

Crux

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The Spaniards are getting into a better frame of mind. Why not? It would have been the insanest of all insane tricks to embroil the world in war, because a young man called a king was hissed and hustled by an ignorant and ill-bred mob.

What is the world coming to? Sir John Macdonald was at a meeting of Kingston Salvationists last Saturday. Had the comet anything to do with it?

Furious driving will never be put down till the punishment is made in some measure commensurate with the offence. What is a dollar or two to the reckless young wretches that are continually careering through the streets? It may be fun to them, but it is

something like death to other people. If the police, magistrate would only make an example of a few of the worst offenders the nuisance would be speedily abated. If the Colonel himself could be knocked down and—not killed—but badly shaken up it might help.

It is too bad to have operatives reduced to four working days a week. This does not look well for the much talked of prosperity of the country.

The wholesale merchants of Toronto are not doing nearly so good a business this year as they did last. One house did less business in September than during the corresponding month in 1882 of \$60,000. Another of \$20,000, and so on. What is the use in saying that all are doing a roaring trade, when facts are all in the opposite direction?

The *Mail* is going for Goldwin Smith in a very lively fashion. It does not bother itself much with argument, but "boundary award" is to it what a red rag is to a bull. Both bellow in consequence.

Fine work for the chief organ of the Dominion Government to say that the three arbitrators, Chief Justice Harrison, Sir Francis Hincks, and Sir Edward Thornton in making the now celebrated "award" were idiotic, if they were sane and sober. But as these men were never accused of idioocy it is to be presumed they were at the time drunk. "Marry come up, my masters." And this poor fellow of an *Editor* actually gives lessons on gentlemanliness and poses as a posture master and an aesthetic!

There is an agitation on foot for adopting what is called a "Torrens system" of land registration. The system is a very simple one, saves a great deal of bother and expense, and ought to be adopted everywhere. A simple certificate of ownership is given by Government on each transfer, and that is registered and is good against the world, as before issuing the certificate the Government examines the title and becomes good for all mistakes.

The affairs of the Exchange Bank seem as bad as can be. When will people be wise, and not trust their cash to such concerns?

The rope is gradually tightened round Mrs. Coats' throat, and by the time this **TRUTH** appears, will in all likelihood, be ready for its final and inevitable work. The poisoning work was pretty clumsily gone about.

A correspondent pours out his sorrows into the ear of **TRUTH** in a very forcible way. It seems he went into a cheap ready-made clothing establishment, and got for \$10 a thin great coat which was represented as worth \$14, but was sold at the former ruinous figure because the season was well over. This affair was found to be rather large, and was sent back to get the buttons shifted, and when it returned it had evidently been changed. Better judges looked into the matter and pronounced it a fraud dear at \$6, the verdict of one expert being "well I would not have thought that even—would

have palmed off such a thing on a decent man if he wished him to come back again." To all this lamentation **TRUTH** says, grin and bear it. You have got \$10 worth of experience. Don't go again to a slop shop.

The lacrosse game of the season, will doubtless be the match on Saturday next (to-day) between the champions and the ex-champions, on the occasion of the opening of the new Lacrosse Grounds at Rosedale. The game is not a championship one, but will, doubtless, be one of the finest exhibition games witnessed here in a long time. The grounds, as every body knows, are perhaps the finest in the Dominion, and their inauguration will doubtless mark an era in athletic sports in Toronto.

TRUTH has come to the conclusion that presentations of congratulatory addresses, whether engraved or the reverse, has run to seed and ought to be intermitted if not altogether abolished. They are generally got up by fussy individuals, who hope either to draft them or to present them, and in nine cases out of ten, they lie like tombstones. Oh, reform them altogether.

When are strikes because of the reduction of wages, coming to an end? **TRUTH** thought that under the new order of things there was to be no reduction of wages at all, but, on the contrary, a gradual and steady rise. How is this?

Stanley seems still pushing his discoveries in Equatorial Africa. If what he states may be relied on, a great field for commerce is being opened up in those fertile and thickly peopled regions. May it be so, without the usual cheating and shootings so marvellously common in the intercourse between white and black.

There are always scandals going somewhere or other. Now they are found in courts, now in cabins, now on Jarvis street now on Lombard. The last one in Vienna is not very plain. But, no doubt, those immediately concerned think it awful. What was it, anyhow? And how did the Mistresses of the Robes actually behave? After all, it does not matter much, and who cares?

Some of the Montreal people are very angry at the way they have been treated by Prince George, and the officers of the *Canada*. Some fashionable club, it seems, tendered the hopefuls its hospitalities. The offer was not even acknowledged. There must have been some mistake, somewhere.

Is it becoming the rule now-a-days that when a man get into commercial difficulties, he skips and leaves his too trusting friends in the lurch? It would seem so. They don't appear to be able to face the music, or rather, they have not honesty sufficient to meet their creditors, and give up all they have. They prefer to make off to parts unknown, either with the full hand or at least with one not altogether empty. Why? Because anything like moral principle is weak and decaying, and because people hate poverty and privation far more than they dislike baseness and theft. Is the world growing worse in this respect? Is the tra-

ditional honor of the British merchant disappearing? Perhaps not. Everybody now-a-days hears more than formerly about all that is taking place, and are accordingly ready to conclude that there were no rascals and no "skippers" in the days of the fathers and grandfathers. Weren't there? You bet.

So we we have lawyers and lawyers and magistrates, both paid and unpaid, who don't choose to be either bribed or bullied. All right. J. B. Boustead is one of the latter. **TRUTH** did not catch the name of that young legal hopeful who promised mighty things to J. B., provided he would be reasonable in a case coming on when he was to be the Colonel's *locum tenens*. It is to be hoped he took his wiggling pleasantly and thank the Beak who would not suffer sin upon a brother however weak and perverse. Come now, young man, bow did you feel under the castigation? You had an idea, it is to be hoped, how wholesome were good words and how a rod may be occasionally a means of grace when rightly used, and on proper objects. Let all men when similarly approached go and do likewise, whether it is necessary to take the bull by the horns or the donkey by the ears.

This abduction business is becoming quite too common and quite too monotonous. Here a young girl is spirited off. There it is a child, and now again a woman, and so on. Why, what are we coming too? Must Judge Lynch be called in?

What is this seemingly fishy case with Mr. Carnegie and the Federal Bank? If Carnegie's contention is made out it will look very bad for somebody, and will make people more and more feel that bank shares are very risky investments.

Those of **TRUTH**'s readers—and their name is legion—who have obtained copies of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," will be glad to find in the music pages this week the popular answer thereto, "I'll Wait Till the Clouds Roll By." It possesses the same elements of success and will doubtless prove quite as popular.

The fattest women in the world they say was married the other day. She lives in New York, and kicks the beam at 550 pounds or thereabouts. *Wo darsay a good* many girls wonder at the mysterious dispensations of this life, to think of a great fat woman like that getting a husband, while dear little darlings like themselves still pine in single blessedness. Girl, fatten up!

Our policemen are fine, healthy, strong looking, handsome *burdly* fellows for the most part. Their military training gives them an appearance altogether superior to their blue coated brethren on the other side of the line. The policemen there are too often mere slouches; they look as much like wafers themselves as anyone **TRUTH** ever saw, and how any young man of spirit could consent to wear such a uniform passes imagination. Some of our fellows might be a little less surly when they are spoken to, a little civility never hurt the best-looking policeman yet.

Yesterday was a red letter day in the history of days, for it was on the 12th of October that Christopher Columbus landed on Watling's Island, one of the Bahamas, in the year with which every school boy is familiar, and which needs no mention here or now except to say that in nine years more it will be four hundred years since that event took place. It need scarcely be added that though Columbus was the first to proclaim to the world at large the existence of a new and vast region in the direction of the setting sun, he cannot be said to have been the first European discoverer of America. The ancient Scandinavians or Norsemen had at the commencement of the 11th century not only settled colonies in Greenland but explored the whole east coast of America as far South as lat. 41° 30' N, and there, in New Bradford in the State of Massachusetts they planted a colony. There is also satisfactory evidence for believing that in the 12th century the celebrated Welch Prince, Madoc, having sailed from his native country with a small fleet, landed and founded a colony on the coast of Virginia. Still all this does not take away from Columbus the great distinguishing and unique merit of having philosophically reasoned out the existence of a New World, and by practically ascertaining the truth of his propositions of inaugurating that connection between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres which has effected so remarkable a revolution in the world's history. All honor to Columbus and the 12th of October.

But if yesterday was remarkable for some occurrences, some births and some deaths, today is not unnoticeable in the same way, though it has no discovery of America to show. It is the day of quite a number of Saints, Confessors, and Martyrs, and though none of these are remarkable except St. Janairus, whose blood has sometimes played rather queer cantrips by spontaneously liquifying and so forth, yet no doubt in their own times they were somewhat celebrated and eminently respectable. When one comes to births, there is quite a nice catalogue, but space refuses to permit reference to any but that of Sophia, the old Electress of Hanover, who, by giving England a King in the person of George the First laid, it is to be presumed, that country under great and lasting obligations. There is no use in trying to clear up the genealogy of the old lady, and thus to show how she or her son duly heired the British throne. Every school girl can do that. Curious to think, however, that she was born as far back as 1630, before the troubles of Charles I. her stately, but sadly unreliable relative, had begun, and before he was very far on the journey which sent him to his grave without the head.

And what about the deaths? Oh, there were quite a number. Beza the reformer dropped off in 1605. Harrison, so well known in the English Parliamentary wars, was executed in 1660. Poor Murat, the brother-in-law of Bonaparte, got himself shot in 1815, and Mrs. E. Fry passed on to the majority in 1845. Ah, perhaps that last mentioned person was the most remarkable of them all. Mrs. Fry, has made her name a household word to the world over, and has done so without it having to be said that while she attended to the wants and miseries of the world she neglected her own family. As a wife and mother she was most sedulous in attending to all domestic duties, so that when the ear heard her, it blessed her in the house as well as out of it. Good for them if the same could be said of

all fussing philanthropic females so called who have a mission to put themselves forward as intense "workers" in any good cause but who rear a most unkempt collection of neglected brats, and make their husbands standing reminders of the "little Pa," whom Dickens has sketched so graphically and who painfully felt what an awful affliction a woman with a mission may occasionally become. Those who want to rival Mrs. Fry had better take the private domestic side of that lady's conduct as well as the more public as the object of their meditation and the model for their copying. If they do and think, there are some whom Truth knows and whose hearts may well ache and whose consciences ought to give many an ugly twinge.

There is a household in Toronto whose experiences are by no means unique, but they are very curious. The head of this household is a particularly nice man, kind, generous, and considerate to his superiors, inferiors and equals. His wife is a helpmeet for him, nobody has a word to say against her. The law of kindness is on her lips and in her heart, she would not willingly say an unkind word or do an unkind act to a human being of any age or rank, yet what is the fact? That lady is on the continual hunt for servants, for her help come and go in regular succession like Banquo's ghost. The wages given are liberal to a proverb, the treatment these servants receive is all that could be desired and the work required at their hands is moderate in the extreme, and yet—and yet!—they are continually on the move, why? they are continually quarrelling among themselves and when they take offence like spoiled children, they go off at a tangent and in platoons. Now if these good people, the master and mistress, would only reduce their establishment, turn adrift the majority of their idle, good for nothing help, do things altogether on a simpler and more modest style would they not be far happier and keep the few servants they would then need to employ much longer and much more comfortable? A member of the British House of Commons once said, "when at college and when I had the eighth part of the service of one man, I got some attention and considerable help, but now when I have 16 servants all to myself I get no attention at all. In fact I am the only servant in the whole establishment, they are all so busy quarrelling or fooling with one another that they have no time to give a thought to me." True as the Gospel. If a good many people would cut down their establishments one half and resolve that come what might they would be master and mistresses in their own houses, they would be far happier and get a great deal better and more willing service. The scale is generally something like this: one servant, a good deal of service; two, a great deal less; three, a source of unmitigated anxiety and worry; four, the cause of incipient despair; five, and upward, desolation and uproar.

Did any of Truth's readers notice an advertisement posted all over the city inviting the lieges to supply an order for something like 2,000 pigeons? If so, were they not shocked? If not, they well might have been. Anything meaner, more heartless, and more contemptible than the so-called shooting for which those pigeons were destined, could not well be thought of. The Princess of Wales has proclaimed a crusade against the miserable abomination, and Truth hopes that it will become the fashion and the rage in this country to follow such a fair and kindly leader in what is emphatically

a good work. Altogether apart from the cruelty, the meanness of the whole proceeding goes almost deeper than the deepest depths, if that is not something of a bull.

Who would be a big man like Bismarck? He has to be surrounded by detectives, gens d'armes and what not, wherever he goes. He is not sure any day but he may waken as the Irishman said with his throat cut. Even when going to Kissingen for the benefit of his health he had to have a little army of guards and protectors. But *Quis custodiet custodes?* Aye, there's the rub No. By all means take a lowly station and then travel without fear.

So there is to be a grand Roman Catholic Cathedral erected in London, England; one which will rival, if not surpass, the Westminster Abbey. Yes, and all built by one man. Well, let him do it. Better spend his money that way than on horse racers and "pretty horse-breakers." There are worse things than building churches, even though they be Roman Catholic, and so magnificent as to be called Cathedrals.

The Rectory case is up again. Neither side will consent to surrender the matter to outside arbitration, and so the law with all its beautiful uncertainties will, it is understood, take its course. Well, a good deal of cash will come into the hands of the rival lawyers who are too shrewd to work for anything but very heavy fees. All right, but is this just the thing? Some one has asked "Why do ye not rather suffer wrong? Why not permit yourselves to be defrauded?" Ah! people have got a wrinkle or two since Paul's days and, besides, this is not a case of going to law before unbelievers! Oh, no. Judge Ferguson is anything but a heathen. Ye see! Of course. That makes all the difference.

The co-education of the sexes is evidently going to have quite a turn over, and much eloquence and rant will be the result. Each side will call the other by very strong names and it may be looked on as certain that the result will not be any great amount of conversion. It is a large and important subject and the truth is not all on one side. What is the use in talking of this or that or being an old fogey or an old fool? It may be, but not necessarily so. Some who know no more of the whole matter than the child unborn are especially dogmatic and cocky. Of course, these always are.

Goldwin Smith has got his hair combed by the *Mail* in a most masterful, if not masterly fashion. After that thorough going over he may subside. He is nothing better than an associate of the "bull pup." Think of that!

The battle of the books goes bravely on, with confusion always worse confounded as the natural result. Libel suits are the order of the day and some nice spicy revelations may be expected in due course. It is said bribery the most unblushing is going on, and all that was feared in the way of tampering with trustees a fact.

What is the world coming to? It is actually being said that no such person as St. Patrick ever existed. It is enough to make every true-hearted Irishman swear, if not actually faint. No St. Patrick? No banishment of toads and snakes, &c., &c.? The next thing will be to deny that Jeremiah was ever in Ireland or that Zedekiah's daughter was ever married to the great Irish Prince. Now then Dr. Wild, look alive and

step into the breach forthwith. The pillars are being shaken, do you do your duty like a brick, a Briton, and an Israelite, as you are. Speak out and spare not. The enemy is thundering at the gate and if you don't look sharp nobody may be able to say what will take place. No St. Patrick! The thing is awful. Why you might as well say there is no Pope Leo, or no Archbishop Lynch. But it is a stiff necked and unbelieving generation. Go for it, Dr., with all your powers of learning logic, wit and wisdom. No St. Patrick! Why there may be no St. Andrew either. Perhaps even no St. George.

No use of saying a single word more about the dead beats, though Truth is always getting threatening letters from the absurd mortals. That keeping up of appearances without the necessary shakels, plays the very mischief with comfort, self-respect and ordinary honesty, and there are more of that kind every where, than a great many suspect. With some, the iniquity with which their whole lives are chargeable is borrowing, with others it is *sponging*, and it is difficult to say which is worst. The *sponging* friend comes often, and always at untimely hours, but is sure to stay for a meal, and the creature is so friendly and familiar in its way! It is of no use however. The patience of even the most forbearing gets exhausted, and the very glance at a shawl or a hat of a peculiar shape or color, makes the most hospitable cry out in the agony of soul which such afflicted ones alone can feel, "Oh, dear me, there's that most insufferable bore and general nuisance again. She'll be coming to stay to tea of course." The *borroving* demon is also very awful, but when the two come folded into one, ah, then the cup of sorrow and despair is at the full. It is more than enough to make one lose heart. Now, you *sponging*, *borroving* conscienceless uncompoops, do you hear? Paddle your own canoe!

The Presbyterians of Toronto had a head field day a week ago yesterday. A missionary was ordained in order to proceed to India. The church was not full, yet there was a good congregation, as no doubt there ought to be. Some people make it a matter of great wonder that young men of ability should go away to India or China to preach, when they have so many openings nearer home. It all depends. If a man actually believes all the tremendous facts about Jesus Christ and the issues of the present as laid down in the Bible, he will naturally take a good deal of trouble with the whole matter, and may even very naturally think it his duty to go to the ends of the earth to tell about it. If not, not. When a man wakens up entirely to the fact that he has a stomach to be satisfied, he very naturally takes a good deal of trouble therewith. And when another gets actually to believe that he has a soul to be saved or lost, and that other people are equally so situated, he will naturally put himself to a good deal of trouble also about the whole matter. If not, not. That is about the philosophy of the whole matter. People treat everything according to what they fancy its importance.

The Upper Canada College has had its annual distribution of prizes, and everything went off pleasantly though with Collegiate Institutes and High Schools doing exactly the same work, and often doing it better, it would puzzle a conjurer to say why such an institution should be kept up at the expense of the Province. It does not lead. It gives no tone to either the scholarship or the manners of the community. Why should the Province keep it up?

Let the City of Toronto buy it out and make a second Collegiate Institute of it.

Things are still in a very shaky state over the insult offered to the King of Spain by the *canaille* of Paris. Surely too much is being made of it. What government can command the good manners of a city mob? And what more can a government do than say it is sorry for the outburst, which no human wisdom could foresee, and no earthly power could in the circumstances prevent. It would be the most pitiful thing in the world if such a paltry affair should be the occasion of rival nations flying at each other's throats. There has been more than enough of this nonsense already.

Mr. Howells is a sensible man. He says that long vacations are a nuisance, that they enervate the energies, incapacitate for work, and make those who take them awfully reluctant to come back again to their ordinary toil. True, but the most of people never can manage to have holidays of such a length as to produce such deleterious results. At the same time a holiday enjoyed is apt to make one wish that it had been longer, and to feel as if there were something like a personal wrong in being obliged to get back again to the hum-drum toil of ordinary life.

The present state of some of the Canadian banks gives another warning to all quiet, sober, industrious folks to take care how they put their savings into bank shares, to let no scrupulous gamblers to play ducks and drakes with their money. The way in which things are often managed is simply stealing, neither more or less, and prudent people will therefore leave such things and such doings severely alone.

Marriage Insurance Companies ought to be called Marriage Assurance. They are intolerable frauds as every one will soon find out to his cost, who enters upon the pleasant arrangement proposed. A burnt child, etc., and one pretty well scorched has told TRUTH all his heart. Friends, friends, don't try to get a marriage portion that way. You will be done for, sure.

Now comes the season for the destruction of horse chestnut trees, and the breaking of passers' heads if they are not careful. Young hopefuls are busy with stones and sticks, and the policemen like the priest in the parable pass by on the other side. Is there no possibility of having the shade trees of the streets protected from wanton injury? It would seem not.

TRUTH asks again who owns the houses in Lombard street east of Church? It is a serious blot on our city civilization that such rookeries should continue in existence. They are not fit for human habitations, scarcely even for pig-pens. Why not, then, pull them down?

Those who think that the Ontario officials at Rat Portage are not going to stay now that the election is over, will find themselves woefully mistaken. The officials will be found at their posts all winter and many more winters and summers as well. Why not? Who has a better right?

TRUTH had something to say, last week, about people who make nuisances of themselves with their babies, and now wishes to take a turn at those who are not only nuisances, but make fools of themselves to boot, by their conduct towards one another. It is all very well for a husband to

"adore" his wife, and for a wife to look with the profoundest reverence on her husband, but they should put some restraint on the outward manifestations of these commendable feelings, in public at any rate. Love partakes of the nature of madness no doubt, but there is no reason why it should degenerate into simple idiocy. For the one who may feel great pity. Perhaps even a kind of pitying respect, for the other we have nothing but contempt pure and simple. The husband may be a world's wonder in the wife's eyes, but that is no reason why she should offend other people's sense of decorum, by turning up her eyes at him like a star-gazing duck looking at a thunder-cloud. TRUTH doesn't mean these zanzas who fondle and make eyes at one another in railway carriages and other public places. They are too far gone to be curable. Hopelessly insane they are, and a special ward in the asylum should be set aside for them at once. But there are many otherwise sane and worthy persons enough, who, in their own houses, and in other people's houses too, sometimes make themselves disagreeable in this way. They are not always young, either.

They have their own way of dealing with bears up about Port Arthur—they annihilate them. TRUTH has never had much to do with bears, but men who have had a good deal of experience in this way, have declared that they were always quite contented with killing them. As for annihilation, when it was spoken of, they looked a little sceptical. They evidently doubted if such a thing could be. A Port Arthur paper, however, gives the assurance that a fireman helped to annihilate a huge bear that had been wounded by a passing locomotive, and a Port Arthur journalist ought to know if anybody does.

TRUTH hears that the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church folks are going to make a "big splurge" when their present pastor leaves them. They intend to show outsiders what they can do. None of your fifty or a hundred dollar presentations for them. "Not by a jugful," to indulge in a little elang. TRUTH does not often go so far, but once in a while the temptation is too strong to be resisted. Ill-natured people say that this "big push" on the part of St. J.S. P.C. has a double aspect. It not only shows their high appreciation of Dr. King, but acts as a sort of advertisement to some of the "big guns," one of whom they would like to secure. "Just see, now, what you will get if you come to us."

Thomas and Eliza Cain were brought before the Hamilton Police Court the other day for abusing their little daughter. The poor child's body was all covered with bruises, and though only seven years old, and through ill usage, doubtless, not larger than a well-grown baby of four, respectable neighbors testified that she had been forced to chop wood, scrub floors, and do other work of the kind. Mr. and Mrs. Cain are evidently descendants of the first murderer, and have inherited a very respectable share of their honored ancestor's peculiar moral qualities. Hamilton is to be congratulated on possessing two members of such ancient lineage. Have a testimonial in honor of the creatures.

As some of TRUTH's readers may not be posted on all these matters, though they very willingly would be, TRUTH begs to inform them that what was once called a Dado is now known in select circles as a Cipher.

The thing remains the same, however, though the name may change.

"Through all the circling flight of years,
The same it still remains."

"It" may be seen any day on King street and other fashionable thoroughfares. Its most distinguishing feature at present is that climax of ugliness in the shape of a hat, which it wears. There are female Ciphers, however, as well as male ones, though for the honor of the sex be it said, they manage to conceal their emptiness more successfully. They, too, have been born in order to wear clothes wisely and well as has been said, but they do not succeed as well as their "male brethren" in impressing on beholders a sense of their utter uselessness for anything else.

Boston ladies are said to have invented the pleasant device of stuffed poodle dogs to carry with them in their carriages. As a differently colored pup is required for each different costume, it may easily be imagined how much foresight and intelligence is required to produce these wonders. There is nothing like culture, after all. TRUTH feels like "going in personally" for a little of that sort of thing when it sees what good effects it produces.

Truth is rejoiced to hear that that dear little, most omniscient, and most cocky editor of the *World*, has certain schemes of self-mortification revolving in that deep Machiavellian mind of his. Unless his own word for it had been given, TRUTH would never have believed it. The *World* (with a small w) has so imagined that he was piling in the shekels so rapidly, that plans like these would never have occurred to him. The good wishes of TRUTH go with you in your work of humility.

The Salvation Army has fallen on evil days in Switzerland. Miss Booth, daughter of "the General" has been twice arrested and put in prison for disobeying orders of government forbidding Salvationist meetings. The Swiss authorities have not progressed very far in their notions of religious toleration. In fact, they are very far behind the age.

The Salvationists are a very peculiar people in many ways, and TRUTH has no sympathy with some of their views, and still less with their methods of promulgating these, but they ought to have as much liberty as every other religionists to take that place for saving men's souls which most commends itself to their intelligence.

What curious ideas some people have as to what is a suitable thing for a present. TRUTH has heard of some good Presbyterian ladies not a great way from Toronto, who, wishing to do the handsome thing for their minister's wife, presented her with a bonnet. Now a bonnet is a very nice thing indeed. No woman can deny what an amount of innocent pleasure the mere contemplation of such a pretty thing is capable of affording. And then, actually to possess one,—why it is 'cavonly, as the Cockney says. But then to be publicly presented with a bonnet, and by other ladies too—well that isn't quite so nice is it? It is as much as to say, "Your bonnet is getting really too shabby, or old-fashioned. Here is a new one for you, wear it in memory of us, and joyfully acknowledge your obligation." It seems a somewhat unusual thing to give as a present, but then, of course, tastes differ. Some will remember well being at a grand gathering where a worthy clergyman, a doctor of Divinity too, was presented with an entire suit

of clothes by a number of his admirers. And how wonderfully foolish the bearers of the different garments looked as they marched forward to the platform, where the Rev. gentleman awaited them. It seemed at the time as if he were trying hard not to laugh outright, though a slight feeling of mortification struggled with his amusement. The bearer of the tall hat went first, then followed another man bearing the coat, then others, each with a different article of clothing. Oh! how excessively foolish they looked! Those who saw them then, see them still.

Oh had some power the gift-givers,
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad frae many a blunder froe us,
An' foolish notion.

TRUTH is pleased at the intimation of the police magistrate to the effect that no mercy will be shown to Sunday drunks. There are no saloons, it is said, open on that day, and consequently no temptation to be pleaded in extenuation. This is the right way of speaking and acting. Decent people must be protected when going to and from church. Yes, but is not that sort of talk also an awful indictment against the taverns? According to the Colonel, these are not only nuisances but the fruitful parents of such. Is the logical conclusion not evident that they ought to be put down, and then there would be no excuse for anybody being drunk whether on Sunday or Saturday? The Colonel does not go so far, but he ought, to be at all logical. Still he is right so far, and he will get father by and bye.

The Rev. Dr. King preaches his farewell sermon in St. James' Square Presbyterian Church on Sunday, 21st. inst., and there will be a farewell meeting on the Monday after, at which the Doctor will be presented with an address and something considerably more substantial. This shows a very nice spirit. The congregation would very gladly have retained Dr. King as pastor, but seeing he thinks it is his duty to go, it has no idea of getting cross and letting him leave like a knotless thread. These people have a better and more Christian way of doing things.

The Presbyterians up in Manitoba are greatly pleased at the number of first-class men they are getting from the Eastern provinces. They have secured Mr. Gordon who was the most popular preacher in Ottawa, and Mr. Pitblade one of the most highly respected in Nova Scotia, and now Dr. King, one of the most influential ministers among the Ontario Presbyterians, wings his way to the North-west. No wonder the Manitobans are more than pleased. Yes, and they have others scarcely less noticeable.

How is it that so many men first show symptoms of insanity by accusing their wives of unfaithfulness? That such is the fact is unquestionable, but why is it so? It is to be feared that sometimes these individuals have too good reason for making the accusation, but most generally there is not the shadow of a shadow for their wild proceedings. There can be no jealousy where there is no love, and perhaps the mad symptoms are but love diseased.

TRUTH is sorry for the Queen, poor woman, if what is reported of her intentions and doings about John Brown be true. Fancy a statue of the Highland gillie close in proximity to that of Prince Albert at Balmoral, or his name inserted in the Prince Consort's mausoleum. The whole thing is too monstrously absurd, and can only point in one direction which need not be more distinctly indicated.

Good Templars' Department.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

T. W. CASEY, G. W. Secretary, Editor.

Grand Lodge of Canada.

G. W. C. T., J. H. Flegg, Mitchell.
G. W. C., Edward Storr, Ottawa.
G. W. V., Lydia Newman, Paris.
G. W. S., W. W. Casey, Napanee.
G. W. T., J. B. Nixon, Toronto.
G. W. C., Rev. E. Fessant, Centralia.
G. W. M., J. J. Mason, Essex Centre.
G. W. G., Annie D. Velle, Toronto.
G. W. S., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock.
P. G. C. W., Rev. John Shaw, Peterboro.
Next annual session to be held at Toronto fourth Tuesday in June, 1881.

Official Circular.

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND SECRETARY,
Kearney, Neb., Sept. 1893.

To All Grand Secretaries:—

Annual return sheets will be sent to all Grand Lodges the ensuing week. Grand Secretaries are requested to fill out and return to this office immediately after the close of their annual session.

THE OFFICIAL CIRCULAR.—The second number of the Official Circular will be issued October 10th, next, and will contain several new features. Those desiring copies will inform me by early mail, as the demand last quarter warrants the printing of a much larger edition this quarter.

THE MISSION WORK.—The work of building up weak and struggling jurisdictions has been kept steadily going since my last circular.

OHIO.—There is a concentration of work and workers during the present month, in the State of Ohio to carry the amendment pending there.

Send contributions direct to Harry D. White, G. W. T., Toledo, Ohio.

F. G. KEENS,
Right Worthy Grand Secretary.

The Good Templars.

We have learned much of this society of late, through their open Lodge meetings, their entertainments for the benefit of their grand movement of benevolence, the "Good Templars' Home for Orphans," located at Valjeo, which has cost them over \$200,000; over five hundred children have gone out from this home where they have received Christian training and temperance instructions, combined with a full course of mental discipline as taught in our public schools. It is said that over 60 applicants have been refused of late for lack of accommodation. May God open the hearts of our men of means to give to this noblest of all charities the making of a home for the homeless. There are now 20,000 Good Templars in the State, with a recruiting force of 15,000 in the Bands of Hope where the triple pledge is taken, not to take the name of God in vain, not to use intoxicating liquor, or use the filthy weed, tobacco. This order is thoroughly Christian in its plan of work. Their motto is "Faith, Hope and Charity," their object is to lift the fallen, and save others from falling. Their ritual is full of partial quotations from the Bible, both Old and New Testament. There are five good active Lodges in our city; two in Oakland proper, one each in North, East and West Oakland. May God speed them in this noble mission of man's redemption.—Y. M. O. A. Bulletin, Oakland.

Manitoba.

At the annual meeting of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge held at Chicago in May last, a petition was presented from the Local Committee of Winnipeg asking for a charter for the province of Manitoba and North-west Territory, which was granted. Since that time the local committee have been hard at work getting matters into

shape. All the lodges in the Province and the North-west Territories have appointed their representatives. An application for the charter was forwarded to F. G. Keens, R. W. G. Secretary, Kearney, Neb., on the 5th of September and on the 28th of that month Bro. Wm. Blackard, secretary of the local committee received the charter, books and rituals, etc., Bro. Blackard also received for the Hon. J. W. Sifton a Deputy Grand Worthy Templar's Commission, as organizer of the Grand Lodge, which has been forwarded to that gentleman. As soon as the several subordinate lodges can be communicated with and necessary local arrangements completed, which will probably be during the latter half of this month, the organization will be effected. While regretting that this "new departure" will take a considerable slice off the jurisdiction of the parent Grand Lodge we cannot help thinking that the interests of Good Templary in Manitoba and the North-west will be better served by being set apart as a separate jurisdiction, than by maintaining the relations with the Grand Lodge of Canada which have existed for so many years. We are sure the new addition to the list of Canadian Grand Lodges will start out with the very best wishes of its sister Grand Lodges and the hearty God-speed of the jurisdiction which is now limited to the province of Ontario.—Casket.

The Order Abroad.

The Grand Lodge of California commenced its annual session in San Francisco on Tuesday week, with a large attendance of representatives and visitors. This Grand Lodge has had a very successful year.

The Grand Lodge of Tennessee meets in Nashville on the 16th inst. It is expected the reports to be presented will show the Order to be in a flourishing condition in that State.

The Grand Lodge of Oregon at its recent annual session adopted the following resolution:—"Resolved, That the members of this Grand Lodge ask the faculty of each college and university of the State to adopt Dr. Richardson's 'Temperance Lesson Book' as a text-book. Resolved, That we ask the State Board of Education to adopt Dr. Richardson's 'Temperance Lesson Book' as a text-book in our common schools."

The Grand Lodge of West Virginia met in its eighteenth annual session at Ellenboro, on the 24th of September. The reports of the officers showed the order to be in a healthy condition in that jurisdiction. There are eight working lodges and the membership of 535, among whom lively enthusiasm prevails. The following are the officers elected:—

G. W. O. T.—Dr. T. H. Buck.

G. W. Coun.—M. T. Hout.

G. W. V. T.—Miss Ettie Reed.

G. W. Sec'y.—J. B. Morgan.

G. W. T.—Thomas Strickler.

G. S. J. T.—Robert Platt.

The next meeting of the Grand Lodge will be held at Paw Paw, Sept. 12, 1884.

During the recent session of the Grand Lodge of Illinois a magnificent banner was presented to that body on behalf of Messrs. G. F. Foster, Sons & Co., of Chicago, the same firm which presented the prize banner to the Knights Templar at their conclave in that city some three years ago.

The Stanislaus District Lodge, California, resolved at its recent meeting to demand of the State legislature the submission to the popular vote of a prohibiting constitutional amendment, and in the event of that being

done to "fight for prohibition till the bitter end, even should it take us the balance of our natural lives," which is very much like Californian spirit and pluck.

Spoopendyko.

A solid, faithful, cheerful, and happy Good Templar visited a neighbor lodge not long ago. Remaining a few minutes in the ante-room he heard a Sloopendyko article read inside, which seemed to be received very approvingly by the hearers. Some one desired the visitor, should he be called on, to say what he deemed was the reason the Lodge did not prosper as it should. He did so and gave it as his opinion that a Lodge that is interested in such literature as Sloopendyko and permits it to be a part of its Good of the Order, need not expect to make any progress for the better.

Mr. Sloopendyko the hero of the nonsense is a selfish, brutal, tyrannical blackguard, who is cruel, domineering and ruffianly in his treatment of his wife. His wit is of such a low flat type, as to be simply disgusting. His slang and his muffled blasphemy are so filthy as to be utterly outside of the outer boundary of fun.

If there were such a character among us, he would be execrated and shunned by all respectable people. Virtuous parents would specially instruct their children to shun his presence as they would that of a rattlesnake. And still people were reading his nasty jargon in that Lodge.

This judgment of the Sloopendyko literature is founded on a perusal of two of the articles and one sentence each of two other ones, which was all that a well conditioned stomach would permit.

Then there is another wretched, demoralizing prostitution of wit, "The Bad Boy," equally pernicious. It makes a hero of a boy who is an utterly abominable liar and delights chiefly in dishonoring his father and his mother; lying to them and playing brutal monkey tricks upon them and causing them much suffering and damage.

If such stories as "The Bad Boy" are read in families and are laughed at, and the tricks applauded, the effect is to create an ambition in the boys of the family to be the heroes of similar freaks themselves—to lie and deceive their parents and elders—to be tricky and dishonest—to be hoodlum heroes.

It is not desired to curtail or condemn the fun and frolic of the young folks; but surely we can provide an abundance of pleasurable, wholesome amusement and the most frolicsome fun, and draw a strict impassable line between the realm of fun and that of falsehood and rowdism.

It may be worth while to enquire, if the constant, copious feeding of the youthful mind upon literary fiction, even in the Sunday school and religious libraries, to the prejudice of a taste for history, biography, fact and all solid truth, no matter how attractively presented—has not exercised a demoralizing influence upon us as a nation. Do we not already, as a people, crave the marvellous, the romantic, the impossible, the exaggerated, rather than the true, the beautiful, the noble?—Rescue.

Pithy Paragraphs.

Fill the lodge-room and you will empty the beer gardens.

The Juvenile Temple is the best Temperance school in existence.

Work outside of the lodge-room will create interest inside the membership.

Lodges are organized to accomplish an end, not for personal pleasure or emolument.

The Alabama Good Templars are doing

good work, growing in members and influence. Good for Alabama.

Every member of the lodge owes duties, first to himself or herself; second; to the Order; thirdly: to the world.

If you do not thoroughly understand Good Templary, what would you do if asked by some one to define our platform?

Enforce the payment of dues on your members; but if a brother or sister is too poor to pay, secretly make it up between a few of you, pay it and hold your member.

Why do our lodges not try to build lodgehalls for themselves, and let their trustees make arrangements to apply their quarterly rents, otherwise paid out, on the liquidation of the bills? Do this and you secure a greater interest among the members, and a more business-like hold upon the community.

You will see that one of our lodges, when at its best, is not only a body pledged to one of the holiest of benevolent objects, that carries along with it not only the promotion of morality and religion, but the increase of comfort, property and happiness. In addition to this blessed purpose—the advance of temperance, with all its attendant good—Lodge is a social institution where friends meet for social enjoyment. It is the means of literary and intellectual improvement by means of addresses, essays, readings and recitations. It is a means of musical enjoyment and cultivation, through its vocal and instrumental entertainments, as well as by the use of music as a part of its ritual. And then the crowning excellence of the system is that men and women, young men and maidens, are equally enlisted in the great cause, all alike using their influence for good to others, and all alike having it in their power to improve and benefit themselves.

A GRAND JURY PRESENTMENT.—At the Assizes at Whitby, Ont., on the 19th of September, the presentment of the Grand Jury contained the following recommendation:—"The Grand Jury beg to express their belief that more stringent legislation is required for the regulation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and in their opinion the law should be so amended as to prohibit the sale of liquors except from packages or vessels bearing a Government inspector's stamp, showing the kind and strength of liquor therein, and that the sale of drinks differing in their composition from those so inspected, as such inspected liquors, should be made a criminal offence; that dealers in liquors should be prohibited from exposing their liquors to public view, and from selling liquors except by measure. The Grand Jury are of opinion that such changes, if introduced would prevent great damage to the health of those who are now using drugged liquors, which, while they produce no revenue duty, are dangerous to the public health; and further, that the last two suggestions, if adopted, would diminish the consumption of liquor, and greatly lessen the pernicious practice of treating, which unfortunately prevails so extensively in this Province."

SCOTLAND'S ARMY.—A Parliamentary return, moved by Mr. Montague Scott, has been issued, and shows the number of convictions between Michaelmas, 1876, and the same date of 1882, of all persons arrested for drunkenness on Sunday in Scotland. The total for the six years was 13,711, of which 12,027 were in burghs and 1,639 in county districts. The highest number in any one year was 2,530, in 1882, 1878 coming next with 2,391, 1880 closely following with 2,338, whilst there were 2,151 in 1877, and only 1,886 in 1870.

Temperance Department.

Temperance and Politics.

The annual business meeting of the Toronto prohibitory alliance was held in the upper parlor of Shaftesbury Hall, Monday last. There was a fair attendance. Mr. Arthur Farley, one of the vice-presidents, occupied the chair. The first business of interest transacted was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, W. H. Howland (re-elected); Vice-Presidents, Rev. John Smith, Arthur Farley. Dr. Snelling, Henry O'Hara, Robert McLean, J. Jolliffe, David Danlop, George Ward, Jacob Spence, F. S. Spence, Isaac Wordell, Joseph Tate, James Dobson, Wm. Stone, R. J. Flemming; Secretary, James Thomson; Assistant Secretary, Robert Ray and William Munns; Treasurer, Thomas Bengough; Finance Committee, Henry O'Hara, James Dobson, Thomas Caswell, A. Farley, Robt. McLean.

A long discussion then took place on what course the alliance should pursue with regard to electing a proportion of temperance men at the forthcoming municipal elections. All the former efforts of the alliance in this direction were fully canvassed, and the meeting finally decided to nominate F. S. Spence, Jas. Thomson, Robt. McLean, H. O'Hara, and W. Burgess a special committee to devise a plan of procedure and to report a special meeting of the electoral branch of the alliance a week from next Friday. The committee will meet next Friday evening at the *Canada Citizen* office.

Extracts from an Address Delivered Before a Teachers' Convention.

There are three professions which, as I look abroad upon the world, appear to me to be entirely separate from all others. It is impossible to confound them with the common run of professional life. The one is that of the medical man, whose business it is to care specially for the health of the body. Another is that of the Christian minister, whose special province it is to care for the health of the soul. Somewhere midway between the two is that of the profession to which we belong—the teaching profession, whose special business it is to take care in the first place, it is true, of the health of the intellect and its development. But as we full well know, intellect alone is little worth. Intellect developed without physical strength can accomplish but little in this life, and on the other hand, intellect alone without moral strength, and moral health, and religious life, becomes, just in proportion to its strength and development, not a blessing, but a curse. A well-wrought powerful steam-engine, on the wrong line—that is intellect well-developed without right spiritual direction, and the greater the power the greater the mischief; and therefore I take it that the teaching profession holds the proud pre-eminence of having to deal with the body, the mind, and the heart of every child upon which the teacher lays his hand. And he is a happy man, and I hold a proud man, who is conscious that as from day to day his hand is laid upon child after child, through the long lives of the hundreds and thousands that pass under his care there is not one in whose eternal history he may not hope to read the story of his own life work, whilst he realizes his own blessedness in the blessedness of those whom he has taught.

Now that is the reason, ladies and gentlemen, why it is utterly impossible for me to dissociate the great question of temperance from the work in which you and I are engaged. It is not a question with me, as to

whether I, as a teacher can pursue my course, regardless of the subject of intemperance, in the same way as a lawyer may his. I know nothing of the responsibilities which may press home upon the mind or conscience of a lawyer, or of any other professional man or tradesman; but I do know the responsibilities that rest upon us, and if I look at the welfare of the child, and if further I may speak as though it were in my own person, and with reference to my own work, I would say as a teacher, "I can not afford to spend the best days and the best powers of my manhood in laying what might be the foundation of a useful and happy life, and then to have the whole of my work destroyed by the influence of strong drink." For my own satisfaction I must seek to conserve the work to which I have given myself and my power, and therefore I say to you this morning confidently that in appealing to you for your sympathy and effort for the promotion of temperance among the children and temperance training for them in early life, I am asking that you will do only what will tend to render the work in which you are engaged a lasting work for the benefit of those whom you teach. At the same time I am very free to confess that there are other considerations which press upon my own mind. I look for a better class of children in the schools in proportion as temperance works its way among all classes. I look for more regular attendance. I look for a healthier class of children. I look for a saving to the country in a financial point of view, beyond the limits of the school itself, and, indeed, look where I will I cannot for a moment imagine that any one who has given himself to the great work of teaching can consider this question and doubt that it is for the interest of the country, the interest of the profession, the interest of the child, that temperance, specific and direct, should be as speedily as possible made a subject of instruction within the public schools of this country.

PRINCIPAL OLIVER, M. A.

"A Lion in the Way."

When we see evil going on multiplying under our eyes what excuse do men make?—"Oh, there is a lion in the way." Cities are ill governed; thieves and burglars abound; there are not only criminals, but known, recognized, and catalogued classes of criminals that prey upon society. Everywhere, more and more our streets, often so physically dirty and dangerous, are infected also by such a moral leprosy of vice and prostitution that competent witnesses declare no streets in Europe to be so flagrantly and unblushingly vile. Drunkenness within a stone's throw of us is daily dragging down men and women into an abysmal degradation; the results of that drunkenness are pauperism and criminality, which cost the country hundreds and thousands of pounds, and, what is far worse, cost the very life blood of its sons and daughters. Yet temptations to drunkenness are everywhere shamefully, needlessly, and intolerably multiplied, and souls are falling every day by hundreds of thousands into the licensed and glaring traps set for them, from sun dawn till midnight, to the utter ruin of their souls. Do you mean to tell me that all this is as it ought to be, that there is no peril in it, that it is not sapping the manhood, and poisoning the womanhood, and blighting the childhood, which is the true source of national strength? To say that this state of things, this vile and glaring drunkenness, this viler and yet more perilous uncleanness in English cities, are necessary things seems to me a hideous blasphemy. Why then are they

suffered to grow and multiply till the pit swallows them, as assuredly it will? Why will not England grapple with the vices which are eating out the heart of her lowest classes and affecting so many thousands of her sons and daughters? Oh, there is a lion in the way!—there are rich monopolies, there are vested interests, there are millions of capital; there are wealthy people who own these houses which pour forth into the disgusted midnight their foul stream of blaspheming sots to reel home and beat and kick their wives and children, while wealthy landlords draw their rents from the rotting houses where the poor are huddled together like swine.

The slothful man is but an epitome of the slothful nation. He is ingenious in excuses. First, he has the excuse of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper? Is it my business to interfere?" or he becomes metaphysical, and pleads, "It is human nature; if you suppress evil in this direction it will break out and be worse in another." Or he takes a large, statesmanlike view, and says, "Liberty is better than sobriety, and national ostentatiousness is to be preferred to national restraint." Or he becomes pious, and he quotes Scripture to prove that for the slave trade there is Divine authority, and that gin and rum are "good creatures of God." Oh yes, there is a lion in the way! But the worst lion is the dead lumpish, lion carcass of our sluggish acquiescence, and our immoral half-heartedness.

Every curse the world has ever known—gladiatorial fights, and Inquisition, duelling, the slave-trade, bear-baiting, the abominable state of prisons, the cruel oppression in factories, bribery and corruption, all sorts of connived-at immoralities have been defended by such miserable sophisms as these, and to clench it the devil invariably quotes Scripture for his purpose, and in sacred phrase and saintly posture he gives to God the honor of this monstrous progeny. Happily, every now and then, God-inspired, good, brave, unsophisticated men have torn their way through these thorny hedges of indulgence, greed, and opposition, and dragged into the light even the worst monsters which frequent the dark thickets of self-interest and crime; have faced the wild beast of demoralized public opinion in spite of its erect mane and flaming eyes. Yes, happily the world has produced such men among its purblind and effeminate generations, or it had perished long ago of its own corruption; for in the long run and in the highest sense such men always succeed; the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" is with them, and neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil can stay His hand. Indeed, these lions, the world, the flesh, and the devil, for all their seeming strength and ferocity and the passion in their throats, prove but cowardly beasts after all, and though Timorous and Mistrust may not find it out, they are but chained lions, and we stand beyond their spring. "Is thy strength so small?" cries the porter to Christian. "Fear not the lions, for they are chained. Keep in the midst of the path, and no harm shall come to thee." But the slothful man not only says, "There is a lion in the way," but adds, "I shall be slain in the streets," and then, in a reproachful and injured tone: "You well know that many have been so slain." Yes, it is quite true: they have been so slain; but to them, as to their Lord, through death and after death, if not in life, hath come the glory and the victory. Slain they have been, but no harm has come to them, for they have trusted in the Lord, in Whose Name they have fought.—By the Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.

King Alcohol.

The following extract is from the evidence given by Sir William Gull, M. D., F.R.S., before the Select Committee of the House of Peers on intemperance. He said:—

"I think that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might very well drink water, or that they might very well take food, and would be very much better without alcohol. If I am fatigued with overwork, personally, my food is very simple. I eat the raisins instead of drinking the wine. I have had a very large experience in that practice for thirty years. This is my own personal experience, and I believe it is a very good and true experience.

"I should join issue at once with those who believe that intellectual work can not be so well done without wine or alcohol. I should deny that proposition and hold the very opposite. It is one of the commonest things in English society, that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is even very difficult to observe. There is a great deal of injury done to the health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. It leads to the degradation of tissues; it spoils the health, and it spoils the intellect.

"I think, as a rule, you might stop the supply of alcohol at once without injury. It is said in some cases the brain has entirely gone from leaving drink off suddenly; but that is fallacious, the brain may have gone from previous habits. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions. I am persuaded that lecturers should go about the country lecturing to people of the middle and upper-middle classes upon the disadvantages of alcohol as it is daily used.

"The public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious part of food there is nothing like water. Water carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form.

THE SACRIFICE.—The Rev. Christmas Evans, the great Welsh preacher, was among the first of those in his own country to espouse the temperance movement. In one of his speeches he said:—"I used to drink but little intoxicating liquor at any time, since I began to preach Christ as a Saviour of sinners; and when I gave that little up that I might feel strong to try and get the drunkards not to drink the fiery beverages, I thought that I was sacrificing an ox; but when I see the drunkards by the scores getting sober, the dukes of Edom subdued, and pure religion advanced, it cheers my spirits, freshens my flesh, and makes me feel that I have only sacrificed a rat."

DON'T MENTION IT.—An able American journal says that it is now well-known that old cast-away cigar stumps are used in the manufacture of cigarettes. Boys are employed to gather them from hotels, bar-rooms, sidewalks—from wherever they are thrown. Collectors buy them of the boys and send them to the manufacturers by the barrel. No matter how disgusting the spot whence they are picked—whether from the spittoon with its dangerous saliva, or the gutter with its filth—the foul refuse finds its way into the mouth and nose of the cigarette smoker. Probably a good deal of such refuse finds its way into both the cheap cigar and the cheap cigarette.

STELLA; OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THROUGH THE FOLDING DOORS.

When Sir Edgar Dyson had discovered, upon his return to Barfield, that Lily Finch had been already spirited away, he had been very much disturbed indeed. There had been a yearning to see her once more in his heart, that not all the duties of his new relations towards Lady Honoria had been able to quench; and there had also been misgivings in his own mind as to whether he had not possibly been too ready to misjudge and to think evil of her.

Lily's illness had softened his heart towards her, and he longed intensely to see with his own eyes that she was better, to hold her soft hand within his own, to look into her gentle eyes, and to say to her just once—"Forgive me—if I have wronged you."

But all this was seemingly to be denied him. When he came back to Barfield, Lily was gone, and he could not find out from his mother where she had been taken to.

"She has gone to friends at the seaside—I really cannot tell you where," was all that Lady Dyson would tell him, and she said it in a manner that made him fancy she knew no more than he did himself of her whereabouts. "It was the best thing in the world for her to have a thorough change of air. Of course she will come back to me by and by, when she is strong enough to resume her work."

"But, my dear mother, have you not provided for her at all—how is she to live?"

"Oh, of course I have given her plenty of money—she will not have to be a burden upon anybody," and that was all the information that he could extract from Lady Dyson.

In his perplexity Sir Edgar even rode over to Wrexham, and asked Mrs. Finch, who was a person he cordially detested, for news of her daughter.

"She has gone to the sea, was that lady's answer. 'I really haven't troubled myself much about it. I suppose Lady Dyson knows where she is, as she has been kind enough to send her—you know I never correspond much with Lily—it is somewhere in Essex, I believe.'"

Mrs. Finch possibly knew more than she chose to say, but she was too clever to impart the desired information. She had not forgotten that Lily had been once what she called "foolish" about Sir Edgar; and now that he was engaged to be married to Lady Honoria Rosett, of what possible interest could Lily Finch's movements be to him? She had always hated the Dysons, and to encourage the baronet's empty and meaningless attentions to her daughter, would be, as he considered, worse than useless. There was one more person whom Sir Edgar consulted concerning Miss Finch, and that was his own brother. With a strange pang of anxiety at his heart he spoke to Walter about her.

"Walter, do you know—surely you do know—where Miss Finch is gone?"

"I? My dear fellow, I assure you I have not the remotest idea! Look here, Edgar, you have run your head against this idea until you have gone insane upon it. I give you my word that I have no more to do with the girl than—than you have—not so much probably—don't look so savage, old man, I'm only joking! I dare say we both of us made a little love to the pretty governess, just for the sake of something to do; but upon my word of honor, she is nothing at all to me. Good Heavens! I have got my hands full enough as it is—if you only knew!"

But Sir Edgar was too much absorbed in his own troubles to remark the significant manner in which Walter disclaimed all knowledge of Lily's doings. He was annoyed with his brother for speaking of her so lightly, and yet he could not but believe in his earnest asseverations.

"I have been a madman," he said to himself, bitterly. I have wrecked my own happiness, and possibly hers too, because I judged her too hastily, and condemned her without giving her a chance of self-defence. But still, she had no business to allow Walter to kiss her—a woman cannot be quite true and pure who permits a man to embrace her, even in sport."

But though he blamed her still, he blamed himself far more, and was very unhappy.

It was not possible for him to do anything else—he could not in conscience set himself to work to trace Lily Finch and to pursue her. The scandal for her and for Lady Honoria, whom he deeply respected and sincerely liked, would have been too great.

Then Lady Honoria went to Sandport to get rid of her cold, and there came the news of her sprained ankle, and then the letter from her which summoned him to her side, and with it—at last—the information which he had been seeking for concerning Lily Finch.

As to Lily, she only heard the news of Sir Edgar's advent from Lady Honoria's lips upon the same day that he came. She was sitting by the couch of the invalid, doing her best to amuse her, and to vary the dullness and monotony which she complained of, when Lady Honoria said suddenly to her:

"Who do you suppose is coming here to-day, by the very next train?"

"I cannot tell, Lady Honoria," answered Lily, smiling.

"Guess, then."

"Lord Alchester."

"Oh, dear, no; the last person in the world who would come."

"Lady Dyson, perhaps."

"No; try once more."

And then Lily bent her head very low, and her heart throbbed rapidly and painfully.

"Perhaps it is Sir Edgar."

"Yes, you have guessed it. Fancy Sir Edgar coming to a fearful place like Sandport!"—none of the Norton family, it may be mentioned, were present—"Is it not devoted of him to subject himself to such a fearful boredom just to come and see me?"

"It is natural he should wish to see you," murmured Lily.

"No, I don't think it is natural at all for a man to condemn himself to the discomforts of a second-rate country inn, and to the intense stupidity of the most dead alive little seaside town in the world, merely to see a woman whom in course of time he would be able to see with perfect comfort and convenience to himself. Men are not so fond of putting themselves out, and of giving up their own creature-comforts, I can tell you, Miss Finch. But then, perhaps you don't know so much about them as I do—and lucky for you that you don't. Why! what are you getting up for? You are not going away so soon, are you?"

"I'm afraid I must, Lady Honoria."

She had risen, and was putting on her hat and gloves.

"Oh! do stay a little longer. If you wait you will see Sir Edgar—and he must be here in less than half an hour now. Oh! do stay to see him. I believe you are rather a favorite of his, Miss Finch—he told me so one day; now do stop a little longer to see him."

"I—I have some letters to write—indeed I must go," stammered poor Lily, and made her escape as quickly as she could from Lady Honoria's well-meant and good-natured entreaties.

What a relief it was to the poor child to be out-of-doors, away from the good natured, handsome woman, whose unconscious tongue inflicted such terrible stabs upon her poor, wounded heart—how glad she was to feel the cool sea-breezes blowing upon her cheeks, and to smell the fresh, salt spray as it dashed up against the sea wall. The tears that in Lady Honoria's presence she had been forced to drive back and to hide, welled freely up into her eyes now she was alone. Oh! how bitter it was to hear him spoken about by her happy and successful rival! to witness her contented approbation of him! and worse still, to listen to the idle words of commendation of herself that he had spoken to her!

She was "a favorite of Sir Edgar's," so he had told Lady Honoria. Oh! how could he speak of her so—how could he, who had so often sworn eternal love and devotion to her, even mention her name to this other woman, who was to be his wife! Oh! it was hard—very hard to bear!

And yet, deep down at the very bottom of her heart, there was a great gush of guilty gladness. He was coming again—and she would see him again—he would speak to her kindly and gently, perhaps—would tell her he forgave her—and though she would never be able, probably, to explain to him how terribly he had mistaken her in deeming her guilty for the unmanly persecution of his own brother—yet if he were only to say, "I forgive you," would not that be comfort enough to brighten her life through many of the long, dismal, unlovely years that

spread themselves out gloomily and drearily before her.

"Oh! I wish I had died when I was so ill!" said the poor child, miserably, to herself, as she sought the seclusion of her dull-looking lodgings.

And here, when she knew that the train must have arrived, and Sir Edgar actually be in Sandport, Lily Finch felt strongly inclined at first to look herself up in her bedroom.

But during the course of the afternoon, a little note came to the lodging-house by the sea from the Rectory. It was an invitation to Miss Finch to come to dinner that very evening.

"Mamma hopes you will come," wrote Marian Norton, "as Sir Edgar will be here, and Lady Honoria thinks he will like to meet you."

Lily had not the strength of mind to decline this invitation; she sent back word that she would go.

Now, the back drawing-room of the Rectory had been for the last two days transformed, by the kindness of her hostess, into Lady Honoria's bed-chamber. In this way she could, with the help of her maid and a strong crutch-stick of the Rector's, hobble backwards and forwards from her room to her sofa by the window, without the pain and fatigue of going up-stairs.

Accordingly, on this particular evening, when Sir Edgar, who had been sitting with her for an hour or so in the afternoon, had gone away to the inn again, in order to dress for dinner, Lady Honoria also retired through the folding-doors into the inner-room, to make sundry changes in her toilet for dinner.

The maid, a Frenchwoman whose fashionable appearance had filled the minds of the sober Rectory servants with astonishment mingled with awe, was desired to re-dress her mistress' abundant dark locks, which, from lying down all day among her sofa-cushions, had become extremely disordered and untidy. Then, of course, it is a difficult and tedious operation to dress a lady who is unable to put her foot to the ground; and also, there was the injured limb to be bathed and bandaged; so that altogether Lady Honoria was a very long time indeed over her dressing.

Before, indeed, it was half completed, Lily Finch, arriving quite punctually, was shown into the adjoining room, and neither she nor Lady Honoria perceived, what the latter became aware of soon after, that the folding-door was not quite closed between the two rooms.

Lily sat quite quietly by herself in the bow-window, looking thoughtfully out upon the gray line of sea beyond the sands. She was rather pale, but not otherwise than calm and self-contained. The light was already rather dim and indistinct, and yet it was by no means dark enough for candles.

None of the Nortons were down stairs. They were rather an unpunctual family, and were never quite ready in time for anything. So Lily sat on alone in the window and looked at the sea; and Lady Honoria, on the other side of the folding doors, sat having her ankle bandaged by her French maid.

All at once she heard the slam of the front door, and the rapid footsteps of a man as he ran lightly up the stairs and entered the adjoining room.

It was, as Lady Honoria knew, Sir Edgar coming in ready for dinner from the hotel. It came into her mind that she would make haste and finish her dressing, so as to join him as quickly as she could; when all at once she heard his voice so plainly, that she discovered instantly that the door was ajar; and the words which she heard Sir Edgar speak was such an utter shock to her, that it did not even occur to her to close it.

"Lily!" she heard him say. "Lily, is it really you! Oh! my little darling, how white and ill you look!"

"Oh! please, Sir Edgar, don't speak like that to me!" said the girl's trembling voice.

"My pretty one, don't cry! I can't bear it! Oh! Lily, I can see in your face I have wronged you cruelly! You have always loved me truly, have you not, my sweet! Don't turn from me child! Let me look at you once more."

"Oh! Sir Edgar—you know you ought not to speak to me like this. Lady Honoria—"

"Yes, yes; I know! I know I have thrown away your love, child, and behaved like an

idiot! and Lady Honoria is very good, and am quite unworthy of her. I shall try to make her a good husband, because there is nothing else left for me to do; but, oh! she is not like my Lily!—my little darling, that I love so well! Do you know that I have come here on purpose to see you, child—just to look at you once more and to say good-bye? Yes, my pet, I must have seen you once more; and now we shall have to say good-bye, and pray heaven that we may forget each other, and never meet again!"

"Henriette," said Lady Honoria in a whisper to her maid, "go away at once—I don't want you any more; and go to Mrs. Norton's room, and tell her I feel too unwell to come down to dinner."

Henriette left the room.

And there was great consternation amongst the Nortons that evening, because Lady Honoria Rosett positively declined to leave her room.

CHAPTER XXX.

LADY HONORIA DOES HER DUTY.

"When one has a great and important resolution to make, there is nothing like sleeping a night upon it before making up one's mind as to what is to be done."

This was Lady Honoria's waking reflection the following morning, as the sun came shining brightly into her room. She rang the bell for her maid, and began to get up.

"I feel much better about it to-day than I did last night," she said to herself; "and now I can see my way plainly, and I know what my duty is! Can I ever be thankful enough for the accident which has prevented her wreck of three lives!"

And then, as soon as she was dressed, and installed upon the sofa by the bow-window, and had finished the tea and toast that had been set upon a little tray by her side, Lady Honoria sent round a note to the hotel, begging Sir Edgar to come and see her as quickly as possible.

He came in brightly and cheerfully.

"Well, how are you this morning, Honoria—better, I hope? I was sorry you felt so unwell last night; we must get you away from here; this place is too quiet for you."

And then something in her face stopped him, and he saw, by the way in which she looked at him, that something was wrong with her.

He sat down upon the low chair by her side.

"Is anything the matter, Honoria?" he asked her, gravely and kindly.

"Yes," she said, "there is something very much the matter. I have a very serious and important thing to say to you."

He had no idea what was the manner of thing that she had to say to him. He smiled at her in a kind and friendly way.

"You know very well that I will give my very best attention to anything you have to say to me."

For a minute she did not speak, but looked away out of the window. She had not, perhaps, loved him very deeply—it was not in her nature to do so; but she was disappointed in him, and she felt the slight to her vanity and her self-love very keenly indeed.

"Edgar," she said suddenly turning round again and looking at him, "do you know that I overheard what you said to Miss Finch in this room last night?"

He looked startled and his face flushed, and then he said, earnestly:

"I am very, very sorry for it, Honoria."

"But I am not sorry at all," she answered, bravely, with something of her usual downrightness and dash of manner; "for it has shown me the truth, and has provoked us all from making a very great mistake. You know, Edgar I love the truth—at any price!"

"Then, Honoria, let me tell the truth!" he cried, eagerly. "The truth is, that I was once engaged to Lily Finch, but my engagement with her has long ago been at an end. I am pledged to you, and nothing on earth shall induce me to break my faith to you; I would not do you such an injury for the whole world! Do not imagine that I will not keep true to you! I shall never see Lily—Miss Finch I mean—again. Last night I walked home with her, and I have said 'Good-bye' to her, and she quite understands that all is over between us. Believe me, I have too high a regard and esteem for you, to be guilty of wanting in anything

Reply to "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

I'LL WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by J. T. WOOD.

Music by H. J. FULMER.

Moderato con espressione.

mf

f *rall. e dim.*

1. Wil-lie, though sad our part - ing, I'll still be true to thee; Fond - ly my heart will fol - low
 2. Wil-lie, the days are wea - ry, But long I'll not re - pine; Dark - ly the a'ies are frown - ing,
 3. Wil-lie, though far you're sail - ing, I know a - gain we'll meet; Bright - ly the fu - ture's dawn - ing,

Scal.

p

O - ver the stor - my sea!..... Though I shall miss thee, my dar - ling, Though I shall sor - row and
 Neath them the star - rays shine!..... Deep in my heart I will trea - sure Each thought of thee, tho' I
 Tran - quil, and fair, and sweet!..... Love in the heart lives for ev - er! Though we may sor - row and

rall.

sigh,..... Yet thy dear words I'll heed, love, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....
 sigh,..... Soon will the sun be shin - ing, I'll wait till the clouds ro'l by!.....
 sigh,..... True to my love, my dear - est, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....

f *mf* *colla voce.*

Soprano.

I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Wil - lie, I'll wait till the clouds roll by.....

Alto.

Tenor.

I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Wil - lie, I'll wait till the clouds roll by.....

Bass.

Piano.

Soon will the dawn be break - ing, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....

rall.

Soon will the dawn be break - ing, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....

rall.

colla voce.



STYLISH COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—House toilet of the black Genoese gros-grain silk, "Cachemire Marguerite," trimmed with different widths of velvet ribbon. The design illustrates the "Carmina" walking skirt, and the "Arcno" basque which is a simple model with three points in the back separated by inserted box-plaits, a deep point in front and cut short on the hips. The underskirt is trimmed with a succession of gathered flounces, each having one wide and three narrow bands of velvet ribbon on the bottom. The apron and back drapery are edged with a silk and chenille fringe, and the long pointed panel on the left side is

trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon to match the underskirt. Plaited ruffles of flat Valenciennes lace at throat and wrists. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—Visiting costume made of plain and woven broche "Nonpareil" velveteen in the Prussian blue shade. The trimmed skirt, modelled after the "Serena" walking skirt, has an apron front and back drapery of the broche, while the plaited panel's are of plain velveteen and the bows upon the skirt in front are of blue satin ribbon. The "Arcno" basque, the

same design that is shown in Fig. 1, is made of the broche velveteen, as also the "Zora" cape, the latter trimmed with "ratt-tail" chenille fringe of the same color with plain velveteen collar and satin ribbon bow. Hat of French felt in the same shade of blue, faced with velvet to match and trimmed with a velvet scarf, large steel buckle and gray ostrich plume. Gloves of pearl gray suede. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern thirty cents. The pattern of the "Zora" cape is in a medium size. Price, fifteen cents.

A WIFE'S ROMANCE.

A Burlington Lady Elopses From Her Husband Expecting a Jolly Time.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat thus tells of the escapade of a young married lady of Burlington, in that city, and, no doubt, from a perusal of the article many will be able to determine her identity:

There is one young woman in Iowa who has been cured of romancing the past week. It was on Wednesday last the wife of a prominent physician engaged the services of a young woman who was quite agreeable in appearance, and who was sent to her from an intelligence office, for housework. She gave the girl, who appeared to be about twenty years of age, general directions as to the work to be done and when the girl told her that she could cook, the lady told her what to get for supper.

The doctor came home for his tea, and the wife went into the kitchen to see how pro-

parations for the evening meal were progressing. There sat the new girl with a pan of apples in her lap, but there was no fire, no sign that preparations for supper had been commenced, even. And the lady was was struck by the sad countenance of the girl. She asked the stranger the cause of the delay in arrangements for supper, and why she looked so downcast. The eyes of the girl filled with tears.

"Oh, madam," she exclaimed, "I am in such trouble! I can't tell you how wretched I am!"

The lady convinced the girl that she could confide in her—and out came the brief story.

"Oh, madam, I have a husband in Burlington—as good a husband as any young wife ever had—and I have run away and left him!"

"But why did you do so?"

"I don't know hardly—we had a little misunderstanding, and I became very angry,

and thought I would punish him by leaving him, thinking he would hunt for me and beg me to return. I took the cars and came to Davenport, determined to earn my own living; but I want to go back so much. I can't work, can't do anything, but I want to go back."

The wretched young wife sobbed like a child, and besought her new employer to assist her in returning to Burlington. She thought such an adventure would be romantic, and it would be nice to have her husband hunting for her until he could find her; but now she said she believed she was the most foolish and miserable woman alive.

The sympathy of the physician and his wife went out for the wretched creature, and she remained in the house until morning, when the doctor placed her aboard of the south-western train for Burlington, and also wrote a letter to her husband, in which he stated the circumstances in which the wife came to his house, and of his belief in her

bitter repentance of her folly. She left her home full of grief over her prospects of a gay lark—and left for home with broken spirits, and in fear and trembling.

FASHION NOTES.

Fanchon bonnets will remain in vogue. Leather bonnets are among millinery novelties.

The Shaker poke is the latest fancy in big bonnet.

Epaulet trimmings are much worn by young girls.

For theatre wear the Fanchon is the favorite bonnet.

Cheuillo appears in various forms on hats and bonnets.

White bonnets are restored to favor for evening wear.

Shot silks and stripes of velvet and satin are worn by Parisians.

Bird's wings, pompons, algrottes, and ostrich feathers are all fashionable.

The high looped, very full overskirt is the prevailing style for ordinary wear.

There is as much variety in millinery ornaments as there is in shapes and materials.

Some leading dressmakers are trying to introduce the straight unlooped old-fashioned overskirt.

Kid and alligator skins are used in the natural colors and in dark green and brown shades for bonnets.

All kinds of hats and bonnets, large, small, and medium sizes, and in every imaginable shape, are in fashion.

Felt, cloth, velvet, chenille, wool braids, leather, kid, cashmere, and worsted embroidery bonnets are worn or will be worn this winter.

White velvet, white cashmere, shot and dotted with silver and gold, and white brocaded stuffs are the materials used for white evening bonnets.

Black, White and Gray

There are many ladies to whom colors are distasteful, who still do not wish to be considered as wearing mourning. For those the choice lies between black, white and gray, a range which is not so restricted as it appears, when the tints of white, the varieties in black, and the shades from steel and iron to ash in gray, are taken into consideration. One of the best costumes for autumn wear of this description is a fine black camel's-hair, made with narrow kiltings, glove-fitting basque, and graceful drapery, the front of the basque tucked and outlined like the narrow standing collar, with plaited lace. The cloak may be long, gathered at the back, and with high sleeves, a ruche of lace at the throat, and jabot down the front.

A lady who possesses a fine figure may construct a pretty and effective toilet out of soft surah, and a silk jersey by gathering the surah flounces and placing them upon a skirt which is attached to a deep, well-fitting bodice of twilled silk. Over this a silk jersey is drawn like an elastic and yielding skin, and outlines the figure, beautifully besides forming a lovely basis for finish of lace at throat and wrists.

A beautiful dress in black and white is arranged with handsome satin duchesse and fine inserted plaittings of ivory satin, veiled with black lace, the upper dress forming a coat, the lower a demi-trained skirt with triple-plaited black. A simple but very stylish reception dress is of ivory armure brocade, the bodice pointed front and back trimmed a long square with embroidery on ivory satin, edged on both sides with exquisite Mechlin lace; sleeves to the elbow, also trimmed with embroidery and with lace. Skirt draped slightly in front, and arranged at the back as a very graceful train. A pretty steel-gray dress, with bonnet to match, is of cashmere and satin, the latter forming the kiltings, the former the upper dress, and the foundation for delicate, star-like embroidery of steel and chenille.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the Premier's daughter, and the Vice-President of the North Hall, Newnam College, is a dark-haired, quiet looking English girl, who looks as if she might be twenty-five.

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The Dominion Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, (Incorporated) provides a benefit of \$500, \$1,000, or \$2,000 for families of deceased members; also an endowment of \$750, \$500 or \$1,000 in ten years, and \$500 to \$1,000 in case of permanent disability or sickness or accident. A number of the leading business and professional men in the country are members. All claims will be promptly adjusted on maturity. Ladies admitted on equal terms with gentlemen. Agents wanted. Greatest inducements offered. Call or send for terms and by-laws. Home Office 33 Adelaide Street East Toronto.

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