficult as possible?

It now looks as though Mr. Mowat has gained a good deal he was fighting for in this case. The matter goes to the Privy Council, it is true, but it goes in such a modified shape as to make a settlement much less difficult than it would have been under other circumstances. The question of the legality of the Arbitrators' Award is first to be submitted, and should that be decided favorably to Ontario the case need go no farther. In case the question has to be decided on its merits the evidence, already obtained by great labor and expense for the Arbitration, will be accepted on both sides, and no long delay need be made in getting the facts ready. Ontario is to remain in possession of the most important portions of the territory pending the final settlement and in joint control of much of the rest. It is to be hoped before the coming year expires the much vexed question will be forever set at rest.

A good many of the orthodox ministers in the orthodox churches have had knocks to give at the "strolling evangelists," of whom so much is now heard. These "spiritual tramps," as some delight to term them, may be a great rock of offence to many of the old school, but after all the men of the world have learned to discriminate among them. There is no gainsaying the fact that much good has been accomplished by men not in "orders" in any church or denomination. Possibly much of the sayings and doings of many associated with the Salvation Army, and similar classes of workers, are extravagant and quite contrary to the time-honored methods of Christian work, but if experience shows that men of dissolute habits and of wicked lives are reached and reformed through such agencies, what are we that we should refuse to recognize them as successful co-workers in a good cause?

Word comes from Montreal that Rev. Mr. Bray is again charged with preaching doctrines by no means orthodox. TRUTH supposed no one expected much orthodoxy from that source for a long time past. Mr. Bray is one of the sensational sort, and would sooner be charged with something irregular pretty often than to settle down into insignificance. When he was imported to Canada, years ago, it was expected he would raise a great deal of stir and draw many men unto him. And so he did for a time; but he has not proved a man of sufficient force to sustain his reputation with the sensation-loving people. His first church got financially too deeply involved to be kept afloat, and so it was sold for debt. His own and Mr. Roy's congregation were then united, and now the two of them have dwindled down to rather a slim house full. Whether any charges, even though well sustained, of heterodoxy would now revive the drooping interest is doubtful. Mr. Bray has also tried his hand at sensational journalism, but that, too, proved a failure. It takes an able man to ensure established success in the sensational line. Mr. Bray is evidently too light for that kind of business.

The judgment given by the Privy Council last week in the Queen vs. Hodges case, seems to confirm the validity of the Crooks Act, and if this proves true, the Dominion License Act of last year will, of course, prove worthless. In a few days the full text of the judgment will be at hand, and then people can see for themselves just what it means.

Word comes from Ottawa that, notwithstanding these doubts, Sir John is already making numerous appointments under the provisions of the McCarthy Act. TRUTH is not well posted in party manoeuvres, and therefore does not understand just what may be at the bottom of the steps being taken. It looks now as though we are to have, this year, two license laws in force in Ontario, and two entirely separate sets of licenses issued. The liquor sellers are, no doubt, sorely perplexed to know under which king's banner it would be safe to enlist. Are we to have a regular Rat Portage muddle in Ontario all this year over the liquor license business? Things now look like

that. What a pity a vexed question like this cannot be amicably settled, without putting people all over the Dominion to unnecessary trouble and annoyance about it.

Certain of the South Carolina railroads are employing a new method for escaping State regulation of fares. They compel whites and blacks to ride in the same cars, much to the distaste of the proud South Carolina Caucasians. They cannot do otherwise, they say, under the existing rates as fixed by law. If the act regulating rates is repealed, they promise to provide separate cars for the races. It will be interesting to see how far the Legislature will regard social pressure and race prejudice.

The theology of the zealous but unlearned evangelist may be sadly lame and biological, and poorly in accord with the great "standards," but many men of the world are, after all, much inclined to feel that religion is not so much a matter of correct doctrine, important as that may be, as of good living, which may be of still greater importance. The teaching of sound doctrine unless it brings forth the good fruits of sound living does not do much for the moral regeneration of the world. Men are to be known more by their fruits than by their beliefs.

TRUTH is more than half inclined to believe that some of our able ministers who so heartily condemned the methods of worship apparently so extravagant and so sensational, would do a wise thing to visit the places of these meetings, often enough at least to learn the secret of their success—that is, their success in keeping up a sufficient interest among the people to draw them out night after night. Admitted that many of the methods are neither refined or decorous, yet it must be admitted on the other hand that for months and years together the houses where these meetings are held are crowded, night after night. Why cannot the more comfortable churches, with much better opportunities, and much better skill, and much greater learning and ability, at their command, be as successful, or more so, in attracting the common people to their ordinary services? Surely all will admit that it is a very unsatisfactory state of things to conduct a highly orthodox service in the presence of a large number of empty seats, when it is as evident as noonday that there are plenty of people available to fill them all, if the people can only be sufficiently interested to induce them to attend. In many cases the unlettered "Officers" of the "Army" draw crowded houses to their services every evening while the highly-educated and eloquent minister next door laments the absence of a large majority of his people. It may be the learned man could learn something from the illiterate one if he would only set himself to doing so.

Gladstone is a man of sufficient prominence and power to be a shining mark for that class of human fiends that delight in the murder of great men. The police authorities have received sufficient information to warrant their being on his guard continually. Even when the great Pro-

mier is attending a prayer meeting in his own parish church it is deemed necessary to have an escort of policemen. What a pitiable state of things we have come to when a man like the "People's William" is in danger of assassination! Surely the arch agitators in the mis-called "Irish movement" must soon find that they have outraged the respect and sympathy of the whole world. A dose of dynamite or of lynch law, may yet be necessary to cure some of these turbulent characters of their diseased cravings. Probably few people in the world would so much dislike to have their own remedies applied to themselves. It may have to come to that yet. Desperate cases often require desperate remedies.

Unhappy Ireland! What is that country coming to! Almost every day accounts are sent of some man being convicted of murder, and some other murderer being hanged, and probably the same day's reports give the details of more murders being committed. Year out and year in the bloody work goes on of murdering men and of hanging the murderers. Informers are shot down in the streets to the evident satisfaction of thousands of people, and yet almost every day some new informer turns up. There are no records as bad, in these days, from the lands of heathendom. Is there some curse from Heaven on the unfortunate land? Surely the thirst for blood cannot always continue as it now does. On both sides of the Atlantic many Irishmen appear to be actuated by the same spirit. The very day that Carey's murderer was hanged in London a Fenian meeting was held in New York at which one prominent member gravely proposed to raise a fund sufficient to pay a bounty of \$10,000 for every Carey killed, and a still bigger sum to the man who will "fix" the convicting Judge. Somebody has well said that Ireland has produced some of the best and some of the worst people in the world.

The Judges in Spain have evidently ideas of their own about the way that justice should be administered, in some cases at least. One honored judicial dignitary in Spain is just reported to have adopted the plan of punishing all dealers in adulterated food by confiscating the food to the charitable institutions of the city. It is evident that "The Court" in that case did not believe in anything being wasted. Adulterated food, of course, is unwholesome and unfit for sale, and those in the charitable institutions should enjoy all the benefit of it! Was it Bill Nyo who gravely proposed to solve the great question of the Indian difficulty in the United States by furnishing every Indian with all the raw whiskey he could drink? The man who did that must have been a cousin to the Spanish Judge who confiscates all the adulterated food for the benefit of those in the charitable institutions. In the course of a few years the Indians and the mendicants, liberally supplied with raw whiskey or with adulterated food, would give but little trouble to those on whose hands they have formerly been a burden.

For a long time past complaints have been made about the abominable smells

and the sickly atmosphere of the Toronto City Hall buildings. There has been any amount of inquiries and theories in regard to the disagreeable state of things, and some proposed the radical measure of tearing down the buildings, or else their abandonment, so as to save in a healthy condition the lives of the city officials. The reporters of the daily papers now inform the public that the whole mystery has been solved. A drain, running under the buildings, has been closed at its mouth by some crib work at the harbor, and in consequence the gases from its stagnant contents have made free their escape in the walls where they were least required. TRUTH only wonders that some of our scientific men had never suspected that before. Let us hope that our civic officers may breathe more freely and with less impurity hereafter. It may be well worth thinking about whether other buildings, over other drains, may not be in just as bad a predicament. Many a valuable life has been lost by disease generated from a defective drain, or an undrained cess-pool. Would it not now be well to set some sharp-scented navy digging round the old Court House?

Somebody is taking note of the fact that while reductions of wages are being pretty generally made in connection with nearly every work of much importance, the reductions are not, after all, so general and sweeping as some might imagine. In connection with the Canadian Pacific railway, for example, the daily pay of the navy is reduced largely, but it is said that the yearly salaries of the chief officers at headquarters remain just the same. Probably the same state of things exists in a large number of other railway corporations, nor is it different in corporations outside of railways. A few years ago the Ottawa Government, in a spasm of economy, reduced the daily pittance of the char-women from 90 to 75 cents, but there was not a fifteen cents reduction at the same time in the seven thousand dollar salary of the Premier. That is a horse of quite a different color, you know. When the men who have it in their hands to regulate rates of salary begin to reduce their own then you may feel assured the pinch is felt all around.

Trades Unions, both in England and America are becoming more popular with the laborers and more dreaded by the capitalists. The problem between capital and labor is not solved yet, by any means. The conflict seems to grow more fierce and desperate each year. In England the Trades unions claim an aggregate membership of over 600,000, and in the United States nearly a quarter of a million. In Canada the number may not be known, but it is considerable. The employers of labor will yet have to band themselves together in unions in order to fight out the great battle.

In the Southern States new industries are constantly springing up since the blight of slavery has been removed. In Alabama rose tree culture is being conducted on a large scale. Two gardeners, with three acres under cultivation, have sold this year over twenty thousand trees to customers North, and three times as many

could have been sold had their supply only held out.

Marrying in haste and divorcing at leisure, will be the more popular version of the wise old saw, so far as some of the American states are concerned. In some of the Eastern states,—Maine and Massachusetts, especially,—the proportion of marriages to divorces is put down only as about three to one! Where is the abominable practice to end? It is growing worse and worse. A couple in Cohoes, New York State, were recently married the first day they met and divorced on the third day. Easy divorces may often bring about hasty marriages. Some change is now needed in the divorce laws of nearly every state.

Some of the philanthropic temperance ladies of this city are taking steps for the establishment of coffee houses, at convenient places, for the special accommodation of women, having particularly in view those females who are employed in shops and the like, many of whom now, probably, suffer a good deal of privation for want of some such accommodation. TRUTH can see no good reason why women cannot find the present established coffee houses suitable to their wants, but such matters may be beyond its ken. So long as there is no strong drink about such houses there will not be any drunkenness and no rowdyism, and there cannot be much, under the circumstances, to prevent the women needing refreshments going where the other sex do congregate. However, the temperance women, no doubt, thought over all these things, and they are yet convinced that separate houses should be established.

A correspondent writes to *Good Health* saying he has been informed that by filling the pipe bowl one third full of table salt, the nicotine of the tobacco would be absorbed, and so prevent the harm of smoking. He wanted the editor's opinion and advice in the matter. Whereupon the learned editor gravely informs the enquiring correspondent that if the bowl is filled entirely full of salt the smoker would be, in no way injured by the use of the pipe. Will some of TRUTH readers try the experiment for a month or so and report the result? It looks reasonable, anyway.

A new private asylum for insane and inebriates has just been opened at Guelph, and it may supply a want long felt for something of that kind in this Province. There has not been an Inebriate Asylum of any kind in the Province before, and many have been anxiously enquiring for something of the kind. It is much to be hoped that the new institution will be successful in the treatment of those who have unfortunately contracted an uncontrollable appetite for alcoholics. There are hundreds of such "well worth saving," but who are not saved or reclaimed, for the want of a proper institution for their treatment.

Then, in many unfortunate cases of insanity, especially of the milder type, the friends of the unfortunates would be glad to have the opportunity of some other in-

stitution than our public asylums, where more free access could be obtained to the patients, and where the patients themselves would not necessarily be so much exposed to contact and annoyance with scores of others, possibly much worse than themselves.

In England and the United States private asylums have been well established and popular for many years, and in Ontario they will, no doubt, yet become so.

What a fuss is being raised among many of the turbulent Irishmen about the hanging of O'Donnell. Some propose a monument in his honor in one of the leading cities of Ireland. Some others propose to honor his memory by shooting the judge who sat on his case, or by blowing up some of the public buildings in London. Every man to his tastes, but the tastes of some men run in queer directions. Every intelligent man knows that O'Donnell purposely shot his victim. If he had not done so his memory would not be one half so revered by most of his admirers as it now is.

No doubt some enterprising agitator will improve the opportunity of starting some new "fund," and then all the patriotic will be asked to send in their hard-earned dollars. For more than twenty years there have always been some grand schemes afloat to give the tail of the British lion a severe twist, and money for the purpose has been sent in. Scores of blatant Irishmen have had lots of money and Jashin's of good feeding at their disposal out of these schemes. Of course there has never been anything to show for all the money raised, and bubble after bubble has been burst, and many of the swindlers have been exposed, but fools and their money are yet soon parted as soon as any new proposal is made which looks particularly blood-thirsty and savage.

Carey was no doubt one of the worst villains Ireland has produced. His hands were red with blood of more than one innocent victim, and he spent years in rebellious and bloody plottings, but it was not on that account that he was so much execrated by many of his countrymen who rejoiced at his murder. He turned informer, and on his testimony other murderers had their crimes laid bare and were brought to justice. This was his great crime and his unpardonable sin. Informers in Ireland are shot like dogs whenever the opportunity occurs, and yet they always seem to turn up pretty plentifully when there is any demand for them.

A case of small pox occurred in the city a short time ago, and as a necessary precaution against the dreaded disease the City Commissioner found it necessary to forcibly enter the premises for the purpose of disinfecting it. Mrs. Cuff makes the statement that she had an attack of the disease lying in the same bed, and in the same room no less than twenty-four years ago. Her son is now supposed to have caught the infection in that way. Can it be possible that the danger of

small pox germs will continue so long? The matter is worth a careful enquiry. As it is no lives have been lost and the disease has not spread farther, but Toronto has probably made a narrow escape for want of some necessary sanitary action in connection with an infected house, nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The romantic story of love and marriage by wire, turns out to be a fable. There was a nice little story of much the same kind written a few years ago by a telegraph operator in Toronto who, by the way, lost her life by going over the Niagara Falls. It had something of the same plot and the denouement was much the same. Perhaps the two had a common origin. It is possible for people to sweetheart by telegraph, and perhaps some have actually done so.

#### The Railway Grant.

The papers are having a good deal to say just now about a railway grant of over \$150,000 given by the Ottawa Government for a new line of railway, being now built as a short cut, from the Eastern Townships across the state of Maine, to connect with the roads in New Brunswick. There seem to be several awkward features about the grant.

In the first place the road runs, for a considerable portion of its distance, through United States territory, and after so much has been said about the patriotic thing of having an all-Canadian road to the Pacific, and an all-Canadian road to the Atlantic, the chance of a dig at the Government who will aid a part-American road seems too good for the Opposition to let slip. Then, the cry is that the new line will be in rivalry to the Intercolonial, and so far injure a road now owned by the people of Canada.

A good deal of capital is trying to be manufactured, too, out of the fact that one member of the Government, Mr. Pope, is a leading stock holder in the road. There is certainly nothing very unpatriotic in a leading business man, though in the Cabinet, interesting himself in an important enterprise which will, no doubt, prove of great commercial advantage to the country, but it looks somewhat awkward for a member of the Government taking part in voting a large sum to a company in which the same man has a large pecuniary interest.

The custom, too,—for it is becoming a custom—of the Dominion Government granting a large sum as a bonus to a local railway will, no doubt, in the end prove both awkward and embarrassing. Two or three years ago a local road in the Maritime Provinces got Dominion aid, and every session since other local roads are applying, in consequence of that grant being made. No doubt from year to year the number of applicants will keep on increasing until sometime a decision will have to be arrived at to refuse all such aid. The sooner such a decision is made the easier it will be to do it.

All these questions will come up for ventilation during the coming session of Parliament, and both sides will be then heard. It may be, after all, the case is not so questionable as it now appears without the full Government explanations being made. TRUTH much

hopes the whole thing will turn out satisfactory. It is certainly bad for the public interests to allow the people of the country to suppose that their money is being unfairly given out to pot men or pot schemes.

#### The College Aid Question.

The Government will have a difficult question to dispose of this year in regard to an additional grant in aid of University College. It is now claimed that the institution cannot maintain its efficiency without a considerably larger sum at its disposal than it now enjoys, and increased aid will be asked. There are a large number of graduates of Toronto University all over the Province, many of them occupying influential positions, and they are pressing on the claims of their *Alma Mater*. On the other hand, the many friends of the denominational colleges will make a dead set against any such expenditure. Their contention is that the whole of the University funds have been extravagantly spent on the one institution, and, that too, often in such a way as to seriously damage the other institutions doing a large share of the collegiate work of the country. They therefore oppose any additional grants.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of actual and possibly unnecessary rivalry existing between University and the other colleges in this Province. Many thousands of dollars of the endowment fund have been expended in scholarships by the Toronto college, which has practically served as a bait in drawing young men away from the other institutions, and it is quite probable if the funds are again plentifully supplied, the scholarship system will be continued. It need not be wondered at, therefore, that a spirit of much hostility has been raised. It seems pretty well admitted on both sides that the plentiful supply of all the funds desired by the friends of University College, implies a serious crippling of Queen's, and Victoria, and other colleges similarly situated. These denominational institutions, though open to all the young men of the country, and though now doing more than one-half of all the important work of higher education in this Province, do not receive one dollar of public money for the public work they are doing so well.

As things just now stand, it is evident that University College is an educational necessity in Ontario, and so, too, are the existing denominational colleges. There would not, to-day, be anything like the necessary amount of accommodation for the young men in college training without them. The great problem, therefore, seems to be how to maintain the efficiency of the one institution without impairing the efficiency of the others.

As both parties to the present controversy are numerous and influential, the disposing of the question will probably be the most difficult and delicate task the Government will have on its hands during the coming year. If the political parties will only abstain from attempting to make capital out of the embarrassing situation, the work could be much more satisfactorily done; but no one need expect anything so patriotic as that.

## Temperance Department.

### Temperance Literature.

The publisher of TRUTH has made arrangements to supply any book or other publication of the National Temperance Publication Society of New York, at the regular publication prices. Catalogues and price list sent free on application to Truth office. This is the largest and probably the best catalogue of Temperance literature published.

### A Word in Season.

Cannot you, dear Temperance Worker, try the cheap and safe experiment at the beginning of the new year, of investing a small amount to place some temperance reading in the hands of some of those not now interested in the Temperance work—it may be some of those not now total abstainers! Not long ago a much-respected co-worker of ours thought he would order a temperance paper for the benefit of a bright young boy whose father drank heavily and smoked a good deal. The boy was in much danger because of the bad example before him, and could probably be best reached by the interesting printed page. Six months later our friend was delighted to learn that the father had got interested in what he read, and got thinking of it, too, and he resolved, first to give up tobacco, and then his drams were next given up. The whole experiment cost only one dollar, but many dollars would not have repaid the satisfaction conferred upon both giver and receiver.

Could not a few dollars spent wisely in the judicious distribution of TRUTH among those who would be interested and benefited in reading it? Supposing you make up a list of a number you think of and order TRUTH for them for a year, or even three months, dropping each at the same time a post card asking them to accept the paper with your compliments.

To all wishing to do a kindly act of the kind the paper will be supplied for the next three months for 25 cents. That hardly covers its cost, but we will cheerfully co-operate in a good cause.

Dear reader, act on the impulse now, while it is fresh with you. Send in a list, and depend on it your kindly-meant act will not be regretted. It will be a good New Year's beginning in the temperance work.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

Send to Truth office for a catalogue of the publications of the N. T. Publication Society. Any of these books or other temperance publications will be supplied from this office at New York prices. Supply yourselves with the best Temperance literature.

**A GOOD INVESTMENT.**—The Gore Coffee House Association, of Hamilton has declared an annual dividend of ten per cent on the paid up capital. A splendid new coffee room is about to be opened by the same Association in a new Arcade, just being completed in that city.

**THE DASH AWAYS.**—One night in the early days of San Francisco a party of men were winding up a spree in a saloon, when one of the members dashed the liquor from his glass and said, "I dash it away forever." From this incident the Dash-away Society was formed, and it did incalculable good in the cause of temperance and charity.

**SEVERE PENALTIES.**—It is said that the fine for liquor selling without license in Victoria, British Columbia, is \$130. With such a risk to men it is not likely that many will undertake the business. In Hillsdale, Michigan, a man was recently fined \$130 or 90 days for keeping his saloon open on Sunday. In Ontario something more severe than the usual \$20 penalty is needed in order to stamp out the business.

**BETTER WITHOUT.**—The use of whiskey among the 1,085 patients in the Indiana

asylum for the insane has been reduced from three gallons to one pint a day, with marked benefit, it is said to those who require a stimulant for the appetite. Regarding moral-force methods as better than physical restraint, Dr. Fletcher, the superintendent, has forbidden the use of restraint chairs, cribs, restraint straps, waistlots and anklets.

**HOPS AND BEER.**—Hops, when introduced into England from the Netherlands in 1224, were regarded only as a means of "spoiling good beer," and in 1528 the city of London petitioned against coal from Newcastle on account of the stench, and against hops, "because they did spoil the national drink." It was not until 1711 that they became subject to duty. To-day, the British anti-beer adulteration Society seems to desire the passage of the law that beer should be flavored with nothing else.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**—Referring to a recent bloody election riot an American paper writes.—Politics are bad enough but politics and whiskey are terrible. Nowonder there is so much bloodshed everywhere. There would have been no bloodstains on the floor of the City Hall if there had been no drinking saloons hard by. But for them there would have been no discussion of politics and less violence in every place. The knowledge of that fact secured our present election law; which provides for closing saloons on election day.

**KANSAS AND PROHIBITION.**—The Chicago Signal says:—A new impetus is given to the work in Kansas by the decision just received from its supreme court. It has been the custom in the large towns for the mayor and authorities to wink at the violation of the prohibitory laws. The saloon-keeper is permitted to come up to the captain's office once a month, pay a nominal sum which is called a tax, and receive immunity. The court holds that this is unlawful money received for an unlawful purpose, and the penalty is the penitentiary, thank God! On the other hand, the saloon-keeper may recover every dollar paid to the authorities. Suits are already begun by the saloon-keepers of Topeka against the authorities for \$75,000. Similar suits are preparing in Leavenworth, another stronghold of the enemy.

**YOUNG MEN, ATTENTION.**—Did young men who are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors ever stop to think what such a practice is doing for them? It not only threatens to destroy health and manhood, but it shuts them out from the better positions in the employment of those who conduct the business of the country. No drinking man can secure a position as teacher in a college, as bank cashier, as superintendent of any railroad; as ticket agent in any important city in the country. In fact, there is scarcely any place of trust that will, in these days, be intrusted to a drinking man. Not because a drinking man is more dishonest at heart than others but because he cannot be trusted. He is more liable to neglect his business than is a sober man, and the temptations to use his employer's money is much greater. Young men who are just starting out in life should remember this.

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.**—A Troy editor went into the tailoring establishment of a German to order a suit of clothes. After the cloth had been selected and the measure taken, the tailor demanded a deposit as a guarantee that the customer would come for the goods. To this the editor demurred, saying that he did not know the tailor any better than the latter knew him. After some little conversation the German, however, waived the deposit, and the clothes were made. When our genial news editor called and paid cash down for the suit, the German was so delighted that he asked his customer to go out and take a drink with him. The editor, of course, declined, saying he did not drink; whereupon a gleam of satisfaction and intelligence combined shot across the tailor's countenance, as he exclaimed; "Dat's de reason vy you pay for de clothes so quick as you got 'em."

**FREE LUNCHES.**—The Detroit Free Press is responsible for this:—"Where do these beggars dispose of the surplus food they collect?" asked the reporter. "They sell it to saloons of the lower class for free lunches. Am I sure of it? Well, I am as sure as any man can be of a thing which he never actually saw. I have had the admission from beggars themselves, and speaking in our society the other night about this practice I was interrupted by a lady who said she knew positively of one case in which it was done. In short, there can be no doubt at all that after collecting their baskets full of eatables, the beggars sell enough to enable them to buy whisky and tobacco, and then eat the remainder. One day I had an old woman up in court with an enormous basket full of food which she had just collected from charitable doors, and I asked her what she was going to do with it all, and she stammered some reply about having a large family, but as there was possible doubt about her habit of selling her collection. She was committed, and took the basket to prison with her. There was enough in it to make her independent of prison fare for many a day."

### Fruits of the Traffic.

**HIS OWN WEAPONS.**—A telegram from St. Thomas, Ont., last week says:—J. C. Thomson, proprietor of a Tilsonburg hotel, was found on the street here on Saturday night badly injured, having fallen while drunk. He said he had been playing cards and had been drugged and robbed of \$100.

**BADLY FROZEN.**—On the 15th inst. Wm. Vansickle, a farmer near Jerseyville, Ont., was found in an unconscious state, with his feet, ankles, and nose frozen, his skull dented, and a bad cut in his forehead. A walking cane and a bottle of whiskey were found lying on the floor beside him. There is a mystery about his injuries.

**A NARROW ESCAPE.**—One day last week a farmer named George P. Green, going from Toronto in an intoxicated state, drove a fine team on the railway track and partly across the railway bridge at the Humber river. He met a train coming and had sense enough left to jump off and save his own life. A valuable team, said to be worth \$400 was killed, and his wagon destroyed.

### An Old Physician's Views.

I believe, however, that it is not the liquor alone which produces the diseases generally attributed to it. It is rather in the fact that those who are supposed to fail in physical health by its use, or who use it to excess, do so because they create by their course of life or labor, a morbid demand for the stimulant. I have already shown how a board of trade man may rush off to get a drink, to prevent a reaction from excitement.

It is so with many other vocations. Take a compositor on a morning paper. He will work all night, and have his slumbers broken in the day. He rises unrefreshed. He must work again, and, utterly prostrated, suffering from nervous losses, he drinks to restore himself. He continues this course for years, and becomes a wreck. Whether from the drink, or the work, for which he may have been constitutionally unfitted, I could not say, unless I could determine what would have been the result had he followed either course and left the other alone.

I am inclined to think, however, that the effects of liquor on a person following a nervous and exhaustive vocation, especially if it be used to brace up to greater efforts and harder work, is far more injurious than when used by such men as first peopled the West, and who drank it freely, and sometimes to excess. Their systems were strong enough to throw off its effects. Their occupations did not cause nervous prostration, hence they did not develop a seeming necessity in the system for it. It is not the peculiarity of modern liquor, or the depravity of the present generation; it is the exhaustion

induced by the terrible outlay of vitality in exciting business, that makes drinking what it now is with a large class. My advice to all workers is to go slow. Do not brace up that you may overwork. Rest; that is Nature's own magnificent and unrivalled remedy, that will cure when nothing else will. Take to the woods, the fields, the open air. Throw physic to the dogs, and do not sell your health for money, for you cannot buy it.—Chicago Times.

### RIDING AN ELK.

The Hair-Raising Ecstacy of an Old Hunter in the Canyons of Colorado.

J. H. Marden, better known as "Buckhorn Joe," arrived in the city yesterday with a wagon load of game shot in and near Bear Creek Canon. He says: "It was last Monday, and I was up Turkey Creek Canon on the lookout for game. I saw fresh signs of elk, and I climbed up a rock to have a look around. I had to be awful quiet about it, though, so's not to skeer the game. The rock I clum wasn't above thirty-five feet high, and I calculated that there wouldn't be much danger of their getting sight first. I got up to the top and looked around long enough to satisfy myself that there wasn't anything in sight. Then I started to go down the other side. It was very steep on that side, and I reached out and caught the limbs of a big spruce tree that stood up against the side of the rock. My weight was too much for the limbs I had hold of, and I went down almost as though I was lead, taking the limbs with me. I didn't striko ground, though, and now, come to think it over, I wish I had. An elk with seven-prong horns was hiding under the rock in the shade of the spruce tree, and I fell square on his shoulders.

"I guess it would be hard to tell who was skeert the most, me or the elk. The elk started as though he was shot, and this saved me the trouble of doing anything of the kind, for he set back his head and brought them big horns of his right square down on my legs, and held me there as fast as if I was glued to his back. The wits seemed skeert out of that elk. He didn't seem to care where he went or where I wanted him to go. Turkey Creek Canon seemed to please him very well for a little while, or until some dogs got after him. He didn't appear to have any regard for his safety, and seemed only looking for dangerous places to run along. I wasn't afraid for the elk, but when at times he skirted along the edges of precipices, where the fall would be anywhere from three to five hundred feet, I was somewhat afraid that the cursed elk would loosen the grip of his horns on my legs.

"How far did you run?"  
"I didn't run at all. The elk did the running. And I lay just as still as I could. Sometimes when he would leap over a chasm I would find my heart standing still, too."

"But how far did you go?"  
"Well, we went up to the head of Turkey Creek Canon at the start, a distance of about ten miles, and then back again, and out into Bear Creek Canon. When the elk got out into the canon he seemed only freshened up for the run, and only more anxious than ever before for taking in the fine scenery that the tourists come out here to look at. I had grown very tired of it, but this did not trouble the elk.

"How did you escape?"  
"Well, you see as we came down Bear Creek Canon, after a run of about twenty miles in this canon we almost ran over my 14-year-old boy there, who was out hunting, and as quick as a flash the lad sent a bullet through the heart of the elk. Then we stopped. I've reckoned it up, and if that elk and I went a foot we went forty-five miles."

Mr. Marden bore many evidences of the hardship he had undergone, his face and hands being literally flayed.—Rocky Mountain News.

**J. O. Good Templars.**

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

**Encouraging.**

Our friends are giving great encouragement to the Publisher of TRUTH by their hearty co-operation. Bro. J. H. James, of Glen Williams, is one of our best practical workers, and has always something tangible to report. Last week he gladdened the heart of the Publisher of TRUTH by a handsome subscription list of thirty-three new subscribers. Who will beat this record?

Bro. M. Lynch, of Danville, P. Q., also a real practical worker, has sent in five new names, with the promise of more to come.

Mrs. M. A. Heather, of Peterboro, a working Templar of more than twenty years standing, has also sent a good list, with more to follow.

Bro. John Linklater, L. D., of Leeburn Lodge, in renewing his subscription, writes:—"I am very much pleased with TRUTH, and since it became the organ of our Order, it is better than ever."

**NEWS FROM LODGES.**

**GLENNVILLE, YORK Co.**—A new Lodge, "Blossoming Rose," No. 441, has been instituted by Bro. Thomas Garbutt, L. D., of Newmarket. There were twenty-six charter members, and they have a good lodge room of their own. John G. Munn, W. C. T. and L. D., (Newmarket, P. O.); Carl Gleason, W. V.; John E. Sharp, W. S.; Richard Kirton, W. C.; A. Gleason, W. F. S.; W. H. Sharp, W. T. Night of meeting, Friday. We are glad to learn that Bro. Garbutt has more work in prospect.

**HAMPDEN, GREY Co.**—Hampden Lodge No. 133 was instituted on the 12th ult. by Bro. Charles Ramage, L. D. of Varney. Night of meeting, Wednesday. Bro. Ramage writes: "In company with several excellent members of Refuge Lodge I organized the new Lodge last night. I have scarcely ever attended where more apparent genuine enthusiasm prevailed." Henry Byers, W. C. T.; Lizzie Young, W. V.; T. C. Smith, W. S.; Robert Henderson, W. C.; John Cooper, W. F. S.; Miss L. Mather, W. T. Hampden P. O.

**NICOLSTON, SIMCOE Co.**—Never Surrender Lodge was resuscitated by Bro. W. H. Rodden, on Tuesday of last week. It has been dormant for some time. The members of Alliston and West Essa assisted in the work. Wm. Miller, L. D.; W. G. Kniler, W. C. T.; Emma Cunningham, W. V.; J. Kinler, W. F. S.; Amos Cunningham, W. T. Night of meeting, Tuesday. In connection with the above Bro. Rodden writes: "On approaching the valley in which Nicolston is situated the glare of an apparent conflagration issued therefrom, illuminating the tree-tops on the surrounding hills. As the merry party from Alliston drove into the place, making it resound with the chorus of the Templar odes, a great flaming bonfire, together with the lusty cheers of the assembled villagers, greeted their arrival." Bro. Rodden reports that he recently visited Alliston Lodge on Thursday evening of last week and found it in a prosperous condition. He also reports the prospects good for working lodges in the following localities, as soon as the holidays are over, in consequence of his efforts: Tottenham, Creemore, Acton, and Rockwood.

The Temperance concerts each Saturday evening are held in Occident Hall, Queen and Bathurst street. There is always a good programme. It is a pleasant place to spend an evening.

A series of fortnightly Saturday evening Parlor Concerts have been arranged for the winter evenings at Wolesley Hall,

corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets. They are under the direction of a joint committee of the Sons and Good Templars. One will be held on Saturday evening, 12th prox., commencing at eight o'clock, and they will be continued on the second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month. Admission five cents.

**Good of the Order.**

**FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.**

**The Outcast.**

Shun not him whose heart has been Nurtured in the school of crime, Who, familiar grew with sin, Since he ran life's flowery prime.

In his bosom cold and dark, Which omits no generous rays, Hidden lies a tiny spark That may rot the world ablaze.

By your actions you decide— Every word you speak to-day— Whether Heaven his steps shall guide, Or from truth he further stray.

Be with grace and wisdom fraught; Seize an impulse all divine; And a ray from mercy caught, In the gracious heart will shine. *Christian Secretary.*

**Banish All the Crew.**

D. N. FENNELLY.

Tune: Auld Lang Syne.

Come, temperance bands, Throughout the lands— Red Ribbons, White and Blue, Dare finish up the work begun; Dare banish all the crew.

**CHORUS:**

Come, let us dare to do, my friends; Come, let us dare to do! Dare banish cider, beer and rum; Tobacco banish, too.

We've striven long these hands to form, Of people tried and true; To finish up the work begun, And stop this business, too.

**CHORUS:**

Bring up the rest, make no defense; Come, join Red, White and Blue; Come, show yourselves for temperance, And to this contest true.

Of lager beer we stand in fear, Gin, rum and whiskey, too; Come, finish well the work, nor fear To banish all the crew.

**CHORUS:**

The day will come—it draweth nigh— When 'neath the spangled blue, We'll raise our standard Heaven-high, With motto, "Dare to Do!"

Then glory crowned from all around, 'Neath the spangled blue, When every heart will then resound, You've dared the right to do!

**On Wine.**

"Fill the goblet again"—said Lord Byron in mirth When he deeply had quaffed of the pleasures of earth— "Let us drown in its depths the dark cares that annoy, 'Tis the only true fountain of pleasure and joy!"

Was he right? all allow that it oft causeth mirth,— To revels loud, long and protracted gives birth;— In the bright flush of youth it may gladden the soul But,—is wisdom o'er found in the depths of the bowl?

Wine can do much 'tis true. It can rob us of health, It will help the young spend thrift to squander his wealth; It can wean us from home—to that home can bring pain;— It has oft broken hearts. Can it heal them again?

With the clear, ruddy glow which health paints on the cheek, And a frame which knows not what it is to be weak, We may dare the false spirit which dwelleth in wine— Will such daring bring credit to your name or mine?

When the fire brightly burns and the lights are aglow, When the mind is impatient and time moves too slow, When pleasure's proud minions come forth at her call,— Then wine—rosy wine—may be fairest of all.

But when o'er the frame comes the cold chill of age, And the soul flutters hard in its poor fleshy cage, When, with labor, comes hardly the quick-failing breath, Wine may deaden the sense.—Will it cheer us in death?

Far better, ere comes the last hour of great need, To rely on a friend who a friend is indeed; Trust not in false wine, for the courage to brave The cold shades of death, and the gloom of the grave. *—ABEL KING.*

**Better than Gold.**

FATHER RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and titles a thousand fold, Is a healthy body and a mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please. A heart that can feel for another's woes, With sympathies large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere, Doubly blest with contentment and wealth; Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot; For mind and morals in nature's plan Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when the labours close; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the balm that drops on his slumber deep. Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed Where luxury pillows its aching head, The toiler simple opiate deems A shorter route to the land of dream.

Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore. The sage's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empires pass away; The world's great stream will thus unfold And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home. Where all the fireside characters come, The shrine of love and the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife, However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree, The blessings that never were bought or sold And centre there, are better than gold.

**Where Are You Going, Young Man?** Where are you going so fast, young man, Where are you going so fast, With a cup in your hand and a flush on your brow? Though pleasure and mirth may accompany you now, It tells of a sorrow to come by and bye; It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh; It tells of a shame at last—young man— A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man? Where are you going so fast? In the flush of that wine there is only a bait— A curse lies beneath that you'll find when too late; A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that cup; A monster is there that will swallow you up; A sorrow you'll find at last, young man— In wine there is sorrow at last.

There's a reckoning day to come, young man; A reckoning day to come, A life yet to live, and a death yet to die; A sad parting tear and a sad parting sigh; A journey to take, and a famishing heart, A sharp pang to feel from Death's chilling dart; A curse if you drink that rum, young man— The bitterest curse in that rum.

**An Eastern Legend.**

An aged man came into to Abraham's tent. The sky was dark and all the plain was bare He asked for bread: his strength was well-nigh spent: His haggard look implored the tenderest care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes, But spoke no grace, nor bowed he toward the east. Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast. But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, The Patriarch arose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?" Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship, God?" He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said: "Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night. The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky: Put all the tent was filled with wondrous light, And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh. "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said, "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?" "Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answered made, With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah, me! the stranger might with me have staid. But, O my God, he would not worship Thee." "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait; Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?" *—Harper's Magazine.*

**Would Have an Easy Time.**

"Say, how long do these mosquitoes bite?" asked a guest of an Arkansaw hotel, as a colored gentleman entered with a pitcher of water. "I have been lying here fighting 'em for an hour. How long do you suppose they will keep up this business?" "Well, I dunno, sah. 'Cordin' ter how many da is." "There are ten thousand." "In dat case, sah, it's 'cordin' ter how hungry da is." "They are as hungry as wolves." "Den yer's mighty likly ter hab trouble wid 'em, sah." "Why don't you put a 'bar over the bed?" "Case nobody eber sleeps in dis room but one night. When a one night man come along we give him dis room. Didn't nobody sleep in heah las' night an' dat's de reason da's so hungry. Ef yer'd happen ter strike dis bed jes' arter a fat man had been in in it, yer'd had an easy time, sah." *—Arkansaw Traveller.*

At the banquet: "Fellow-Irishmen, I am glad to be with you here. I hope we shall meet often. Gentlemen, you may not have supposed it, but I am myself something of an Irishman. I have a cork leg." Neighbors are very considerate in Norway. When a baby is born a placard is nailed up on the door informing the community of the fact. Those who wish to move out of the vicinity are thus enabled to do so in good season.

### "The Christmas Bells,"

Once more across the leafless land  
We hear the clasp of Christmas chimes;  
The young and old stand hand in hand,  
And dream the past in present times.  
There is a story in the bells  
That comes in whispers through the air:  
Of love to sound their music tells,  
They sigh to others of despair!

Last year we stung the widow wide:  
"Twas such a Christmas Eve as this;  
We bade the bells to greet the bride  
And consecrate the bridegroom's kiss.  
A little year! too brief, alas!  
To save the ship or sink the wave;  
To-morrow morning we shall pass  
The flowers on her husband's grave!

A year ago! you can't forget  
The darkness of last Christmas night,  
A little robin cold and wet  
Flowed dazed and hungry to the light.  
Our holly wreath unwithered still,  
The glad new year had scarcely come.  
We heard a shout across the hill,  
Our long-lost brother had come home!

"Good Will and Peace" in leafy scroll,  
We saw above the chancel dim;  
We heard the mighty organ roll  
Its music for the Christmas hymn.  
The sermon was of love, and all  
Uprose, just best—a Christian fold;  
Still father's kisses never fall  
On mother's forehead as of old!

Ring on, ye Christmas bells, of peace;  
Ring on of love that never dies;  
The love that lasts though life must cease,  
The life of deathless sympathies;  
Ring out the only true belief  
Across the meadows and the plain,  
The woods once more will smile in leaf;  
The summer flowers come again,

This is the music of the chimes  
That crushes hate and kills despair;  
The gospel of the good old times  
Filling with love the very air;  
Though hope lies buried, it will rise,  
Though sorrow triumphs, 'twill depart;  
Love will re-light grief-wasted eyes,  
And fill with joy the empty heart.

## COUSIN JOHN.

### THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Are we near Marston Station now?" I asked timidly of my opposite companion, with whom a few civilities had been exchanged during a somewhat long railway journey performed in a second-class carriage.

"We shall be there almost directly," she answered briskly. "You are glad, I dare say; for it has been a tiring day for you."

"Yes," I replied doubtfully, feeling inwardly a sensation little akin to gladness; for, though I was going home in one sense of the word, having no other place to call by that name, I had never been to Marston before. I was going as a stranger to accept a shelter from relatives I had never seen—going with dread and uncertainty too; for though my aunt Vereker's letter had contained the promise of a welcome, how could I be sure she really meant it? How could I divine whether my cousins would not regard me in the light of an intruder and interloper as well? But I had had no choice in the matter. All had been hurriedly settled and arranged, almost before I had realised that I was to leave my old home and go out amongst new friends and strange faces.

I knew that the Verekers were rich—at least, rich in comparison with what we had ever been; and, as my means were in future to be of the most modest description, I had travelled in a way would probably shock them if they chanced to see me alight. But that could not be helped. I knew I was right. Very likely none of them would be at the station; at all events, there was not much time for deliberation; even then the train was slackening its speed. I was gathering up my few belongings and preparing very tremblingly for the ordeal.

I had jumped out very quickly, not pausing to glance either to the right or to the left, when suddenly a voice behind me said something which in my nervousness I could not quite catch; but, looking up, I found myself facing a gentleman who, concluding who I was, introduced himself as my cousin John Vereker. He was dressed in a rough gray shooting-suit, with a wide-awake hat, which he raised slightly when he first addressed me.

"Lina is here too," he said. "We drove over together; and the cart has been sent for your boxes."

"Thank you," I answered; "but I have only one small box and what you see."

"All right," said my cousin John, though how he came to be my cousin was a mystery which was still to be explained; for I had

never heard that aunt Vereker had a son. I had always imagined that her family consisted of daughters only.

He possessed himself quietly of my small property, and, leading the way, conducted me through the little gateway to the pony-carriage wherein Lina sat, gazing towards us with evident curiosity as we approached. She welcomed me kindly, and then proceeded to ask if I would mind sitting behind in the seat usually occupied by the groom, as she wished to drive home.

"And John won't let me," she said, with a pretty plaintive gesture, "unless he sits beside me. He is such a tiresome old plague; aren't you, John?"

"Nonsense, Lina!" replied John. "I mean to sit here"—pointing to the back seat—"I can guide the reins just as well if you get frightened."

So I got in obediently and seated myself by Lina's side. She kept up a running fire of small-talk all the way home, varied only by one or two nervous exclamations when the ponies seemed disposed to get beyond her control. When had I started? Was I very tired? Didn't I think the heat terrific? And wasn't I afraid to take such a long journey alone?

"Oh, John"—suddenly stopping her conversation with me, during which my replica had been of the least consequence to her—"here's Mr. Haughton coming! Hadn't we better speak to him? He is sure to have made a call on us, and he will have been so dreadfully disappointed. Do stop, John!"

Walking very leisurely up the road, accompanied by several dogs, was a gentleman who I of course concluded was Mr. Haughton; he was tall and very fair, with an almost moustache and extremely handsome sunburnt face. The features were faultless, excepting only the chin, which, sloping inwards, gave a look of indecision and weakness, which in my opinion detracted not a little from his good looks. However, he was very gentleman-like, and greeted Lina most cordially, as well as my cousin John.

Neither of them thought of introducing me; so I sat quietly by, half amused, half amazed at Lina's incessant chattering, and her evident desire to impress Mr. Haughton favorably. It struck me however that the latter appeared hardly grateful enough to her. His manner was a mixture of indifference and politeness; and, after the first few sentences had been spoken, he made a decided movement to depart, which Lina apparently did not notice. She rattled on most vigorously, until reminded by her brother that we ought to hasten homewards on my account; so, with a few last words, which were rather lengthy ones, we started off once more on through a most picturesque little village, then down a broad road bordered on either side by magnificent elm-trees, until we came to an iron gateway with a cosy lodge one mass of blooming jessamine, roses, and honeysuckle, with bright lattice-paned windows and brilliant flower-beds facing them.

"How pretty!" burst from my lips. "How lovely! Oh, it is like a picture!" I exclaimed involuntarily as we drove up the short approach and came within view of the house.

In another few seconds we drew up before the doorway. The reins were thrown by Lina to a groom, who promptly appeared; Cousin John helped me to get out; and, under his escort, I was presently ushered into aunt Vereker's presence.

I had expected to see some one very cold and formal—I had fancied she was so from her letters—but, instead, I found a youthful-looking person, dressed in most elaborate black—it could scarcely be called mourning—with a tiny little tulle trifle perched most coquettishly on the side of her head, which thick plaits of chestnut hair also adorned. Far from being cold and formal, she was cordial and kindly to a degree; she repeated all Lina's enquiries, and was equally accommodating to my answers. But, although outwardly there was nothing left for me to desire, so far as words went, something—I could not explain what—chilled me towards aunt Vereker.

Aunt Vereker had been a widow for about five years, and since then had lived at the Grange, which belonged to Mr. John Vereker, who was only her step-son, having been a well-grown boy of fifteen when his father fell in love with and married her. Perhaps it was out of love for her, perhaps it was from some innate conviction of her incapability and shallowness, perhaps from his entire confidence in his—no one knew—but the late Mr. Vereker had left his widow to the care of his son, and trusted to him to

supplement, as far as he considered needful, a very moderate settlement, which was all he had made upon his wife.

John Vereker was a rich man, and, what was still more to the point in my aunt's opinion, a very generous one. She considered she had been very badly treated by her husband, and there were times when she rather murmured because her step-son did not seem to her the allowance he gave. However, those sentiments, were never uttered in his presence. It was only behind his back that John Vereker was at times accused of being "mean," "stingy," and "miserly." The girls were each to have three thousand pounds—"a beggarly pittance," aunt Vereker said; but, if John did his duty, they would have a great deal more.

Lina was her favorite; and Lina's prospects of a matrimonial settlement were just then beginning to occupy her mind. Mr. Haughton was the individual upon whom their hopes were resting; and, as I came to know my aunt better, I trusted most sincerely, for the sake of general peace, that he might not disappoint them.

He was a frequent visitor at the Grange—in fact, hardly a day passed without our seeing something of him; but, as his place was within an easy distance, and he had nothing at home to enliven him, I sometimes wondered whether it was for his own or Lina's sake that we were so often favored with his company. I had been at the Grange a little over a month, and had become day by day more convinced of one thing—namely, that neither aunt Vereker nor Lina regarded me with friendly eyes. Perhaps I was too near Lina's own age—I was nineteen; perhaps they felt I was a restraint and burden. I could not tell what it was. Of Mr. John Vereker I saw very little; and my three younger cousins, being still in the schoolroom, were seldom available as companions; so I found myself solitary in the midst of them all, an intruder and an interloper—just what I had feared when I was hurrying towards Marston on the first day of my arrival.

I had one pleasure however which none of them grudged me, and of which I could avail myself as often as I desired. Soon after I came to Marston the organist of the village chapel was suddenly taken ill; no one was able or willing to undertake the duties he could not for a time perform, and for the first Sunday the service was conducted without music of any kind.

"Aunt Vereker," I said that same evening, "do you think Mr. Harleigh would let me play for him?"

"You!" repeated aunt Vereker. "Play in church! Oh, no; it would never do!"

"I used to do so at home sometimes," I answered, "when I didn't sing in the choir."

"I don't like the idea of your performing here in public," replied aunt Vereker severely. "I should never dream of allowing Lina to do such a thing."

"But Lina couldn't," put in Beatrice, with naive sincerity.

"Couldn't she?" laughed Lina, who at that moment appeared, with Mr. Haughton behind her, at the drawing-room window. "Pray what can I not do?"

"Play the organ in church. Blanche has been asking mamma if she may."

"Are you musical, Miss Beresford?" asked Mr. Haughton, addressing me.

"I am very fond of music if that means being musical," I answered, with a guilty consciousness that aunt Vereker was eyeing me severely.

"Will you play something now?" continued Mr. Haughton. "Do ask your cousin"—appealing to Lina, who seconded his request so warmly that I was obliged to accede.

Hardly had I played a few chords when aunt Vereker, interrupting me, begged that we would all recollect what day it was—Sunday—and, if I must play, she must beg me to play only chants. However, Lina and Mr. Haughton drew near the piano, at which I seated myself; and soon a chorus of voices—shrillest amongst them aunt Vereker's own—sounded through the pretty dining room.

But music at the Grange was not like the music I revelled in when, armed with aunt Vereker's rather unwillingly accorded consent, I undertook the organist's post and practised for it in the long summer afternoons. It was a lovely little chapel, built partly by uncle Vereker, and fully finished at Mr. John Vereker's expense. Many an hour I spent in it, many a sad thought and fancy I embodied in the grand tones which rolled forth under my fingers. When I was

saddest, when things felt strangest and most desolate, I used to take the key of the chapel, and, tying on my hat, run down the shrubby walk, and, crossing the broad elm-bordered road, enter the still little edifice, and in the pleasures of harmony forget as far as I could the realities of life.

One rather drizzling day I had set forth to have some practice, and had just reached the gateway leading to the chapel, when I saw Mr. Haughton coming towards me. It was impossible to pretend that I had not observed him; I must make some civil remark; so I waited quietly until he came up, fancying that he would go on to the Grange where I knew he was already expected.

As yet he had not done his duty regarding Lina; she was still hoping daily for a declaration, the very tardiness of which might have sufficed to convince her that it would never come. I pitied Lina from my heart. What could be more wearing or more degrading than a perpetual effort to bring an unwilling suitor to the point, or more distracting than aunt Vereker's transparent little schemes to throw them together and to give him every possible facility for asking the question that was to make poor Lina happy?

"Did he say nothing to-day, Lina," aunt Vereker would—"nothing tangible?"

"No, nothing. What do you mean?" Lina would answer, angry, indignant, and disappointed.

Mr. Haughton's silence, though very exasperating, did not suffice to damp my aunt's welcome to him. He was at liberty to come to the Grange at all times, and, when there, was treated with all the honor due to a future most unexceptionable son-in-law. I have described him as a handsome man. In features he certainly was, and his general appearance was gentleman-like; but, when he stood side by side with my cousin John Vereker, the contrast between the two ought, I thought, to have been sufficient to cure Lina of her preference. For there was nothing manly about Eustace Haughton, no intellect in the pale blue eyes, no strength in the narrow white hands, with their long nerveless-looking fingers; whilst Mr. Vereker, with his almost plain face, gray-streaked hair, and shabby shooting-coat, had an air of quiet decision, an indescribable something which at once proclaimed him to be, what I felt from the first he was, a brave, honest, honorable English gentleman. I could have fancied it possible to face any great danger quietly with John Vereker by my side.

Before I had been long at the Grange, I knew that I had seen the one person in the world with whom life for me would be almost cloudless; but what folly it was to think of such a thing! How I tried to reason myself out of it one moment; the next, how closely I clasped the sweet secret—the secret that would be buried with me! For I loved John Vereker—I, Blanche Beresford, aged nineteen, possessed of the magnificent fortune of about fifty pounds a year, with nothing to recommend me except perhaps my voice. And I could sing; even aunt Vereker said one night that she could not listen quite unmoved when Blanche sang, for she had tears in her voice.

I wondered what he thought. But he seldom spoke to me. Sometimes, when he seemed inclined to do so, I grew so nervous that my answers simply repelled him. I knew it, and writhed to think how utterly foolish and unnatural I must appear. I had the presumption to love him. Well, no one knew it, and time might cure me perhaps. Besides, I should not long remain at the Grange; aunt Vereker did not wish it. I could perceive that more from her manner than from anything she ever said; instinctively I was aware that the welcome of which I had been doubtful from the first had ceased to exist, and that toleration only was accorded to me by my cousins as well as herself. No suspicion of what had caused the growing coolness had ever flashed across me, never distantly did I dream of the possibility of having interfered with Lina's prospects, until this drizzling afternoon, when, hurrying to the chapel, I chanced to encounter Mr. Haughton.

"Miss Beresford," he said, when the first greetings had been exchanged, "won't you give me a great pleasure? Won't you let me hear you sing something? I know that you are going to practice. Won't you let me listen?"

"If you like," I answered, without hesitation. "Old Tuffton comes to blow the organ for me; so I must go to his cottage first."

"Couldn't I do instead?" asked Mr.



Haughton. "Suppose you engage me, and dismiss old Tufton?"

Tufton proved to be out; so there was nothing for it but to agree to accept Mr. Haughton's good offices or to give up my practice. I hesitated for a few seconds, and then resolved upon the latter course.

"I sha'n't practice to-day," I said, as we retraced our steps towards the chapel.

"Do," urged Mr. Haughton; "do Miss Beresford. I should like to hear you play?"

"You hear me every Sunday," I said smiling.

"Yes, I know that; but then you are playing for everybody's benefit. I should like you to play for mine only. Oh, Miss Beresford," he continued, with some vehemence, "if you only knew—"

"I don't want to know," I interrupted desperately—"I don't want to know anything."

Whatever he might have intended to say was checked, not so much by my entreaties as by the sudden and timely appearance of my cousins John Vereker and Lina, who just then turned down the pathway leading towards where we were.

Nice behaviour! Nice conduct. Such a cunning piece of deception had never before come under her eyes; but she knew me now—that was one comfort—knew me thoroughly. So aunt Vereker informed me, when, after a protracted interview with Lina, she came into my room to confront me with my crime.

"I don't know what you mean, aunt," I said. "I really do not understand what I have done."

"Don't!" echoed aunt Vereker. "Don't! Why, your own conscience might tell you. You have deprived poor Lina of all she cares for in the world; you have lured Eustace Haughton away from her, just when he was on the verge of a proposal, by your quiet sneaking ways."

"—lured—Mr. Haughton! Oh, aunt, how can you say such a thing? I met him to-day by the purest accident."

"I am sure you did—an accident of daily occurrence," replied aunt Vereker. "Very accidental, no doubt! I suppose that is equally accidental;" and she threw down a letter addressed to me in an unknown hand.

"I should say that it was quite accidental; for I do not recognise the handwriting."

"Little serpent!" cried my aunt, as she turned to leave the room. "I wish you had never darkened my doors!"

How he must despise me if he thought I had laid myself out to entrap such a man as Mr. Haughton—I who had never given him a thought, far less dreamt of his preference! Yet there was his letter—for sure enough it came from him—hurried, but earnest in its entreaties to me to accept what he now offered—himself. He feared he had offended me; if he had, I must forgive him; and, if I could not give him my love all at once, he begged me not lightly to reject his, but give him the chance of winning mine.

Never was a proposal so unwarranted, never had one been so unwelcome. I sat quiet and speechless after perusing it, until roused by hearing the dressing-bell ring, which warned me that in half an hour I must meet them all at dinner.

Lina, tear-stained and indignant, was the first that greeted me; behind her was my aunt, vigorously fanning herself; whilst my cousin John was apparently buried in the study of the *Times*.

I approached them tremulously enough, and presently summed up courage to address to Lina a rather unintelligible remark as to my having feared that I was late for dinner, my watch being slow.

"Oh, you are in excellent time!" responded my aunt, who took the remark as addressed to herself. "We should have had to excuse you if you had been late."

A slight sob from Lina and a rustle of the dinner, followed by the announcement of dinner, saved my having to reply. But what a dinner it was! The only voice was my cousin John's, who strove, vainly enough, to bring forward topics which might be generally and safely discussed. Once or twice he addressed me in a manner so pointedly that I could have broken down right there and then and sobbed my precious secret out at his feet, utterly regardless of aunt Vereker's or Lina's presence, both of whom sat in silent wrath, glancing towards me with the most unmitigated contempt and abhorrence.

Well, it would soon be over; for I could not stay long at the Grange. Very soon I should be gone; but whither? That was a question hard indeed to answer—a problem beyond my solving. I was very young. I

knew nothing of the ways of the world. I had no idea how far my own small means were capable of maintaining me. I was not sufficiently accomplished to be a governess; and, without having one shade of conceit about me, I knew I was too good-looking to pass through life in the obscurity which I began to desire for myself.

The vista before me was cold and chill and hopeless. A few lines of refusal having been duly despatched to Mr. Haughton, I sat in my own room reflecting on my future. Many were the projects I revolved ere I slept. These the morning sun dispelled, for they had not been of the wisest. However, with some trepidation I sought out aunt Vereker, and told her, as simply as I could, how grieved and sorry I was, but how utterly unexpected Mr. Haughton's proposal had been.

"Not unwelcome, if unexpected," responded my aunt. "But I wish to tell you frankly that I think your behaviour has been simply abominable. Not that you probably will care for what I may say or think—as Mrs. Haughton, you will be in a position to do without my good opinion—but I wish to express it now to you, and to tell you at the same time how bitterly I regret having allowed you to come here at all."

"That I can quite believe," I answered, with some bitterness. "But you are in error if you think I am likely to become Mrs. Haughton."

My aunt laughed incredulously. "You are not going to further impose upon me, Blanche. Don't imagine that I believe you intend to refuse such an offer."

"I have refused it," I replied laconically.

"You have refused it!" exclaimed my aunt. "Well, you are the best judge of your own actions; but may I ask, if it is true that you have refused Mr. Haughton, what was your object in detaching him from Lina?"

"I never detached him," I answered indignantly; "I never dreamt of his daring to propose to me!"

"Daring to propose! Really, Blanche, I wonder if you have any idea of your own position? By birth you may be entitled to marry a gentleman; but, considering your penniless—"

"I have fifty pounds a year, aunt," I said, "and I meant to propose that I am very sorry that I have so innocently distressed Lina; but I shall go away to-day—to-morrow—as soon as you like; and Mr. Haughton will do me the justice to tell you that it was no fault of mine."

"As if I would discuss it with him," uttered aunt Vereker; "and as if I could, in decency, allow you to go away! No, no; you must remain where you are until I can see you properly bestowed elsewhere; but, recollect, here you have brought nothing but unhappiness, and in this house your presence can never be welcome. I am only giving you an idea of what every one, from your cousin John downwards, thinks and feels in consequence of your conduct."

This was the final blow for me. A wild sense of the injustice, the cruelty of it all surged through me. Involuntarily I started up, and then sat down, faint and trembling, speechless with impotent wrath, shame, and sorrow.

"Please do not attempt any heroics, Blanche, I am not a person to be impressed by any exhibition of the kind;" and aunt Vereker got up, and, with a sneering glance towards me, left the room.

Mr. Haughton came no more to see us, and my cousin John departed to spend, first, a couple of months at his shooting quarters in Scotland, and afterwards, I gathered from what I heard, he went about paying visits. At all events, the Grange was not to see him until Christmas. How I longed for Christmas to come, and how I listened for any chance scrap of information touching the movements of my absent cousin!

One very dull, rainy morning in December there came a letter from him to aunt Vereker, headed from Grimbsy Castle, Lord Vandeleur's place in Shropshire, saying that he was now really en route for home, but that Lord Vandeleur had pressed him to remain for another week, so he would not appear at the Grange until the twenty-fourth—Christmas Eve.

"There must be some special attraction at Grimbsy," suggested Lina. "Isn't Miss Vandeleur a great beauty?"

"I believe she is," returned aunt Vereker; "but John isn't a marrying man, happily for us. He has often said he would never marry."

"That's the very reason he will," replied Lina potently. "A nice thing for us to

have to bundle out of this house and go off to some poky hole!"

"Don't do it yourself, Lina," said my aunt. "John isn't attractive enough to please the Honorable Miss Vandeleur. She expects to marry nothing under a duke."

"I hope she won't be disappointed," sighed Lina; "but I agree with you, mamma—more brightly. 'John isn't a beauty.'"

It was late when he arrived, looking browner and more stalwart than ever, and just as quiet, grave, and nice as he had been since I first saw him. I was very nervous when he advanced to shake hands with me. Perhaps my state of mind accounted for the sudden pallor which must have overspread my face, for my cousin John said kindly—

"Blanche is not well, surely?"

"Oh yes, I am—quite well!" I said quickly.

"What is the matter?" asked aunt Vereker sharply, turning towards me just in time to see a burning blush covering my face. "I see no signs of illness."

"Don't you?" I heard my cousin John say; and then the lights began to flicker strangely, and vague noises like the rushing of many waters sounded in my ears. I made a wild stumble forwards, and then, failing to reach a friendly chair, was conscious of sinking downwards into darkness, and presently revived to find that I was being borne up-stairs in a pair of strong arms; and I recognized, bending over me as he laid me down, the face of my cousin John.

"She is better now," he said softly. "It was a fainting fit, I suppose. 'Has it happened before?'"

"Never," answered a voice which I know was aunt Vereker's; and then cousin John went quickly from the room, leaving me with a bitter sense of humiliation and shame to recover.

What could they all think of me? I could fancy aunt Vereker setting my illness down to heroics and a desire to attract; I could imagine my cousin John himself being once more and for ever "disgusted," and Lina's innumerable suppositions as to what had caused the seizure. I lay through the evening alone. Only once Beatrice came up, to see if I would have some tea, as I had missed dinner altogether.

No, I would have nothing—nothing at all; I was glad to be a martyr, as some sort of self-punishment for my weakness. As I had a dim hope my refusal might be made known to cousin John.

It was a wretched feeling, I owe; I should really have enjoyed a cup of tea immensely—still more should I have liked to have been down-stairs, instead of spending my Christmas Eve in such a miserable fashion. At last kind nature's sweet restorer closed my tired eyelids and banished my dreary thoughts; and, when I awoke, Christmas Day had fairly dawned.

Such a bright lovely day it was, the ground; and trees covered with snow; icicles were hanging in crystal glittering loveliness, and the great elm-tree branches were bowed with drifts of half melted snow, which crumbled into powder when a bird lighted on a bough, or dropped gradually in soft fragments to the ground. All was still, white, and lovely when I looked out of my bed-room window, lit up as the landscape was by the reflection from the sun on the otherwise colorless scene.

Service was to be at eleven o'clock; so I hurried to the chapel to perform my duties there, not waiting to hear whether the rest of the party meant to follow or not. After the preliminary voluntary came that wondrously beautiful hymn—

"Hark, the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!"

Then, standing up, I saw in the Grange pew aunt Vereker, Lina, Beatrice and my cousin John, whilst in the Brampton Thorpe one I beheld Mr. Haughton.

The latter's unexpected visit annoyed me more than I can say. I feared he might wait for me, and offend my aunt more than ever by attempting to renew his request. So, when the service was over, I remained quietly in the organ-gallery until I thought every one must have gone. At last I ventured out. How pale and silent everything was as I passed through the little church-yard—passed with hurried footsteps, rendered noiseless by the heavy snow—as noiseless as those which overtook me, for I heard no sound until the voice—not of Mr. Haughton, but—of my cousin John suddenly addressed me.

"What were you doing, Blanche?" he asked. "I thought you were never coming."

"I was arranging my things for the evening," I answered.

"I don't think you ought to play to-night," he said very kindly.

"Why not?" I asked, so brusquely that I was utterly disgusted with myself.

"You are not fit for it," said cousin John. "I did not know you had been ill when I was away."

"I wasn't ill. I never was better!" I exclaimed; but my face must have contradicted my words, he looked so incredulously at me.

"You weren't happy, Blanche. I know it; and I have a message for you which may make you happier. I have promised to deliver it to you, and to ask you to weigh it"—these last words said very slowly.

"Eustace Haughton told me to tell you that he has not accepted your answer as final. He hopes still; and I have promised to tell you so. It is my duty, Blanche. He is rich. I believe he is all that we could desire; and you must weigh matters well. There are advantages—"

"There may be," I interrupted, "many advantages; but I could not care for him, not even if—"

"If what, Blanche?"—and my cousin's voice was strangely changed.

"If I had seen no one I cared for more," I answered, with a desperate heedlessness of consequences.

"You love some one else then?"

"With my whole heart!" I answered.

And then there came a silence, a long awful silence, during which I noticed with strange acuteness the heavily-laden snow-covered palings and the bent branches of the fir-trees in the shrubbery.

"Can you name him? Blanche, is he worthy? Have compassion, Blanche—have compassion upon me!"

What words would convey the depths of happiness sounded on that snowy Christmas morning? What heart was so joyous or so thankful as mine, when it dawned upon me that cousin John had loved me from the first? But, from his imagining that the disparity in our ages was too great, and from other groundless causes, he never dreamt that his preference could be returned.

Six weeks after that we were married and I am happy to say Mr. Haughton not only got over his disappointment, but consoled himself not long afterwards by marrying, not Lina, but a Spanish-looking beauty who looks down with great condescension on Mr. and Mrs. John Vereker.

So my eventful Christmas Day ended in being a merry one. And I cannot do better for my friends than wish them as merry a one, and as happy a New Year, and many of them, as I find and have fallen to my own share.

### Too Much at Home.

It is surprising how soon a wife tires of the company of a man who is too much at home. Men are wise in getting way from their own roof-trees a certain portion of each day. Among their wives will be found a very general consensus of opinion to this effect. There will be found everywhere a disposition to pack off the men in the morning, and bid them to keep out of the way till toward evening, when it is assumed that they will probably have a little news of the busy world to bring home, and when baby will be sure to have said something exceptionally brilliant and precocious. The general events of the day will afford topics of conversation more interesting by far than if the whole household had been together from morning till night. A very little inquiry, too, will elicit the fact that men about home all day are eminently apt to be fidgety and grumpy and interfering—always objectionable, in short. This is the case very often, even with workmen of genius—authors, or parsons, or painters—but it is particularly apt to be so with the unemployed, such, for instance, as business men who have retired, or who are out of the harness for a short time. The spirit of mischief is never at a loss for a job for pater-familias it catches him idling and lounging about, neither at work nor at play. It stirs up his bile and irritability, very likely, and incites him to the reform of domestic abuses. It kindles his sanitary ardour, and sends him poking and sniffing about inconveniently into all the odd corners of the establishment; or sets him about the curtailments of house-keeping extravagance, or the amendment of various unmethodical household procedures;

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.

## Music and the Drama.

### Christmas at the Theatre.

Once upon a time Christmas-tide at Toronto theatres meant a time of gaiety and jollity, of laughter, of music, singing and dancing, which was looked forward to with delight by the youngsters, whose tastes were then specially catered to, and with interest by those who were not too old to remember that they were once young themselves. Then the managers spent their last cent in getting up gorgeous spectacles and pantomimes, and, regardless of cost, imported their clowns and pantalons, their harlequins and columbines, who were to make things lively for the little ones. Who does not remember the glories of "Humpty Dumpty," as produced on the stage of the old Lyceum by the Tamehills; of "Sinbad the Sailor" and the "Twelve Temptations" as produced at the Royal by the Holmans; of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" as produced by Mrs. Morrison at the Grand? Managers in those days were not afraid to spend their last cent on a pantomime or spectacle which would not only repay them four fold, but carry them well over to another season. It may not have been a very high order of entertainment—it was specially intended, as we have said, for the children—but it was suitable for holiday times, and in keeping with the old traditions of Christmas tide and Boxing day.

We have changed all that now. Our managers got to work now on the supposition that "anything is good enough for holiday time," and each recurring Christmas secure for our delectation a third or fourth rate actor or actress, who can begot cheap, and who will rant or ramble through some slipshod piece of patchwork called by courtesy "a play." Instead of amusing our children by a good, wholesome, hearty laugh at the antics of the clown and pantaloon, our children are now expected to weep while a third-rate actress worries through that most miserable abertion of an "emotional drama" entitled "East Lynne." Who cares to listen to the maudlin moralising, the sickly sentimentality of a woman who has nobody but herself to blame for all her trouble? Why should she intrude at a time when all is happiness and joy, and peace and good will?

We would like to see a change. Anything is not good enough for holiday time. Christmas tide at the theatre is the children's special season. Let us go back to the glories of the pantomime or spectacle, with its wonderful mechanical and scenic effects, its handsome costumes, its gorgeous transformation scene, and its hilarious fun. There is a fortune in store for you, Mr. Manager Sheppard, or whoever will first seize the opportunity. Don't be afraid to spend your money; it will come back to you doubly. One week of pantomime or spectacle at Christmas time, properly mounted and produced (that is a sine qua non) will prove more remunerative, notwithstanding its expense, than three weeks of woful emotional insanity.

Miss Ada Gray is an actress of some ability, who has attained a certain popularity, and has done considerable "starving" in "East Lynne." Both the actress and the play are too well-known to need much notice at our hands. The play is of

a highly emotional character, and is warranted to produce more tears to the square inch than anything before the public. The impersonation of the heroine by Miss Ada Gray is not, on the whole, a satisfactory one. In the more emotional scenes of the latter acts she is fairly good as *Madame Vinc*, but in the earlier scenes she by no means fills the bill. Her *Lady Isabel* is, in fact, a coarse and vulgar conception of the high-bred, well born, refined aristocratic, such as *Lady Isabel* is supposed to be. She is supported by a fairly good company.

Undoubtedly the greatest musical event of the season will be the coming concert by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. The subscription list, a most satisfactory one—has now closed, and there is no doubt that the house will be a very large one. The programme will include among other standard orchestral works, Beethoven's "Fourth Symphony" and Wagner's "Ride of the Walkyries."

It is more than probable—if a sufficiently satisfactory subscription list can be obtained—that the Hungarian Band of Gypsies will appear here for one concert toward the close of the coming month. They have created quite a *furor* wherever they appeared, and their entertainment is a novel and highly interesting one.

Augustin Daly's brilliant success "7-20-8"—one of the most amusing of recent comedies—will form the New Year attraction at the Grand, being presented by the Rehan Comedy Company from Daly's theatre.

### Valuable to Tea Drinkers.

It is well known that the green tea affects the nerves much more than the black tea, which is believed to arise from the different mode of preparation. For making green tea the leaves are put over the fire and partially dried directly they are picked, but with black tea the leaves are put into a basket and exposed to the influence of the atmosphere for twenty or thirty hours, during which time a slight fermentation takes place, and the color of the leaf changes from a green to a brown or chocolate hue (this is easily seen by the infusion of the dried leaf of black and green tea; the leaf after infusion will show the different colors named); they are then put over the fire and finished. In this country about 215,000,000 pounds are delivered yearly, of which about 40,000,000 are exported, but the proportions are about 207,000,000 of black and 7,000,000 of green, Oolong and Japan. While in America the black tea imported is about 5,250,000, the green tea (including Oolong and uncolored Japan tea, which possesses nearly the same properties as green) amount to 55,000,000. Would not this excessive use of green account for the opinion of the American doctors as to the effect of tea on the nervous system? I doubt very much if a pound of black tea, boiled down in the same way as the young hyson mentioned, would poison either rabbits or cats with the same dose. There is no doubt the fermentation of the leaves of black tea reduces the amount of the active principle "theine" that you find in green.

Another thing: in preparing tea for the table, boiling water is put on the leaf and an infusion made which is at once partaken of. But who would ever think of boiling tea to drink? By so doing you extract from the stalk and woody fibre of the leaf an acid decoction that no one would find pleasure in taking, and from which woody part would be most likely extracted the poisonous quality mentioned. In tea-drinking European countries, as Germany, Russia, etc., scarcely any green is used, and doubtless the great increase in the consumption in this country arises from the almost universal use of black tea, green being only used in mixing with it to impart a flavor, and while of late years the consumption of black tea has largely increased, that of green has remained stationary, which clearly shows that the taste in this country is entirely different from that of America. May we long continue in this country to enjoy "the cup which cheers but not inebriates."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The die is cast and I am dead," says the defeated candidate.

### Holiday Pastimes

At this festive time, when all, we hope, are enjoying themselves, some moments, brief and transient, are given up to sports and pastimes of all kinds. Parlor Games, Tricks, and Puzzles, all are pressed into service, and for those who take an interest in such matters, we subjoin a few original enigmas and charades, whose solutions may help to pass away a few idle moments. Those who desire, can send their answers to the editor. The correct answers will appear in our issue of January 12, 1884.

### ENIGMAS.

#### No. 1.

I dwell in the earth and inhabit the air. I attend at the birth of man, but forsake him through life and in death, although I help to carry his bier. I am a person of literary tastes, and patronise the Arts, but am not "up" in Science. In politics, were I left alone, I should be independent, but as it is, I am claimed, as occasion may require, by Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals. I always, however, support the Government, and never by any chance go into opposition. In religion I am a sectarian, and am claimed with equal rights by Protestants and Romanists. I belong, however, to Christians of every denomination. I am well-known to every soldier and sailor in the service, and am personally acquainted with the general and admiral, though I never was in a battle or on board a ship. I have never been in love, although claimed by all the girls; and without my aid you cannot get married. I am industrious, but by no means quiet or studious, being generally found in every disturbance, and the leader of every riot and rebellion; but I am neither a Nihilist nor Fenian. I am fond of children, but disown babies; and although closely connected with your father and mother, am in no way related to your husband or wife. I am a great friend, to old bachelors, but have nothing to say to old maids. I am a true and trusty friend and may be depended upon in poverty or prosperity; and though from the above description you may be inclined to doubt me, I can safely affirm that I never was found out in a lie, or caught telling a tale. In conclusion I may say that you may possibly find me out, although I am not, after all, in existence—a statement quite in keeping with my paradoxical nature.

#### No. 2.

The winds are hushed, and all around is still;  
The sun has sunk to rest behind the hill;  
Calmly and soft the silent eve creeps on  
By slow degrees, till daylight all is gone;  
And Cynthia, over all the arkening night  
Has flung the mantle of her silvery light.

Beneath the friendly shade of yonder tree  
What glorious female form is this I see?  
Of beauty rare, upon her sweet young face  
Love sits enthroned, with every youthful grace.

Upon her neck—all open to the view—  
Her silken hair, of brightest golden hue  
Falls gracefully around, and vainly tries,  
(As calm and still, like one asleep she lies  
In all the glory of her youthful pride),  
To shade the beauties that it cannot hide.

What lovely form is this—what beauty rare?  
Who is this radiant being I see there?

### CHARADES.

#### No. 1.

In vain you may the world search through,  
My first will never be found by you,  
For it is not, as you will find,  
If you to seek it feel inclined.

But stay—if you have got my second,  
I may "without my boss" have reckoned,  
And perhaps 'twould be my whole to say  
You will not find me out to-day.

But should you find me out, you'll say  
I do not half your pains repay,  
As I have ever sily been,  
And ever will be, too, I ween.

And when I'm found—if found I be—  
What nonsense I am there you'll see.  
And in a vex you'll cry "Such stuff  
About it all he's writ enough!"

#### No. 2.

My first appears, but is not real,  
Pretends to be, but is not true:  
Deceives us oft, and makes us feel,  
When 'tis discovered, very "blue."

My second, firm and strong doth stand  
As it hath stood for ages past,  
'Tis found in every earthly land,  
And long as Time itself shall last.

My whole's but a simple grass,  
A modest, shrieking little flower,  
And though 'tis found where'er we pass  
'Twould not disgrace a lady's bower.

But I will say no more, for fear  
That I the flower's name should tell.  
For sure I am that 'tis most dear  
To many hearts that love it well.

EDWARD J. WHITE.

### Had a Choice.

He was a Nevada millionaire, and he had been in a deep puzzle for ten minutes, when he suddenly rang the bell for his butler.

"James, I am about to give a grand party."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"I shall invite 4,000 people."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"I want the party written up to the extent of two columns in the papers here."

"Certainly, sir."

"You go out and ascertain what it will cost me."

"Yes, sir."

At the end of an hour James returns to report.

"Which did you want, sir—to buy the editor for \$50 or the two column space for \$75? And, sir, the price for not pitching into you and calling the whole thing a shoddy little fizzle will be \$250.—*Wall Street News*.

### "Fireside Fancies."

She pensive stands beside the fire,  
With no one near her to admire  
Her dress, and fan, and bangles;  
Yet there's a face made hearts to break,  
And perfect arm and elbow make—  
The prettiest of angles.

She thinks no doubt that Christmas joys  
Are very well for girls and boys,  
In village or in city;  
But she has grown since girlhood's time,  
Two days when e'en a Pantomime  
Seemed really to be witty.

Yet still methinks the season brings  
A host of very pleasant things,  
In fair concatenation;  
Some fly across the leopold stream,  
And some their dearest duty deem  
The church's decoration.

And Christmas brings the thought of those  
Who left us in the time of snows,  
So armed and weary-hearted;  
Shall we within the embers red,  
Once more the faces of the dead,  
The ghosts of days departed.

A footstep! Though the tear-drops dim  
Her eyes, she'll have a smile for him,  
And keep a score of dances;  
And so we'll leave her—since we know  
Two people find a third de trop—  
To all her fireside fancies.

"No," said the Term Haute policeman, "there's no use of my trying to get a girl to look at me to-day. There's a big funeral, and when Jim Tidd drives the hearse, and the girls see him, he'll just set 'em crazy, he'll look so proud and handsome and have such an air of importance, and they won't be willing to give a thought to any other man."

### CHRISTMAS GOODS!

Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs.  
" Scarfs and Ties.  
" Kid Gloves and Mitts.  
" Wool Cuffs and Mitts  
" Silk Braces.  
" Linen H'dkfs in fancy boxes,  
" Scarf Pins and Cuff Buttons,  
" Shirt Studs and Jewellery.  
" White Dress Shirts  
" Linen Collars and Cuffs.  
" Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

A Choice and Large Assortment of Gents' Fatainishing Goods at

**GEO. ROGERS,**  
346 Yonge St., Cor. Elm.

## Interviewing an Infant.

## A Dream of New Year's Eve.

A curious thing happened the other night. It was after dinner, and I was sitting by the cheery fire in my lonely bachelor's room, when, overcome by the heat, or some of the good things I had been enjoying, I fell to nodding in my comfortable arm chair. How long I had been dozing, or sleeping, I don't know—it seemed but a moment or two—when my little handmaid Mary came into the room with the remark, "Please sir, there's a hamper as has just been left for you." "A hamper for me, Mary?" I said, in surprise, for I thought the old bachelor was forgotten by most of his friends. "Yes sir," said Mary, "and it be a big un, too."

Down stairs I went, and sure enough, there was the hamper addressed as plainly as it could be in a strange hand, to Mr. John Smith, which is my rather plebeian name. It was an ordinary wicker work hamper, and beside the address label, carried a large label containing the figures "1883-4."

It was a "big un" as Mary said, but it was not very heavy; and Mary and I had not much trouble in getting it up to my room, where I placed it by the fire, opposite my old armchair. Then I sat down again, and gazed at it musingly, wondering, as people puzzle themselves about the superscription on an envelope, where it came from, who sent it, and what it contained. I must have dozed off again, when I was dimly conscious of a confused murmur in my ears as of the clanging of many bells, and very fully conscious of a clear, infantile voice, which came, apparently, from the fire place. What it said I could not exactly hear at first, but after a moment I heard the words, "I'm here." These came so unmistakably from the neighborhood of the hamper that I immediately got up, and commenced to open it. Hardly had I succeeded in doing so, when the lid of the hamper was suddenly raised, there was a cold icy blast—such as one feels about a mortuary—a faint, indistinct impalpable something, which gradually disappeared and then a chubby-faced infant sat up in the basket and said—as plainly as I could—"A Happy New Year."

There was nothing to distinguish this precocious infant from other infants except his precociousness. This, however, was so startling and unexpected that I could say nothing, think of nothing, but simply ask the question, "Who are you?"

"Please sir, I'm the new boy."

"The new boy? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—I'm the new boy—come to take the place of the old boy—engaged for a year—time up a moment ago—cleared out as I came in—didn't you see him go?"

This was a poser. Here was I—John Smith, bachelor, *about 50*—holding a conversation with an infant who didn't appear to have been very long in the world. It was most extraordinary. I looked at the youngster, and the youngster looked at me—I could have sworn that once he actually winked, (but that would be preposterous) and I *know* he laughed as I asked him, "What can you do?"

"Well, I haven't had a chance to do anything as yet. I'm a pretty small boy.

I am. But I'll grow, sir, I'll grow—and I hope you'll treat me well. You folks," he went on volubly, not giving me a chance to say a word,—"you folks generally treat us new boys well—at the beginning. You make all sorts of promises and forget all about them before we are with you three months. Last boy you had cut up pretty rough occasionally, didn't he? A smash, crash, blood and thunder sort of chap. You were rather glad to get rid of him, eh? You do tire of us, don't you, before you get through

with us, although you pretend to be sorry to part with us when our time's up. Well, I'm here now, make the most of me. Of course, as usual, you will make all sorts of promises, swear off, turn over a new leaf, and so forth and so on. I'm not going to make any promises. If you treat me well, I will serve you well. Wisely improve the present. The past is gone and done with, the future doesn't concern you. Wisely improve the present. Make what promises you like, but stick to them like a man. Never go back on your

word. Be just and generous. Help the weak and crring, relieve the poor and the sick, trust in God and do the right, and so shall your new year be in verity and truth a happy one in the best sense of the words."

The youngster stopped. There was a sudden bang as the lid of the hamper fell, and I started up rubbing my eyes to find the fire out, myself chilled to the marrow, the hamper still unopened, and all the bells in the city ringing the midnight hour.

EDWARD J. WHITE.



## CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

### CHAPTER IV. — (CONTINUED.)

"Is your head better, dear?" she asked, with the anxious interest she always manifested now in the girl's slightest ailment. "Cristino, give your sister a cup of tea. You look a little better for your rest."

"I am better, thank you," Nora said quietly, "though I have not been resting all the time. I had some visitors to entertain."

Mrs. Bruce and Cristino exchanged glances, and the former said, with something like a return to her old imperious manner—

"You very well not have seen them, child. It was should not."

"Why?" Nora's clear sorrowful gray eyes widened a little with the word.

Mrs. Bruce coughed in an uncomfortable fashion.

"Well, there is no real reason, I suppose; but it is not the usual thing for a young bride-elect to receive every idle caller."

Cristino laughed irreverently to hear her mother expounding the laws of etiquette, and even Nora's face brightened with a momentary smile.

"That may be," she said, with the faintest touch of mockery in her tone; "but these were not idle callers. I assure you. From each I received a special message, and I could hardly deny myself to Lord de Gretton's kinswoman or to your son."

"Then you saw Lady Olivia Blake?" Miss Singleton asked, drawing her chair a little nearer in the eagerness of her curiosity, and fixing her shining light eyes on Nora's face, as though she would read there the object and result of the interview.

But Mrs. Bruce's interest had taken an abrupt turn in another direction. Hard and selfish as she was, she had a mother's heart for her children, and its warmest corner was reserved for her handsome unsatisfactory son. When she thought of him, even Lord de Gretton and the grand marriage on which her soul was set seemed things of small account.

"Has Vance been here?" she cried, in tones of quick vexation. "How tiresome that I should just miss the dear boy! I did not know he was in town."

"Never mind Vance now, mother," Cristino said, with an impatient frown. "I want to hear about Lady Olivia."

"And never mind Lady Olivia now, Nora; I want to hear about my dear boy."

Mrs. Bruce spoke with unusual firmness and decision, uninfluenced for once by her daughter's petulant displeasure. Nora looked from one speaker to the other and shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Which shall I obey when you give such contradictory orders?"

"Me," said her step-mother promptly. "Cristino is only curious; I am really troubled about my boy. Where is he staying, Nora, and when shall we see him—to-night?"

Miss Bruce hesitated oddly over her answer; and Cristino, who heard the report of her brother's proceedings with ostentatious indifference and inattention, but studied her step-sister closely all the while, fancied that the pale face flushed a little when at last she spoke.

"No; he will not be in London for some time. He wished me to bid you all good-bye, and say that he would not be with you again until after Christmas."

"Nora!" There was so much agitated incredulity and sincere distress in the mother's tone that Nora's soft heart was touched; even Cristino condescended to show something like interest in the matter at last.

"After Christmas!" she cried, with a supercilious lifting of her light brows. "How absurd! Of course he means to be present at the wedding!"

"He does not," Nora answered quietly, not raising her eyes from the diamond ring that glittered on her slender fingers and always seemed to attract her gaze by

a species of fascination. "That was why he came now to bid me good-bye."

"And borrow money, I suppose!" Cristino cried angrily. Her opinion of her brother was not specially high, and she had always bitterly resented his avowed preference for his step-sister.

Mrs. Bruce gave a bitter little cry, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes. Cristino's suggestion seemed only too probable; but the hardness of it hurt and shamed her. In a half-hearted fashion she began to apologise and explain; but Nora, with something like indignation, checked her.

"Nothing of the sort!" she cried quickly, her lovely eyes aglow and passion lending to her pale face some of its old rich color. "For shame, Cristino, to speak so of your brother! You ought to know him better."

"I speak so precisely because I do know him," Cristino retorted, with an obstinate look. "Confess now that he is in some scrape, that he told you something he dared not say to us. Ah, I thought so!"—with a cruelly exultant laugh. "Vance has long ceased to be an idol and a delusion to me."

"You have but one idol, Cristino," Nora answered, with unusual bitterness; but she did not deny Miss Singleton's suggestion; and Mrs. Bruce, who had been watching her almost affectionately, read in that silence a confirmation of her worst fears.

"Another scrape," she said wretchedly—"another quarrel with your father—more debts to pay! Oh, Vance, Vance, you will break my heart some day!"

Nora had small reason to love her step-mother or pity herself-wrought woes. She knew better than any one how far the weak mother-love, the injudicious petting he received, had gone to ruin all that was good and manly in Vance Singleton's nature, how long the handsome high-spirited boy had been encouraged in a ruinous idleness and a rebellious spirit that set all discipline at naught, how far he owed it to his mother that at seven-and-twenty he was a scapegrace, a spendthrift, without a profession, and friendless, with his way to make in the world.

All this Nora remembered then, not bitterly, but with an intense pity for the woman who, she thought, must find such sorry comfort in her afflictions. She did not know that to characters of Mrs. Bruce's type all things must come from without, inasmuch as remorse never assails them. They can imagine a world in arms has wrought them woe, never in any circumstances that they themselves have done wrong. But Nora knew nothing of this; she saw the florid face grow pale and the hard eyes dim; and, acting on a sudden impulse, she knelt by her step-sister and brightly and coaxingly. "Vance is in no scrape—he is in excellent spirits; and he did not come to borrow money, as Cristino unkindly suggests, but to bring me a present. Look!" And with a pretty triumph in the pleasure she gave, she opened a tiny case and showed a ring set with four milk-white pearls.

"Did Vance give you that?" Cristino broke in incredulously; while Mrs. Bruce looked at it almost with awe. An inconsiderable item indeed in the gorgeous list of the future Lady de Gretton's wedding-presents, from penniless Vance it was a rare and costly gift.

"He did indeed!" Nora cried proudly; and her gray eyes brightened through quick grateful tears. "Now, Mrs. Bruce, you are not to fret for Vance, nor to doubt him or inquire the reason of his absence yet, but wait in patience until he can explain all. That, with a kiss, was his message to you, and there our interview ended."

Mrs. Bruce looked doubtful still; but the darker shadows had vanished from her face as she handed back the ring and returned Nora's kiss.

"I wish I had seen him, poor boy. However, I dare say it is all for the best."

"Of course it is, mother!" Cristino said snappishly. "Even if he is off on a wild-goose chase, the governor will be pleased

that he should try something, and, as Lord de Gretton so decidedly disapproves of him, he is just as well out of the way."

All the new look of life and brightness, all the interest kindled by her step-brother's visit and the impulse to defend him died out of Nora's face, and the old dull look of resignation came back. True, she raised her dark head proudly, and said, in clear incisive tones—

"Lord de Gretton has never presumed to speak slightly of Vance in my presence."

But, the little effort made, she sank back wearily in her place, and the gray eyes regained their old look of far-off patient pain. Cristino however soon broke in upon her reverie.

"Well," she cried sharply. "Vance has had enough attention now, I hope! Perhaps I may have my question answered at last?"

Nora looked round dreamily, "Your question! What was it, Cristino?"

"A comprehensive one, my dear," Cristino laughed—"I want to hear all about Lady Olivia's visit!"

Nora roused herself wearily at the words. She hated talking more than was absolutely necessary; her thoughts were always more or less confused and rambling now, and she collected them only with pain and difficulty. To speak of Vance indeed had been no effort; but Vance, with all his faults, was dear to her; moreover, he was a part of the old life that was slipping so surely from her. She would talk of him as long as they wished; but what could she say of Lady Olivia's visit but that she shrank from the subject with a vague unreasonable dislike.

"Was her ladyship very overpowering? Did she try to patronise you, child?" Mrs. Bruce asked, thinking she had hit upon a probable reason for the girl's look of extreme distaste.

"Oh, dear, no!" Nora said, with indignant sincerity. "She was—nice, I think, but a little strange in manner, as though she were intensely curious and yet thinking of something else all the time."

"A very uncomfortable manner," Cristino remarked, with a laugh. "Do you think her so handsome, Nora?"

This time Nora's answer came without hesitation of any kind.

"Most beautiful, in a grand imperial fashion that half frightens you. Her eyes are—the girl's own eyes darkened and dilated, as though they gazed upon some terrifying object still—"I do not know how to describe them—so dark and so bright, with a sort of jewel-like glitter that dazzles and thrills you."

"My dear Nora!" Mrs. Bruce cried, in astonishment; while Cristino said, with a queer smile—

"Well, if you do not care to discuss your visitor, it is not that she failed to impress you. Did you ever make such a study of a pair of eyes before?"

Nora only shook her head, and Mrs. Bruce said blandly—

"We have always heard that Spanish mother's side and essayed to comfort her."

"You are quite wrong, Mrs. Bruce," eyes are something out of the common way; and, you know, Lady Olivia is half a Spaniard."

"Is she?" Nora asked, lifting her head with freshened interest, and trying to recall something she had lately heard about her oddly impressive guest.

"Oh, yes! Do you not remember Lord de Gretton told us that his uncle married, when quite an old man, a very beautiful Spanish lady, who died at Lady Olivia's birth?"

"Yes," Nora said slowly, resting her chin within her hollowed palm, and striving to collect her scattered thoughts.

They were drifting dangerously near the truth now; a little more enlightenment would have saved her even then. But her brain was dazed and weary, a mist seemed to hang over and clog her thoughts, and there was none to help and guide her to the light.

"I think I remember that—and something more," she added slowly; and the

large eyes turned in sorrowful appeal from one face to the other. "Was she not at one time engaged to—her cousin?"

Mrs. Bruce and her daughter exchanged a glance of quick dismay. Was it possible that the prize by which both had learned to set such store might still slip through their fingers?

Cristino was first to speak.

"Oh, that old story!" she cried, with a contemptuous laugh. "If you dig up such antediluvian anecdotes as that, you must be jealous indeed, Nora."

Nora did not answer; her lips twitched nervously at what seemed to her the cruellest of jests; but her large lovely eyes still turned to Mrs. Bruce in dumb appeal.

"You talk great nonsense, Cristino!" that lady cried severely, glad to find vent for the agitation of her nerves in a well-deserved rebuke to her daughter. "Nora is a sensible girl—not likely to indulge in retrospective jealousy or make herself wretched over shadows. She knows that Lord de Gretton's past belongs to himself, his future to her only."

"I am not jealous," Nora said; and her voice rang out with a sudden sharpness of bitter scorn and fierce disgust. What cruel hypocrites they were, she thought, talking of jealousy to her, when they know that the one love of her life lay dead in Arthur Beaupre's grave, that a cold duty and a lifeless, loveless obedience were all she had promised Lord de Gretton! "I am not jealous, and you know it. I had another reason for asking about Lady Olivia Blake."

"Of course, my dear—a natural curiosity," said Mrs. Bruce soothingly. "Fortunately I can tell you the whole story at once. She was engaged to her cousin, Lord de Gretton, when she was a young thing—eighteen or so—and he—well, a good bit younger than he is now—not that I think a husband a bit the better for being this side of the fifties," Mrs. Bruce added, in a prudent parenthesis, as she stole a sharp side-glance at the eagerly listening girl. "Well, it was a family arrangement—no love lost on either side, I fancy; and, as often happens, in such cases, it fell through just before the day fixed for the wedding. My Lady Olivia took French leave of her disconsolate bridegroom and her father's home, and eloped with Captain Francis Blake, a dashing young Irish Hussar, who had made fierce love to her all through the season."

A long sigh that was like the very voice of disappointment and despair broke from Nora's white lips as she turned her face from her step-mother's sharp gaze. What she had expected to hear she hardly knew; a vague wild hope of possible freedom had sprung to life and died within the hour—that was all.

Miss Singleton bestowed upon her mother a glance of warmest approval. How admirably she had managed her very difficult case! To have denied all engagement between Lord de Gretton and his cousin, when at any moment the story might reach Nora's ears, when indeed there was no knowing how much Lady Olivia herself might tell, would have been dangerous in the extreme; to tell just half the truth, and fling the story back into a period almost antecedent to Nora's birth—this was grand mendacity indeed in Cristino's opinion; and so a little later she told her much-gratified parent.

"I did not think you could do anything so delicately dexterous, mother," she said when, Nora being safe in Lord de Gretton's company, the two women discussed their plans and arranged their dinner-dresses in Mrs. Bruce's room. "I really trembled when you began to speak."

Mrs. Bruce settled the rose-point on her black velvet shoulders and answered with conscious dignity—

"You might have known I should not blunder in such a delicate matter—where there was so much at stake too. I have some tact, Cristino."

"Well, so it seems," Cristino agreed, with her never-failing laugh and a stare of candid wonder. "That is what amazes

and delight me; because, truth to tell, I never thought you much of a diplomatist before. Now don't be offended—because, you see, I have cried *mea culpa*, and owned myself mistaken already, and I can do no more. How do I look tonight?"

Mrs. Bruce's brow, which had frowned majestically a moment back, cleared at this appeal, and her lips smiled benignly.

Miss Singleton was looking her prettiest to-night, and knew it. The crushed "strawberry" dress she wore gave the glow of color that her pale moonlight beauty usually lacked; her light hair was puffed and crinkled all over; her small head glittered and sparkled like spun glass with every movement; and a touch of art had darkened the faint brows and lashes and made the large colorless eyes weirdly brilliant.

"My dear, you are beautiful!" Mrs. Bruce cried, with genuine impulsive admiration that ended in a regretful sigh.

"It is you that should be the peeress, not that poor spiritless Nora, who is as like as not to fret herself into her grave before she has worn her coronet a year."

Cristine drew up her slender figure and regarded her own reflection in the glass with evilly sparkling eyes.

"Yet he had eyes, and chose her!" she quoted between her little glistening teeth. "I should have done him more credit. The world would never have said of me—as it will of her—that I pined away 'neath the burden of an honor unto which I was not born."

"Ah, well!"—Mrs. Bruce paused, powder-puff in hand, stung by a latent sense of justice into protesting speech—"that is hardly fair to Nora, you know! She is as high-spirited a girl as any in England, and, if she were heart-whole and fancy free, would make as good a Countess. It is not Lord de Gretton's rank, but the memory of Arthur Beaupre that haunts and daunts her."

Cristine's fair face hardened and darkened with an indefinably cruel look.

"The more fool she!" she said sternly. "She should tread down all memories and all loves, as I would in her place."

"Ah, that is easy enough to say!" Mrs. Bruce answered, with a prodigious sigh and a semi-sentimental look. "But you never were in love, Cristine."

Cristine looked at her mother for a second or so with an odd bewildered sort of stare; then suddenly the absurdity of the stout prosperous-looking matron posing as the exponent of romantic passion seemed to strike her. With a shrill hysterical cry she sank upon the nearest couch, and laughed till she could laugh no more, till the tears ran down her cheeks, and Mrs. Bruce forgot to be offended, in her real misery.

"Cristine, for Heaven's sake compose yourself!" she cried, shaking the slender shoulder in her agitation. "Are you mad, child, or what ails you?"

"Nothing," Cristine said, recovering her calmness. "You looked so supremely absurd—that was all."

Mrs. Bruce appeared uneasily dignified, but dared say no more—such another outburst would drive her or her daughter crazy—if indeed Cristine were not a little touched already. The doubt expressed itself so plainly in her face that Miss Singleton had much ado not to laugh again.

"Please do not," she cried, with a gesture of mock entreaty. "Another such joke would be my death. Come, it is time to go to Nora's relief. I wonder what she and Lord de Gretton find to talk about in these duty *de-a-tels*? She cannot bewail her dead lover to him, and I am not sure that she can think or speak on any other subject."

But Mrs. Bruce was too deeply offended to enter into her daughter's inquisitive speculations.

"I shall go," she said, drawing her velvet skirt majestically round her; "but you—I think you will see that your toilette is a little disarranged by your late strange—I had almost said unseasonable—outburst."

Mrs. Bruce's exit was at least as mirth-provoking as anything that had occurred in the course of the interview; but it won no laughter from Cristine. As the door swung to behind her mother, the girl's fair head fell forward on her hands, and a fierce moaning cry rang drearily through the room.

"How well I act!" she cried, with a sort of savage pride. "How little they guess that Nora Bruce hurt more than my pride when she stole Arthur Beaupre from me—that I hate her with a deeper hate than ever wounded vanity could teach me! And yet"—she clasped her hands and laughed a strange unnatural laugh—"what an excellent Christian I am growing! This marriage, which lifts her over all our heads and should be a perpetual blister to my pride—I would give my life itself rather than let it be broken off."

A step in the corridor disturbed her, and in another minute she stood before the mirror brushing out the soft fleecy curls that clustered so gracefully round her white temples and small shell-like ears, humming a gay little tune for the edification of casual passers-by.

Meantime the interview between Lord de Gretton and his fair betrothed had been a much less oppressive affair than she supposed or than poor Nora usually found it. Lord de Gretton, though sufficiently brilliant when he chose to exert himself, preferred, in a general way, the pleasure of being entertained to the labor of entertaining; and Nora was guiltily conscious that she fell lamentably short of his expectations in this respect. Not wilfully; apart from the love that was not hers to give, she was honestly anxious to fulfill all duties imposed on her by the betrothal bond, and tried with a pitiful earnestness to ascertain what subjects interested him, and to educate herself in them.

It was up-hill work as she pursued it, though the task would have been simplicity itself to an ordinary guileless nature. Lord de Gretton, who was tired of most things and took special interest in none, required only to be amused and flattered in equal proportions. But this Nora did not guess, and, even had it been made plain to her, she was too heart-sick to amuse and too proud to flatter, so things would have been much as they were. To-night however she was spared all trouble in the matter; she had only to mention Lady Olivia Blake's visit and his attention was at once enchained. He stood with his back to the fireplace, thoughtfully twisting his long gray moustache and looking down with a curiously cruel smile at the slender white-robed figure in the low lounging-chair.

"So! I hardly expected that from Lady Olivia," he said, after a little pause; and, had Nora been one shade less apathetic, she must have noted the strange triumph of his tone, must have seen the quick lighting of the sunken eyes, the quick flush of the usually impassive face. Lord de Gretton looked like a man who by a sudden spell had subdued some savage creature and brought it tamely to his feet.

But Nora did not raise the dark head that drooped so listlessly; the gray eyes rested in a dreamy stare upon the gold-handled peacock's-feather fan, but saw nothing of its iridescent splendour. Lord de Gretton was speaking. For the moment her thoughts were free; and, with mechanical impulse, they took their accustomed journey to the African denga where, beneath the scorching sky, her lover's bones lay bleaching.

"Well, do you like her?" Lord de Gretton's voice roused her as the whip stirs the sleeping slave; in a second she was back at her duty.

"Lady Olivia? Yes, she was kind and friendly, and she is very handsome."

"As to that there is no doubt," he said, with a little sneering laugh, and yet with very evident sincerity. "She is as handsome as—as Lucifer; but, as to kind and friendly, I would as soon trust a tigress as Olivia Blake. You poor little lamb, I half believe she came prepared to eat you!"

"Why?" Nora asked, shocked and startled by something in Lord de Gretton's look. Perhaps the real nature of the man peered for a moment through the sunken eyes to give her timely warning. "Why?" she persisted, with a sort of tremulous bravery. "Why should Lady Olivia hate me?"

He laughed again, and threw one arm round the slender white-robed figure, for Nora had risen now and stood beside him, wide-eyed, eager, and thrilling once again with her wild foolish hope.

"Why, you foolish child? I believe you are the only girl in London who need ask the question."

"Is it because—" Nora shrank from his touch; her heart throbb'd so fiercely she could hardly find breath to frame the question—"Oh, Lord de Gretton, as a gentleman, you must tell me this—because she once—"

"Once jilted me? Yes," he cried, with a quick fierce flush, "and has repented her folly ever since; that is the reason, Nora. But if she is content to bury the hatchet and do homage to the new Lady de Gretton, why, let her, say I."

And, as the gray moustache touched her cold cheek, Nora knew that her last hope had passed and her fate was sealed. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

I could never think well of a man's intellectual or moral character if he was habitually unfaithful to his appointments.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more appetite than dinner, and those who have more dinner than appetite.

President Arthur.

A colored attaché of the White House thus describes a peculiarity of his master: "Mister Arthur nobber goes to bed in cold wedder widout a big blazin' fire in his room, wedder here, or out to Soldiers Home, an' wo as has ter clean up and look arter de fires, hez ter take up a bundle ob dis hyar lightnin' wood obbery night, so as he kin frow it in de fire an' make er blazo, an' sit dar an' tink while a-watch-in' ob de shadows on de wall. When he uses de lightnin' wood, he nobber uses er light, an' when he gets tired he jumps in de bed an' watches de flames flicker till he goes ter sleep. He's mighty pertickler about dis lightnin' wood, an' if de supply gins out, dar is some fun til' dar's more put in de bin."

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable to us.

How much better it is that he should speak ill of me to all the world, than all the world speak ill of me to him.

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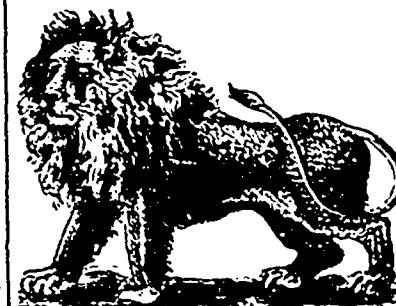


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CHRISTMAS TIMES!



Will this year be made doubly happy and enjoyable to the people of Ontario by

R. Walker & Sons,

AND THEIR GREAT

IMMOLATION SALE!

Thousands have already been benefited, and in order that thousands more may secure large parcels of Dry Goods or Clothing for little money, we shall continue all through January to

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R. WALKER & SONS

33 to 37 King Street, East, Toronto.

"Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly?"

A certain young lady,  
Who lives in Arcady,  
Thinks her simple Polly  
A duck of a Dolly;  
And in an arm-chair,  
With a minute to spare,  
Fast chatters away to her;  
Though what she can say to her  
By way of invention  
Is past comprehension;  
Now kissing, now scolding her  
Now warmly enfolding her.

A sly little bird  
One day overheard  
Missy's gossiping tattler,  
And thus ran the prattle:

My sweet darling Dolly!  
Now is it not jolly  
That Christmas is near,  
With its berries and holly,  
And best of good cheer?  
I am so vastly delighted,  
Mamma has invited  
Young ladies a few  
To meet me and you  
Well may you stare, Miss,  
At thought of such bliss,  
Each brings a fine Dolly,  
But none like my Polly!  
Yes, you shall be dressed  
As fine as the best;  
Nay, finer; for know—  
Let me whisper it so—  
I am sure you can hear,  
Though dumb you appear,  
You're like my dog Trus',  
Who knows all I say;  
For that he shows clear  
By pricking his ear  
And wagging his tail  
On the floor like a stall  
But he is too shy;  
I suppose, to reply:  
Yet what symmetry lies  
In his liquid brown eyes!  
His frame all a-shiver  
And a low whining quiver  
Betraying his rapture  
As I hold him in capture.

I wish you would speak,  
If only a squeak.  
Just as Pussy-cat goes  
When you step on her too  
Now, dearest of dears,  
Keep open your ears,  
And let your eyes glisten  
To show me you listen.  
I've a toilette, the rarest,  
To suit you, my fairest;  
A pink satin dress,  
From Paris express;  
Then dainty silk socks,  
With finely worked clocks;  
And shoes—O such beauties!  
To put on your tooties;  
Rare pearls to bedeck  
Your lily-white neck;  
A scarf o'er your shoulders,  
To charm all beholders;  
And a pair of kid gloves,  
Such dear little loves,  
Tight-fitting as skin,  
The fair hands within.  
O won't you look fine  
And all else outshine!  
With envy they'll stare,  
Their eyes open wide,  
As you sit on a chair  
Erect by my side,  
Dressed out as a Queen  
On State days is seen.  
O, dearest Dolly!  
Now isn't Christmas jolly?

Old Christmas Games.

One of the interesting features of a Christmas in the olden times was the varied assortment of games which were so heartily joined in by both old and young assembled round the blazing hearth. Most of these merry pastimes have long ago passed away; only a few, such as snapdragon, hide-and-seek, etc., being known by the present generation out of the long list of Christmas games formerly kept up. Thus, an old game played especially at Christmas was "hot cockles," a species of blind-man's-buff, in which the person kneeling down, and being struck behind, was to guess who inflicted the blow. It is described by Gay in the following lines:

As at hot cockles once I laid me down,  
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown  
Brooms gave a gentle tap, and I  
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

In an old tract, "Round About Our Coal Fire; or, Christmas Entertainments," published in the early part of the last century, mention is made of a game called "Questions and Commands." The writer says that the commander may oblige his subjects to answer any lawful question, and make the same obey him instantly under the penalty of paying any such forfeit as may be laid on the aggressors. "Handy-dandy" was much in request at this season. One of the party concealed something in his hand, making his neighbours guess in which one it was. If the latter guessed rightly, he won the article, if wrongly, he lost an equivalent. It is alluded to in "Piers Ploughman," and it is, perhaps, noticed in Shakespeare where King Lear (Act iv., sc. 6) says to Gloucester: "Look with thine ears; see

how you justice rails upon you simple thief. Mark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?" Browne, too, in one of his "Pastorals," tells how boys

With the pibbles play at handy-dandy.  
A childish diversion also usually introduced at Christmas in bygone days was the "Game of Goose." It was, says Strutt, played by two persons, although it readily admitted of many more, and was well calculated to make the young people sharp at reckoning the produce of two given numbers. The table for playing "Goose" was about the size of a sheet almanac, and divided into sixty-two small compartments, arranged in a spiral form, with a large open space in the centre marked with the number 63; the other compartments were denoted by numbers from one to sixty-two,

parties joined in the game, when Dun was, of course, extricated. No small merriment arose from each person's sly efforts to let the log fall on his neighbor's toes. It is frequently alluded to by old writers, and by Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet" (Act i., sc. 4), where Mercutio says to Romeo:

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:  
If thou art dun we'll draw thee from the mire.

Some doubt exists as to the precise nature of a game designated "Shooting the Wild Mare," and mentioned by Herrick, where he speaks of—

Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,  
Of blind-man-buff, and of the care  
That young men have to shoe the mare.

"It appears" says Braud, "that the wild mare was simply a youth so called, who was

Now Post and Pair, old Christmas' hoir,  
Doth make a gluggingally  
And vot you who, tis one of my two  
Sons, card-makers in Pur-alloy.

It is, too, among the diversions described by Sir Walter Scott, in his graphic picture of Christmas Eve in "Marmion," and is mentioned by many of our old writers. Three cards are dealt to all, the excitement of the game consisting in each person's vying or betting, on the goodness of his own hand. It would seem that a pair of royal aces was the best hand—hence one of its names, "Pair-royal"—and then other cards, according to their order, such as kings, queens, etc. Thus it much resembled our modern game of "Commerce." Another game of cards was "Ruff," known also as "Double Ruff" or "Cross Ruff," one of its most popular names being "Trump." It is mentioned in "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1693:

Christmas to hungry stomachs gives relief,  
With mutton, pork-pies, pasties, and roast  
beef;  
And men at cards spend many idle hours,  
At loadum, whisk, cross-ruff, put, and all  
four.

This game was much the same as whist; and was played by two against two, and occasionally by three against three. Noddy, too, we are told, was also much in demand, being noticed by Middleton, where Christmas, speaking of the games at that time as his children, says: "I leave them wholly to my eldest son Noddy, whom, during his minority, I commit to the custody of a pair of knaves and one-and-thirty." In "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1755 it is thus noticed:

Some folks at dice and cards do sit,  
To lose their money and their wit,  
And when the game of cards is past,  
Then fall to at Noddy at the last.

There is some doubt as to what game was meant; some think cribbage, and others "beat the knave out of doors."

Such were some of the old games practiced at Christmas; and the importance that was attached to these diversions may be gathered from the fact that every large household had its Lord of Merry Disports, whose duty it was to arrange the merry-makings every season; a custom which was extended to our Universities and the Inns of Court. At the present day when Christmas is shorn of so many of its former glories, some of these old fireside games might with advantage be revived, thereby creating harmless mirth and fun.—Illustrated London News.

A Dog who Died from Remorse.

A remarkable instance of the effect that can be produced upon a dog by a human voice was related to me yesterday. Some of your correspondents would consider it confirmatory of their notion that dogs have mind enough to understand words; but I myself rather believe that the sound of the voice acts upon the feeling of dumb animals just as instrumental music acts upon us. The story is as follows:—A clergyman had for a long time a dog, and no other domestic animal. He and his servant made a great pet of the dog. At last, however, the clergyman took to keeping a few fowl, and the servant fed them. The dog showed himself very jealous and out of humor at this, and when Sunday came round and he was left alone, he took the opportunity to kill and bury two hens. A claw half uncovered betrayed what he had done. His master did not beat him, but took hold of him and talked to him most bitterly, most severely. "You've been guilty of the sin of murder, sin—and on the Sabbath day, too; and you, a clergyman's dog, taking a mean advantage of my absence!" &c. He talked on and on for a long time, in the same serious and reproachful strain. Early the next morning the master had to leave home for a day or so, and he did so without speaking a word of kindness to the dog, because he said he wished him to feel himself in disgrace. On his return the next thing he was told was:—"The dog is dead. He never ate nor drank after you had spoken to him; he fasted and pined away, and he died an hour ago."—London Spectator.

Sincerity is an opening of the heart. We find it is very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others.

Try to be happy in this very present moment: and put off being so to a time to come: as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come and is ours.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HAIL SWEET BABY, PURE AND HOLY.

Briskly. F. A. MANN.

1. Hail! sweet Ba-by, pure and ho-ly! Hail, fair Son, of Ma-ry blest!

Roy-al In-fant! in a man-ger Thou art gent-ly laid to rest.

Chorus after the last Verse.

Al-lo-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-lo-lu-ia! A-men.

- 2 Filled with awe and tender rapture,  
Tears of joy Thy mother weeps,  
Through the night Thy foster-father  
By Thee faithful vigil keeps.
  - 3 Hovering o'er the hallowed stable  
Choirs of Angels carols sing,  
Glory, glory in the highest,  
Hail to Thee, O Christ our King.
  - 4 Shepherds, leave your flocks and  
hasten  
To adore on bended knee;
  - 5 Children, year by year with gladness  
Keep Christ's birthday feast anew;  
Sing His praise with loving voices  
Who was born a Babe for you.
  - 6 Hail, sweet Baby, Child of Mary,  
Hail King David's royal Son,  
Singing carols round Thy cradle,  
We adore Thee, Holy One.
- Chorus after last verse:—Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

inclusive. The game was played with two dice, each player throwing in turn, and marking with a counter whatever number the dice cast up. Thus, if there were a four and five he marked nine, and so on, until the game was completed. The number 63 had to be reached exactly, and should the player exceed it he had to reckon back, and throw again in his turn.

Another game seems to have been "Fox in the Hole," and is thrice mentioned by Herrick, but not once explained:

Of Christmas sports, wassail-bowl,  
That's brewed up, after fox in the hole.

A diversion which often caused much laughter was "Dun in the Mire." A log of wood was brought into the middle of the room; this was "Dun," or the cart-horse, and a cry was raised that he had stuck in the mire. Two of the company then advanced, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. When unable to do so, they called for further help, until finally all the

allowed a certain start, and who was pursued by his companions, with the object of being shooed, if he did not succeed in outstripping them." Then there were "converses," wherein one gave a word, to which another found a rhyme; a pastime once very popular.

Among other references to old Christmas games may be quoted the "Paston Letters," in which a letter dated Dec. 23, 1484, relates how Lady Morley, on account of the death of her lord, directing what pastimes were to be used in her house at Christmas, ordered that "there were none disguisings, nor harping, nor luting, nor singing, nor none lord disports; but playing at the tables and chess, and cards; such disports she gave her folks leave to play, and none other."

Of old Christmas card-games may be mentioned that known as "Post-and-Pair," to which Ben Jonson refers in his "Marque of Christmas:"

**Goodwill's Holiday.**

Ever on this Christmas morn  
Holy birth and joy are born;  
Still the Earth bears, as of old,  
All the quiring Angels told;  
Still float to us from above  
All they sang of peace and love,  
All the blessed gladness Earth  
Caught from our dear Saviour's birth.

Therefore is the day-dawn bright  
With a heaven of dear delight;  
Caro and evil from us flee  
In these hours' felicity.  
Age and manhood, girl and boy,  
All forget but love and joy;  
Anger hence and hate away!  
This is Goodwill's holiday.—C. W. B.

**A Country Christmas.**

The bright moonlight sleeps on the long range of hills and the stars glitter in the clear atmosphere; the window is open, and as the curtain sways softly in the air that has nothing of winter in it, we hear, a long way off, curious sounds of music, that appear mystic and beautiful in the middle of the night. Presently they come nearer. We can hear that "Starry night, stilly and bright," is the carol, and we recognize our pet tenor, and Mary Smith's soprano, and we know exactly where the notes will be too high for them, and where they will go off in a shrill squeak: and as we lie awaiting the fiasco, that no amount of patient teaching could make them avoid, we feel horribly guilty, for to our tuition is due the fact that they are singing at all. And under our window, to do us honor, extra voice is put into the carol; and we feel inclined to shriek wildly and grovel abjectly under the bed-clothes, when we suddenly realize the danger is over, and the carol ended victoriously. There is a pause—a clearing of throats: a handful of gravel alights on our dressing-table, and "Wish you Merry Christmas, Sir," is shouted: then we hear footsteps crunching away on the gravel; the avenue gate swings for a good ten minutes, aggravating us immensely; and presently, next door, uprises "Stilly night" once more, and once more do we wait in agony that especial high note. So it goes on all through the town. We recognize the scroop of the Rectory gate, which always moves surlily on its hinges. We know exactly when the Doctor's house is reached, for they are not allowed to reach the second line there, owing to that hard-worked functionary rising in wrath and promising them any amount of physic when called in, as he inevitably will be, to attend them for bronchitis, caught in their present occupation, if they don't away; and by the time we know they are safely shouting their worst at that particular portion of the town where dwells our arch-enemy, we almost exult in the harsh note that by now must be inevitable, and, exulting, fall asleep, to be awakened once more by the sound of the bells ringing in Christmas morning.

It is now quite dark. The atmosphere seems tremulous with chimes; our own particular peal leading the way, followed across the hills by another chime, and then another comes swaying along from a yet farther church, standing grand and solitary, gazing down on the wonderful, unchanging sea; then a monotonous trio from a tiny edifice in the cleared, stripped wood speaks out—ding-dong bell, ding-dong bell; the chapel-of-ease joins it too; and as we gaze across the darkness, where a low redline in the east speaks of the coming dawn, it is easy to imagine the spirits of Christmas singing joyfully as they float hither and thither on the chimes, that literally appear to fill the clear, keen air. The red dawn spreads; splitting up here a great grey bank of clouds, there a soft white line of mist; the sparrows twitter uneasily; two or three starlings emerge from the chimneys in the empty cottage opposite; and down in the garden a jolly little robin is pouring out its jovial little soul in honor of the day. It is a green Yule; there is nothing Christmas about it; save a delicate powder of frost that quickly creeps away before the spreading sun. We find a couple of primroses in the meadow, and should not be surprised to discover a

snowdrop; but we do not, and have to content ourselves with a dozen violets and meagre bunches of laurustinus not yet out in blossom, and have to seek in an apology for a conservatory for anything brighter—though we cast a greedy eye at our Christmas roses, that, protected from dirt and wet by a hand-light, turn their beautiful pale faces up to ours, looking like a very perfect animated Christmas card. By this time the real Christmas cards have arrived; for we are superior in our country town to the usual delays, and have our portion delivered to us at our breakfast-table; and we are a good hour before all those belonging to the household are severally admired or criticised. Of course heaps of people have

visible in the squire's, the rectory, and sundry other pews; everyone is anxious to see if other folks' children have done better or grown more while they have been away than their own have; and most of the afternoon is taken up with mooning down the lane towards the harbor discussing these and other topics of vital interest with friends, all of whom politely urge the superiority of your children, and are deeply offended if you placidly accept what you consider a bare statement of facts, without insisting, in your turn, on their Tommy's superior stature, or their Jane's extra number of accomplishments.

It is an unwritten law in the country that no stranger is asked to dinner: each

**HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.**

Written by the late Rev. J. D. BURKS.

Composed by E. L. STONEMAN.

At Thy feet, our God and Father,

Who hast best us all our days, We with grateful hearts would gather, And begin the year with praise:

Praise for light so brightly shining On our sterns from heav'n above; Praise for mercies daily twining

Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,  
On the cross for sinners shown,  
We would praise Thee and surrender  
All our hearts to be Thine own.  
With so blest a Friend provided,  
We upon our way would go,  
Sure of being safely guided,  
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,  
When Thy gracious face we see;  
Every burden will be lighter,  
When we know it comes from Thee.  
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,  
Give us strength to serve and walk,  
Till Thy glory breaks before us,  
Throu' the city's open gate.

sent us cards who are now doubtless heaping opprobrium on our devoted heads because we have forgotten them; and heaps of other people who ought to have sent them, and who are just now revelling in ours, are, we hope, conscience-stricken, and resolving to make up to us at New Year what they should have remembered at Christmas.

Then comes the walk to church, made bearable to the children by the thought of the decorations, which are always an immense fund of joy to them—berries, unexpected string, scissors, and knives being often found in our pew, forgotten in the heat and scurry of putting last touches to the fabric; and a delightful amount of excitement being caused by the wonder whether wreaths will catch fire, or sprigs fall on the bald heads of the patriarchs and the fine bonnets of the ladies as they sit through the service. The pews are very full indeed on Christmas day. All the boys and girls are home from school; strange pale London faces are

family keeps distinct. Anyone hardy enough to leave the roof-tree for an alien shelter would be considered a dangerous Atheist, or, at least, guilty of attempting to undermine that sacred institution—an Englishman's home; for Christmas is only Christmas if all these observances are duly kept. Into the somewhat dreary blank of the evening the mummings break, and are received with a rapture that must somewhat astonish them. We rush en masse into the front kitchen, seriously embarrassing the domestics all arrayed round the fire entertaining friends who are allowed to leave their homes, and sitting on flour-bins, tables, or anything we can obtain, await the entrance of the troupe. They are preceded by an ancient person, who strikes two into the boldest of us, he has a large simulated hump, a sheepskin hangs over his back and covers his face, two holes being slit for his eyes; and he stumps about, leaning on an immense club, with which he clears a circle for the rest. On his head he wears a venerable

tall hat, decorated with ribbons, and ribbons are twisted round his arms and legs. Indeed, ribbons play a mighty part in the attire of the rest, who seem all ribbons; their heads are decorated with great square erections like the old grenadier cap, and wooden swords, and a general air of uniform, casts a military aroma over the performance. This is one of the most curious description, and commences with a chant, of which it is impossible to understand one word; then the old man comes forward and makes a statement, also completely unintelligible; and then, one by one, the company is engaged in combat with the tallest actor, who represents a curious mixture, as far as we could gather, of Napoleon I. and St. George of England, and who invariably conquers his foe. All the time the fray lasts the non-combatants keep up their extraordinary chant, and every now and then the old man comes forward and makes a statement that we take on faith, for distinguish a syllable we certainly cannot. It could not be the Dorset twang, for we had an audience versed in that vernacular, but was some curious dialect, made evidently purposely unintelligible to keep the mystic entertainment strictly within the district that provided us with the mummies. No amount of praise or judicious questioning elicited any information, and, at last, we came to the conclusion that the words were really lost, and that nothing was left except the rhythm of the sentences handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. The only thing we did discover was that the old person, who was exactly like the chorus in a Greek play, was supposed to represent Father Christmas, into whose bag, slung over his shoulders, we were to drop our contributions, while he looked the other way, and that all they knew themselves was that they did the performance just as the old folk had been used to do it, and with that we had to be content.

With the mummings Christmas in the country ceases to be Christmas: for Boxing Day sees a general exodus from within the walls of the town. Everyone who can go shooting, from the grocer's apprentice, with his muzzle-loader aimed at a sparrow, to my Lord and the piousants; and the female portion stays at home to nurse the juveniles who have over-eaten themselves, or pays visits to compare their experiences or presents: all awakening the next day to an ordinary routine that lasts—bar fair-times—until Christmas comes round again.—Illustrated London News.

**BRIGHT THOUGHTS.**

The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will over intercept good ends.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being out in adversity.

No action will be considered blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.

They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is swiftly destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

Carlyle said, "That a good man be free and permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness is surely a blessing indispensable to him and those about him; but for a bad man to be free and permitted to unfold himself in his particular way is, contrariwise, the greatest curse you can inflict upon him,—a curse upon him and upon all his neighbors. Him the very heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, to compel into something of well doing; and, if you absolutely cannot, the one blessing left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to."

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New Brussels Carpets, 90c., \$1, \$1.15, \$1.20, \$1.25, \$1.40.  
See our Hemp Carpets, 35 inches wide, 10c., 12c., 15c., 20c.  
Bed Spreads, in Alhambra, Honeycomb and Marseilles, 75c., 90c., \$1, \$1.25.

Lace Curtains, new patterns, 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$10 a pair.  
Colored Oxford Shirtings, 12c., 15c., 16c., 17c., 18c. a yard.  
Brown Holland, 10c., 12c., 15c., 16c., 18c., 20c., 25c. a yard.  
Feather Ticking, 12c., 15c., 16c., 18c., 20c. a yard.

The shortest route to the Carpet Room is via the passenger elevator at west end of store

## TABLE LINENS.

Table Linen, pure flax, 18, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50c. a yard  
Table Linen, pure white, 40, 45, 50, 65, 75c., \$1 a yard.  
Table Linen, colored, 40, 50, 65, 75c. a yard  
Towelings 5, 6, 7, 8, 10c. a yard.  
72-inch Wide Sheeting, 27, 30, 35, 38, 40, 45c. a yard  
72-inch Grey Sheeting, 25, 30, 33, 35, 37, 40c. a yard.  
See our Towels, 25c. a dozen.  
Heavy Warm Comfortables, only \$1.25.

## BLANKETS.

Eaton's buy their Blankets by the pound from the Manufacturers, and retail them in the same manner, 47c. per pound for All-Wool White Twilled Canadian Blankets

## CORSETS.

The Corset department is full of bargains.  
Try the Coraline Corset, at 50c., worth 75c.  
Eaton's Unique Corset, 75c. worth \$1.  
The Poncah Corset for 90c., worth \$1.25.  
All sizes in Dr. Ball's Health Corsets kept in stock  
Eaton's German Corsets, with 150 bones, only \$1.15, worth \$1.75.  
Eaton's Western Favorite in Blue, White and Scarlet, with 750 bones, only \$2, worth \$3.

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## GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Men's all-wool Undershirts, full size, 69c., in grey and buff, sold at credit stores for \$1.  
Men's All-Wool Drawers, full-size, 69c.  
Men's Wincey Shirts, only 50 and 65c. each.  
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Grey Flannel Shirts, all-wool, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40 up.  
White Shirts, linen fronts, 75c., \$1, \$1.25 up.  
Men's all-wool, full size, Socks, 20c.  
Braces, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Scarfs, etc., in great variety, cheap.

## SKIRTS.

Great reductions in the price of Skirts. See our Wool Skirts for 50c., worth 75c.  
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Black Quilted Skirts at 90c., worth \$1.25.

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Take the passenger elevator at West End of Store for Mantles, Millinery, Flowers, Capses, &c. Some special clearing lines this week.

## UNDERWEAR.

You can buy at Eaton's, Ladies' Merino Underwear, very fine, soft goods, 65c., 85c., \$1.  
Ladies' Night Dress from 50c. up.  
Ladies' Shetland Lamb's Wool Underwear \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.60, \$1.75 up.  
Ladies' White Cashmere Underwear, \$2.50 and \$3.25.  
Knitted Wool Goods, and all Children's Underwear, in great variety, at wholesale prices.  
Ladies' and Misses' Combination Suits, usual sizes.

## JERSEYS.

Eaton's have a splendid stock of Jerseys. You can buy Ladies' Cashmere Jerseys, in the newest shades, for \$3.  
Ladies' Jerseys, beautifully embroidered, for \$4.50.  
Ladies' Cashmere Jerseys, with basque and embroidery, \$5.50 up.  
Cash for everything. No bad debts. Cheap goods the result.

## TWO VALUABLE RECIPES FOR THE LADIES.

Plum Pudding and Flaky Pie Crust for Christmas.

Mr. Ferdinand Fero, chef of the Astor House, gives this recipe for a pudding;  
Proportions—One pound of beef kidney grease, one pound of dry Corinthian raisins (Smyrna and Malaga mixed), one pound and three ounces of fresh bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of flour, twelve ounces of brown sugar, nine ounces of orange peel and citron mixed, a little salt, half of a grated nutmeg, one pinch of pulverized ginger, and a little lemon peel chopped fine, about ten eggs, about four tablespoonful of good brandy or rum, and one tablespoonful of sweet cream. This is sufficient for two good-sized puddings.

After having washed the raisins in lukewarm water place them in a basin or wooden bowl, with the peel already cut into square pieces, and steep in a little brandy. Now trim the beef kidney fat and chop it very fine, with one spoonful of flour, mix it well with the crumbs of bread, brown sugar and the eggs; then add the raisins, the peel, the rest of the brandy, salt, nutmeg, ginger, and, last of all, after it is well mixed, the cream. Spread all this in a large napkin, well buttered, fold up the corners of the napkin, and tie to the level of the pudding, so as to make it round; then plunge the pudding into a saucopan of boiling water, and let it boil at least four hours—constant boiling. Take it out and let it drain in a sieve; cut it from the top so as to keep on a level, and then turn it out on a dish, removing the napkin carefully, so as not to disturb the fine part of the pudding. Sprinkle with a little rum sauce. You may apply a match to the pudding when it is on the table or when entering the dining-room. Serve a little rum sauce separate.

This pudding may be cooked in a mould. Have the mould well buttered, and the pudding, tied in a napkin, also well buttered. Boil four hours.

Mix one pound of flour with water. Add a little salt and one ounce of butter, and knead thoroughly. Take 12 ounces of butter and work out the salt in water. Roll out the paste and lay the butter over it. Fold it and roll with roller. Let it stand ten minutes, then fold and roll again. Fold and roll at intervals of ten minutes until it has been rolled six times. It is then ready for use, and if properly done, will rise to one inch in height.

## Family Matters.

**CUSTARD PIE.**—Three beaten eggs, three tablespoonful sugar, a little nutmeg and salt, and two large cupsful rich milk.

**DUST ON THE WALLS.**—To wipe the dust from papered walls take a clean, soft piece of flannel. Of course it must not be damp, but the dry flannel will remove the dust.

An economical and really delicious way to flavor a cake which is to have icing over the top is to grate part of the peel of an orange or lemon over the cake before putting the icing on.

**ACID PIE.**—Two tablespoonful flour, one scant cupful water, one-third cupful molasses, one-third teaspoonful tartaric acid, set on the stove and stir until it boils, and bake with one crust.

Often one has gravy left from a roast of beef, and if you have no soup stock to which it may be added, use it to fry sliced cold boiled potatoes in for breakfast. This makes an excellent dish.

When cleaning carpets, dampen some Indian meal, mix salt with it, and sprinkle over the carpet; sweep vigorously. Take a small, sharp-pointed stick to remove the salt and meal from cracks and corners.

In making lemon syrup take one pint of lemon juice, one and a quarter pounds of sugar. Let it stand till thoroughly dissolved; then bottle and cork tightly for future use. It will keep for years, and have a finer flavor than if boiled.

Apple custard pie should be baked with an under crust only. The filling is delicious if made of one pint of sweet milk, one pint

of smooth apple sauce, well-sweetened, three eggs; flavor with lemon or a little cinnamon. This will make two small-sized pies, or one very large one.

For sponging old black silk, a piece of old black cashmere should be used, and for sponging colored silks, a piece of white cashmere or some of the same color. Cotton must not be used to cover the table upon which they are sponged, or else it will leave white fluff all over it, which will be difficult to get off. An old black shawl is as good a thing as any.

## Viscosity of Ice.

Under certain circumstances ice does not behave as a solid, but as a viscous fluid, like very thick treacle. Glaciers do not move down in one block, but flow, accommodating themselves to the varying width of their channel. Professor Tyndall planted a row of sticks in a straight line across a glacier; and after a few days the line had become a crescent, with a concavity upward, showing that the middle of the glacier moved faster than the sides, just as in a river the stream is stronger in the centre. Two theories have been put forward to account for the viscosity of ice; one is that it is a true viscosity, and the other that it is produced by the effect of pressure in lowering the freezing point of water so that whenever the ice is subjected to great pressure it melts. The water then yields to the pressure, and instantly re-freezes in its new shape. A striking experiment—due, I believe, to Mr. Bottomly—illustrates this. A block of ice being laid across the backs of two chairs, a fine iron wire is put over it, to which is hung a heavy weight. In a short time, the wire passes completely through the ice, and allows the weight to fall, while the ice is not broken, nor is any mark visible where the wire has passed through. The explanation of this is that the pressure of the wire melts the ice immediately below it. The water is displaced by the wire and fills the space above it, where, the pressure being removed, it instantly re-freezes. The viscosity of ice can be shown by cutting a long, thin slab of ice, and supporting it on two chairs, when it will, even in a temperature below freezing, gradually bend with its own weight.—From "Science for All."

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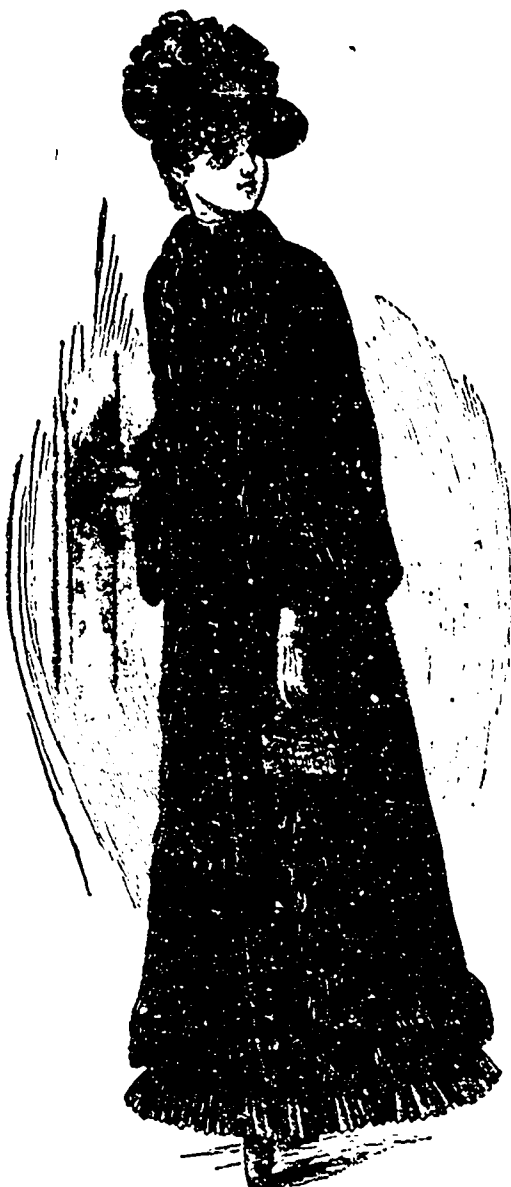
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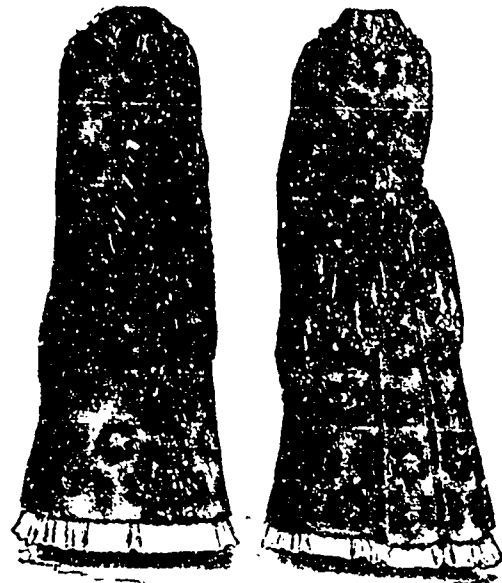
BEATRIX COSTUME.

Simple, yet exceedingly stylish, this design is arranged with a short, gored skirt trimmed with an apron front draped high at the sides, gored skirt trimmed with an apron front draped high at the sides, and a tight-fitting polonaise with a long, pointed basque front, over which a cut-away jacket opens having the effect of a vest front. A high, turned-over collar and coat sleeves complete the model, which is suitable for any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. It may be trimmed according to taste and the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



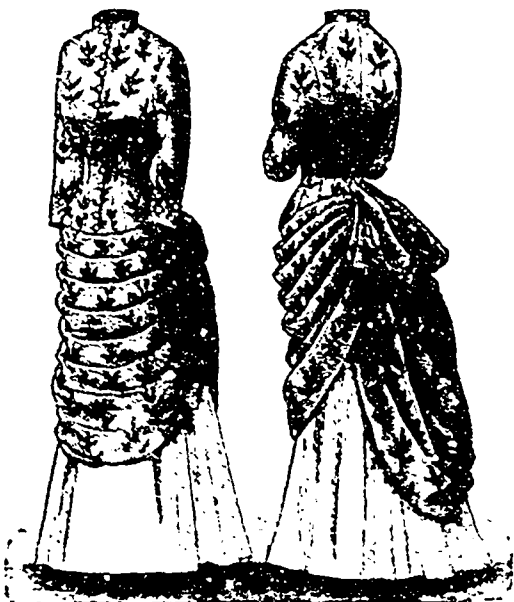
TERRY PELISSE.

This garment, at once stylish and practical in design, is very handsomely made in rich black sicilienne, trimmed with black fox fur, the portion forward of the trimming on the fronts faced with velvet brocaded sicilienne. The fronts are cut in sacquo shape, the capuchin sleeves are inserted in dolman style, and the back has no middle seam in the waist part, but a broad box plait is inserted below, the joining concealed by a handsome passementerie motif. It is extremely graceful, and thoroughly comfortable, as it is so easily removed; and is quite appropriately made in simpler materials. The one illustrated is worn over a costume of dark blue Ottoman silk. The hat is of dark blue velvet, trimmed with velvet loops, and tips to match. The cloak pattern is in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



MONTROSE PELISSE.

An elegant wrap, suitable for heavy materials or rich fabrics for winter wear. The pelisse is cut with sacquo-shaped fronts, and has short back pieces joined by a curved seam down the middle, which form short, pointed draperies over a box plaited skirt piece. The sleeves are inserted in dolman style and fall in long points on the sides. The pelisse may be trimmed with chenille fringe as illustrated, or in any other style, according to taste and the material employed. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



MISSELLE POLONAISE.

Tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front, side gores and side forms are cut short and a draped apron added to complete the required length; while the back pieces are cut the entire length of the garment and are gracefully draped. This design is suitable for any class of goods, and may be trimmed to suit the taste and the material employed. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



ROSLYN COSTUME.

A pretty costume, combining simplicity with a graceful effect. The model consists of a short, gored skirt, with two full breadths in the back, draped with an apron and back drapery all in one piece; and a tight-fitting basque, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front of the basque is ornamented with a square plaited piece on the bust, and the back forms a plaited postilion below the waist. Any of the dress goods in vogue are suitable for this design, which is most effective in a combination of materials, as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Our Engravings.

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

No state can be more destitute than that of a person who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasure of mind.

Volatility of words is carelessness of action. Words are the wings of action.

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## KITTY.

## The Story of a Christmas Eve and After.

"Oh, mother, it is snowing fast still, there is nothing to look at but snow!" grumbled Kitty O'Hara.

"And what else should you look at at Christmas-time? For my part, I like to welcome the true old-fashioned weather."

"But it's rather dreary to be buried for weeks behind those big hills. Don't you wish we were near the town, mother?"

"No I don't, and you ought to be ashamed to stand there and chatter so foolishly, Kitty. Come and prepare your father's tea."

Before Kitty had finished buttering the last thick round of toast, a muffled noise of wheels echoed through the still air, succeeded by a loud shrill whistle at the front gate. Down fell the toast and knife on top of it.

"Mother, mother, here's father!" shouted Kitty.

Without a second's delay, Mrs. O'Hara strode from the dairy and hastened to unbolt the door; and Tilly, the hard-worked maid-of-all-work, suddenly ceased her violent clattering of cans and followed in the rear.

"What a beautiful winter night like the good old-fashioned times when we used to sit on grandfather's knee and listen to his ghost-stories!" thought Mrs. O'Hara, as she glanced at the white hills and dazzling valleys.

An extra-merry cosy meal was the jolly substantial tea in the farm kitchen. O'Hara sat in his wide arm-chair in the chimney-corner, and with immense relish sipped his cocoa and ate his big slices of home-cured beef and pickled tongue; and Kitty made no pretense of appreciation as she munched the crisp buttered toast, and brown ginger-cakes her mother made so well. How full of fun and bustle was the remainder of that happy evening! There were the lofty hall, best parlor, and kitchen to finish with final sprays here and there of holly and mistle-toe; there were the numerous varied presents to be given to the hiredhands on the morrow waiting to be arranged in order to-night. Everything, before they laid their heads on their pillows, must be done "decently and in order," said farmer O'Hara.

Steadily the hours sped on, and soon the large round moon broke through the rolling clouds and looked down quietly upon the sleeping world. It was a glorious night, an exquisite scene, viewed from the sweet shelter of home—a picture to admire, gazed at by those standing in warm well-lit rooms, "Jack Frost" at a respectable distance on the other side of the window—but, alas, there was very little beauty in it to the half-frozen traveller, the hungry, the footsore, the stranger who had lost his way?

"What's that! Hark? Surely I heard something! What can it be?"

Kitty O'Hara started from sleep, and sat up in bed, listening. Again came that strange murmuring sound in the dead of night—half cry, half call. An awful silence ensued; then something was thrown at the window. Kitty's heart went pit-a-pat so violently that it seemed as if it must stop beating. She did not believe in hobgoblins or ghosts; she was neither superstitious nor timid; yet, when a second pebble struck the glass pane and rolled down upon the sill, she felt terribly alarmed, yet could not have explained why.

"I'll smother myself under the clothes!" moaned bewildered Kitty.

Before she could get to her father or mother, she must cross a horrible dark passage; before she could get to Tilly, she must mount winding creaking stairs. For one minute she lay very still, thinking. At last an idea struck her. Perhaps some one had lost their way. She would open the window and shout.

Kitty's little spirit lamp was burning brightly on the toilet table; perhaps the glimmer of the light had attracted some one outside. Yet who would come on Christmas Eve to such a lonely little farm behind the hills?

Kitty threw a shawl over her head, braced herself up not to be afraid, pulled back the curtain, opened the window, and then shouted in a voice of assumed sternness.

"Any one here?"

The words sounded harsh and unnatural, and echo answered them far away.

"Shelter this bitter night, if only in a barn, I pray you!"

"Who are you?"

"A traveller who has lost his way."

"How am I to know you are speaking the truth?"

"Have pity on me! I am almost dead!"

"You must wait a bit longer. I will call my father."

Kitty's loving heart ached as she listened to the stranger's voice, so weak from exposure and pain. She hastened with fearless steps and knocked at her mother's door, never doubting for one moment that they would let the poor creature in.

Kitty had no easy task to rouse her father; he had had a long day in the market, and was snoring now as loudly as—yes, Kitty could not help saying it—as the old sow in the yard. He could not be brought to his senses or induced to believe that there was really a miserable being outside pleading for shelter for admittance even into the barn. Oh, no! He knew all about it; he knew—he was not such a fool—what the rogue wanted. He had heard of such capers before—he was not born yesterday. If he were to give ear to the mad fancies of mankind, they would be murdered in their beds and the whole place ransacked before dawn that was all. Kitty had better go back to her bed and dream.

But Kitty stood quite still, making no attempt to move. And such a queer object she looked—her quilted petticoat trailing on the floor, a coarse gray shawl thrown anyhow about her shoulders and head, the little spirit-lamp flickering and glimmering in her hand.

"Oh, father and mother, I didn't think you were so cruel and hard-hearted!" she said passionately and indignantly. "And it's actually Christmas Eve!"

The farmer was suddenly attacked with a violent fit of coughing. When it ceased, he ordered Kitty to leave the room; and the instant she disappeared he hastened out of bed, thrust his feet into his monster slippers, wound round his body a blanket huge enough to cover a modern Goliath, told Mrs. O'Hara to mind her own business when she inquired what he intended to do, put on his spectacles carefully, armed himself with a thick stick and a clumsy lantern, and stalked downstairs, sending such a ghost-like creaking sound through the silent house that honest Tilly, sleeping the deep hard sleep of a faithful servant, turned on her side and uttered a feeble scream.

The lantern held by O'Hara shone full on the stranger's face for a long half-minute.

"Humph, humph," muttered the farmer, "ye look mighty wretched, be ye a friend or foe! Why can't ye walk in, when ye see me standing a martyr to the east wind, and just out of my warm bed too? Ain't ye got any legs?"

The pale faced traveller mumbled something, which O'Hara seemed not to hear, about kindness and gratitude—all the sound he could force between his poor chattering teeth—as the heavy door swung back shutting out the keen cold air.

"Mother, Kitty, you're wanted? Be quiet, sir, can't you? Be quiet! If you are contemplating cutting our throats by and by, perhaps you'll be good enough to spare my daughter Kitty. If it hadn't been for her soft heart, you might have been out there, although although it's Christmas Eve, and it would sort of grieve me to see you stiff and stark and cold

on my door-stone. I'm dashed if I should eat any Christmas dinner!"

"We will not waken him yet; he must be very tired, poor fellow!" said Mrs. O'Hara, bustling about and directing Tilly what to arrange on the breakfast-board.

"Not tired, ma'am, in the least, though my eyes have not closed for twenty-four hours, but so stiff and aching—so woefully stiff! I thought I'd never manage to crawl down-stairs!"

Mrs. O'Hara turned round sharply, and saw standing close by her elbow, a tall, rather slender, pale-faced gentleman, neither particularly handsome nor particularly plain, but a human being of quite an ordinary type of the same stamp as one passes in a crowded city scores of times each day. Yet Kitty, at that moment crossing the hall from the little parlor, almost smothered with holly and overgreens, thought him in her own mind "perfectly splendid." Poor Kitty had seen so few people, had led such a secluded life in that out-of-the-way little farm enlivened now and then only by a flying visit from some vulgar freckled cousin, whose sighs were loud and long because he had failed to turn her small brain. It was no wonder that she considered this stranger "beautiful," and declared later on that his smooth white hands were simply "magnificent." And then Kitty glanced despairingly at her own plump brown ones, her mother's long bony fingers, Tilly's crimson wrists—with a cut here and there by way of ornament and her father's "hard huge palms. How strange that she had never thought of noticing these things before! It was odd—very.

"And but for you a corpse might be lying yonder!" The strange gentleman looked at Kitty very earnestly with his fine dark eyes, and pointed with his finger towards the garden.

Kitty's lips moved. She was about to attempt some sort of reply, when O'Hara called out in his gruff honest voice—

"To be sure, to be sure, your life's due to my Kitty; and—and I must say I had my fears as to whether we'd all be together to welcome the Christmas morn! Humph, humph!"

"You suspected me?"

"Well, you see, sir, we're but lonely mortals who bide in these dull parts; and 'tis extremely unusual for a person to ask admittance in the dead of night. But there—there, sir! Here's my hand. Accept the hospitality of a poor hard-working man and welcome!"

"Your good-natured offer I accept with much thankfulness. I feel too weak and footsore to turn out this morning and continue my journey, and shall be only too glad if you will spare me a slice of your Christmas beef and taste of plum-pudding."

"That we will do right heartily," put in Mrs. O'Hara.

"There is gold in my valise—more than I shall need for my wanderings. I will repay you."

"Sir," said O'Hara indignantly, "though we live behind the mountains, we are not behind the people in the town in deeds of mercy."

So the stranger took his seat amongst them, and made himself as affable and merry as he could in the circumstances—his poor limbs were so painful—and the simple farm-folk knew not that they were entertaining rich Squire Dylton of Dylton Hall.

"If that poor wretch isn't laid on his bed to-morrow with rheumatic fever, my name isn't Jimmie O'Hara!"

"I must confess he looks queer," returned her husband.

"And there'll be a handful of work for some one. I'm sure I'm not equal to trotting fifty times a day up them stairs, with everything to be carried up and down; and he, being a gent, 'll expect such a load o' attention. Oh, dear, oh, dear, to think that he should come to our house on purpose to be ill!"

"I don't suppose he can help it, mother. I dare say he'd be glad to be well, if he could," said Kitty quietly.

"I don't suppose you know anything about it, child!" answered Mrs. O'Hara sharply.

The farmer's wife's predictions proved too true. Reginald Dylton was unable the next morning, and many mornings following, to rise from his bed, or even to move a limb. The short, fussy little middle-aged doctor from Snaresloigh had to pay a visit to O'Hara's farm every day; and once, when his light blue eyes were very watery and the tip of his nose of a reddish purple tinge—occasioned of course by such frequent exposure to the weather—he had rubbed his hands a peculiar habit of his when it was his misfortune to have to say something unpleasant—and announced that the gentleman was "very bad indeed."

The poor fellow's mind seemed gone entirely. He had no knowledge of where he was or who were tending him; he would talk to his favorite horses and dogs, rush miles across the country on his mare Saxon, with Tiger and Tip tearing at his heels, and call loudly and repeatedly for some one named "Maude," who Kitty thought must be his sister.

"I'll be with you soon, darling very soon," he said one afternoon, staring intently at the ceiling. "I rolled down a steep mountain, and it was nearly over with me. My limbs ache a bit. I'm better—I'm almost well. I'll be with you soon, dearest. Oh, my love, what would you have done if I had died?"

As the sufferer uttered this last sentence he smoothed Kitty's hand and gazed anxiously into her face. There was no recognition in that stare, only a look of extreme bewilderment.

"Answer me, Maude, this instant! You're glad to see me?"

Kitty, feeling very nervous, and scarcely conscious of what she was saying, answered—

"Yes, very."

"How fond and foolish! That's my own Maude; and I was doubting and I was doubting—I think I'll sleep a bit now, dear, if you don't mind. You'll let me hold your hand so? 'Tis such a tiny hand—so soft, so—"

He fell asleep, and Kitty stirred not, was almost afraid to breathe even. He had not rested for several nights, and Mrs. O'Hara was getting wan and haggard with watching him. An undisturbed good sleep might prove a turning-point for the better. Oh, how fervently Kitty hoped and prayed it might be so?

Tilly crept cautiously on tip-toe into the room, brought Kitty a steaming cup of tea, put a little more fuel softly upon the fire, and then glided out to her work again.

A whole hour fled by, and still Kitty sat patiently in the same position, afraid to disengage her hand lest she might awaken the peaceful sleeper to his sad wanderings and pain. But about a quarter of an hour later he moaned slightly, stirred, sighed, and then opened his eyes—how gravely they looked at Kitty! How they roamed round and round the room!

"Where am I?"

"With friends," Kitty answered softly. "What is your name, child?"—"Katharine O'Hara."

"O'Hara, O'Hara! I have heard that name somewhere before. What is the day of the month?"

"'Tis the 31st of December—New Year's Eve."

"Ah, yes, I remember! It isn't a dream at all. You are the farmer's daughter Kitty."

The simple little name fell from his lips so easily, so naturally; he never once thought of calling her Katharine.

"I'll just pour out the medicine mother said you were to take when you awoke."

"I'm a great plague to you all," the patient murmured in a weary tone.

"It has been an anxious week for everybody, but you're mending now, and I'm sure mother 'll never remember the trouble

if you only got well. Very good-hearted is mother," added plain-spoken Kitty. "I wonder if I shall ever be able to walk about again without crutches?" he moaned in a most mournful tone, and with an expression of intense melancholy in his dark eyes. He was evidently thinking of something far away from medicine or Kitty.

"Do not worry your head about the future. Try, when you've swallowed this, to get to sleep again," said Kitty calmly.

He looked half wonderingly at the almost pretty and truly pleasant face, drank the draught without a word, and then lay back silently on the pillows. He fell asleep again, and this time dreamed—dreamed that Kitty O'Hara, the Irish farmer's daughter, had fallen in love with him, that somehow he had discovered the secret and plunged poor Kitty into the deepest distress, and that he could hardly see her face for the tears that were blinding his eyes—and why he cried was a mystery—when he told her that he was engaged to marry a beautiful young lady with long golden hair, who could play exquisitely on the piano, the harp, and the organ, could speak fluently four languages, could paint lovely pictures in water-colors and oil, and dance—oh, just like a fairy! It seemed such a difficult task to make Kitty understand that this divine creature was his promised wife—the future mistress of Dylton Hall.

Would not Kitty be content to be his and Maudo's best friend? Oh, how he hated her to kneel at his feet and cry so! She ought not to mind—she really ought not. He thought that he went out in the very early morning and gathered a sweet bunch of violets to give to Kitty when he should say farewell—that when he placed them in her hand she said, "For ever—for all time will I keep these flowers in memory of you"—that he answered wildly and despairingly, "Nay, nay, 't would not be right for you to remember me! I belong to some one else—some one else. These violets will soon perish; so must your thoughts of me." "Flowers and memory shall live for ever; I say that neither shall die!" Kitty screamed; and her voice was so laden with horror, so loud and terrible, that Reginald began to shout, "Help, help!"

With that cry he awoke. Mrs. O'Hara was smoothing the tumbled blankets, and Kitty was not in the room at all. How pleasant it was to awake from such a wretched dream!

"It's my opinion, Mrs. O'Hara," said the short, fat medical adviser, spreading his thick fingers before the comfortable kitchen fire, "that our patient's going on remarkably well—yes, remarkably well. You're a wonderful woman, Mrs. O'Hara—wonderful. By-the-by, do you know what part of the country he came from, this guest of yours—his name, profession, and so on?"

"Only his name—Reginald Dylton."

"Ah, yes! Well, more in good time; I'll not idle here. Good morning, Miss Kitty. Good-bye Mrs. O'Hara."

It really was surprising how rapidly, now that the critical point was turned, the patient seemed to improve; each day added now strength, now vigor.

"Very soon I shall be able to join my friends in England," he said smiling one morning to Kitty.

"How terribly they must have missed you! How anxious they must be?" she remarked quietly, with eyes drooped.

Dylton laughed.

"I have a tolerable number of friends who, I dare say, have troubled themselves once or twice to wonder what's become of me all this time; but of near kin—relatives—I possess not one."

"What! No father, no mother?"

"No; and neither sister nor brother."

Kitty's entire face was beaming with compassion and her voice full of gentleness as she said slowly:—

"How very lonely you must be!"

Dylton made no answer. He was watching her curiously; but the girl did not know it. She was thinking, "Who

is Maudo—Maudo that he has raved about in his sad delirium?" Kitty knew now that it was no favorite sister. "Why does my heart beat with such mad rapidity? What is it to me?"

She raised her eyes just as these thoughts were chasing each other through her brain, and met Mr. Dylton's dark ones fixed upon her.

"Kitty, will you find me ink and paper? I can walk so well now, I think I could manage to get as far as the post-office."

"It is a long way. I will post your letter; my mother wants one or two things from the village."

"Will you? What a dear little soul you are, Kitty!"

She ran away, laughing and blushing, found the necessary articles, and left him to attend to her household duties and make herself ready for her little journey.

"Come here a minute, Kitty?" Dylton was holding a large square envelope in his hand, and, as he beckoned to Kitty, he pointed to the direction, "I told you the other day that I had no relatives; well, this letter is to a lady who, I hope, will soon be my wife. She is very beautiful, very—the youngest daughter of an Earl—and I am afraid she will have been worrying herself about me. But she travels a good deal, and mixes in high and brilliant society, so that she has very little time for despondency or melancholy. I have told her in this note how a certain little girl, under Providence, has saved my life, and how I hope, if all goes well, to be with them next week."

"Yes," said Kitty; and she tried to look indifferent and make herself believe that this gentleman's coming and going did not matter to her in the least.

"It's nothing to me—nothing at all," she said again and again, tripping at a dangerous pace through the slippery snow, clutching almost with a fierce grasp that detestable letter in her hand. "He will go back to his people, and we shall forget him, and the old life will go on as it did before—that's all." And Kitty began to sing a snatch of some merry air, as if she had one of the happiest, lightest hearts in the world.

"Good-bye, Kitty, good-bye! I'll not forget my promise," said Reginald Dylton gaily. They were all grouped in the doorway and bidding their guest farewell. He had shaken hands with every one, and O'Hara had politely hinted that there was only bare time to meet the train; but the young man persisted in lingering by Kitty. "Remember, next summer, Kitty, I and my wife hope to pay you a visit," he went on, and then, turning to Mrs. O'Hara, he added, "and you will have to spare Kitty for a return visit to England."

One wave of the hand, a last nod to Kitty, who was staring with a fixed dazed look till the little vehicle was lost to sight round the hills, and then—

"Bless the girl," said Mrs. O'Hara, "how solemn you look! Here—come and churn the butter!"

"So you won't have me, Katharine?"

"No, thank you," answered Kitty promptly.

She was sitting in one of the out-houses of the farm, shelling broad beans, and opposite to her, or rather in the farthest of the four corners, a bashful young man was standing, twirling his wide straw hat at a mad rate, and looking very miserable indeed.

He was a most persevering young man, this Donald M'Nab. He had been known, when a boy at school, to forego the delightful pleasure of a whole Saturday afternoon's fishing because a difficult sum would not "prove." Very hard-working, very steady, very earnest in everything he undertook was honest, red-headed Donald M'Nab.

The perspiration pouring down his red cheeks—certainly it was a warm June morning, close upon twelve o'clock, and

his position was very trying—he took out a large speckled pocket-handkerchief and wiped his forehead—wiped it furiously, and made his face more fiery than ever.

Kitty declared, with great vehemence, that if she lived to the age of Methuselah she would never change her mind.

The poor fellow felt utterly "cut up" and low-spirited, for, as long as he could remember, he had adored Kitty. He knew that he was not handsome, he had felt keenly, and often how little there was about his personal appearance to recommend him, but that pat answer, coming so unexpectedly, had given him a shock. He could not "pull himself together" again all in a moment, he was forced to twirl his hat around a few times more in the desperate effort to collect his thoughts and retire.

"Both your father and mother say you behaved very shabbily to that young man. A steadier, more painstaking fellow isn't to be found in all Ireland," said Mrs. O'Hara coming in soon afterwards.

"He's a good young farmer, and saves a deal of money; but—but—I'm not going to be his wife; so there!"—and Kitty dashed the last bean into the dish and put into the basket, and looked up half pleadingly at her mother.

"You are very strange in your manner lately. I cannot tell what's come to you," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Don't let any one bother me again; just let me live quietly with you and father!"

"Snarlesleigh isn't overcrowded with Donald M'Nabs. Rest contented, my dear; I'll answer that no one will worry you again;" and, though Mrs. O'Hara smiled as she made this remark to her daughter, she felt really uneasy about her in her mind. Kitty was changed sadly, seemed unhappy and restless, and gave away to peevish temper.

"Wants a change, ma'am, believe me; Miss Katharine wants a change," said the village doctor.

But, when this idea was suggested to Kitty, she held up her hands in dismay, declared that there was nothing the matter, and insisted that she was well. So the roses bloomed and faded, and rich fruits ripened and dropped into the garden. The busy hay-making time came and went, and autumn crept on, stealing the leaves from the forest trees and sighing in a sad plaintive strain around the mountain paths. The harvesting was all done, and the corn gathered in the barn.

"Tilly, go and throw the striped rug over Miss Kitty."

Tilly did as she was bidden; but she could not help staring in a regretful fashion at the sleeping face, and wondering for the hundredth time what in the world ailed her young mistress.

"She'll go off quite quiet-like, after the manner of my cousin Jane—that's my idea," thought Tilly.

Four o'clock—four loud clear strokes—sounded from the tall timepiece in the kitchen. Still Kitty slept on.

"You said you'd come in the summer, and the summer's gone," she muttered. "I'd like to see you once again before—"

She will forgive me—your—your—when I'm—dead!" The sleeper shuddered, and a slight smile played round her mouth.

Some one who had noiselessly entered the parlor and was sitting by the head of the couch, looked at her intently.

"And I never guessed that she cared for me—poor little Kitty!" and the speaker stooped over the still face and kissed the white forehead.

With that kiss the girl awoke and gazed straight into the dark beautiful eyes she had just been dreaming of, and heard in reality and truth the dear voice.

"I have come back to you, my Kitty!" His Kitty? How dared he call her so when—when— In bewilderment she stared round the room.

"Where is Lady Maudo?" was the first sentence she uttered.

"Lady Maudo, now the Countess of Altonleigh, is, I believe, in Rome at the present moment."

"What do you mean? I thought you were going to marry Lady Maudo!"

"I did contemplate the idea of such an alliance being formed once, Kitty, but Lady Maudo made a mistake, like many other young ladies have done before. She told me candidly one day that she would never be happy if she married me—that I had not been to see her for so long, and that during my absence she had learned to love some one better. There was also another reason. Kitty look at me!"

Reginald Dylton stood up, and, as Kitty looked at him, she saw a crutch under his left arm and his leg amputated to the knee. Her whole face flushed a vivid scarlet. She tried to say something, but her lips seemed locked. A mist was gathering over her eyes, and big tears were ready to fall.

"Don't you see?" said Reginald playfully. "An Earl's daughter couldn't possibly marry a man with one leg; but a farmer's daughter might—eh, Kitty?"

But Kitty did not answer. How provoking he was! How little he seemed to care either for the loss of his love or the loss of his limb!

"Yes; we'll have a quiet little wedding, and then travel about for a whole year, and see some of the finest sights of the world; and after that, when we've put the final polish to our education, we'll go to England and settle down, a steady old couple at Dylton Hall. Ah, the good old place sadly needs a mistress, Kitty! Don't you think I've planned it all beautifully?"

"Splendidly," answered Kitty; but in her heart she detested the lucky farmer's daughter, and felt that life was unbearable.

"You don't inquire how I lost my leg; you have become wonderfully silent."

"How did it happen? Tell me; indeed I want to know!"

"Well, I was terribly hurt in a railway accident; but your mother told me that you had been ill, therefore I'll not excite you now, but give you particulars another time. I'd better be going."

He rose, lifted his crutch, and held out his hand. Kitty touched it lightly, and looking at him shyly, said:—

"I hope the young lady you are going to marry will be aimable and good and not so fickle as Lady Maudo."

"I rather think that I shall not marry at all, Kitty. I shall probably settle abroad, and let the old home."

Kitty's eyes were wide with astonishment.

"But what will the farmer's daughter say to your changing your mind? Her friends will make a fuss, won't they?"

"Oh, no! The friends won't do any thing; and the girl she was pleasant once, but lately she's awfully morose."

"Did you meet her in England?"

"Oh, no—Ireland!"

"What is her name?"—"Katharine O'Hara."

Kitty hung down her head; for very shame she could not raise it.

Come, Kitty, don't look so woe-begone. Kiss me just once before I go away. I know you cared for me a wee-bit—never mind how I found it out—before my leg was broken. It isn't your fault, child, if you can't entertain the same feeling towards me now. I am only a wretched cripple."

"Do not go far from Ireland for ever," pleaded Kitty.

"Child, is it anything to you whether I go or stay?"

"It is everything to me!" sobbed wretched Kitty.

"Then, darling, if you are in earnest, come with me."

"Reginald," said Kitty three years later, watching her husband playing with their baby-boy, "I look upon your lameness as a special blessing."

"Why, my dear?"

"Had you the free use of both your limbs, you would never have been so devoted to your home and family."

## IN GOLDEN BONDS.

## CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner is never anything! At least—I mean," said I, annoyed at having spoken without thinking, "she is so reserved that—"

"That you like Mr. Rayner best?"—"Oh, yes!"

He drew himself up rather coldly.

"So do most ladies, I believe."

"One can't help liking a person who talks and laughs, as I am bright and kind, better than one who never speaks, and glides about like a ghost, and looks coldly at you if you speak to her," I burst out, apologetically at first, but warming into vehemence towards the close of my speech.

"Perhaps she means to be kind," said he gently.

"Then she ought to make her meaning plainer. She can't think it is kind to fix her eyes upon me as if I were something not human, if I laugh, to give me her hand so coldly and unresponsively that it seems like a dead hand in mine, and at other times to take no more notice of me than if I were not there. Besides, she knows that it is the first time I have ever left home, and she must see sometimes that I am not happy."

Mr. Reade suddenly stooped towards me, and then straightened himself again just as suddenly, without any remark; but he cleared his throat. I remembered that I had no right to make this confession to a comparative stranger, and I added quickly—

"I ought not to talk as if I were ill-treated. I am not at all. If she would only not be quite so cold!"

"Perhaps her own troubles are very heavy and hard to bear."

"Oh, no, they are not!" I replied confidently. "At least, she has a kind husband and a pretty home, and everything she can wish for. And I think it is very selfish of her to give herself up to brooding over the memory of her dead child, instead of trying to please her living husband."

"Her dead child?"

"Yes. She had a boy who died some years ago, and she has never got over it. That is why she is so reserved."

"Oh! How long ago did this boy die?" asked he, in curiously incredulous tones.

"About five years ago, I think Mr. Rayner said."

"Oh, then it was Mr. Rayner who told you?"—"Yes."

"And Miss Rayner has never got over it?"

"No. It seems difficult to believe, doesn't it, that a brilliant woman who wrote books and was much admired should fade like that into a kind of shadow? I wonder she doesn't write more books to divert her thoughts from brooding over the past."

"Oh, she wrote books! Did she tell you so herself?"

"No—Mr. Rayner."

"Oh! Did Mr. Rayner tell you any more?"

The irony in his tone was now so unmistakable that I hesitated and looked up at him inquiringly.

"I am sure he must have told you that he is a very ill-used man and a very long-suffering husband, and asked you to pity him. Didn't he, Miss Christie? Ah, I see he did!" he cried.

I could feel the blood rushing to my cheeks; but I was indignant at having to submit to this catechism.

"Mr. Rayner never asks impertinent questions," I said severely.

The young man drew back, muttered "I beg your pardon," and, turning to watch the rain, began to hum something without any time to cover his discomfort. I was sorry directly; but my dignity forbade my calling him back to retract the snub. Yet I was dying to know the reason of his violent prejudice against Mr. Rayner. To my relief, in a few minutes he came back to me of his own accord.

"Miss Christie," he began nervously, "I am afraid I have offended you. Won't you forgive me for being carried a little too far by my interest in a lady who herself confessed that she is away from her friends for the first time and not—very happy?"

I could not resist such an appeal as that; I looked up smiling, with tears in my eyes.

"Oh, I am not at all offended! But I should like to know what reason you have for thinking so ill, as you seem to do, of Mr. Rayner."

"Perhaps I am wrong. I really have no proof that he is anything but what he wishes

every one to think him—a light-hearted and accomplished man, of idle life and pleasant temper. It is not his fault that, with all his cleverness, his ease of manner is not quite the case of a gentleman."

I was scarcely experienced enough to have found that out for myself. I considered for a moment, and then said rather timidly—

"Won't you tell me anything more? You can if you will, I think, and, alone in the world as I am, I want all the knowledge I can get of the people I live among, to guide me in my conduct."

He seemed to debate with himself for a moment; then he sat down beside me on the other shaft of the cart, and said very earnestly—

"Seriously, then, Miss Christie, I would advise you to leave the Alders as soon as you possibly can, even before you have got another engagement. You are in the midst of more dangers than you possibly know of, more probably than I know of myself, more certainly than I can warn you against."

His voice was very low as he finished, and, while we both sat silent, he with his eyes intently fixed on my face, mine staring out fearfully at the sky, a dark figure suddenly appeared before us, blocking out the light. It was Mr. Rayner. Mr. Reade and I started guiltily. The new-comer had approached so quietly that we had not heard him; had he heard us?

## CHAPTER IV.

In spite of the rain and mud. Mr. Rayner was in the brightest of humours; and his first words dispelled my fear that he might have overheard the warning Mr. Reade had just given me not to stay at the Alders. He caught sight of me first as he came under the roof of the dark shed.

"At last, Miss Christie! It was a happy thought of mine to look for you here. But how in the world did you discover this place of refuge?" Then, turning, he saw my companion. "Hallo, Laurence! Ah, this explains the mystery! You have been playing knight errant, I see, and I am too late in the field; but I shall carry off the lady, after all. My wife noticed that you started without your ulster, Miss Christie, and, as soon as service was over, she sent me off with it to meet you."

He helped me on with it, and then I stood between them, silent and rather shy at receiving so much unaccustomed attention, until the rain began to fall less heavily, and we seized the opportunity to escape. When we got in sight of the park, Mr. Reade wanted to take a short cut through it to the house; but Mr. Rayner pointed out that there was no object to be gained by catching a bad cold wading through the long wet grass, so we all went together as far as the park gates, when Mr. Reade left us.

"Nice young fellow, that," said Mr. Rayner, as soon as the other was out of earshot. "Just the kind of open frank lad I should have liked to have for a son in a few years' time. Handsome too, and good-natured. There's not a girl in all the country-side who hasn't a smile and a blush for Laurence."

I did not think this so great a recommendation as it seemed to Mr. Rayner, but I said nothing; and he went on—

"He is worth all the rest of his family put together. Father—self-important, narrow-minded old simpleton; mother—ill-dressed, vegetable, kept alive by a sense of her own dignity as the penniless daughter of an earl; sisters—plain stuck-up nonentities; younger brother—dunce at Eton. But they haven't been able to spoil Laurence. He may have a few of their prejudices, but he has none of their narrow-minded pig-headedness. You don't understand the rustic mind yet, Miss Christie. I assure you there are plenty of people in this parish who have condemned me to eternal punishment because I am fond of racing and, worse than all, play the violin."

"Do you play the violin? Oh, I am so fond of it!"

"Are you? Poor child, you had better not acknowledge the taste as long as you remain in this benighted spot; they class it with the black art. I believe I am popularly supposed to have bewitched the Alders with my playing. Some of the rustics think that the reeds round the pond play all by themselves about midnight, if they are accidentally touched."

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, aren't you rather hard upon the rustics?" I said, laughing.

"Not a bit, as you will find out soon enough. However, if you are not afraid of being bewitched too, you shall hear my

violin some evening, and give me your opinion of it."

We were within the garden gates by this time, and, as we walked down the path, I saw a woman's figure among the trees on our right. The storm had left the evening sky so dark and she was so well hidden that, if I had not been very sharp-sighted, I should not have noticed her. As it was, I could not recognise her, and could only guess that it was Mrs. Rayner. The idea of those great wild eyes being upon me, watching me, just as they had been on the evening of my arrival, made me uncomfortable. I was glad Mr. Rayner did not look that way, but went on quietly chatting till we reached the house. He left me in the hall, and went straight into the study, while I, before going up stairs to take off my bonnet, went into our little schoolroom to put my church service away. The French window had not been closed, and I walked up to it to see whether the rain had come in. The sky was still heavy with rain-clouds, so that it was quite dark indoors, and, while I could plainly see the woman I had noticed among the trees forcing her way through the wet branches, stepping over the flower-beds on to the lawn, and making her way to the front of the house, she could not see me. When she came near enough for me to distinguish her figure, I saw that it was not Mrs. Rayner, but Sarah the housemaid. I stood, without acknowledging it to myself, rather in awe of this woman; she was so tall and so thin, and had such big eagle eyes and such a curiously constrained manner. She was only a few steps from the window where I stood completely hidden by the curtain, when Mr. Rayner passed quickly and caught her arm from behind. She did not turn or cry out, but only stopped short with a sort of gasp.

"What were you doing in the shrubbery just now, Sarah?" he asked quietly. "If you want to take fresh air in the garden, you must keep to the lawn and the paths. By forcing your way through the trees and walking over the beds you do damage to the flowers—and to yourself. If you cannot remember these simple rules, you will have to look out for another situation."

She turned round sharply.

"Another situation! Ma!"

"Yes, you. Though I should be sorry to part with such an old servant, yet one may keep a servant too long."

"O! I wasn't always old!" she broke out passionately.

"Therefore you were not always in receipt of such good wages as you get now. Now go in and get tea ready. And take care the toast is not burnt again."

I could see that she glared at him with her great black eyes like a tigress at bay, but she did not dare to answer again, but slunk away cowed into the house. I am not surprised, for the tone of cold command with which he spoke those last insignificant words inspired me with a sudden sense of fear of him, with a feeling that I was face to face with an irresistible will, such as I should have thought it impossible for light-hearted Mr. Rayner to inspire.

The whole scene had puzzled me a little. What did Sarah the housemaid want to stand like a spy in the shrubbery for? How had Mr. Rayner seen and recognised her without seeming even to look in that direction? Was there any deeper meaning under the words that had passed between them? There was suppressed passion in the woman's manner which could hardly have been stirred by her master's orders to keep to the garden paths and not to burn the toast; and there was a hard decision in Mr. Rayner's which I had never noticed before, even when he was seriously displeased. I waited behind the curtain by the window until long after he had gone back towards the study, feeling guiltily that his sharp eyes must find me out, innocently as I had played the spy. If he were to speak to me in the tone that he had used to Sarah, I felt that I should run away or burst into tears, or do something else equally foolish and unbecoming in an instructress of youth. But no one molested me. When I crept away from the window and went softly up-stairs to my room, there was no one about, and no sound to be heard in the house save a faint clatter of tea-things in the servants' hall. At tea-time, Mr. Rayner was as bright as usual, and laughingly declared that they should never trust me to go to church by myself again.

That night I pondered Mr. Reade's warning to me to leave the Alders; but I soon decided that the suggestion was quite impractical. For, putting aside the fact that

I had no stronger grounds than other people's prejudice and suspicion for thinking it imprudent to stay, and that I could see no sign of the dangers Mr. Reade had hinted at so vaguely, what reason could I offer either to my employers or to my mother for wishing to go? This sort of diffidence at inventing excuses is a strong barrier to action in young people. And, if I had overcome this diffidence sufficiently to offer a plausible motive for leaving the Alders, where was I to go?

My father was dead; my mother, who had been left with very little to live upon, had been glad, at the time when it was agreed that I should begin to earn my own living, to accept an offer to superintend the household of a brother of hers who had not long lost his wife. My uncle would, I know, give me a home while I looked out for another situation, but I understood now how few people seemed to want the services of "a young lady, aged eighteen, who preferred children under twelve."

And what a bad recommendation it would be to have left my first situation within a month! And what could I say I did it for? If I said, because the house was damp, people would think I was too particular. And, if I said I was afraid my pupil's mother was mad, they would want some better reason than the fact that she talked very little and moved very softly for believing me. And, if I said I had been told the place was dangerous, and so thought I had better go, they would think I was mad myself. And, besides these objections to my leaving, was there not, to a young mind, an unacknowledged attraction in the faint air of mystery that hung about the place, which would have made the ordinary British middle-class household seem rather uninteresting after it? So I decided to pay no attention to vague warnings, but to stay where I was certainly, on the whole, well-off.

The next morning, as I put on a dainty china-blue cotton frock that I had never worn before, I could not help noticing how much better I was looking than when I lived in London. Instead of being pale, had now a pink color in my cheeks, and my eyes seemed to look larger and brighter than they used to do. After a minute's pleased contemplation of my altered appearance, I turned from the glass in shame. What would my mother say if she could see how *rain her daughter was growing!* Without another look even to see whether I had put in my brooch straight, I went down-stairs. Mr. Rayner was already in the dining-room, but no one else was there yet. He put down his newspaper and smiled at me.

"Come into the garden for a few minutes until the rest of the family assembles," he said, and I followed him through the French window on to the lawn.

The morning sun left this side of the house in shade. The birds were twittering in the ivy and stirring the heavy leaves as they flew out frightened at the noise of the opening window; the dew was sparkling on the grass, and the scent of the flowers was deliciously sweet.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" said Mr. Rayner.

"Pretty! It looks and smells like Paradise! I mean—" I stopped and blushed, afraid that he would think the speech profane.

But he only laughed very pleasantly. I was smelling a rose while I tried to recover the staid demourner I cultivated as most suitable to my profession. When I raised my eyes, he was looking at me and still laughing.

"You are fond of roses?"

"Yes, very, Mr. Rayner."

I might own so much without any derogation from my dignity.

"But don't you think it was very silly of Beauty to choose only a rose, when her father asked what he should bring her? I have always thought that ostentation of humility spoils an otherwise amiable character."

He laughed.

"Poor girl, think how hard her punishment was! I don't think, if I had married the prince, I could ever have forgotten that he had been a beast, and I should have always been in fear of his changing back again."

"The true story is, you know, that he always remained a beast, but he gave her so many diamonds and beautiful things that she overlooked his ugliness. Like that the story happens every day."

I only shook my head gently; I could not contradict Mr. Rayner, but I would not believe him.

"Now, if you were Beauty, what would you ask papa to bring you?" I laughed shyly.

"A prince?" I blushed and shook my head.

"No, not yet," I said, smiling rather mischievously.

"A ring, a bracelet, a brooch?"—"Oh, no!"

"A Murray's Grammar, a pair of globes, a back-board?"

"No, Mr. Rayner. I should say a rose like Beauty—a beautiful Marshal Niel rose. I couldn't think of anything lovelier than that."

"That is a large pale yellow rose, isn't it? I can't get it to grow here. What a pity we are not in a fairy tale, Miss Christie, and then the soil wouldn't matter! We would have Marshal Niel roses growing up to the chimney-pots."

We had sauntered back to the dining-room window, and there, staring out upon us in a strange fixed way, was Mrs. Rayner. She continued to look at us, and especially at me, as if fascinated, until we were close to the window, when she turned with a start; and when we entered the room the intent expression had faded from her lustreless eyes, and she was her usual lifeless self again.

At dinner-time Mr. Rayner did not appear; I was too shy to ask Mrs. Rayner the reason, and I could only guess, when tea-time came and again there was no place laid for him, that he had gone away somewhere. I was sure of it when he had not reappeared the next morning, and then I became conscious of a slow but sure change, a kind of gradual lightning, in Mrs. Rayner's manner. She did not become talkative or animated like any other woman; but it was as if a statue of stone had become a statue of flesh, feeling the life in its own veins and grown conscious of the life around it. This change brought one strange symptom; she had grown nervous. Instead of wearing always an unruffled stolidity, she started at any unexpected sound, and a faint tinge of color would mount to her white face at the opening of a distant door or at a step in the passage. This change must certainly, I thought, be due to her husband's departure; but it was hard to tell whether his absence made her glad or sorry, or whether any such vivid feeling as gladness or grief caused the alteration in her manner.

On the second day of Mr. Rayner's absence Sarah came to the school-room, saying that a gentleman wished to speak to me. In the drawing-room I found Mr. Laurence Reade.

"I have come on business with Mr. Rayner; but, as they told me he was out, I ventured to trouble you with a commission for him, Miss Christie."

"I don't know anything about business, especially Mr. Rayner's," I began doubtfully.

"Perhaps Mrs. Rayner—"

"Oh, I couldn't trouble her with such a small matter! I know she is an invalid. It is only that two of the village boys want to open an account with the penny bank. So I offered to bring the money."

He felt in his pockets and produced one penny.

"I must have lost the other," he said gravely. "Can you give me change for a threepenny-piece?"

I left him and returned with two half-pennies. He had forgotten the names of the boys, and it was some time before he remembered them. Then I made a formal note of their names and of the amounts, and Mr. Reade examined it, and made me write it out again in a more business-like manner. Then he put the date, and wrote one of the names again, because I had misspelt it, and then smoothed the paper with the blotting-paper and folded it, making, I thought, an unnecessarily long performance of the whole matter.

"It seems a great deal of fuss to make about twopence, doesn't it?" I asked innocently.

And Mr. Reade, who was bending over the writing-table, suddenly began to laugh, then checked himself and said—

"One cannot be too particular, even about trifles, where other people's money is concerned."

And I said, "Oh, no! I see," with an uncomfortable feeling that he was making fun of my ignorance of business-matters. He talked a little about Sunday, and hoped I had not caught cold; and then he went away. And I found, by the amount of hemming Haidee had got through when I went back to the schoolroom, that he had stayed quite a long time.

Nothing happened after that until Satur-

day, which was the day on which I generally wrote to my mother. After tea, I took my desk up-stairs to my own room; it was pleasanter there than in the schoolroom; I liked the view of the marsh between the trees, and the sighing of the wind among the poplars. I had not written many lines before another sound overpowered the rustle of the leaves—the faint tones of a violin. At first I could distinguish only a few notes of the melody, then there was a pause and a sound as of an opening window; after that, Schubert's beautiful "Aufenthalt" rang out clearly and held me as if enchanted. It must be Mr. Rayner come back. I had not thought, when he said he played the violin, that he could play like that. I must hear better. When the last long sighing note of the "Aufenthalt" had died away, I shut up my half-finished letter hastily in my desk and slipped down-stairs with it. The music had begun again. This time it was the "Standchen." I stole softly through the hall, meaning to finish my letter in the schoolroom, where, with the door ajar, I could hear the violin quite well. But, as I passed the drawing-room door, Mr. Rayner, without pausing in his playing, cried "Come in!" I was startled by this, for I had made no noise; but I put my desk down on the hall table and went in. Mrs. Rayner and Haidee were there, the former with a handsome shawl, brought by her husband, on a chair beside her, and my pupil holding a big wax-doll, which she was not looking at—the child never cared for her dolls. Mr. Rayner, looking handsomer than ever, sunburnt, with his chestnut-hair in disorder, smiled at me and said, without stopping the music—

"I have not forgotten you. There is a souvenir of your dear London for you," and nodded towards a rough wooden box, nailed down.

I opened it without much difficulty; it was from Covent Garden, and in it, lying among ferns and moss and cotton-wool, were a dozen heavy beautiful Marshal Niel roses. I sat playing with them in an ecstasy of pleasure, intoxicated with music and flowers, until Mr. Rayner put away his violin and I rose to say good-night.

"Lucky Beauty!" he said, laughing, as he opened the door for me. "There is no boast for you to sacrifice yourself to in return for the roses."

I laughed back and left the room, and, putting my desk under my flowers, went towards the staircase. Sarah was standing near the foot of it, wearing a very forbidding expression.

"So you're bewitched too!" she said, with a short laugh, and turned sharply towards the servants' hall.

And I wondered what she meant, and why Mr. and Mrs. Rayner kept in their service such a very rude and disagreeable person.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Railway Improvement.**

As is well known, the slipping of the driving-wheels of locomotive engines is an inconvenience of very common occurrence and not always easy to remedy, besides being attended by loss of steam, waste of fuel, and wear and tear of both engine and rails. This trouble is very apt to be experienced in certain kinds of weather, under heavy loads and steep grades. A mode, therefore, of overcoming the difficulty is well worth knowing, and such mode has recently been communicated to a Scientific Society in France. On a certain line of railway where, from local causes, the rails were abnormally slippery and the difficulty in question had been very great, a lucky accident revealed a remedy. A joint in one of the cylinder cocks of a locomotive sprang a leak, whereby a jet of steam was thrown upon the rails. The engine driver instantly found the wheels to bite the rails so well that he was able to ascend a steep grade without the usual slipping. This has led to a slight modification in all the locomotives used on the road, by which they are made to discharge steam upon the rails as required, the result being a saving of fuel of some twenty per cent.

**It Didn't Hurt Him.**

"Did the blow hurt him?"

"No, it killed him instantly."

"Don't you call that hurting him?"

"Of course not. He was dead before it hurt him any."

Then the other man cogitated as to what "hurt" meant.

**A NIGHT IN A CHINA TOWN.**

**A Few Facts Relating to Their Habits and General Mode of Living, Etc.**

The Chinese in Los Angeles are quite numerous and almost monopolize a certain portion of the city; they are quiet and orderly as a class, attentively minding their own business, but, nevertheless, always a target for the ever present hoodlum.

Through the kindness of one of the city officials—a courteous lawyer and gentleman—we were escorted on a most interesting tour through "Chinatown," as it is called. Starting out at 8 o'clock one pleasant evening, we called first at some of their stores; business being about over for the day, we found them in clusters, old and young, eagerly gathered about the counter, at their greatest amusements—gambling. Not a word was uttered by any, so absorbed were they in their game, and, after casting a hasty and wondering glance at us, they ignored us entirely. Passing on and visiting many stores, we came to a restaurant about 10 p.m. First entering a small office, we passed in at a door to find ourselves in the dining room; here, seated at tables, are several Celestials quietly but hard at work on a dish of thick kind of soup, which they caused to disappear rapidly by throwing into their mouths with chopsticks. A fat cook busy at the stove is seen in the rear, humming a dismal air. The man who does the waiting, being considered quite a musician, is called upon for music and favors us with a series of howls and groans which he calls a song; and then, on his one-stringed instrument, he makes us feel generally ill. As the music progresses and the musician seems to warm up to his work, he howls like a dog and rolls his eyes wildly. A movement is heard above and, on looking for the cause, we find a dozen pair of sharp eyes looking down at us from above; thus, while supposing ourselves in the company of two or three Chinamen, we realize that a score or more of them are about us, and we find that the apartment is, as it were, cut in two, thus giving two floors to an ordinary sized room, a ladder being used to ascend into the sleeping apartment above. Thus one fair-sized room can be used for a restaurant below, and lodge twenty persons or more on the shelves above; but they seem happy and contented. As they are packed together in such a state, we wonder how they can emerge looking so cleanly each day; but they are particular about their appearance generally and carefully bathe every morning.

The night is wearing on, and midnight brings us to a dark, dreary spot, where, hand in hand, we were wonderingly led through passage after passage, first up, then down, until our leader knocks at a door, being answered by a Chinaman who, after a glance, recognizes one in authority, and quietly ushers us in. We find ourselves in a dimly lighted temple, a weird, strange-looking place with an altar. We are conducted to an apartment in the rear behind the altar, and there we find a singular scene. Reclining on couches smoking opium are the priests, who at first look amazed at the intrusion, but soon relapse into their stolid, fixed expression. One of the priests, by request kept tolling us his feelings as the smoking gradually affected him, and if he told the truth, as he probably did, he soon became too happy to talk, and the expression on his face certainly denoted intense and almost supreme happiness.

We accepted an invitation to take some tea, which was very hot and without sugar. The custom of offering hot tea to all visitors is a universal one among the Chinese, the omission of the courtesy being considered extremely ill-mannered.—N. Y. Post.

**Fashionable Dinners.**

Years ago, when David Crockett was a member of Congress and had returned home at the close of the first session, several of his neighbors gathered around him one day and asked him questions about Washington. "What time do they dine in the city?" asked one. "Common people, such as we have here, dine at 1. The big ones dine at 3; we Representatives at 4; the aristocracy and Senators eat at 6." "Well, when does the President fodder?" "Old Hickory?" exclaimed the Colonel; "well, he don't dine till next day."

If the stair-rails are dingy, their appearance may be improved by washing them with a little sweet milk; polish with a flannel cloth.

**Underground Railways in London.**

As every American knows who has visited London, the underground railway system is one of the most extraordinary systems of locomotion in the world. Subterranean London is literally honeycombed by tunnels branching off in all directions, so that, while waggons and handsome rumbles overhead, innumerable trains shriek and groan as they thread their way in darkness beneath the busy thoroughfare. When it was proposed to construct this underground railway system, much opposition was made to the scheme. It was believed that the thundering of the trains would shake down the houses above, and that to enter the long tunnels would be certain death to any person venturesome enough to attempt it.

When the opposition was overcome, after a long struggle between the promoters and the citizens, and the first portion of the system was completed, it was soon discovered that instead of the underground railways being a public danger, they were in reality a great public benefit. They took an enormous amount of traffic off the already crowded public thoroughfares, and provided a speedy means of communication with the most distant parts of the metropolis such as was impossible under the old-fashioned modes of traversing the streets of London. Indeed, it is owing to the underground railway system that the English metropolis now possesses means of rapid communication such as is possessed by no other large city in the world. The system consists of two rings of subterranean tunneling—an inner and an outer. The outer ring was long ago completed. Within the next six months the inner circle will be completed, at a cost of something like \$15,000,000 a mile. Underground London will then be ramified by a complete reticulation of tunnels, and it will be possible to reach any part of the gigantic suburbs in less than an hour.

When the original objections to the underground railway system appeared before the promoters, they based their opposition to the scheme mainly on two grounds—that it would cause a vast diminution in the value of property, and that noxious vapors and the locomotive smoke would prove highly dangerous to the public health and safety. Neither of these objections has been seriously realized. Where property was injured the Metropolitan Railway Company gave compensation; and as for foul vapors, all danger from that source was obviated by the numerous air holes which were bored through the roof of the tunnel, and the open character which was given to all the stations.

One danger, however, which was not dreamed of in connection with the underground railways, was the presence of infernal machines in the tunnels, and the instantaneous death and injury of unsuspecting passengers by their explosion. The horrible affairs which occurred in London of late, cannot be attributed to an explosion of fire damp. With trains travelling continuously at three minute intervals through the tunnels, foul air would inevitably be driven through the air holes or out at the open stations, which are situated at very short distances from each other.—Philadelphia Press.

**ALL SORTS.**

A sage remark—"A little more of the dressing, please."

Darwin's body lies mouldering in the grave, but the dude goes marching on.

The great ones of running an oil well is that you can't water the stuff, as oil and water won't mix.

It's a mighty mean man who wrote "Pull Down the Blind." He would probably be in favor of beating the cripples.

A Texas man is a Texas man. Oao who lost both arms in a saw-mill has learned to fire a revolver with his toes.

Only about one half the people of Chicago are natives. This relieves the State of Illinois of a great responsibility.

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A Cheap Christmas Present.

Gold and Silver Watches Given Free to Those Sending Correct Answers to Bible Questions.

A Very Liberal Offer for New Subscribers, and of Interest to Present Subscribers to Truth.

Some little interest has been manifested in the Bible Questions offered for solution during the last few weeks, and, as a great deal of satisfaction was expressed by the recipients of the handsome silver watch and other prizes offered, we want more of our readers, and every one else, to study up the Bible, the best of all books; and in order to encourage this study, we offer the following valuable prizes for correct answers to the subjoined questions:—

1ST PRIZE.—One Gentleman's Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, genuine American movement, ordinarily retailed at from \$65 to \$90.

2ND PRIZE.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, retailed at about the same figures as above.

3RD PRIZE.—One Gentleman's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch—a valuable article.

4TH PRIZE.—One Lady's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed at \$15.

5TH PRIZE.—One Aluminium Gold Watch, retailed at about \$12.00.

6TH PRIZE.—A handsome Nickel Silver Waterbury Watch, which retails at \$5.

7TH PRIZE.—A handsome Solid Gold em Ring, retails at \$5.

The above prizes will be given to the first seven persons giving the correct answer to all of the following five questions:—

- 1.—The shortest verse in the Old Testament.
2.—The shortest verse in the New Testament.
3.—The number of Books in the Bible.
4.—The number of Chapters in the Bible.
5.—The number of Verses in the Bible.

The Apocrypha is not included in the term "Bible."

The following are the conditions attaching to this competition:—

Each competitor must, with his or her answers, enclose \$2, for which TRUTH will be sent to any desired address for one year. Mention also must be made of the paper in which you saw this notice. Competition is open to old or new or non-subscribers. In the case of old subscribers, their term of subscription will be advanced one year.

Each question must be answered correctly to secure a prize.

The first seven persons sending correct answers to all the five questions will win the prizes.

The competition will remain open till New Year's day. The names of the winners will appear in TRUTH of January 6th, 1884.

No information beyond what is contained herein, will be supplied to any competitor. Now we want to give these valuable watches to some one. Who will be first?

Scaling Hotel Figures.

An old lady, with a jerky voice and a great display of snuff-box and spectacles, got left by a train the other night and had to go to a hotel for lodging and breakfast. A few minutes before train time the clerk went up to her room to notify her, and found her sitting in a chair as stiff as a major. As soon as he entered she broke out with:—

"How much a day in this hotel?"

"Two dollars, madam."

"How much where you don't have supper?"

"Twelve shillings."

"How much where you sit up all night long, expecting to be murdered every minute?"

"Just the same—twelve shillings."

"How much where you don't eat any breakfast for fear of being pizened?" she continued.

"Just the same, madam. There is your bed and breakfast, has been ready these two hours."

"Well, I don't pay it!"

"But, madam."

"No, not if I die for it! Here I've sat in this blessed cheer all night long, hearing whistles and bells and folks ranaing, and men whooping, and expecting every minute would be my last on earth!"

"Has that gas been going all night?"

"Every minute, sir. I've allus made a practice o' mindin' my business, and I didn't propose to set fire to myself by fooling with that thing. How much is it where you sot and tremble like a leaf, from 3 o'clock at night till next morning, wishing to goodness you hadn't been fool nuff to start for it any alone?"

"Just the same, madam."

"Not by a jugful, young men! Here's fifty cents and you can take the rest out in a lawsuit. I haven't mussed the bed or touched the carpet, and fifty cents is plenty for having a roof over my head. Git out of the way, for I'm going!"

He had to move aside or be run over, for she picked up her satchel and put on steam until nothing could stop her. She made her way down stairs and started for the depot and when a boy asked if she would have her baggage toted she wheeled on him and replied:—

"You meander! I've been swindled out o' fifty cents already, and if there's any more fooling around somebody will git hurt!"

A Simple Test.

People who seek healthy sites for building themselves homes are often victims to their sense of sight or to that of others. In many cases the sense of smell is inferior, and the eyes are left to supply the deficiency. A building site may be charming to the vision, and made additionally attractive by being in or proximate to "a good neighborhood," as the phrase runs, and the family house purchased or builded may possess all the appliances of sanitization known to experts in building and plumbing, and yet be a mansion of death. Life slips away in a manner which surprises physicians and brings woe to the survivors. Not long since, in an upper district of New York City, the family of a well-known clergyman was al-

most decimated by diphtheria, and still, so far as external appearances were concerned, the house was dry and inviting, and, strangest of all, in a neighborhood well paved and densely populated by an excellent class of citizens. The premises underwent investigation by plumbers and were pronounced free from all taint of sewer gas. Yet the dread carnival of death carried dismay into the hearts of the heads of the family, and the house was abandoned. Similar instances have, and will always, abound until some simple test for the detection of malarial odors and influences are made. The simplest of all is to place pieces of fresh meat on the proposed site, properly protected from theft, and in twelve hours time it can be decided whether or not the place is unhealthy or the reverse. If the fresh meat rapidly putrifies, avoid the locality as you would a plague spot. All architects should be students of hygiene as well as of the art of conceiving plans for houses in which human life is to be saved or sacrificed.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troches, 15c. Liquid, 50c.

In political conventions the "dark horse" is always a sort of night-mare.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

A man's wisdom is his best friend, folly his worst enemy.

The untidy, dirty appearance of a grizzly beard should never be allowed. Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers will readily change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up your reputation for neatness and good looks.

Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good counsel.

If you are a frequenter or resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all new countries—ague, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

LONDON, ENGL., Feb. 3, 1880.

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate.

H. T. ALEXANDER.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the Lungs, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

Back stairs are impolite, no matter in whose house you see them.

MOTHERS' TREASURE

Government's Nipple Oil will be found a treasure to nurses and mothers for the cure of cracked or sore nipples. For hardening the nipples before the confinement, it is unsurpassed. Price 25 cents. If your druggist does not keep it in stock, enclose twenty-five cents in stamps and a three cent stamp for postage to C. J. GOVERNOR & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Blury & Dorchester Streets, Montreal.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send me one for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 125 Pearl St., New York.

W. WILSON,

563 QUEEN ST., WEST,

Merchant Tailor,

Gents' Furnishings!

Winter Stock Complete. All the Latest Novelties.

INSPECTION INVITED.

PRICES RIGHT.

SANTA CLAUS HAS LEFT TWO CAR LOADS OF TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES & NOVELTIES

AT THE 213 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

For Christmas Trees, Church Fairs, Bazaars, Festivals, Fish Ponds, and Grab Bags. I will send by express, charges paid, as follows. Good value. 100 Well Assorted Toys..... \$10 00 150 " " Better Grade..... 10 00 100 " " Still Better..... 10 00 1 Doz. Langtry Dolls 23 in. long..... 2 25 1 Doz. Beautiful Shell Goods Assorted..... 2 25 Address all orders to C. W. DENNIS, 7 and 10 cent Multiple Store, 213 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best-known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blisters, Sores, Bolls, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE." Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

1884. Harper's Weekly. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly stands at the head of the American illustrated weekly journals. By its unpartisan position in politics, its admirable illustrations, its carefully chosen serials, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day, it carries instruction and entertainment to thousands of American homes. It will always be the aim of the publishers to make Harper's Weekly the most popular and attractive family newspaper in the world, and, in the pursuance of this design, to present a constant improvement in all those features which have gained for it the confidence, sympathy, and support of its large army of readers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR: HARPER'S WEEKLY..... \$1 00 HARPER'S MAGAZINE..... 4 00 HARPER'S BAZAR..... 4 00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE..... 1 50 HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers), 10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of order.

The last Four Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7 00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1 00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

## An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,  
May 3, 1882.  
"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.  
"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.  
"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.  
J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.



*Spices for Health*  
*Lydia E. Pinkham*

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It removes fatness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.



## Private Medical Dispensary,

(Established 1858), 27 Gould St., Toronto, Ont. Dr. Andrews' Purificants, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A's celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address R. J. ANDREWS, M. D., Toronto.

No home complete or happy without a light-running Wanzer "C" or "F" machine. If it is complete, "it is not happy," and if it is happy it is not complete. More "Wanzer" improved machines selling in Canada to-day than any other make. Reasons why: because they have reached the top of the tree, and are noiseless, light-running, and have more improvements than any American machine—82 King St., West., Toronto.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

It is one proof of good education, and of true refinement of feeling, to respect antiquity.

EMACIATED, HAGGARD VICTIMS of a cough recover health, spirits and flesh, if they are sensible enough to adopt a remedy which the popular voice, backed by professional opinion, pronounces reliable. Tranquillity to inflamed and harassed lungs, vigor to depleted and emaciated frames, quietude and strength to an unrestful and debilitated nervous system, are among the physical benefits conferred by that supreme pulmonary invigorant Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a chemical combination of the finest lung specific known to the pharmacopoeia with tonics and blood depurants of the first order. Phosphorus, lime and soda co-operate with and render the Cod Liver Oil of this preparation trebly effective. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

Compulsory shaving is no longer a regulation of the British army, except in the sutler's department. There the soldier must not only submit to being shaved, but to being skinned.

"Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Having been afflicted all my life with scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in blotches, ulcers, and matter sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

Turkish authorities are making a raid on high heels and thin veils. Of course this is a "short cut."

Sept. 14th, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co., Toronto: I have been sick for the past six years, suffering from dyspepsia and general weakness. I have used three bottles of Hop Bitters, and they have done wonders for me. I am well and able to work, and eat and sleep well. I cannot say too much for Hop Bitters.

SIMON ROBBINS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily working wonderful cures in female diseases.

A new religious sect has arisen in England which worships Mother Eve. The daughters of Eve are worshipped by all sects.

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE, BRAIN, AND MUSCLE are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. When the blood becomes impure either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPYPTIC CURE, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover, this fine alternative and stomachic exerts a specific action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a performance of its creative duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise possesses diuretic and depurant properties of a high order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid elements which produce rheumatic pain. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

PIANOFORTE TUNING & REPAIRING.—R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen Street West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

## PHRENOLOGY.

Mrs. Mendon, Practical Phrenologist Agent for Fowler & Wells' Publications.

Phrenological delineations of character, oral and written, and the class of business best adapted to your talents carefully pointed out. Classes resumed on Thursday, and continued every Monday and Thursday, 33 Berryman street, Toronto.

## DOANE'S Livery and Boarding Stables,

623 to 627 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Coupes, Hacks, Landaus, Rockaways for Hire with driver in Livery. Telephone to all parts of the City.

## Wallace Mason, PHRENOLOGIST,

12 QUEEN STREET, WEST. BOOKS, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

## FRANZ & POPE

IMPROVED Automatic Knitting Machine,

outfits all competitors, and stands the test of years, constant use. No family should be without one. See our agent.

J. READING, 19 Richmond St., E., Toronto

## CHARLES FIELD, GENERAL MACHINIST!

—AND— Manufacturer of Acme Blowers, for Cupla and Forges, also Foot Presses. Skates Ground and Concaved 15c. a pair. 112 QUEEN ST., EAST, TORONTO.

# Know

That SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS will make the weak strong and gives the feeble, nerve.

Will increase the muscular force and double the staying power.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Will give sleep, sound and refreshing in due season.

Builds up the constitution and makes the weakest rugged.

Strengthens feeble women and makes puny children strong.

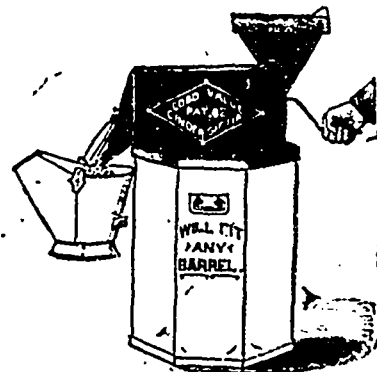
Cures General Debility and gives a new lease of life.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

The Habits, occupations, vices and unnatural modes of living which seem to follow civilization have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Iron, and science having determined this, was bound to find means to re-establish that supply. It was an important and difficult task! But it has been accomplished. In the SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS which have so quickly secured the endorsement of medical men as well as the public generally.

Iron in combination with other vital Tonics is found in a proper form for quick assimilation and the opinion of the ablest medical men who have examined this preparation is that it is the best thing of the kind ever invented.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS Sold by all Druggists and at Depot 150 St. James St. West, Montreal, Price 50c.



THE HIGHEST AWARDS over all others at the Toronto Exhibition.

FIRST PRIZE 1882, BRONZE MEDAL 1883, —TO THE—

## GOOD VALUE GINDER SIFTER

For Cleanliness, Efficiency, Durability, Speed, and Ease in Working.

## JOHN T. WILSON

Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, 186 Queen St., West, Toronto

# LADIES! WHY PAY HIGH PRICES FOR FURS

WHEN YOU CAN GET THEM

## AT WHOLESALE PRICE

— AT —

## TONKIN BROS., 110 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

**A White Mountain Joke.**

During the past summer a handsome young man and a mischievous young lady were among the guests at a White Mountain hotel. The young man was teased by his friends on account of his habit of lurching just before going to bed. One evening he found a large paper bag of crackers on his table. Rashly jumping to the conclusion that the mischievous young lady had made him the gift, he went on tiptoe to the door of her room, and tossed a cracker through the open transom. The room was dark, but the cracker's fall was followed by a slight scuffling. He paused a moment, then threw a second and a third. Each time a rustling was heard, but no one spoke. Having tossed the entire contents of the bag into the room, the young man stole away; and as he left the corridor, met the young lady coming to her room. Troubled in his mind, he made inquiries next morning as to the effect of his bombardment, and learned to his horror that the first cracker had landed on the head of the young lady's grandmother, an infirm old lady of nearly eighty, who was at that moment kneeling by her bedside engaged in her devotions. Much alarmed, she had risen to her feet, only to receive a second shot. She had then retreated to a corner; but being further assailed, and not being able to form any idea of the nature and origin of the mysterious missiles, she had finally crept under the bed, where she was discovered in a formless condition by her astonished grandchild. —Boston Advertiser.

**Colonial Emblems.**

In its description of the Lord Mayor's procession, a London daily says: The trophies which now followed in quick succession were generally admired. The first related to the Dominion of Canada, and displayed a stuffed beaver, several birds, sheaves of corn, a sturgeon, other products, and the shields and flags of the Provinces. Two men in frigate were arrayed in the outfit of backwoodsmen. The colonies of Australia were typified by trophy number two, bearing a kangaroo, a cassowary (apparently taken by the people for an emu), a pelican, a turtle, bales of wool, plants, minerals. The two gentlemen who, by their attachment to the emeralds, set off this trophy are it has been, as stated, colonists, but their garb was certainly not that of either ordinary diggers or bushmen. Next came a representative of the empire of India, with "two native dignitaries in costume" (vide the programme), and close behind the car, upon which were arranged specimens of native game, tea chests, palm trees and the like, tramped two Indian elephants, chained together and closely guarded and encouraged by their keepers. The animals were evidently not altogether at ease, but they were a source of great delight to the London children. Further on toward the rear was a car hung with carcasses of sheep publishing the frozen meat trade of New Zealand.

**M. MORAN, HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,**  
11 QUEEN ST., EAST, TORONTO.  
Grating, Glazing, Paper-hanging and Kalsomining.  
Oil Painted Window Shades—Plain and Ornamental—Spring Rollers, &c.  
ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

**COAL & WOOD**

We are now receiving daily large quantities of the celebrated Herantou and Briar Hill Coal, of the best quality, which brands we are handling exclusively this year, and are prepared to supply to the public at reasonable rates, and deliver to any part of the city. We have also on hand all kinds of

**HARD AND SOFT WOOD**

Attention is also directed to the fact that our Coal and Wood are kept under cover, and consequently will be found by purchasers in best condition.

A trial solicited. Orders promptly attended to.  
**T. BELL & BRO.**  
Office and yard—162 Simcoe street, corner Richmond.

**TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. STEPHEN'S WARD.**

GENTLEMEN.—  
At the request of many electors of the Ward of St. Stephen, I respectfully solicit the favor of your votes and influence at the coming election for Aldermen.  
I have a large interest in this Ward as well as St. Patrick's, and if returned I promise to watch your interests as my own.  
In a growing Ward, such as ours is, many improvements are required. I shall endeavour, by constant attention to the duties of the office, to secure a full share, at the same time having proper regard to the city generally.  
It is impossible for any one to make a personal canvass owing to the shortness of the time and the large extent of the Ward. I trust you will take the will for the deed. Give me a trial and vote for  
Yours truly,  
**JOHN RITCHIE, JR.**  
Election 7th. January, 1884.

**WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S**  
**IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR**  
**A NEW DISCOVERY.**  
For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter, so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International and Local Fairs.  
It is a perfect, by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world.  
**It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.**  
And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impregnable for it to become rancid.  
**BEWARE** of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.  
If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (17)  
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

**J. WOLF, Watch Maker and Jeweller,**  
412 YONGE STREET.  
A good assortment of Silverware, Watches and Gold Jewellery Goods made to order. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.  
Gold and Silver Plating done at reasonable prices.

**A. JAMES**  
—STEAM—

**Dyer, Scourer and French Cleaner.**  
135 RICHMOND ST., WEST.  
Opposite our old stand, between York and Simcoe Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Ostrich Feathers cleaned, dyed and curled. Kid Gloves cleaned and dyed black. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired. Ladies' Dress Goods of every description Cleaned and Dyed. Damask, Moreen, Table Cloths, &c. Cleaned and Dyed. Carpets, Hearth Rugs, Sheepskin Rugs, and Lace Curtains Cleaned.  
**BLACK GRAPE RENEWED.**

**CHRISTMAS CHEER!**

**Candied Orange & Citron Peel**  
Currants, Raisins, Fruit of all Kinds,  
**Groceries and Provisions,**  
FISH, POULTRY,  
**GAME AND VEGETABLES**  
—AT—

**D.F. TOLCHARD'S**  
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions,  
622 YONGE ST., TORONTO



**WM. BERRY,**  
Odorless Excavator and Contractor.  
RESIDENCE—151 LAMBLEY-STREET,  
3 VICTORIA-STREET, TORONTO.  
27 Night soil removed from all parts of the city at reasonable rates.

**THE "WHITE" IS KING!**

Over 50 Prizes in One Single Year.  
Medals, Premiums, Diplomas, and Honorable mention taken within the present year 1883, at the following named places.

Amsterdam	Urbana	Ohio
Louisville	Concant	"
Manchester	B'chester	"
Colebrook	Zanesville	"
Burlington Vermont	Canton	"
Westfield	Bucyrus	"
Pittsfield	Maxilboro	"
Bristol	Kenton	"
Watertown	Coshocton	"
Itzme	Springfield	"
Syracuse	Logansport	Ind
Orland	Fulton	New York
Norwich	Scranton	Penn
Oneonta	Springfield	Ill
Onaida	Mount Carroll	"
Oxford	Nevada	Iowa
Canadaigua	Cadillac	Mich
G'nera	East Siginaw	"
Middletown	Dowagiac	"
Riverhead	Eaton Rapids	"
Woodstown	Cairo	"
Ringtown	Owasso	"
owanda	Litchfield	"
ebanon	Madison	Wis
olumbus	Greenfield	Ohio
Chillicothe	St Louis	Mo

The "White" is simple, durable, light running, and the best machine to buy. See it and judge for yourself. Head Office 108 King St. West, Branch Offices 322 and 323 Yonge St., Toronto.

**"HEADQUARTERS"**

**TORONTO SHOE CO.,**  
COR. KING AND JARVIS.

**148,**  
THE OLD FAVORITE RESORT.

**144, 146,**  
TORONTO.

THE NEW LADIES' PARLOR.

IMMENSE STOCK AT  
Cash Prices Only.

SQUARE DEALING  
Orders by Letter have our Best Attention

**READ THIS LIST FOR XMAS BOXES!**

- |                 |                   |                  |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Gold Watches,   | Gold Rings,       | Silver Brooches, |
| Gold Chains,    | Gold Spectacles,  | Card Cases,      |
| Gold Locketts,  | Silver Bracelets, | Bouquet Holders, |
| Gold Brooches,  | Silver Locketts,  | Pens & Pencils,  |
| Gold Ear-rings, | Silver Chains,    | Cake Baskets,    |

Crucets, Card Receivers, Vases, Butter Dishes, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Napkin Rings, Pocket Fruit Knives,

And 1000 other Articles, just the thing for YOU.

**THE RIGHT STOCK AND THE RIGHT PRICES!**

**R. YRIE, the Jeweler, 113 Yonge St.**



Evidence Enough.

A New York broker, who left the street three or four years ago, one day received a call from a man up the river, who announced that old Blank was dead.

A right mind and generous affection has more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides, and a grain of honesty and native worth is of more value than all the adventitious ornaments, estates or preferments; for the sake of which some of the better sort so often turn knaves.

YOUTHFUL INDULGENCE. In Permissive Practices pursued in Solitude, is a most startling cause of Nervous and General Debility, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Impaired Memory, Despondency, and other attendant of wrecked manhood.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A SMART MAN is one who does his work quickly and well. This is what Dr. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-purifier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

In another column is published from a well-known gentleman an acknowledgment of the benefit he derived from the use of Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at GRAN UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Catarrah—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

ELM CITY HARNESS OIL. BASED ON NEATS FOOT OIL. In the foot harness country made. It softens and preserves the leather, and gives it a fine finish. Ask your dealer for it. F. F. DALLEY & CO., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.



FOR THE Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day all agree that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

BEAVER S. S. LINE, WEEKLY BETWEEN QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST. Lowest rates and all particulars apply to Sam. Osborne & Co., 40 Yonge street, Toronto.

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WHAT IS CATARRH? [From the Toronto (Canada) "Mail."] A New Treatment FOR THE RAPID AND PERMANENT CURE OF CATARRH. S. J. Lobe had only A. H. DIXON & SON. No 305 King St. WEST. TORONTO, CANADA. 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp. What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B. A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh. MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON: Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 13th inst. to hand. Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better. I consider that mine was a very bad case. It was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you. You are at liberty to use this letter, stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers. Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON. OAKLAND, ONTARIO, CANADA, March 17, 1883. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better. I consider that mine was a very bad case. It was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you. You are at liberty to use this letter, stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers. Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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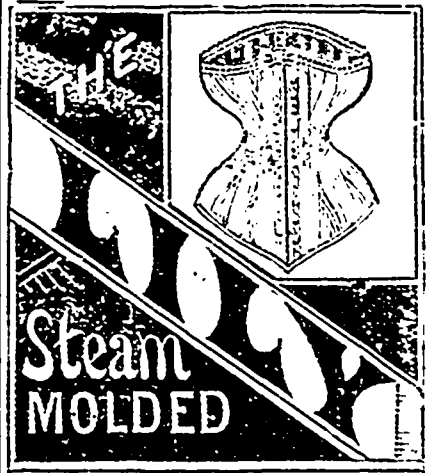
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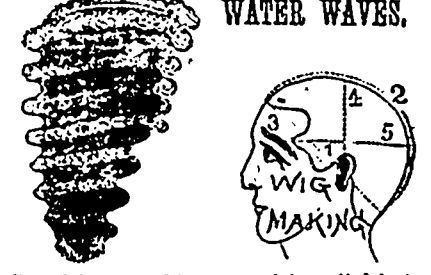
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All and singular the leasehold interest of the said  
Grape Sugar Company in that certain parcel of land sit-  
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of Water Lot, number six and seven, lying on the south  
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The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid.  
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 \$4.50 All-Wool Pants for \$3.  
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This is a grand opportunity to purchase Winter Clothing at from Thirty to Forty per cent. below regular prices.

**SALES FOR CASH ONLY.**

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF ELEGANT  
**MANTLES AND DOLMANS**

—IN OUR—

**NEW SHOW ROOM**

Ladies' Cloth Mantles, handsomely trimmed, at \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, and up.

Ladies' Cloth Dolmans, handsomely trimmed, at \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$13, \$18, and up.

Ladies' Ulsters in Tweeds, Beavers and Astrachan, at \$1.25, \$2.50, \$3.50, 4.50, \$6, 7.50, \$9, \$10, \$13, and up. The Largest and Choicest Stock of Ladies' Ulsters in the city.

Ladies will find it to their interest to visit our Show-rooms, which are the handsomest and best lighted in Canada

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128 TO 132 KING STREET EAST,

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IN OUR SYSTEM OF DOING BUSINESS ARE

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We insist that in all cases our salesmen and employees must only represent goods exactly as they are, and rather lose a sale than by the slightest variation from truth induce a customer to purchase something he does not want, or something that in after years will not bear out fully every representation made in regard to it.

**COURTESY**

Visitors are always welcome, and are treated with the same deference as customers, for two reasons. First, we are proud of our establishment, and have pleasure in showing the elegant and useful specimens of artistic skill that we have gathered from the foremost manufacturers of Europe and America in our line, and secondly, because the visitor, some day, sooner or later, will want a watch, clock, jewel or piece of silver and will then remember us. This may seem a selfish reason, but it is the same with all men in business, only some dare not tell it. We spend a good deal of money every year inviting the public to visit our store, and we mean just what we say. Now take us at our word and come. If you see anything you like we will gladly tell you the price and sell it to you if the price suit you; but in no case will you be importuned to buy anything.

**KENT BROS.,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS & WATCHMAKERS,  
 168 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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COLLARS AND CUFFS **25c.** PER DOZEN PIECES.

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51 & 56 Wellington St. West,  
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Cheaper than any house in the City. A large stock of Handsome Walnut Case and others.

ALARM CLOCKS FROM \$1.00.

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Importers of Irish Linen from Belfast: Double Irish Linen, Table Cloths and Napkins to match, Sheetings, Hollands, Shirtings, Towels, and everything else belonging to the trade, wholesale and retail.

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Small Profits and Quick Returns.

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Cut and Split by Steam!

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 For Infants and Invalids.  
 Sold by  
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By strict attention to business, and keeping nothing but first-class stock, customers may rely on getting the choicest goods in the market at the lowest rates.

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