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TRUTH

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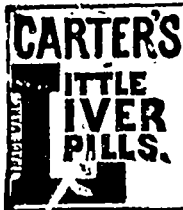
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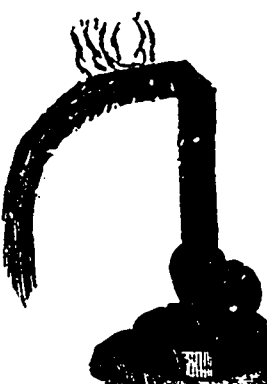
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

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TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST 1, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 252.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The spontaneous burst of enthusiasm which swept over the country as a greeting to the volunteers as they marched home from the war, was a very cyclonic welcome. From Halifax to Winnipeg, every city, town or hamlet which four months ago sent forth its sons to suppress rebellion, received right royally the returning heroes. And in no instance was the reception given too flattering. It could not be made so, in view of the sacrifices made and the results accomplished. At the call of duty the noble fellows had laid aside their various avocations as citizens, and, donning the soldier's uniform, uncomplainingly exposed themselves to the difficulties and trials of the march and the perils of the field. But great as were the hardships through which they had passed, the heartiness and spontaneity of the welcome given by their fellow-citizens must have in a measure compensated for what had been endured. Toronto did herself honor in the manner which she greeted the different regiments which passed through the city on the way home. None were allowed to go on without being dined and feted, and the genuineness of the welcome was felt by all to whom it was extended. But in the reception given her own soldiers, the citizens surpassed even themselves. The arrangements were conceived and carried out with an elaborateness and completeness which has scarcely, if ever, been attempted in any city on the continent. The streets were transformed into avenues of fluttering flags and waving bunting. It is estimated that one hundred thousand people viewed the "sun-browned heroes" as they marched past. The cheering and shouts of welcome were enough to inspire a statue, and the man who failed to be affected by the scene must have been a confirmed stoic.

Referring to the late rebellion, the London (Eng.) *Times* remarks: "Few campaigns have given a more striking example of endurance, determination and promptitude than that which has just been brought to a close in the North-West." As the reports of the rebellion which the *Times* and other British papers received were hatched in Philadelphia, and were both unfriendly and untrue, the editor of the *Thunderer* in the above paragraph evidently told the truth by inspiration.

The devotees of fashion are now "enjoying" the discomforts of the crowded hotel at popular summer resorts. These people should receive our pity. Obligated by their severe mistress to join the caravan which annually proceeds to the uncomfortable realms of some stifling summer hotel, they will be for the next six weeks enduring all the agonies which are involved in the making of four or five toilets a day, and the inevitable dyspepsia superinduced by boarding-house fare. Why do people continue the foolish practice of exchanging comfort for positive discomfort merely for the sake of being fashionable. If a woman wishes to display her good clothes she would, in most cases, create more of a sensation at home by exhibiting four or five

changes of attire per diem, and then there would not be nearly so much danger of being outdone by some one else, as the competition at home would not be so keen. Seriously does not common sense suggest that a few quiet weeks at an unfrequented but healthful wayside village would be infinitely more beneficial and recuperative than the practice which at present obtains of resorting to densely-thronged Saratogas or Cacounas. In the former case, too, the tourist would escape being fleeced by the hotel banditti which lie in wait for the caravan of travel, and be saved from the plague of physical torture and mental ennui which are among the afflictions suffered at all fashionable watering places.

General Grant's death on Thursday of last week, although hourly expected for some months, was yet a surprise to many. The struggle which the brave soldier had with the last great enemy was a prolonged one. For nine months the insidious and deadly disease, which had been hopeless from the first as to its ultimate issue, was borne by the sufferer with singular patience and fortitude. Now the hero of many victories has fought his last battle and been vanquished. The whole civilized world, after watching with intense interest and sympathy the progress of the fatal malady, will now unite in sorrow around his grave. The death of General Grant recalls to the memory the events and incidents of the great American rebellion in which he took so conspicuous a part, and where his brilliant military exploits made him famous. In the late General's political administration there was much that we would not like to see imitated—much that was unworthy of so personally pure a mind. The lustre of his fame as a warrior has been somewhat dimmed by some of his actions while President of the republic, but now that he is silent in death the sorrowing heart of the nation, regardless of color or party, will unite in paying homage to all that was pure, noble and good in the life of General Grant.

The people of the United States owe General Grant a debt of gratitude for preserving the integrity of the union. During the war he inspired the people of the north with confidence, and by his own valor, perseverance and clever military tactics secured success to the national cause. And the nation acknowledged its obligations to him by twice making him President. Nor were the honors which he received restricted to those from his own people. His tour around the world was one continued triumph. Kings and queens did him homage, and he was everywhere received with the highest marks of distinction. The circumstances of his last illness are inexpressibly sad. Tortured by a malignant and painful disease, harassed by financial embarrassments resulting from misplaced confidence in dishonest men, the last months of his life have been bitter indeed. But rest has come at last, and the nation's hero and its greatest general has ceased to be. The *N. Y. Sun*, which was exceedingly bitter in its criticisms of the

deceased's political administration, speaks as follows, and shows how magnanimous it can be in the presence of death, "the great leveller":—"Thus another great and memorable figure in the later history of the republic—the most memorable, perhaps, excepting only Mr. Lincoln, among all those who performed their parts in the immortal contest for the preservation of the Union—passes away from among living men, and takes his place in the records of history. What an instructive story is presented in the chronicle of the life which is now ended! What lessons and what warnings! What encouragement for patriotism, for fidelity, for weariless defence of the great interests of mankind! And, above and beyond all, we see the Democratic Republic, greater than all her sons, surviving every danger, victorious over every foe, preserving the treasures of liberty and law, and maintaining alive and undimmed the hope and promise of Humanity."

It may not be known to the general public that there are at the present time four vacant seats in the Senate. This is a bad state of affairs, and we would urge upon Sir John Macdonald the importance of having the places filled as soon as possible. The business of the country must be suffering severely while the vacancies remain. If the Premier has no political friends to whom to give the seats, let him appoint four good Grits. There are several members of that party whose seats in Parliament are not very secure, and who could draw their sessional allowance with the utmost regularity, which is the one essential qualification of a successful Senator.

The disgraceful salary grab still continues to be the subject of much comment, though the two leading party papers of this city have ceased to refer to the matter. This is, of course, easily understood. Both parties are alike guilty of the steal, and, as there is honor even among thieves, they have sworn secrecy, and ignore the fact of its having taken place. The undue length of the session is a result of the idle waste of time for which both parties are responsible, and it is quite natural that the organs should try to forget the affair or seek to minimize its importance. But the salary grabbers of 1885 will be remembered and punished at next election.

The Russians are still advancing. Zulfi-kar is a point which, like Penjdeh, is in dispute, though claimed by the Ameer. Late despatches state that the Russians have occupied in force a position commanding Zulfi-kar. Russia's practice is to seize a disputed point in advance of the negotiations, believing that possession will clench her arguments as to why she should be allowed to possess it. A second military demonstration at the gates of Herat might not be by England considered to involve as much as it once did. Military experts agree that England would have every advantage in fighting in eastern Afghanistan, and would be seriously embarrassed in carrying on a campaign on the plains of Herat. Of course the

English Government would be greatly irritated by a further Russian advance towards Herat, but it might not result in a declaration of war.

The last Ontario health bulletin is suggestive as showing how the hot weather increases the average mortality in all cases of disease. The "heated term" which has suddenly overtaken us may be expected to continue with more or less severity for nearly two months yet. In view of this we wish to suggest a few precautions which everybody can observe in hot weather, and which too many foolishly neglect to the swelling of the lists of sunstrokes and exhaustion. There are signs that the use of fiery stimulants in hot weather is diminishing. This is encouraging, though the common error that cold beer will cool the body still prevails to a considerable extent. Drinks that promote free perspiration without heating the system—that is non-alcoholic drinks—are the only ones which are really wholesome at such times and this is becoming more generally understood every year.

Temperance in action is another antidote to heat exhaustion. Instead of rushing about business when the mercury is sporting in the nineties, people should work as methodically as possible, taking advantage of every opportunity to rest and cool off. Business men should refrain from worrying unnecessarily. Extreme mental tension will raise the temperature of the body more than the external atmosphere. The mind should be under control and not be allowed to become unduly perturbed. More work can be done in this way than in any other, and with less friction and fatigue. Cold bathing during the hot weather should be freely indulged in. Many a wretched night in the heated season might be avoided by even a sponge bath before retiring. A well-known physician says that the surest way to pass through the summer with unimpaired health is to eat and drink lightly and of non-nitrogenous food and non-alcoholic beverages, and to keep the mind from fretting over business matters. An agreeable temperament will resist the hottest weather, while people who give way to the petty troubles and trials of every day life expose themselves dangerously to the influences of the trying summer season.

When are we to get the true story of the fall of Khartoum? The most recent account says that the city was not taken by treachery, but that it fell by a sudden assault, the garrison being weak from hunger. General Gordon, it is stated, resisted desperately till his ammunition failed. The outcome of all the stories is the same, however; the General is dead and the city taken, whether by assault or treachery is now no great matter. The personal bravery of the sublime Gordon is made still more manifest by each account, and every recital but adds to the lustre of the fame which surrounds his name. Gordon's defence of Khartoum, and his heroic death, shows how mighty one man may be among millions.

Truth's Contributors.

EGYPTIAN RECOLLECTIONS.

BY REV. E. R. STIMSON, M.A.

"Everything in this world is a tangled yarn; we taste nothing in its purity; we do not remain two moments in the same state. Our affections, as well as our bodies, are in a perpetual change."

The small account we gave of the Khedive's yacht, and the ashoring in of Easter Sunday morning brought us up to the time when we proposed to take the train for Cairo, one hundred and thirty-five miles distant; but there was a desire unsatisfied with us to see a little more of the ruins of Forts Ada and Pharos and to meet late in the evening again one or two gentlemen who alone could give us such information respecting the main object of our visit to Egypt as would accelerate its attainment. With these wishes prevailing with us we asked Doctor Riordan and his wife, both of whom were inspired with a love of making travel a medium for obtaining and imparting information, to accompany us as the afternoon was drawing to a close, to the sea side where the Forts were. On the way down we passed an Arab school, having in it about five and twenty children from the ages of seven and eight years to fourteen and fifteen. No doubt the young people of our own country will think it strange when we tell them that these pupils of Mahomet had no well swept floors and polished seats and desks, with good black-boards arranged upon the walls of the room as articles of furniture constructed with an especial eye for usefulness. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. The floor was of well dried clay, and this with little board tablets about sixteen inches long and nine or ten inches wide painted black, made up the sum total of the appendages supplied to the children. The teacher was dressed with a turban upon his head, no stockings, but sandals upon his feet, loose, baggy, cotton drawers, a tunic, and a girdle about his loins. The children possessed but a trifling share indeed of this world's goods to grace their pristine condition,—some of them, indeed, owned nothing more than a twine string and a fig-leaf while others manifested a long narrow piece of cotton wound about their waists.

They sat upon the floor tailor-fashion, holding before them their tablets of wood, upon which were written quotations from the Koran; and swaying themselves backwards and forwards, in a loud voice together they repeated, for the purpose of committing to memory, the prescribed texts. Generally they have a great dislike to having Christians look in upon them in a casual way, and as a token of their dislike and to insult the Christian they will spit upon the floor. In this instance they omitted the ceremony of spitting and quietly looked upon us with their large black glistening eyes—their hair the while falling unkempt straight down about their necks and over their shoulders.

It is possible we were spared the scene of spitting on a personal account; for it turned out that the teacher had an old and imperfect Koran which he wished us to buy at the moderate price of about twenty dollars. We declined his proffered book and hastened on to

FORT ADA.

This fort is surrounded by a wall enclosing an area of about ten acres of land. To the left as you pass through the gates was situated the magazine from which both forts were supplied with powder. The room was partly cut out of the solid rock and otherwise protected by a roof of timber, stone and earth five or six feet in thickness.

During the bombardment, one mile and a half outside in deep water the position was held by a squadron consisting of the "Su-

perb," "Sultan," "Alexandra," and "Inflexible." One of these ships threw a shell which penetrated the roof of the magazine, and burst, igniting the powder and blowing the whole structure into atoms, at the same time destroying two hundred and fifty or three hundred Arabs. The debris at the moment of our arrival was being in part removed, and the remains of the slain native soldiers were exposed to view. The clothing of one of the dead soldiers was taken off and kept by us as a memento of the sad scene. Among other ruins we found copper tubes used as conductors of slow matches for bombshells when thrown from the ships, and brass cups containing charges for guns.

Inside of a small room adjacent, used at one time prior to the bombardment by Arabi Pasha as an office, we found a Rebecca jar, in which drinking water was held, and a lamp belonging to the Pasha, together with considerable correspondence in Arabic relating to the conduct of the troops. This correspondence, if interpreted, might disclose some of the secrets necessarily conveyed to the officers of the army.

With careful steps we groped through immense fissures in the walls, made by destructive shells, until we reached the sea side, where gentle ripples now peacefully lay sed the shore, and invited us to gather up flowers of moss, each holding parasite shells varying in size, shape and color.

With a brilliant but warm glow the sun began to sink where the horizon was described by the Mediterranean, but to remind us that we were not to linger here, as

FORT PHAROS

was yet to be visited before the night closed in. Retracing our steps, and gathering up our mementoes to be placed in the carriage, we ordered the conveyance to hasten out through the gates. The road-way approaching the remaining fort was long and narrow. Upon it were strewn large mats made by the natives, of reeds and twine for household purposes. These articles were placed here to dry, for they were yet green and moist after having been manipulated in their manufacture. Over them the carriage was driven. Upon reaching the fort we found that the description already given of a broken and dismantled fortress would serve to illustrate what was before us. It was, though, interesting in many particulars, which we feel we must not stop to recount, as there are so many other places and events to talk about.

Late in the evening we had the advantage we expected to realize by meeting the consuls, and commissioners who were employed over the question of indemnity. We might discuss this subject, but it does not fall within our province to do it here; besides, the article of time tells us we must proceed.

THREE HOURS SLEEP

ushered us to the beginning of another day. Packing luggage is a tiresome necessity to encounter,—the more so, when letters are to be written for America by an outgoing steamer. This all accomplished, and breakfast, and hotel bill being included, we found ourselves surrounded by cordial friends ready to bid us adieu. There were many far less welcome ones yet to meet us; every donkey-boy, janizary, and man who had seen our face either in or out of service, was ready to solicit backsech; among them was the knavish old commissioner, who vaunting of his usefulness and honor, was with my band of thirteen Arabs on the shore of lake Mareotes, inciting them to indolence and a strike at the moment their energies were most needed when the seven hundred pound shells, the last and only ones to be had in the world, were being got out of the mud and sand to be loaded on the trolleys. But

little time and few regrets were spent over him.

This morning's temperature we found cheerful and pleasant as we made our way to the railway-station. Arrived there the process of weighing luggage was more submitted to than willingly assisted; for accommodation in transporting personal effects are so much more accessible with us than abroad that we are almost drilled into giving instructions instead of gracefully yielding to a discipline of the kind. The Arab porter was not slow in finding an unoccupied carriage for us, nor was he tardy in expectations of a "tip."

Our train made ten stoppages between

ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO.

The first at a suburban place. The second, Sidi Gabier; third, Abon Homos; fourth Damanhour; fifth, Kafrzagat; (twenty minutes for lunch, it being one o'clock p. m.) sixth, Tanta; seventh, Birkit-el-sab, (a mud town); eighth, Benha; ninth, T. okh; tenth, Caliouh. Here our carriage was surrounded by thirty or forty Arab women bearing baskets of good oranges on their heads for sale. At 3.30 p.m. we arrived at Cairo station. We did not expect to find the trip interesting and accordingly provided ourselves with reading matter; but there was no occasion to use it. From the moment we left Alexandria until we drew up at Cairo our sight was fastened upon the country, its expanse, its mud villages, the waters of the Nile at different points, upon the dense population, cattle, horses, asses, camels, produce and many other objects, all curious to a stranger and many of them explanatory of history.

Between the two places there is not one hill to be seen, it is a dead level. The soil is a rich, black unctuous earth. It is all the same as far as vision can carry you. Not one single stick of timber to be cut off the whole area. Not one bee-hive did we see; not one pig; not one flower nestled about a cottage door or climbed a wall to proclaim its existence and beauty as in Old England. No copious showers to distil their blessings over the country. The whole surface has to be irrigated by artificial means. And the whole surface appears to be under cultivation of some kind.

Look where you will you will see men, women and children either in groups or separately at work, or in a state of quietude. There are no concession roads adapted for wheels. All conveying of whatever kind of freight there may be locally is done upon the backs of asses, camels or other beasts. Hence the roads are more like foot paths than highways for commercial traffic; and along these common tracks are to be seen constantly Arabs of ages from infancy to old age with packages, bundles "truck" and articles of all kinds, either in their hands or on the backs of animals. Yet you see no barns or houses scattered over the country as in America, and some other parts of the world.

The people live, if existence can be called living, in villages made of mud houses. The houses are built back to back, irregularly and without any shapely doors and windows; their roofs are flat. The streets are neither straight nor defined. Everything appears to be in a confused condition.

In many places the ditch on either side of the railway track, by throwing up earth for trading purposes, is filled with water from the Nile. In other parts a canal appears to have been dug and supplied from the same quarter with water. It is not clear and pleasant to look at. It is dirty, and resembles a large mud puddle in America after a heavy fall of rain. Notwithstanding this impurity you will frequently see the young

and old, regardless of sex, in it making a bath. We are reminded by these people of the

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS,

only there is this difference,—these people have habits of industry and will toil for the purpose of earning their bread, while the Indian roams in search of game. There is this further difference, too,—these people appear to be of the most pacific disposition, if not actually amiable, and they extend charity to the needy among themselves, whereas the Indian when roused is ferocious and vengeful.

But in size, color, and inability to apprehend political subjects and educational systems they appear to correspond.

Any way, they live on year after year until hundreds of years roll by and history among them is lost without improving their condition. Should they change and adopt different habits, modes of thought, and customs of architecture and house appointments they immediately lose their original conditions, and become extinct as a distinct race of beings.

The entire population of Egypt is estimated at 8,400,000. Of this number 8,000,000 are Egyptian Arabs, 200,000 Copts or Christian Egyptians, 15,000 Turks, Bedouin Arabs, 70,000; the balance Syrians, Greeks, Americans, Jews, Franks, white slaves and negro slaves. When it may be asked, will the major part of these people see the light of an advanced civilization? If the love of a better system of life is not instinctive with them how is it possible to inspire them with a principle which comes alone from the Great Author of all creatures living? When can fellow-man grapple with that which is natural and transform it into the bloom and developed beauty of another and totally different animated and intelligent form of existence? We very much doubt whether another Mahomed or another Christ will again visit this earth and make disciples as the one and the other did in their day. And we very much doubt whether a warrior amid the most brilliant of military achievements can by any plan of education or by any tactics induce a totally different style of living from that we see now everywhere around us. We are not, therefore, prepared to stop and conclude our life in a vain attempt to effect a reformation. We are rather prepared to take things as they are, to make the best of them, and to enjoy whatsoever is good and within the reach of a considerate possibility.

We would very much like, if we thought the reader were interested in our rambles, to introduce another reflection as to the time to be taken to transform the races of Egypt to the tectonic character, and to couple with the reflection the importance of English occupation. The space of TRUTH closes down upon our pen and we retire for another week, if not from our subject, at least from our reading and forgiving friends.

The Kings.

The King of Greece is the founder of a dynasty.

King Humbert was 17 years old before a kingdom of Italy existed.

It was an act of abdication that made Francis Joseph Emperor of Austria.

Don Carlos is watching to pounce upon the crown of the young Alfonso.

The King of the Belgians is about the only European sovereign who was born to a throne and reached it.

The Kings of Prussia, Portugal and Sweden were born younger sons, the King of Denmark a distant cousin, and the Queen of England but fifth in succession of the reigning sovereign.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The average duration of life in Russia is only twenty-six years.

The silk worm culture in Hawaii is stated to have been almost wholly abandoned in consequence of stringent Sunday laws which prohibit the gathering of mulberry leaves or the feeding of the worms on that day.

London has over 10,000 policemen, or one to 307 of the population; New York, 2,870, or one police officer to 592 of the population; Brooklyn, 661, or one to 919 of population; St. Louis, 483, or one officer to 710 of population.

On the 24th of December, 1884—which is the latest official report accessible—there were in the United States 50,753 post offices of all classes. Of these 2,332 were Presidential offices, and 48,421 of the lower grade of fourth class.

The oranges imported at New York during 1884 were valued at about \$1,800,000 in a total of \$5,677,851 of green fruit received from abroad. Lemons rank next to oranges, bananas next, then coconuts, pineapples, grapes and limes. The duty on the oranges and lemons amounted to \$690,882.

The catch of codfish off the Newfoundland banks during 1884 was the largest on record. The French take annually 369,000 quintals of cod, worth \$1,440,000. Americans take a large quantity, but no returns are kept. The whole amount taken during the year was 1,830,417 quintals, showing Newfoundland to be the largest and most valuable cod fishery in the world. Next to it comes that of Norway, with an annual catch of 700,800 quintals.

If twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit exactly in the same order round the table, it would take them thirteen millions of years, at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have to eat more than four hundred and seventy-nine millions of dinners, before they could get through all the possible arrangement, in which they could place themselves. The following are the combinations possible from one to twelve persons. A alone would have only one change. A B two, A B C six, four letters twenty-four, five 120, six 720, seven 5,040, eight 40,320, nine 362,880, ten 3,628,800, eleven 39,916,800, twelve 479,001,600.

One Dog Saved by Another.

We have received the following interesting narrative from a correspondent in Greenock, who thus writes: "A remarkable case of life saving by a dog occurred last summer in Greenock, in a timber pond attached to a sawmill. The strip of land upon which the sawmill is built presents a frontage of about fifty yards to the public street, and extends fully two hundred yards towards the Clyde. Two-thirds of the ground is wet ground—that is, ground entirely covered by water when the tide is in. Three sides of this portion are inclosed by a stout paling, through which inclosure the tide ebbs and flows. The fourth side is formed by a perpendicular embankment of four feet deep, which also forms the termination of the dry ground. The inclosure, or 'pond' as it is called, is used for storing timber afloat. At high water, the floating timber and dry ground are nearly level. And as at the time of the following incident the pond was closely packed with timber, there seemed at high water to be little apparent difference between dry ground and wet ground.

"For several days two dogs of the bull-terrier kind, whose owners were at work in one or other of the adjoining shipyards, were enjoying themselves in their masters' absence by chasing each other in play, rushing impetuously hither and thither, sometimes along the street, occasionally making a dart into the yard round about the sawmill, and as suddenly disappearing again—out to the street, and up one of the many closes at hand. One of these

charges led to a rather sudden and somewhat disastrous termination. It was high water. In at the gate of the sawmill premises rushed the two dogs, the one close at the heels of the other, across the yard and on to the floating timber. One of them was soon made aware of the instability of its footing, by its slipping into the water between two logs which were floating a few inches apart. The two logs between which the dog fell were floating on their corners, and therefore formed a slope on each side like the letter V, which caused the dog to slip back into the water at every effort to scramble on to the top side of its temporary prison wall. Its more fortunate companion retreated to dry ground; but on seeing the struggles of its friend, it at once returned, and, by intelligent gesture, invited it to terra firma. The efforts of the unfortunate dog were of no avail; still it persevered, during which time the other had twice returned from and to dry land. On making the third visit, it seemed to grasp the situation, for with its teeth it at once caught its submerged companion by the back of the neck, and assisted so effectually as to enable it to scramble out of the water and join in another ramp, but not within sawmill premises. They were never afterwards seen within the gate, confining their fun to the streets on all subsequent occasions.

"It may be of interest to note that it was a male dog which fell into the water; the other, its rescuer, was of the gentler sex."

Queen Victoria.

Court Talk says that the Queen's regret over the marriage of Princess Beatrice deepens as the date of the event approaches. The departure of Princess Beatrice from the maternal home will probably prove inconvenient to Her Majesty in many material ways. The Princess saved her mother much state work, and mastered for her all the state documents whose contents it was necessary for the Queen to be personally made acquainted with.

The arrangements for the celebration of the jubilee next year on the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the British throne, have already been begun. It is proposed to make the celebration one of the grandest events of modern times. It is reported that the Queen has already expressed a desire to conclude her reign on this anniversary. Very little credence, however, is given to this report. A cheap edition of Caroline Bauer's memoirs is announced. There is said to have been a royal protest, which, however, was unavailing. The Queen is deeply grieved at its reflections on her uncle Leopold.

Some Original Proverbs.

A white lie often makes a black story. It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet. He who would eat the egg must first break the shell. Every back has its pack. Pens and ink out of reach avoid many a breach. Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you. The present is the child of the past and the parent of the future. The want of money is the root of much evil. Egotism is an alphabet with one letter. If you'd know a man's character, follow him home. Better a line of sense than a page of nonsense. The surest road to honor is to deserve it. Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all. It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best. Sighs are poor things to fly with. Home is the rainbow of life. Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread. They who live in a worry invite death by hurry.

It is said that prior to the discovery of diamonds in Griqualand West, in South Africa, Brazil, which was the principal source of supply, exported annually diamonds worth from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Even now, with a decreased value, the Brazilian production is from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 a year.

Notable Earthquakes.

The recent earthquake in the United States, recalls those of a more remarkable character.

The most notable and disastrous earthquakes on record, it may be said, are those of Italy (526), when 120,000 persons perished, and of Sicily (1693), when 60,000 lost their lives. According to Gibbon, toward 542 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken about forty days—of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole surface of the empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague (542-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Arabian and Persian chronicles record 111 earthquakes between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, some lasting from forty to seventy days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms of lightning or thunder. Readers of the "Relations des Jesuites" will remember the great earthquake of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaape to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 on the Mississippi Valley. The severest of the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755, an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbon—and saved the Pomba ministry, through the fact that the minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured, and his family one of the few not bereaved of a member.

Helm, in his interesting opuscle on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occur on the earth.

In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged in Italy, 98 persons killed, 223 wounded. The same shock may last for years; instance that of Viege in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1867. At Cabul 31 severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras in 1856, 108 were counted in a week, and at Hawaii, in 1868, 2,000 shocks occurred in one month. Helm, it may be said in conclusion, opposes the theory of a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and considers that of their coincidence with atmospheric phenomena as better supported by facts; for they are occasionally preceded or accompanied by thick and wide-spread fogs at seasons when fogs are not frequent by sudden falls of barometer, and equally sudden changes of temperature. Their occurrence, however, in the majority of cases coincides with normal meteorological conditions. Earthquakes are more frequent after sunset than in the daytime, in autumn and winter than in spring. The influence of the moon is insignificant.

A Bright Egyptian.

When the English explorer, Mr. F. L. James travelled in the Soudan, he was accompanied by a young Egyptian of the name of Sulleman, the story of whose life is an interesting one, evincing far more energy, combined with a keen desire for acquiring knowledge than one generally expects to find among Egyptians. Mr. James thus sketches it:

"Sulleman was born near Wady Halfah, at the second cataract, and at the age of ten years was sent to his uncle, a baker by trade, at Alexandria. He remained there some time, but his uncle ill treated him, and he ran away to Cairo, where he took several situations as a domestic servant. Here he conceived a strong desire to learn to read and write; so, having saved enough money out of his wages to purchase an apparatus for making tea, having a small grate underneath it to burn charcoal, a sufficient quantity of the requisite articles such as cups, tea, sugar and fuel, he left service, hired a little garret, and became a regular attendant at one of the native schools.

"As soon as his lessons were over, he would rush off to his room fetch his tea-kettle, and go the round of the carriage-

stands in the European quarter, crying, 'Tchai! tchai!' (tea! tea!) and so generally earned more than enough to cover the day's expenses.

"His relatives in Cairo were at a loss to imagine how he maintained himself; for they knew he had left service, and spent his days at school. His great delight was to go to an uncle who was a grocer, living in the native quarters, to buy some provisions, and to listen to the inquiries as to how he lived, and where he got money enough to pay for his lodging and education; but he kept his secret, and never ventured into that quarter to sell his tea.

"At length some of his school-fellows, meeting him on his evening rounds, told their master, who being struck with the boy's perseverance, gave him permission to bring his kettle into school with him; where, in addition to what he sold in the streets, the boys bought from him; and some of them, being sons of well-to-do people, would pay him a trifle more than what he asked outside.

"After leaving school, he entered the service of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, and went with them up the White Nile to the lakes, on the expedition Sir Samuel describes in his book, 'Isamalia.' On their return he obtained a place for him in the late Khedive's private dispensary; and, on his abdication, Sulleman followed him to Naples, where he remained for some time in the same employ.

"At length, being, to use his own expression, 'gusted' with the people in Naples; and as a Mahometan, living in constant dread of eating pig's flesh in some form or other in his food, he returned to Cairo, and again entered into service. His master, an Englishman was just leaving Egypt, and having no further need of his services, recommended him to the Soudan."

Spartan Discipline.

During the last century Spartan ideas of discipline prevailed in English and American families. Dr. Johnson protested against washing babies in cold water, which was practised in his day, the idea being that it would make them rugged. The purpose to make children robust dictated the method of governing them.

An English boy, while playing about some river craft, tumbled overboard. His face was badly cut by striking against something in his fall, and it was with great difficulty that he was saved from drowning.

He was put to bed; two or three days afterwards his father said to him, "Well, Harry, how do you feel?"

"Quite well, sir," answered the boy.

"Nothing ails you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Then get up and take your flogging for giving us all this trouble." And flogged he was.

Another English boy, being badly treated at school, ran away, and presented himself at his father's house, many miles distant. He stated his complaints against the school, and his father, listening until he had finished, said,—

"Well, my lad, you must be tired after your long walk; you had better go to bed, for you must be up early to start for school again."

"But mayn't I have some supper?" asked the tired and hungry boy.

"No, my lad," replied this Spartan father. "I pay for your board at school, and you cannot have it here."

Such stories as these two—they are related in the "Reminiscences" of the Rev. T. Moxley, an English clergyman—may account for that reaction in family discipline which has no sympathy with Spartan ideas.

Important.

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IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom o' the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Morals," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DOCTOR'S ROMANCE.

The doctor's manner was changing rapidly. He spoke with manifest emotion; and the jerky way he generally affected quite left him. Tom had originally regarded the gentleman by his side as an oddity whose harmless eccentricities one could afford to look upon lightly; but as he listened to his story he became deeply interested in the misfortunes of his companion, and eager with his sympathy.

"When I was a young man," said Dr. Dodder, a half sigh escaping him, "before I had obtained any diploma, and with my way yet to make in the world, I did a very foolish thing—common enough, though, with poor students. I fell in love."

In the pause that followed this confession Tom heard the rustle of trees behind them; then "Dodder's man" crept softly towards his master, and crouched by his side.

Tom directed the doctor's attention to the man's presence.

"Let him remain," the doctor answered, softly; "the story concerns him too."

The man looked up affectionately into his master's face; then he rested his hand upon the doctor's knee.

"My parents were not wealthy, and during my hospital days I had to be contented with cheap and small lodgings. I hired two rooms in Southwark, and it was there that I met with the girl I loved beyond words."

"My landlady was a widow; she had a small annual allowance, and that, with the money she received from her rooms, kept her and her two children—a boy and a girl—fairly comfortable. The girl was barely seventeen when I first met her. In my eyes she was one of the fairest and daintiest creatures I had ever seen. You must form your own picture of her. To minutely describe her would occasion me too much pain. Almost at once I fell desperately in love with her, and I had frequent opportunities of urging my suit. She returned my affection, and I thought her as pure and true as she was fair. We were so much together that I was compelled to speak to her mother and confess the truth. The old lady did not oppose us in any way. She insisted wisely as it seemed then, that we were not to think of marriage until I had obtained my diploma and had secured some sort of a position. Her brother and I were good friends. Our courtship opened very brightly and nothing seemed more improbable than that anything would or could occur to mar our happiness."

The doctor sighed wearily.

The man crouching by his side gazed wistfully into his face.

"When I passed my final examination, Mary's joy knew no bounds. We gave a little party that night and kept the fun up till early in the morning. There was good cause for our high spirits. Not only had I secured my diploma, but some friends of mine had obtained for me the post of assistant surgeon in a large lunatic asylum. I was now in a position to support my love and in six months it was arranged that we were to be married."

"The institution was in Berkshire. I left London with a light heart. The six months would soon elapse and then I should be the happiest man breathing. Besides, had not Mary promised to write to me every day?"

"For a time her letters arrived very regularly. Gradually, however, they became

less frequent and colder. With a lover's impetuosity and jealousy I upbraided her—charged her with having proved faithless. She replied indignantly, and for a little time our correspondence ceased. I felt that I could not exist without her, and when my temper had cooled I begged her to forgive me and to forget all I had said in my previous letter. She replied to me kindly, and we were reconciled. Still she did not write as frequently as of yore, and there was a something in her letters that made me ill at ease. I tried to crush my doubts and to trust in her. The six months were drawing to an end. Soon my anxiety would cease; in one more week Mary Hope would be my wife. I was to leave town on the Monday. On the preceding Thursday I received a telegram from her mother requesting my immediate presence at her house. I hastened to London full of fear that my darling was ill, or perhaps dead, but even worse news awaited me. She had flown. She had forgotten her duty to her mother, her duty to me, her honour and her truth. She had gone away with a man not only older than herself but married.

"What devilish art had been employed to so blind her, and tempt her to her degradation I know not. When they first told me the horrible tale, I could not believe my ears. I could not conceive it possible that Mary was so guilty. An angel might sin, I thought, but surely not my love. I should only weary you were I to detail my sufferings. Loving her as I did, you can readily imagine how poignant they were. Her daughter's frailty killed poor Mrs. Hope; the shame that had fallen upon his sister so affected her brother that he became insane. With much time and labour I succeeded in restoring his reason; but the madness had completely changed his handsome face, and had really altered the appearance of his body. This is Mary Hope's brother."

Dr. Dodder placed his hand upon the head of the man by his side.

"Your servant? Tom queried, greatly surprised."

"My friend," the doctor answered, "and servant too, perhaps. Certainly no man was ever better served."

It was not easy for Tom to imagine that this queer-looking thick-set man had ever been handsome; but now he knew a portion of his story he no longer resented his presence.

"In the first wildness of my despair and rage," the doctor went on, "I resolved to discover Mary's seducer, and kill him. I had not much difficulty in finding out who the man was, but before I could come face to face with him, he had left England for New Zealand, and I lost him. It is as well, perhaps; there are other ways of punishing him than taking his life. His wife, I heard, had discovered his infamous connection with Mary Hope, and had compelled him to leave England. He abandoned the unhappy girl he had ruined without a pang. When she found herself deserted, she made a frantic effort to destroy her life. She was rescued and imprisoned. When she was released, I tried to aid her; but she would take nothing from me. She is now drunken and abandoned. Poor Mary! poor Mary!"

"Can nothing be done for her?"

"I fear not. Like her brother, her mind

is not very strong, and I think her shame has driven her mad. But I do not cease to strive to save her from the life she is leading."

"And the man?"

"I see the man frequently. I know him but he has no idea that I was ever Mary's lover, or of the purpose I have at heart—his destruction. You have guessed who this man is?"

"I think so."

"Gregory Axon was the scoundrel who ruined her, and blighted my life—who made her the lost, unhappy creature she is."

"And he does not suspect your hate?"

"Not for a moment."

"Have you yet found the way to strike him?"

"Not yet. But in a little time I feel that I shall have him in my power—perhaps through your aid. Now that you have heard my story, do you fear to give me your confidence?"

"No." Tom took the doctor's hand. "We have one purpose in common, and united we cannot fail to accomplish it. Let us work in unison."

"Agreed. Now tell me how it comes that Gregory Axon has such influence over Mr. Barr."

"Unfortunately," Tom answered with a sigh, "I cannot do that. It is a mystery to all of us. But all I do know upon the subject you shall hear."

Tom's narrative contained nothing with which the reader is not already acquainted, so we need not repeat it here.

Dr. Dodder listened to him to the end without comment; then he asked a great number of questions which Tom answered to the best of his ability.

"At present," said the doctor, "I do not see my way to the solution of this mystery. I can give you no help."

Tom's countenance dropped.

"At any rate not at present. In a little time I may be of some use to you. I have a plan in my mind which, if successful, will aid us. Now I can do nothing. If Mr. Barr could be induced to speak, the task you have set yourself would be made easier."

"I am afraid that it is useless to look to him for aid. And what do you think about the disappearance of his daughter?"

Dr. Dodder looked very grave and he spoke with marked emphasis.

"I advise patience," he declared, "and I advise you to have faith—"

"Even after your own sad experience?"

"Even after my experience, I say to you do not mistrust Miss Barr. Whatever occurs believe her to be faithful and true."

"Strange," Tom muttered. "Everyone vouches for her truth. Why do I ever allow doubt to cross my mind?"

"Why, indeed," said the doctor. "Take my advice and harbour it no more. Come with me to the house and lunch with us. I have many matters to speak to you about."

And the two, followed by Dodder's man, walked slowly through the trees to Dodder House.

"You will find my asylum very different to any other in England," the doctor explained. "My system depends exclusively upon kindness. I suppose you know that my rivals call me the 'Coddler.' They may sneer, but I am convinced that my plan is the true one. And," he lowered his voice, "it pays."

Tom Westall returned to London with a heavy heart. So far at any rate, he was no nearer discovering the whereabouts of Lily, nor had he made any progress in his attempt to destroy Gregory Axon's influence over Walter Barr.

He was walking moodily along St Mar-

tain-lane, tortured by a thousand doubts and anxieties, when he stopped suddenly, and an exclamation of amazement escaped him. There, in front of him, hastily coming towards him, was Lily Barr!

She had not yet seen him, and he ran to meet her. As he advanced she recognized him. A wild look of terror passed over her face, and she turned and fled.

Astounded at her unexpected behaviour, Tom pursued her, calling "Lily, Lily," after her. The emotion that had possession of her gave her rare swiftness, and at first Tom did not gain upon her at all. When she grew less fleet, and another minute would have brought him up to her, she reached a handsome cab. Panting and breathless she threw herself into it. The driver received her excited directions through the tray-door in the roof, and lashing the horse, drove away. There chanced to be no other cab in sight, and Tom stood on the kerb stone bewildered and alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LILY'S TASK.

"I've had a visitor to-day."

The speaker was Dr. Dodder. He sat in his own private room, and there were with him his confidential house-keeper, "Dodder's man," and—Lily Barr.

It was evening; a cheerful fire blazed in the grate, and the apartment had the appearance of being warm and cosy. Yet Lily sat there pale, cold, and shivering. Her eyes were heavy and leaden, every tint of colour had left her cheeks; even her hair seemed duller than usual.

"Mr. Westall was here to-day," the doctor added, anxiously watching the girl's pale face.

"Here!" she echoed; her thin fingers twitched, and her large fireless eyes opened wildly.

"Does he suspect, then?"

She bent eagerly forward, impatient for the doctor's reply.

"Do not alarm yourself, Miss Barr; he has no suspicion you are here."

She fell back into her chair, murmuring:

"Thank heaven for that!"

After a pause, she added listlessly:

"I saw him myself to-day."

"You?" the doctor cried in amazement. Mrs. Markham, the housekeeper, looked surprised; the doctor's faithful companion moved a little nearer to Lily.

"Did you speak to him?" Dr. Dodder asked.

"No, no," Lily answered with a snudder. "I was saved that ordeal. I escaped from him with the greatest difficulty. Poor Tom—poor Tom! How his face lighted up when he saw me! How eager he was to overtake me! What misery was expressed by his features when he saw me drive away. Poor, dear, noble Tom!"

Two tears ran slowly down her pallid cheeks; she brushed them hastily away; a heavy sigh escaped her.

The doctor placed his chair in front of Lily, and took her tremulous hand.

"Don't you think, Miss Barr," he spoke softly, "that it was very wrong of you to avoid him?"

"What was I to do?" the girl cried, piteously. "I did not dare trust myself to speak to him. I should not have had the strength to repulse him, and I could not have told him the whole miserable truth. If he suffers, Heaven knows I suffer too!"

Her tears fell very fast, and Mrs. Markham said some soothing words to her—words meant to have this effect; but no ordinary words could bring comfort to Lily now.

"Mr Westall was here to-day," the doctor went on; "not because he suspected your

presence here, but for the purpose of obtaining from me some particulars concerning Mr. Axon's past life. He is going to make a determined effort to destroy this man's influence over your father."

She clasped her hands.

"Oh, dissuade him from it—dissuade him from it. You cannot conceive how disastrously any such action must end. Bid him not move in the matter. My father's safety depends upon Mr. Axon, and nothing must be done to excite his anger. Tell him this, Dr. Dodder, and, oh! implore him to abandon his purpose. If you only knew," the distressed girl went on, her excitement increasing, "what I know—if he had only heard what I have heard, he would not dream of attempting to injure Mr. Axon—he had been sufficiently wronged. Anything that you may do against him will but fall upon my father's head—my father's head." She shuddered, and fell back silent.

Dr. Dodder studied Lily's face with grave interest; then he continued:

"Perhaps the best way to stop him from carrying out his plan will be to tell him what you do know."

"No, no," she cried, with wild vehemence; "I could never do that—never."

"Can you not trust him?"

"With aught on earth—my life. But not with my father's secret. Believe me, dear, kind Dr. Dodder, I would be my father's worst enemy were I to divulge his—" She seemed to be lost for a word, then she added "sorrow. When I first came to your house you made me a promise that you would do all in your power to assist my plan, and that you would not question me. Your goodness and your kindness have already tempted me tell you more than I at first intended. But what I said to you the other day I repeat now. It is as true now as it was then; it will always be as true until my father dies—more than I have told you I will not tell to any person living."

"But—"

"And oh, doctor, let me, a sorrowing, heartbroken woman, appeal to your mercy. Do not press me upon this subject, for you only torture me. My own thoughts give me but little rest; do not add to my misery by ceaselessly urging me to do what is impossible. If you persist you will only drive me from you, and I think that I can better here than anywhere else on earth."

Dr. Dodder shrugged his shoulders and looked helplessly at Mrs. Markham. This good lady sighed and sagely shook her head, as much as to say:

"It is useless—quite useless. She will have her own way. I know the determination of my sex, and I honour it."

"But," the doctor again commenced, "if it were proved that by speaking you would be doing your father a signal benefit—"

"It cannot be so proved," Lily cried with heat, though I wore Mr. Axon's dupe. I know what I overheard my own father say, and knowing that, I alone am the best judge of my own conduct."

Like most little women Lily had considerable spirit; but he passed on was quickly over, and she was always more amenable after an outburst.

"Won't you give me any peace?" she cried, standing up and wringing her hands, sobbing as she spoke. "I do so want to stop here, and you are doing all in your power to drive me away."

Dr. Dodder pressed her gently back in her chair.

"Don't be foolish," he said quietly. "I will not bother you any more."

Lily broke down altogether now. Between her sobs she begged for forgiveness

"So," said the doctor, with an air of

cheerfulness, "you posted your letter to your father when you were in London."

"Yes," she answered, brightening a little, if this term can be justly applied to the disappearance of a slight shade of gloom, "and dear papa will be so glad to get it. It is the third one I have written him you know. He learns from these letters that I am well and happy—at least I say so—and that assurance will make him easy. He will wonder where I am," she went on, thoughtfully, "and perhaps think that it is unkind of me not to let him and Tom know. But it would be dangerous if either of them found me. Mr. Axon would be sure to discover me too. What would then become of the labour I have had? What would be left for me but death?"

After a pause, she continued:

"But he can't be cross with me, for he knows my object. As for Tom—ah! poor Tom! poor Tom!"

For a little time she buried her face in her hands. With a sudden effort her tears vanished, and something like a hint of the old sparkle returned to her eyes.

"Did he speak about me?" she asked wistfully.

"His heart seemed to be full of you."

She smiled sadly.

"You must tell me all he said."

She took the doctor's hand in both hers, and sat listening with great eagerness to all the good-natured gentleman had to relate to her.

"And has he changed much?" she asked wistfully, after the the greater part of Dr. Dodder's conversation with Tom had been repeated to her.

"He looks twenty years older. He says that he shall never be himself until he finds you. Take care that he doesn't find you when it is too late."

"What do you mean?" she cried in alarm, "Do you think that he is in danger?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Art of Keeping Cool.

It may seem surprising, yet it is none the less true, that the art of keeping cool is understood in Cuba a hundred times better than here. The very first thing that strikes us when we get to Cuba is that all humanity seems to be bent upon keeping cool, and everything is directed to that end. We strangers in our cloth garments are the only ones who are hot there. The natives look as cool as they feel. They look picturesquely cool. They wear suits of linen, of thin silk, of light-weight, duck or drill, with light, low-cut shoes, silk or lisle thread hose and under-garments; hats made of fine straw or grass, that do not appear to weigh an ounce. I cannot give to a gentleman a clearer idea of how cool they must feel than by saying that there is not such a thing to be had in Cuba as a shirt with a separate collar. You say that such suits of clothing as I describe when we see them, look unshapely, and even unsightly. So they do; because our tailors do not seem to know how to make them, and our laundresses starch them too stiff. Experience and practice would overcome that. Havana is a very dressy and fashion-fearing city. The tailors make those thin garments as stylishly and as shapely as our suits. The women there do not dress so very unlike our own women; that is to say that Canadian ladies dress more sensibly in Summer than Canadian men do. In both countries the result is reached by lessening the number and weight of under-garments and donning Summer silks or other almost gossamer goods for outer wear.

Sara Bernhardt gets double salary when she plays in a foreign land.

Bill Nye on Butter-making.

Butter is the mature fruit of the full-blown cow. It is the greatest effort of her life. The cow toils not, neither does she spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory could not beat her on hand-made, or rather milk-maid, butter. This subtle joke I have repaired and newly upholstered for use during the summer.

Butter comes from the cow in a liquid state. It is quite a trick to win her confidence so that she will yield it up to a total stranger. I once sought to woo the lacteal fluid from the milk retort of a large speckled cow, to whom I was a comparative stranger. She wasn't one of those blooded cows that look as though they were cut out of a sheet of paper with a pair of scissors. She was a low cow with very coarse instincts, born in obscurity.

Her brow was low, but she wore her tail high, and she was haughty—oh, so haughty! The young man who had hitherto acquired the milk from this cow desired one fine evening to hie him away to a neighboring village, where he might trip the light bombastic toe till the "Wee ama' hours ayont the twa'." (Quotation from a poet who was a poor spell-er.) He wanted me to milk his large, speckled, plebeian cow, and I said I would. The movement was certainly ill-advised. I undertook to do as I had agreed, but failed. From the moment I entered her stall and made a common-place remark to her, I knew our acquaintance would not lead to a warm attachment.

Somehow I felt constrained and uneasy in her society, from the moment we met, until loving friends pulled me through the stable window, and brought me back to consciousness.

I shall never undertake to milk a strange cow again until the sign is right. So far the sign has not been right.

I might be sent on a polar expedition, and get stranded on an iceberg, with no other alternative but to milk a cow or eat an old friend; but I should hate to tackle the cow unless the friend was a very old friend in deed.

Butter is produced by expunging the juice from a rare and costly chemical known as cream. Cream is the bead on the milk.

Milk is known as dry and extra dry. A good milkman will always ask you whether you want your milk wet or otherwise.

An old well-digger named Grady, told me about going over into Southern Indiana at one time to dig a well for a man named Withum. Withum was said to be very close. He was the most contiguous man in Indiana. His wife used to skim the milk on one side, and then turn it over and skim the bubbles off. It was a constant struggle between Withum and his wife to see who would be the meaner.

The first day that Grady was there, they had a round ball of butter about as big as a lemon, and as hard as Pharaoh's heart. The butter knife had a handle that would turn every time any one tried to get a lick at the butter, and the little round ball would flop over on the other side and smile.

Now and then a hired man would reach over with his own knife, and make a slash at the butter; but the butter, confident of its own strength, would tip over with a dull thud, and the man would heave a sigh and give it up.

Then another farm hand would make a wild dash at it, but burst into tears, and quit.

Finally, Grady, who had watched this performance several days, jabbed his fork down through the middle of the yellow chunk and successfully cut it in two. In the centre was a small wooden top.

"There," said Grady, "I've found out what the blamed thing is wound on, anyhow!"

The Ministers' Poor Wages.

Example 1. Three hundred dollars per year without parsonage.

2. Five hundred dollars per year by a church occupying a sanctuary costing over \$20,000, and no parsonage.

3. Attending funerals in families not belonging to the congregation, with no claim upon the services of the minister, who rides six or seven miles, perhaps in a storm: then goes to the cemetery, spending the greater part of the day, and with nothing to eat, and receives not one cent for services, nor even the thanks of the bereaved who sent for him.

4. Supplying pulpits for congregations that pay their pastor \$2,000 or \$3,000 per annum, and receiving \$10 because one service only is required, one being dispensed with, when the supply is at considerable expense in getting to the church, and spends the best part of three days in filling the engagement, and is prepared for both services, and knows not what he will receive until the services have all been rendered.

5. Travelling over one hundred miles to reach the pulpit to be supplied; met by the elder at the depot, who takes him to see a sick person preaches preparatory sermon at night, administers the communion the next morning, baptizes a child in the afternoon, preaches in the evening. For which \$10 is put into his hand as a remuneration, and by a congregation having a fine church, a beautiful lecture room, and a magnificent parsonage.

These five examples are actual occurrences, and known to 500 ministers and more.

A Fortune.

Thomas J. Malby has resigned his position as superintendent of North End Industrial School, and will go to Newfoundland and then to England to secure the Churchill estate of \$35,000,000. Over 100 years ago Nicholas Churchill came to Newfoundland and engaged in the seal and cod fisheries. He was very prosperous and invested his surplus earnings in real estate in England and Newfoundland. At his death about thirty years later, he left some \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 to his daughter, Elizabeth Churchill, a whimsical lady living in England. Elizabeth died without marrying. She was a good business woman, and added much to the property. She died in 1876, at the age of one hundred and four years.

She left no will, and as she was supposed to be without living relatives it was thought that the vast property would revert to the Crown. After several years an advertisement came to Mr. Malby, and he at once began to make investigation. It took some time to establish the proofs, but he thinks he now has made it out a clear case. Mrs. Malby, the mother of the claimant, was a niece of Nicholas Churchill and cousin to Elizabeth. Church records have been searched and dates and names copied and arranged so that the American family have little doubt of success. In this belief they are supported by several lawyers in New York. There are eight relatives of the ancient fisherman living in this country and they have delegated Mr. Malby to look after their joint interests.

One of the claimants to this immense fortune is a modest unassuming carpenter living in Toronto.

Progress says "the perfect fire escape is not yet made." The revisers, we believe, don't claim that they have got it absolutely perfect, but they do think that it is the best fire escape in the market.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Bradder Gardner in Jail.

As the members began to fill the chairs and benches in Paradise Hall, and the hand of the clock crept along toward the usual hour for opening, there was much wonder and speculation over the absence of Brother Gardner. It was noticed that Sir Isaac Walpole, Elder Toote and Judge Cadaver were in close and earnest consultation, and when the triangle finally sounded its note of warning there was an undefined fear that something was about to happen—something not down on the usual programme.

SIR ISAAC EXPLAINS.

"My friends," said Brother Walpole, as a solid hush fell upon the assemblage, "our beloved President left for the western part of the State two days ago to deliberate a lecktur befo' a body named, 'De Association fur de Suppression of Corrupt Legislators.' He departed in response to a telegram, an' he left in such a hurry dat he took nuffin wid him except a pocket-comb an' a change of paper collars. He 'spected to return in about twenty-four hours, but he am still absent, an' no word or line has bin received from him. We will open de exercises by singin' a song constructed and finished off entirely by hand by de Hon. Castoff Jenkins, of Varginny."

A JUST REWARD.

At the conclusion of the song Waydown Beebe arose with tears in his eyes and his bosom making thirty-six revolutions per minute. As Chairman of the Committee on Disinfectants and Poetry he had offered a prize of \$5 to the best ode to the watermelon. There was no need of going any farther or waiting any longer. He should at once forward his note of hand to the builder of the ode—a note drawn at one year, without indorsement or interest.

HEARD FROM.

Brother Beebe's heroic and philanthropic resolution was being vigorously cheered when the keeper of the Outer Door announced a communication and sent it up to the President's desk. Sir Isaac Walpole was visibly affected as he perused it, and in his nervous excitement he lost one of the eyes of his spectacles and knocked a bottle of ink off the desk full upon the Secretary's bald pate.

A THUNDERBOLT.

"My friends," said Sir Isaac as soon as he could control his voice and stand on his legs, "dis message explains de mysterious absence of our President. Listen wail: I read:

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, MICH.,

IN THE COUNTY JAIL.

MY DEAR BRETHREN—At de close of my lectur 'as' ulte I was arrested on de charge of havin' received a bribe to innocence my offishul acknowledge. Dey hev taken me for a member of de Legislatur, an' I am charged with havin' received de sum of \$300 for my vote on a land grant bill to a sartin railroad. While it am, of course, a case of mistaken identity, an' while I shall eventually emerge from dis cell whiter dan cut-loaf sugar, popular indignashun has so blinded de public dat you may not see me home fur several days—perhaps a week. Some of you go ober an' see de ole woman an' lend her a few shillins to run de house on until my return, and some mo' of you be prepar'd to take a freight train fur dis place upon receipt of a postal keerd. I shall hev to be identified, an' shall hev to prove dat I haven't bin wid 'fifty miles of de House of Representatives durin' de present scabum. Let Sir Isaac Walpole be called to de cha'r, an' let de meeting go on de same as if de disconceit of high public offishuls had not brought dis calamity upon us.

BRO GARDNER.

CONFUSION.

All was uproar and confusion at once. Givensam Jones called for 500,000 volunteers, armed with 500,000 bone-handled razors, to follow him to the rescue, and to shed 100,000 gallons of blood to wipe out the insult.

Shindly Watkins said he was ready to lay down his life, if necessary, and his words were echoed by Judge Cadaver, Cohorts Perkins, Trustee Fullback, and fifty others, and the enraged mob glared around for a victim.

Sir Isaac spoke soothingly. It was a mistake which had often happened before. It had often been remarked that Brother Gardner looked like a member of the Legislature, and the people who caused his arrest would willingly apologize as soon as their victim was properly identified. As for the routine business of the meeting it had all been uprooted, and he thought the wisest policy was to adjourn.

This decision was concurred in by the Rev. Penstock, Waydown Beebe and other influential members, and a motion to adjourn was carried. The hall then became the headquarters of such an excitement that the police several times rapped on the alley door and threatened arbitrary measures. It was finally decided by the members of the club:

1. To raise \$10 and employ a lawyer who can cry to a jury.
2. To forward a committee of five members by the first Blue Line freight train.
3. To demand full satisfaction for the insult, and to accept nothing less th. \$50,000 damages.
4. To take said \$50,000 damages and erect a new Paradise Hall.

MECHANICAL ITEMS.

In the construction of chimney stacks, says the *Architect*, there should be at the top of every flue an expanded space, within which most down draughts of air will rotate and expend their force without invading the flue below.

According to the *Brick and Tile Review*, floating bricks are made of a very light silicious earth, clay being sometimes added to bind the material together. They can be made so light that they will float on water, while their strength equals ordinary bricks.

An immense lodge of white metal has been discovered in Antelope Valley, Mono county, Cal., the nature of which puzzles all mining experts to whom specimens have been submitted. The metal is fusible at first, but after the first time it yields to nothing except a mixture of acids. A pound of rock yields half a pound of the metal, and there are millions of tons in the plant. It contains platinum.

A fine, lustrous polish for delicate cabinet work can be made as follows: Half pint linseed oil, half pint of old ale, the white of an egg, one ounce spirits of wine, one ounce spirits of salts. Shake well before using. A little to be applied to the face of a soft linnen pad, and lightly rubbed for a minute or two over the article to be restored, which should be first rubbed off with an old silk handkerchief. It will keep any length of time if well corked.

A new product has been evolved from the waste sands of glass factories. The sands are subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure to form blocks of various shapes and sizes, which are then baked in furnaces of a high temperature. These blocks have a uniform white color, withstand a crushing load of nearly 870 kilograms per cubic centimeter, and have a specific gravity of only 1.5. The product is capable of resisting acids and atmospheric influences.

A novel use for paper has been found in the manufacture of gas pipes. In addition to being absolutely tight and smooth, and much cheaper than iron, these pipes are of great strength, for when the sides are scarcely three-fifths of an inch thick, they will stand a pressure of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried underground they will not be broken by settlement, nor when violently shaken or jarred. The material being a bad conductor of heat, the pipes do not readily freeze.

The Food of the London Street Arab.

As a rule, street children eat little, and are very fanciful about food; boys and girls preferring tea and bread and butter to almost anything. They eat meat sparingly, seldom tasting it at home excepting perhaps on Sundays.

Doubtless the coarse preparation of treacle and sugar called toffee or lollipop which they carry about tied up with them in their rags or apologies for pockets, corrects those healthy hunger cravings which experience tells them will not be otherwise satisfied. The babies, I believe, are many of them kept alive by the sugar sticks and sugar balls they are forever sucking. I have known some of the poorest and hungriest children turn away from a plate of rice and gravy, rice not forming a customary item of diet with the very poor; on the other hand, potatoes they will prefer even to meat. But no dinner we could provide for these children and their families would satisfy them so well as that to which they treat themselves on some festive occasion—a wedding, boxing-day, or over a funeral. I asked one of them if he had an unlimited sum of money, and as unlimited an appetite, what the "menu" would be? The prospect pleased his fancy. He looked meditatively at me before answering, "Well . . . I'd begin with a cup of eelr, a halfpenny a cup hot, but cold, a penny, 'cos then it's fixed stiff. Eelplis is twopence, they are very good, but I'd sooner have bullock's heart; they cost eightpence apiece; after that I think I would have tripe, tripe and greens billed in milk, then sheep's head or cold billed beef, you get it at the shop, two ounces at twopence-halfpenny. Greens is a halfpenny, and pea pudding a halfpenny; plum pudding is a penny-halfpenny a piece, but I like two "doorsteeps" at a halfpenny apiece just as well."

"Doorsteeps," I found were thick slices of bread spread with jam. "Raspberry or strawberry flavoring, they call it."

After this copious meal I observed to him that he would feel very thirsty. "I belong to the 'Sons of Phoenix,'" he said proudly, "so I wouldn't touch beer. I'd drink a penn'orth of gingeret, or a glass of punch and judy (lemonade), but sherry is best; you buy a lot of the powder for a penny, and pour water on it, then it fizzes away whilst you drinks; some boys fill their mouths with the powder, so that it goes off inside of them." "Would you buy any sweets?" I inquired. "Yes I'd buy three farthings of caramels (a corruption of 'caramel'), and a ha'porth of nonpareils."

While all the London street Arab's reckless readiness to enjoy, a disease exclusively ascribed to the rich is surprisingly developed among the very poorest, and that is ennui. Boys and girls, men and women, left to themselves, are utterly at a loss for interest or amusement. No doubt the children when together contrive to amuse themselves; but left to his own devices the child, either from lack of imagination or want of emulation, soon finds the hours intolerably long.

A Slaver's Ruse.

A good story is told of the flagship—*Winchester*, I think—going out of Simon's Bay bound to the Mauritius, when off Cape Hangklip, late one afternoon, a very rakish, suspicious looking craft was sighted, carrying an unusual number of stay-sails and studding-sails, who, upon seeing the man-of-war, hoisted Spanish colors and her number in Marryatt's code, and requested to be reported. She passed quite close, and was apparently a passenger ship of about 500 tons burden, for as she neared them about a dozen ladies, in very smart bonnets, veils, and parasols, were observed to come on deck and wave their handkerchiefs with every demonstration of cordiality to the officers of the flagship. She seemed to have also a large crew, and was very clean and smart. Suspicion was quite alarmed, and she was logged as a passenger ship from Manila to Cadiz. The Admiral was alone in his

opinion that all was not right, remarking that the ladies waved their pocket-handkerchiefs uncommonly long and vigorously to a more passing ship; he also thought the handkerchiefs unusually large, and further, he mentioned that as she passed, he was looking out of the door in the stern gallery, and a silent curious whiff came down on the wind, reminding him of something long past. He could not remember for the moment of what it did remind him, but it suddenly occurred to him several hours after that the faint passing odor, as the strange vessel swept by, recalled the smell of a slave-ship which he had navigated into port years before. And he was right. The same vessel was taken off the Havana, on her subsequent voyage, and proved to have been a Spanish ship from Fernando Velago River, in the Mozambique Channel, full of slaves for Cuba. Her captain explained with delighted pride his meeting with the flag-ship off the Cape, and how, seeing a large man-of-war bearing down upon him with the certainty of capture, and no hope of escape should the ship's character be known, he adopted the clever expedient, doubtless not for the first time, of dressing up a number of their men in woman's attire, a ruse that was in this instance entirely successful.

A Mongolian Legend.

Those interested in folk-lore may perhaps be glad to read the following legend as to the origin of the Russians found by Colonel Prjevalsky to be current among the Mongol inhabitants of Zaidan, and published in the *Russki Invalid*:

"In former times there lived in a cave, far away from all people, a good hermit lama, or priest, who passed his life in praying. A pair of nomads, consisting of an aged mother and her daughter, happened to go that way, and the daughter while tending cattle came upon the cave of the holy lama, who was at that time ill. The compassionate maiden offered him some sour milk, but he did not like to taste it. At last he gave way to her entreaties and took a sour milk every day until he got eventually, out of gratitude for the cure, the lama married the maiden.

"As soon as the Czar of that country heard of this he sent his troops to kill the priest who had so flagrantly broken his laws and committed the sin of marriage. When the troops approached the lama gathered a bunch of reeds and stuck them in the ground round his tent, and then by force of prayer caused them to be all turned into soldiers, who defeated the troops of the Czar. The latter sent a second and a third army, but both were beaten, as the lama continued to pray and turn into more fighting men the reeds broken off by his first created defenders, so that the holy lama soon had a great number of troops. After the defeat of his third army the Czar left the lama alone in peace, but the latter did not wish to live any longer on the earth. The lama left his wife to rule the people created from the reeds, and from those arose the Russians. They have white bodies and their hair is often fair, because the stems of the reeds were of a yellowish color, and the tops somewhat darker."

There are in England one hundred and eighty-seven ragged schools which are attended by fifty thousand children.

Javelle water, often met with in works or articles on cleaning and dyeing, is made of one gallon of water and four pounds of ordinary washing soda. Boil for five minutes, then add one pound of chloride lime. Let it cool, and keep corked in a jug or tight vessel.

An English clockmaker has constructed a key which he claims is capable of opening 22,600 patent lever locks, all of which differ in their wards or combinations. As described, the key weighs three ounces is nickel plated, and is said to be the result of three years labor on the part of the inventor in making drawings of the different wards and combinations.

The Broken-Hearted.

[The following touching lines were found in the work-basket of a young married lady who died at an early age, apparently broken hearted. Whether written by herself or not, will probably remain a mystery forever.]

You said you loved my artlessness,
My manners frank and wild;
You said you love me as I was,
When I was but a child.

I came a young and trusting bride,
To share your home and hearth;
Yet loving as a woman loves,
But once upon the ear.

I thought to find a husband true,
Protector, husband, friend;
I found a teacher harsh and stern,
To whom each wish must bend.

My nature must be changed,
And moulded to thy will;
Oh! had you ruled with tenderness,
The task were easy still.

But no! you taught with chiding,
With harsh reproof and blow—
Never one word of tenderness
Was uttered with my name.

My utmost efforts never brought
One single word of praise,
But stern reproofs for trivial faults
Embittered all my days.

For constant chiding wears out love,
As water wears the stone;
And now, respect and love as well
As joys and hope, have flown.

Though bound in outward seeming,
My heart is now set free—
It yearns no more for human love,
It asks no sympathy.

I do my duty faithfully,
But not through love or fear;
Indifferent now thy praise or blame
Alike fall on my ear.

But you have done a fearful thing,
In acting thus your part,—
In crushing hope, and love, and life,
Within a human heart.

You need not seek to win me back,
Nor wonder at my state;
You have no power to move me now—
The effort comes too late.

I live and move as if a dream,
The springs of life have fled;
And now within this living form,
I bear a heart that's dead.

FRUIT RECIPES.

CURRENT OR RAISIN JAM.—To every two bowlfuls of currants take one of seeded raisins. Weigh, allowing one pound of sugar to one of fruit. Boil till thick,

To **DRY CHERRIES AND PLUMS.**—Stone them and half-dry them, pack them in jars, strewing sugar between each layer. They are very nice either in pies or as sauce.

RED RASPBERRY AND CURRANT JELLY.—Take equal parts of currant and raspberry juice; boil and skim; then add sugar in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of juice. Boil from five to fifteen minutes.

CURRENT JELLY.—Boil the currants twenty minutes. Strain the juice and measure one pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil the juice two minutes, then add to the sugar and boil the whole together one minute. This is very nice.

To **KEEP RED GOOSEBERRIES.**—Pick gooseberries when fully ripe, and for each quart take a quarter of a pound of sugar and a gill of water; boil together until a syrup is formed, then put in the fruit and continue to boil gently for fifteen minutes. Then put them into small stone jars and cover them close when cold; keep them for making tarts and pies.

SPICED GOOSEBERRIES.—Use a porcelain kettle, as in cooking all fruit. Prepare your fruit as for preserving. Take 5 pounds of fruit, 3½ pounds of light brown sugar, a quart of vinegar, ½ ounce of whole cloves, and stick cinnamon. Tie the spices together in a cloth; put vinegar, sugar, and spices in the kettle; let them boil about ten minutes and then put in the gooseberries. Let them cook until the liquid is quite thick and then can up hot. This is very nice with meats.

THE WOUNDED AT SASKATOON.

Some of the Disabled Soldiers Relate Their Experiences.

If the entire North-West had been industriously searched for a sanitarium no better spot could have been selected. Three houses facing on the pier street known as Broadway are used for the purposes of the hospital. Some

FORTY SICK AND WOUNDED are on the list, the up stairs in two of the houses being fully occupied, a state of affairs that will become anything but desirable when the hot weather sets in, if we ever do have any really hot weather in the Saskatchewan. The upstairs of these houses, as of other houses in the "town," is formed by utilizing the mansard portion of the roof, and at present the inside of the exposed portion of the roof forms the ceiling. Shrubbery lines the sloping bank to the west of the town, and in every way nature has done its share in support of Saskatoon as an outlying place in which to settle. From the summit of the bank the land extends north, east, and south, in a level unbroken prairie, so that the constant summer breezes pass for miles upon miles of a radius, and will carry away any malaria or infection that may hereafter exist within the town as a consequence of growth of population. It is in this place that has been properly selected as a sanitarium for our wounded, and it is generally credited that the

SPEDDY RECOVERY OF OUR MEN from their dangerous and critical conditions is to be attributed in no small degree to the health-inducing locality in which they have been placed. The Rev. Mr. Ball, Chaplain to the 7th, had driven over from Clark's Crossing, and was holding an open-air service as your correspondent rode up. It was a sad sight indeed to see the sick, the lame, and the halt approach the spot to hear the word spoken that comforts in all cases and under all circumstances. A curious and incongruous lot it was who met in worship. Men and women and children of all ages came from the surrounding country, and conspicuous in the gathering were the wounded and convalescent, some with their jaws bandaged, some with their eyes bandaged, some with crutches, others with their limbs in slings, and others again gently assisted by the nurses.

Captain Mason related his experience to me as follows: "As you know, I am Captain of No. 2 Company, Grenadiers, the regiment that makes foot marches. My Company was the first, and don't forget it, to cross the river at Fish Creek. We had not any chance there, however, but we made up for it at Batoche. My Company at Batoche, No 2 Company, was leading the regiment in extended order, Companies No 3 and 4 were in support. We extended for some time and formed up 300 or 400 yards north-east in advance of the church. We extended for some time in the open space in front, which ended in a ravine. We were there for some time under very poor cover, the saplings were thin and scattered. The guns suddenly began firing, and I heard the rebels shouting over the edge of the ravine but a short distance to our front. I at once send my sergeant back to tell the General where the enemy was, and the General came himself to me, and I told him where the enemy was. He then ordered me to bring my Company as near to open space as possible and to begin firing upon the rebels, who just then began to show themselves. As soon as the men got up to move forward

THE REBELS FIRED, and continued their fire, which became just as hot as we cared to have it. Just then I noticed that some of my men were clustered together instead of being extended. Knowing the danger of their being so, I crossed over in front of the company and arranged them in proper position. I put my hand on one of my men to place him, when a bullet passed through his coat

and flattened in his cartridge box. 'Now,' I said to him, 'see the danger you were in.' I then turned to regain my place with my Company, but took but a few steps when I was struck and fell against a tree, and one of my sergeants catching me as I fell. The sensation when hit was as if I had been struck with a club, but I was perfectly sensible, and took out my knife and asked the sergeant to cut my cross belt that I might get my handkerchief to stop the bleeding from the wound. I had purposely selected a silk handkerchief that morning anticipating I might find use for it with some one, but I did not think I was then caring for myself. Soon a stretcher was brought and I was carried to the church. It was a strange sight in the church. Eight or ten were already there wounded. Myerson dressed my wounds, and I can tell you it was a relief to find it was not fatal. The pain, though, was terrible, and I smoked to allay my sufferings. That same night the rebels fired the wood, and I, with the other wounded, was carried into the sereba, fearing that the rebels might succeed in their intention of burning the church. They fired into our camp, however, and two men were wounded, when the lights, hitherto burning in the hospital tent, were ordered to be put out. It was

A LONELY T.

then, and it made me think of home. However, I am all right now, and soon will be on the active service list once more."

Captain Mason's tunic contains two distinct bullet holes at the front and hind part of his tunic, indicating that the man who shot him fired from a double-barrel shot-gun. Only one bullet entered his thigh, however, the other must have passed him without touching him. This way of "making sure" was a habit of the enemy's.

Lieut. Garden, of the Intelligence Corps, says:—"Yes. I was at Batoche. Our fellows are in every fight, though we get little credit. Don't you know that our part of the work is the most dangerous, especially scouting. Yet we don't gain half the kudos that the others do. I got my wound when making a rush with six or eight others of different regiments on the blacksmith shop. We reached it and took it as a matter of course, but I got my wound then. The rebels were all about us, and one fellow quite close shot me in the shoulder at the moment my arm was in a horizontal position, and the bullet passed out above the elbow.

Lieut. Laidlaw, O Company, Midland Battalion, good-naturedly jokes out his experience as follows:—"A and O Companies were each divided into half, and I had command of the left hand portion of O Company on the extreme left flank of the entire column. We advanced along the water's edge towards the village under

A PRETTY HOT FIRE

from across the river as well as from the pits in front. We advanced in successive charges, resting apparently every fifteen minutes. We took the enemy's pits straight along, but kept it going, though several of my men were wounded by the hot fire from across the river. After our first charge the ferry put out from the opposite shore with some rebels, but we stopped them, you bet, and they put back. Nothing more occurred that I remember, except our advancing until we got in front of the village. About eight of us were together all mixed up; two of them were Grenadiers. Sergeant Christie, of Bowmanville, was shot through the arm above the elbow, getting a flesh wound. He was taking aim at a rebel, and I said to Christie: 'Let me have a whack at him as I am in a better position.' Christie gave way and was shot. About ten minutes later I was shot through the calf of the leg. I crawled up to the village, when the doctor dressed my leg, and I was carried back in a waggon. I had hard work getting up the bank on account of the firing, which was pretty hot, I can tell you. After I was shot, Sergeant Wrighton, A Company, was shot, and then Corporal

Daly through the hand, when on the top of the bank. Wrighton, you know, was all through the Afghan war, and the rebels have the credit of wounding him. I am not going to return home but going on to the front as soon as discharged from hospital. My governor would ask me why the deuce I came home for such a scratch as I got."

Capt. Doucet, A. D. O., was found in a house by himself. One could not but feel that a little companionship of his fellows in arms would have been an encouragement to him in his

SICKNESS AND SUFFERINGS.

It is said he treated his wound with too much indifference, and though he is getting along nicely now, his wound has not healed as it might have done, had he not made so light of it. He told me in his own language:—"I was wounded at Fish Creek, so had no chance at Batoche. I was going to the right to carry out the orders given me by the General when we suddenly came across the enemy not a 100 feet off; they at once fired a volley and I was struck in the elbow. I had previously dismounted, and was lying down, and when wounded had to drag myself back to the Ambulance Corps. I could not attend to myself when hit, because the men were retiring, and I had to stop to keep them from retiring too far; the trouble with my wound was that some of my coat sleeve, and shirt, and pieces of bone forced into the wound prevented the healing. I was hit about three quarters of an hour after the beginning of the fight. I was on the extreme right and not in the ravine at all; two others were wounded close by me at the same time. I remained on the field longer than the other wounded, which perhaps has been the cause of my not very speedy recovery. The sensation when I was hit was a stinging one, but I felt quite helpless. I was brought down here by waggon, a distance of 54 miles, and am now progressing favourably."

Lieut. Helliwell, of A Company Midland Battalion, gives his experience as follows:—"I was wounded in my shoulder on the last day of the charge at Batoche. We were rushing on the pits; we were on the slope of the hill, our Company being divided into two portions; between me and the water was the other portion of my company and "O" Company of the Midland. I could plainly see

THE MEN WERE FIRING AT US.

I had to pick up my gun and was just going to shoot when I was struck. I dropped instantly, 'struck all of a heap.' I waited for about half an hour, but I thought it was a life time; the bullets were dropping all about me, and I could hear them pass me with a 'tish.' I told Lieut. Grace, of 'C' Co. to keep his men firing, so as to prevent the enemy's fire on us, and I told Lieut. Laidlaw to keep up the fire across the river with the same object, after which firing was not so hot. The facts we had rushed ahead in the charge so fast that we were without reinforcements, and so we had to rest in the charge, and Col. Williams went back for support. I can tell you we out heroded Herod in the cheering. I believe our British cheers scared the rebels more than anything and scattered them in all directions as we secured pit after pit. I believe we made noise enough to scare the whole North-West. Before the charge was finally finished I was carried back to the river. I suffer a good deal from my wound, but am progressing slowly. I was struck in front of the shoulder, and the bullet glanced up and settled in the muscles. Here, look at the bullet, see its shape." This bullet referred to by Lieut. Helliwell, is twisted and torn into a ragged, irregular, diamond-shaped form.

THE DIFFICULTY OF EXTRACTING

it must have been very great, and the suffering of poor Helliwell all the while must have been something intense. When the doctors squeeze the wound to discharge the pus the pain is excruciating, and somewhat retards his recovery.

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A TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

Continued for Three Days in the Hull of a Capsized Ship.

The story of a poor woman who, with her three children, was imprisoned for seventeen hours under a capsized boat, has recalled to one of our correspondents a similar case of suffering which he thus describes. The brig *Nerina*, of Dunkerque, sailed from that place on Saturday, October 31, 1840, under the command of Capt. Pierre Everact, with a cargo of oil and canvas for Marseilles. Her burden was about 114 tons. The crew consisted of seven persons, including the captain and his nephew—a boy fourteen years old. At three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, November 16th, they were forced to heave-to in a gale of wind, at about ten or twelve leagues southwest of the Scilly Isles. At seven o'clock of the same evening a heavy sea struck the vessel, and she suddenly capsized, turning bottom upward. The only man on the deck at the time was thrown into the sea and drowned.

In the fore-castle were three seamen—Vincent, Vanture and Jean Marie. The two former succeeded in getting up close to the keelson, and so kept their heads above water. Jean Marie was not so fortunate; he must have been in some measure entangled, for after convulsively grasping the heel of Vanture for a few seconds, he let go his hold and was drowned. The other two, finding that the shock of the upset had started the bulkhead between the fore-castle and the hold, and that the cargo itself had fallen down on the deck, contrived to draw themselves alongside the keelson toward the stern of the ship, whence they thought they heard some voices. At the time of the accident the captain, the mate, John Gallo, and the boy Nicolas Nissen, were in the cabin. The captain caught the boy in his arms, under the impression that their last moment had arrived. The mate succeeded in wrenching open the trap hatch in the cabin deck, and clearing out some casks that were jammed in the lazarette, a sort of small triangle space between the cabin floor and the keelson, where stores are generally stowed away. Having done this, he scrambled up into the vacant space and took the boy from the hand of the captain. In about an hour they were joined by Vincent and Vanture from the fore-castle. There were then five persons closely cooped together.

As they sat they were obliged to bend their bodies, for want of height above them while the water reached as high as their waists, from which irksome position one at a time obtained some relief by stretching at full length on the barrels in the hold, squeezing himself up close to the keelson. They were able to distinguish between day and night by the light striking from above into the sea and being reflected up through the cabin skylight and then into the lazarette through the trap hatch in the cabin-floor. The day and night of Tuesday, November 17th, and the day following, passed without food, without relief, almost without hope; but still each encouraged the others, endeavoring to assuage the pangs of hunger by chewing the bark stripped from the hoops of the casks.

Want of fresh air threatening them with death by suffocation, the mate worked almost incessantly for two days and one night in endeavoring with his knife to cut a hole through the hull. Happily the knife broke before he had succeeded in accomplishing his object, the result of which must have proved fatal, as the confined air alone preserved the vessel in a sufficiently buoyant state. In the dead of the night of Wednesday, the 18th the vessel suddenly struck heavily; on the third blow the stern dropped so much that all hands were forced to make the best

of their way forward toward the bows; attempting which poor Vincent was drowned. After the lapse of an hour or two, finding the water ebbing, Gallo got down into the cabin, and while seeking for the hatchet which was usually kept there, was forced to rush up again for shelter to avoid being drowned; the sea rising on him rapidly. Another hour or two of suffering succeeded, and then they were rejoiced to see by the dawning of the day of Thursday, the 19th, that the vessel was fast on the rocks, one of which protruded up through the skylight.

The captain then went down into the cabin and found that the quarter of the ship was stove in, and looking through the opening he called out to his companions, "Thank God, we are saved; I see a man on the beach." Immediately after this the man approached and put in his hand, which the captain seized, almost as much to the terror of the man as to the delight of the captain. The people of the neighborhood were soon assembled; the side of the ship was cut open and the four poor fellows were liberated after an entombment of three days and three nights.

The spot where the vessel struck is called Porthellick, in the Island of St. Mary's, Scilly. She must have been driven on the rocks soon after midnight, at about the period of high water, and was discovered at about 7 o'clock on Thursday morning by a man accidentally passing along the cliffs. In another half hour the returning tide would have sealed their fate. The body of Vincent was thrown on the rocks a short distance from the wreck and was interred in the burial ground of St. Mary's.

Not the least remarkable part of the story is that in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 18th, the wreck, floating bottom upward was fallen in with about a league and a half distance from the islands by two pilot boats, which took her in tow for about an hour; but their tow ropes breaking and night approaching, with a heavy sea running and every appearance of bad weather, they abandoned her, having no suspicion, of course, that there were human beings alive in the hold of the vessel, which was floating with little more than her keel out of water. Had the vessel not been so taken in tow the set of the current would have drifted her clear of the isles into the vast Atlantic.

At this season, when people are contemplating a trip somewhere, it is well to be posted as to what route will suit the individual purse, and at the same time give to the tourist the greatest mental pleasure and bodily benefit. We had the pleasure recently of a journey from Toronto to Quebec by the steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., and the line covered by these steamers answers the above requirements in every particular. This route is becoming every year more popular with the travelling public, and justly so, as it is undoubtedly one of the most refreshing, delightful and romantic trips to be had on the continent. In fact for sublimity and ever varying beauty of scenery it is perhaps unequalled in the world. The officers of the various steamers are uniformly polite and attentive and vie with each other in making the traveller comfortable. The steamers plying between Montreal and Quebec are "palatial" in more than an advertisement sense. They are lighted by electricity and luxuriously furnished, and the officers of the "Quebec," by which we were fortunate to travel, are, from captain to cabin-boy, urbanity and courtesy personified.

There is no real growth of character except by a conquest over opposing difficulties—the doing right when it is against our inclinations and prejudices.

AN AGED SUPERSTITION.

How Friday is Feared in Love, Law and Commerce.

Friday, as everyone knows, has for many years been regarded by many as an unlucky day. But gradually the superstition regarding the day is disappearing, and no longer is it generally considered an evil omen to commence an important work on that day. A few go even to the opposite extreme, and select Friday as the best day for good luck. Some of these persons who so defy tradition and superstition have satisfied themselves by research that many of the most important achievements in ancient and modern times had their inception on Friday, or culminated that day, and, therefore regard Friday as a lucky day. There are other days of the week which are regarded as more or less unlucky, and a few even among the most intelligent of the community look upon Monday as indicating what they may expect during the following days of the week as to their business. One of the leading merchants of one of our cities, who died a few years ago, would not even pay out money on that day on any consideration, and would even let a note go to protest rather than pay on that day. He was, however, such a precise business man that he seldom gave a note which would become due on Monday. Among foreigners here there is a large class who will bemoan a dull Monday, and some of them will court good luck by selling to the first customer who appears Monday morning at a nominal figure. Others have for various reasons selected other days of the week as lucky or unlucky. From the number of marriages on Thursday and Tuesday it would appear that these days are regarded as lucky ones by the matrimonially inclined. The question of the influence particular days may have upon the luck of a couple does not, however, appear to enter the minds of those who run away from their homes for the purpose of marrying. Virginia couples seem to regard the opportune day as their lucky day. That the matrimonially inclined generally regard Friday as a bad day to commence married life is evidenced by the marriage-license book in the office of the clerk of the court, which often remains closed during that day. Probably during the year less than a dozen licenses are issued on Fridays. The fact that in this section of the country Fridays are selected as the day for using the hangman's noose doubtless has something to do with the selection of other days for tying the matrimonial noose. Now and then an applicant will appear at the clerk's office on a Friday and remembering the day when he gives the name will show symptoms of backing out. Then will one of the assistant clerks intimate that if there is any thing in luck it is more unlucky to postpone the procurement of the license than to get married on Friday, for that day, named after Freya, the goddess who, in the Northern mythology, presides over love and marriage, is the best day of the week for the candidates. This argument is generally a knock-down, and the applicant pays the dollars and receives his transportation papers to the state of matrimony. There are quite a number who, not regarding the question of luck, adopt the axiom, "The better the day the better the deed," and select Sunday for tying the knot, in which case the license is procured on the day before.

That to some extent the superstition regarding different days enters into the minds of those who go to law and members of the bar is shown by the dockets of the courts. It has often been remarked that for commencing suits Friday must be regarded as unlucky, as it sometimes happens that not a

single suit is entered on that day in the district courts. This is said by some to be rather caused by habit than by any superstition that the bad luck of commencing a suit on Friday will lead to defeat.

The superstition concerning Friday is fast becoming a thing of the past, though the habit, which had its origin in that superstition, still remains.

A RUSSIAN REVIEW.

A Grand Military Display Ending with a Peculiar Meditation of a Prayer.

We rode at least a mile and a half, says Gen. Higginson in Blackwood's, past the line of tents, and must have seen 50,000 men. The ground is prettily accidented, and altogether well suited for camp purposes. At the end we came upon the guard regiments and the Preobrazhensky regiment, with whom finished the inspection; and here were assembled all the bands and drums, to the number of 800, in one compact mass facing the emperor's pavilion or tent, at the door of which she and her ladies alighted, and were joined by the emperor and grand dukes. We all dismounted and came inside the square, of which the royalty and staff formed one side, the musicians the opposite side, the other two sides being composed of officers of the various corps who had hurried to the spot. In the centre, on a mound, stood the conductor of the united bands of music, and near him one drummer-boy, or perhaps a lad of 20. We—the foreign missions—stood in line, and the emperor came down from the pavilion and spoke to each of the generals. He was very gracious to me, and inquired about my service and the commands I had held. This over, he stood alone in the centre, and a detachment of sergeants in full marching order passed him one by one, each sergeant giving the evening report of his picket and of the usual "watch-setting" in a loud voice, the czar thus fulfilling for the moment the role of camp commandant. We (generals only) were then taken up, one by one, to the emperor, who talked to me about the Princess of Wales, Cowes, Osborne, etc., and was altogether gracious and charming. Then tea was handed round, and the crowd of officers and of the troops generally kept closing round the square as the hour for "the retreat," or *zarria* drew nigh. Meanwhile heavy clouds had gathered in the horizon, and a storm seemed to threaten us, though the view down the slope and over the valley to Krasnoe distant about a mile, was not rendered less beautiful by the combination of waning sunlight and threatening clouds. Eight o'clock sounded; each field battery fires an evening gun, three rockets shoot into the air, and the drums and bands roll out, with a solemnity and volume of sound not easily forgotten, the evening hymn. As the last notes die off the drummer-boy steps forward, the band-master descends, and the little drummer, sole occupant of the square, repeats slowly but with perfect distinctness the Lord's prayer. Every head is uncovered and bows, from the emperor to the furthest spectator; and I should in my heart pity the man who, as the little lad's "Amen" went up in its solitary simplicity, could scoff at or even be unimpressed by the silence which followed. There was a total absence of all exaggeration or straining for increased effect. The bands then burst forth with the Russians national air so well known to all of us, and the scene closed as night fell.

It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Poor Vera, I say," murmurs Doris, regretfully, pressing her sister's hand: "it is too bad that you must be left alone at Killmallock, with worse than nobody to speak to."

"Auntie is a trial, certainly," says Vera, innocently. "But dear Sir Watkyn is very good to me." She looks straight at Doris as she says this,—so straight that Lady Clontarf finds a difficulty in explaining that her "worse than nobody" was not Mrs. Costello, but the good Sir Watkyn himself.

"Can I do anything for you, dearest, before going?" asks Vera, earnestly.

"No; nothing."

"Ah! but let me do something," caressingly, and with childish persistence. Doris laughs.

"Well, go and see if there is anything pretty in the conservatory, and bring it to me," she says. "What a baby you are!"

"What an angel!" says Sir Watkyn, who had come up to the group by the lounge before Vera had made her last touching little appeal. As he pays this pretty tribute to her amiability, he gives way to a laugh that he intends to be graceful and airy but, a senile cough catching him in the middle of it and making a vicious effort to tear his dilapidated frame in pieces, the grace and the airiness rather fall through. Every one tries to look as if he or she is utterly insensible to the fact that a cough is in the room. Nevertheless, all draw breaths of relief when the dangerous sound comes to an end, and they find Sir Watkyn has emerged in safety from it, and may still be dimly seen within his furs, shaken, indeed, but yet (oh, the relief of it!) not cold in death!

Vera alone seems unimpressed by the greatness of his escape.

"Ah, Sir Watkyn, you must not make me vain!" she says, archly,—a *propos* late remark,—sneaking at him playfully a slender forefinger; after which she runs lightly away to the conservatory to bring Doris the promised blossom.

She finds there not only it, but Gerald Burke!

She has stepped down the two steps leading into the conservatory before she sees him.

"Ah! you!" smiles she then, finding retreat impossible. "No"—gayly—"you mustn't think I knew you were here, really! It was the happiest chance!"

"I have almost forgotten the meaning of the word happiness," says Burke, passionately, advancing toward her and taking prisoner both her hands. "Surely there is such a thing as a hell upon earth. I have been in it since last night. They said then that—that—you were letting that contemptible old fool inside make love to you. Tell me they lied!"

"Fie! what an ugly word! And how you hurt my wrists." She writhes a little, as though in pain, and then is free from him.

"He is rich, titled, but I will not believe you could give your sweet self for such poor returns," says Burke, wretchedly. "Say I am right. That I at least have not wronged you. That your heart is—"

"No you have not wronged me; indeed," interrupts she, haughtily. "Sir Watkyn has no hold upon my heart. But," reproachfully, "I think you should not use ugly language toward him, poor man! No, my heart is given away long since."

"Vera, is that true?"

He has grown very white and is looking at her with all his soul in his eyes. With a passionate hope, and as it is great, he sees himself the object of her heart's affection,

whilst she, in this instant of thought, sees a scfa, a pale pure face, a soft white, bandaged arm! She sees Doris, the one deep emotion of her life!

"Quite true," she says, lightly.

"Then they spoke falsely!"

"Does that require an answer?" asks she, with a dainty smile, and a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "They, whoever they are, spoke as imagination dictated, but—could they know?"

"Even if they had known, if they could have seen into your very heart of hearts, say that still their words would have been untrue, that you could find no pleasure in adulation proffered you by that old man."

"Indeed, I should not," says Vera, sweetly, standing back from him, and clasping her hands behind her. "Why, what silly thoughts have you got into your head now?"

"Say rather maddening!" exclaims Burke, pressing his hands to his forehead. Then suddenly his mood changes. "Darling, darling," he says, with passionate fondness, "why do I wrong you even in thought?"

"Ah! why indeed!" asks Vera, with a plaintive sigh and a very clever drooping of her lips, that any one might mistake for sadness.

"You love me," goes on Burke, feverishly. "Some day you will marry me, and then all will be well. Is it not so?"

There is a faint pause. Vera, with a slight frown upon her pretty forehead, is evidently considering some momentous question. Yes! Let her have time! She is only a child, when all is told. This sublime thing called Love must as yet be a sealed mystery to her, to be slowly and carefully unraveled!

"Some day—some day," her voice breaking into song, stirs the silence that he had believed to be solemn: "No,—that is not it:—'Some day.' Ah! Yes! now I have it. What a dear little song that is! isn't it?"

"Answer me," says Burke, in a stifled tone.

"H'm!" says Vera, lifting her eyes questioningly to his in loveliest bewilderment. "Tell me, now, here, that some time in the future you will be my wife."

She laughs, not unkindly or in an irritating fashion, but as a child might, with pretty defiance. She moves a little further from him too, until she is almost at the door.

"You mustn't bring me to task as though I were a baby," she says, saucily, with a lovely pout. "If you cannot trust me 'all in all,' why, don't trust me at all: that's all." She shakes her golden head at him as she says this, and, with a last provoking glance, disappears through the doorway, and thus escapes from him.

"Yet I feel she loves me," says Burke to himself, as he strides agitatedly up and down the floor of the conservatory. "I know it. For me! she smiles as she smiled just now. And that pretty hint about her heart being given away long since,—how could I doubt her? She may be a little bit coquettish,—the role becomes her,—but her heart is surely mine."

Who shall say there is no joy to be found in the Paradise of Fools!

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Performed bath the sun his ard'nt diure,"

"O! false homely heave
Lies to the adder in bosom shy, untrove.
God shield us all from your deceitful love."

"Has any one turned in a cow for me?" asks Miss Bercsford, when dinner has come to a sorrowful end. This business-like meth-

od of approaching the subject is felt to be very effective. Every one looks at her with curiosity, mingled with awe. Here is the heroic one who without a quail of fear, is prepared to tackle the untamable cow.

"Cows kick don't they?" asks Mr. Browne who has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge.

"Not when they are spancelled," returns Miss Bercsford, with growing dignity. That she is the heroine of the coming hour is well known to her. Very few young ladies, except Miss Bence Jones, have ever been equal to the milking of a cow.

"Spancelled! Ah! quite so! yes! oh yes of course—exactly," says Mr. Browne, who hasn't the faintest notion what a spancel means.

They are still in the dining-room, having only just risen from table, and, in spite of Mrs. Maloney's diaphanous, are in the gayest spirits.

"I turned in two cows, just before dinner," says Gerald Burke, gravely. "I never had such a job in my life; they didn't like being taken away from the others, and the others, when they found I wasn't going to bring them in, were very resentful indeed; but I won the day."

"Well let us start," says Dicky Browne.

"I haven't got my pail yet," says Kit.

Brady the old butler, being interviewed, says he thinks he knows that Mrs. Maloney knows where the late milkmaid kept her goods and chattels, and presently returning in triumph with a milk-pail, lays it upon the carpet. Everybody looks at it with keen and growing interest.

"I don't believe you know the proper way to carry it," says Lord Clontarf, at last.

"Don't I," says Kit, scornfully: "that's all you know about it. Do you suppose I haven't seen that 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' picture? Now, look here."

She has pinned up the tail of her pale evening gown; her sleeves are very short, her neck a little bare. Taking up the milk-pail, she places it under her arm with quite a professional touch, and glances from one to another of them, as if awaiting judgment.

The trial is a very one-sided affair: there are no arguments. Every one is for the defence; and, in fine, judge, jury, witnesses and all declare her faultless.

"Why don't we get up private theatricals?" says Monica (who is a devoted admirer of Kit's). "With Kit as 'Moya' in 'The Shaughraun,' we could bring down any house. In her present role she would be irresistible."

"In any role," says Brabazon, stontly; whereupon the new milkmaid gives way to a frivolous laugh, and drops him a courtesy.

"Don't you think you had enough private theatricals last night to last you for some time?" asks The Desmond, turning to Monica with an amused glance.

"They were a failure," says she, contemptuously, thinking of their foes' undignified retreat.

"I thought them a splendid success," replies he, thinking of their own undisputed victory.

At this moment Brian Desmond, who has been for the past few minutes regarding Dicky Browne with unaffected amazement, turns abruptly to Kit.

"Congratulate yourself doubly, my dear girl," he says: "you have achieved a second success within the past half hour, even greater than your first. Your having triumphantly proved your appearance to be precisely like that of an ordinary common milk-gir!" (here Kit advances toward him with a menacing gesture) "is nothing when compared with the fact that you have stricken Dicky Browne dumb!"

"Why, that's true, Dicky? What has become of your voice?" asks Monica, with affected concern.

"It has sunk into nothingness before Kit's great personal attractions," says Brian. I have taken careful note of it, and it is precisely four minutes by my watch since last he opened his lips. What a cruel misfortune has befallen us! Are we never to hear those beloved, if slightly idiotic, utterances again? Do not give way altogether, Dicky. Try to speak, if only *one* word."

Mr. Browne instantly makes a fearful contortion, and flings his arms wildly into space.

"I have heard," says Brian, sadly, "that severe and unlimited pinching is good for this sort of thing."

Here he goes for Dicky. Dicky, still madly gesticulating, beats a determined retreat. When they have got once round the dinner-table, Brian gives him a last chance.

"Then tell us instantly," he says, "impostor that you are, your opinion of that peerless milkmaid in the doorway."

"I think her such 'an agreeable girl,'" says Mr. Browne, gravely, "that if I were Grozsmith—I beg pardon, I mean the lord chancellor—I wouldn't 'give her away' at any price!"

"Now for the cow!" says Monica. "Neil," turning to Brabazon, who is in high favor once more, "will you go with her?"

"Let us all go," suggests Dicky, who is a very sociable young man.

"Yes, let us," says Gerald Burke.

"Can I go?" asks Lady Clontarf, with an appealing glance all round.

"Certainly not, my dear," says The Desmond, decisively. "Do you think I should allow you to go out in the frost with that arm? No, no! Even if your husband gave you permission (it is useless your making eyes at him like that), I, as your host, should forbid you to stir."

"You are a tyrant," says Doris, smiling.

"So my tenants tell me. Monica, my sweetheart, come here and make Lady Clontarf comfortable on her sofa before you go. She will stay here with the old man whilst you are away; and she and I will have our wine nice and comfortable together."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Newfoundland.

A census has recently been taken in Newfoundland, with the result that the total population of the colony, including Labrador, is found to be 196,411, as against 161,380 in 1874, or an increase of 21.70 per cent., which is higher than the increase in any previous decade. Emigration has more than equalled any slight immigration that may have taken place, and the increase of nearly 22 per cent. has therefore arisen from natural causes. Of the population, Roman Catholics now number 74,651, and Protestants 120,411, or an increase in the decade of Roman Catholics at the rate of 19 per cent. and Protestants 24 per cent.

New York young ladies are amusing themselves by hatching chickens in incubators.

Circumstances alter cases. "I do so hate to see a girl with a mustache on her upper lip," said Jane. "Ugh! it makes my flesh creep to think of it." "But," replied Maud, "I do so like to see a mustache on my lips—when it belongs to some one else you know."

Lamartine wrote his first things in the morning before breakfast. It therefore behooves the wives of literary men to interfere with the abstractions of their lords by suggesting such irrelevant and highly irritating subjects as kindling the morning fire. Just think what the world would have lost had Lamartine been compelled to do drudgery before breakfast.

Via Solitaria.

[The following poem was written by the sweetest of poets, the late Henry W. Longfellow, very soon after the death of his beloved wife in 1861. It will be read by many with tearful eyes when they remember how patiently he waited at the "station" till at last "the parted" were made "one."]

Alone I walked the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoice,
Though moved by loving airs of June,
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

For well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb;
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Then, then, the longing heart that breaks,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when Thou makest
The parted—one.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

Perhaps the most prominent leader in the new British Cabinet, next to the Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury, is Lord Randolph Churchill, the fiery young Tory, who has all along been a vigorous assailant of Gladstone's peace policy, and whose selection as Secretary of State for India for this reason has an important bearing on the relations of England and Russia. Lord Churchill has been the mouthpiece of the war party in England, and his utterances have been decided and pungent. He is still young, though he has attained considerable distinction during his parliamentary career, in which he has displayed the courage of his great ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough. He is quite a society man, and is well known in New York, where his lovely young wife, a daughter of Leonard Jerome, spent her unmarried life. A recent writer, Mr. Anderson, draws the following portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill: "Scarcely above the middle height, of slight build and of apparently delicate constitution, Lord Randolph has smooth dark brown hair, parted down the middle and thin at the crown. The head is small, the eyes large, the nose short and the cheek bones rather high. His Lordship's mustache is, however, the most conspicuous object of his personal appearance. It is the large blonde mustache of the zouave of politics. From 4 o'clock in the afternoon, all through the dreary session time, he sits impatiently in his place, gently agitating his left knee, nursed above his right, and affectionately caressing his mustache. He is of the very few members of Parliament who dress for dinner. He is not eloquent with the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. He has, indeed, a slight lisp, an imperfection of vocal delivery which spoils his pronunciation of some of the consonants, particularly the letters a."

Russia and China.

The river Amour, which forms a part of the boundary between Eastern Siberia and the Chinese Empire, will in all probability attract a good share of the attention of the world in coming years, as it bids fair to become the cause of a prolonged war between China and Russia. The river itself is a wide, powerful stream, called by the Chinese the Black Dragon, on account of its color.

It is half as long as the Mississippi, and drains a vast extent of territory, from the arid mountains north of the great wall to the extensive forests and fertile valleys of Mant-churia, which contains enormous wealth for the people who will develop them in the near future. On the banks of the Amour are also the largest cities of the Manchus, usually enclosed in a mud-wall, with temples and houses of the most brilliant coloring.

The long war between China and Russia for the possession of Kuldja ended in the re-occupation by the Chinese of every acre of territory which they had formerly lost. But in the treaty made between the two nations, signed four years ago, the question of the right of navigation of the Amour River was, unfortunately, left unsettled. Russia claimed the right to ascend the stream and its tributaries even when both banks were Chinese territory; but China refused this claim, as an entrance to the very heart of Mant-churia would thus be given.

A colony of nearly three thousand Dungan (Russian) families were already settled in Kuldja, and they were permitted to remain there by the Chinese. This colony has been the cause of the present trouble. Chinese Kherghes have stolen the cattle of the Dungans; the Dungans have retaliated, and a prolonged skirmish has been kept up all along the frontier since 1831. China during that time has been quietly fortifying her border and massing her troops upon it.

Russia requires the Amour as a highway for her commerce, for more than half of her tea-trade now goes overland by Kagan, which is a long and costly route. By the Amour a regular service of steamers would carry cloth, steel, iron and other articles to China and bring back tea and silk.

On the other hand, China guards the highway so jealously that her merchants who descend to the lower ports of the Amour to trade with Russian dealers are compelled to complete all business with them in but five hours of one day in each year. The vast gangs of traders are let loose at each other in the morning, and a fierce squabble of barter ensues until noon, when the traders are driven apart by Chinese soldiery.

These causes of secret discontent underlie China's recent urgent demand for a definite settlement of the treaty, and Russia's refusal to agree to it.

Culture and Happiness.

Now life is not only what we make it, but it is, very largely, what we think it is. If we hold before ourselves constantly, some dreary "might have been;" if we think it is, in some unexplainable way, finer and more exalted to set ourselves to a minor key of some miscreant, we may become in reality very unhappy. There is no law, unfortunately against people's making themselves wretched. Schopenhauer's theory is that culture makes for unhappiness; that the more cultivated is an individual the more sensitive is he to physical discomfort or mental trouble, and that he is thereby a being formed to be jarred upon at every turn. It is very possible that the old adage about a little learning applies to this case. A superficial culture doubtless increases one's sensibilities in various ways without producing a corresponding increase of resources; but the deeper culture supplies these and enables its possessor to bear a thousand trials or to discover means to surmount them as may be, of which the more ignorant individual would never have dreamed.

Naples the Unclean.

If ever there is an international exhibition of stench Naples will certainly take the medal of honour. She has her clean quarters as other cities have their dirty ones—namely, as an exception to the general rule. She has her elegant streets—the lovely Chiaja, than which no more charming drive exists in the world, and the brilliant Via di Roma, formerly the Toledo, full of handsome shops, but they are as islands in the universal sea of filth, and even there the reek of sewer gas poisons the air. "Everything smells badly," wrote Aurelien Schol of the hot weather of last summer, "the men, the women, the animals, the houses, and the streets, and the sea." He never came to Naples, or he would have implicated his remarks, and applied them to that much over-rated place. Apart from its incomparable situation, the beauty of Naples has been wonderfully exaggerated. It keeps no vivid architectural surprises for the stroller through its streets as does Rome. And everywhere there is dirt. The streets are piled and smeared and soiled, and the animals are unkempt and miserable looking. Frowzy women, to whom brushes and combs and soap and water are unknown quantities in the problem of life, sit in the doorways. The men, the women, the children of the lower orders are all dirty with an ingrained and indescribable dirt. And all this uncleanness is about you and around you the whole time. You cannot get away from it. From the moment you leave the railway station till you are safely landed there again in the hour of departure the horror is about you and around you continually. Its odours are in your nostrils and its hideous sights before your eyes. In other cities you can keep away from the dirty quarters. Nobody in Paris needs to get into the rag-pickers' demeane, nor is it possible to get into it by chance. But here the dirt pursues you like a foul reptile. And it is well if its poisons do not creep into your blood unawares, and to slay you as you realize your danger.

The City of the Future in Congo.

On entering on the terrace of Leopoldville, I quickly cast my eyes around to enjoy the delightful vision, and my first feeling, I remember, was one of stupefaction, an inability to realize the details, but conscious that all I looked upon was very sad and disheartening. Grass everywhere; grass on the terrace, tall grass luxuriantly thick on its slopes, grass in the crevices of the wall of the one residence, a damp green on the unbarked tree pillars of the veranda, the broad way of the native town like a grass-covered marsh above which the roofs of the huts could only be seen even from the commanding position of the terrace. A few acres of cassava, perhaps a hundred bananas independently apart and widely scattered, not a single pawpaw stalk in view, and if the semblance of a garden possessed any virtue within its rickety fence it was of such a mythical and modest nature that the prolific grass completely shrouded it from view. At one end of the terrace there was a palisaded inclosure intended for a redoubt, which I took to be evidence of unfriendly relations with the natives. Since the block-house of Leopoldville was finished only one small magazine had been added to the European quarter. The native town stood intact as it had been built eleven months previously, though in a dilapidated condition, and smothered by a wild and stubborn grass. Externally there was an unmistakable air of abandonment. . . . When I examined the magazines internally I found that the treasury of Leopoldville was at its lowest ebb.

Professor Proctor says that at least 450,000 meteors fall from the heavens and strike the earth every hour during the year. And yet when a man goes home with a black eye and a damaged tile, and tells his wife that he was struck by a meteor, she will not believe him.

ROME SUGGESTIONS.

The seed rod of plantain, boiled in milk will check the most violent attack of cholera morbus.

It is said that ice will melt less rapidly if wrapped in newspapers and placed in a covered box than when kept in a refrigerator.

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

If, after careful swimming, tiny particles of grease rise to the top of broth that is intended for the sick, try this method of removing it: Lay clean, white writing paper over it. If the first time trying does not remove it, repeat the operation.

The elasticity of cane chair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new, if none of the canes are broken.

Mouse holes in walls and closets should be filled with lime, afterward plastered over with plaster of Paris, mixed with water. It is a good plan to keep a paper of the latter in every house, as it is useful in filling cracks, and, in fact, comes in in many other ways into household economy.

Flannel which has become yellow by age may be restored to whiteness by the use of a solution of 24 ounces of Marselles soap in 50 pounds of soft water, to which is added two-thirds of an ounce of spirit of aqua ammonia, and the whole thoroughly mixed. Immerse the flannel, stir around well, then rinse in pure water.

A pretty cover for the piano stool is made of a square of felt. It should have fringe around the edge, either sewed on or made by slashing the edge of the felt. The ornamentation is of velvet ribbon put on in lines to form squares; the end should be painted, and the edges of the velvet may be fastened down with fancy stitches in bright embroidery silk. Or a border of satin ribbon may be put on; put a square of ribbon in each corner, and then a plain strip of the ribbon with the ends pointed where they join the squares. This, too, may be made very ornamental by the addition of embroidery.

Mix thoroughly four tablespoons of liquid ammonia, one pound of whiting and one pint of water that potatoes have been boiled in. Shake well and apply to the silver with a cloth. Rub the silver with it; then with a soft, clean piece; then wash. This is a valuable recipe. It is equally good for cleaning windows, applying it in the same manner as to the silver. This amount will last quite a while. In cleaning windows, just wet a cloth in the mixture, after shaking it well, and wipe the glass over. Go over the window, before you take the soft, clean cloth, which leaves the glass clear as crystal. No washing needed for windows. The cost is trifling. This is also excellent for tin ware.

Buttermilk as a Drink.

In warm summer weather many persons feel an irresistible craving for something sour and often gratify this desire by a free indulgence in pickles, or vegetables made with vinegar. This demand for acids indicates a deficiency in the acid secretions of the stomach, and the demand for an artificial supply is a natural one; but vinegar is not the best substitute. Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and therefore, one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving to the stomach a natural supply, and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than on any diet drink he can use.

THE SILVER THREAD.

The winter day was like a diamond, clear out and shining, with a kind of interior radiance that gave one the impression of a transparent phantom-like quality to all material things, that served scarcely to be the real living substance of spirit.

Nature's soft, sensuous season of beauty had faded as the leaf which the sword of death had sharply pruned away, and the gray skeleton branches in forest and field gleamed with a silvery light against its crystal sky, casting hardly the flicker of a shadow on the unbroken whiteness on the freshly fallen snow.

"It is a pretty day, mother," said Father Sanborn, resting on his elbow on the bare table beside him and looking out of the low south window in the little old brown house, falling with himself into slow, quiet decay.

"Aye—so," responded the old wife, drawing a little closer to the window and spreading her thin hands to the warmth of the sun flowing shadowless through the crumbling saah. "I think I smell spring violets," she added, with a dreamy, far-off look.

"No, Mother, I guess not yet," said the old man, smiling a little at the odd conceit, but remembering that Mother was not feeling right well to-day.

All the time he was picking with nervous fingers at a small rent in his worn vest-front, after an unconscious habit that he had when a thread-bare place appeared in his faded but clean old garments—a habit which had prompted the thrifty housewife to mend until the combination of pieces in the Father's apparel would have served as a model for the young lady's scheme in crazy patch-work.

"How did you get that tear, David?" she asked, adjusting her spectacles and bending forward to inspect it.

"Well you know, I was pullin' an old board off the garden fence—for a little kindlin', ye know—and a rusty nail ketched in the thin spot," he apologized.

"Yes, yes," assented the listener. "Has it come to the garden fence, Father?" she queried, cheerfully, glancing at the little armful of wood that he had just laid by the rayless kitchen stove.

"Mebbe the 'Squire will let me pick round and chop off the dead branches in his wood-lot next week," returned the old husband, with hopeful evasion of the question.

"Well, well!" said the old lady, pleasantly ignoring the subject of wood. "Now, you jest take off the jacket and let me mend it, Father."

"But—but ye know the thread is all used up, Dorothy," objected Father Sanborn, fumbling uncertainly among the empty spools in the little box of sewing implements on the window-sill.

Times were very close just now. Nobody but themselves knew to what straits they had come since David had grown so feeble and unable to work. But they uttered no complaint, even to each other.

"Well, you just take off the jacket, David, I'll contrive some thread somehow," replied the old lady, with a confidence in which the husband had long reposed. She was full of expedients that were like the miracles of Providence to him.

She went out and came back presently with a garment past use, from the seams of which she began carefully to pick the thread, but it proved too worn and worthless for re-sewing, and she abandoned the effort with a suddenly brightening thought.

"There's a great many ways," said she, pulling the little back-comb out of her hair and letting its still heavy and lustrant length unwind and fall in silver ripples upon

her bowed shoulders. Sitting there in the sunshine, she seemed suddenly enveloped in the shining aureole of a saint.

"Old David Sanborn leaned forward and let his hand glide softly over the snow-white waves with a tenderness and reverence of touch that expressed far more than the passionate and poetic praise of a younger lover.

Then pulling out a long, glistening thread, the dear old lady held up her needle to the light and endeavored to pierce its eye with the silken hair. But her glasses, she was ruse, did not serve her as well as usual, and, after struggling with the old bows for a more accurate adjustment, she took them off and wiped daintily, with her clean silk handkerchief, the speckless lens.

"Let me try, mother," said the watchful, sympathetic husband, taking the needle in his clumsy fingers, striving to pick up the shining thread, and in his effort dropping both upon the floor.

So, while he went down on his old knees to search for the lost bit of steel, Madam Dorothy, with a little laugh, drew from her needle-book another with a larger eye and miraculously threaded it at the first trial.

"Now, then!" she said, triumphantly taking the garment in hand and beginning her fine darning, finding with delight that her new brand of silk worked marvelously.

It was a slow, patient performance, requiring several difficult needle threadings, but it was accomplished with great interest to the old people and amid pleasant little jests about the loss in trade to thread dealers who could no longer depend on their custom amounting, they guessed, to "two spools a year."

They found pleasure in recalling the time when their thread bill had been quite extravagant—When Amanda and James and Helen and William had kept the family needle busily plying through endless rounds of seam and yearly succession of patches.

Without effort of memory, long processions of roundabouts, trousers, pinafores, frocks, caps, and sunbonnets in various patterns, passed before the old mother's vision, but faded in the shadow of the church-yard-pines, under which the wearers had for many years slept quietly with no need of anything her hand could do. Only Jack was left. But where in the wide world was poor Jack? He had been a sad, wild boy, and had wandered away, so one knew whither. It would be "fifteen years, come March," since they had heard from him.

His memory was a deep sore in their old hearts, and while they talked often, with a kind of comfort, of the dear children in "the better land," they rarely mentioned Jack.

The winter sun was falling low when the fascinating work was done, and old David had resumed the vest with the wonderful darning pressed warm against his heart. By that time they began to feel the need of their evening meal, and while the husband brightened up the fire with a few choice bits of wood and set the filled tea-kettle over the inspiring blaze, Dame Dorothy drew up the table spread with its clean, white cloth, and set thereon the old-fashioned plates with blue landscapes and the gay flowered tea-cups and saucers, which her hands had polished for forty years. Then she brought out some fragments of dry bread and a small dish of stewed apples, over which, as an extra relish, she carefully sifted the slightest dust of sugar over the nearly empty bowl matching the cheerful cups, and, with the addition of the horn-handled knives, two-tined forks, and quaint silver spoons bearing her maiden name, she sat down to wait the pleasant murmur of the boiling tea-kettle. When this was heard,

she poured a steaming stream into the warmed and waiting little earthen tea-pot, shook over it an ancient tea-caddy (from which nothing appeared to flow) and set the pot to steep. To be sure, the caddy had not smelled a dust of Hyson for the last month, but the ceremony of using it at every meal was a kind of balm to the pride of the thrifty old housewife and showed no falling off of domestic comforts.

If any one had happened in at that or any other hour, there would have been no hint of want, and the visitor would have gone away with the impression of abounding plenty in the little household, judging the scanty "spread" the choice of different appetite, as the old people would, most likely, have said that, not feeling very hungry, they had, "just picked up a little bit."

Indeed, they had covered their poverty with this proud front until between themselves there was no acknowledgment of failing supplies, but only a cheerful acceptance of the best that they could provide.

On this evening, however, the old lady, who felt strangely weak and tired, experienced, as she poured the colorless liquid in the cups, a secret craving for the stimulating beverage to which she had been so long accustomed, and by the magic sympathy of love the old husband sensed, with pity, her unspoken need.

"Hadn't I better borrow a drawin'," he began—but a quick, rebuking look from the old madam's pale eyes checked the weak proposition.

"Perhaps a trial of that handful of sage that we saved from the sale might give color and cheer you up a little, Dorothy," he concluded suggestively.

But Dorothy sat a little more erect in her old splint-bottomed chair. "I've been a feelin' for some time," said she, "that tea doesn't agree with me, Father, and I was readin' a long piece in the paper that Beatie Wood brought in the other day about the virtue of drinking hot water, and I think it will be better for both of us, David, to try it for awhile, just for our health."

The old man assented smilingly to the novel experiment, and poured out the new elixir in his saucer, and sipped it hopefully.

When this last event of the day was over, the cups and plates washed, the table cleared away, a few fragments of the garden fence brought in, and the hearth swept clean with the long used turkey's wing, the old couple sat down to the repose of the winter evening, with a sigh of relief in the sense of another day's provisions made, leaving with God the morrow. The oil in the little kerosene lamp had already burned too low for further use, unless some emergency should arise in which its illumination should be required, but the full moon was flooding the eastern sky with a soft silver radiance, more beautiful even than the golden light of the sun, and the earth, gleaming in still, white splendor, seemed to have come a degree nearer to that interior mystery of being forever haunting the soul with vague prescience of dawning revelation.

The pale glory streaming through the low kitchen window touched with shining lustre the gray heads of the old pair, sitting silent as they watched the flickering blaze in the stove, the front doors of which they had opened with economical view to lessen the consumption of fuel as well as to afford a weird domestic light. Their thoughts were flickering, fitfully as the blaze at which they gazed, through the sad and pleasant happenings of their sober-hued past, and had either spoken of any incident, the other would have said, as usual, after such silences, "Why I was just thinking of that,"—so closely had long association interwoven the mental fibre of their lives.

Into the midst of their meditations this evening suddenly burst the glad peals of the musical bell from the village church on the hill, and all at once they remembered that it was the wedding day of 'Squire Wood's daughter Beatie, and their slow pulses thrilled with a quick throb of interest and sympathy.

"Jimmy Grover is gettin' a proper nice wife," said the old gentleman, with satisfaction.

"Yes," assented the dame, dreamily—"I used to kind of hope when the child was so good and sweet to our Jack, that some day—ah me!—well—well!"

"Well, well!" echoed the old father with a sigh.

Again the bell pealed forth joyously from the hill, touching their hearts like the earliest song of Robins in the springtime; and the old man lavishly cast on two pieces of wood, and in the rekindled blaze saw reflected the morning glory of his own wedding-day, that seemed no farther away than yesterday.

"You looked like an angel, Dorothy, that evening we was married," he said, with the fervor of the youthful bridegroom, while the bell still swung its glad wedding call down from the hill. "Though," he added, gently, "you're just as beautiful now, dear. But that was a pretty gown, I thought. What ever became of that wedding gown, Dorothy?"

"Oh! don't you remember? I made it into baby dresses, and little Dolly—she was buried in one of them," was the soft answer, followed by a tender hush as the vision of little Dolly, lying in strange white stillness, floated like a mist between them and the sunshine of the wedding memory.

The dear old lady pressed her hand over the sharp dart of pain that had flashed through her heart again and again that night; but the old husband's talk wandered back to the spring-days of love once more, and revealed in delightful memories of the courtship which came out like stars in the still, quiet evening of his life.

But the wife's response grew fainter and farther between, and, though the ashen pallor of her face and the pressure of a hand upon her side was not noted in the dim light by the old lover, absorbed in many recollections, he began to sense a failure of sympathy, and paused with doubtful look.

"What is it, Dorothy?" he asked, with sudden dread.

"I—I'm not feelin' quite well, David. I—think—I'll—lie down," she said, brokenly, rising and tottering with the old man's help into the inner room.

There had been a troubled action of the heart with Dame Dorothy, which had long given warning of a swift, fatal pause in the wheels of life some day, and, shaking with foreboding of dreaded ill, old David placed her on the bed, and hastened with blundering hands to find the few carefully preserved matches, striving with ineffectual effort to light the lamp, but letting the feeble blaze flicker out and finally losing his trembling grasp of the frail glass chimney, which fell with a tinkling crash upon the floor.

"David—the—time—has come."

He heard the faint voice gasping his name and hurrying back to the bedside, the poor man saw with unutterable anguish in the fall flood of moonlight the terrible death agony in the wan face on the pillow.

Wild with the feeling that he must avert the blow, he rushed out of the house with a raw, incoherent cry for help, plunging he knew not whither, until his trembling old limbs failed him and his white head was dashed against the snow.

When he could gather strength, he rose

and crept back to the bed and fell down on his knees beside it.

The dear face in the still moonlight was very peaceful now, and more beautiful even than he remembered it in his youth.

He clasped the thin, worn hand that the passing spirit still gave power to clasp faintly upon his own, and whispered a few low, tender words as if the dulled ear could be gladdened by the sympathetic voice of love.

A strange tranquility came over him. He felt as upborne by invisible arms. A warm, fragrant atmosphere, tinged with roseate colors, seemed to enfold him, shutting out from his sense the cheerless, desolate surroundings of his material life. If Dorothy was dead he did not know.

When, next morning, the plain little housemaid from "Squire Wood's" came over with some fragments of the wedding feast in the basket on her arm, she marked with wonder the print of desperate feet and the plunge of a fallen body in the snow below the little cottage. But she went up the steps and tapped at the half-open door, smiling as she eased the weight of her basket, with the thought that this time she carried something which the proud old lady could not say she possessed in abundance, thank ye—for certainly no wedding-loaf had ever been broken in her house.

No response came to the girl's rap, she ventured to push open the door and step in. All was cheerless and cold. Could the old people be still sleeping?

There was a shuffling step in the inner room, and the bowed, hollow-eyed old man appeared at the door, nodding to his guest, but with no more sign of recognition than if she had come from another world.

"What is it, Father Sanborn? Aren't you well?" she questioned, in alarm.

"Well?—well?" responded the old Father, smilingly, but seeming not to sense the inquiry.

"And the old lady?" queried the visitor, with increasing apprehension.

"Mother?" he said, smiling and gazing beyond the girl, as though he saw a beautiful vision that intercepted his response to an interrogation not quite clear to his mind.

The swaying of his figure in the door revealed to the astonished maid the straight, still form on the bed within, and she started back with nervous fear. Had the old man gone crazy and murdered his wife in her bed? In a panic of fright, she dropped her basket on the floor and darted out, pursued by the phantom of her imagination and fleeing with winged steps to the nearest house, a quarter of a mile distant, where her wild report soon roused a neighborly orce to the little brown cot.

And so Dame Dorothy's body was taken in charge by friendly and charitable hands that at last unveiled the poverty she had so long and patiently striven to conceal. Old David showed small interest in the preparations going on about him for the last offices to the dead. He responded absently; often incoherently, to all remarks and questions, sitting by himself and sometimes whispering and gesticulating softly as to one who understood and sympathized as none others could do. There was a gentle acquiescence on his part to every plan and provision made by his neighbors. Only when an attempt was made to replace his old clothes with a suit deemed more respectable for the occasion, he clung obstinately, yet gently, to the vest mended on that last precious afternoon of the dear one's life, with the threads of her silver hair.

"Poor old man!" they said, yielding their vain persuasions, "he has quite lost his

mind, and it isn't worth while to oppose him."

After the quiet sleeper, with the look of infinite content on her sweet old face, was laid decently to rest, the event to which she had looked forward with mortal dread, yet with a stern sense of justice, came naturally to the culmination that had been charitably delayed. It seemed to Squire Wood's legal mind no longer a reason for deferring the foreclosure of the mortgage which he held on the old home for debts incurred by Jack in his wild days and which the proud old people had sacrificed every comfort in the effort to pay. The town poor-house, with its fair share of decencies, seemed the best place for old David Sanborn to end his days, since it provided both the care and companionship that no individual interest could give.

The meek old man accepts the provision cheerfully, performing any little service in his power "toward paying his way," as he expresses it, but loving best to sit or walk apart "whispering to himself," as his companions say, with a strange, wrapt look of happiness shining on his face. And nothing will persuade him to part with the old vest, which he continues to wear, only taking it carefully off at night, sometimes tenderly kissing the embroidery of silver thread and always laying it under his pillow when he goes to sleep.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Indian Graves to Order.

So determined, indeed, are some of the fabricators of frauds that the following incident is worthy of being published to show the ingenuity they exercise in their peculiar calling. To discover an Indian grave is, of course, a red-letter day for the archaeologist. Now, Indian graves are manufactured to order, it would appear. At least, the following recently occurred in New Jersey. A Philadelphia Flint Jack secured a half-decayed skeleton from a potter's field in the vicinity, and placed it in a shallow excavation on the waisting bank of a creek in New Jersey, where Indian relics were frequently found. With it he placed a steatite tobacco pipe of his own make, a steatite carving of an eagle's head, and beads. With these were thrown numbers of genuine arrow-heads and fragments of pottery. The earth was blackened with powdered charcoal. This "plant" was made in November, and in the following March, during the prevalence of high waters and local freshets, he announced to an enthusiastic collector that he knew the location of an Indian grave, and offered to take him thither for \$50, the money to be paid if the search proved successful, which of course it did. The cranium of that Philadelphia pauper passed through several craniologists' hands and was gravely remarked upon as of unusual interest, as it was a marked dolichocephalic skull, whereas the Delaware Indians were brachycephalic.

Money in a Fish's Stomach.

John Roberts, a fish dealer of Tennessee received a channel catfish, recently, weighing 114 pounds. The monster measured fourteen inches across the head and came alive and kicking. Roberts called in many customers to see the monster, and proceeded to skin, dissect, etc., in the presence of a reporter and others. The reporter states the facts thus: "I saw him cut the fish open, take out the entrails and open the masticating sack, from which was taken a piece of candle, a bunch of six keys, and a rag carefully rolled up and securely tied, in which was found two \$20 gold pieces, two \$5 gold pieces and \$5.50 in silver, making \$55.50, and I tell you, sir, I never would have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

Australians.

The visitor to Australia may lay his account with having what the Americans call "a lovely time," says Archibald Forbes. His hosts—all the colonists will be his hosts—will strain every nerve to make him enjoy himself. Australian hospitality is proverbial the world over, and it has in it a cordial freshness that impart to it a special delight. If he be a true man, he will leave no colony without realizing that he is leaving behind him in it many warm and genuine friends. He need not be a susceptible person to find that, with the friendships he has left, he may have left his heart as well. The ladies have a characteristic, bright, airy piquancy. They sparkle as perhaps not even the American lady sparkles. Their manner—one finds one asking one's self who and whence they get it—for you will find it in the damsel of a remote bush township, who is as graceful, frank and winsome as the Melbourne girl, who may have spent years in European residence and travel. One of the finest ladies I ever met, in every shade of reflection of that term, was never in her life outside the colony of Victoria, except for a visit to New Zealand. Australian women read. I imagine some London booksellers could supply startling statistics in regard to the number of high-class reviews and periodicals they send to the Antipodes. I am happy to say that I never met a blue-stocking in Australia; but I have had the honor of conversing with many Australian women of high culture and deep thought on subjects, superficial thought about which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot; but you do not find yourself oppressed by volunteered frankness of this sort; you have to ask that you may find. To sum up with a curtness and rough generalization of which apology is due—Australian ladies are fairly accomplished; in modern languages they are somewhat weak; in music very good—occasionally exceptionally so. They all sing, and many sing well. The most exquisite flower-painter I know of lives under the southern cross, and her gift is real genius. Victoria can boast of an amateur actress in whom also I venture to recognize something of the sacred fire. In physique they are taller, alighter, more lithe, shapelier than their congeners at home; their color, save in Tasmania, is seldom brilliant. The expression is full of vivacity; the eyes nearly always good and the head and feet shapely, but not exceptionally small. They dance divinely.

Australian gentlemen are manly, cordial fellows; they are more pronounced and less reserved than Englishmen. The tone is a trifle brusque, but it has the genuine ring in it. I think, perhaps, that they have more prejudices than Englishmen—I do not mean personal prejudices—and they are certainly freer spoken in the enunciation of them. They are wholly without one attribute that is a discredit to so many Englishmen—the affectation of being idlers because of an absence of necessity for being workers. "Have you a leisure class?" asked an Englishman of an American. "What's that, any how?" enquired the citizen of the Union. "A class who can afford to have no avocation," explained the Briton. "Why, certainly," responded the American with alacrity, "we call them tramps." It is much the same in Australia. The only people who let themselves afford to have no specific object in life are the "sundowners," as they are called colonially; the loafers who saunter from station to station in the interior, secure of a nightly ration and a bunk. Baring the "sundowners," every Australian has his avocation, and would think shame of himself to apo a sorry pride of not being industrious in it. He works like a man and he plays like a man—sometimes like a boy. He is more

speculative than is the business man, and he therefore may experience a greater vicissitude of fortune; but he has an elasticity and a versatility that are more American than English; and so copious are the opportunities of Australia, that if fortune frowns to-day she may smile to-morrow from ear to ear. In all Australian life there remains still a large out-of-door element, comprising occasional hard exercise, the recoil from which has a tendency to make men burly if not portly. There is a ruddy, sturdy manhood in them, even in the towns. In culture, in refinement, in manner, the Australian women are the superiors for the most part of the men; but I think this is so in all communities of which the civilization has not attained to an exceptional degree of finished organization.

Just the Thing.

W. J. Guppy, druggist Newhorry writes, "Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock three times last summer. There was a good demand for it." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint.

Girls smitten with brass-band players wear bandoline bangs over their eyes.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Cryolite, a mineral which is of great value in the potash manufacture, has been discovered in the Yellowstone. Heretofore it has been obtained only in Greenland.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

In the man whose childhood has known carcases there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.

The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the specious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of its marvellous cures are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write for names if you want home evidence.

Any man who puts his life in peril in a cause which is esteemed, becomes the darling of all men.

LIKE ALL STERLING REMEDIES, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure deserves a fair trial. It would be absurd to suppose that this or any other medicine of kindred nature could produce instantaneous effects. For the thorough removal of Chronic Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, and other ailments to which it is adapted, its use should be continued some time, even after the chief symptoms are relieved. That it then effects complete cures is a fact established by ample and respectable evidence.

Scorpions and spiders properly feed upon the juices of their victims after lacerating them with their jaws, yet fragments of insects have been sometimes found in their stomachs.

A Quadruple Force.

The reason why disease is so soon expelled from the system by Burdock Blood Bitters is because that excellent remedy acts in a four-fold manner—that is to say, upon the Bowels, the Liver, the Blood and the Kidneys, driving out all bad humor, and regulating every organic function.



FIG. 9.—No. 3260—Misses' Suit. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 6 yards; 28 inches, 6 1/4 yards; 29 inches,
 6 3/4 yards; 30 inches, 7 yards; 31 inches, 7 1/4 yards;
 32 inches, 7 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 5 3/4 yards; 29
 inches, 6 yards; 30 inches, 6 1/4 yards; 31 inches,
 6 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 7 yards.

Lining for underskirt (dresses 27 inches wide), 8 1/2
 yards.

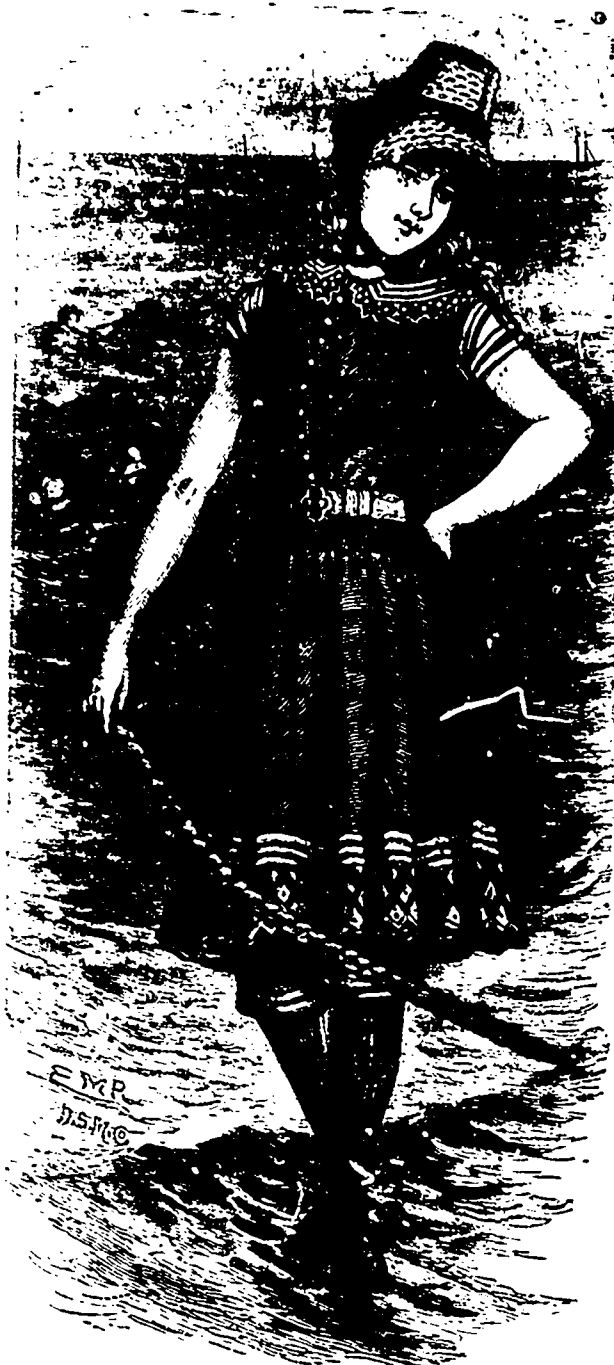


FIG. 2.—No. 5260.—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 6 1/4 yards; 32 inches, 7 yards; 34 inches,
 7 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 8 1/4 yards; 38 inches, 9 yards;
 40 inches, 9 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 10 1/4 yards.



FIG. 11. No. 3260—Misses' Suit. Price, 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 6 1/4 yards; 28 inches, 7 1/8 yards; 29
 inches, 7 3/8 yards; 30 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 31 inches,
 8 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 8 5/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 28 inches, 6 3/4 yards; 29
 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 8 1/4 yards; 31 inches,
 9 1/8 yards; 32 inches, 10 1/8 yards.



FIG. 12.—No. 2254.—Misses' Bathing Suit. Price, 20 cents.

Quantity of Material (25 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 28 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 29
 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 31 inches,
 3 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 3 7/8 yards.



FIG. 10.—No. 3270—Misses' Suit.—Price, 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 28 inches, 8 1/4 yards; 29 inches,
 8 1/4 yards; 30 inches, 8 3/4 yards; 31 inches, 8 3/4 yards;
 32 inches, 8 3/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 5 yards; 28 inches, 5 yards; 29 inches, 5
 3/4 yards; 30 inches, 6 3/8 yards; 31 inches, 6 5/8
 yards; 32 inches, 6 3/4 yards.

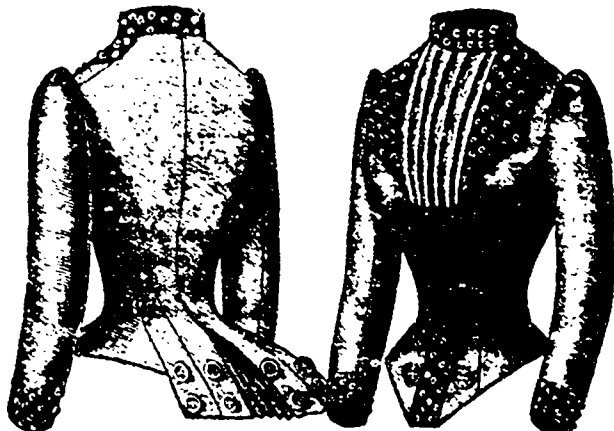


FIG. 3.—No. 3259.—Ladies' Blouse. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 3 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2
 yards; 40 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 3 1/2 yards;
 44 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 46 inches, 3 3/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 34
 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2
 1/8 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/4
 yards; 44 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 3/8 yards.

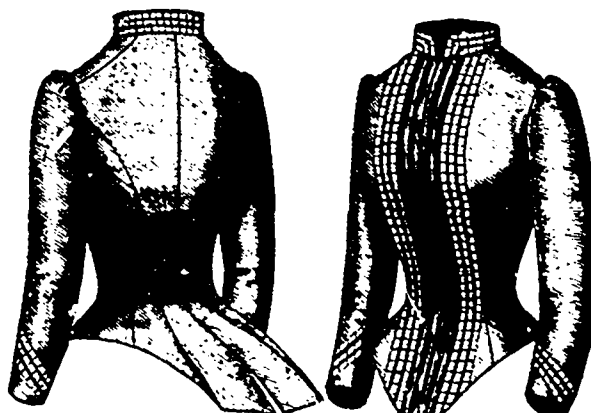


FIG. 4.—No. 3262.—Ladies' Blouse. Price 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 3 yards; 32 inches, 3 yards; 34 inches,
 3 1/8 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2
 yards; 40 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 3 3/4 yards;
 44 inches, 4 yards; 46 inches, 4 yards.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 34
 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 36 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 38 inches,
 2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/8
 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/4 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 2.—The price of this bathing suit is 25 cents. Serge or flannel are selected for such dresses with a trimming of contrasting braid. The trousers and blouse are cut in one piece; the full skirt shirred to quite a depth and buttoned on the outside; a canvas belt is then added, which matches the color of the trimming. The shoulders are finished with armlets held up by a loop of cord from the seam; the neck is cut somewhat low in front and finished with a broad collar that is scalloped and trimmed with braid like that forming a Lattice work and border on the skirt.

FIGURE No. 3.—This design incorporates the narrow vest, high collar, Marie Antoinette revers and cuffs of frise dotted velvet, with a pleated plastron of light gauze, crepe canvas or silk; fancy buttons are placed upon either side of the vest and in four rows on the long position back, with a cluster of side pleats in the centre. Pattern No. 3250 price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 4 represents a basque with a postillion back, short sides and a long, square vest of surah, canvas, veiling, etc., laid in pleats turned toward the middle. The collar, coat sleeves and edges of the plastron are finished with fancy braid. Pattern No. 3202, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 9.—This suit shows the favorite plain tablier and sides, with a round apron and bouffant drapery, which hangs sufficiently long to dispense with any trimming besides the protective pleating. Bands of the contrasting fabric look well, or the trimming may be selected according to the fabric and taste. The basque is short and round, with tucks down the centre back and front, high collar and coat sleeves finished with lace, embroidery, or velvet, if of woolen goods. Pattern No. 3260, price 25 cents.

FIG. No. 10.—Pattern No. 3270, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for this extremely practical suit. The fronts are cut in gabielle style, with a polonaise back, which hangs over a skirt piece sewed to a belt that fastens under the garment; the edge of this has a narrow pleating, while a broad side-pleating is added across the front and sides. A sash drapery is then added, giving a basque effect to the front of the dress. A high collar and coat sleeves complete the design, which is a standard fashion suitable for woolen or cotton fabrics.

FIGURE No. 11.—An ordinary skirt is shown here, a Moliere apron attached to a polonaise with jacket fronts. The fronts are plain beneath the plastron, which hooks up at the neck after the fronts are buttoned, and is then confined by ribbons from the side seams; the apron is draped high on the sides, and the extension back presents a bouffant appearance. The trimming in this instance is of brown cashmere bands, with gold braid on tan-colored cashmere. Any flat trimming is equally suitable. Pattern No. 3269, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 12.—Pattern No. 2254, price 20 cents, furnishes the design for this serviceable bathing suit. The blouse and trousers are cut in one piece; the skirt gathered to a band and fastened on afterward; the garment is completed by a sailor collar and coat sleeves; the latter can be cut off at the elbows if preferred. Serge or flannel are selected for such a purpose, and trimmed with contrasting braid.

It will be no compliment hereafter to call a girl an angel. The new version of the Old Testament places mankind considerably above instead of a little lower than the angels.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

The report of the killing of General Garcia, commander of the Mexican forces, in a recent battle with the Yaqui Indians, is confirmed. Four hundred of his men were also killed.

A German school-master, who had served faithfully for upward of fifty-two years, was recently retired by the imperial government upon an annual pension of thirty-six dollars and seven cents of fire-wood.

A woman quack has been imprisoned in Paris for selling as a cure for heart-disease a concoction made by boiling puppy-dogs and red earth for nine days in oil. Price, four dollars for a small pot.

The inaugural dinner of the Imperial American Club was given in London lately. The object of the new club is to provide a center in London where members of the principal clubs of the United States can meet persons of social standing in England, India, and the British colonies.

Santa Rosa, Cal., is prospering and improving beyond any year in the past. During the year a total of over half a million dollars has been expended in buildings, and nearly as much more will be similarly appropriated the coming year. The number of buildings completed is close to 100 and those in progress or under contract will swell the total to fully 140. This in a city of 5,000 inhabitants can be accounted remarkable.

King Alfonso, of Spain, the other day made a visit incognito to the cholera hospital at Aranjuez. In the meantime, the King's departure becoming known in Madrid, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies suspended their sittings and proceeded to the railway station, accompanied by the Queen, in the afternoon to welcome him back. On alighting from the train he received a tremendous reception from the vast crowd that had assembled.

"Russians in India are remarkably plentiful just now," so says the *Indian Daily News*. "Many are men of good social standing, who profess to be sportsmen or travelers, bring letters of introduction to high Indian officials, and eagerly study Hindustani manuals. All these men gravitate to Central India and Rajputana. Others are of inferior grade, and seem too old to be students, while some are women. Russian is openly taught in Calcutta, and there is a remarkable demand for Russian primers and grammars."

Lord Salisbury, in an interview with Baron de Staal, offered to resume the Afghan frontier negotiations at the point where they were closed by Earl Granville, on the condition that the convention include a Russian engagement to hold the frontier as a permanent limit. A commission from the British Foreign Office will meet a Russian commission to settle the remaining details of the delimitation next week. It is announced that the Marquis of Salisbury will soon introduce in the House of Lords a bill embodying the chief recommendations of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the sanitary condition of the houses of the poor and to report upon the best means of housing them.

The Peruvian army is made up mostly of Indians and Cholos (as the mixed races are called), and are brought in from the mountains tied with ropes. "A train load of the 'volunteers' came in from the country," says a Lima letter, "all of them with their hands tied behind them, and were driven into a corral, like so many cattle where they were given uniforms and guns and put through a course of sprouts. It is of little interest to the Indian on which side he fights, for he knows nothing about the political trou-

bles of the country, and serves any command or who happens to capture him, like a mule or a horse, until he is shot or runs away. They are obedient, tractable, and enduring, and although those who know enough will cut off hands and feet to avoid service in the army, their mutinies always originate with the officers, who are Spanish."

The now famous Penjdeh is inhabited by some 7,500 families of Sariks, who are not subject to any great head chief, but are mostly ruled by various influential headmen. A good many Jews live among them, and are the principal shopkeepers, while they have no other slaves than a few captured years ago as children and women, now settling down as wives. The Sariks, the Calcutta Englishman says, are most prosperous, and possess over half a million sheep and 20,000 camels. Their kibitkas are very comfortable and are hung with rich carpets, this manufacture being their chief industry. The women go about freely, unveiled, and the children—very English looking—are full of spirits. One of the officers of the Mission used frequently to scatter small coin among the children, for which they scramble in true English form, while the elders looked on and enjoyed the fun. The dogs belonging to the Mission—especially the bulldogs or fox terriers—excited roars of laughter among the natives, as they formed such a contrast to the gigantic long-haired beasts belonging to the Sariks.

Step-Mothers.

Of all classes of people on this green earth, the step-mothers seem to have the fewest friends.

People are to be found in plenty who are ready to wail out their sympathy for poor motherless children who are doomed to a "stepmother's cruelty," but no thought is ever taken for the poor woman who is to work and worry for these children as if they were her own—yes far more than if they were hers, for it would never do for a step-mother to deal with the children she marries as we all do with our own. She would be denounced as the most heartless among women, if she dared lay down the rules for the government of her charges that the writer of this little plea in her behalf feels fully justified in doing for her own children. It is for these reasons that we were struck by a paragraph in *The Christian Home*, which stated that the only mother Abraham Lincoln ever knew was a step-mother. And when he had grown to manhood he said of her, "All I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel (step) mother." This fact may be familiar to many, but it was new to me, and it occasioned a throb of genuine gratification to discover (so noble a tribute to one of this much berated class; for it is no mean honor to step-mothers, that to one of their number belongs the credit of moulding such a character as Abraham Lincoln's. And if one could do such great things, why may we not expect something of other step-mothers. And grant, at least, the same charity in judging their treatment of other people's children that we would if they were their own, for even this is hard judgment unless we assume that natural affection is nothing, and that love has no power to lighten labor.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

It is said that a Connecticut clock company has been engaged for some time in the manufacture of watch movements, and, having made up \$30,000 worth of the stock, recently began putting their movements together. It was discovered that all the watches turned their pointers around backward.

FORETOLD HIS OWN DEATH.

A Port Jervis Preacher who Prepared his Own Funeral Sermon.

A well known gentleman of Port Jervis, N. Y., relates the following remarkable story:—"In 1874 my father, the Rev. Isaac Allerton, then in his 90th year, who had been living with me for a time, went to Chicago on a visit to one of his sons. He returned along in the summer to Port Crane, Broome county, where another son was living. During the hot days of July and August he suffered very much from the heat. One day in the latter month he astonished his son's family by announcing that on a certain day in the coming February in 1875 he would pass to the other world. Although the family tried in every way to rid him of the peculiar idea, he insisted that his prediction would prove true. He was calm and composed and said something seemed to tell him that his final dissolution was near at hand.

"Accordingly he set about to write his farewell sermon. He had told his son that the day of his death would be Monday. On the day before, Sunday, he would deliver the farewell sermon which he was preparing, and on the following Wednesday he would be buried. The sermon was to be a review of his life work and his religion, and he spent a great deal of time upon it. The title was 'Farewell to Earth.' He also selected a spot in the graveyard where he wished to be buried, and staked it out, also making all the necessary preparations for his funeral. He even went so far as to have the remains of his wife removed from Port Jervis, where she was buried, to the Port Crane burying ground.

"As the summer waned and fall spent itself there was nothing in the appearance of father that would seem to indicate the approach of the silent messenger. At times he would appear grave and thoughtful, and would talk of religious matters, but usually he was lively and went about in good health. You must not forget that at this time he was almost four score and ten, but he was unusually active. Well, as the time neared for his death, as predicted, he assured his friends that the prediction was correct, and that he would pass away as he had foretold. But he had made a slight error in some way and he died on Sunday, the day he was to preach his farewell sermon, instead of on Monday, the day he had fixed upon as the day of his death.

"Another singular thing about it was that the day on which he died was also his 90th birthday, and as near as could be decided upon the hour of his birth and the hour of his death were identical. Father was not sick or in pain at any time after he predicted his death, nor when the end was reached. He simply laid back his head, said he was going, and died.

Drouth in Russia.

The southern provinces of Russia are suffering from a long-continued drouth which threatens to ruin the wheat crop. The stock of wheat on hand is also very low owing to the great quantities that were hastily exported from the Black Sea ports when it seemed likely that they would be blockaded by England.

Nothing can be more offensive than cheap gold braid put carelessly on cheap stuffs. It actually gives one a blow in the eye to look at some of the frocks thus decorated or defaced, worn along the retail business centre of the city, and which will soon put blots upon the beauties of nature along the seashore, among the mountains, and over the country.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

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

WHEN COURTS have decided that all subscribers, newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 25th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 10th Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per single line; one month, \$1.85 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send their papers for trying regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

Elephant Fights in Burmah.

In the elephant fights at Theyatmo there were fifteen elephants on a side. A pair of them are never started alone at a fight. The fights are always arranged for the amusement of the nobles, and are great events. The battle is terrific, the elephants are given toddy, made out of the fermented juice of the palm, which they drink out of buckets. Jersey lightning is like water compared to the stuff. I drank some under the impression that it was a kind of cider. It smelled like cider. I took only one finger, and I never was so drunk in my life. I never would have felt the same amount of whiskey. It makes the elephants reel and tumble about like drunken men. They snort and trumpet and create a terrible racket. In the fight at Theyatmo the nabouts, or drivers, straddle their necks and urge them on. The beasts had been maddened by prodding and beating and rushed at each other like mad. There were some that wheeled round and ran away, but those that kept on made the earth shake when they came together. They ran right into each other. They locked tusks, and gored and lashed one another with their trunks. Tusks were run into elephant shoulders six or eight inches. The fights in India are the same, of course. In Burmah fights take place between elephants and tigers. King Thebaw has men fight tigers. The Burmese in power are cruel. One king used to make the people lie down for his pony to walk over. Col. George Arstringhall, Barnum's elephant trainer, said elephants were fond of whiskey or any kind of liquor. One would take four or five gallons at a dose.

The British Government officials are making experiments with a new locomotive torpedo steered by electricity from the shore.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions. As the effort met with fair encouragement he has ever since continued, from time to time, similar offers, carrying out every promise to the very letter, and promptly paying every prize offered. As his publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and he has staked his all in its success, he is fully alive to the fact that the scheme must be carried out fairly and honorably without favor or partiality to any one.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years he has, among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 silver tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent. Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now in sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up. This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promises, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word VOICE in the Bible.

THE REWARDS.

In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Risch, Toronto.....1,500
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs.....800
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services.....500
14 to 18. Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches.....540
20 to 30. Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches.....330
31 to 70. Forty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements.....400
71. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
72 to 200. One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs.....780
201 to 500. Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs.....900
501. Fifty Dollars in Gold.....50

SECOND REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....200
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent grand square pianos.....\$1,650
5, 6 and 7. Three fine-toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs.....900
8 to 15. Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....760
16 to 25.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches.....170
26 to 40. Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets.....780
41 to 70. Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches.....900
71 to 99. Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings 100. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
101 to 181. Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern.....825
182 to 305. One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons.....850
306 to 500. Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....610
501 to 715. Two hundred and six fine bitter knives.....906
716. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

THIRD REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood square pianos.....\$1,530
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches.....400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches.....400
12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services.....540
18 to 28. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set).....500
30 to 33. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....300
34. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
40 to 50. Fifty one solid gold gem rings.....500
51 to 121. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....450
122 to 200. Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons.....445
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....450
401. One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.....150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

"TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, No. 12 Ross Street, in the City of Toronto. The house is a new one, semi-detached, one mantle, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, and all modern conveniences. It now rents for \$22 per month, so you can judge of its value from the rental. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

FOURTH REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Risch, Toronto.....1,500
5 and 6. Two fine-toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm.....500
7, 8 and 9. Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services.....200
10 to 18. Six gentlemen's solid gold watches.....600
19 to 20. Five ladies' solid gold watches.....450
21 to 29. Nine renowned sewing machines 30. Ten Dollars in Gold.....10
31 to 40. Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin silver watches.....300

- 41 to 50. Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....200
51 to 100. Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400
101 to 210. One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....800
211 to 310. Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....80
611. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....10

FIFTH REWARDS.

- 1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos.....2,100
10 to 20. Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000
31 to 32. Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches 1,000
33 to 50. Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,440
61 to 70. Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns.....2,700
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia.....2,000
111 to 182. Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....630
133. Twenty dollars in gold.....20
183. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
185 to 187. Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches.....640
163 to 350. One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea spoons.....990
351 to 600. Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).....100

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin .. \$ 200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker.....750
8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces.....300
11 to 18. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches.....800
19 to 28. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....500
30 to 33. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....44
91 to 150. Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons.....200
151. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
152 to 200. One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Olographs.....500
291 to 401. One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author.....50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 611 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good any time between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

The competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 24-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of new cast music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department, Illustrated. In the Contributors' pages may be found during the

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D. D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others; In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady's or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Can.

Frightening Children.

With painful frequency we hear of cruel "practical jokes" perpetrated upon little children. Again and again comes to us the old story of a child frightened into convulsions by a playfellow who "only wanted to have a little fun." One would think that incidents like this had been enacted and told with ghastly iteration often enough from generation to generation to warn off the most incorrigible fan-lopers and fools from the dangerous ground. The progress of the witless plot is generally the same up to a certain point. There is neither originality nor variety in the favourite mode of execution. It soundstrite in telling. A figure wrapped in the conventional sheet lurking in the dark corner; a spring upon the unsuspected victim, selected because he is the most timorous or delicate of the family or school; dismay, shrieks of anguish blent with goblin laughter—then a difference in the ending. Sometimes no apparent harm is done, unless that one child is made more timid, another more cruel. Again, the nervous system is unbalanced so far that a swoon, or, as in the case before us, convulsions ensue. Once in a while the innocent subject of the practical joke pays for his tormentor's prank with his reason or his life. In a less flagrant manner incalculable mischief is done in many nurseries by tales of ghosts, bogies, the black man who comes down the chimney to catch children who will not go to sleep quietly, etc. The mother is culpable who, when she finds her child unduly timid, does not watch narrowly for indications that the nervous organism of her offspring has been tampered with, and who, should her suspicions be confirmed, does not follow the clue to its source and banish the criminals from the household.

A man possessed of four cars is a natural curiosity in San Francisco. John Henry Grimes is a native of Nova Scotia. The peculiarity about him that attracts attention makes him the best developed person in the world, so far as hearing is concerned. The front cars, which are placed in their natural position, are perfect and well-formed. The extra pair are partly covered by those in front, yet they appear like ordinary cars. Tests have been made which demonstrate that Mr. Grimes can hear equally well with either pair of ears.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$100
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, 1,650
- 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, \$10
- 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 600
- 14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
- 20 to 26.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330
- 27 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, 400
- 31.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100
- 32 to 39.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons.... 730
- 40 to 50.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125
- 501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos.....\$1,520
- 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 480
- 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 482
- 12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
- 18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedias (10 vols. to set)..... 500
- 24 to 28.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 300
- 29.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
- 30 to 31.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
- 32 to 33.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 480
- 34 to 39.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons..... 415
- 40 to 49.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450
- 501.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 300
 - 2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,600
 - 5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
 - 8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300
 - 11 to 13. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 800
 - 14 to 19. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 598
 - 20 to 21. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 442
 - 22 to 23. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300
 - 24. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
 - 25 to 29. One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 800
 - 30 to 40. One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 40
- Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from all points. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

JOURNAL Office from all points. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but especially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music; (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, Editor "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The above Bible Competition will finally close the 30th of September. All parties competing will kindly bear this date in mind. Fifty days will be allowed after date of closing for letters to reach this office from distant points. All letters must, however, bear post mark of 30th September.

The experiment which Messrs. Tuckett & Son entered upon when they commenced to make their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco was this: to give the public a tobacco of the very finest Virginia leaf at the smallest possible margin beyond its actual cost, in the hope that it would be so extensively bought as to remunerate them. By the end of three years the demand for it had grown so much as gave assurance that the success of the experiment was within reach. The demand for it to-day is more than ten times greater than it was then and it is still increasing. Success has been reached.

Swans have been known to live to the age of 300 years, and Cuvier thinks it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years.

The Raw Cutting Winds

Of winter bring to the surface every latent pain. It is one of the strange things associated with our physical well being that the very air, without which we could not exist, is heavily laden with the germs of disease. Rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago and, other complaints of a similar character hold revel at this season of the year amongst human muscles. There was a time when fortitude alone could make life tolerable, but now with the advent of powerful, penetrating and nerve soothing remedies pain becomes a thing of a moment. The best, the most powerful and most certain pain cure is POISON'S NERVILINE. Nothing equals Nerviline for penetrating power. Nerviline is beyond comparison the grandest discovery for the relief of pain offered to the public. Druggists sell a sample bottle for 10 cents: large bottles only 25 cents at any drug store.

Rupture, Breach or Hernia.

New guaranteed cure for worst cases without use of knife. There is no longer any need of wearing awkward, cumbersome, trusses. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y.

There is as much wisdom in bearing with other people's defects as in being sensible of their good qualities; and we should make the follies of others rather a warning and an instruction to ourselves than a subject of mirth and mockery of those who commit them.

Is It Not Singular

that consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and over-doing. It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

Some time ago the two year-old baby of Owen Walker, of Marshall, swallowed a copper cent. All efforts to remove the coin from the child's stomach proved unavailing, and the little one has been growing weaker day by day. Strange to say the child is turning blue. A heavy blue circle under the eyes was first noticed. This began to spread and is gradually extending.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

On one of the Azore Islands, St. Michael's the people invariably drop the family name, each being known by entirely different unlike titles. The same names are also applied to either sex indiscriminately.

Fun for Everybody?

Fun is just what every person is looking for, willing to pay for, and finds hardest to secure. We want a new process mill so that fun can be ground out by the ton and sold at close cutting prices everywhere. How would this be done? The first step is to relieve all who suffer from pain, and Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor stands in the very front rank in this respect. Sure, safe and Painless, causing no sore spots, nor producing the slightest discomfort while in use. Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and beware of substitutes and poisonous imitations.

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound.

It is said that the crime of parricide was unknown in one of the states of ancient Greece until a law was enacted for the special punishment of such a crime should it occur.



OUR CHAMPION CANVAS FOLDING COT is the best made. Fold and opened constantly, better than a Hammock. Just the thing for Hotels, Tourists, Sportmen, Camps, &c. Good for the Lawn, Piazza or the coolest place in the House. Splendid for Invalids or Spare Beds. Price \$2.50. Our Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of Tents, Camp Furniture, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Lacrosse Sticks, Base Ball Goods, &c., mailed on application.

P. O. ALLAN,
GAMES AND CAMPING GOODS DEPOT
TORONTO.

CURRENT HUMOR.

Woman is the pearl of creation, hence she expects to be mounted in gold like other pearls.

"Ah, going to sketch a wind-mill?" said Bass to his artist friend. "Come up to the house. Mrs. B. is a great talker."

The people of Philadelphia are so accustomed to finding gravel in their water that they frequently take rook in their rye.

"Mystery gold" is the gold that is left in the safe after a paying teller has left for Canada. Why it is left is the mystery.

What is the difference between a flood and an angry street-car driver? One breaks the dam and the other d—s the brake.

Cackling hens are of great value in boarding-house yards. They lead the boarders to believe their breakfast eggs are freshly laid.

A man can get gloriously drunk in Japan for 20 cents. This is why the Japanese who come to America save their money and take it home with them.

One of the most wonderful facts of the present age is the way actors continue to remain "young American tragedians" until they are past 90.

The aim of Chinese parents is to so tutor their boys that if one of them happens to sit down on an eight-ounce tack in the presence of company he won't even bob up.

At the conclusion of a college theatrical performance of "Julius Caesar" a young lady was asked by a student what she thought of it. "Well," she replied, critically, "I think the mob did splendidly."

A Marklesburg mother having occasion to reprove her little 7-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received for a reply: "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always do."

A philosopher says: "Girls should be accomplished, but not beautiful, if they would escape marital troubles." This is probably the reason there are so many happy marriages in Hamilton.

A female writer declares that women will continue to live on this earth after all the opposite sex have disappeared from the face of the earth. She is bound women shall have the last word.

At the masquerade: She—How do you do, Mr. Fogg? How do you like my costume? I am Lady Jane Grey, you know. Fogg—Is it possible? Really, I didn't think you were so old as that.

A woman writer says that when a girl cries "Let me be!" she doesn't mean what she says. It is different after the girl is married—that is, when she speaks to her husband.

"So you have got your two sons started in life? They both belong to liberal professions, I understand?" "Yes," replied the old gentleman, "their professions are liberal enough, but, 'tween you and me, their performances are rather stingy."

A package of \$23,000 carelessly wrapped up in an old newspaper, knocked around in a passenger coach on the Wabash road all day. The porter found it, but the amount was so small that he did not think it worth while to keep it.

There are only two occasions when a man finds out what an atrocious villain he really is. The first is when he runs for the aldermanship of his ward, and the second is when his wife sues him for divorce.

Frenchman (to Kentucky citizen)—"Aen ze friend ask you ze invite to take ze drink viskey, vat you say in Anglaish?" Kentucky Citizen—"Don't care if I do." "Doncar sideo, oui! But ven you refuse ze invite, zen vat you say in Anglaish?" "Well—or—I guess you've got me now, Frenchy."

A lady was in the parlor singing "Come Where the Lilies Bloom so Fair," when her matter-of-fact husband opened the door and

said: "Come out here and help render out this lard, and move this soap-grease, and get them rotten potatoes out of the cellar. I'm in a hurry. I have to drag them dead hogs off this evening."

An out-of-town parson was taking leave recently of a congregation with whom he had not lived on the best of terms. "I do not regret our separation, dear brethren, for three good and valid reasons. The first is that you don't love me, the second that you don't love one another, and the third that God does not love you. You don't love me—my salary is several months in arrear you don't love one another—or there would not be such a dearth of marriages amongst you; and God doesn't seem to love you as you ought to be loved, because there have been so few funerals among you lately."

Little Earnest, a small boy recently emancipated from kilts, walked into the nursery one morning and was quite disgusted upon finding that it had not been put in order for the day—one of the rules of the house being that no playthings should be brought out until the sweeping was done. He left the room for a short time, and finding matters no better on his return, exclaimed impatiently: "Well, haan't this room been swooped yet?" "Why, Ernest," said his mother, "do you think that is good grammar?" "Oh well, then," said he, "has it been swoopen?"

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption.

"Tommy, said the pretty school-ma'am, 'who was the wisest man?' Solomon," replied Tommy, promptly. "Wherein did his great wisdom lie?" "Splittin' heirs," replied Tommy.

The most deadly foe of all malarial diseases is Ayer's Ague Cure, a combination of vegetable ingredients only, of which the most valuable is used in no other known preparation. This remedy is an absolute and certain specific, and succeeds when all other medicines fail. A cure is warranted.

"Who was that gentleman you were talking with just now?" "I really don't know his name, but I think he's a Southern colonel." "Why so?" "He used such choice oaths."

Do Not Delay.
Do not delay, if suffering any form of Bowel Complaint, however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old reliable cure for all forms of Summer Complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask your druggist and all the dealers in patent medicines.

Romantic young ladies who open their casements at night and gaze pensively upon the moon are very foolish. The moon is 240,000 miles distant, and if there was a man in it they couldn't get him. What's the use of being unreasonable.

The "London News" says:

"Among the many specifics introduced to the public for the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, derangement of various kinds and a general family medicine, none have met with such genuine appreciation as Hop Bitters. Introduced to this country but a short time since, to meet the great demand for a pure, safe and perfect family medicine, it is the most popular medicine known. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It discharges its curative powers without any of the evil effects of other biters or medicine, being perfectly safe and harmless for the most frail woman, smallest child and weakest invalid to use.

"Few are the homes indeed where the great discovery has not been hailed as a deliverer and welcomed as a friend. It does what others affect to do. Composed of simple materials, it is a marvel of delicate and successful combination. Nothing is wanting. Every ingredient goes straight to the mark at which it is aimed, and never fails. Pleasant to the palate, agreeable to the stomach, and thoroughly effective as a cure, and has won for itself the confidence of all.

"Hop Bitters are used in Six of the large London Hospitals and in similar Institutions throughout the world, and are the purest and best medicine ever made.

Given Up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Is It Acting Right?

If you are troubled with inactive Liver, your complexion will be sallow, frequent sick headache, aching shoulders, dizziness, weariness, irregular bowels, and many other serious complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the Liver and all the secretions to a healthy action.

Is a sick lawyer an ill legal man?

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the specific and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 149 FOWLER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A financial assault—Striking the balance.

It Never Fails.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous; but a few doses cure when other remedies fail.

A family crisis—a baby girl.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Young ladies always seem to feel happy when they get in an armory. So many arms there, of course.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and other diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous ability, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocoele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Ad'ress, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The man in the iron mask—The baseball catcher.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

The man who monkeys around machinery often travels incog.

Known By These Signs

Dyspepsia may be known by Heartburn, Sour Eructations of food, Wind Belching, Weight at the Stomach, Variable appetite, Costive Bowels, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters will positively cure Dyspepsia, although in its worst chronic form.

Dyspepsia is said to be unknown in Japan. So are boarding-houses.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"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 flavoured 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."

The Sultan of Constantinople is named Osman Bey. His twenty wives make him sign his name O. Bey.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The editor who will confine himself to editorials from the Bible will never get himself into trouble, unless he continues to use them without credit.

Robert Lubbock, Cedar Rapids, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria, with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other." When buying Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, see that you get the genuine. Beware of imitations.

The latest style of bustle is made of watch-spring steel wire, and may be used for lander, a rat-trap, a portable lightning conductor, or a baseball catcher's mask.

Health Department.

Headaches.

A number of ladies having recently addressed us as to the cause of the oft-recurring headaches to which they are subjected, we submit the following reply by a well-known physician:—

"Of the 'cause' of your headache it is not an easy matter to determine, at least until I know more about your personal habits. During the cold weather, however, when our women really get so little pure air, we may refer those difficulties to derangements of the stomach oftener than otherwise. While the invigoration of the cold weather naturally increases the appetite, if one indulges such an appetite to the full extent, at the same time avoiding all exposure to the bracing cold air, taking about one third more food than would satisfy them in hot weather, these stomach derangements will surely follow. These results are particularly aggravated by the fact that our foods differ from those eaten in the hot weather, as the summer appetite demands the more juicy, succulent, cooling, and less nourishing articles, instead of the fats, oils, and foods particularly rich in starch, intended for the mere heating of the body, while those who are deprived of the natural temperature of the winter, almost constantly confined to rooms far warmer than would be tolerated in the summer, cannot thrive on such heating foods. Again, such 'housed' persons have much less exercise than is usual when they are permitted to roam at large, of course demanding less food on that account, to say nothing of the fact that cool and bracing air stimulates the digestive processes, keeping the stomach more nearly in its natural condition. It is also true that the free use of rich pastry, that made of the constipating fine flour, has much to do with the production of headaches, not only from their constipating effects, but from their indigestibility. Some of the richest of these cake abominations, with the average mince-pie, are too difficult of digestion to be eaten by an ordinary female, though it may be possible for the more hardy manual laborer, with but little brain power, to dispose of them, having but little headache, for the reason specified. The habitual use of strong tea has a tendency to induce headaches, in part from the action of such tea in deranging digestion. It is safer to drink nothing with the meals, taking a simple drink at the close of the meal or when thirsty. The 'cure' may be sought in a plain and simple style of living, avoiding pastry—of the richer kinds—all of the preparations of pork and lard, and fried foods of all kinds, using only a few articles at the same meal, taking the meals with great regularity, the last meal to be very light and simple, with no lunches. If the head is hot, apply cold, wet cloths till the heat becomes natural, at the same time soaking the feet in hot water, dashing on a little cold water, as they are removed, rubbing them with a coarse crash till a glow of heat returns. If the appetite flags, pass over an occasional meal."

Hygienic Hints.

Mustard is an old-fashioned cure, and its healing virtues can hardly be over-estimated. It has saved many a doctor's bill.

If there is one rule about eating in which all are agreed, it is that our meals should be taken at stated and regular periods.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted upon by water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Bathe a sprain with arnica diluted with water, and bandage with soft flannel moist-

ened with the same. A sprained wrist thus treated will grow well and strong in a few days.

It is the unqualified result of my experience with the sick, that second only to their need of fresh air is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room, and that it is not only light but direct sunlight they want.—*Florence Nightingale.*

Sore Throat.—Soak a small piece of bread about the size of a hazel nut, and then take a pinch of cayenne pepper, mix and roll up in the form of a pill, which the patient must swallow, and in about three hours he will be relieved. In a severe case a second dose may be requisite, which is said to never fail.

Sleep, if taken in the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming they will notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time a sleep of an hour, or even two, as nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache.

The new German mode of treating pneumonia, consisting of six grains of iodide of potassium every two hours, and the application of an ice bag over the seat of the lesion, is one of the leading topics just now in medical circles—in which, by the way, that disease has earned the appellation of the brain-workers-enemy, so deadly have been its ravages among professional men.

A mother, whose infant was troubled with sleeplessness took a piece of cotton flannel, large enough when doubled to cover the whole head, and wrung it rather dry out of warm water, then put it closely over the baby's head so as to cover both ears and eyes. The effect was wonderful. There was a brief struggle, then perfect quiet, and in less than five minutes the little fellow was sound asleep. Since then she has tried it again and again, and always with the same quick result.

Acute Bright's Disease.

Every particle of the body is constantly passing from a state of life to that of death. The waste, if left to accumulate in the system, would soon fatally poison it. The kidneys are among the chief organs for eliminating it. The proper continuous action of the kidneys is fundamentally essential to health. But they are subject to many disorders, among which is inflammation. This inflammation may effect only one of them, or only portions of one. In Bright's disease both are affected, and all the constituent parts of each.

Bright's disease may be either acute or chronic, the latter being much the more fatal. The former may be very mild, the inflammation being marked only in certain capillaries, which, however, become so far changed that they allow the escape of albumen and blood corpuscles. As a general thing, this form does not terminate fatally.

In graver forms, among the earliest symptoms are a dropsical swelling of the face, particularly on the eyelids and around the eyes, and then in the lower limbs, feverishness, some pain and tenderness over the kidneys, vomiting. The dropsy tends to increase, and to extend to the cavities of the abdomen and chest. Sometimes it is very excessive, and causes great difficulty of breathing. The urine is scanty, contains much albumen, more or less of red blood corpuscles, considerable sediment, and hollow "casts" of the straight tubes of the kidney.

As the disease arrests the proper functions of the kidneys, the poisons which accumulate in the blood give rise to vomitings, impaired vision, or even temporary blindness,

and in some cases to coma (lethargy) and convulsions. It may also give rise to bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, pericarditis (inflammation of the heart sack) and peritonitis.

The disease often proves fatal where these complications occur. If the patient is not cut off by blood poisoning, or by some of these complicating diseases, he is likely to recover, and that, too, within a month or two at the longest—the dropsy rapidly disappearing, the fever symptoms ceasing and the appetite returning, though the albumen and the casts may continue for some time longer. The recovery is generally complete. Acute Bright's disease is often due to various other diseases, especially to scarlet fever.

The physician must treat the disease, but during convalescence the patient must be very careful in regard to diet, exercise and exposure to cold.

Health and Ability to Work.

This is a working age. The merciless law of the survival of the fittest is driving the weak and incapable to the wall. The strong body and the strong brain are uppermost, and in this enlightened time no one is so dull as to deny that a sane mind is sure to dwell in a sane body. Sane bodies—that is, strong and healthy bodies—are the *sine qua non* of success in work. It is fashionable to work. Even many of the rich and lazy are being driven by the sheer force of public opinion into some sort of work. The vast and complex systems of charities now in vogue; the innumerable classes of students who are meeting every winter in our finest houses to study art, literature, language, science; the enormous amount of fine embroidery in every parlor, largely the work of the ladies of the household—these and a score of other signs point to the fact that we are living in a country and period where activity is the rule and sloth the exception. The competition in all sorts of labor and traffic is enormous. The strength demanded to excel in any trade or profession is very great.

Women who have their livings to earn must enter this severe competition, and they will never receive consideration because they are women. They must excel in order to be successful. Excellence implies strength—not the spasmodic, nervous strength which makes an effort once in awhile under extraordinary pressure, but the strength which can turn off daily work without excessive fatigue—the strength which leaves the eye still bright and the step elastic after a long day behind the counter, over the sewing-machine, at the desk, at the easel, in the kitchen, in the school-room. Such strength as this does not go with a small waist. From the nature of things, it can never—unless, as has been pointed out, in exceptional cases—be found in women with small waists. Strong back and abdominal muscles—muscles which can do their work without the deadly props of steel and whalebone now so universally worn—a large digestive capacity, a rapid and utterly unobstructed flow of the blood in the veins and the arteries—these are some of the requirements of health and strength. And these things take up room. In most women God has given room for these organs and their processes, but it is reduced and contracted in order to make the waist appear small. In the name of honorable labor; of healthy and happy infancy and childhood; of intelligent, high-minded womanhood; of everything that is beautiful and worth having for women in this world, we plead for the scorned, maligned, the condemned large waist. Give

your body room. It is a sin against humanity and its Maker to compress your waist.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed, we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about half a small tumblerful of water. With this we gargled the throat thoroughly just before meal-time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry, hacking cough had entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to disease of the throat. Many persons who have not tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant, but after a few days' use no person who loves a nice, clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The camphor laurel, a native of China, and the tree from which most of the camphor of commerce is obtained, has been successfully introduced into California.

Dr. R. Von Lendenfeld found traces of glacial action on the highest peaks of the Australian mountains. No evidence of ice action was found at less than 5,500 feet above the sea.

A Bavarian chemist is reported to have invented an enameling liquid which renders any species of stone or cement harder than granite, and gives it the indelible appearance of any mineral that may be desired.

An English writer points out the probability that a smoky atmosphere is not a wholly unmitigated evil, since its carbon and sulphur most absorb many germs of disease, and tend to prevent the spread of epidemics.

A concentrated solution of bichromate of potash and glue makes a cement for articles of broken glass which will resist boiling water. It is carefully applied to the surface, and when the broken glass parts are brought together the whole is exposed to the action of the sun.

Many soft timbers, especially walnut, are more destructive to the cutting edge of planes than harder wood, such as oak. The reason is the presence of extremely minute crystals of silica in these soft woods. These particles are of uniform size and evenly distributed through the tissue of the wood.

Prevention Better Than Cure.

Many of the diseases so prevalent in these days are caused by using soap containing impure and infectious matter. Avoid all risk by using PERFECTION Laundry Soap, which is absolutely pure. Ask your grocer for PERFECTION. Manufactured only by the Toronto Soap Co.

Exchange Department.

Six dollars and four dollars cash will be paid to the persons sending me the largest and second largest list of words made from the word "Davenport," before Sept. 1st, ten cents to accompany each list of words. G. E. SMITH, Walcott, Iowa, U.S.A.

LORD AND LADY SALISBURY.

The Courtship and Marriage of the Present Premier of England.

One gray morning in the mid-spring of twenty-eight years ago there was a wedding in the little chapel at Ald-Hill, Berks. All London knew the bride. For three years the belle of Westminster, for three years the beautiful wonder of society, Georgiana Alderson was the brightest and fairest of the ladies of the court. But she was a coquette, and had drawn many lovers by the silken charm so well discovered by witchery and blue eyes and sunny hair. Many a wooer had wooed in vain, for the daughter of Sir Edward Hall Alderson was an heiress as well as a beauty, and an estate of land is the finest setting that estate of beauty can demand. Of some of the most selfish of the admirers it could have been said that they were brilliant men and worthy of the most coveted honors of royalty, but not once or twice the lady might have married well had she not had an adviser who knew man as man deserves to be known. Miss Opie, the celebrated queen of society of ten or fifteen years before, was Georgiana Alderson's aunt and chaperone, and Miss Opie knew better than most other women of the time how to distinguish between heart and pretense. She had kept the moths from her niece, but while she was seeking an ideally eligible man her charge had given her hand to Robert Cecil.

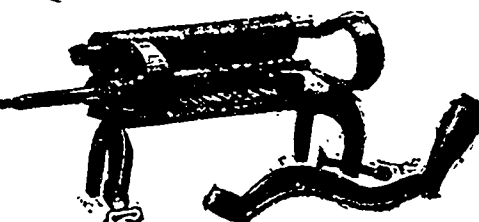
Miss Opie was dismayed. Cecil was not a man after her liking. Though the son of an earl, he was a younger son, and anything but popular with his family. There had been a quarrel and a fraternal scandal, and, to the horror of the family at Hatfield house he had to earn his own living. Beginning as a journalist he had shown marked ability till he was a regular contributor to the "Quartely." For three years he had been in Parliament for Stamford, where he continued to sit for fifteen years to come, but where he had made no consequential mark. It was no wonder that Miss Opie was displeased with the match. With but few redeeming qualities socially, the young man was at best a book-worm, and so serious and quiet that he was esteemed dull. But the niece had felt the brain of the Cecils, and though nine out of ten thought as did the aunt, the nine and the aunt came to witness the ceremony.

It was a matter-of-fact wedding, as English country-side weddings are apt to be. There was a gay company filling the chapel, and the white ribbon that kept the common herd of acquaintances from the chosen many of the family. There was at 10 the soft, low notes of the wedding march from Lohengrin, the quartet of able-bodied ushers passing up the central aisle and parting the silken barrier. There were two little girls strewing the aisle with white flowers from their aprons, and four bridesmaids behind them. There was the bride on her father's arm with the queen's bouquet in her hand. There was the groom meeting them at the chancel-rail. There was the ceremony and the blessing and the congratulations.

THE "SUNBEAM" WRINGER.

ONLY \$3.000 The cheapest in the market.

Warranted first-class, or money refunded. Send direct to manufacturers, or procure from your Hardware or House-Furnishing dealer.



Clothes Wringers of all kinds—"Royal Canadian," "Imperial," "King," also Mangles. Two Roller, and Three Roller. Write for particulars.

Hamilton Industrial Works Co., Manufacturers, Hamilton, Canada.

All students in Russian universities are now compelled to wear, on ceremonious occasions, a uniform consisting of a blue cap, gray coat, and green trousers, all plentifully embellished with gold lace. The suit will be so costly that poor boys can hardly buy it, and the belief is that the requirement is intended to hinder the impoverished masses in educating their sons.

DENTAL.

FRANK H. SEFTON, Surgeon Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Streets. Over Martin's drug store.

J. G. ADAMS, L.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 245 Yonge street, entrance on Kim street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MEDICAL.

REV. J. EDGAR, M.D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 68 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.

DR. E. T. ADAMS. 258 KING ST. WEST. SPECIALTY—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5 P.M., Sunday, 1:30 to 3 P.M.

"WELCOME HOME, BRAVE VOLUNTEERS." NEW SONG, Music by F. H. Torrington. Words by John Imrie, Toronto.

Beautifully got up in Colors. 25 cts. IMRIE & GRAHAM, TORONTO.

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Picture Frame Maker! DEALER IN FANCY GOODS. 393 GERRARD ST., EAST, TORONTO.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

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Physio-Medical Physicians cure many who have been abandoned as incurable by the old modes: Because they never use poisons as medicines; for they, in their inherent nature, being harmful, tend to cause and prolong sickness, and often prevent a cure—actually kill!

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A.P.239

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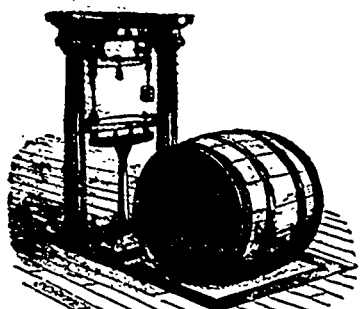
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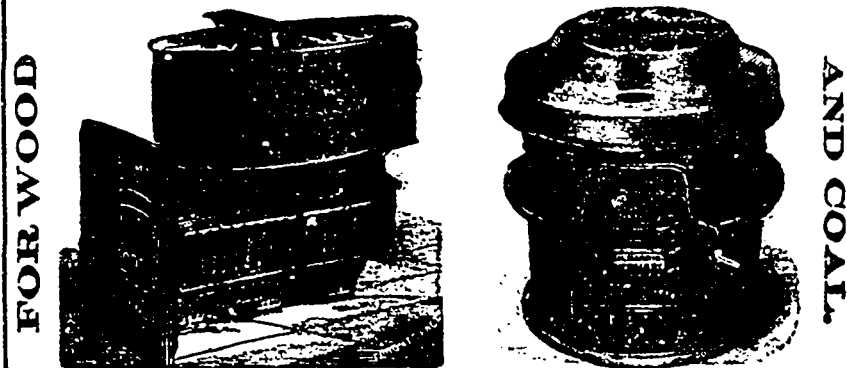
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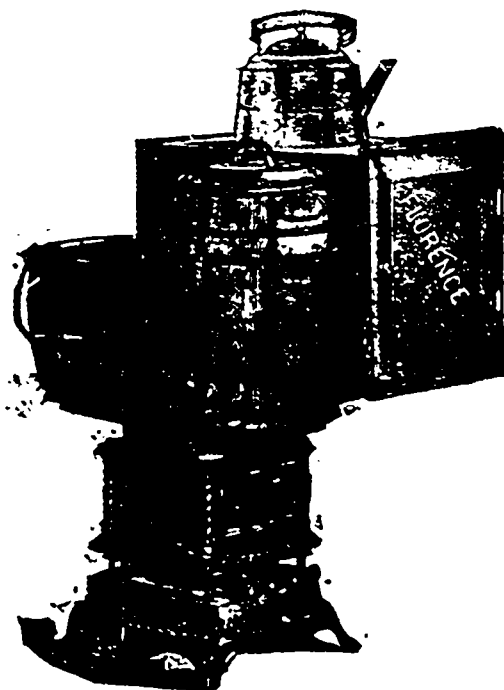
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