

TRUTH

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May 10th, 1890.

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TRUTH.

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TORONTO, ONT., MAY 10, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 501.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

"Ho built better than he knew," seems to be true of George Peabody, the famous English philanthropist, who at his death bequeathed \$2,500,000 out of his immense fortune to be used in erecting houses of a certain character for the poor of London. Not only have thousands of his fellow citizens—at present 20,374, occupying 5,071 separate tenements—been provided with clean, comfortable and convenient homes, and at a rental within their reach; but the investment has turned out to be a remarkable success financially. In twenty years the estate has increased from \$2,500,000 to \$5,000,000, and on that greater sum it is now earning 3 per cent. interest. This circumstance has led the London Truth to complain that the Peabody fund is managed on wholly commercial principles, and that so far from relieving poverty, it is used only for the benefit of those who are capable of taking care of themselves. To this criticism the New York Sun replies: "That the industrious, thrifty, steady workers, the mechanics and the artisans, are the very members of society who most deserve the consideration of the philanthropist. They do not want charity, or to pauperize themselves; but they want good homes within their means, and the man who gives them such dwellings, whether in pursuance of a distinctly philanthropic scheme like Mr. Peabody's, or from commercial reasons solely, renders an important service to mankind. The best helper of his fellow man is not he who treats him as an object of charity, but who invests his capital so that it does the greatest good to the whole of society while also yielding to him a fair recompense." This witness is true, as every worker among the poor can testify. Philanthropists are very generally coming to see that the problem to be solved in prosecuting their heaven-approved mission is, how to help others to help themselves, how to confer a benefit and at the same time to stimulate the feelings of self-respect and independence. To bring a needed good within his power to purchase, is infinitely better for the poor man than to bestow the blessing outright. In this view, therefore, the criticism of our London contemporary has no justification. If the trustees of the Peabody fund discover from experience that the demand for such dwellings as they are authorized to provide continues greater than the supply, they are wholly justified in using their surplus income in putting up more of the same kind. They could not do better with the money. By encouraging the industrious earners of good wages, so that they may live in comfort, they help to raise the general standard of living. The example of good homes is always beneficial. It inspires in the people greater ambition, and cultivates in them a higher refinement

The success that has attended the management of the Peabody fund, which, though not originally designed as a money-making investment has returned a fair rate of interest, suggests the question whether in following the example of the English philanthro-

pist Toronto capitalists, who would be satisfied with a low rate of interest, have not here an open field for safe and profitable investment. The complaint is constantly made by those who are obliged to rent, that comfortable and healthy houses are beyond the average wage-earner's reach, and that those which he can afford are of a character not above criticism, to say the least. Would it not be possible to erect good, plain tenement houses, provided with the improved modern sanitary arrangements, within easy reach of the localities where the shops and factories are principally located, which could be rented for such sum as the artisan can pay without creating the feeling that he is working principally for his landlord? It does seem that here is an opportunity for our local capitalists to manifest a little of that humane feeling which no doubt they would be pleased to have laid to their charge. Of course, a low rental would not mean a rapidly swelling bank account, but under certain restrictions which would secure worthy and respectable tenants, the investment would be a safe one; and that is saying a good deal in these days of fortunes easily and quickly lost. Will not some of our moneyed men who have an interest in the comfort and well-being of their fellow-citizens give this matter a little serious thought?

That Canada was about entering a period of commercial depression was the prophecy of Mr. White, M. P. for Cardwell, in his speech upon the Banking Act the other day. His prediction was based upon the fact that as a nation we are not making both ends meet, that our exports are insufficient to pay for our imports and the interest upon borrowed money. As a consequence our credit abroad is gradually declining. The apparent prosperity he claims is deceptive, and has been induced by the large sums of borrowed money that have been brought into the country during the past few years—the net borrowings for Dominion purposes alone having aggregated \$100,000,000 since 1873, besides large sums that have been raised abroad by railways, provincial governments, municipalities and loan companies. In consequence of these large loans the item for interest has greatly increased. On our aggregate debt it is estimated we have to pay \$25,000,000 per year. It will be seen that in order to keep up our credit our exports should increase proportionally with our outside obligations. Unfortunately this is not the case, as the importations show if anything a decline in value. Relatively to the calls upon us they are much below what they once were. As a remedial measure Mr. White advocates that the banks of the country be required to hold larger amounts in reserve, thus restricting their available capital, and reserving a fund upon which we can fall back when the necessity presents itself. The Mail does not consider this an adequate provision and advocates as a more satisfactory and certain solution of the difficulty "the encouragement of the business of supplying those to whom we are indebted, and from whom we buy, with what we can produce and what they want." But whatever means may be adopted to relieve the situation, it is manifest that the method pursued in 1873 and during the subsequent period cannot much

longer be pursued. The period of borrowing must soon cease and the country be thrown upon its own resources. While it is not probable that the Dominion will require to go into liquidation, it is not beyond belief that the prediction of Mr. White may to some extent be realized in the near future.

The Montreal Witness, which is set for the defence of the principle of "equal rights," seems to find some difficulty in explaining its position so as to escape the charge of inconsistency by the more radical of the new party. It appears that some of the extremists would have the association insert in its platform a plank favoring the abolition of the French language in the Province of Quebec. The Witness refers them to the leading motto of the association, "Equal rights for all irrespective of race or creed," and then proceeds to give them a little homily on the Golden Rule. It says: "We have already asked our good Christian readers, in considering all questions between the races, to try to put themselves in the position of our French fellow-countrymen. If we and our ancestors before us had for a hundred and thirty years back been peaceable and respectable citizens of the French Empire, having been born French subjects and having never known or proposed any other allegiance, would we think of ourselves—still more, would we like to be spoken of and treated as a conquered people? Would our French loyalty grow strong under the influence of such treatment and talk? If during all that time we had preserved our language lovingly, thinking in it, praying in it, associating it with every thought of childhood and home, and if it had been recognized from the beginning till now as the original language and as one of the official languages of our country, should we not feel very sensitive about its dethronement; and should we not feel very much hurt by such remarks as we often hear passed just now with regard to the French people and their language. We may think the English language would be better for them than French, but we should not take it as a grievance if we find that they do not think so." Let the Witness and all "equal righters" continue to teach such doctrine as this, and though extremists and bigots may condemn them as half-hearted and temporizing, fair-minded men, who recognize in their life the "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," will find little occasion for censure.

Anticipating the time when the question of the street railway franchise should come up for settlement, the Mail, with commendable enterprise, took steps during the week last summer to ascertain the exact amount of patronage which the citizens of Toronto stow upon this useful institution, dwelling upon the method by which it was effected, further steps to be taken if employed were suggested, and the accuracy of the figures given. The particulars were taken in summary form, and the following are the results:—On one holiday, the number of passengers doubled. To arrive

extent of the traffic the fact must be taken into the account that in winter the patronage is not so great as in summer, and that in cities of these latitudes the street cars during the winter months fail, in most cases, to pay expenses. In this category are to be placed Albany, Broadway of Brooklyn, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Rochester City and Brighton, and Utica Belt Line, all of which report a deficit for the quarter ending March 31st. Hence it will be seen that to multiply the Mail's figures by 313, in order to ascertain the volume of traffic for the year, would be very misleading. Still the figures are not their value, and taken in comparison with other lines in other cities, they will assist in arriving at a proximate idea of the value of this franchise. It is highly important that the citizens should be thoroughly informed on this question. They should thankfully accept every item of reliable information in order that they may approach the question intelligently, seeing that there is, perhaps, no question in civic affairs at the present moment of such vital importance as that of the street railway.

The enemies of Hon. O. Mowat and his government have paraphrased anew the battle cry with which they propose to stir up their failing hopes and drooping spirits during the present election contest. For several years their political speeches have been punctuated with the watchword,—said to have been coined by the veteran chieftain at Ottawa—"Mowat must go." The magic of these words having proved insufficient, the genius who presides over the World sanctum has clothed the original sentiment in new dress and with assurance doubly sure, predicts of Mr. Mowat that "His hour has come." This is certainly a more dignified form of expression, being farther removed from the border land of slang, and having reputable authority in support of its use. Moreover it will not be particularly objected to by the friends of Mr. Mowat. It is more ambiguous than the old one and fits in better with expressing the most earnest wish of the Reformer heart. Scarcely has it seen the light of day before the Globe, perceiving the aptness of the expression, has appropriated the coinage of the life. The Globe encourages its friends to say "his hour has come" under European genius being of life's foreign meant lie suit Hold on hindrance will be Those able to identify for

wound or even by raising the legs and lowering the body and thus giving the poor man this slight advantage, these would be helpers raised the body and held it in a sitting posture, with the result that by the time the doctor arrived so much blood had been lost that the patient lived only for a short time after the wounds were dressed. Had these men been furnished with a general idea of surgery they would have acted very differently, and probably their fellow workman's life would have been saved. To relieve this general ignorance the authorities of Trinity College, with commendable enterprise, have arranged for a series of weekly ambulance lectures—two of which have already been delivered—in which the question of surgery will be discussed in such a manner as to be easily comprehended by the non-professional hearer, and the needs of ordinary citizens particularly regarded. It is to be hoped that many of the citizens of Toronto will avail themselves of this opportunity of sitting under the instruction of the eminent physicians who have been secured as lecturers for the course.

Some of the statements made by Mr. Osler recently, when arguing the case of the Grand Trunk railway before the jury in connection with the St. George accident trial, will come as a surprise to many who have been in the habit of confining their attention to the special or exceptional events that daily transpire. Speaking of the record of the Great Western division Mr. Osler pointed out that "in 1888 the company carried nearly two million passengers; trains about two millions of miles, and but one responsible injury and but two persons killed. For the thirty-two years since 1857 there have been but 13 accidents, injuring passengers, and a portion of that time was during the days of old iron rails. During that time they carried over fifty million passengers, their trains travelled sixty-four millions of miles the system of care adopted showed the result of one accident for four million three hundred thousand passengers carried, and an accident for every five million miles of trains run." This scrap of railroad history calls up the humorous resolve of Mark Twain, who after considering the fact that the number of those who were killed in railroad accidents was relatively insignificant when compared with the great number of travellers who patronize the road, and that so many of them came to their end in bed, decided that he would not take an accident policy, but instead would insure against death in bed. It suggests, that if we were to give less protection to the exceptional and allow the law to have its proper influence, our many lives would be less severely imperiled.

trade are conspicuously in the front of the movement to curtail the rum trade. The Royal Niger Company has reduced the import of spirits to one fourth its recent volume. It has prohibited the trade in one-third of its territory, intends to do so in another third, and with regard to the remaining third is awaiting an agreement by England, France, and Germany. The British East African Company is excluding liquor from every part of its large territory. The African Lakes Company refuses to carry intoxicants to the lake regions, and the British South Africa Company has just resolved absolutely to prohibit the sale of spirits to the natives. These companies are setting a good example, which German enterprises in Africa seem to be in no haste to follow.

If the hopes of those who have been experimenting with the sugar beet do not prove vain, Ontario is likely to soon be independent of outside plantations for this much-used article of diet. Mr. Drury, Minister of Agriculture, during last season, took steps to ascertain whether the soil and climate of this province were adapted to produce roots of a quality suitable for the manufacture of sugar. For this purpose he caused considerable quantities of seed to be distributed among the farmers throughout the province, especially in the sections adjoining Toronto and Cobourg. A few pounds were also sent to the Model Farm, Guelph. Owing to the lateness of the season the beets had not time to thoroughly mature; also from absence of information as to some of the peculiarities of sugar-beet cultivation the growers only sought to obtain large roots by keeping the plants at long distances apart, while to produce rich saccharine quality close cultivation and thorough covering of the roots are absolutely necessary. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the results generally were promising. The yield per acre averaged over twenty tons while 80 per cent. of the roots analyzed showed a percentage of sugar from 14 up to 17. The purity of the sugar, however, was not all that could be desired, a circumstance that was attributed to the imperfect maturity of the beets and to defects in cultivation. Better results were obtained at Guelph where the roots were all kept entirely underground. Professor James' analysis showed polariscope reading 18 per cent., 17.10 per cent. sugar; and co-efficient of purity 83.7 per cent. This season it is hoped that with the experience gained by last year's trial, the results will be more satisfactory. Should it be found that our climate and soil are suitable for their growth, an important industry would at once be created. In that case there would be an opening for 40 large factories to work up the produce of about 70,000 acres of beets, yielding about 230,000,000 pounds of raw sugar, this being about the average quantity imported annually into Canada, for refining purposes.

It is supposed can be produced for beets the value of one acre of beets will be four times greater than the average value of any kind of grain crop.

It is supposed can be produced for beets the value of one acre of beets will be four times greater than the average value of any kind of grain crop.

serve the present relation and character of the woman. In the *Forum* for May he says.

"Happily women have still a vast body of friends left—friends who will succeed in saving womanhood from the 'advanced' women who would fain abolish it; and those friends are, as might naturally have been expected, the men. In spite of all that lady lecturers and anti-feminine old maids can do to unsex their sisters, men will for the most part continue to choose their wives—the mothers of future women—from the most womanly of their kind; and so will aid and abet in handing down to coming generations those fine and beautiful feminine qualities which the recalcitrant mannish women of our age are so anxious to disown in favor of male peculiarities. Sexual selection will here as elsewhere, play its beneficent part, and secure the survival of all that is best and noblest in the gains of our race. Men will protect women against the enemies of womanliness in their own sex. The celibate lady lecturer will die unrepresented; the woman with grace, tact, high emotional endowments, pure womanly gifts, will hand down her exquisite and charming qualities to other women, her likes, after her."

Unfortunately for Mr. Allen's argument it has yet to be demonstrated that the gaining of the ends contemplated by the movement would unsex woman, or destroy any of those fine and beautiful feminine qualities which move the sturdy, manly breast. The assumption is too important to accept upon the *ipse dixit* of any one man. Should it turn out, however, as Mr. Allen assumes, that to gain the one is to sacrifice the other, the movement is doomed. Being a man Mr. Allen has rightly interpreted the feelings of men when he argues that "they will for the most part continue to choose their wives from the most womanly of their kind."

The "spoils system" which implies the right to change the staff of civil servants with each recurring change of administration is vigorously attacked by Mr. Oliver F. Morton in the *May Atlantic*. "Looked at in any way," says Mr. Morton, "rotation is a perpetual recurring menace to the stability of any government. It is a constant temptation to politicians to use public salaries as a fund from which to pay private debts, thus compelling the people to furnish the means for their own corruption and to defeat their own will. It wrecks the lives of tens of thousands of young men by offering, as a bait to cupidity, high wages which outbid the market. It makes idle expectants of the industrious, starves the few it feeds, and lures the mass to vagrancy. It subverts the true ideal of office, transforming public servants into private henchmen, and partisans into camp followers. It degrades skilled labor, and makes the government an almshouse. It breeds parasites, markets citizenship, and suborns public opinion. To sum up, it makes an administration a chaos, of politics a trade, and of principle an interest. Rotation is not an essential element to secure the perpetuity of free institutions." And yet, though it is capable of such untold mischief, and the fruitful parent of so many political and national evils, the present occupant of the White House is an avowed advocate of the system, and has, if report speaks truly, displaced several competent servants whose sole crime was that they could not pronounce his political shibboleth. Shame on such conduct! Yet must we pronounce the word with bated breath, when we remember that our own civil servants, in many instances, owe their appointment in large measure to the fact that they see eye to eye with the appointing power. In this we are no better than our neighbors, whatever may be our political enemies to our friends. Will the

time ever come when civil servants will be chosen on the ground of qualification alone, without respect to their political proclivities and principles? Probably not until the millenium arrives.

It is very evident that the United States authorities are determined that their Alien Labor Law shall not prove a dead letter. Reports from Port Huron state that "a special agent of the treasury department located here has taken a large number of Canadian sailors from American vessels and sent them back to Canada. It is claimed they were violating the contract labor law. Other classes of Canadian laborers working on this side have been returned to Canada." If, as some allege, our cousins are overflowing with amorous feelings towards us Canadians, and would fain have us name the day for the celebration of the nuptials, they have a very strange way of manifesting their esteem. Canadians are not accustomed to win each other's consent after this fashion. Uncle Sam will need to change his tactics considerably before Miss Canada will be disposed to say "I will." Is it, however, that he seeks not a partner but a servant? "Britons never can be slaves."

The enormous expense involved in its working is not the only objection that can be urged against the notorious Franchise Act. While framed ostensibly with a view to securing uniformity throughout the Dominion, it has placed the minimum income qualification of wage-earners so high that many worthy citizens are disfranchised thereby. A motion to reduce the amount by one-sixth was voted down the other day in the House. During the discussion it was pointed out that all wage-earners who received less than one dollar a day, to which class most farm laborers belong, were by the present law deprived of the right to vote; and also that many others, who, though they received one dollar a day while actually employed, were unable, owing to sickness or "short time," to earn the \$300 required to qualify. Dr. Brien, the mover of the resolution favoring reduction, estimated that in his own county two hundred, and throughout the Dominion forty or fifty thousand would be excluded under the present law who would be admitted under the lower franchise; that is, there are forty or fifty thousand of wage-earners throughout the Dominion who receive \$250 per year, but who, because they do not earn \$300, are deprived of a voice in the nation's affairs. And who will presume to say that many of the men are not just as loyal and patriotic, and would not as willingly lay down their lives for their country's good in time of peril as many of those who, owing to the more favorable conditions of their youth, are enabled to earn the necessary \$300 per year? It is difficult to understand why Sir John Macdonald and his followers adhere so tenaciously to the larger figure, especially seeing that the principle of property qualification would not have been affected by granting the reduction called for in Dr. Brien's motion. Is it that they have expended their sympathies so lavishly upon the manufacturers of the country that they have none left to bestow upon the humble toiler? Or is it owing to the circumstance that an enemy desired the change and that consequently it could not be entertained? These questions are more easily raised than answered. At the same time it is to be regretted that the change had not been made so as to have come at least one step nearer the point of granting justice to every honest and loyal citizen.

It was not so very long ago when the

Truth's Contributors.

TO COME AFTER GLADSTONE.

Men Once Possible But Now No Longer So.

Every generation in turn, seeing its great leaders draw toward the grave, has a melancholy interest in speculating upon the choice of their successors. No doubt the discussion of these things comes far more easily in England than it does in Canada and the United States. The political and social arrangements at home do not thrust death forward always as a topic for thought and talk, and your natural instincts prompt men to keep it in the background of their minds.

In England the precise converse is true. From the occupant of the throne down to the latest baronet, several thousands of the most prominent personages walk through this vale of tears with appointed heirs treading upon their heels, conscious that every body, including the heirs, are weighing the chances of their living the year out.

It is the obvious result of a whole social financial, and political system based on the principle of heredity. The heir is always visible in front of the sovereign, the nobleman, the landed squire as palpable a memento mori as the skull on the monk's table. Thus an entire people have fallen into the habit of discussing the question of successions, and to the old and the young alike the habit seems entirely natural.

Thus it happened that a long time ago, in fact years before he became conspicuously an old man, the English press and public began debating the problem of a successor to Gladstone. It was in its earlier stages a less interesting problem. It seemed clear enough then that his titular successor would be Lord Hartington. Indeed, it is sixteen years now since that nobleman was formally declared the next Premier of the Liberal Party. He was then forty-one, and it was supposed that presently

THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

would make him Duke of Devonshire; he is now fifty-seven, and his father is still alive. But the Marquis of Hartington is no longer the heir to the Liberal leadership. A Tory Prime Minister he may some time be, but he will never be at the head of a Liberal Government. The heirship which then was so indisputably his has never since passed out of commission. After he succeeded from the Liberal Party—after it became apparent that the rupture between him and the great Radical rank and file was irreparable—two younger men loomed momentarily as possible aspirants to the office of Prime Minister. These were Lord Dilke and Joseph Chamberlain.

Lord Dilke was a young man, well educated in statecraft, and a man of high ability. He was a member of the Liberal Party, and had been a member of the House of Commons for some years. He was a man of high ability, and a man of high ability.

Joseph Chamberlain was a young man, well educated in statecraft, and a man of high ability. He was a member of the Liberal Party, and had been a member of the House of Commons for some years. He was a man of high ability, and a man of high ability.

Both of these men were well qualified to succeed to the leadership of the Liberal Party. They were both men of high ability, and both of them were well qualified to succeed to the leadership of the Liberal Party.

But neither of them was to succeed. Lord Dilke was to become a Conservative, and Joseph Chamberlain was to become a Liberal Unionist. The Liberal Party was to be left without a clear successor to Gladstone.

period in the person of John Morley. Five years ago I remember having written at length about him

THE THREE MEN

his entrance upon Ministerial responsibility just as Lord Hartington quitted it. The coincidence was dramatic. It was a ringing out of the old, a ringing in of the new, with a vengeance. Hopes ran high then that with the coming of John Morley a new era had begun—that an heir to Gladstone had been found who would worthily sustain and augment the great traditions of statesmanship which he inherited. It is too much to say now that those hopes have been dashed. John Morley has grown visibly year by year. In certain lines of development he may be said to have surpassed expectation in his growth. But he has not gathered strength on the side of party leadership. People are beginning to feel confirmed in their earlier fears that he lacks the qualities which make up a Captain. He is courageous, devoted, a master of weapons, and a fighter of commanding ability; but there is always the danger that, after he has begun his campaign, his policy will be shaped, not by sharp strategy and clever intuition as to the enemy's weak points, but by conscientious inquiries as to whether all that he himself does is morally justified. In the furious and more or less insincere battle of British politics, as fought between the front benches in Parliament, this tendency is felt to be a grave disadvantage in a leader. Even the

MOST HONEST COMBATANTS

in the world prefer a Captain who is on occasion up to tricks. Mr. Gladstone recognized this deep-rooted element of human nature when he spoke of himself, smilingly and with a covert twinkle in his eye, as "an old Parliamentary hand." Mr. Gladstone is, as all the world knows, a luminous example of Christian piety. Yet this has not prevented the occurrence of numerous little things in the course of his prolonged career at which the entrapped and discomfited heathen raged a good deal. And the absence of this, as it were, moral elasticity heavily handicaps Mr. Morley.

Only one other man in the Commons really belongs in the front rank with Morley—and as he belonged there long before Morley was dreamed of as a politician, so he seems likely to stop there, getting no further, until an end comes to his political activity. Sir William Harcourt is perhaps the most familiar figure in British politics. Every body has an idea about him. For years he has been the ideal hard-hitter, deep-cutter, rough and tumble Parliamentary soldier of the arena. He has made more jokes for the delectation of his supporters than any other Englishman alive, and he has covered his antagonists all over with scars. But the trouble is that numbers of the people who have laughed are also the ones who have the scars. This is due to Sir

TENDENCY TO MIGRATE

William's tendency to migrate from time to time, now to one camp, now to another. He has in turn fought everybody—including even Gladstone, whom he once attacked in a momentary revolt against—always landing blows, always probing relentlessly the ridiculous points in the opponent's position, always giving the impression of being the best fighter in the ring. This is a very amusing and entertaining trait, but it has the effect of lessening the respectability of the man. He is still laughed at, and he is still regarded as a man of high ability. But his tendency to migrate is a serious defect in a leader.

upon being able to believe in the sincerity of its chief leaders. Disraeli's success amounts to a contradiction of this, of course, but it is the exception which rivets the rule. England under Disraeli was in a transition stage of efflorescent rottenness, dimly suggesting the period following the Restoration, when the impertinent activity of the lower sort of young aristocrats and snobs generally created for the time a false atmosphere, which temporarily vitiated the public's moral health, and sent their judgment astray after their senses. But among the Anglo-Saxon peoples the reaction from these infrequent seasons of delinquency is strong and helpful.

In England one sees the same quality of implicit trust at work in the attitude of the people toward the Liberal leaders. They followed Gladstone in his remarkable and sensational rôle face on the Irish question, simply because they fully believed that he must be sincere about it. They themselves.

WERE LARGELY AT SEA

about the reasons why home rule, which was combated in 1885, should be endorsed in 1886, but they took it for granted that he, who was wiser than themselves, had been honestly convinced, and they in large part followed him. Since then discussion has confirmed them in their loyalty, and it has brought back into the Liberal fold many others who at the time hesitated or openly mutinied. But I do not believe that even if Chamberlain had, in 1886, cast in his lot loyally with Gladstone, he would to-day have held rank next to him.

In something the same way Sir William Harcourt is popularly disqualified from the great post of all—the Premiership. He is a vastly finer figure in every way than Chamberlain—sturdy where the other is sinuous, masculine in his give-and-take combats where the other fights like a woman with mean stale—but still, popular fancy paints him as a large-seized Douglass Dalgetty, who wages war for the sake of warfare and is indifferent as to issues and principles and all else save doing stalwart battle for the side he is on.

Of other Commoners there is none on the Liberal side to be considered. It has come to be taken for granted, therefore, that the next Liberal Premier after Gladstone will be a Liberal peer—a peer definitely committed to the radical programme and to home rule. If the settlement of this question could be postponed for half a dozen years as conceivably it may be, it is very probable that Lord Rosebery would be the man. He is extremely clever and facile, a bright thinker, and both a witty and a wise speaker. But he is thought of still as a young man, and his time, if it comes at all, will come much later. Lord Granville, on the other hand, is too old—and in the same sense of having outlived the political traditions in which he was trained is even older than his years. More available than either, more generally popular than either, is Lord Spencer, who only five years ago was the coercion Viceroy in Ireland.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

Avoid Depression.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens; his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is invaluable, and should be assiduously cultivated.

Christianity v. Science.

The Christian Union says: "What Christians object to is not the scientific testing of all scientific conclusions, whatever the subject matter with which they have to do, but the assumption in certain quarters that there are no ascertainable truths except such as can be scientifically ascertained—that is, ascertained by processes of reason applied to observed phenomena. What Christians insist upon is that there are truths just as certain and indisputable which the senses cannot perceive and the reason cannot arrive at. They are arrived at by other faculties which are as trustworthy as either the senses or the reason. What we insist upon is that the truths of goodness in life and character, are as real, as certain, as ascertainable as scientific truths. They are not what people happen to think about them. They are not imaginations or motions. They are realities. They exist, not in the mind, but independently of the mind; as the law of gravitation would still continue if all matter were blotted out of existence, and would begin forthwith to operate anew if all matter were called into existence. These religious truths do not vary, though men's capacity to appreciate them varies. They are eternally the same. The mind does not create them; it perceives them. The mind which cannot perceive them is ignorant, just as the mind which cannot perceive the truth that the world revolves on its axis is ignorant. The one incompetence is different from the other, but it is no less a real incompetence than the other."

"It is a scientific conclusion that the Ten Commandments were written in the age of Moses; it is a religious truth that it is wrong to steal, to murder, to commit adultery. It is a scientific conclusion that Jesus Christ lived, died, and rose again from the dead; it is a religious truth that his life and character, as they are portrayed in the Four Gospels, are of a unique moral beauty and excellence, unequalled in human history. It is a scientific conclusion that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed; it is a religious truth that we can come into direct personal, spiritual communion with the invisible Father of spirits. These religious truths are truths, not conceptions or imaginings or mental creations. There are more men who have the capacity to perceive the higher religious truths than there are who have the capacity to perceive the higher scientific truths. And any man who has not the capacity to perceive the fundamental and primary religious truths, those truths of purity and goodness on which the whole fabric of society is built, is a moral idiot. He belongs among the abnormal specimens of a diseased humanity. His place is in the hospital for incurables."

"We sum up our whole philosophy on this subject with three aphorisms, which we recommend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers:

- "Ideals are realities."
"Imagination is sight."
"Unfaith is ignorance."

A Quaint Old Parson's Prank.

A very eccentric old bachelor was Father Fletcher, one of the old Methodist preachers, and his sense of womankind amounted to antipathy. One day as he was riding along a country road, one of his lady parishioners, who was walking the same way, politely asked for a ride. "Certainly, madam," politely replied the pastor, and he immediately alighted, as the lady supposed, to assist her to enter the carriage. She stepped quickly in, whereupon he handed her the reins and said, "Drive on, madam, and when you arrive at your destination please hitch the horse, and I will soon be along."

A Collect for the Day.

Almighty God! who showest unto all That walk in error Thy truth's constant light
With merciful intent, before they fall, To bring them back unto Thy way of right, Grant unto those admitted to the fold Of Christ's religion evermore to shun Things adverse to their faith and take fast hold
Of such things as were taught us by Thy Son Jesus, through whom we pray Thy will be done.

T. W. PARSONS.

FLOUNDER'S QUEST.

Mr. Flounder was a young gentleman of æsthetic temperament. He was always in love with some object or other. Sometimes it was a lady that enslaved his affections; other times a picture or a piece of sculpture; and yet another time, perhaps, some teapot of fanciful design, or other piece of delf of rare pattern, would absorb all his emotional faculties. At times, however, he would get muddled, and could not always tell who or what he was in love with; and in this state he would remain until some circumstance arose which exposed to him the error or absurdity of his situation. He adored the ladies, who petted and coaxed him. But it never came to anything. The girls soon found out the evanescent nature of his professions, and broke with him in time to prevent talk. This did not matter very much, however, as he had a large and varied stock always in hand to select from. And so he would fall in and out of love in the most serene way imaginable.

Mr. Flounder was five feet eight inches in height. His shoulders were a bit narrow and sloped beautifully; light hair, brushed flat; large and full eyes, which, judging from their far-off look, were capable at times of discerning objects at an illimitable distance; the delicate tracings of his eyebrows required a close inspection to appreciate thoroughly their beauty; nose, aquiline; mouth, large, with plenty of upper lip. He wore a moustache handsomely cultivated, but cheek and chin—the latter retreating gracefully—were of virgin smoothness. His long neck, which was fenced round by a very high collar, was just able to support a head of abnormal proportions. Clothes neatly cut, and setting off admirably a somewhat lachrymose expression of countenance.

Mr. Flounder's education had been neglected. He knew next to nothing. In short, he was a perfect chaos of ignorance. His only occupation was following the ladies and other things referred to. This, to be sure, was not very remunerative, but, as he had a clear £300 a year of his own it did not occasion him any uneasiness.

But things could not go on for ever in this way. So Mr. Flounder thought one evening, as he laid down an article he had been reading—the subject was marriage. In it the writer had clearly proved that it was the bounden duty of a man, if he had the means to search out for a woman whom he could love best, and wed her, always provided that she were willing to have him.

Mr. Flounder had always looked upon marriage in the light of a pastime. He now saw plainly that it was a duty as well, and he entered at once into the writer's views. Stretching out his legs, and placing his feet on the fender—it was a cold night—he lay back in his armchair, and, with the pamphlet across his knee, gave himself up to reflection. But, as his mind reflected nothing, he was sorely put about as to how he should proceed. Just then his eye caught sight of his walking stick standing in a corner. A gleam of intelligence lighted up his face. Getting up, he returned with the stick, and reseating himself with the crooked end of the stick in his mouth, felt that he was now in a position to combat the difficulty.

The great question was now before him, viz.—whom should he marry? If among his own female acquaintance, he was unable to find one with whom he could mate, then it was his duty to extend his search until he came across one who would suit.

He now proceeded to bring the whole force of his mind to bear on the knotty problem. As he slowly and solemnly sucked the end of his stick, preparatory to bringing his mind to a focus, he felt delicious influences stealing over him while the muscles of his neck relaxed, and, with his head gracefully inclined to his shoulder. Mr. Flounder yielded to the soft embrace, and falling asleep, passed into the land of dreams.

The sound of the clock in the hall striking 9 reminded him that he had accepted an invitation to Mrs. Brown's party that very evening. Hastily putting on his dress things he was soon on the way to his destination. Mrs. Brown was famous for collecting all the pretty and fascinating girls to her parties, and Mr. Flounder had ample scope in which to exercise his discrimination. But being on his mettle now, he became extremely fastidious, with the result that he returned to his lodgings with the conviction that Mrs.

Brown was not able to produce a woman worthy of his love.

The next night found him in the theatre. While the audience attended to the performance, Mr. Flounder scanned the sea of faces about him in the hope that he would find the object of his desire. From his place in the pit-stalls he carefully scrutinized each individual lady in the boxes. But she was not there. Then his eyes swept the different circles with like avail. The dress circle absorbed the greater share of his attention. Feeling that he should leave no stone unturned, his gaze soared even to the "gods," in case the one flower he sought should have perched so high. But no! He then relieved the strain on his neck by examining the females in his immediate vicinity, but no one came up to the mark. His love put in no appearance, and Mr. Flounder at last fell his eye-glass just as the curtain fell on the final scene, and he turned to his lodgings, his future wife still to be discovered.

Nothing daunted, however, he pursued his search day after day, but with like result. He tried all the houses at which he was accustomed to visit, but not one girl of his acquaintance came up to his ideal, and he saw that he must only extend the search outside his own circle, as the writer had stated in the pamphlet. At the time that he came to this conclusion he was seated as usual in his armchair before the fire. He had no intention of giving up the search without first trying every available means in his power. He began to revolve in his mind what plan he ought to pursue in order to compass his ends, when he heard a timid knock at his door. In response to his "come in," the door slowly opened, and, to his great surprise, he beheld a lady, richly but quaintly dressed, advancing toward him with a slow and graceful motion. Mr. Flounder was quite taken aback for an instant by this very unexpected visit. Ladies had never before visited him at his lodgings. But his natural gallantry and ease of manner returned at once. Removing the crook from his mouth, he got up, and, advancing to meet his visitor, courteously requested her to be seated, placing a chair for the purpose.

As the lady sat down she slowly lifted her veil, exposing to Mr. Flounder's enraptured gaze a face of such unrivalled beauty, and an expression so mournfully sweet, as deprived him of all power of speech and motion. Fixing her beautiful eyes on his, the lady said, in tones that thrilled his every nerve, "Mr. Flounder, I am your true love." Then—he knew not how—the lady was gone, and Mr. Flounder awoke.

He could scarcely believe that he had been dreaming. Everything—the party at Mrs. Brown's, the theatre, other places, and last of all, the beautiful lady—had seemed so vivid and lifelike, bore such an impress of reality that he felt almost inclined to regard them as so many solid facts, and not as the outcome of an overwrought imagination.

Dream or no dream, on one point he was certain, that he had seen this beautiful visitor before at some period of his life, but when or where, and under what conditions, his memory failed to answer. He was also equally certain on another point, which was that he was violently in love with her. She said she was his true love, and he believed her. What greater proof could he have that she was the woman he sought? As he picked up the pamphlet from the floor and went to bed—it was long after midnight now—he vowed to seek her out, or else perish in the attempt.

Full of his resolution Mr. Flounder arose betimes in the morning and after breakfast commenced to think what course he ought to pursue in his investigations. What if he should insert an advertisement in the agony edition of the *Times* something like:

"If the lady who appeared last night in a dream to Mr. Flounder at his lodging at _____, will communicate with that gentleman, either in person or by letter, an arrangement may be effected."

No, that would never do. It might only bring all the girls down to his lodgings, in a body, and they would remain, blocking up the street until he gave satisfaction. He must try some other way. Why not apply to Scotland Yard for help? Detectives were up to that sort of thing. Mr. Flounder gave up that idea also. Such a course might involve the lady appearing in the *Hut and Cry* among a lot of others "wanted" or a drawing of her, taken from his description, might embellish the police

newspapers, with his own portrait alongside. The idea gave Mr. Flounder a turn. He broached several other plans, but they all fell to the ground. Finally, he came to the conclusion that the responsibility rested entirely with himself, and that he must only prosecute his inquiries in person. Stupendous as the undertaking seemed, it afforded him the unalloyed satisfaction of being the sole repository of his own secret.

Lighting a cigarette, he sallied forth to get a little fresh air before commencing active operations. He felt a bit fuddled with the unusual strain on his mental faculties, and required an interval to restore them to their normal condition. But as he wended his way along the streets he could not keep his mind off his lovely visitor. She fixed his entire attention, making him totally oblivious of the noisy hum around him. He did not even return the salutes accorded him by many lady friends, who passed him on foot or in carriages, but steadily held his way, avoiding all obstacles and dangers of traffic by a species of inner consciousness. The accidental knocking of his stick, however, against some projection roused him from his reverie. Looking up he found himself in front of the national portrait gallery.

The rain was commencing to fall, and partly to avoid it, partly because he didn't exactly know what to do, Mr. Flounder entered the building and wandered from room to room in an aimless manner.

A little knot of people standing round one particular picture attracted his attention. Crossing over, Mr. Flounder looked.

It was a painting of some beautiful lady, quaintly clad—"perhaps, a fancy-dress ball costume," he thought. But it was the face which absorbed all the faculties! So beautifully calm, but, oh! how sad were those divine features. There was a stateliness blended with softness that charmed him. Spell bound, he gazed, and, as he looked, strange memories drifted through his brain. As the lady's eyes looked down on him with a sad, mournful expression, her lips seemed to part as if about to speak, and Mr. Flounder, entranced-like, waited for the music of her words. And, while he waited, his visitor of last night once more took shape and, slowly unfolding on the canvas before him, merged into and became one with the beautiful lady painted thereon. Once more there fell on the enraptured listener's ears the words! "Mr. Flounder, I am your true love."

Not until the last echoes of those thrilling notes had died away in his ears did Mr. Flounder rouse from his trance, and he looked about him with a bewildered air.

All the people had gone away from the picture, and were scattered about. It was some time, however, before he realized how matters stood. At last a look of relief and triumph passed over his face. He had discovered the portrait of his true love. He was on the track at last. He could easily find out whose the portrait was, and then all he had to do was to find out her address and go and throw himself down at her feet. A few simple questions and it was done. His bosom heaved at the thought.

Looking round, he espied an official of the place. Crossing over to him, Mr. Flounder asked, with hated breath, whose portrait was yonder.

"Mary Queen of Scots," was the laconic reply.

A thrill of happiness and pride combined pervaded Mr. Flounder. His aspirations had not soared to the majesty of a crown. Visions of himself and his love seated on a throne rose before him as he inquired where she lived.

"Live!" echoed the official, roused from his apathy; "she doesn't live at all! She's dead, man!"

"Dead?" It seemed to Mr. Flounder as if he had heard his own knell, and his vis perceptibly lengthened as he asked, "the best of her?"

"Let me see," said the other in a haughty, daisical voice, and referring to a book which he held in his hand, "the 8th of February, 1557."

Mr. Flounder's eyes filled to overflowing, and he next inquired, in tones of intense emotion, what she died of.

"She didn't die of anything," said the official, looking hard at Mr. Flounder, "she died exactly."

"What?" "She died in a hushily."

ain't up in these things. I suppose whoever cut it off thought she had it on long enough, anyhow. That's all I know about the lady, sir."

Thanking the official for his information in a voice that was barely audible, Mr. Flounder moved slowly away.

As he crossed over and gazed on the picture for the last time he realized the gulf between him and his decapitated adored. But he could not help thinking how different things might have been but for that obstacle. And, as he sadly retraced his steps homeward, he felt aggrieved. He felt that his ancestors were to blame; that they had done him an irreparable injury in not having hurried him into existence three centuries earlier in the world's history.

The Cowboy's Sermon.

Champaign County Herald. "Lots of folks that would really like to do right think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' His name. Now I tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' for Jim here. Now if I'd set round the house here tellin' what a good feller Jim is and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the nights to serenade him when he'd rather sleep, I'd be doin' just like lots of Christians do: but I wouldn't suit Jim and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my chaps and rustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right and ain't sufferin' for water and feed and ben' run off the range and branded by cow thovos, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served. And if I was ridin' for the Lord I'd ride out in the ravines of darkness and the hills of sin and keep His herd from bein' branded by the devil and run off to where the feed was short and drinkin' holes in the creek all dry, and no cedars and pines for shelter when the blizzards come.

"I don't see how I'd be helping the Lord out if I just laid round the ranch eatin' up the grub I could git, and gittin' down on my prayer bones and talfin' the Lord up and askin' for more. The Bible says somethin' somewhere—I've got the place marked—about how people serve the Lord by feedin' and waterin' and lookin' after the herd, and I think it would do lots of people good to read it over. When a crittur has had his moral natur starved ever since he was a calf, and been let run a human maverick till the devil took pity on him, jest cause nobody else didn't look after him, and put his brand on him so deep that even in the spring, when the hair's longest and it's no trouble to tell to whose herd he belongs to, it shows mighty plain that the cowpunchers of the Lord has been huntin' salary harder than they've been huntin' souls."

Threads of Truth.

Life is too short to spare even the stormy days.

The true birds of the air always fly with their own wings.

A shadow is always darker and larger than the figure that makes it.

Flattery is but the condoling of our failures rather than a true estimate of our merits.

In accordance with the ancient maxim, he who would accumulate wealth should not take lessons from the man who has that enviable art of being rich.

If it is Africa that can't contribute anything to the progress of the world, it is Europe that can't contribute anything to the progress of Africa.

Fortunate is he who has a few friends, but more fortunate is he who has a few enemies.

The only way to get a good name is to do good.

The only way to get a good name is to do good.

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Men and Women.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, London's sensational preacher, will probably visit Canada and the United States during the present year.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is said to be the unhappiest man on the Continent. His mother's ambition got him into his present unpleasant position.

The new Marquis of Normandy is the Rev. Lord Mulgrave. He is one of the most popular clergymen in the North of England and is a hard worker.

Joseph Catonio, a giant who served King Louis Philippe as porter in 1845, died recently in Rome, and left his huge body to the anatomical museum. His skeleton is to be prepared for exhibition.

Mme. Carnot, wife of the French President, visits hospitals, assists at bazaars, entertains all classes and is kind everywhere. She buys lace of which she is so fond in France, and will have no dealings with foreigners.

One of the curiosities of Martha's Vineyard, Aunt Nancy Lee, has just died. She raised a number of bantam chickens, and trained them to do tricks. When they died she erected marble tombstones over their graves, and wrote verses to their memory.

William Galloway, who ran the first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and was called the oldest railroad engineer in the world, died recently in Baltimore, at the age of eighty years. He was retired in 1887 by the Baltimore and Ohio Company, for whom he had worked for over fifty years, never missing a trip or meeting with a serious accident. In all, he ran his engine over 1,540,000 miles.

The gift of \$30,000 to Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, by the members of his late congregation in Brooklyn, was a graceful tribute to the man who had served his church so long and faithfully. Long pastorates are rare in these days of shifting congregations and fickle church associations, and make Dr. Cuyler's thirty years' stay with his people a subject of unusual congratulation.

Emin, with 600 men, is now on the way to Central Africa again. This is the largest caravan that ever started for the interior from Zanzibar in charge of a white man, though some of Tippu Tib's ivory caravans have numbered a thousand souls. The great trader is now supposed to be on his way to Zanzibar. He will doubtless meet Emin, and, as both think they have a grievance against Stanley, they will at least have one prolific topic of conversation.

Emblems of mourning were recently placed on the public buildings of Athens, by order of the King, in honor of a poor boatman named Chazes, who had just died at Athens, and a noble funeral was given to him. Chazes was eighty years old, and was one of the few survivors of the Greek war of independence. He was a native of the island of Hydra, and had spent his life in the sea. He was a brave and noble man, and his death was a great loss to his country. The King, in honor of his services, ordered that his funeral should be given with all the honors of a nobleman. The funeral was held in the city of Athens, and was attended by thousands of people. The King himself presided at the funeral, and the body of Chazes was buried in the city of Athens.

stood on the highest point of new Guinea, which several climbers had tried in vain to reach. From a height of over 13,000 feet he saw the unknown plains and valleys stretching away to the north and east, and he sat down to map the magnificent panorama that was spread before him. Among the interesting things he saw were three large lakes, and he sketched them into his map. They were a very picturesque feature of the landscape that was spread out far below him. After he had completed his map he turned to other things, when he suddenly discovered that one of his lakes was on fire. Further scrutiny through a glass enabled him to determine that the supposed lakes were merely great grass clearings in the forest, and he therefore saved some future explorer the trouble of speculating how Macgregor could have discovered lakes when one existed.

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—A genuine attraction is Reilly and Wood's big vaudeville company which is on at the Grand this week. Among the noteworthy stars are:—Walter Belkuni, the original eccentric juggler, late from the Alhambra Palace, London, whose "wonderful performance defies all laws of gravity"; the three brothers Byrnes, from the Winter Garden Theatre, Berlin, Germany, in their gymnastic act entitled "The Mishaps of a Carriage Ride"; first appearance of Mons. Albert, from the Cirque Price, Madrid, Spain, the inventor of "the mysterious globe"; the celebrated Wood family, four in number, from the Gaiety Theatre, London, in their farcical operetta "The Organ Crank"; the Baltimore favorite, Miss Florence Miller, a talented singer; America's representative sketch team, Mason, Miller and Mason; a wonderful trio of trained dogs, Blondin, Boulanger and Empress, from the Hippodrome, Paris; Mr. Dan Hart, in his original character specialty, "Handsome Dan, the Jolly Tramp," and Mr. Pat Reilly, in a laughable comedy entitled "The Undertakers' Social." The attendance on Monday evening was large and the enthusiasm great.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The melodrama, "The old Homestead," drew a large audience on Monday evening. It will run all week. Regarding the play, "The Two Sisters," which is to be the attraction at the Academy for the week beginning May 12, the Rochester Democrat says: "Denman Thompson and George Ryer, the authors of 'The Two Sisters,' have turned out a great play. They have, so to say, cut out a small slice of the real world and put it on the stage for people to look at, deepening its shadows and heightening its lights just enough, and only just enough, to keep it from seeming flat and colorless under the glow of the footlights. 'The Two Sisters' is a good play. It is a play every one should see. It entertains every moment; it touches the best emotions of human nature, and it teaches more than one lesson of life more impressively than the best sermon ever preached. It makes the run of 'The Old Homestead' in New York, and the commendation that play has received from press, artist and people thoroughly intelligible."

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum undoubtedly promotes digestion by inducing the flow of saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

San Francisco paper says that on the coast of California, they have a species of five legs. In the extra legs are found to be a hindrance. The extra legs are the result of the cold and the extra legs are the result of the cold.

Literary and Art Notes.

On account of a mistake which frequently arises the following explanation is made: "Babyland is a magazine containing pictures and stories for the amusement of babies, published by the D. Lothrop Co., Boston. Babyhood is a health magazine for mothers, devoted to the care of infants and children."

A new weekly periodical, entitled *Five Stories a Week*, has appeared in Boston. Each number will consist entirely of five novelettes chosen from the works of the best short story writers of all countries, care being taken to present the greatest possible variety of motive and style. The periodical has sixteen pages and sells for five cents. It is published by Benjamin R. Tucker.

Lippincott's Magazine is showing remarkable enterprise in securing all the greatest novelists at home and abroad to contribute to its pages. The May number contains a novelette by Bret Harte entitled "A Sappho of Green Springs." That Mr. Harte's residence abroad has not dulled his genius for depicting Western scenes and character is abundantly proven by his latest story, which is one of the brightest and cleverest products of his brilliant pen.

The Magazine of American History for May presents an appetizing table of contents. Its frontispiece is a superb picture after the celebrated painting of Sir David Wilkie, R. A., of Columbus explaining his theory of a New World to the Prior of the old Convent where he stopped to ask for bread for his little son. The handsomely illustrated opening article is of special interest, entitled "Spanish Pioneer Houses in California," by Charles Howard Shinn. It is followed by the "Portrait of Philip Livingston, the signer," the admirable illustration being new to the public, having been made from a painting in possession of General S. Van Rensselaer Cruger and corrects the error concerning a hitherto supposed portrait of the great patriot.

St. Nicholas for May begins with one of Miss Alice Maude Ewell's characteristic sketches of Virginian colonial life. It is called "The Passing of General Bacon," and tells an amusing incident which occurred during Bacon's Rebellion. It is strongly illustrated by Birch, one of the pictures forming the frontispiece of the number. Among the new features is one of especial interest to boys and young men. Walter Camp, author of the papers on "Intercollegiate Foot-ball," begins a series of eminently practical articles on base-ball, called "Bat, Ball, and Diamond." In them Mr. Camp gives to the boys all over the country the benefit of his long experience and special skill as a trainer of successful nines. The value of the papers is increased by the careful and attractive drawings of Mr. Ogden.

"The women who goes to a Browning Society when she would prefer cards and conversation; who sits, perplexed and doubtful, through a performance of a Doll's House when Little Lord Launtleroy represents her dramatic preference; who reads Matthew Arnold and Argueneff, and now and then Mr. Pater, when she really enjoys Owen Meredith and Bootles' Baby and The Duchess, pays a heavy price for her enviable reputation." So says Agnes Repplier in an article on "Literary Shibboleths," which is one of the cleverest things in the May Atlantic. She also makes a plea for the people who resemble that "unfortunate young woman who for years concealed in her bosom the terrible fact that she did not think 'John Gilpin' funny." It is a plea for an honest confession of our real tastes in literature, and a warning against being carried away by literary fashions.

Canon W. H. Fremantle, of Oxford, England, has entered the May *Arena* against Col. Ingersoll, in the brilliant controversy now going on in this able review on "God in the Government." Another interesting feature of this number is a magnificent photograph of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, who stands at the head of the clergy in the Episcopal Church in America. A charming sketch of Dr. Brooks' life and work accompanies this paper. Rev. R. Heber Newton, of New York, writes on the "Dogmatism of

Science' in the same issue. Otherable papers are from the well-known pens of Prof. Alfred Hennequin, of the Michigan University, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Boston, Prof. Jea. Rodas Buchanan, Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, Laurence Gronlund, Judge J. H. Keatley, late U. S. Judge for Alaska, and W. H. H. Murray. From the above array of leading thinkers it is needless to say the May number of the *Arena* will be widely read and greatly enjoyed by thinking people.

The May number of *The Forum* contains "Republican Promise and Performance," by Ex-Speaker Carlisle, who writes a reply to Senator Dawes's review of the present administration; "Canada through English Eyes," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, which is a criticism of a portion of Sir Charles Dilke's book on "Problems of Greater Britain;" "The Sufficiency of the New Amendments," by Gen. Roger A. Pryor, "Literary Criticism," by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, a review of notable mistakes that have been made by critics about great pieces of literature; "The Coinage of Silver," by Frederick A. Sawyer; "Bible Instruction in Colleges," by the Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon; "Jury Verdicts by Majority Vote," by Sigmund Zeisler; "The Naval Battle of the Future," by Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske of the United States Navy; "Woman's Intuition," by Grant Allen; "Government by Rum-sellers," by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; "When the Farmer will be Prosperous," by C. Wood Davis. The Forum Publishing Company, 233 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 50c. a copy; \$5.00 a year.

Francesco Crispi, the Italian Premier, is undoubtedly, since the retirement of Bismarck from the Chancellorship of the German Empire, the most potent and picturesque figure in European politics. A striking portrait of the Sicilian statesman is given in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for May, with a very interesting article entitled "Signor Crispi and the Italian Chamber," by the Hon. George Makepeace Towle. Douglas Sladen eloquently describes "Vancouver (British Columbia): A Great Sea-port of the XXth Century." "Elephant-casting in India, with Prince Albert Victor of Wales," is written about by a British officer, and illustrated with great spirit. "Forest Destruction by Fire," by Col. R. J. Hinton, is truly an object-lesson to Congress. There are papers on "Chartres and its Cathedral," "Brass-hammering and Repouso-work," etc., together with the usual amount of first-class story and other literature provided in every number of this remarkably voluminous and entertaining magazine.

The Century for May, the month of Memorial Day, is made notable by the number and variety of articles it contains which concern our national life and history. Mrs. Edith Robertson Cleveland writes of "Archibald Robertson, and his Portraits of the Washingtons," William Armstrong and Edmund Law Rogers contribute two articles on "Some New Washington Relics," and these papers are supplemented by a short one on "Original Portraits of Washington," by Charles Henry Hart. All of these articles in the Washington series are profusely illustrated. Articles which have a wide reading are George Kennan's striking paper on the methods of the Russian censors, entitled "Blacked out," with which is given a facsimile of two pages of one of Mr. Kennan's Century articles on Siberia censored by the Government censors; Chickens for Use and Beauty, by H. S. Babcock, profusely illustrated; "Two Views of Marie Bashkirtseff," with portraits, and pictures by Marie Bashkirtseff; Professor H. C. Wood's striking paper on "A Study of Conscientiousness," and Major J. W. Powell's valuable contribution on "Institutions for the Arid Lands."

Electric Appliances.

Messrs. Baer & Co., whose notice appears elsewhere, have spared no pains to furnish the public with proofs of the genuine remedial effects of their electric appliances. And it will be noted that, unlike many other similar testimonials, these are all selected from near home where the authenticity may be easily tested. The cures affected include those of rheumatism, sciatica, prostration, liver and kidney complaints, neuralgia, biliousness, dyspepsia, defective sight, etc., the promptitude of relief being, in most cases wonderful.

Dit-Bits.

That Front-Door Bell.

"There!" exclaimed the housemaid, as she slammed the front door in the face of the twentieth person asking to see "the lady of the house." "I wish there was a rule that nobody had any business to ring a door-bell unless—"

"Unless what?" quietly asked the mistress, appearing on the scene.
"Unless they had some business to!" spitefully continued the girl.

He Was Probably Right.

"I hear that the grocers are resolved to sell sugar no longer for just the price they pay for it; they are bound to have some profit for their trouble."

"They are quite right."
"Yes, sir, and when they put down their feet they will carry out their object."
"Oh I've no doubt of it; they've got the sand, the grocers have."

Bill Later.

Mrs. Curnso (when her new bonnet came home)—Why, actually, the bird on the bonnet hasn't any bill.

Curnso—The bill was too large to go on the bonnet. It will come separately in a wheelbarrow about the first of the month.

Warm Weather Enjoyment.

To swing with a sweep that is free from all jar,

In a hammock, that's hung where the big branches are,

And smoke, with its odor, the sweetest by far,

A cigar; 'tis a comfort that nothing can mar

To swing in a hammock and smoke a cigar.
—Washington Post.

To swing in a hammock and smoke a cigar,
And then to descend with a dull-thuddish jar,

With the spine driven up some two inches too far,

Is something to make you see many a star,
In an agony mounting away above par.

One had better seek comfort in front of a bar,

If he'll drink lemonade, yes he'd better, by far!

And then sit in a chair while he smokes his cigar.

A Row Up in the Epyrean.

"Here, Neptune, you mustn't talk that way to Bacchus. I won't have such language about here," said Jupiter, after Neptune had spoken to Bacchus in a very scurrilous manner.

"Then he mustn't call me McGinty," retorted Neptune.

To be Explained.

"You do not believe in a fish diet, do you, Professor?"

"Certainly."

"Then why do you say in your book on 'Health,' 'Do not go into the water after a hearty meal!'"

Too Public Spirited.

"He was a good fellow, was Smithers," said the old miner as he stood with bared head where Smithers had last been seen, but no man can go foolin' along in a camp like this kickin' off every tin can he sees lyin' on the sidewalk. It may be public-spirited, but it ain't good policy for the individual. Course Smithers didn't know that ornery Bill Jones had left a dancin' o' dynamite on the walk, jest from bein' too lazy ter carry it inside, but he orter bin on the lookout. What is Smithers now? He's all over! He was public-spirited, ez I said, and mebbe its a comfort ter him ter be all over the camp at once, but his dynamite is too much difoused now. At fer much. That's a lesson in his, boys. Don't difouse yer influence. An' that's another lesson; don't be too public-spirited. The leadin' man ain't that way in the big cities. They talk big and do a little suthin' now an' then, but fast they look out fer the individual. Wa'al, Smithers ain't here, an' he was a good man. Let's lick'er."

On the Lookout.

First Tramp—Did you hear about that now ten-dollar counterfeit bill that is out?

Second Tramp—No.
Fact. And a feller can't tell it from the genuine.

I know I couldn't. We must be on the lookout for it, Jim.

The Favored Few.

"Have you accepted presents from any other than me?" asked he, earnestly.

"I will be frank with you," replied she, the light of truth beaming from her great orbs. "I have, from—"

"From?"

"From seven only."

Young Canadian Pluck.

Father—Will you divide the marbles with your little brother with or without being whipped?

Bobby—I s'pect I've got to divide, pa, but I'll take the lickin' first.

The Usual Description.

"Is the fellow what you would call a fast man?"

"He certainly is fast in every respect but one."

"What is the exception?"

"The matter of paying his debts."

He Wanted More Time.

Gripp—"Well, Doctor, did you succeed in breaking up Cable's fever?"

Young Doctor—"I would have done so in another week had I been given half a chance."

"They didn't call in another doctor, did they?"

"No, but this morning, just as I was noticing an improvement in Cable, he died."

—The Epoch.

True Courage.

De Smythe—Who is that affected specimen of humanity making toward us?

De Jones—That's Dumley, and despite his harmless appearance he's a courageous man.

Well, his looks belie him. But what makes you think he has courage?

He eats restaurant hash.

He Knew It.

A woman who spoke of Goethe's "Faust" was highly indignant, when the man with whom she was talking spoke immediately afterward of Goethe. It was very impolite, she thought, to correct a lady in that fashion. She would have enjoyed a conversation with a gentleman of whom one of our exchanges narrates an anecdote:

"He was a guest at a New York hotel, and called upon the clerk for a sheet of paper, saying that he wished to write a letter. Half an hour later he again approached the counter. He had finished the letter. Would the clerk please read it, and see if it was all correct?"

The clerk glanced at it and said:

"I see you spell jug 'g-u-g.' That isn't right."

"I know it," was the reply; "but you see I'm writing to the old man, and he always spells it that way. If I put the other 'g' to it, he would think I was putting on style over him, and forgetting I was his son. He's sorter tender-hearted, and I don't want to hurt his feelings."

"And so the letter went off with only one 'g' at the end of 'jug.'"

The Retort Courteous.

Hamilton Man—I think you Torontonians are foolishly jealous of Hamilton.

Toronto Lady—Yes, I think myself, that if Toronto is jealous of Hamilton she is foolishly so.

Why Not?

"Mother, our teacher came near lickin' me this morning."

"What for, Johnny?"

"Cause I argued that when it was more than one gooseberry it ought to be called 'gooseberries.'"

She Didn't Take Orders from a Distance.

She was a little old woman dressed in black and having a bundle wrapped up in a gray shawl. She had a seat in the middle of a Grand River avenue car, and as she took out her clay pipe and began feeling for her tobacco the conductor stepped forward and said:

"You mustn't smoke here, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"Against the rules."

"Who made the rules?"

"The company."

"Where's the company?"

"Down at the office."

"Well, I never allow nobody a mile away to tell me when I shall or shall not smoke. I've got wind on my stomach, and when I have it I allus smoke. You kin trot right back to the platform and be ready to jingle the bell when anybody wants to get off."

And she found a match, lighted it on the sole of a solid shoe, and puffed away with a serene countenance until ready to get off at Twelfth street.—[From the Detroit Free Press.

Very Weak.

Stableman—What are you willing to pay a man to take care of your horses and stables?

Rich but Mean Man—Oh, about a dollar a week and found.

You are a friend of the poor workingman, I see,

How so?

In favor of weakly payments. Good-day.

Taboo of Society.

Emma—"I notice you don't speak to Miss De Conye any more."

Lucy—"No; I haven't any use for a girl who wears a blue gown with a brown dog."

An Awful Character.

Maggie (when her eldest sister's beau had left the parlor)—Why, Jennie, Mr. De Mure doesn't look at all like a murderer.

Jennie—A murderer, Maggie! Good gracious, no! What put that horrible idea into your head?

Maggie—Why, I heard mamma say that she believed he was a lady-killer.

A Rapid Improvement.

"Well, my son do, you belong to any of the college societies as yet?"

"No, father, but we formed a club at our table last week, and every one who swears or says anything that would shock the most sensitive mind has to pay five cents every time."

"It pains me a little, my dear boy, to hear that any of your friends, or even you, occasionally use such expressions, but I am truly pleased that you are trying to entirely break yourselves of the habit."

"Yes, father, I think we will succeed in doing so, for it has only cost me two fifteen so far this week, and last week it was four twenty-five."

A Question of Relationship.

"Here!" exclaimed an irate young man, entering a headquarters for book agents,

"take back the prospectus thou gavest and fork over my \$2.50."

"Why the excitement?" inquired the proprietor; "you are unduly agitated. What is wrong?"

"Your instructions don't work. I can't ingratiate myself with ladies of the home circle according to your rules."

"Explain yourself," persisted the head center of the literar emporium.

"It's this way. I did just as you said to do at the first house I came to—rang the bell and stood with hat off awaiting an answer. A lady came to the door and I said:

"Is Mrs. Q. in?"

"I am Mrs. Q," she replied.

"Excuse me, madam, I said, 'but I'm looking for her mother.'"

"What did she do then?"

"Slammed the door in my face."

"Of course she did. That's what I told you to say."

"What was I to say?"

"I told you to say 'I'm looking for her mother.'"

Making Little Progress.

George—"Have you and wife decided yet what to name baby?"

Jack—"No, not quite; but the list of 300 names which my wife picked out, has been reduced to 179."

George—"Well, that's making progress anyhow."

Jack—"Yes; but you see about half of the 300 names were for another kind of a baby."

Pride of Station.

Mr. Forundred (proudly)—"Note this magnificent business block. I own every foot of the ground on which it stands, and it is from this that I derive my income."

Old Gent—"Ah, yes; I remember this locality very well. It was here your grandfather had his junk shop."

A Judge's Duties.

Great Jurist's Wife—"What makes you so tired to-night?"

Judge—"I had to charge a jury in an important case this afternoon."

"Oh. I suppose it is a great strain to recall all the details of a case."

"It isn't that. It isn't that. It's being obliged to talk to a jury thirty long minutes without saying anything."

Bad for the Burglar.

Goodfellow (nearing Jollyfellow's house very late at night after a "time" at the club—

"I shay, Jollyfellow, zhee there. There's a burglar getting into your house by zhe window."

Jollyfellow—"Sho he is. Shry, wait a (hic) wait little. My wife'll zhink he's me and (hic) she'll half kill him."

A Near-Sighted Citizen.

Citizen—"Why don't you clean out that gang of loafers in front of that saloon?"

Policeman (pitying)—"Guess you mus' be nearsighted. Them's city officials."

Test of Grit.

President Insurance Company—"Want to be appointed a life insurance agent, eh? What experience have you had?"

Applicant—"None. I will be frank with you, sir. I wish to marry old Moneybags' daughter, and I want to be able to say that I am in business for myself. See?"

President—"I see. Now I'll be frank with you. Go to old Moneybags, tell him you haven't a cent, and don't expect any, yet you want to marry his daughter. Of course he'll refuse and kick you out. But if you keep at him and stick to it until he finally consents, I'll appoint you superintendent."

An Authority.

Stranger (in Western newspaper office)—"Beg pardon, sir, but myself and friends need help to decide a bet. Have you a copy of Hoyle?"

Old Reporter—"No. Don't need any. If the dispute is anything about cards going into that room across the hall and ask for the religious editor."

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A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER VIII.

After dinner, therefore, feeling ridiculously weak, Derwent passed out of his room for the first time since he had entered it, and found himself in the court he had so often admired. Under the great arch of a passage which led to the front of the house, and of another which led to a second court behind, hung large and brilliant lamps, the light of which was reflected in the basin of the fountain that occupied the centre of the patio, while about it were grouped wide-leaved tropical plants in terra-cotta pots of native manufacture. Around the court a broad, tiled gallery ran, supported by pillared arches, under which there were glimpses of various apartments. One of these was the dining-room, and its open doors revealed a table still covered with the remains of dessert,—stands piled high with beautiful fruit, tall, slender wine-bottles and cut-glass liqueur-decanter, gleaming in the light of low-swinging lamps.

Following Ramon's noiseless tread, Derwent passed to where wide glass doors showed a large and lofty apartment, which charmed his eye at once by its picturesque grace and comfort. And yet, with the exception of a few articles of foreign luxury, it was such a room as might be found in any house belonging to a family of means, throughout Mexico, and had a beauty independent of its furnishing, in its noble proportions, its floor of glazed tiles that reflected like a mirror every object placed upon it, and the delicate arabesques traced upon its plastered walls. Over the shining floor were scattered Eastern rugs, interspersed with the silky white fleece of the Angora goat and the handsome spotted fur of the Mexican tiger-cat. A variety of low, luxurious couches—distinctly European, these were mingled with easy-chairs of inviting form. There was an upright piano, with a scarf of Japanese silk of softly blended colors thrown across its top, a long, low bookcase filled with volumes, and various tables, on almost all of which bowls and vases of flowers stood, while the whole was lighted by two lamps of Moorish design which hung from the ceiling by long silver chains. Altogether, simple as these things would have been in a different place, it was not such an apartment as one would, without warning, have expected to find under the shadow of the Sierra Madre; and Derwent's surprise was excusable as he stood for a moment motionless on the threshold.

"Enter, señor, enter," said Ramon, pushing wider yet the open doors. He glanced around. "Ah! the señorita," he said, as a lady rose and advanced from the farther end of the long room.

As she came toward him, it seemed to Derwent as if he had not before had the least idea of her surpassing beauty. Not even in the Alameda of Mexico, when she walked past him like a princess, draped in rich black lace, had he fully recognized the perfection of her loveliness. But here it appeared to him. The foreign semi-darkness of the room, with its shadowy corners and its dim light from its hanging lamps, seemed to have gathered about her like a mantle, and to have made her more beautiful than ever.

"Why should I be complimentary?" he asked. "Why should not one try to clear one's mind of natural prejudice, and get as near the truth as possible in this very imperfect world? Every race has its defects and its virtues. But it is a great mistake to confound the defects with the virtues."

"Yes," she said, meditatively, "that is very true. Mexicans have undoubtedly some defects, although I really think—and it is not only because I too am a Mexican—that they have also great virtues."

"Even from the little that I have seen of them, I am very sure of it," said Derwent, heartily. "But you, señorita, can hardly consider yourself altogether a Mexican."

"I do, however," she said, lifting her head higher, with a pride that became it. "I am Mexican in heart and soul, as well as in blood and birth. It is true that I was born of another race; but I am, nevertheless, altogether Mexican."

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lost so much blood," he added, apologetically.

"And then the fever," she said. "Considering both these things, I think you have made great strides toward recovery. It was only a week yesterday since you were brought into the house insensible,—we almost thought a dying man."

"I owe you many excuses for making such a sensational entrance," he said, smiling. "It must be very unpleasant to have an apparently dying man brought without any warning to your door. But then what would have become of me if the señor, your father, had not met and succored me in the most truly Samaritan fashion? I am afraid the dying would soon have become a grim fact."

"There is a strong probability of it," she answered; "and therefore we are very grateful for the chance that brought you here. It has been a great pleasure to do what we could for you, and to know that you were getting better."

"What should I have been made of if I did not get better?" he said. "It is the only way in which I can show my appreciation of your great kindness."

"Let us not talk of that," she said, with a slight wave of the hand. "Our kindness is nothing. In Mexico it is not considered remarkable to show hospitality to any one,—especially to a wounded stranger. The remarkable thing would be if one failed in it. But probably, you do not know Mexico well, señor?"

He perceived that she wished to change the subject, and followed her lead at once. "No," he answered, "I cannot say that I know Mexico well; but I have at least the desire to know it better. The mere idea of the country always exercised a great fascination over me."

"Then you did not think of us as barbarians,—as I have been told that the most of your countrymen do?" she said, smiling.

"The most of my countrymen are very ignorant of Mexico, señorita," he replied, "but I really do not think their ignorance leads them so far as that."

"Does it not?" she said, rather incredulously. "I have heard that in the States Mexico is considered a barbarous country. It is a little singular, is it not, that in Europe no such idea exists with regard to us?"

"Europe knows you better," he answered. "Up to the present time, all Mexico's social and commercial intercourse has been with Europe, rather than with her immediate neighbor. There was very good reason for this, as you know. I have no excuses to make for my countrymen, señorita. The grasping propensities of the Anglo-Saxon are, unfortunately, well known. And the narrow-minded vanity which induces him to fancy himself the exemplar of the human race is not less remarkable."

"You are not very complimentary to your countrymen," she said, showing her pearly teeth in another smile.

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Derwent rose, too, as an elderly lady entered the room. He knew her at once as Dona Zarifa's companion when he saw the latter in the Alameda,—a handsome, middle-aged woman, very brunette and inclined to embonpoint, as all Spanish women are after a certain age. With a few words of greeting, she held out a soft, kindly hand to Derwent, who bowed over it.

"This is my cousin, Señora Peralta," said Dona Zarifa. "She hopes you are recovering. If you speak French, you can answer her in that language."

Derwent did speak French with fluency, so he answered Señora Peralta's inquiry, and then, in reply to other questions, gave a circumstantial history of his wound and all relating to it. Both ladies listened to him attentively, and the subject was hardly exhausted when Don Maurizio came in.

"Ah, Mr. Derwent," he said, cordially, "I am delighted to see you here. You look better already. A little society is a good thing; although I must warn you that we can offer you very little variety in that line at Miraflores."

Derwent replied very sincerely that it was impossible to desire better society than he found at Miraflores. "But I have heard," he said, "that most Mexican proprietors of large estates do not live on them, because of their loneliness."

"It is, unfortunately, true," answered his host. "The estates are generally so large, and the distances from one to another so great, that altho' Mexicans do not, as a rule, live on their haciendas, except for a few weeks in the course of the year."

"That is what I was told when I expressed a desire to see something of life on an hacienda," said Derwent. "Nobody lives on the haciendas but the agents." "I was assured. There is no life there of the kind you fancy. Mexicans of the higher class all live in the capital or abroad."

"Allowing for exceptions," said Don Maurizio, "that was a correct statement. And the consequence is that half the haciendas of Mexico are for sale, destined before long to pass into the hands of aliens. When men leave their estates in the control of agents, the result is mismanagement in all respects. Who knows this better than an Irishman? Absenteeism has been the curse of my country; and it is in a great degree the curse of Mexico. So when I became a Mexican I determined that I would not follow the prevailing fashion. Great estates came into my hands, and I resolved at once to administer them myself. I have done so for twenty years, and I am rather proud of the result."

"And you have not found it very irksome to live on an hacienda?"

"I cannot understand how a man can find any thing irksome which is in the clear line of duty and which affords abundant occupation for his hands and head. I have found infinite pleasure as well as infinite employment in my life. An Irishman from Galway naturally loves everything connected with a free, out-door life; and I have taught my daughter to love it as well as I do myself. She is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and we live in the saddle half our time. By the bye, if you like riding, I can give you a good mount."

Derwent's eyes brightened. "I am a Southerner," he said, as if that were answer enough. "Half of my life I have spent in Louisiana, and half in the blue-grass region of Kentucky,—my mother belonging to the first, and my father to the last. Not even in Galway do you think more of riding than we do."

"And in neither are there such plains over which to ride as in Mexico, I am sure," said Dona Zarifa. "Ah, it is like flying through the air to put one's horse at his best speed and ride for miles over our great mesas."

Her delicate nostril dilated as if she inhaled the breezes sweeping over the wide leagues of space of which she spoke; and Derwent, looking at her, felt a quick thrill at the thought that he might be permitted some day to ride by her side.

"And do you really, then, spend all your time here?" he asked, addressing Don Maurizio.

"Here at Miraflores? Oh, no," that gentleman replied. "I have another large hacienda in the Bajío you know that stretch of fertile country between Irapuato and Querétaro? I divide my time between that place and this, with a month or two now and then in Mexico. But, rich, productive, and beautiful, too, as the Bajío is, both my

daughter and myself prefer this wilder country; and if we were called upon to name our home, I think we should say Miraflores."

"Without doubt," said Dona Zarifa. "There is no place in the world so dear to me as this."

"That is very good for a girl who is fresh from a season in Paris, is it not?" said Don Maurizio, as he laid his hand caressingly on her wrist.

She placed her other hand over his, and looked up at him with her dark eyes melting into a more liquid softness than they had known before. "You were not in Paris," she said, with an enchanting smile.

"No, thank heaven!" he answered, gayly. "What should a Mexican *hacendado*, with his heart among his flocks and herds, do there? But go, *carina mia*, and give us some music. Let Mr. Derwent see what he thinks of our Mexican airs."

She rose instantly and moved across the floor,—a perfect picture of grace, Derwent thought, in her soft, shimmering draperies, and with her natural, unstudied charm of step and bearing. Sitting down to the piano, she struck a few chords and began to sing in a contralto so rich and sweet that it was like notes drawn from a violin by a master-hand, rather than the sounds of the human voice. What she sang her listener did not know,—the words were Spanish,—but the air was wild, haunting, mournful, and yet passionate in the extreme. As he listened, he seemed to see the rugged mountain-passes, the great Sierras like storm-tossed waves, the vast expanse of mighty plains, the sad, gentle faces and passionate eyes of the people; then the strain sank to a lower key, a tenderer sweetness stole into it, as though tropical flowers were breathing their fragrance out on the starry night, and with one last burst of sad, strange melody it ended.

"Oh, yes, it is Mexican," said Don Maurizio,—"one of the wild native airs that linger among the people that are now and then caught and formulated by the composers."

"What did it say to you, señor?" asked Zarifa, turning around. He told what it had suggested, and she smiled as if pleased. "A girl is now relating how her lover has been killed among the wild mountains, and how her own heart is broken," she said. "At the close she wanders back to memories of their first love, of how in the summer night he would come and sing beneath her window. Then she remembers that he is dead, and ends with a cry of despair."

"A very mournful *motif*," said Don Maurizio. "Give us something a little more cheerful, and then I will play physician and order Mr. Derwent to bed."

"Sing an *Ave Maria*, my child," said a quiet voice at the door; and as Derwent looked in that direction he saw a tall, slender man, wearing the cassock of a priest, enter the room.

"This is a member of our family group whom you would have met earlier if he had not been absent until to-day," said Don Maurizio,—"our good friend and chaplain, Padre Francisco."

There was something very charming in the dark, gentle face, with finely-outlined features and soft brown eyes that looked at Derwent with a smile as they shook hands.

"I am glad to hear of your accident, señor," he said, in very good English. "As Don Maurizio has remarked, I have been away for two weeks, else I should have expressed my regret sooner. But you are getting well?"

Derwent replied suitably, and then, turning to Dona Zarifa, said, "I hope that, since I am under orders to retire, señorita, you will sing at least one more song before I go."

"I will sing the *Ave Maria*, for which *padre* has asked," she replied. "I think you will like that."

Derwent was very sure of it, when he heard the strains of Cherubini's *Ave Maria*. Often as he had heard this beautiful song before, it was always in a soprano arrangement, and he thought that he had never appreciated its exquisite harmonies until he heard them rendered by Dona Zarifa's rich contralto tones. She sang it like a prayer, and the noble strains lingered in his ear long after he had said good-night and returned to his chamber.

They haunted him after he had laid his head on his pillow. Still in his memory

They haunted him after he had laid his head on his pillow. Still in his memory

They haunted him after he had laid his head on his pillow. Still in his memory

They haunted him after he had laid his head on his pillow. Still in his memory

vibrated the full, mellow notes of the enchanting voice, and before his eyes floated a picture of the silken-draped form, with its silver ornaments, and the beautiful face out of which shone the star-like splendor of the dark eyes.

It was not strange that his last thought before falling asleep was to say to himself, severely, "I must take care that I am not such a fool as to fall in love with Dena Zarifa."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINNIE AND WALTER.

Wooing Von Winnie, Whose Warmheartedness Wards Walter's Welfare.

"Warm weather, Walter! Welcome warm weather! We were wishing winter would wane, weren't we?"

"We were well wearied with waiting," whispered Walter, wearily. Wan, white, woe-begone was Walter, way-ward, wilful, worn with weakness, wasted, waxing weaker whenever winter's wild, withering winds were wailing. Wholly without waywardness was Winfred, Walter's wise, womanly watcher, who, with winsome, wooing way, was well-beloved.

"We won't wait, Walter; while weather's warm we'll wander where woodlands wave, won't we?"

Walter's wretchedness wholly waned. "Why, Winnie, we'll walk where we went when we were with Willie; we'll weave wild-flower wreaths, watch woodmen working; woodlice, worms wriggling, windmills whirling, watermills wheeling, we will win wild whortleberries, witness wheat winnowed."

Wisbeach woods were wild with wild-flowers; warm westerly winds whispered where willows were waving wood-pigeons, wrens, wood-peckers were warbling wild woodnotes. Where Wisbeach watermill's waters, which were wholly waveless, widened, were water-lilies, waxen white. Winifred wove wreaths with woodbine, whitehorn, wallflowers, whilst Walter whittled wooden wedges with willow wands. Wholly without warning, wild, wet winds woke within Wisbeach woods, whistling where Winifred wandered with Walter; weeping willows were wailing weirdly; waging war with wind-tossed waters.

"Walter, we won't wait."
"Which way, Winnie?"
Winifred wailed. "Why, where were we wandering? Wisbeach woods widen whichever way we walk; where's Wisbeach white wicket; where's Winston's watermill?"

Winnifred witnessed Winifred's wonder. "Winnie, Winnie, we were wrong, wholly wrong, wandering within wild ways. Wayfaring, weather-beaten waifs, well-nigh worn-out."

Winnifred wasted where, within watted woodwork walls, wagons, wheel-barrow, wains were waiting, weighty with withered wood. Walter, warmly wrapped with Winifred's well worn wadded waterproof was wailing woefully, wholly wearied. Winnie, who, worn with watching, well-nigh weeping, was wistfully, wakefully waiting William's well-known whistle, wholly wished Walter's well-being warranted. With well-timed wisdom Walter was wowed with wide, white worsted wrappers, which wonderfully well withstood winter's withering, whistling winds. Wholly without warm wrappers was Winnifred, who, with womanly wisdom, was watching Walter's welfare warding Walter's weakness.

"When will Willie wend where we wait?"

warily wondered Walter.
"What, Walter," whispered Winnie;
"who was whooping?"
"Whereabouts?"

Welcome whistling was waking Wisbeach woods when winter's windy warfare waxed weaker. "Winnie! Walter!" Winifred's wakefulness was well-grounded. "We're well, Willie, we're where Winston's wagons wait." Without waiting, Willie was within Winston's woodwork walls. "Welcome, welcome, Willie, Winnie was welcoming with warmness with watching Walter, wail with wayfaring."
"Whs, Winnie, wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie," Willie whispered, wheelingly, "we won't weep; Walter's well; what were Walter without Winnie?"

Wholly wonderful was Winnifred's well-timed, womanly wisdom which well warranted warmly Walter's welfare. Whenever wandering within Wisbeach woods with Winnie, Walter would whisper, "What were Walter without Winnie? wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie?"



Art and Artists.

We are enabled to give this week an engraving from Mr. J. W. L. Forster's academy picture for this year, The Rival Schools. This work is something of an experiment. In it Mr. Forster has to a certain extent set aside the conventional ideas of picture composition, which follow the principle of concentrating the interest on a central figure around which are localized all the strongest effects of light and color. Mr. Forster has violated this canon of the schools. He has confined his strongest light to the sky, and has made it his lightest note of color. Thus the figures are necessarily left to take care of themselves and the light is not, as it usually is, concentrated where the story of the picture is told. He has by slinging a wall across the picture precluded himself from bringing his figures into relief by any trick of distance. The wall is painted crisply and is full of sunlight, yet the

figures pass quite easily in front of it. In securing this relief of figures the artist had to make use of the subtlest values of the pervading light. In point of composition it will be noticed that so far from concentrating everything at one central point, the most spirited action has been given to some of the outside figures. This also adds to the truth of the story told as well, seeing that the girls farthest away from their preceptors are inclined to be most frolicsome. In the adjustment of colors, too, the sober course of the Academicians has been set aside. The hydrant which comes forward in the picture is painted in negative colors, while the figures which retire are treated with positive colors. The whole work is purely a study in values of lights and the artist has taken nature alone as his warrant for all he has chosen to do. The picture is unusually bright and sunny and the expression of the face and figures adds to the realism of the story to be conveyed. Mr. Forster's picture will probably excite much discussion.

The Drummer and His Grip.

Though the rain and sleet are falling,
And the roads are "awful muddy;"
Though all men "hard times" are bawling,
Though a fellow's nose gets ruddy,
Though the rivers may be frozen,
And the frost may bite and nip,
You can never stop the advent
Of the drummer and his grip.

Though the trains may all be smashing,
Though the horses all go lame,
The drummer, like the bedbug,
Will get there just the same.
And when his time is over,
Will come sailing from his trip,
For he always "makes connection,"
Does the drummer and his grip.

Ah, he teaches us a lesson,
With his energy and grit,
Things that "paralyze" most people
Don't astonish him a bit,
And he's ever bright and cheerful,
And a smile is on his lip;
He's a daisy from away back,
Is the drummer with his grip.

Give him a kind word always,
He'll give you back the same;
For the dogs of some "black sheep"
Don't give the whole tribe blame.
For down, clear down in his hives,
Some so-called "good men" slip,
While along the road to Heaven
Goes the drummer (with his grip).

How Bats Carry Eggs.

A correspondent of the Field writes as follows to that paper. Having frequently seen different theories as to how rats carry eggs, I thought the following incident might interest your readers:—My gardener and another servant were standing on a bridge which crosses the moat surrounding this house, when they observed a rat come out of a duck's nest not more than ten yards from them carrying an egg; he held it between his lower jaw, or chin, and chest. Carrying it in this position, he walked down a plank which is used by the ducks to get up to their nests, and swam a moat, which is about thirty feet wide, landed on the other side, air bank, and made off into the

to rest,
tormented breast.
He they sing,
Contrary to the rays that spring,
married in the form in the air
the kirk of B. very where.
Mr. R— in wires in the air
ceremony has Everywhere
to weather,
when too late from the spirit
said:—"Mind focus on every
light, I torture or they have
hen if it's no in your distor
when ye think at it."
"An never be in on

The Future of Africa.

The coming struggle for domination in Africa is prefigured by the cold reception granted to H. M. Stanley in Paris and by his sarcastic references to Emin Pasha. England, France and Germany face each other in the Dark Continent, each bent on securing the lion's share of the rich soil which sooner or later will be placed under the flag of European civilization. Far-seeing statesmen in all three countries realize that this unknown land, with its great alluvial deposits and its teeming millions, is probably destined to become one of the most important sections of the world. Of all the great nations Russia and the United States alone look on with unconcern; for even Italy has planted the nucleus of a future colony at Massowah, Belgium is building up the Congo State and Portugal lays claim to extensive stretches on the east and west coasts. The struggle will be interesting. England is building on the basis of well-established colonial possessions at the south. Cap Colony is as firmly British as Canada, and the English have pretty solid encampments on the coast further north to Port Natal and toward Delagoa Bay. In the interior they claim dominion over the diamondfields and hold in reserve certain boundary disputes through which they may at a convenient opportunity dispute the territorial existence of the Transvaal Republic and Orange Free State. They have no actual territory north of the Zambesi, but the Central African Company (limited) of London holds concessions from certain African potentates, which may be stretched so as to cover most of Equatorial Africa east of the thirtieth parallel. The territory which is in the undisputed possession of England would constitute an excellent basis of operations for aggressive movements anywhere on the continent. On the other hand, France holds Algeria in absolute sovereignty, Tunis under cover of a protectorate, and Morocco by an understanding which may at any time be followed by a military occupation. On the West Coast the best harbors of Senegal are in French hands, and French troops are now operating in the Gold Coast country. France controls quite as much territory as England, and though her military depots would not be so available as those of the English as bases for movements against Upper Egypt and the Lake country, they give her a pretty safe and large foothold on the continent.

Germany's possessions in Africa are rather in posse than in esse. She has a small settlement at Agura Pequena on the West Coast in Namaqua land. She has concluded certain treaties with the Sultan of Zanzibar by which he seems to have ceded to the Emperor a lot of territory which did not belong to him; there has been lately a disposition on the part of the Germans to occupy this territory, and the disposition has only been checked by a reluctance on the part of the natives to vacate. The Germans have tried moral suasion in the shape of Krupp shells, and the Africans have retorted in gentle expostulation with jack-knives. At latest dates the controversy was still unadjusted. The largest foreign dominion in Africa is the Congo State, which is, at least nominally, in Belgian hands. This embraces the banks of the Congo for a couple of thousand miles, with the banks of a number of confluent rivers. This State affords, next to Egypt, the best basis for military operations in territorial Africa; and it is completely and thoroughly under European control, the main depot of its foreign commerce.

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The Poet's Corner

Nain.

The City of Nain, by the fountain of waters! Though brightness and beauty be vanished and gone, Thy name unto all the world's mothers and daughters, Is symbol of hope like the burst of a dawn!

A beacon of loving, compassionate pity! The time-burnish'd coronal still on thy brow Is proof that the dust of the world's silent sleepers--

Old Dobbin.

I see old Dobbin through the fence; how weak he looks, and old; His hair is falling off in spots, he feels the damp and cold;

Then, on my wedding day he stood with others at the church; No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch;

A Name Ever Sweetest To Me.

Of all the sweet names fondly known to the tongue, Ever remembered when others are dead;

Is the title--that heaven but molded for thee-- Which calls thee my own little wife. Were heaven my own, with all it could bring

Kneeling at the Threshold.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore, Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;

Voices in the Air.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. Some speaking of despair, Some predicting fortunes fair,

There are voices in the air Everywhere.

They come from the spirit-land, Friends and foes on every hand, And they torture or they bless,

But one voice my soul doth thrill-- When it speaks the rest are still. It comes to me at even.

Oh, blessed spirit-mother, Could I hear thee and no other, There would be for me no tears,

RUSSIAN HEBREWS.

Disabilities of the Jewish Race in the Czar's Empire.

A curious and important appeal case has just been decided by the court of cessation of the senate, which affords a striking example of the complicated disabilities of the Jews in Russia, says the London Times.

New Goods TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new Stamped Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices: Stamped Toilet Sets, new designs, 35c, 45c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces.

Notwithstanding the work, we are still single and double, at Shelland and Ice Wool, all Embroidery, Wash, and...

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," "Between the Gates,"
AND REV. HERBERT D. WARD

XVIII.

Winter came on drearily in Judea that year. There was more rain than usual and early frosts. The poor houses of the people, ill-prepared, as is so apt to be the case in hot countries, for cold weather, presented sodden and shivering faces to the gray landscape, wherein rock and ridge and mountain and the somber regard of the Great Desert seemed to watch the lowering sky.

Martha, the widow of Simon the Leper, was displeased. Probably the weather contributed to her discomfort; nobody can be irrationally happy with a sky of cold lead and an atmosphere of cold gruels; but Martha did not attribute her discontent to barometrical causes. A man was cause enough. Why muddle the case, and chatter of the weather, which anybody had to put up with? Who else had to put up with a brother like hers? To be sure, there was Mary, who went about like a mute at a funeral, and forgot to shake the rugs.

"Besides," observed Martha abruptly, "You never see any fault in Lazarus. No wonder he thinks he is never to blame with a woman always at his feet, at home. Fortunately for him he has two."

"I am but one, surely," replied Mary with a dove-like suggestion of saintly sarcasm in her voice, "but I am quite willing, that our brother should be sure of me, that I gain say him not in his comings-in and goings-out. Lazarus hath his own affairs, and if they are not such as he saith with me, I do but trust him. It is not much to do."

"The hours that man keeps," continued Martha complainingly, "since he came back from Capernaum, are a disgrace to the house of Simon, my husband, who never departed from me after the evening meal. For 16 nights hath Lazarus not come home until such time as I could not keep awake to have speech with him."

"Perhaps," interrupted Mary sweetly, "he did prefer that thou shouldst not take that trouble upon thyself."

"He is none so considerate," replied Martha comfortably, without apprehension of the gentle sting in Mary's demure words. "But last night I did hear him when he got here, for he did stumble over a jar of my preserved figs and it clattered all over the court like thunder."

That Martha intended no ungentle womanly expletive but a simple meteorological figure of speech, was evident by the serious matter-of-fact expression on her broad, handsome face, with which she proceeded to say:

"And verily it was an hour after the peal of midnight. I heard the watchman on the Rothen (Stadt) call: 'All's well,' at least as long as that before Lazarus showed his face in this respectable court. I would have hastened to have words with him, but he hurried to his own part of the house, and to-night he is gone."

"To-night he is gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

"Gone?"

attended dully; it rolled along like a pebble on a smooth board, a little inclined by long habit. Absence from Zahara had a profound effect upon Lazarus. Most men mope a little under such circumstances. This sensitive and passionate nature despaired. Lazarus was ever capable of dying for love's sake. Such things exist, and have always existed. The case was complicated for Lazarus by Zahara's final demand upon him in their stolen interview upon the shore of the lake. "Impossible!" A thousand times a day the intimate friend of Jesus cried: "Impossible!" A thousand times the lover of Zahara temporized: "But how tell her so?" From dark to dawn his nature argued with itself: "He ruleth my soul!" "She ruleth my heart!" "Unto him is my duty." "Unto her is my truth." "Him will I never deny." "From her can I never part." "He is my lord." "She is my queen." "To him I am loyal." "To her I am true."

The strength of Lazarus, of which he had once a goodly, manly store, began to decline rapidly. It is just to this tossed and tempted soul to say that, with his force of body, his force of will began to weaken. This is a common calamity; the sorest and saddest feature of physical unfitness, and one that commands, in all ages and in any state of society, the least sympathy.

One day, without a sign of warning, he met her suddenly in a bazaar in Jerusalem.

Her maidens were with her. She and Rebecca were purchasing purple silk and gold fringe. Her litter waited without. Lazarus, who was trafficking with the owner of the shop over some matter of decoration needed in the palace of the Maccabees, turned violently pale. His love rushed upon him at the sight of her like a torrent that no man withstandeth. His hands were full of tapestries, and, bending over his purchases, he managed to approach her and to say in a thrilling whisper:

"Zahara!"

"We are returned to the palace," murmured the lady, Zahara, toying leisurely with the purple silk. "Forgettest thou me, Lazarus?"

"If I see thee not, I die!" breathed Lazarus.

Zahara arched the pretty eyebrows which were distractingly distinct above her silver veil.

"Bid thy Rebecca be on watch for my Abraham," Lazarus continued to say, "I have purposes and them shall I enforce."

Zahara drew herself up haughtily, then fluttered a little with a throb of feminine respect for this masterful speech. She said nothing; the merchant spoke.

"Will the most worshipful lady deign to consider the dyes used in this silk of purple?"

Lazarus examined his tapestries in palpitating silence. When he raised his head Zahara was drifting to her litter, like a shining thought. She did not turn her head. Too swiftly she was gone.

At that moment was born the daring venture which Lazarus and Zahara afterward put into execution with a determination and a recklessness that had effects inconceivable by them upon certain of the chief actors, in this tale, and upon the history of the world.

When Lazarus had been employed upon the Temple about a year ago, he had been called apart from the workmen to inspect a corner requiring the master's eye. Lazarus was more than a carpenter or a master builder.

He was an intelligent man with an eye for proportions; his was equal to any imported by Herod from Greece.

His foundation stone to marble was a relentless inspector of work.

When the Temple had departed from the world, its curved base was sent to the sea.

When the Temple had departed from the world, its curved base was sent to the sea.

Priest's vestment chamber. A door was revealed behind the embroidery, as Lazarus was guided through a passage by a priest of high rank into the damp darkness of the subterranean chamber below the Temple. Here were the foundation stones placed by Solomon. Near by was the treasure chamber known to but a sacred few, and there was the crumbling masonry for which the skillful eye was searching. Lazarus spent the morning in surveys and calculations; the Priest departed and bade him follow when his work was done. Lazarus had privileges beyond the mechanics. Was he not a Jew among Jews and a famous Pharisee?

When he started back through the same vaulted passage his trained eye could not help wandering by the light of the cedar torch along the neatly laid blocks of limestone. Just as he was about to emerge, behind the tapestry he noticed a bar of bronze that projected from a block larger than the rest. He stopped and musingly pushed and then pulled it. Silently the stone moved out upon a brazen hinge, and the now draft almost extinguished his light. No one was there. He glanced within. Curiosity and youth take no long time to decide. Lazarus bent, and entered, and softly closed the secret door behind him. Soon the passage became high enough for him to stand and walk. It was in excellent condition, and showed signs of frequent use. Down, down it went. The adventurer reflected. Did it lead to Sheol? He heard frequent sounds of rushing water, but the passage was dry. After descending and winding for a time, the avenue began to lead up. The air was fresh and cool. Could it be that it led to the tomb of David? A thousand conjectures arose in the imagination of Lazarus as he toiled stubbornly up the steep ascent. Soon steps helped him. Then another stone barred his way. He had reached the mysterious end. He drew a breath and pushed. The light of the hot sun greeted him. With cautious step he parted the twining vines. He looked upon a well-kept terrace. Opposite was the glorious Temple. This was the terrace of Annas the High Priest. Above frowned the palace.

Lazarus examined this strangely-protected entrance curiously. He took quick and careful note of its location. He quietly returned, replaced the stone in position, and walked back as swiftly as the unequal way would allow. Once only he stopped, that was when he heard the rushing as of a torrent above him. He did not look up, but only wondered where the water came from and whither it went. Had Lazarus but raised his hand he could have felt a brazen disk that divided the waters from the passage by no more than the width of a thumb. A hundred cubits further ascent, and he cautiously emerged from this impressive corridor. His discovery was undiscovered. He kept his counsel; as the subterranean passage did her own. The secret never passed his lips; nor did the mystery deeply concern his curiosity. The agitated nature of the times and the autocratic authority of the Sanhedrin left little room for wonder at any expedient or subterfuge, light or dark, upon the part of the ecclesiastical princes. Whether this passage had been built for prayer or villainy, for the disposal of burnt offerings, idolaters, vigils, fastings, or amours, who could say? Lazarus never knew; and never greatly cared. His discovery occurred to him now, with a mental flash, and a crash like lightning and thunder. It shot through him there in the bazaar while Zahara was blushing over the purple silk. When his soul started and said: "If I see thee not I die!" the whole scheme seemed to spring to meet him.

To make the story short, he confided in his fellow Abraham. Zahara trusted Rebecca. The man and the maid met. Abraham revealed the situation. Rebecca bore the tale to her mistress. Upon the seventh night following the interview in the bazaar, the daring lovers met below ground between the palace and the Temple.

To accomplish this end it had been necessary for Lazarus to renew work upon the temple. This he had found little difficulty in doing; for his services were always in demand. It had been less easy to make a job behind the Priest's quarters; but this obstacle, too, the young builder had finally conquered. Upon plea of late and solitary labor, performed more skillfully by the master without the men, Lazarus had managed to obtain access at an early hour to the opening of the subterranean passage from

the Temple entrance. He replaced the stone behind him. The drowsy priests did not notice whether or when the builder left the Temple. Lazarus pushed through with hot haste; and with bounding heart reached the extreme end of the passage and stirred the grass-grown slide—moved it quickly and quietly aside, and stretched out his hand into the grape vine. This was the signal of meeting. Midway of the vine he grasped the soft fingers of Zahara. Zahara had a spice of the adventures in her; she liked this daring business; it stirred her soul and body. She darted behind the grape vine and allowed her lover to draw her into his forbidding trusting-place, without a quaver. Abraham stood sentry; in the dark at the mouth of the passage Rebecca watched the palace. Lazarus and Zahara were alone. He clasped her in the gloom without a word, and when he had suffocated her with kisses, in silence and darkness, he raised a temple lamp and stared upon her beauty, like one gone mad with love and joy. Zahara was a little pale, but she shone resplendent in that dreary place.

"Zahara! Brightness! Bright one!" cried Lazarus rapturously, "I risk my life for thy lips!"

"And I my liberty for thine," replied Zahara with a sweet pride. Then they clasped and spoke no more for the closeness of their embrace, and that first meeting gave no space for other speech or language between them but the language of the lips and arms. They met rapturously and parted soon and safely; Zahara and Rebecca returned together to the palace. Abraham and Lazarus departed by different ways to their own places. All went as smoothly as a canoe over a torrent. Nothing happened to hinder or alarm the lovers. The escapade was undiscovered and repeated. In fact, it was repeated for many a night.

These meetings were always necessarily short; but they lengthened insensibly and dangerously. Lazarus felt himself quivering between heaven and hell—the heaven of her presence and the hell of losing it. Zahara enjoyed herself supremely without diverting fears. The girl was born for a wider life than the poor prison of experience accorded to Oriental maidens. She had possibilities in her which the palace of the High Priest recognized no more than they recognized her ecclesiastical capacity to be voted into the Sanhedrin. This adventure delighted her. She waived its dangers away like a queen and kissed the warmer for them.

As the two became more accustomed to each other's precious presence they managed to introduce some articulate communication into the wild scene. In their damp and ghastly rendezvous, with the light of the lover's lamp flaring wildly upon their faces, and their strained ears grown refined by their new exercise, listening to every sound beyond their own heart-beats, Lazarus and Zahara did the first conversing of their lives.

Zahara returned quickly enough to the subject which had now mounted far beyond her personal case, and had become the main source of excitement, amity, or enmity in Judea—the career of the Nazarene. Zahara remained firm in her repulsion to this man, and to all which he represented in the movements of his times. She had her instinct of high-born against the low of culture against rudeness, of the conservative against the progressive, of the sanhedrin against the dissenter, of ecclesiasticism against religious liberty, of a young and haughty woman against that which she had not been educated to respect. She demanded of Lazarus nothing less than his entire desertion of the dangerous itinerant agitator.

"Have I not done enough that is disloyal for thy sake?" inquired Lazarus mournfully. "For thee, I have not had converse with the man for now longer than I dare reflect upon. Each day I vow unto myself that I will see the face of this Jesus, and pray his forgiveness for ingratitude that the man thou lovest ought to be ashamed of, O, my Zahara! Each night I kiss thee, and I behold him not."

"That is all very well as far as it goes," replied Zahara with a little feminine self-satisfaction at her conquest of her lover. "But that is not enough. I like not to see thee the dupe of such pretenders. Thou art not like low born men deceived by another's antics as children and old women."

In vain did Lazarus reason with Zahara touching the true nature and achievements of his friend. When he spoke of the modesty,

the sincerity, the tenderness, the exquisite sympathy, the God-like unselfishness of the man, Zahara stopped his lips with a kiss; when he related the marvels wrought by the Rabbi, Zahara arched her pretty brows. When he urged his thrilling neighborhood histories of the sick girl and the blind man, Zahara said cures were common things. When he insisted upon her own personal indebtedness to the Saviour of her life at Lake Genesaret, Zahara smiled in a chilly, well-bred way, strongly suggestive of her father, except that her expression was so thoroughly lady like.

"What wilt thou?" cried Lazarus in despair, one night. "What wilt thou, then? Is there any test which thou wilt take of honor of my words, or of the sanity of my judgment, or of the wondrous power and character of him whom thou despisest and I revere, whom thou scornest and I obey? Our hearts are one, Zahara. Our minds should not be twain. Thy pertinacity grieves me for love's sake. Tell me then! What proof wilt thou take, of him or of me, that thou shalt consider the claims of this holy and self-forgetful man?"

"When with mine own eyes I behold him give life unto the dead, O, my lover! I will consider," laughed Zahara lightly.

"Thou imperious Zahara!" groaned Lazarus. "Thou demandest the impossible of nature and the Nazarene."

Their lamp went out at this moment, and Zahara slung to him in a pretty fright. In the dark his lips felt for hers, and he said no more about the Rabbi.

Before he lifted his face, a low voice without, upon the terrace, called him urgently. It was Abraham, the slave.

"Rebecca warneth me," whispered Abraham, "the High Priest in the Palace calleth for the lady Zahara."

The trembling lovers pushed aside the green grown slide and boldly ventured out. Lazarus drew Zahara into the open air—it was raining violently—and they stood for an instant with held breath, palpitating behind the shield of vines. Quivering, they listened and stared for sound or signal which should decide the nature and extent of the danger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

White Men in Africa.

Notwithstanding all the stories that are told of African savagery, comparatively few explorers or other white men have met violent deaths at the hands of the natives. We hear a good deal of hostile natives in the Congo basin, but of the hundreds of white men who have been scattered far over the Congo valley for several years past, not one has been killed by savages, unless the story is true that a white man at a French station on the Mohangi River has recently fallen a victim to the cannibals of that region. It is not forgotten that one of the English missionaries and Mr. Deane, an agent of the Congo Free State, were badly wounded in fights with hostiles.

There is now no reason to doubt, however, that Capt. Trivier's faithful comrade, Emile Weissenburger, was killed by the natives near the south end of Lake Tanganyika last summer. Trivier is one of the last white men to cross Africa and when he entered the continent a year ago last December north of the Congo, he had Weissenburger with him as a comrade. They made a very rapid journey, reached Tanganyika in safety, and the little caravan waded its way to Lake Nyasa and the Indian Ocean. One day, when the expedition was in camp, Weissenburger started into the forest for a hunt. He expected to return in the evening, but he never came back. Parties were sent out in all directions to hunt for him, but they found no trace. Not the slightest information could be obtained from the natives. Trivier delayed his march for nearly a week, but sorrowfully gave up the hunt at last. He believed his friend had been killed either by a buffalo or some other wild beast, or by unfriendly natives. At the banquet given in his honor in Paris the other day he said he felt it to be a great sorrow that the comrade of his travels was not by his side to share the great welcome he had received.

A letter has just been received from Mr. Wright, an English missionary at Fuambo, near the south end of Tanganyika, saying that the body of poor Weissenburger had been found in a brook, where it had been thrown by the natives of Penza after they had assassinated the young man and decapitated him. The few white men in that region are not at present in a position to punish the murderers.

The Home.

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

How He Dresses The Baby.

All family men fancy that they can dress the baby much more deftly and expeditiously than the mother can perform the same operation. That is if they only set themselves about it.

"Of course there is no doubt of that," says the man to himself, "a man can do anything better than a woman, and not make half the fuss and talk about it. Women wear themselves all out talking it over. Why, a woman will talk more about making a flat-iron-holder than a man would about building a meeting-house. When a man is going to do anything, he goes to work and does it. He doesn't have to run all over the neighborhood to ask every one he knows about it, and then do as he has a mind to, as a woman will do.

And so, having heard him boast of his capabilities for years, some fine morning, when his wife's head aches, and the feminine deity of the kitchen has given notice, the mother of the family invites him to dress the baby.

The baby is big enough to walk around and have a finger in every pie, but it will be "the baby" till a later edition appears.

The man who knows it all smiles triumphantly to himself. He is delighted with the opportunity of showing his wife how much quicker he can do it than she can. And he'll see if the baby is going to run all over creation after cats and things, and cry half the time while he is doing it. Discipline is what is needed with children.

He calls the baby to him. "Stand there, Freddy, while papa finds your clothes, like a good boy."

Freddy places himself in position, while his pa goes in quest of the raiment belonging to the juvenile. Freddy spies a bird on the top of a tree in the yard, and he climbs on the piano to get high up at the window, and he knocks down a couple of bundles of sheet-music, his sister Fanny's new hat that she left there last night when she came home from the party, so tired that she could hardly get up stairs to bed: and then poor Freddy slips, and grabs the window shade to save himself, and brings it down, fixtures and all, and draws a double tracked railroad on the polished rosewood of the piano with his wildly clutching finger-nails, and lands safely on the floor, howling with rage at not having been able to get the bird.

By that time his pa has found most of his clothes, and is ready to begin. But Freddy isn't ready. He wants to see the pictures in the album. Then he insists on hearing the watch tick. Then he wants to catch the dog by the tail and give it a good pull, to see if it is on fast. Then he wants to kiss mamma.

"Stand still!" says his pa putting on the severe look that he uses on his insubordinate clerks in the dingy town office, "and see if you can keep your tongue still while I dress you! Don't wiggle so, Freddy! Stand still! Pat down your foot!" Let that cat alone! Here, you little mischief, stop chewing that lead pencil! Hold up your head, can't you? Pat this hand through no, that one! Good gracious, it is strange that women will make pants for babies wrong end to! And more buttons on 'em than would be needed to button up a regiment of men! Now then, for the waist! Humph, that is made the same way all the buttons in the wrong place. No arm holes, no nothing! Freddy, hold still! I tell you it doesn't hurt you! Yes, 'tis on right. It can't be on any other way. By Jove, I've forgot the drawers, and the stockings! Here, put up that foot. Good gracious, Freddy can't you stop wiggling your toes? Hold your leg stiff! There now. Now, we'll put on the little man's collar. What an outlandish contrivance to fasten a collar! It doesn't stay put anywhere. Let's see, how goes under it? No, it must go over it. Keep your head still. What are you bobbing so for? Lift up your arms, Freddy. Why what the deuce is the matter with this child's arms? He can't move 'em. Don't cry, Freddy. Let me look Do stop that bawling! This all comes of your mother's hampering you so, I say, Fred, stop

this noise! Stop it I say! I shall be crazy—I—"

And about at this juncture his wife appears on the scene, and she finds that Freddy's pants are hind part before, and one of his arms has been put through the neck space, and the other one through one arm hole of his waist, and his collar, which was made to turn down, stands up, and his stockings are on wrong side out; and his pa will never own that there is anything out of order about the proceeding, but the next time he dresses the baby, he doesn't dress it—he always has something to see to that prevents him.

Putting Away Winter Clothing.

Heavy, woolen clothing and furs must be put away early, before the moths are astir. They seem to work in fur racehated houses the year round. I found a "buffalo bug" and a shaming, silvery moth in January, but this has been a warm winter. If one has no cedar chest to store woollens in, a very good substitute is a trunk or flour barrel. The barrel should be well washed in cold water, dried and lined with newspapers. These are pasted in, using thick flour paste with a large spoonful of alum added to a quart of paste. Cover every place on the inside of the barrel. Clean the cover together and paste paper on the inside. The woollens should be thoroughly brushed and sunned, carefully folded and laid in. When the barrel is full, the cover should be pressed down, well around the barrel, tied down with twine and pasted so as to fit close. Woollens may be kept securely in this way. The great thing is to sun and thoroughly brush the garments, so that if moths are already there, to get them out, and then pack securely. An old trunk past its usefulness, or a box properly prepared, will answer the same purpose.

Hang out furs when the sun shines hot; let them hang several hours, combing them with a coarse dressing comb. Put into its box the muff and a strip of paper pasted around where the cover joins the box. The fur cape the same. I never add camphor or anything, and have kept these furs twenty-three years, and never a sign of moth. The fur-lined circular may be put into a bag made of calico, made the length of the garment, the latter laid on the bed and folded together, a patent garment-holder put in at the neck, the bag slipped on from the bottom part, drawn closely at the top and tied, then sewed around the wire loop of the "holder." The seal plush sack, the cloth jacket and winter overcoat are prepared in the same way. Have a row of hooks put up in the closet very near the ceiling, so that the garments hang full length, and come out in the fall with never a wrinkle. This leaves room below them for another row of hooks for shorter garments.

Dainty and Delicate Ways of Serving Eggs.

1. SCORCH EGGS.—Mix with one cupful of cooked ham (chopped fine) a paste made of one-half cupful each of milk and bread-crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a little salt and one raw egg. Remove the shells from six hard-boiled eggs and cover with the mixture; fry two minutes in very hot fat. These may be served hot or cold, and are very delicious for picnics, cold lunches, etc. (Chicken, veal, lamb or salmon may be used instead of the ham, with seasoning to the taste. Lemon, however, should be used in seasoning the salmon.

2. STUFFED EGGS. (a) - Remove the shells from six hard-boiled eggs and cut lengthwise. Remove the yolks and put the two whites together again. Mash the yolks and add one-half teaspoonful of soft butter and one-half the quantity of deviled tongue or ham. Fill the whites with the mixture and press the halves together. Spread what is left of the yolk mixture on a dish and place the eggs upon it. Pour over a thin, white sauce or real gravy and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Place in the oven until a delicate brown. (b) After the eggs are filled, roll in fine bread-crumbs and beat an egg against the crumbs, and fry in very hot fat, and serve with tomato sauce.

3. SCALLOPED EGGS.—Six hard-boiled eggs. Have one pint of real or chicken white sauce. Chop fine one-half pound of tongue, poultry or beef. Sprinkle with one of cracker-crumbs in one-half cup of milk. Chop fine one-half pound of butter.

layer of chopped whites and sauce or gravy; minced meat, yolks rubbed through a fine strainer; another layer of crumbs, and so on until the dish is full. The top layer should be buttered crumbs. Bake till the crumbs are brown.

EGGS A LA CREME.—Three hard-boiled eggs. Cut off a slice at each end and cut the eggs in halves crosswise. Remove the yolks and cut into thin slices. Mix with them an equal amount of thin pieces of chicken, salmon or lobster and season to taste. Fill the white cups with the mixture and place on a shallow dish; pour around them one cupful of cream sauce.

EGG SALAD.—Cut the yolks of hard-boiled eggs in dice and mix lightly with diced chicken, fish or lobster. Fill the white cups with the mixture and serve on lettuce or cresses with Mayonnaise dressing.

BAKED EGGS, No. 1. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add a very little salt. Spread roughly on a platter and make a nest for each yolk some distance apart. Season, and bake till the white is a delicate brown.

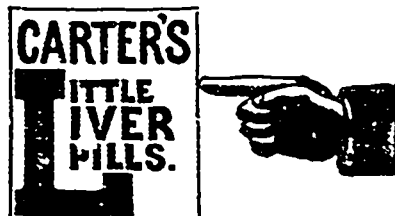
BAKED EGGS, No. 2. -Break each egg into a cup, then place on a hot, buttered dish. Put a little salt on each egg and bake until the white is firm. Garnish each egg with thin strips of fried breakfast bacon, and serve at once.

BAKED EGGS, No. 3.—Butter a shallow dish and sprinkle with fine cracker-crumbs. Place each egg carefully on the crumbs and cover with seasoned and buttered crumbs. Bake till the crumbs are brown.

BAKED EGGS ON TOAST. Cover the dish with poultry or veal gravy and place in it a slice of toast to each egg. Put the platter in the oven over hot water, and when hot drop the eggs on the toast and bake until the eggs are set.

POACHED EGGS, No. 1.—Break each egg in a cup and slip gently into a pan of boiling water. When the whole is firm take each egg up separately and trim the edges. Poached eggs should be served on slices of ham or toast.

POACHED EGGS, No. 2.—EGGS A LA DAUPHINE.—Stew one-half can of tomatoes ten minutes and season with salt and pepper. Break six eggs into a bowl without beating, then slip them gently into the hot tomatoes, lift the white occasionally until it is firm, then prick the yolks and let them mix with the tomato and white. Serve immediately, on toast if desired.



CURE

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

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in preventing and curing them, and preventing this summer's epidemic, they also correct all disorders of the liver and bowels. Even if they only cure

HEADACHE

Achole, who is and who is not, but for all these things, they are the best. Buy a box of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

MILLINERY.

Among the many examples of head-gear shown in Figs. 78-107, it will be noticed that the styles are either decidedly large or small, and the former usually have a swirl or quirk in the brim to give an odd effect. Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, and 7 are all low shelving crowns, narrow backs, and broad-brimmed fronts, differing in many respects, and yet bearing a general resemblance in the size.

No. 3 is a small bonnet of crepe and lace, with ties and a bow inside of the slightly raised brim of velvet ribbon. Sprays of flowers on top add to the pleasing effect. No. 6 is a Leghorn flat, bent down on the sides and up in the back, with a velvet fold inside of the brim, a trimming of six tips around the crown, and a bow of ribbon in the back.

No. 8 shows a rare and pretty toque. Nos. 10 and 15 are also toques of plain and fancy straw. Nos. 9, 11, and 12 are large shapes again. No. 13 is a toque covered with braiding and banded with an ostrich tuche to match the jacket and trimming worn. Three small tips ornament the front.

Nos. 14, 17, 19, 20, and 21 are shapes of various kinds in black and colored straw, plain and fancy. No. 16 shows a bonnet of fine Neapolitan straw, embroidered. The trimming consists of a cluster of roses, stems, and foliage, and ribbon velvet strings to match the facing.

No. 18 is a striking-looking shape of black straw trimmed with stem-green ostrich tips and black ribbon. The shape of the hat renders it becoming to a youthful face only.

Nos. 22, 23, 24, and 25 are all stylish and new shapes. No. 26 is a dressy toque of yellow crepe drawn in soft folds for the crown, black velvet brim of a careless fullness knotted in front, and a rosette of narrow yellow ribbon above the velvet knot.

No. 27 is designed for outdoor sports, and should be made of the suit material. In this case it is of red and white flannel. Take a piece 9 inches wide and 37 inches long, sew together at the ends, gather at the upper edge over a round crown of the stiff net, and fasten at the top with a large button mold covered with the stuff. At the back the material is plain, but in front it is drawn full under a peak made of cardboard, faced with silk and covered with the flannel. A bow of the fabric and red silk cord gives the trimming necessary.

No. 28 is a Parisian success known as the "Buffalo Bill" shape. It has a medium crown, broad, rolling brim, and a trimming of three long ostrich feathers. A velvet fold finishes the inside of the brim.

There are small toques, with strings, that may be called capotes; hats rather flat in shape, and small capotes. In hat the shape is much varied. Some are short at the back, or pointed in front, or slightly turned up. These are made in spotted black net, drawn, and trimmed with loops of wide ribbon. One with eau de Nil velvet bows has two little bunches of violets in the centre of the bows. Another is of drawn black net and insertion of black and gold straw, ornamented with Persian and white lilac. Nice roses, and a velvet bow.

Dressy hats will be made of what they call "agreements"—that is to say, of straw or guipure, open like fine passementerie, and in color or black, mixed with gold, jet, or metals; in fact, open or fancy straws will be worn, and very few plain ones. For toques and capotes pale blue, pink, and light heliotrope are just now in vogue. A pretty toque capote is made of straw guipure, with different colored stones scattered over it. The border is a twist of opal-blue crepe, black aigrette, and black velvet bow and strings.

The open crowns are seen on toques and large hats of lace, gauze, net, and lacy straws made over a frame. Frills of black lace and a jet coronet form a theatre toque, with lace bridles and crown of pink crushed roses. Crowns of flaming red velvet are used with lace, or lace straw brims, and a jet coronet pressed closely against the crown.

Velvet ribbon is used for bows and strings, the latter appearing on bonnets, toques, and large hats. Gauze ribbons are only suitable for midsummer. Scotch or tartan plaids are only effective with black accessories. Stripes, novelty plaids, and gros-grain having a satin edge, are all used with flowers, tips, and long plumes.

Doubly-faced satin ribbons are exceeding-

ly rich in appearance, but do not "take" like velvet ribbons. Velvet roses nestle amid frills and bows of lace. Dressy bonnets seem to consist of a crown of small flowers, twist of velvet for a brim, loops and ties of velvet ribbon, and a spray of flowers on top; but it requires taste and art to arrange these apparently simple creations in a stylish manner.

Large black hats have the low crowns covered with roses, leaves, and long stems, bow of velvet ribbon, fo'd facing, knotted loosely, and strings of velvet. Purple and lavender flowers on black toques are the first flower-trimmed hats seen. Yellow, violet, and black are combined; purple and stem-green and pink roses will be put on, and with anything.

Velvet pannies are exquisite on a black tulle toque. Spanish hats require red, yellow and black, combined. Poppies and chrysanthemums are lovely in the rich red and yellow shades especially reserved for them. Open crowns, later on, will be outlined with a wreath of buds and leaves having thorny stems prominently displayed.

The greater number of hats are black. Some odd toques are entirely of small wings, mixed in with loops of ribbon velvet. French hats and bonnets have a great quantity of lace or embroidered lisse on them. The plainest bonnets have velvet loops and ties, and some lace or flowers on top. The large, flat Alsatian bow is worn by those to whom it is becoming. Three rosettes of different colors or shades of narrow velvet ribbon are stylish for a straw bonnet.

A quaint shape has the crown fluted at the top in folds that radiate toward a centre button, after the fashion of a German student's cap; but the brim, which is broad, turns up at the back, and the wider front aspires upward, after the manner of an inverted saucer. The coronets and form of head-dress worn by the Empress Josephine and her sisters have had a marked influence on the season's hats and bonnets. One, for example, has an upstanding brim, much higher in front than the crown, which diminishes to a couple of inches at the back, and coronets of jet of that form are used on many of the bonnets.

The sailor hat, after all, has few rivals and it has been made this year of cashmere covering cork foundations, in all colors—red, black, and navy being perhaps most in request. It has the usual band of ribbon around, and a shallow brim. Tweeds to match costumes are made up in the same way, in gray, brown, fawn, and navy-blue.

Toques and large hats are imported almost to the exclusion of other shapes. Nearly all have ties of velvet ribbon an inch wide, or lace to be gracefully twined around the neck. The large shapes are very narrow in the back, and black reigns supreme.

The British Lion Never Sleeps.

There is an element of strength in England's redoubtable navy which we have not even begun to parallel in similar vessels, and that is the armament with which she is equipping the great subsidized Atlantic liners. In comparatively the briefest time the big Majestic, the latest addition to the White Star fleet, arrangements being made in her original construction, can be fitted out with twelve six-inch rapid-fire guns, carrying projectiles weighing 100 pounds. The other vessel similarly equipped is the Teutonic. Remembering that a smart gun crew can work one of these guns up to six rounds per minute, one sees what formidable cruisers Britain is adding to her mercantile navy. We can't organize an auxiliary navy for lack of American steamers to subsidize.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Oars of Dresses.

Instead of brushing the dust from a gown or the mud from a drabbed blouse, inch by inch, take your dress out on clean short grass, after the dew is off, and holding it by the shoulders, sweep it and beat it against the sward, turning so that all sides of the skirt will touch the ground. The grass acts as a fine soft brush, taking out dust, and freshening every part, while it does not wear dresses as a hair-brush or whisk-broom does. Lawn dresses and grenadines are refreshed safely in this way, when a brush would fray them. The sonnecs and platings of silk are thoroughly dusted, and the hems of drabbed, water-proof cloaks are cleansed without the disagreeable need of touching them with the hands.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Remorse is virtue's root.
Innocent love has no hypocrisy.
Praise from an enemy smells of craft.
Modesty is the conscience of the body.
Patience and fortitude conquer all things.
Originality is naught but judicious imitation.

A moment's thought is passion's passing knell.

Most men need more love than they deserve.

You can reach stupidity only with a cannon ball.

Experience teaches slowly and at the cost of mistakes.

Everybody's little yard-room opens into all out-doors.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

When change itself can give no more it is easy to be true.

To be rash is to be bold without shame and without skill.

Grant but memory to us, we can lose nothing by death.

Do you know what duty is? It is what we exact of others.

Revenge is always the weak pleasure of a little, narrow mind.

Women excel in a sort of courage—the courage of resignation.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quotor of it.

Much reading is like much eating,—wholly useless without digestion.

Whoso believes in the freedom of the will has never loved and never hated.

Constant toil is the law of art, as it is of life, for art is idealized creation.

The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in its socket.

Women seldom forfeit their claims to the respect of men whom they respect.

Our very wretchedness grows dearer to us when suffering for one that we love.

A woman takes a lover not so much for himself as to injure some other woman.

We are not apt to fear for the fearless when we are companions in their danger.

The man who has a grave or two in his heart, does not need to haunt churchyards.

Passions are like storms, which, full of present mischief, serve to purify the atmosphere.

Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words.

The pleasures of one age are not pleasures in another, and their lives fall short of our own.

Love, when it visits old men, is like sunshine on snow,—it is more dazzling than warming.

A witty writer is like a porcupine: his quill makes no distinction between friend and foe.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances.

Whatever discoveries we have made in the region of self love, there still remain many unknown lands.

Music for a wedding procession always reminds me of the music which accompanies soldiers about to charge.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

I don't subscribe at all to the doctrine of "striving to be cheerful." Let us have a reasonable cheerfulness, and melancholy, too, if there is occasion for it—and no more hypocrisy in life than need be.

Good Results May Follow.

Although last week's interview between the Queen of England and the German Emperor at Darmstadt is discussed by the press of both countries as a political event, it can scarcely have any serious state significance. The Queen has no such personal authority as the Continental monarchs possess, and that she, with neither Lord Salisbury nor any of her Ministers in attendance, has made any treaty or come to any important political understanding with her grandson is an idea too fanciful for credence. The interview has, however, much personal interest of a gratifying nature, inasmuch as it indicates a more cordial feeling between the young Emperor and his august relatives. He has made amends to his mother; he has become reconciled to his uncle, the Prince of Wales, with whom he was scarcely on speaking terms; and apparently he is showing the respectful and affectionate side of his disposition toward his royal grandmother. All of which is undoubtedly highly commendable in the young Emperor, though it scarcely cuts a figure in the domain of serious politics.

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

AUTHOR OF "SAFAR-HADJI, A STORY OF TURKISTAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

The following Sunday the marriage of young Lanin took place. The day before Vladimir had appointed Nicholas Popoff his Secretary, upon Miller's special and emphatic recommendation. The latter, having found out that the young couple meant to spend the honeymoon on the estates which old Wernin possessed in the Crimea, asked and obtained leave to go ahead and prepare everything properly. On the day after the wedding therefore, Popoff left Petersburg, after having handed his mother a considerable sum of money, which Vladimir had advanced him on his salary.

Miller went immediately after his remarkable interview with Schelm to Vladimir. He explained the change in his circumstances which was very striking, by an inheritance, he had made in Aurland. He belonged to a wealthy family there and Lanin had once upon a time known him in a better class of society, and thus he readily believed the story and congratulated his friend very heartily. Both had met in a perfect whirlpool of amusements, but Vladimir had soon wearied of easily purchased joys, while Miller had been forced to do the same by the stress of necessity, but had held on to Lanin as his last friend, even after he had been completely ruined.

Towards evening of the same day on which Miller had made known this welcome change in his circumstances, he had taken the sum of 1,514 roubles and gives it to his friend on the plea that he owed him this amount. Vladimir had often lent his friend small sums of money, he refused, however, to accept this amount, till Miller becoming slightly angry, forced him to consent. The man from Aurland then told him how conscientiously he had year after year put down every penny he had borrowed hoping one of these days to be able to make a return. This great delicacy made a great impression upon Lanin and deeply interested him in the unfortunate position of his old schoolmate.

He offered Miller the rooms he had himself occupied as long as he was a bachelor, leaving behind nearly the whole of the furniture, and even introduced him at the English Club where he had, up to this time, spent every moment he could not be near his betrothed. As was mentioned before, Miller had in his early years, lived much in good society and met here some of his earliest companions. No wonder, that when they heard of his inheritance they all recognized him again and greeted him most kindly. Vladimir, since his engagement, had a heart overflowing with love and kindness towards all men, and thus he told all, whom he introduced his old schoolmate. This is my best friend, Mr. Miller of Munich.

Monday, November 2, 1899, Vladimir had turned their faces southward, and had first been presented to the Countess Olga, who had promised that he would give them a visit in the Crimea.

Miller, in consequence of the circumstances, and the fact that he had engaged himself to the Countess, was not much troubled.

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tions to you. My people at home need fear nothing as long as I remain in my present position and am not attacked."

Although Miller could not understand the meaning of the last words he was at least freed from all doubts as to Popoff. When the latter noticed a few days later that Miller made no secret of his former poverty he related at dinner how very kind the latter had been to his mother, and this sympathy of a man, then so very poor, with other poor people, deeply affected Jana, so that the tears started to her beautiful eyes, while Lanin cordially pressed his friend's hand. Miller gradually became convinced that Nicholas had none but thoroughly honest intentions and renewed his old friendship with him.

Miller spent two weeks in the Crimea, and as if fortune favored him, no unpleasant visitor interrupted him during this time, so that he became daily more intimate with husband and wife. He had very good manners, conversed well, had his share of wit and possessed an unusual stock of information. In a short time Jana had become very fond of him and everybody liked him.

The happy young couple, loving each other daily more tenderly would have liked to prolong their honeymoon in this enchanting solitude, but Vladimir's leave of absence draws near its end and old Wernin longed for his daughter. Toward the end of February they began to think of returning.

Popoff again went in advance to prepare a house. He had changed so completely that few could have recognized him. The poor official in his shabby uniform was now a young man of elegant appearance and the manners of a gentleman. The name of Popoff is far spread in Russia, and thus Nicholas could return without fear to Petersburg, where he rented a superb palace in a fashionable street for Count Lanin. He was permitted to lodge his mother in one of the out-buildings, although he dared not visit her yet, even in the new home to which she had moved in the meantime. When he at last met his mother he heard with joy that no inquiries had been made after him.

In the first days of March the young people returned to Petersburg, and Vladimir immediately informed Miller of their arrival. Easter week, the highest of Russian festivals, was drawing to a close, and the balls and entertainments which usually close the winter season were beginning.

Jana was sitting in her boudoir, surrounded by all the splendor and the luxury of the Orient; magic odors were wafted through the air and everywhere voices of highest art and best taste were visible. Stretched on a luxurious couch Jana was giving her foot to a maid kneeling on the thick carpet, who was trying on her tiny satin slipper. Another maid was busy putting some white camellias into her abundant raven black hair. Near by two more maids were standing, busy holding other articles of ornamentation for Jana. One was doing something to her gloves, the other was arranging the folds of her ball dress. The mistress herself, draped in a gorgeous morning gown trimmed with matchless lace, seemed to be dreaming.

A slight knock aroused the attention of some of the servants. "One went to see who it was, a few words were whispered, and then a maid came saying:

"The Count begs to know whether the Countess will have the kindness to receive him."

"Let him be so kind as to wait a few minutes," replied Jana; "how late is it?"

"Half past five."

"Quick! Dress me as quickly as you can, it is late!" she exclaimed, rising at once.

A few minutes later when the maids were waiting for her, she was waiting for her.

A few minutes later when the maids were waiting for her, she was waiting for her.

of his wife, as she smiled upon him, he quickly drew her to his heart. Jana slightly held him back.

"Be careful, Vladimir! You spoil my dress!"

He drew back, surprised.

"You do not love me any more, do you?" he whispered. She laughed aloud.

"You men make strange demands upon us! You doubt our love if we do not spend the whole day in assuring and swearing that we love you! My dear Vladimir, I love you as much as ever; perhaps even more than before, but we need not ruffle and crumple my beautiful dress on that account."

He fell into a meditation.

"We were so happy with each other in the Crimea! There the world did not part us. There there were no soirees, no beautiful dresses, we lived for and in each other."

"My dear Vladimir," she said resting on his arm, "don't trouble yourself, and believe me that I love you with all my heart! No one was happier then I was when we were alone. But here, in Petersburg, I have to consider my father, my old friends and kinsfolk. Let me enjoy the world a little longer—and then we'll be so happy again in our solitude."

"Ah! that world!" he repeated sadly, "where I cannot accompany you. During these five weeks I doubt if I have seen you three hours daily. If you are not dressing you are resting or you are undressing. Dinners, balls, parties, promenades, and if we come together by chance I have to behave as if I hardly knew you. If you receive at home I must stay away. Believe me, Jana, a man who wants to live in society ought not to love his wife. If he does, it is all pain and sorrow."

Jana laughed again.

"You are incomparable, Vladimir, and as a reward you shall have a sweet kiss. But mind my dress."

She kissed him and exclaimed, rising:

"And now I must tell my lord and master how I mean to spend the day. Dinner with Sophie and Countess Hahn at Rita's; next to the Princess Olga, where an important affair is to be discussed, of which you shall hear something if you behave well. At 11 I'll come home and then we'll take tea together. How do you like my plan?"

"I cannot tell you how much, my angel. But let me make one little remark. This Rita, of whom you are always speaking, is not a suitable companion for a woman of your age and in your position; and besides, who knows if her name is unstained?"

Jana bit her lips.

"I cannot bear evil tongues, dearest. What can they say against Rita?"

"Perhaps nothing more than that her name is on everybody's tongue. This French woman has turned everything topsy-turvy in society. Her dress, her carriage, her liveries, all excite attention. Her whole manner is marked with an irrepressible desire to be independent. She has succeeded in charming everybody, so that her eccentricities and her bold original ways are for a ven. I prize you so highly that I suffer when I see you continually in the company of a French Secretary of Legation who, like his countrymen, seems to think he can do whatever he chooses."

"Why," replied Jana, "you develop no small diplomacy by appealing to my self-love. But, remember. She is almost ugly, while I reign by my beauty. She is poor. I have a large fortune. No one will ever count me her equal. Her eccentricities arise all from her naturally gay and cheerful temper. You surely would not have me be more fastidious in the choice of my friends than the Empress—who cannot get along without Rita!"

"I repeat, my darling, her name is too well known. A woman who is much talked of always arouses mistrust. Sophie and the Princess Olga are both of them slightly insane. And this Count Hahn who passes for ever so many years now, for a Don Giovanni, who is always with you everywhere, is not a desirable companion for a good woman."

Jana went to the mirror.

"Have I not listened long enough patiently? But now it is enough, if you do not wish to make me angry. You know I do not like to be contradicted. Rather tell me, how do you like this dress?"

Vladimir turned very pale. He went up to his wife and said with a tremor in his voice:

"Jana, do you know what jealousy is?" She turned round quickly; her eyes flashed fire.

"Do not repeat that word before me! I look upon it as an insult. If there are women who are humble enough to pardon their husbands for being jealous I am not one of them. If you love me more than all things else, Vladimir, you must never pain me again by such a mean idea! I demand not only love but esteem!"

Vladimir loved his wife passionately, and was so accustomed to see her everywhere adored and worshipped that he now bent his knees before her and said, deeply moved:

"What a woman you are, Jana! And how I love you and feel unworthy of you."

She held out her enchanting little foot and laughed:

"Humble yourself, then, and kiss!"

He pressed it to his lips, while she kissed him on his forehead and said laughing:

"The little boot you can luckily not injure! If you will only leave me alone and not contradict me, you do not know how happy we shall be."

"So I must again dine along with Miller."

"Is he here?"

"Yes, he is waiting for me in the salon. I shall take him to a restaurant, for at home I can eat nothing."

"And you do not even tell him to come here and see me in my splendor. I have fifteen minutes to spare."

She rang the bell and soon Miller appeared. The way in which he entered the room showed at once the footing on which he stood in the house. He went up to Jana, kissed her hand and exclaimed, clapping his hands in affected delight and admiration:

"Is there anything more beautiful in the world than a fair woman in evening costume? Pray turn round a little so that I may admire your side also? Vladimir, what can be grander than your wife? See how graciously she accepts homage and allows herself to be admired."

"I am certainly exceptionally good," laughed Jana.

"I would not trust that goodness far. May I venture to ask where the Countess will display this splendor?"

"At Madame de Dugar's; I shall meet Sophie von Lunsk and Count Hahn there."

"If I were Vladimir I might be a little jealous," said Miller. "This man Hahn is such a Don Giovanni."

"You see, Jana," said Lanin, "Miller says what I also said and you do not scold him."

"What is excused in a stranger is not allowed to you. Let drop that subject, however. I leave you to my husband, for I hear you are going to dine together. What pleasure, by the way, you will enjoy on Saturday also."

"Again?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, laughing. Lanin hung his head and this resignation disarmed Jana.

"Since you must know everything sooner or later," she said to Lanin, "I will tell you a secret that nobody else knows as yet. This is nothing less than a conspiracy. We

Sophie, Olga, Rita and I have determined to meet once a week at Rita's, no gentleman are to be admitted. Hahn alone is expected in his capacity as Secretary, but he must stay in another room. This will give us a kind of club like yours. Saturday is the first day when we meet, then we shall draw up the statutes and found the Club."

"How pretty. And then we shall not see each other on certain days at all."

"Certainly. In Paris they have already such a club. The ladies have invented the whole thing to punish you, gentlemen, for your fondness for race courses and hazard playing. So much the worse for husbands like you, Vladimir. You will have to suffer for the others."

Miller broke out into uproarious laughter but Lanin grew sad.

"May the whole concern go to the lard where peppers grow, and the insane French woman who has invented it with it!" cried he, more in jest than in real earnest.

Jana laughed now.

"You can do nothing against us, husband! You had better submit to your fate and get used to it. Now, for instance, next Saturday you will not see me at all the whole day, you can go and drive with Mr. Miller in the city, and at night take a box at the Michael Theatre. I and Rita will join you there, as I have not seen the French actors yet. You may expect us between 9 and 10. And now good-bye! Six o'clock! I must make haste!"

"Well, good-bye, Jana. Come back soon!" sighed Vladimir.

"All right!" she replied, and disappeared behind the velvet portiers.

Vladimir took the Countess's arm.

"What shall we do till dinner; I do not think you will care to drive before 7?"

"To-day, not before 8; I have much to do and must leave you. If you insist upon dining with me, you may expect me at Dussaux, at 8 o'clock sharp."

"That is very nice!" said Lanin, angrily.

"What can you have so much to do?"

"I call that pretty good. Such animosity and such egotism as you married people possess, has no limits. You forget that I am a bachelor!"

"Well, adieu then! I shall have to take a drive thro' town," said Vladimir.

Miller, who had already opened the door, turned back once more.

"I shall go by the theatre—shall I order a box for Saturday?"

"Very well! Do so."

CHAPTER VII.

Miller, after leaving Vladimir's palace, hastened his steps along the canal for some distance, then turning into a wretched side street, a mere lane, he stopped, raised the fur collar of his cloak to entirely conceal his features, stepped into the doorway of one of the houses and waited patiently.

He began to whistle a curious air; then took off his sable cap, as if to smooth his hair, and began to stroke the cap with his sleeve.

This must have been a preconcerted sign, for after repeating it several times, he proceeded on his way and entered a low tavern. Taking a seat on a bench near the window he ordered a glass of beer.

Almost at the same time with Miller, a poorly clad man entered; whistling to himself, as it seemed, the same air which Miller had whistled, and he also like Miller had smoothed his cap with his sleeve.

The last comer sat down by Miller; and when he had his glass of beer before him he at once began a low conversation.

After a while the insignificant looking man arose, when Miller said to him:

"Do not forget; Saturday, at the Michael Theatre two decently well-dressed agents. At night I will give you the number, but there can be no mistake, as I shall sit in the same box."

"All right," said the other man, bowed and went out. Miller paid the score for both, left the tavern, stepped into the entry of the next house and quickly ran up to the third story; where he rang the bell.

A little flap in the door opened from within and a cautious eye scanned the newcomer. Slowly a latch was drawn back and Miller was admitted. He found himself in an anteroom which looked like an office. Opposite the door an iron railing prevented in and there stood a man who asked:

- "You want?"
- "The great party?"
- "Who are you?"
- "Ace of Clubs?"
- "Your name as a player?"
- "Initiative?"
- "You may enter?"

Miller raised the heavy portiere, behind which was a door, knocked three times and was admitted. He entered a large hall, lighted by lamps that hung from the ceiling. In the centre was a large table covered with cloth. Around it some thirty men were seated.

They were mostly young men. Some wore in ordinary civilians' dress, others wore the brilliant uniform of the Imperial Guards. Among the youthful men a few graybeards were visible. Before each lay a card fastened to the green cloth, which marked the seat and the name of the owner; on the table lay a second pack of cards. The assembly was evidently not complete as yet; several places were marked, but not occupied. Ace of Clubs evidently marked the place of the presiding officer, because this card was lying between a bell and a strong box. The chair was empty.

The man who had opened the second door returned silently to his seat, while neither advanced towards the chair before which the Ace of Clubs was lying; he spoke to no one. The dismal looking, cold hall might very well have belonged to a gambling hell, but nobody thought of playing and the deep silence was not interrupted.

The clock struck 6.30. Miller drew a key from his pocket, opened the strong box, took a letter from it, and rang the bell. Two men entered and took two of the empty chairs. They were the men who had watch-

ed at the doors, admitting the members as they arrived. Miller then rang the bell once more.

"Gentlemen," he said in a low voice, "the Ace of Clubs cannot attend our meeting to-day. I have been duly informed and authority has been conferred upon me in the usual way."

He seated himself in the President's chair and rang the bell a third time.

"Gentlemen, the session is opened."

All the members present listened attentively while Miller spoke to them.

"Before we discuss the measures to be decided upon in this, our last meeting but one, I must excuse the absent members. Ten of Spades is ill, King of Clubs, Knave of Hearts, and Eight of Hearts are prevented, being on official duty. The Secretary will take down the details and deposit them in the strong box. We count, therefore, to-day only forty-one men, but as we are so near the end I propose not to admit any more. How do you say?"

There came a unanimous reply, "agreed!" "Secretary General! what was decided at our last meeting?"

The man who had first admitted the arrivals rose and said:

"Ace of Hearts, Knave of Diamonds and Ten of Diamonds spoke to the satisfaction of all and the plan proposed by them was unanimously adopted. In to-day's session, Ten of Hearts, called 'Power,' is to report as to the measure taken."

"Ten of Hearts has the floor," said Miller.

A young man, Colonel of one of the regiments of the Foot Guards, rose and said:

"Gentlemen, my regiment follows me wherever I go. For six months since the work of regeneration assembled forty-two hearts around this table and formed this our union. I have been able to point out to them the sacred rights of man. They know now what a soldier's honor means; they hate slavery, as we do, and the bodily punishments, which demoralize man. As soon as the hour strikes for action you will find me ready. Two of Clubs is able to exercise a thorough influence on all the regiments of the guards; the six Colonels and seven Captains who belong to us make themselves personally responsible for their battalions and their companies. In this way, gentlemen, you virtually command a large part of the army now in the capital. Nine of Diamonds, represented by the Treasurers in the Finance Department, will be active for us."

"I am ready even to steal for the benefit of our country," said a man of forty, as he rose. "What I have said once I say for all times. There are eight millions of roubles in the money chest, entrusted to me. On the appointed day I shall hand the whole sum to our union."

The Colonel continued:

"Thus we control the army which represents might, the Treasury, which means intelligence; in all classes of society, in every department of the administration, we have men belonging to our conspiracy. To my mind, gentlemen, every moment a delay only increases the danger. Thanks to our energy, thanks especially to the secret protection of a high and influential person, who has not yet made himself known to us, we have been able to form this gigantic plan at the very doors of the home of the tyranny—a case so far unknown in the history of despotism. We, the leaders of all Russians, who demand an account from the Czar for letting sixty millions of subjects suffer in slavery, we can no longer stem the current, if we do not open a sluice somewhere. In the name of the army I demand the signal for action. Gentlemen, say the word for which we are impatiently waiting! Delay no longer! In the name of the army I repeat: On; for Russia's sacred liberty."

The Colonel sat down, having produced a profound impression. Almost all the conspirators gave signs of assent, but a few of the older men shook their heads.

Miller rose and said:

"I second the proposition with all my heart. The time for action has come. We can hardly go on without arousing the attention of the Government. I therefore propose that we hold our last meeting next Saturday at 10 o'clock. Then we can assign the duties and begin to live in deed and no longer in word alone. We shall cease to be conspirators, we shall be angels of freedom, or die as martyrs!"

All noisy demonstrations had to be avoided in this hall. In Petersburg the walls have ears and the police are alert at every unusual sound. Nevertheless a low murmur of satisfaction manifested itself. Miller

was in the act of seizing the bell in order to close the session, when suddenly one of the elderly men rose and asked to be permitted to speak.

"Gentlemen! Ace of Spades has the floor!"

"You have given me, gentlemen, the name of 'Experience' and not without cause. I am indeed an experienced conspirator. I have, from childhood up, hated that despotism which disgraces our Holy Russia. I have conspired against Katherine, Paul and Alexander. In 1820 I was a member of the conspiracy against Nicholas."

"Order!" called one of the members.

"Ace of Spades! Tell us what you have to say without going back into the past!"

"I thought," continued the old man, addressing Miller directly, "I ought to preface my words to this extent in order to justify what follows, which otherwise you might interpret as lacking in courage. So far, gentlemen, we have been content with secret meetings and confidential talk. We have listened to eloquent and powerful speeches against tyranny! but now we are to proceed openly; we are, as the President has said, to risk our lives and our fate. I want to know now who is going to lead us and who, virtually at the head of the whole enterprise. Before we proceed I want to know Ace of Clubs!"

Several members showed that they approved the motion. Miller had turned pale. The old man continued:

"We were assured that he was a high personage, who wished to remain unknown. Very well! So far our head may have had his reasons, but now, when we are to appear openly, this want of confidence is offensive to us! To-day, when our lives are demanded of us, we have a right to know who our leader is!"

"Ace of Spades is right!" cried several voices.

Miller frowned. The Assembly was evidently excited. At last he seized the bell and said: "Gentlemen! It is you who show a want of confidence in Ace of Clubs. Has he not given you proof enough of his power and influence? Has he not shown his devotion to our cause? Who freed the bookseller, Schunon, who distributed revolutionary works and restored him to his business and his family? Does not Two of Clubs, who was arrested for having conspired with soldiers, owe it to him that he was set free? Must I recall to you in how many instances Ace of Clubs has shown you the power he wields? Is idle curiosity to turn your hearts away from our great work?"

"It is not idle curiosity," said Ace of Spades. "I have asked no question till the day when we are to proceed to action. We must at least know who is our leader. We are not children to be led blindly. No doubt, we have learned to know the energy, the power and the wisdom of Ace of Clubs—our number has increased from a dozen to forty members, since Ace of Clubs has become the soul of our meetings. But while he knows us, we have never been permitted to know him. And as he always transfers his privileges as President to Mr. Miller, of Millerstown, I think we have a right to ask the latter, who alone seems to enjoy his confidence, to tell us who he is. I am inclined to move that we do not take another step till we learn who leads us!"

The assembly murmured applause. Some whispering took place and then one of the younger officers said: "We all vote for the motion of Ace of Spades."

Miller was painfully pale, a dark resolve flashed his face and glowed in his eyes.

"If you insist upon it you shall have your will. I know Ace of Clubs as I am ready to make you acquainted with him, but our President who has given so often evidence of his self-sacrifice and his courage, can have no confidence in men who mistrust him. Brother Experience has confessed that Ace of Clubs is the soul of our conspiracy. He has brought us everything—power, intelligence and material subsidies. He can make himself known only to such as have done the same. I therefore propose that you nine delegates, who will remain in this hall. They shall learn the name of Ace of Clubs. They can meet on Saturday and be acquainted with the other members of the conspiracy at a meeting."

He appeared almost

Miller, however, meant to profit by the lucky turn of affairs. He insisted upon the election of nine delegates. After a moment's general confusion the Secretary named eighteen members, with eight corresponding cards. Then each man present drew a card from the pack that was lying on the table and threw it into a basket. The President, to whom the basket was handed, mentioned thereupon the nine names upon which the lot had fallen. Then Miller turned ironically to the conspirators and said:

"As we have no other room and all leave at the same time to avoid suspicion, I beg you will wait a while in the anteroom. In a moment you shall be called."

The conspirators felt humiliated by Miller's haughty manner. All, even the Ace of Spades, now regretted their want of confidence. In deep silence they waited.

When Miller had only the nine delegates before him, he drew himself up proudly and said:

"Gentlemen, I am happy that the choice has fallen upon you. I, myself could not have chosen better. Those who are to bear my words must be tried men, ready for everything. Gentlemen, you wished to know Ace of Clubs. I will gratify your wish. I, myself, am Ace of Clubs."

All drew back dumbfounded. In the meantime Miller had quickly drawn forth a black mask with a hood, covered his head and in a changed voice exclaimed:

"Do you recognize this mask and this voice?"

Then casting aside in a somewhat theatrical but dignified manner both mask and hood, he added:

"You need not mysterious influences and important individualities! Genius and mind are enough for the multitude! I knew this. I had in mind a gigantic project which I had invented, prepared and elaborated. To carry it out I needed a hand. Then you admitted me to your circle. It counted only twelve members, and all your dreams and your ambitions amounted to the reading of forbidden books. I came, I kindled your imagination and warmed your patriotism, I filled you with courage, but what was I in your eyes? An honest man, that was all. If I had offered to become your leader you would have thought me insane. Then I appeared one day before you, masked, bringing in one hand Schimon's pardon, and in the other 5,000 roubles. The Colonel has introduced me here. Ask him why he did it."

"I had," said the Colonel, "received a letter from our correspondent in London, who recommended you. Two of our brethren vouched for the masked man. At the sight of the money and the pardon I hesitated no longer."

"How I could do all this," continued Miller, "I shall, perhaps, tell you hereafter, but you know how my cunning, my powerful intellect, has overcome every impediment in our way. I do not deny that I was endorsed by a man, an enthusiast for our holy cause, who was ready to support it, and who had opened me up an unlimited credit. This man is still alive, has large means and extensive relations, but he is not a man of great weight in the empire, and need not hide behind a mask. You shall see him Saturday. He gave me the money I spent, he made my task easy for me, but, after all, he is only an instrument in my hands. How to use profitably, he has done alone! Gentlemen, now do you acknowledge me as your leader?"

"Yes! yes!" they cried.

Miller opened the door.

"Gentlemen, come in!"

the delegates.

I must follow me.

He gave the signal.

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THE REFORMED BURGLAR.

But I must confess that my aunt's infatuation was after all not greater than that of Mr. Stephens. The vicar took Mr. Bryant with him everywhere, introducing him to his brother clergymen, and trumpeting his praises far and wide. Like my aunt, he would not listen to a word against him, for a great show of piety sufficed for Mr. Stephens.

"I do believe it will end in the man inducing aunt to make her will in his favour: I treated Fanny, on the last morning but one of my stay.

"But I thought aunt's will was made?"

"Yes; but she may alter it any day. I may as well tell you that neither you nor I am in very good odour with her at present, Louisa. That man does his best to poison her mind against us in a quiet way. I should not be at all surprised if she leaves him nearly everything."

"She could never be so unjust."

"Well, he is quite capable of forging a will, if it comes to that. She has foolishly told him so much about her affairs that it would be easy for him to do it.—Oh dear, how it rains! Don't you wish we hadn't to turn out to this horrid old meeting to-night?"

"Indeed, I do.

We were going to hear an address given by an individual known as "The Reformed Burglar." From a career of crime he had been suddenly brought to repentance; and now spent his time going lecturing about the country in aid of the temperance cause and public morality generally.

Mr. Stephens had secured his services at his parish schoolroom, and we all, including my aunt, made our way there. The hall was very full, but places had been kept for us; and when the lecturer, John Wood, made his appearance on the platform accompanied by the vicar, there was great applause. The hero of the evening was a small, rather slightly built man of about forty-five, clean shaven, and neatly dressed in black—not a bit like the popular idea of the members of Mr. William Sikes's profession.

"Where's Mr. Bryant? I don't see him on the platform," whispered my aunt to Mrs. Stephens, who was seated on her left.

"Is it not unfortunate? He was very anxious to be here; but at the last moment he sent a note to William saying that he had such a terrible face-ache that he dare not venture out."

Then the lecturer rising, briefly announced himself as a man who had been in prison at different times for upwards of seventeen years, and stolen from first to last several thousand pounds' worth of property, none of which had benefited him in the least. In a simple graphic manner he went on to describe the incidents of his career, pointing out how from a slight theft committed in a drunken freak he had gone on to crimes of greater magnitude; and earnestly exhorting his hearers never to yield to the smallest temptation, for no one could say what the consequences might be to himself or to others.

"Because, you see, one sin always leads to another, and often leads other people to do the same."

Then he continued impressively, "I was once when I was very young, not long out of prison, I was caught in a little street robbery for a small trick on with a lady, and she said, 'No, she says, 'my hand'—"

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Greatly to the astonishment of my aunt and Fanny, I insisted on remaining after the audience had dispersed; and when the hall had been cleared of all but ourselves and the vicar, I went up to John Wood, who had been detained at my request, and looking him steadily in the face, announced myself as the person he confessed to having robbed. He did not dispute my assertion, but readily gave the date and the name of the street; adding, "Now that you've found me, ma'am, you can of course prosecute me if you choose. It was strange that you should be among the audience to-night; but I've frequently used your case as an illustration of crime leading to crime, though, as you see, I've no formal plan for my lecture, but just say whatever comes into my head."

"No," I said, after a minute's reflection; "I won't prosecute you, for I believe that you are now trying to lead an honest life and do good. It is against your 'pal,' as you call him, that I feel the most resentment: for I must blame my own carelessness in carrying my purse in my hand when he robbed me; but he had no possible excuse for coming to rob me in my own house. What was his name?"

"Owen, ma'am; or Wilson, he used to call himself. 'Shiny Jim' was another name he had. He was that artful that he was very difficult to catch; and he was mixed up in a lot of robberies after that. But I haven't seen him now for a long time."

"I wish you could find him for me," I answered vindictively.

"If I see him I'll let you know, ma'am; for I consider it my duty now to protect honest people when I can, though at one time I'd have died rather than betray a comrade."

As I could see that my aunt was becoming impatient at the lateness of the hour, I was obliged to cut short the interview; and went home with the others, filled with amazement at the curious manner in which I had discovered the man who robbed me of my purse after all this lapse of time. I could not cherish vindictive feelings against him, for I felt convinced his penitence was genuine; so I transferred all my hatred to Shiny Jim.

I was sitting in my aunt's parlor with Fanny the next morning, when about eleven o'clock the maid came to the door to say that there was a man in the hall who wished to speak to Mrs. Law. I went out, and found John Wood, with a small portmanteau in his hand. He was dressed awkwardly, and began to ask the liberty of coming here on my way to the station, ma'am, to say that I forgot last night that I was bound to make reparation to you for what I stole; and as the money for the lecture covers it, as near as I can remember, here it is, ma'am; and many thanks for your goodness in declining to prosecute, and I hope you'll forgive me for all the annoyance I caused." And he put into my hand a sum which I ascertained to be a full equivalent for my loss.

I was beginning to say that I hardly liked to take all his last night's earnings, when a pompous double-knock at the front door announced a visitor; and Jane threw it open to admit Mr. Bryant, whose face-ache had evidently abated sufficiently to allow him to come as he had promised to transact some business for my aunt.

John Wood looked up quickly, and stood for a instant as if paralyzed; then suddenly caught him in a frenzied grasp, ejaculating "Shiny Jim!" In an instant my aunt's quiet hall had become the scene of a conflict, as the new-comer vainly tried to shake off his assailant. My aunt and Fanny came rushing out, while I secured the front door and dispatched Mary in search of a policeman. Mr. Bryant at first tried to deny his identity; but John Wood was so positive that he had to let it fall back on him. It must indeed have been some time after he had purposely avoided the lecture for fear his name would be recognized, and he might have been expected to appear upon him in some way. My aunt was horrified at the discovery, and her indignation was so great that she barred the door.

"I was once when I was very young, not long out of prison, I was caught in a little street robbery for a small trick on with a lady, and she said, 'No, she says, 'my hand'—"

mally charged the captive with being a rogue and an impostor, feeling quite sure, after what John Wood had said, that his pretended mission would turn out to be a fraud.

So, indeed, it did, and with the help of the Reformed Burglar, we were enabled to prove sufficient against him to procure him a long term of penal servitude. The police recognized him as an old and artful offender; and although he rented two rooms in a miserable street in Whitechapel, to which he had directed his letters to be addressed, the charitable work carried on there was so little as to solve the question of the destination of the large subscriptions he had raised. Indeed, inconvenient inquiries had already been made about him in London, which was the reason of his coming to Brighton for 'change of air.'

My aunt was too proud to acknowledge all she had lost through her misplaced confidence in a swindler, but we know the amount to be considerable. He had obtained goods on credit from the Brighton tradespeople in her name, besides appropriating to his own use cheques which she had entrusted to him for other purposes, and loose cash whenever he could. Her large donations to his mission were of course entirely lost, and ever after the name of Bryant was a sore subject with her and Mr. Stephens.

My aunt died a few months ago, when Fanny and I divided the property between us. But it appeared we had narrowly escaped losing all save a mere pittance, for my aunt's solicitor, who had known both from childhood, confided to us that his deceased client at one time seriously contemplated leaving a large amount to Mr. Bryant, whose plausible tongue had completely conquered her prudence. She believed that in so doing she would be helping a most deserving charity, as she supposed her protegee to be entirely devoted to the work of his mission. She had actually given Mr. Senior instructions to that effect, a ter a tiff with Fanny; and but for the fortunate advent of the Reformed Burglar up, a scene, I who write this would not be enjoying, for the first time in my life, the delicious sensation of freedom from pecuniary care.

(THE END.)

Not many physicians make great therapeutic discoveries. For the most part they content themselves with administering judiciously what is prescribed in the books. To Dr. J. C. Ayer, however, is due the credit of discovering that greatest of blood-purifiers—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

An educated hog—the college professor who spits tobacco juice on the floor.

A dilapidated physique may be built up and fortified against disease by that incomparable promoter of digestion and fertilizer of the blood, Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It counteracts Biliousness and Kidney complaints, overcomes bodily ailments special with the feeble sex, causes the bowels to act like clockwork, and is a safeguard against malaria and rheumatism.

Bonnets are almost covered with wreaths and sprays of flowers this season.

A. D. Noyes, Newark Michigan, writes:—"I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone, and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in her shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send me some?"

Constipation,

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

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

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

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

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

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

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

There are cases where moderate gun chewing is positively healthful. Bolting one's food is the besetting national weakness. Chew Adams' Tati Frutti after each meal. The shoe which is in the hands of the boot-black has a bright future.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

In fancy work women frequently get worsted.

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

Long curls grow longer and fuller
"PECTORIA" has no equal as a remedy for coughs and colds. Try a bottle and cure that cough. 25 cents a bottle.

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For sale, your choice of the following Books for 1c. each, but only one each to a customer. No. 1. The Art of Baking, one of the best cook books, full of information. No. 2. A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases. No owner of a horse should be without one. No. 3. Dr. Foot's Guide to Health. A valuable book by an eminent New York physician. No. 4. The Art of Dress-making and Fancy Work, with complete instructions for measuring, fitting and cutting by measure, etc. These are books worth ten times the price and would save many hundred times their cost. You will find them on the bargain table near front of store, and with them good envelopes for 1c. a package, and splendid No. 1 size white for 2c. a package. Come and see us and get our new price list, just in preparation will be ready in a day or two. Store open Monday and Saturday evenings. Closes other days at 6 o'clock.

WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

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Mamma (to her little boy). "Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar-coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.

Velvet is the favorite finish for light wool gowns.

Living in a Fool's Paradise. Many neglect slight symptoms of disease, hoping that nature will restore health. True nature will aid, but she must also be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from 1 to 2 bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

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Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 132 page illustrated Book on Deafness, Noise in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address, Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

Marrs for money—the preacher.

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

A rank job—going to war. Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy, and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, ear-ache, bruises, cuts and sores, succumb to its action.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

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

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1. WINGS; 2. LEAS; 3. FEET.

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

- SECOND REWARDS. First one, Fifty Dollars Cash. Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash. Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45. Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Doro Bible Gallery, \$7. Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell.

- THIRD REWARDS. First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40. Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15. Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet \$5.

- FOURTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH. Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, \$40. Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$10. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, \$2. Next one, Family Knitting Machine.

- FIFTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash. Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60. Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, \$2. Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, \$1.

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- SEVENTH REWARDS. First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold. Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7. Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash. Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1.

- EIGHTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH. Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, \$25. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth.

- 5 vols, \$1. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, \$2. Next fifteen, each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress. NINTH REWARDS. First one, Twenty-Five Dollars in cash. Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7. Next eleven, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30. Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1. Next twenty-five, each a copy "War in the Soudan," \$2.

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- ELEVENTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash. Next five, \$10 in cash. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$40. Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Farm Treasury, \$2.

- TWELFTH REWARD. First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Rosa Bonheur's Case. Next fifteen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2. Next twenty-nine, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book \$10.

- THIRTEENTH REWARDS. First ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30. Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7. Next eleven, each Five Dollars in cash. Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1. FOURTEENTH REWARDS. First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. Next eleven, each a World's Encyclopedia \$5. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40. Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Valuable Book, \$2. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15.

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- One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. One dollar is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny any one the privilege of competing. TRUTH contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, pithy, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiased standpoint for father's reading, Contributors' Page for all thoughtful readers, Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for Mothers; Latest Fashion, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies; Choice Music and Young Folks' page for girls and boys; Copyrighted Stories and Serials for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prize winners are published in TRUTH immediately after the competition, with street names of the cities, where given, and usually, at a town, village, and other places, if desired.

- The distribution of the hands of drawers given gratis of the complete set of the

Notice to Prize-Winners. Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 5c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

Plaid percales, satens, and challies appear among other tartan stuffs. Most excruciating are the twinges which rack the muscles and joints of the rheumatic. Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, by promoting increased action of the kidneys, by which the blood is more effectually depurated, removes through the natural channels certain acrid elements in the circulation which produce rheumatism and gout. The medicine is also a fine laxative antibilious medicine and general corrective.

The newest gold embroideries are supposed to come from Cairo.

Epp's Cocoa.—GRATEFUL AND NUTRITIOUS.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co.: Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Toques are so small they fit the head almost like a jockey cap.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years, that burning sensation and languid feeling have all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with success."

Mushroom and leather neutral tints.

ADVICE TO MRS. WILSON the doctor says she should be used in the child, softens the wind colic, 25c a bottle.

There is an advance of them.

Jacob H. B. writes:—

There is an advance of them.

There is an advance of them.

There is an advance of them.

There is an advance of them.

There is an advance of them.

There is an advance of them.

There is an advance of them.

There is an advance of them.

Our Young Folks.

Old Elsa's Crow Soup.

ILLUSTRATING A SWEDISH PROVERB.

Old Elsa, the crow, in her search for food,
Went early abroad through the grove of
beech
But found no berries in all the wood,
That hung not tauntingly out of reach.

The nuts were not ripe above her head;
Nor had she the strength to beat down
one:
The birds were abroad, with wings outspread,
But what could she do without a gun?

Not even the wild plums over the hill
Had taken a tinge of crimson on;
And down by the sluice of the brown old
mill
She hunted for cresses—but all were gone.

At length, on a rail she saw a crow,
Preening his feathers with patient care:
"Ah, ah!"—she chuckled—"I'll softly go
And catch him while sitting so careless
there."

But the crow at that moment turned his
head,
And away he flew, with his wings a-sail
"At least it will taste of the bird," she said,
And she boiled in her pot the bit of rail!

How a Toad Undressed Itself.

A peal of laughter from the back yard
aroused Mrs. Lee from her afternoon nap
with a start that set her head to aching very
violently again. She had lain down to sleep
off this disagreeable headache and was peace-
fully slumbering on the sofa in her cool dark-
ened parlor, lost to everything about her in
a restful sleep when the uproarious laughter
of her children startled her.

"O dear! I shall go wild if this headache
does not leave me soon," said Mrs. Lee to
herself, as she pressed her hands to her
throbbing temples. She again closed her
eyes to try and sleep when the children's
merriment took extra force, and the laugh-
ter changed to a scream. The tumult seemed
as though its object might be to frighten off
a band of Indian braves, who might be swoop-
ing down in war paint and feathers with
scalping knife and tomahawk to massacre
the children.

"Best is impossible," sighed Mrs. Lee,
"with such a noisy group of children at play
so near the house." She arose languidly
and threw open the blinds of the window
that opened toward the garden. The child-
ren stood in a circle, watching something on
the ground with great interest, while the
screams of laughter told quite well that
they had found something uncommon. Mrs.
Lee stepped upon the porch, half-forgetting
her headache in the excitement that seemed
"catching" like a fever.

"O, mamma," exclaimed Allie, when she
saw her mother watching them. "Come
here and see what we have found."
"Do come, mamma," cried all the children
in chorus, as they clapped their hands
and shouted a-gain at the top of their voices.
"Look, children," said Mrs. Lee, as she went
down the walk. "You will alarm
me if you are not more quiet."

"What is it?" cried Willie in his
excitement. "When you see what this
creature has made room for her-
self, you will see why Mrs. Lee came upon the scene
and gave a little convulsive
gasp, as she swallowed and
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gasp, as she swallowed and
spoke in a hoarse voice."

The lady and her children now gathered
around another large toad. It was acting
queer, and they watched it with interest to
see what it would do. Sir Toad appeared slugh-
ish and quite unconscious of their presence,
while he pressed his elbows against his sides,
and rubbed downward.

After a few smart rubs, his skin began
to burst open along the back, but he kept
rubbing until he had worked all his skin
into folds on his sides and hips. He then
grasped one hind leg with his hands, which
looked almost human, and pulled the skin
from that leg.

"Off comes his left pant leg," shouted
Willie. An explosion of laughter followed,
and then all became quiet, awaiting the next
move, which was the removal of the right
pant leg.

He now pulled his cast-off garment for-
ward between his fore legs into his mouth
and swallowed it.

"Why don't you give your old pants to
an orphan or sell 'em to a rag man, Mr.
Toady?" queried the jocular Willie, in such
a comical tone, that Mrs. Lee joined heart-
ily in the laugh.

"Mr. Toady" paid no attention to this
question. He was raising and lowering his
head, swallowing as his head came down,
thus stripping off the skin from his abdomen
until he came to his fore legs.

"Now he is going to pull off his sleeve,"
said Allie.

Grasping one of his fore legs with the
opposite hand, by considerable pulling he
stripped off the skin. He now by a slight
motion of the head, and all the time swal-
lowing, drew the skin from the neck, and
swallowed the last of his late costume. But he
was none the poorer, because he now, wear-
ing in a dazzling new suit, and seemed well
contented with himself over his new Spring
clothes and hearty dinner.

He now hopped away, while Mrs. Lee
laughed heartily with the children, who
almost shrieked with merriment.

On the Congo With Stanley.

In the evenings when we put in shore for
the night to cut wood, my chief, Stanley,
would often narrate some of the stirring
events which occurred during his memorable
expedition to relieve Dr. Livingstone, or
his still more thrilling voyage through the
Dark Continent. I remember one particular
occasion—when the rising moon threw long,
silver ripples across the purple waters of the
Congo, and the soft evening air fanned the
smoldering patches of grass on the surround-
ing hills into flame, which cast in fantastic
relief the weird shapes of the rocky uplands
and the wondrous variety of the tropical
vegetation.

Stanley, dressed in his campaigning costume
of brown jacket and knickerbockers, with
his broad-crowned peak cap pushed off his
forehead, seated on a log, smoking his briar
pipe by the camp-fire, whose ruddy glow fell
on his sunburnt features and lighted up the
characteristic lines of that manly face, his
eyes fixed with the reminiscences of the
glorious past, held me spellbound as I listened
to this thrilling narrative of the attack in
77 on his cumbrous but ever-ready little
band, by those barbarous cannibals, the
Bangala.

How this veritable armada of war-canoes
bore down upon his small craft; how he ran
the gamut of these intrepid warriors to the
safe reaches beyond, through an atmosphere
darkened by the flight of arrows and quiver-
ing spears,—thinning their ranks as he passed
with a deadly hail from his rifle. Mr.
Stanley was always leary whether ashore or
afloat. The top of his little cabin in the
after-part of the En Avant formed his table,
and I have no doubt a great deal of the in-
teresting material which he embodied in his
book, "The Congo and the founding of its
Free State," was penned on the cabin of the
En Avant. Occasionally, he would leave off
his pipe, put down his pencil, and take a
glance survey of the surroundings; some-
times as old crocodile, disturbed by the pad-
dles in his members on a mud-bank.

As he drew to the water's edge, and
was leaning toward us, as if to get a
better view of the things, he would for an
instant turn his eyes to a cogley generally
employed by the natives, and slowly up-
per the water, and then to the En Avant,
which he had just arrived.

generally friendly; but the large, thickly
populated villages of Bolobo evinced a
keen desire for war, and demonstrated their
aggressiveness by firing their old flint-lock
guns at our little fleet as it passed. Stanley
had previously made a station here; and a
white officer was at present in charge of it.
The history of this post has been an unhappy
one. Only recently all the station-houses
had been burned to the ground, and a
great quantity of stores intended for the
new up-river stations, and other valuable
property destroyed. The relations between
the villages and station became very strain-
ed, and it was only after two weeks that
Stanley's characteristic tact triumphed over
the suspicions of these natives and convinced
them of our friendly intentions, and also
succeeded in making them pay an indemnity
for their unprovoked attack. Stanley hav-
ing called Ibaka and the other Bolobo chiefs
to a friendly council, presents were exchang-
ed, and the natives promised in future to
maintain peace with the white men.

Our little flotilla again started up-stream.
We were, however, delayed a little on the
way, in order that our engineer might repair
the damage caused to the A. L. A. by an old
hippopotamus who had imagined this little
steamer to be an enemy of his, and had made
four large holes through the iron plates of
her hull with his tusks before his pugnacity
was appeased. Fortunately, the boat was
close in shore at the time, so they were able
to get her to the banks before she filled with
water.

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke
curling up over the tall tree-tops, announced
to us that we were approaching a native set-
tlement. This was Lukolela, and in the
neighborhood of our landing-place the new
station was to be built. A crowd of natives
was gathered on the beach awaiting our
arrival, and as soon as Stanley landed, a
slave was sent through the village to beat
the old chief's gong and summon all the head
men to a palaver.—St. Nicholas.

THE BALLOON OF THE FUTURE.

How the Air will be Navigated in the
Twentieth Century.

Who can tell what marvels science may
not accomplish before ten decades have come
and gone? By that time—before the next
centenary of the first balloon ascent in Eng-
land is celebrated—ballooning will probably
have entirely superseded the Under-ground
Railway in London, to the incalculable bene-
fit of the lungs of the next generation.
Surely in the golden days to come, London
smoke, perchance London fog, will be mat-
ters of history. The metropolis of the
future will rejoice in a clear atmosphere in
which to make their aerial voyages, and the
dwellers therein will no longer dread the
advent of the month of November. The
Londoner of the future will go down to his
business in the city, not in a stuffy compart-
ment of an underground railway train, or on
the top of a jolting and cumbersome omni-
bus, but will be wafted rapidly and noise-
lessly to his destination on the wings of the
wind. The brief transit will be accomplished
at an altitude which will enable the travel-
ler to see outspread beneath him a wonder-
ful country, the whole vast area of
the largest, richest city in the world, and yet
he will rejoice in as strong a feeling of secur-
ity as that of the modern traveller who en-
compasses himself in the corner seat of a railway
carriage with the intention of running down
to Brighton or Folkeston. By that time the
early difficulties of aerial voyaging will, no
doubt, be as completely things of the past as
the obstacles that so long baffled the inven-
tors of the steam engine, and the telegraph,
are now. But patience—that patience which
is the truest genius conquered, and will
still conquer, all and every difficulty.

Perhaps no science has been of such slow
growth as the science of aerostatics, but the
old saw, "slow and sure," may hold good
once more, and the triumph of the balloon will
be great in proportion to the magnitude
of the difficulties overcome in perfecting it.
As Voltaire very truly says, "Perfection
is attained by slow degrees; she requires
the hand of time." Was not the steam-en-
gine itself a thing of slow growth? On its
first introduction, the wisecracks shook their
heads and prophesied that the thing would
never work, but the predictions of the wise-
cracks have not been verified. The triumph
of the steam-engine has been complete; the
triumph of the balloon is, doubtless, but a
question of time.

Those who have doubted the ultimate
success of the balloon will probably, nay,
certainly, be obliged to acknowledge that
after all they were in the wrong, that might
of genius can conquer all things; and they
will adapt themselves to circumstances, and
take their tickets for the 2.20 p. m. balloon
as coolly as they now do for the 2.20 train.
In a hundred years, the fleet hansom of the
day, poetically termed by Lord Beacons-
field "the gondola of London," will have
vanished from the earth, and the vulgar but
economical omnibus, dearly beloved by
paterfamilias who are compelled to look
keenly after the peace of every-day life,
will be as extinct as the dodo. Dainty
aerial equipages will have taken their place
—for the balloon of the future will probably
be a very elegant affair indeed, both lighted
and propelled by electricity. The dust and
dirt of railway travelling will be avoided;
the rattle, the noise, and, let us hope, the
nerve-torturing railway whistle, now insepa-
rable from journeying along the "iron
roads," will be no more, and the airy bal-
loon will pursue the noiseless tenor
of its way through cloudland.

Then imagine the delights of an aerial pic-
nic; picture the charms an aerial tour round
the world with a pleasant party; think of
the illimitable fields for sport and adventure
the balloon will open up in the future.
When the triumph of the balloon is complete,
the North Pole will be forced to reveal its
secret, for the ice barriers which now guard
it so faithfully will be powerless to bar the
progress of the explorer; the source of the
Nile will be as easy to trace as the source of
the Thames.

Asa's it's Getting Spring.

"The maddar look is pipin' forth a sweeter
note to me,
And I hear the peewees over yander in the
cedar tree;
The popple leaves is quiv'rin' 'cause the
wind is in the west,
And the robin's 'round a-hookin' straws to
build hisself 'a nest;
The black bird he's a-flashin' up the crimson
on his wing.

What's the reason?

Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring.
The old man's got the rheumatiz, an' stiff as
he can be;
Why it don't sit settled weather's more'n
he can see;
But when it clears off splendid, then he's
'fared the crops is lost.
An he reckons jest a little wind, 'ud keep
away the frost.
The kitchen door is open; I can hear Flurry
sing.

What's the reason?

Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring.
The air is kind o' soft 'nin' and you think
it's goin' to storm;
Sometimes it's kind o' chill'y, and then agin
it comes off warm;
An' jest when it's the stillest you can hear
the bullfrog's note,
An' it 'pears as if he wonder'd how the frost
got in his throat.
The ducks an' geese are riotous an' strain-
in' hard to sing.

What's the reason?

Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring.

CURE, CURE, CURE

Dyspepsia and Diabetes BY DIETETICS.

"OUR NATIONAL FOODS" is the trade
mark for a class of hygienic preparations that
will cure Indigestion, Hypertension and Diabetes,
when medicine fails. Hypertension some 2,000
years ago traced back the origin of medi-
cine to dietetics. Our Dedicated Wheat, Gluten
Flour, Patent Harzer and Baravara Milk Food
will agree with any infant or invalid and nour-
ish them into health and strength. Every
mouthful will prove effective. A physician
who passed 5oz. of sugar a day was cured of
diabetes by our Gluten Flour. An infant a few
months old was cured in three days. The cereals
from which these foods are made are treated in
the light of all the scientific progress of the
times by our entire starch into dextrin,
etc. Ask for them, use them and be convinced.
The trade supplied.

The Ireland National Food Co., Ltd.

109 Cottenham Street and

124 to 126 Marlborough Ave., Toronto.

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A BRAVE GIRL'S MISFORTUNE.

One of the Blizzard Perils in Great Danger of Total Blindness.

There is a young girl lying in one of the wards in Wesley Hospital, Chicago, a slight, white girl with yellow hair. She is only 21, but her eyes are failing and the physicians say that the end will be blindness. Of course there is a chance. There always is. The simple fact that a young girl is losing her eyesight is not of much importance; the world is too busy to pay much attention to commonplace things of this sort. There is one element in this story that lifts it above the commonplace. That young girl is of the same tough, true fibre that old heroes and heroines were made of.

People out in the far West remember Jan. 12, 1888. That was the day of the great blizzard. It crept over the plains, gathering strength, until it swept through Nebraska—a whirling avalanche of wind and ice and darkness. Sixteen children gathered that morning at a little schoolhouse on the Nebraska prairie. The teacher was Sarah Hill, a young Western girl of 19. A year before, with true Western grit she determined to make her own way in the world, and this little district schoolhouse on the prairie was the first milestone on her way. About noon the wind rose and the air grew suddenly dark. In less than ten minutes the blizzard is sweeping over the little schoolhouse. The snow piles up sullenly, and it is icy cold. The fire is dying out; the coal box is nearly empty. Clearly something must be done. It is impossible to stay in that ramshackle building, without fire or fuel; it seems almost impossible to face the blizzard in the attempt to reach a safer shelter. Not for a moment does the young teacher think of the ease with which she might save herself. She calls the youngsters about her and divides their wraps among them. Then they set out.

Miss Hill held the smallest girl, a tot of 6, by the hand. The other children joined hands and formed an Indian file, all clinging together; in this manner the little band started out to fight a way through the wind and snow.

"The thin snow," says Miss Hill, "sifting into the eyes and ears and nose, blinded and choked us. The wind tore our wraps open, and our clothing was no protection against the cold and the snow. The snow froze on our faces as fast as it fell; it glued our eyelids down. The only way I could tell if all the little ones were there was to turn my back to the wind and pry my eyes open."

So they went on, the brave girl leading the way, the tired, frightened children stumbling after her with their heads down. Miss Hill picks her way as best she can. The snow grows deeper; piles up along the road in drifts through which they have to beat their way.

My only fear was that one of the children should be lost," said Miss Hill. "They were all brave little things—prairie born—and it was hard to drag them along and give them courage."

"And did not you lose heart?"

"No," said the girl, simply. "I prayed."

For one hour they fought the blizzard. Once they strayed from the road and wandered for a long time before they found it again. It is odd they ever found it. Men died that day within a few yards of their own doors, lost in the darkness and snow. But these helpless youngsters had a brave guide. She found the road again. It was time. The weak child she held by the hand fell and could not be roused. Miss Hill took the little one in her arms and staggered on. The child next in line clung to her skirts. A dark blotch against the sky; one flash of red in it. The half-blinded girl took the child for a house and heard her voice. She had saved sixteen sturdy little Nebraskans.

"What were your thoughts during the journey," she was asked.

"I thought of the children. And then she added after a moment, "Yes, when I felt I could not keep up, I thought of their mothers. Yes, there was one other thought. I knew it was my duty I could not betray the confidence the people had put in me. I knew God would bring us through it all safely."

Miss Sarah Hill is a patient in the Wesley Hospital. Her eyes gave way under the stress of that blizzard day. A number of operations have been performed on them; many more must be undergone. The result is

in doubt. It may be that after weeks of suffering the end will be blindness.

AN ODD SIGNALMAN.

A Baboon That Works Railroad Switches and Makes No Mistakes.

The baboon which figures in this sketch is a well-known character in the Cape Colony, but more particularly in the neighborhood of Port Elizabeth. The history attaching to him is a curious and probably unique one. The signalman, his own name, was, through no fault of his own, run over by a passing train, and had to have both legs amputated, which would naturally incapacitate him from work, but the idea struck him to secure a baboon and train him to do his work. This he has successfully accomplished, and for many years the one in question has regularly looked after the levers, and done the hard work for his afflicted master. The animal is possessed of extraordinary intelligence, and has never made a mistake. Of course, the human servant works the telegraphs and the baboon the levers, according to instruction; and taking into consideration the fact that at the station in question, Uitenhage Junction, and about twenty miles from Port Elizabeth, there is a large volume of traffic, the sagacity of the creature is really wonderful. At first passengers raised a strong protest against the employment of the animal, on the score of risk of accident, but the baboon has never yet failed during his many years of work, and on more than one occasion has acted in a manner simply astounding to those who never had personal experience of the intelligence of these brutes. One of his most noteworthy performances was the correct switching of an unannounced special train on its correct line in the absence of the signalman. The latter lives about a mile up the line, and the baboon pushes him out and home, morning and night, and is the sole companion of his legless master.

Any woman who reads the following letter, and is anxious to be cured, may get one month's treatment for \$1, or a free trial sample of Dr. Kilmer's Wonderful "Olive Branch" Specific by addressing

Mrs. R. W. Trotter,
5 Richmond Street W., Toronto,
Camden, Oct. 27th, 1889.

DR. KILMER,
Dear Sir— I thank the Lord for placing the Wonderful "Olive Branch" Specific and Famous Blood, Liver and Stomach Powders in your hands, and for putting it in the heart of Mrs. W. Smith to visit me and urge me to use your Wonderful REMEDIES. I was afflicted for more than 23 years with female complaints. I had doctored with doctors of all schools and none gave me permanent relief. As a last resort I was taken to the hospital in Philadelphia, and the Professor told me the only remedy was the knife. But I would not consent to be given relief at the risk of my life, so I was brought home again to suffer and die a natural death. I was on the verge of the grave and prayed God to send death to relieve me of my sufferings. I was reduced to about 95 pounds in weight. My husband paid out \$300 for my relief, but in vain. At last the "Olive Branch" (God bless it) reached me through your agent, Mrs. W. Smith. I commenced to use it in conjunction with your Powders on the 1st of September 1888, and up to the time I was wholly restored, had used nine boxes of the "Olive Branch" Specific, and four boxes of the Powders.

Thirty large pieces of coagulated matter passed from me, and to-day I am a well woman, weighing 140 pounds.

May God bless your efforts in extending the "Olive Branch" of peace to women far and near.

You are at liberty to use my humble testimony, and if you do I pray that it may result in bringing relief to some poor sufferer through the medium of your blessed "Olive Branch."

The doors of our home stand wide to all wishing to know all about my feelings. My heart speaks thanks, my pen can describe. In gratitude I shall always remain,

Your Friend,
MRS. MARY A. HENDERSON.

The high crowned hat has not disappeared completely from the wardrobe effects of the summer girl.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Monte Carlo authorities now suppress reports of the suicides that occur there.

Paris is to have a cat show in June, with felines from every part of the universe.

Eugenie's health is failing rapidly and only at long intervals is she seen in public.

Herr Glide is the appropriate name of a Berliner who has invented a flying machine.

The influenza has appeared at Teheran and several of the Persian royal family are suffering from it.

The Shah of Persia is to have his portrait painted and framed in gold as a gift to M. Carnot, President of France.

Printing in Germany keeps its four hundred and fiftieth birthday this year, and the Teutonic Printers' Union intend to celebrate the anniversary right worthily.

The latest invention of musical Germany is a mechanical conductor, a figure which beats the time with mathematical accuracy at any tempo that may be desired.

Leprosy is reported to be spreading in New Caledonia in an alarming manner. Of 40,000 Kanakas, no fewer than 5,000 are said to be suffering from the terrible disease.

The Chinese Government has ordered one powerful armour clad, two swift cruisers and two torpedo gunboats from English builders. They will have a speed of twenty-one knots.

Interviewing has been got down to a science by a Parisian who advertises that he will furnish for the provincial press interviews with distinguished men, two a week, for \$15 per month.

It is reported from Paris that an apparatus for furnishing electric light from primary batteries is in successful operation there, and that the new house of the Duke de la Tremoille is lighted by it.

Police-men are so scarce in Paris that an outcry is being raised for another 1000 gardiens de la paix. Twenty years ago there were 6,800 police to protect 1,800,000 inhabitants; now there are only 6,117 for 2,300,000 souls.

An exhibition of toys is about to be opened in St. Petersburg. It is intended to illustrate the history of toys from the earliest ages. Particular attention is to be given to Asiatic toys, which are said to be marvels of taste and fine workmanship.

The Austro-German Government have been experimenting on the carcasses of horses in order to test the power of the Mannlicher rifle. The result has been to show that a Mannlicher bullet would pierce clean through a human body at a distance of 1,500 metres.

The Paris old soldiers' home, the Hotel des Invalides, will very likely soon be closed. The number of inmates has sunk from 3,000 to 280, and the Government thinks of closing the half-empty buildings and letting the old soldiers shift for themselves on pensions of 300 or 400 francs a year.

A Russian has, according to report, recently for a wager consumed the hindquarters of a large ox in twenty-four hours, together with 24 lbs of fat and a proportionate quantity of melted butter. Later on he ate a mixture of boiled rice and butter, weighing together 28 lbs.

There is a cry of fear in Paris lest dancing may be forced out of fashion. One reason assigned is that women with salons no longer encourage it. Another is that the waltz, which has for some year almost monopolized dancing, is too boisterous and exhausting. It has disappeared from many Paris salons.

Thirty seven French soldiers, under command of a captain, a lieutenant and a sub-lieutenant, are said to have marched from their barracks at Vannes to a railroad station 12 miles distant in one hour and fifty minutes to salute a general whose train was to stop at the station. Not a man fell out on the march.

Emperor William II. went to be buried in the grave of his grandfather, on the anniversary of the latter's death, at the cemetery of Godesburg. Several hundred other Germans had the same day visited the grave, which was covered with flowers. Some of the Emperor's subjects had seen some of the Emperor's subjects.

deserted, and ten months later he turned up, many hundreds of miles away, at his old home in Algeria. He had crossed the western Sahara on foot, through a region from which hardly one white man in a hundred could escape alive. It is the first journey of the sort on record.

Great uneasiness has prevailed for some months in the English civil service. It has been proposed to bring about reorganization by substituting lower division clerks for the upper division in certain departments, to increase the working hours from six to seven, and to revise the pension system. The employees don't like the prospect, and are beginning to make a mild sort of agitation.

The money spent for fetes, carriage hire, printing, and "indemnities" at the Hotel de Ville in Paris is said to be just five times that of the days of the empire. The number of sinecures has been nearly trebled, to find places for friends of the higher offices. The last ball of the Hotel de Ville was to cost 140,000 francs, and the expenditures really being 19,000 francs less, the surplus was divided up among the employees. An investigation may soon be expected.

A woman missionary on the Congo writes that the Sunday service lasts from two to three hours, and the little children, getting tired, run outside to play, disturbing the worshippers and cultivating irreverence. One of the royal princes at Mandalay, before Theebaw's downfall, would know how to sympathize with these little black folks. He was asked what he thought of a church dedication he had been induced to attend. "Well," he replied, "I wish they had cut it in two. It was a very long time to be without a cheroot."

It is rather amusing to watch the result of efforts now making by the Congo Free State to introduce copper and silver money among its savage subjects. The coins are bright and fresh from the mint, but except at Banana and Boma, where the natives see many whites, it is almost impossible as yet to get them to touch the new money. In the cataract region the natives will take the coins in trade if they may give them their own standard of value. The amount of provisions, for instance, which they sell for a dollar's worth of blue beads they will not part with less than \$2.50 cash. This has settled the currency question thus far, and strings of blue beads continue to be the only acceptable medium of exchange.

There are very few well authenticated cases of attacks by the polar bear upon human beings. As a rule they will never fight unless brought to bay. A case of this sort, however, occurred last summer during the travels of Kukenthal and Walter in Spitzbergen. A very large bear that was evidently half starved suddenly rushed upon one of the party. The man had an ice pick in his hand and dealt the animal a heavy blow on the head. Before the bear had recovered himself another man rushed up with a harpoon and ended the bold animal's life. Dr. Kukenthal says that in his many white bear hunts he never before saw a man compelled to stand on the defensive. The incident recalls the wild report that came from Labrador a couple of years ago to the effect that an army of polar bears had descended upon the coast towns and was eating the inhabitants, a rumor that frightened the hunters, who thought they were dealing with a small, with astonishment.

ON 40 DAYS



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BRITISH NEWS.

More than 2,000 Italian workmen were employed on the Forth Bridge.

American tourists are showing more and more partiality to much neglected Wales.

It is proposed to still further enlarge the London Zoo if the necessary land can be bought.

The daily edition of the London Graphic is not yet the phenomenal success that was predicted for it.

Work going on at Milford Haven confirms the report that the Atlantic steamers are to land there.

It is stated that the Zulu chiefs who were last year found guilty of rebellion are to be deported to St. Helena.

The rents of apartments in fashionable parts of London are said to have advanced 10 per cent. since last season.

The English middle classes seem to make a specialty of intoxication and disorder every time there is a legal holiday.

Princess Beatrice has grown to alarming proportions, and is undergoing treatment to reduce this too much mortal flesh.

Those professing to know all about it say the ocean races of two lines will forsake Liverpool for Holyhead next year.

More hotels are to be built at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, which is reviving its ancient glories as a place of fashionable resort.

When occasion requires, Mrs. Gladstone helps her husband's secretary in accomplishing the enormous correspondence daily.

English girls of the period are wearing eyeglasses with a wide band of black ribbon, there is nothing the matter with their eyes.

All the London hotels are now filling up fast, and at the leading ones travellers are not received unless rooms have been "booked."

An anonymous friend has donated £2,500 towards the support of ten missionaries in poor and neglected districts of London for five years.

An Englishman claims to have discovered a means by which the juice of grapes or apples can be preserved unfermented for so long as seven years.

There are said to be three or four ladies well known in London society who are determined to appear at the next meet of the Coaching Club on horseback, astride.

W. D. Savi, an Indian Government official, captured forty-seven elephants in one drive at Chirangiri, in the Garo Hills, on Feb. 4. They made no total catch for two months nearly 150.

The two brothers Davies, of Crews, were sentenced to death at half-past four in the day, and by ten minutes after five portrait models of the condemned youths were placed in the "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame Tussaud's, London.

It is alleged that the falsification of English coins by clipping and counterfeiting has reached a greater extent during the last few years than for a long time before, and that the coins are so much worn that it is hard to show them again as a full.

The British Order of the Garter, which has been made of silver since the reign of Edward III, is to be made of gold by a jeweller they will contract to do so much the better.

Just arrived from the East, a young man experienced the Portuguese, who were boycotted by the British, and absolute necessities.

That is what many a man feels like saying when a new member of his family is born. It is after a long and wasting illness. In many households there are persons who seem to be fading out of life slowly.

General debility that indicates a weak constitution. The blood seems to be thin and pale. There is often a dry cough. Night brings no refreshing sleep. All that will be done to ward off the disease, and the surest efforts should be made to get me tell you of my own experience. My name is Dr. J. C. Williams.

on a long voyage. He offered them grog instead, which the men refused. The refusal of grog by Jack in any circumstances whatever, is probably unique.

Mr. Brundell Maple, M. P., will shortly introduce into the House of Commons a bill to be called the Salaried Shop Assistants' Weekly Half Holiday bill. This will entitle each paid assistant, who has been three months in the same situation, to have a weekly half holiday, commencing at four o'clock.

Dr. Dauford Thomas says that in the Central Division of the county of London and that of Middlesex, for which he is the coroner, some 200 hundred deaths of infants occur annually from suffocation, the great majority of which might be prevented if the children were laid to rest in cots instead of sleeping with their parents.

The patent lifeboat Storm King left Cape Town on April 18 for Melbourne. The little craft, which is only 30 feet long, with an 8 1/2 foot beam left London on Sept. 12, 1889, and was expected to reach Cape Town on Christmas Day. She did not arrive there until March 2. She is manned by her inventor, Capt. Joergenson, and a comrade named Nelson.

Journalistic criticism is a dangerous calling in Hungary. An article which appeared recently in a journal at Klausenburg gave so much offence that it led to no fewer than thirteen duels. The editor of the paper fought four duels, in one of which he killed his opponent, the author of the obnoxious article passed safely through three encounters and the sub editor took the lion's share with six combats.

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.

The roses of the June time Are (I) so fair to see,

But fairer than these flowers are Is the rose that blooms for me

(In the cheeks once pale and hollow, And God be thanked, I say,

That the rose of health and happiness Blooms on again to day.

That is what many a man feels like saying when a new member of his family is born.

It is after a long and wasting illness. In many households there are persons who seem to be fading out of life slowly.

General debility that indicates a weak constitution. The blood seems to be thin and pale.

There is often a dry cough. Night brings no refreshing sleep. All that will be done to ward off the disease, and the surest efforts should be made to get me tell you of my own experience.

My name is Dr. J. C. Williams.

There is nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—115 St. Nicholas Street, Toronto.

115 St. Nicholas Street, Toronto.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Divided it stands, united it falls the tripod.

"Nothing But Skin and Bones," is the inelegant though appropriate expression used in describing the appearance of many females whom Nature intended for perfect specimens of her handiwork, but who have been reduced to this distressing condition by some of the organic troubles, peculiar to the sex, styled "female complaints," the symptoms of which are "an all gone feeling, weakness in the back, especially mornings, nervousness, and sometimes hysteria. The cure for these beauty-destroying troubles—and an undoubted one in every case—is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it renders it unnecessary to consult a doctor—a disagreeable duty for a modest woman. Of druggists.

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

501.

WATCHES FREE. 2000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be surprised. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

\$10.00 A DAY. Easy and responsible work for men and women. Address T. M. BARNES, 8 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

FENCE. The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farm, Garden, Orchard, or Town Lots. Prices from 6¢ per rod (16 1/2 ft.) Send for price list. Toronto Ficket Wire Fence Co., 221 River St., Toronto.

Stonemasons Wanted! (Both Cutters and Builders) in Toronto at New Biological Buildings, also at New Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park. Wages 25¢ per hour. Apply. JOSEPH YORKE, Jarvis St. Wharf, Toronto.

THE SMITH NEEDLE PACKAGE. Best thing out. Agents make \$5 per day. Samples by mail, 25c. CLEMENT & CO., 30 King St. E., Toronto.

CANCER and Tumor Specialist. Private Hospital, No knife, blood free. O. H. McMichael, M.D., No. 63 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED. Man with One Thousand Dollars to take charge of warehousing. Security or interest in business given. Apply BOX 310, MAIL OFFICE.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. For Circular Address J. DOAN & SON, Northcote Ave., - Toronto.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS. Sailing weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets \$10, \$20 and \$30. Return Tickets, \$20, \$30 and \$110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$25. Steerage \$2. Apply to B. E. MURRAY, General Manager Canadian Shipping Co., 4 CURTIS HOUSE SQUARE, MONTREAL, or to Local Agents in all Towns and Cities.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. has the largest stock of any Toilet Soap in the country on account of its uniformly excellent, delicate and fragrant qualities.

A. R. Williams, SOHO MACHINE WORKS, TORONTO. CANADIAN AGENTS FOR

Barnes' Foot Power Machinery.



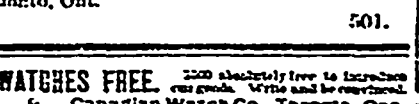
The demand for Foot Power Machinery is increasing every year. No Carpenter can afford to do without Foot Power Rip and Cross Cut Saws, Formers, Tenon Machines, etc., etc. Send for catalogue.

ALL THE WORLD OVER

Johnson's Fluid Beef

Is used as a Strength Giving Food for Invalids and Convalescents.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. 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 it is no honor for me now receiving a cure. Send at once for a trial and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and collect. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—115 St. Nicholas Street, Toronto.



115 St. Nicholas Street, Toronto.

"Always Sunrise Somewhere."

There is always sunrise somewhere !
Though the night be round thee drawn,
Somewhere still the East is bright'ning
With the rosy flush of dawn.
What though near the bat is flitting,
And the raven roaks his lay,
Somewhere still the sun-bird's greeting
Hails the rising of the day !

Should bereavement's heavy shadow,
Pall-like clothe thy stricken heart,
And the very stars above thee
Cease their lesson to impart.
Think the dear one, whose departure
Round thy soul such darkness cast,
Somewhere finds the heavenly morning
That may rise on thee at last.

Tropest thou in failure's valley,
Sad, disheartened, and dismayed,
Lest as in the past thy footsteps
May be yet again betrayed.
Fix thin eyes upon the Orient.
Turn thee from the Sorrow's feast,
Till the never-failing sunrise
Glorifies the darkened East !

Let us lay to heart the comfort
In this sweet reflection found,
That, however dense our darkness,
Somewhere still the world around
Dews are glistening, flowers uplifting,
Wild birds warbling, as reborn,
Lakes and streams and woods and moun-
tains
Melting in the kiss of morn !

Ne'er was night, however dismal,
But withdrew its wings of gloom,
Ne'er was sorrow, but a day-star
Hinted of the morrow's bloom !
Ne'er was woe, but in its bosom
Was the seed of hope imperaled;
There is still a sunrise somewhere,
Speeding, speeding round the world !

The Nationality of Priests.

The *John Bull* (London) says: "An American Roman Catholic has a remarkable article in an American magazine, in which he tells the story of a gray-headed priest who was present at a dinner of Roman Catholic clergy-men, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons. Ten of those present were foreigners by birth or of immediate foreign extraction. Two only were genuine Americans. Of these two the priest in question was one, and he, being rallied by his fellow-American on the fact that younger men were promoted over his head, remarked: 'I am not Irish enough.' The narrator of this story goes on to say that in the United States of America there are thirteen archbishops and sixty bishops, only three of the former and ten of the latter being genuine Americans. And yet he remarks that this is the United States of America, not Ireland, not Italy, not France, not Spain, not Holland; and he rightly concludes that this is the reason why Roman Catholics are taunted with being foreign, un-American, and unpatriotic. In Ireland all the bishops and archbishops are Irish. In France all the bishops and archbishops are French, and so it goes everywhere, in every country under the sun, except in the United States of America the bishops and archbishops are the sons of the country in which they live. This American Catholic further calls attention to the fact that the Jesuits who did all the hard missionary work for the first half century for the establishment of the American hierarchy were French, not Irish. There is a moral in what this American Catholic says, and it is not very far beneath the surface."

Portuguese Inhumanity.

A London cable says: The crew of the British barque *Oseco*, from Savannah for Newcastle, before reported abandoned, were rescued by the British ship *Highmoor*. Some of the rescued men were placed on another vessel off Lisbon. Five of the *Oseco*'s crew refused to proceed on the *Highmoor* and started in a boat for St. Vincent, 60 miles distant. They reached the island in a starving condition, but the Portuguese authorities would give them no succor and refused to allow them to land. The British consul gave the men a distress order addressed to the captain of the British steamer *Huffan* directing him to carry them to King and. Statements in regard to the matter have been received by the British Government.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

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

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

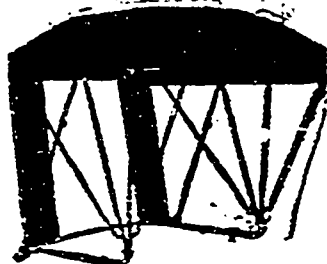
It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

J. L. JONES WOOD ENGRAVER 10 KING STREET EAST TORONTO, CANADA

THE CONBOY CARRIAGE TOPS ARE THE BEST KNOWN.



Their increasing popularity is a proof of their superiority. Be sure and get a Conboy top or your buggy.



Never Failing St. Leon

Up to three years ago Dyspepsia, that horrid sensation, wretched pain, and choking. The very thought chills me. A friend got cured with St. Leon urged me to drink I did. The choking lumps got softer and softer. I was cured and remain in the very best of health. St. Leon Water will cure when all other mixtures fail.

GEORGE G. WILSON, Victoria Square, Montreal

POND'S EXTRACT



THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, BRUICATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHOIDS

Use Instructions: Warm mixed meat or poultry fat more and pile in the center. Scatter. Break each egg in a hot, buttered cup, and bake until the egg is firm; turn them out and arrange them around the meat.

Work & Money

If you want both, go to Great Falls, Montana, and help build the Great Half Million Dollar Dam across the Missouri, the Two Million Dollar Smelter, or one of the Three New Lines of Railway: Nichart Line, Lethbridge Line, and Pacific Coast Line, all being built by the Great Northern Ry. (St. P., M. & N.) 18,000,000 of free farming lands along the line. For particulars send postal card to J. M. HUCKINS, Can. Pass. Ag't., 4 Palmer House Block, TORONTO.

To The Furniture Trade

Dealers in Furniture & Upholstered Goods

We the undersigned beg to inform the Retail Trade that we have a full line of Furniture and Upholstered Goods, also a well assorted stock of Walnut, Parlor, Lounge, Sofa, Easy and other Chair Frames. The goods are well finished and made of the best seasoned woods. Orders solicited.

Queen City Manufacturing Co'y, Ltd. 117 King Street W., Toronto.

PLATE GLASS

Delivered anywhere in Canada. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices. McCausland & Son, 72 to 76 King St. West, Toronto.



1164 QUEEN STREET EAST. Please mention this paper.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Co. of Ontario, Limited. Incorporated February 27th, 1890.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000. General Offices, 27 & 29 Wellington Street East, 34 & 36 Front Street East, Toronto. This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities, will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons, and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or counter-signing certificates of stock, bonds or other obligations. Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor. Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest return and is absolutely safe. All investments are guaranteed. THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the company are issued in amounts of \$100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security. Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to. W. H. STONE, President. G. F. POTTER, Managing Director. First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to W. W. SPARKING, Superintendent.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:- Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. BLOOM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

WHEN LOGS ARE HELD UP FOR WANT OF SNOW

Take your Saw Mill to the Logs, by purchasing one of our Portable Saw Mills of 12 to 40 Horse-Power. Most Practical, Efficient and Economical Mills Built. Send for Circular. WATEROUS Engine Works. BRAN

Confederation ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE

REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS POLICIES ARE INCOMPLETE. Free from all restrictions. Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender. THE NEW ANNUITY AFFORDS. Provides. Policies are not a certain profit, which his partner are years from the future time.

SPRING SMILES.

Knight of the bath—Saturday night.
 He—"I like seats with arms." She—"So do I."
 Curious. There are no counts in this country, and yet every man counts.
 When a barrel is full, it usually gets bunged up. And this is the case with a man.
 He—"Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" She—"Yes, if you are not too far gone."
 Fashionable ladies are not fond of hard work, and yet they know what a toilet is to dress for dinner.
 How many things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.
 When a man finds a button in his salad he will hardly take the excuse that it is part of the dressing.
 It is strange to see a man buttoning his coat up to his chin on a cold day, when the garment is a chinchilla.
 Many people who claim to be wedded to their art seem to have been overtaken with divorce proceedings from the outset.
 "Where are you going at this late hour?" asked the policeman. "To the lecture." He knew his wife was waiting for him.
 Mrs. Langtry is said to have become fascinated by the handsome valet of an English Duke. Is she going to become a lily of the valet?
 One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it is just as well that it is so, for a great deal of scandal is thereby saved.
 A Melbourne manager advertises for coryphees who "must not be over thirty years old." Let the Australian "ballet" reform proceed.
 Briggs—"Tomkins is engaged to a widow, I hear." Bragg—"Yes; that's just like him. He is too lazy to do any of the courting."
 She (facetiously)—"I suppose you call your horse Cupid because he's such a lover of a horse?" He—"Not exactly. You see he's blind."
 Miss Tender—"How do you like your steak—rare?" Tony the Tramp—"No, mum; I don't like it that way, but that's as often as I get it."
 Old Sol will soon in cloudless skies Shine like a fiery ball, And there will then be lots of flies Upon us all.
 Bobby—"Pa, what do they call a man who has two wives?" Pa—"A bigamist, Bobby." Bobby—"Pa, suppose he has more than two wives; what is he then?" Pa—"A fool!"
 Mr O'Rafferty—"An what did your brother think was the real cause of his death?" Tuohy—"Me brother never knew the real cause of his death, as no inquest was held on him."
 Ah exclaimed Mrs. Bascom, as the fragrance of the Spring morning was borne to her nostrils through the open window. "How grateful is the odor of the earth to the oil factory nerves."
 Silverstein (sarcastically) "Was it a matter of principle with you that Leah should marry a Gentile?" Goldberger—"Oh, no, he was not so far ahead of me as that! It was only a question of interest."
 Angel Cake— She looked with dismay at the result of her baking. And remarked, with tears in her eyes. "If this really is angel cake I have been making. Then why in the world don't it rise?" An improved phrase— We'd doubtless arrive at the truth a deal quicker. And speak in a language less dim. If instead of remarking a man is in liquor We said that the liquor is in him. A gentleman went to keep a written appointment with a broker whom he did not know by sight. Seeing a forlorn-looking gentleman seated in the office, he said "I beg pardon, sir, are you the broker?" To which the other promptly replied "No, sir, I'm the feller that got broke!" Banting (to policeman)—"I understand you secured the discharge of Officer O'Brien

THE CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION!



—THE ONLY—
ELECTRIC :- APPLIANCES
 —HAVING—
- ABSORBENT QUALITIES. -

A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE!

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and appliances on the principle that electricity is life. Our Appliances are brought direct into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

1890. A NEW LIST OF HOME TESTIMONIES. 1890.

- Sektor A. C. Botsford**, Sackville, N. B., says Actina is good for defective eyesight. He tried it.
- Rev. Chas. Hole**, Halifax, N. S., recommends Butterfly Belt for general debility.
- Jas. S. Musselman**, Berlin, Ont., general debility and catarrh—cured.
- Mrs. Geo. Planner**, Toronto, Liver and Kidneys—now free from all pain and strong and happy.
- John Arnott**, Iona, Ont., Lame Back cured after trying everything.
- D. D. Gilles**, Lucknow, Ont., Dyspepsia and Kidneys—after suffering eight months—cured.
- Daniel Campbell**, Port Talbot, Lame Back and Headache, after suffering for years, cured in less than a month.
- Mrs. Lottie Collier**, Simcoe, Ont., Weakness and Spinal Affection, strength fully recovered.
- G. R. Glassford**, Markdale, Ont., Sciatica and Dyspepsia, 15 years, cured in six weeks.
- Mrs. McKay**, Ailsa Craig, Ont., Sciatica 13 years—no pain after the first day.
- A. G. Henderson**, Hudson, Ont., Lame Back entirely cured.
- B. C. McCord**, Medicine Hat, N.W.T., Butterfly Belt worked wonders—Rheumatism, Back, Shoulders and Side.
- J. Cameron**, Beaver, B.C., feels like a new man after wearing our Butterfly Belt 4 weeks. [in 2 weeks.
- F. W. Martin**, St. John, Newfoundland, suffered several years with Inflammation of the eye—Actina cured
- W. J. Gould**, Gurney Store Works—After laying off 3 weeks went to work—Wore Butterfly Belt 4 days—Sciatica.
- James Story**, Fitzroy, Ont., after wearing Butterfly Belt one night, attended a fair, a walking advertisement for us, 70 years old
- J. H. Johnson**, Solpith, Man., tried a hundred remedies, nothing effective, Butterfly Belt cured Biliousness and Dyspepsia.
- Jas. Mansfield**, Saskatchewan, N.W.T., Piles and complete prostration—completely cured.
- Josiah Fennell**, Toronto, for six weeks could not write a letter. went to work on 6th day—Neuralgia.
- Miss Flora McDonald**, 21 Wilton avenue, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
- Geo. H. Bailey**, Union, Ont., a suffering cripple for 17 years with Rheumatism and Scaly Sore Feet, cured in one month.
- Jas. Nicholson**, Zephyr, Ont., Rheumatism 18 years—Resumed work in the harvest fields the second day.
- Mrs. Connell**, Lambton, Ont., Catarrhal Bronchitis 2 years, relieved in one treatment; cured in one month.
- L. D. Good**, Berlin, Ont., cheerfully recommends Actina for Catarrh and Cold in the Head.
- David Richards**, Toronto, Your Butterfly Belt cured me of Liver and Kidney Complaint of long standing in 2 weeks.
- Thos. Guthrie**, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.
- Thos. Bryan**, 311 Dundas street, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
- Chas. Cozens**, P.M. Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks feels like his former self.
- J. A. T. Ivy**, cured of Emission in 3 weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. McG. For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price. says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith but was entirely cured of impotency. Many such letters on file.

Catarrh Impossible
 Under Its Influence.
CERTAIN CURE.
 NO VINEGAR OR ACID USED.
Combined Belt and Suspensory
ONLY \$5.00.



Actina Will Cure All
Diseases of the Eye.
 Given on 15 Days' Trial.
 SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK AND JOURNAL—FREE.

NAME THIS PAPER. **W. F. BAER & CO., 171 Queen Street**

for sleeping on duty. That was right. Officer Mulcahey—Yes, sir. Yes, see, me an O'Brien had a nice corner to go to shlappe in every night. But O'Brien snored that loud. Oh cudden shlappe at all, so I reported him."
 Clara—"I thought you had decided that everything was over between you and Harry, and yet you've been sitting there for over an hour thinking of him." Naud (dejectedly) "Well, I can't make up my mind whether it would be better to sue him for breach of promise or to make up with him, marry him and then sue for divorce and alimony."
PANNIKINS.—Warm minced meat or poultry in a cream sauce and pile in the center of a platter. Break each egg in a hot buttered cup, and bake until the egg is firm; turn them out and arrange them around the meat.

A Potato Duel
 A story of a church, in a militant aspect. I believe that the clergymen conf. pulpit within genera as when they weigh against the sins in Ireland apparently their more definite form. At all events opened very recently in Carlow that a grand member of a certain declining to accept his part that he was not ners rather poy illy serm combat out. The man arms will firm; turn them out and arrange them around the meat.

The morning on...
 AR...
 The morning on...
 AR...
 The morning on...
 AR...

VAMPIRES SUCKED HIS BLOOD.

A Traveller in Mexico Tells Why He Believes This Horrible Bat is no Myth.

There are a few very learned gentlemen—naturalists, I believe they style themselves—who argue that there is no such thing as a vampire, or bloodsucking bat. Gentlemen, I am humble and unknown, except in my own narrow sphere of life, and, compared with yourselves, stand as a candle to the noonday sun; yet I venture to contradict you, and state that if you had passed through a little experience of mine you would undoubtedly change your views. I have not only seen these vampires, but I very nearly lost my life by them. An abbreviated account was published at the time in a few obscure Mexican papers as a matter of news; translations may have appeared in English papers, but I think not. If so, they must have been incomplete, and it remains for me to present the facts of the case to an English-reading public.

It was in the early part of June, 1889. I was travelling for a San Antonio paper and printing house, and was just returning from a trip to the extreme southern portion of Mexico. I was on my way from Oajaca to Tuxtla and Vera Cruz, on the Gulf coast, intending to take a train at the latter place for the States. It was one of the

MOST UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEYS

I had ever undertaken. I had ridden for the better part of two days in a volanteoche, a vehicle with two wheels and no seat, the bottom being made of ropes holding up a mattress, on which I could either recline or sit Turk fashion. The motive power consisted of three little mules abreast, spurred on by a swartly native, Jose by name, who alternately rode the left-hand mule and ran alongside, reeling off a string of Spanish profanity that was positively shocking whenever the little animals would not go exactly as he wished them to. The road was one of the roughest I ever travelled over. The rocking and pitching of the volanteoche reminded me more than anything else of a vessel in a storm at sea, only it was worse.

It was nearing night when we drew up at a small place called Oxite. There had in times gone by, been quite a collection of houses at Oxite, but now, since the pack trains no longer passed through there, the main road having been somewhat changed, and running about three leagues to the west, there was nothing there habitable but the posada, or hotel, which in its day, had been quite a large building. The walls of court, with sheds and sleeping apartments on the inside, showed its former dimensions, but only four of all the rooms were in a fit condition for a human being to live in. All in all, the building had a deserted and forlorn appearance. The regular inhabitants of the place were limited to three souls, Senor Don Tirurcio Beltran, his wife and daughter.

After supper I sat on the host's veranda with his family, chatting as much as my limited powers as a linguist would permit. Miss Juanita entertained me by singing several old Spanish and Mexican ballads in a thrilling manner.

HE WAS VERY PIQUANT.

of music the dilapidated guitar was made up by her really fine voice in romantic surroundings. I was jackets, etc., from my day's

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I must say this was rather startling, but looking about me and seeing nothing, I lay down again. Scarcely were my eyes closed before

THE RUSHING NOISE

was heard again. Though this time its wings did not touch me, the creature passed quite near enough to bring a decided coolness to my face. I am not superstitious, but am ready to confess that just then every wild story and legend of ill-omened birds that I had ever heard or read came back to me with remarkable force, and for the moment I was as much terrified as a child listening to a blood-curdling ghost story. I lay still, however, for what else was left me? "It will never do," I said, "to go back to the house; I can never sleep in there, and—" those wings again! They came as regularly as the movements of a clock. Yes, with even fascinating precision and fascinating is the word, for those wings now had an interest for me akin to magnetism. The regularity with which they came and went seemed analogous to the well-timed passes of a mesmerist. Once more—they are here and gone! I was waiting anxiously now each time for their coming, and I remember thinking that the failure of my aerial visitor to put in an appearance at the proper moment would render me wretched. "Now," I said, "I can sleep," and I slept.

To my mind there is nothing well defined as regards the remainder of that night. I have a faint recollection of placing my hand on my neck, and being startled when it came in contact with a large, living something—a something that struggled in my hand and was glued to my throat. There was another creature fastened to my cheek, near the left temple, and yet another was clinging to my breast, which I had left bare, owing to the warmth of the night. Even in my semi-conscious state I was aware that these creatures were drawing

THE LIFE TIDE FROM MY VEINS,

but I had neither the strength nor inclination to rid myself of them. An utter indifference to all things came over me. My mind was troubled by no regrets as to things past or misgivings in regard to the things of the future; for once in my life, at least, I experienced a sense of absolute rest. Another moment and sleep was upon me. Not a dreamless sleep, though. It seemed that I was prone at noon-tide within some shady grove, while the air was heavy with the breath of countless rare and beautiful flowers. Strange, shadowy forms, borne on huge pinions, circled about me, but their ever-restless wings cooled my fevered frame, and I felt no dread of them whatever.

But at last I awoke. I was aroused by the frightened cries of Juanita. She was holding my head in her arms, and I remember hearing her say: "Awake, sir! awake! You should not sleep—My God! The blood! the blood! Oh, mother, come! once. The poor Englishman has been killed by the vampires. My God, what can I do? He is dead!" Then I felt one of her hands as she placed it over my heart. I remember hearing her say, joyfully: "No; he yet lives. God, I thank thee!" And then I lost consciousness.

It was five weeks before I recovered sufficiently to continue on my journey. Never in my life was I treated with more kindness than by Don Tirurcio, his wife, and daughter.

How a Judge Got at the Truth.

What the race of judicial Solomons is not extinct in the 19th century, even in this country, is evident from the following ingenious device imagined by one of them to discover which side truth and justice lay in a difficult case that came before him. In the university town of Cambridge, plodding burgher complainant of the peace, "that he had bought a cow from him—honour," he explained, "the animal, and then the market-place to do. Well, my house, he or unless I paid had received I mean My as the the mon- bered with

must not call him names," interposed the Judge. "Did he pay you the money?" asks the Judge of the defendant. "I never saw the colour of it, your honour, I didn't. Why, if I had do you think—" "That will do," exclaimed the Judge; "the plaintiff's claim, unsupported by witnesses or evidence of any kind, is null and void. He seems an honest fellow, though, and has evidently lost his 20 roubles. Let's make up a little subscription for him. I heard the list with five roubles. Won't you give something too?" Inquired the Judge of the defendant who had won the suit. "That I will," eagerly exclaimed the triumphant suitor, "with a whole heart. Will three roubles do? Here's the note." The Judge took the three-rouble note daintily, examined it critically, looked suspiciously at the donor, and said, "You dare to utter false money in an Imperial court of justice? Have you any more notes of this description? This is a very serious matter indeed. Where did you get this forged money?" The peasant turned red, and white and yellow, gave a series of explanations that contradicted each other, muttered and mumbled, and floundered about from lie to lie, till at last in despair he cried out, "If you want to know the whole truth, here it is: This here forged note belongs to the plaintiff. He did pay me 20 roubles for the cow, the rascal, but he paid me in forged notes, and that's one of them. It comes to what I said, that he didn't pay me at all, and it's he that must go to Siberia for uttering forged notes, not I. I am as innocent as the babe unborn." The Judge condemned then and there that innocent peasant to refund the 20 roubles, for the notes were really as good as the best that circulate in the Empire of the Czars.

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