

TRUTH

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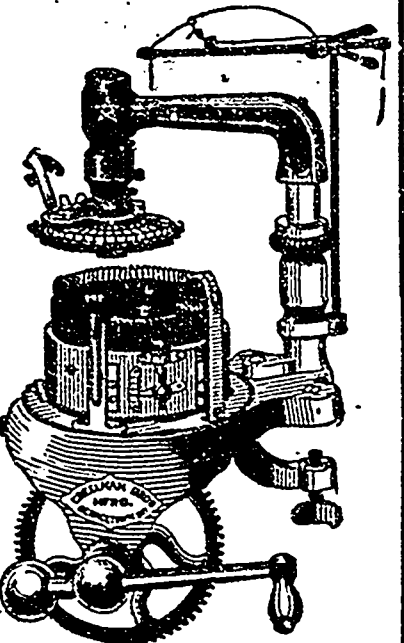
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 17, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 302.

THE SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

A passage from one of Disraeli's speeches in the House of Commons, is, as a contemporary states, applicable to the present state of affairs in England. "It is like one of those earthquakes which take place in Calabria or Peru. There was a rumbling murmur, a groan, a shriek, a sound of distant thunder; there was a rent, a fissure in the ground and then a village disappeared; then, a tall tower toppled down, and the whole of the Ministerial benches became one great dissolving view of anarchy." The issue has been fought out with the greatest possible vigour, and despite the boundless magic of Mr. Gladstone's name and his unsurpassed eloquence the Kingdom of Great Britain has gone against the Liberal leader. This we attribute in a great measure to the form which Mr. Gladstone gave to his proposition. We have always said that his bill had in its very vitals the germs of turmoil and disaster; and that under its operation the second condition of Ireland would be worse than the first. That Mr. Gladstone's speeches were eloquent, great and noble in spirit, nobody will deny, but any man of common-sense knew that a co-ordination of parliaments was hopelessly out of the question. We have had temerity and presumption enough in these columns time and again to state that no such proposition as that brought down by Mr. Gladstone could have a ghost of a hope to work successfully. Mr. Chamberlain has boldly proclaimed that a plan like that tried in our colonies with such successful results was the only way out of the difficulty; indeed what he has said on this subject corresponds exactly with what the contentions of TRUTH has been. But Mr. Gladstone was pleased to say that such a plan was not alone a poor one, but that it was "vulgar." Fancy that! Well, Mr. Gladstone has the refinement of political doctrine upon his side; and the great majority of the British nation is against him. Of course after a count has been made he will resign, and Lord Salisbury, though quite a second rate man, will be called upon to form an administration. It is a great pity that the grand old statesman should be thus laid low in the very hour of his desire to settle a question and end an injustice that has been long a disgrace to the most enlightened nation upon the face of the earth. The principle of Mr. Gladstone's policy we have always applauded, and we believe that all just and unbiased men have approved of it; it is in the matter of detail that he has gone wrong and missed the end that he has had in view.

What will happen upon the incoming of the Salisbury Administration it would be hard indeed to say. Mr. Labouchere in our London namesake, makes a forecast which we reproduce. He says:—"The agricultural labourer knows and cares little about Ireland, and he is sold that had it not been for the Irish bill he by this time would have had a cow and three acres of land. The Land Bill has done us

a vast amount of harm. The very possibility of Irish landlords benefiting at the expense of the taxpayer has alienated many from Mr. Gladstone. As things stand now it looks as though the new Parliament will be much like the old. The Liberals will not have a decisive majority, nor the Conservatives, even with the support of Liberal and Radical Unionists who have made common cause with them. What, then, will happen? I suppose Lord Salisbury will be installed in office, and be supported by Lord Hartington's friends and the members for Birmingham. What, then, will be the duty of Radicals? To render it impossible for anyone else than Mr. Gladstone to carry on the Government. This they can easily do by a strict alliance with the Irish. Should the Tories obtain the upper hand and attempt to pass a Coercion Act, the Radicals and Irish should fight on until they are surprised. This will bring things to a crisis. Probably at first the Tories and their allies will say 'good riddance,' but they will soon find that it will be practically impossible for the House to legislate with one-third of its members excluded. Having declared that the Irish have a right to resist coercion, we must back up their resistance should it be attempted. The time is arriving to take off our gloves."

One thing is quite certain, the bayonet and buckshot can no more be resorted to; and since these are out of the question, what then? Well, our belief is that the Chamberlain plan is the only one that promises salvation, and that it must prevail.

THE QUESTION OF PROHIBITION.

Most of the eloquent advocates of general prohibition who aspire to legislative honours declare that they can see no good reason why the Dominion Parliament should not pass an act prohibiting the manufacture or importation of alcoholic beverages save for medicinal manufacturing, or other utilitarian purposes. The electorate can see as little difficulty about the matter as the candidate; so they take up their newspaper day after day when the Parliament sits to read the declarations of their representative upon the burning question. But no such declaration do they find; for their good member puts his conscience in his pocket when he goes to Ottawa, and sitting upon the footstool looks to Mr. Blake or to Sir John and says, "Master, what wilt thou have me do?"

Of course there are grave obstacles in the way of prohibition, and the proposition is one of such importance that a politician may be excused for approaching it with fear and trembling. Yet the fact remains that if the politician is prepared, upon the stump, to "go" for prohibition, he ought not to sit like a mute in the House of Commons. More than one politician in this country is indebted to the "temperance cry" for his public laurels; yet not one has ever had the consistency to fairly agitate the question in the House. Now the Parliament of Canada can pass prohibitive legislation if it chooses to do so, notwithstanding that the tem-

perance advocate who supports prohibition on the stump will come and tell you after the election that "the Canadian Parliament cannot, you know, very well pass such an act." We do not care to meddle in questions belonging of right to the politicians; nevertheless this much anybody may say: If prohibition is good in one county of a Province, it ought to be good for all the Province; and if it be good for one Province, why should it not be adopted for the whole of our Dominion? No honest man will deny that the Scott Act does accomplish good by reducing vastly the consumption of liquor and lessening misery and crime.

We are aware that the revenue would suffer sorely from the passage of a general measure of prohibition; but revenue is not of as much importance as the morality and the happiness of the people. The Conservatives as a party are not in sympathy with the temperance spirit of the time; yet we firmly believe that Sir John Macdonald if hard set for a question upon which to appeal to the country, would not hesitate to make Prohibition his shibboleth.

We are very glad to perceive that Mr. Blake has put himself, unmistakably, on record respecting the question; and we make no apology for reproducing the following:—"A party may suffer temporary defeat by keeping too close to this principle; but, gentlemen, I trust you will always put principle before party. Looking at this question, then, in this light, let me remind you, young gentlemen, that some years ago; I gave up entirely the use of wine, not in my own interest, for that was never allowed to suffer by its use, but for the sake of young men such as I see before me to-day, the flower of my native and beloved land. In that case I followed my conscience; and though it was a somewhat bold step exposing me to the charge, even by my own political friends, of asceticism, I am happy to-day to state that my example has influenced others to such an extent that public banquets are now common in which no intoxicating liquor is used. This being my personal conviction and experience, my attitude towards the question in its broader aspect can be readily understood. That same course of reasoning which made me a personal prohibitionist, makes me also a public prohibitionist, and I desire that you, young gentlemen, will come out firmly on the side of the only true temperance—moderation in things which are good, prohibition of things which are evil. I need not here discuss the effect upon my party of the stand which I have taken on this important question. Even though it should strain the allegiance of that section of our party who are allied with the accursed traffic—happily a comparatively small and unimportant section—and much as I desire that we, as Liberals should enter upon this arduous struggle as one man; yet let us keep our consciences clear in this matter, regardless of temporary defeat, for—

Right is Right, as God is God,
And Right the day must win;
To doubt would be dishonour,
To falter would be sin."

Now why does not Mr. Blake make this

very question of prohibition a living, *the chief*, issue at the next election? If he believe that the principle is sound, and just, and expedient, why hesitate? Believe it, he would have upon his side the great bulk of the Canadian people.

"TRUTH'S" WEEKLY BUDGET.

The present issue of TRUTH will be found up to its usual standard. In fiction the departments are well stocked. Dora Russell's story, "The Broken Seal," is still running. This interesting and ably written tale has reached a point of high interest now. "Four Canadian Highwaymen" has likewise reached the highest point of interest, and many incidents are being recounted with which old residents of Toronto must be familiar. The editorial matter is varied, and public events are treated, as TRUTH always treats them, in a perfectly independent spirit. We give allegiance to no party; and we always have commended what seemed to us to be good, just as we have condemned what we deemed to be bad. Our contributed matter this week is very readable. "Moralist" writes trenchantly and with grace upon "Intelligent Living"; "Traveller" gives us a view of the "Shah's Domains" and most graphic is that writer's style; the "Poetry of Churchyards," by J. A. Currie, is a cultured, vivid, and altogether superior contribution, which we recommend cordially to our readers. There is a very good picture especially engraved for our columns entitled "A Fact." The "Ship That Never Returned" is the name of our musical contribution. All the departments containing selected matter will be found to maintain their usual character of excellence. "Observer" has many things to say this week; but we refrain from making comments. All we do say is that the subjects which he discusses are interesting.

Even though, in a sense, political disgrace has overtaken Mr. Gladstone he is still the most interesting figure in the public life of the nation. A writer of very capable powers has penned a description of the grand old statesman, and there is so much said that is vivid about his methods of oratory, we cannot refrain from reproducing it. We begin with, it is of extraordinary quality from the light high bantering style, so to he twitted the Tories with... adorn the laugh—decorate... idea, down to the deep, serious... ally hoarse haze to war... of the profane and... with which English... was universally... bility of it, too;... Mr. Gladstone... ly and easily... quality of it—how... It is impossible to... so fall into absurd... something so winning, so... Gladstone's voice, as it was... as we can be... venture to... will be ag-

far for a simile. A cathedral bell sounding far away over a river, a waterfall heard a long way off in the stillness of night, the sea rolling slowly in over a pebbly beach, a summer wind blowing over a hilltop of pines—in each of these there is a strange, indescribable quality which sometimes makes one's eyes fill and one's throat contract for mere physical sympathy, and in Mr. Gladstone's voice, when he will, there is the same note. The admirable concentration of his speech, in reply to the Tories on the Home Rule question, how it began by a few personalities and references to his immediate predecessors; debate, how it passed gradually to elaborate historical argument, how it turned to denunciation of the rival policy, how there came late in the touch of national poetry, and the picture of Erin with the cup at her lips—picture finished with a touch of Virgil—how it concluded with a solemn appeal for a blessed oblivion of the past, and happiness, prosperity, and peace for the years that are to come—these, and the utter absence of any personal taunt, any complaint, any reference to the speaker's own person, all can see who will read it. But that voice—it is only an inalienable memory.

Lately, and it is a noteworthy proof of the rancour of party spirit, complaints have actually been made, of course by parties hostile to the present Local Government, that the Catholics get more than their share of the grants given to charitable institutions. Or, rather, it is said that they get as much as others, though their numbers are much less. How can it be avoided? These numbers, though less, contain the greatest number of the poor of the Province. It is to aid the poorest in the land, in whatever denomination found, that the charity of the land is due. Have not the other denominations got reason to thank God that their poor are fewer? When our Saviour said "Go, give all that thou hast to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," did he say "of thine own sect?" At this rate, if there were a sect altogether free from poverty, possessing no poor at all, and yet the equal in numbers of a sect having many poor people, the first ought yet to get, on account of its numbers, an equal share of the charitable grants! Could partyism, making the aid of bigotry to enforce its plans, go farther? These, too, are the very class of people—these who would not aid the poor Irish more than they can help—who oppose every measure calculated to aid them in their own country. Naturally, and in both cases from party spirit. But a better day is dawning here. Ireland has, in spite of the misrepresentations of pretended philosophers, many warm friends in Canada; and notwithstanding the result of the late elections, many warm friends in Britain. Let us hope that these friends will soon arrive when Ireland's distress will cease to be either a national or an emigrating point of the per-

...that there will ... within a year. ... quite cheer- ... all very likely ... of the mag- ... Ignation. ... final rep- ... not see any- ... in such an act on ... notwithstanding ... newspapers have said. The ... King's

Mr. Goldwin Smith describes Gladstone as "the most powerful, unscrupulous and denigrative demagogue who ever appeared in British public life." Disraeli once described Goldwin Smith as "a wild man of the cloister who goes about the country maligning men and things." We are rather inclined to accept the declaration of the author of Lothair.

The Rev. S. W. Wesley is the only contemporary preacher in the world. He is extremely humble and describes himself as "a barrel of dust and a bag of wind." He recently referred to "the whining old whelps who have been hit with some of my gospel rocks." He is described as a very "faul-mouthed" preacher.

The American newspapers are publishing portraits of the exiled young Bonapartist prince. He is 22; has a melancholy face; large, dark dreamy eyes; and a mouth and chin which the sorcerer says, "show no trace of sensuality." What audacious men the conductors of some of the American papers are to be sure!

President Cleveland has said "Vote" to just one hundred bills.

Hamilton has an epidemic of diphtheria.

The London Times describes the present movement headed by Mr. Gladstone as "the Irish-American conspiracy." The Times is no longer conspicuous for its insight or its wisdom.

The sea-serpent is said to have held up his undiminished head from the shores of the Trent river. The Mail says that Col. Denison would have fined the discoverer \$1 or \$20 days as evidence *prima facie* that he had been under the influence of whisky.

Attorney-general Blair, of New Brunswick, vigorously repudiates the Secession cry. We wonder how his colleague, Mr. John V. Ellis, proprietor of the St. John, N. B., Globe will relish this repudiation.

During the absence of Hon. Thomas White Mr. McLellan is acting Minister of the Interior.

Mr. Chapleau has left the capital for Montreal, and Sir Adolphe has gone to his summer residence at Riviere du Loup. Sir John is still at Ottawa; and he keeps a little.

The Stony Mountain Metis now in the penitentiary for participation in the rebellion will be amnestied in a few days. The destitution among the families of these misguided men is said to be very great. Of course they must not be allowed to starve.

The suggestion which Observer makes about the laying of a telegraphic cable between the Island and the city is a good one. The Island, beyond question, should no longer be without telephone connection.

The *Annals of Hygiene*, a monthly journal devoted to Hygienic Science, and edited by Joseph F. Edwards of Philadelphia, has come to hand. This monthly contains so much advice that is indispensable from the sanitary point of view that no household should be without it.

We are thoroughly in accord with a contemporary who complains that the press association has done very little towards ameliorating these grievances under which gentlemen of the quill are said to suffer. These who make a point of attending the meetings of the association should have taken some steps towards the framing of a measure on libel which ought to be presented to Parliament. But, nothing, or next to nothing in this respect has been done. After all, per-

haps, the editors are only hard up for a wrong to fulminate against when they hold the libel law up to execration. They attend the association meeting merely to discuss extraneous matters and their own personal comforts. And even these would not be discussed, unless a deathbed ticket was forthcoming.

Henry Ward Beecher speaks of Mr. Gladstone and his oratory in the most enthusiastic terms.

In his speech at Beaverton, recently, Mr. Blake said many wise things. He condemned, and with great and just force, the custom now prevalent in Canadian public life of Ministers of the Crown accepting gifts from contractors and others who are suppliants, or intend becoming such, of the Government for peculiar favour. He showed that several of the most prominent members of the Government had been laid under obligations by this class of persons, and concluded with respect to another phrase of public impropriety. There is another class of cases in which both Ministers and ordinary members are concerned, but in which the guilt of Ministers as their power and responsibility are higher, must be deemed even graver than the guilt of ordinary members. When Ministers act as these have done depend upon it members will follow suit. When the great and high placed in our land stoop to indefensible positions their example will be followed all too fast. The path downward is easy and rapid, and if these who should be exemplars of public morality, public integrity, and public probity, who ought to be men above suspicion, place themselves in suspected positions, can you expect that others not so highly placed will not act in a similar spirit? Take the railway grants, I say, and I say it with extreme regret, that the system has grown up—it is not an isolated case—a system has grown up under which the grants in aid of railways, whether out of the exchequer treasury or out of the public domain in lands, the grants which give value to the charters, which give a price to the stock and bonds, which give a possibility of gain or increased gain to those who have control of the charters—under which these grants and the charters and powers given by Parliament are trafficked in by members of Parliament for personal gain. I do not object to a public-spirited member of Parliament taking an honest interest, as a public man, in railway development. Let him labour as hard as he pleases as member for the development of his county or his country. But I do object to a pretence of public interest being used to cover private interest. I do object to the admixture of private gain with the public duty. I do object to members, not railway builders or railway contractors, knowing no more about railways and having no more occasion for them than the bulk of you to whom I speak, becoming ardently interested in these enterprises in themselves as for the accomplishment of schemes under which large and valuable concessions shall be made tributary to their own pockets. For such timely and just censure as this Canada is under obligation to the Hon. Edward Blake.

The Canadian exhibits at the London Exhibition seem to have attracted considerable attention. The cables labor with alidings as to the number of things that "royalty" purchased of our exhibitors. The Queen bought an otter skin from a French Canadian and the fact is announced in large letters by two or three newspapers. It is strange that these journals did not affirm that

a day of thanksgiving should be set apart whereon to commemorate this act.

Our readable neighbor, the *Orange Sentinel*, comes enlarged and improved. From 40 columns it has been increased to 56 columns; and the typographical appearance is extremely neat. We need hardly say that it exhibits all its old vigor in the discussion of questions, and especially those having any relation to that Order of which it is the able and influential mouthpiece. Very, very cheap is such an excellent weekly paper, at one dollar a year. By the way, we learn from the *Sentinel* that what may be looked upon as a new development in Orangeism was inaugurated in London recently, under the express sanction and authority of the Imperial Grand Master, the Earl of Enniskillen. This was the founding of the first female Orange Lodge in London, with the view not only of carrying out the idea more vigorously and systematically in England than has hitherto been done, but of inaugurating a similar crusade throughout Ireland. The new lodge for London is to be named the Salisbury Female Lodge.

Peer Poundmaker has paid the last tribute to nature. It is said that his spirit was broken by his imprisonment and that since the day of his surrender his health had been declining. This was a splendid chief; and we do not think that our Government or certain militia officers have much to feel proud about in certain of their transactions with this Indian. The speech delivered by him when upon his trial is one of the most dignified, pathetic and plucky utterances that we have ever read. It is to be found in the *Blue-book* containing the authorized record of Riel's trial. We may some day give it to our readers.

Mr. M. A. MacKenzie is author of the latest Trinity College prize poem. The subject is a very good one, to wit, Bartholdi's statue of Liberty. As a rule prize poems are very absurd productions; but although Mr. Mackenzie's effusion has no poetry, it is quietly clever. Macaulay could once that a prize poem was like a prize sheep; that a prize sheep was good only to make candles, and the prize poem fit only to light them. As a rule the college Don is the poorest possible judge of a poem. Something in Pope's line always commends itself; and that which aims at the didactic and the obvious is sure to take the laurels.

Several months ago Professor Roberts, of Kings College, Nova Scotia, published a poem entitled "Canada" in the *Century Magazine*. The *Mail* reprinted it a few days ago; but on the following day printed a reply in verse from some ambitious gentleman. Now it was all right enough for this aspirant to write against Mr. Roberts or anybody else; but it is hardly fair that a man like Mr. Roberts should be belabored in bad rhymes, and queer English. After all, this local poet, whose name has slipped our recollection, is not so much to be blamed as the *Mail* is.

There is a local politician named John A. Macdonald in Prince Edward Island, and certain letters that he wrote during the provincial elections were attributed to the old Tory chief. In the Nova Scotia local elections there was a Mr. Blake; and the *Mail* has discovered that there are three Mills, one a half-negro, another a base-ball pitcher and a third the philosopher of Bethwell.

Truth's Contributors.

THE POETRY OF CHURCHYARDS.

BY I. A. CURRIE.

"The path of glory leads but to the grave." - Grey's Elegy.

In the quiet little country churchyard of Stokis Pogis, Grey sought and found inspiration for his Immortal Elegy. The pensive melody of the verso betrays this. He who possesses the true poet's soul cannot fail to be impressed with such surroundings. But for those who live only for the living it can have no charms.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves," so wrote Dr. Young a hundred and fifty years ago, and the good old man had abundant evidence in the men around him. The sad court of George II. had few sadder sights than that of the good old moralist striving vainly to turn the minds of the courtiers of St. James to the fact that "our life is in the end dried up by old age and extinguished by death for want of matter, as a lamp for defect of oil to maintain it." We see him banding above that mooring congregation, that yawning, chattering assembly of men to whom righteousness and judgment are less than nothing, and we wonder not at the tears in his dim eyes. He compares the minds of his audience to the sky and the sea which retain no impressions:—

"As from the wing so near the sky retains, The parted wave no furrow from the keel."

And as we read him we grudge him to that thoughtless generation. But to-day he has found listeners. His favorite topic, mortality, is not yawned aside as worthless. This is a thinking age. Life, love and all things, including death, receive consideration. The "let there be light," of the initial morning is now the universal watchword. If the spirit of the age be hypercritical it is at least earnest and devoted. But whether the popular habit of questioning all things brings happiness to the questioner is another matter. We fear in many cases of our modern scientists and philosophers there must be a spice of care in most of the good things of life. Just as David sighed over the metaphor of the withered grass, and as Solomon grew sadder by merely pursuing his "all is vanity," so must the thinking man of to-day make trouble for themselves by accepting nothing, believing nothing. Neither the sunshine that fructifies the earth nor the worm that crawls in darkness, escapes the telescope of far reaching thought or the microscope of patient examination. To these the lichens and moss on the tombstones possess more charm than the hallowed thoughts of the dead, the color and formation of the stone mere interest than the rudely engraved history of a life that's passed away. But to the lover of nature all things are beautiful. The untutored architecture of the little country church, the moss-covered stones, the nameless mounds all possess a subtle inspiration. Our Canadian churchyards may not possess the antiquarian charms of these in the land of our fathers. They may not possess these quaint flat tombstones, centuries old, deeply imbedded in rank grass, their records obliterated by moss and the effects of time. Still they possess the seclusion and the reverence. We knew of a little country churchyard chained to our heart with the golden threads of memory. What a beautiful little place it is. How we loved to sit alone in the solitude and day-dream the hours away. How the fond looks of a face now hidden beneath the sod seemed to pass before us. How

the scenes of childhood came back vividly to our memory. How we lived our boyhood over again, those happy boyhood days, until there came a great blank when that dear face kissed us farewell, and with a blessing on our youthful head passed into a better world. And a great pain seems to grasp at our heart and a stray tear perchance glides down our cheek as we think of "Mother." The perfume of the red clover steals gently from the neighboring meadow. And what a grand chorus of woodland songsters comes from the woods close by where robins, grey-birds, canaries and perchance an odd whip-poor-will have their happy home. This melody of tones is the very perfection of woodland peacefulness made audible, and its "never-endingness" has a special charm which all other bird music lacks. This little churchyard is like many another, though to us it has the peculiar consecration of ancestral dust. Just such a place was it the wearied statesman was imagining when on his deathbed they spoke to him of Westminster Abbey. "I would rather," said Edmund Burke, "sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets." Just such a place was the poet Morris recalling when he wrote:—

"A little country churchyard On the verge of a cliff by the sea; Ah! the thought of the long years past and gone, That vision brings back to me. For two ways led from the village— One by the rippled sands, With their pink shells fresh from the rippling wave For children's little hands!"

And one 'mid the heath and the thurfaing Loud bees with the yellow flights, And twinkling out of the golden furs, The marvellous butterflies."

I remember the churchyard studded With pensives who toiled and read The sad little legends, half erased, On the moss grown tomb of the dead. And the gay graves of little children, Fashioned like tiny cottages, With their rosemary and swathe-wood, And blue-eyed forget-me-nots."

Matthew Arnold has described for us the graves of Charlotte Bronte and of Helen—the one in a churchyard high 'mid the moors of Yorkshire and the other in "Trim Mont martre," with the faint "murmur of Paris- outside, and on the graves the yellow and black "crisp everlasting flowers." And as we receive all we know of these two we are glad for the one and sorrowful for the other; glad that Charlotte Bronte sleeps beside the sisters and among the scenes she loved with a passionate devotion, equal to her devotion to art, and sorry that the dead Helen was not married away from Paris—the Paris of which he had grown so unutterably weary—and laid to rest in that German village in the Hartz-sheltered valley where as a boy he knew no weariness, no scornfulness, no unfriendliness.

There is on the southern shore of one of the great lakes, far from any habitation of the living, a little burying place peculiarly weird and impressive. It ferds on an abutment of clay cliffs, the outer edge seeming in danger of falling away so perpendicular is the escarpment to the sea.

We visited it for the first time on a November evening, when the light was fading, and the moon's fine crescent floated above us in the leaden sky. Below the waves were breaking slowly, because so heavily, and that interchange of sound with silence as each mighty curve struck itself to foam-edged banks, and then swept backward, was indistinguishably solemn. The unduring strength of nature and the frailty of human life were never more strongly contrasted; yet there was a certain beauty in the scene.

"Yet here when sun and sky are dead, And drop together, And at a black which is not void"

The forests wither, Then from thy darkening depths come, To glory breakers." This is the gospel of mankind, a gospel which makes the relationships of life reasonable, and the partings of death endurable. This it is that enables us to read the true poetry of the churchyard.

THE SHAH'S DOMAINS.

BY TRAVELLER.

Considering that this is one of the hardest towns to get news—actual, bottom-fact newspaper news, not mere gossip—out of that I have ever struck, I take a modicum of pride in saying I have quite a little bagful of it for this letter. First of all, then, there is that revolt in Selistan. By referring to your map you will find that Selistan is a large district, part of which lies in Central Eastern Persia, part in Southwestern Afghanistan, and part in Northwestern Beloochistan—a border province in the most mixed-up condition of affairs. Well, in this stretch of land, the partisans of Ayeub Khan have raised the colors of their chief and quite a deal of fighting has already taken place. To give your readers a better understanding of the matter, I will supplement this meagre piece of information with some further details. The present ruler of Afghanistan (as far as the word ruler can be applied to any native potentate there) is Ameer Abdurrahman Khan. The unwritten law of succession in Afghanistan being a peculiar one, viz., the Ameer choosing his successor from among his sons, it has always given rise to trouble and intrigues, and the present case is no exception. There are no less than five pretenders, all living here in Teheran as State prisoners of the Shah, (their imprisonment being, however, but nominal, for in reality they enjoy themselves pretty well and live in fine houses or palaces,) but only one of them, Ayeub Khan, amounts to anything.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT

pays him 3,000 tomans (\$1,500) a month, and the Shah has given him a fine palace to reside in. Ayeub Khan and his adherents have made several ineffectual attempts heretofore to depose the actual ruler of Afghanistan, but for some years back he has remained quiet. Ayeub Khan being friendly to England and hostile to the Russians, the latter have steadily exerted their influence against him. Strange to say, it was the Russian Legation here which first learned of this uprising in Ayeub Khan's favor in Selistan. It appears that for several months past his partisans have been dribbling into that province a score at a time, coming from all parts of Afghanistan and generally making the detour by way of Persia till several thousands of them, all well equipped and thirsting for fray, were assembled, when they began to declare their intentions of ousting the usurper, Abdurrahman Khan, and placing Ayeub Khan in his place in the broad chair of the Ameer. The Afghan ruler was quiet, not deeming the thing worth fighting for, but the Shah has sent troops, and some skirmishes have taken place. The whole matter as yet would of itself be of slight importance were it not for the fact that any new trouble connected with Afghanistan swells at once into an event. It is loved here by many that the whole revolt is the result of Russian intrigues; that it is due to the

MACHINATIONS OF RUSSIAN EMISSARIES

sent out among the disaffected Afghans with money and a glib tongue. To my knowledge pressure was brought to bear upon Ayeub Khan himself to flee from Teheran and put himself at the head of the revolt,

but he declined, on the urgent advice of the English Legation here and through those of the Indian Government. The Russians, it will be perceived, if they have stirred up this row—and there seems to be slight doubt of it—attain two objects by it. First, they make it appear that Afghanistan is not a whit better than it used to be and just as troublesome and unruly a neighbor to the Russian border provinces of Merv and Turcomania generally, and next, that it is the man whose cause England champions and who is under her tutelage, so to speak, who gives the troubled thus serving as a double pretext to meddle with Afghan affairs once more, if nothing worse.

Russian influence here rules just as supreme as ever. A few weeks ago the Prime Minister of Persia, Sadr Assm, died, but his place has not been filled, and will not be because of Russian influence. The deceased was a rather able man and a foe to the northern element, though a secret one, as he could not afford to be an open one. Instead of appointing a successor the Shah has intrusted the principal duties of the late Premier to the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, Moushir-ed-Dowleh, a creature of Russia, bought to do bar bidding at so many tomans per month. Even the monthly purchase price is mentioned here. It is rather steep. At present there is Gen. Sherpeloff in this city. He is the chief of staff of Caucasus, and undoubtedly one of the very ablest and most energetic among the younger Russian Generals, a man who is extremely popular in the army and at Court alike, and who is looked upon by many as the probable successor to the late Gen. Skobeleff. He had gone on a special call from Tiflis to St. Petersburg and had had several long audiences with the Czar, when he left the capital hurriedly and sped here without stopping. The official purpose of his mission is to get the Shah's active co-operation in preventing the annually recurring raids of the Turcomans residing on; Persian soil into the border districts of the Southeastern Caucasus and around Sarakha and Merv. But it is believed that his real mission goes further and that the preliminary steps are being taken by him to force by moral suasion the Shah into an actual treaty to cover the Russian rear in case of

AN ADVANCE ON HERAT.

Several indications which have come to my knowledge speak for this supposition. Gen. Sherpeloff himself, although moving about and acting in a perfectly unassuming manner, was received here with almost royal honors, and a week ago he passed in review that whole portion of the Persian army which is actually in a tolerably good fighting condition, and on that occasion he acted as if these men were already in his imperial master's pay.

Another extraordinary ambassador has come on, however, an entirely unknown one. This is Nurseth Pasha, an Englishman of the highest Ottoman rank, who has been sent to the Shah to negotiate a treaty. He is a hard-boiled old fellow, and better acquainted with the ways of the East than any other man here. An advance on Herat is expected, and the Russian Legation here is expected to be the first to announce the news. The Shah is expected to be the first to announce the news. The Shah is expected to be the first to announce the news.

INTELLIGENT LIVING.

BY A MORALIST.

terated lead, using the identical stamp which imprint the royal insignia on the coin as it issues from the mint. The counterfeit was good enough to deceive many people and be extensively circulated, for it at once assumed the look of genuine coin after being used some time. All the circumstances seemed to point to the conclusion that the servant was merely the tool, or at least the accomplice, of the Amin-es-Sultan himself. The latter, however, being the great friend of the Shah, escaped scot free, while the poor devil of a servant was

CHOKED TO DEATH IN A HORRIBLE MANNER on the Coop Caspion, (the public square where the executions take place. The rest of the gang (for there had, of course, been a gang) escaped. And not even this much would have happened in the way of appeasing "outraged justice" if it had not happened that the Chief of Police just at this time is on bad terms with the Amin-es-Sultan.

A curiosity in its way was a letter that by accident got into my hands for a little while. It was a letter written by an American (I'll omit the name and place) to the Shah. It was couched in the most offhand and unaffected terms, but was otherwise quite a production. The correspondent started out by saying that he had read with pleasure the recent articles of Mr. Benjamin, the late American Minister to Persia, on Iran and her people and ruler. He thought, however, several things were needed to make the Shah's happiness complete. Russia, he might be astonished to learn, had designs on his country, and his Majesty ought to be better prepared for the onslaught which was sure to come within a few years. He (the writer) had heard that the Persians were quite skilful in the use of the bow and arrow, an accomplishment which probably dated from the time of Cyrus; also, that they were equestrians. Now, what he proposed to do was this: To hold annual sharpshooting festivals at Teheran, the winners to get big prizes, ranging from \$100 to \$1000 to invite the nobility of the land to tender their services for nothing as officers, and to form sharpshooting companies of 100 men each, they to be paid in a manner not yet decided. At the head of this whole scheme the Shah would need to put an active, intelligent man—and that man would have to be the writer. Then followed some biographical details. The correspondent, then, was a man of about 40, of good build and address, and of a character and mode of life against which the tongue of slander had never been raised. He, furthermore, was a childless widower, and could see no good reason why he should not sever present connection with his native village and come over here to

HELP THE SHAH OUT OF HIS TROUBLE.

HELP THE SHAH OUT OF HIS TROUBLE. He offers for a consideration, which must be less than \$10,000 a year. If the Shah should wish this was what he wanted a person of his name and the address of his village, to be left till called for. At last accounts he made up his mind as to the kind and manner of his departure, and it was a bleeding hearted man, when he thought that the Shah's Majesty is so miserably weak and

It is the lot of most persons who have had any large personal experience to regret that they have failed in certain moments of difficulty or mental and moral embarrassment to take what are called "sensible views" of life. What precisely is meant by a "sensible view" it may be difficult to define, but the general idea would seem to be one of good—i. e., prudent—policy. To take a sensible view of life we understand as being to view the situation from a sagacious standpoint and to act with wisdom in pursuing the course of conduct such a view suggests. Sensible views are not commonly sympathetic to views or views likely to be taken by persons who feel strongly on questions of personal or general interest, or who are either very selfish or particularly concerned for the feelings of others. A sensible view is generally a "judicial" or cold-blooded view, and therefore the last view in the world any hot headed or warm hearted person is likely to take. Nevertheless it is clearly the view which ought to be taken, and which experience abundantly shows we err grievously, some times even ruinously, in not taking. Sensible views are not as a rule pleasing or even at a time tolerable views of life. They call for what seems to be self sacrifice, and require a deal of the sort of courage which shows itself in flying in the face of feeling and doing violence to sentiment. These are happy who can take these views and survive the effort necessary to carry them into effect. For the virtue involved in such a triumph there will be a recompense of self-approval later on. Sensible views of life are invariably right views—that is, "right" in the sense of being worldly-wise—and those who have the wit and grace to profit by them are, in the long run, happier and better than the less "intelligent" by whom sensible views are eschewed or neglected. All this and much more may and ought to be said in praise of sensible views of life; and yet while feeling impelled to write on the subject, we must own a certain sort of regret in having to praise the policy experience bids us applaud. We would fain blame the prudence we are constrained to bless.

Sensible views are calm and clever views. They must be formed in moods which admit of the exercise of a wholly dispassionate judgement. There is no room for feeling with respect to the question raised or the way it may effect self in the immediate present, unless indeed the issue be one of urgent and limited scope; but with respect to issues of this nature it is almost impossible to think or act sensibly. The mind must be so well balanced and self-constrained as to be able to look every point of importance fully in the face and to weigh impartially each argument for or against alternative lines of action. In short, a sensible view has little or nothing to do with sentiments or sensations of a personal sort. It is above and independent of the emotions, pleasure, bliss or otherwise, by which most of us are consciously or without our own knowledge influenced in for ming a view of any stage or turning point in life and in determining how to shape our conduct in relation to it. What are the actual, as distinguished from the apparent, facts of the situation? In what relation do we really stand to them, setting aside our personal sense of the case, its opportunities and requirements? What would some ideal person whom we have made our example or model of prudence do if he or she were in our place? How will the matter appear in after-years when we come to look back upon it? These are some of the

questions which lie at the foundation of a sensible view.

It is barely possible to obtain an accurate view of the fact of any situation while we are in the midst of it. We can form no artistic judgment of the effect of any group of which we are ourselves members. It is necessary to step outside a house to look at it; and it is almost impossible to form a clear notion of any set of circumstances while we stand at their central point and they surround us. This is why so many otherwise sensible persons are grievously in the management of their own affairs or the business-matters of those very closely related to them. A wise man will not trust himself when in a position of this kind to act as his own counsellor. Even though it be distasteful to take advice, and still harder to act upon it when it does not accord with our own notions of need or duty, yet it is better to make the necessary sacrifice of feeling and submit to the counsels of an impartial adviser than to take a wrong view, form a bad judgment, and afterwards pay the penalty of mistake in a lifelong regret or discomfort. These who rely too implicitly on their own judgments court, if they do not also deserve, failure. They cannot take the first step towards entering upon a path of safety; they do not know where they are or what lies around and before them. Sensible persons ought to recognize that the first condition of a sensible view is a clear perception, and that this is impracticable when the facts to be perceived and judged are inseparable from their own position and interests.

The relation in which they really stand to the facts of any perplexing situation is hidden from the eyes of those who are themselves personally interested in the imbroglio. In the attempt to discover and trace the path of duty we are sure to be misled by our own idea of what might or is in our judgment likely to happen in circumstances of which we can form no impartial conception. We cannot tell what may or ought to be done, because personal wishes, longings, and fears confound and pervert our notion of the facts, and must vitiate any estimate we may try to form of the probabilities. A man is always liable to error when he attempts to form a conception of the opportunities or requirements of a situation in which he is himself to be a principal actor; but the risk is quadrupled when the view on which he bases his notion of the case is also the outcome of his own judgment alone. We think we see how good may be done, how danger may be avoided, crooked paths made straight, adverse influences antagonized or diverted; we think we can detect the openings that exist and the needs which have to be satisfied; whereas all the while we are only dreaming, mistaking for facts what are mere fancies, and laying our plans and calculating probabilities for a situation which is wholly unlike the one actually before us, and exists only in our own imagination. The blunders which are made with good intent and by well-meaning and "sensible" persons are not so much errors of judgment as mistakes as to the basis on which the judgment rests. Right-minded men and women generally reason well enough; but they are wrong as to their data, and so they go astray. If the facts had been as they saw them, the course of conduct they marked out for themselves would have been worthy and reaped its rewards; but as to the real nature of these facts they were at fault, and therefore they wholly mistake the situation, with its opportunities and requirements, and entirely

misjudged their own position with its obligations.

The prudent question to ask is, What would some ideal philosopher do if he were in our place? Every one should have ideal or guiding Example and Mentor. The example we set before us ought to be the very highest we can conceive of, and it should be our daily pleasure and duty to enrich and perfect the image of absolute wisdom we have taken as our guide. There are for all men and women, and always will be, circumstances and positions in life which do not admit of an appeal to any confidant of like nature with ourselves; but there can be no condition which prevents a secret appeal to the guardian angel of our existence. No doubt the feeling of need to which we now point has been the origin of the belief in the patronage of saints. In itself that idea is one of great beauty and eminently adapted to the needs and weaknesses of our common humanity; but there is no suggestion of prayer or of worship due to the ideal in the thought we are trying to place before the reader. We speak simply of an inner and ideal conception of character which may or may not be connected with the story of any actual life. What we suggest is the mental conception of a wise being resembling ourselves as regards the surroundings and contingencies of life, and yet wholly unlike us in being perfectly wise and pure and good—in short, an exemplar of our own characters perfected. What would such a one do or avoid in a situation like that which beets us? How would he or she escape its perils? How would he fulfill its obligations? How would he meet its requirements? The great advantage of this change of personality obviously is that we are able to look at any matter in question from an outside standpoint, and we may in this way take a sensible view of life in its personal relation. We can follow out the imagination any line of action which offers for our consideration and note the probable issues in contrast or comparison with that which we judge to be imperative. By withdrawing self from the drama and substituting another personality which fills our place, we are able to form an approximately impartial judgment. We strongly commend this plan to our readers as one very likely to be useful, and which has proved of good practical value to those who have tried it. There is, as we have remarked, scarcely any experience which is not marred by mistakes of some sort. The difficulties, the pitfalls, the traps, the devious paths of life are many and embarrassing. It is hard to go straight, try how we will. Many of the best hearted, the most solicitous about well-doing, and, on the whole, the most discreet among us make woful mistakes and involve themselves and others in great and inextricable perplexities.

This is not, as we have said, because they are careless and incompetent, but because they do not form correct notions of fact and clear and calm judgments of expediency. They err by trusting to their own judgment in matters affecting their personal interests and by acting under the influence of personal feeling. Sensible views of life must not be swayed by our own sense of the situation in which we are placed. We must be sensible or sagacious enough to set aside the personal self and choose our ideal *alter ego* as best friend and adviser, taking our views of life as the ideal sees or shapes them. It is idle to expect to find the "sensible" view of any situation agreeable to our own predilections. The proper course of conduct in a difficulty is seldom that which commends itself most powerfully to our instincts. Indeed, looking to the lesson of

experience, it would seem that we ought to regard with suspicion a line of policy or procedure which strikes us as the most pleasant to adopt and altogether most consonant with our feelings. Here and there doubtless may be found individual instances in which the right path is easy and obvious, but the number of such cases is small. Most of us have to grope in the dark for the way out of perplexity, and generally it happens that those who escape do so at the cost of some humiliation. The disappointments would have been less had they been well advised at the outset; but even then, and in any conceivable circumstances, there would have been some measure of discomfort. Success in life consists in overcoming difficulties, rather than avoiding them. A sensible view almost invariably involves self-sacrifice.

BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

GLIMPS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK;

I was talking the other day to a friend of fate, and turning down the calendar with the day's verse it read,

"Learn to disdain the impious creed of fate,
And own the Providence that governs all,
If you are baffled in thy earnest will,
Thy conscience clear, thy reason not astray,
Be this thy faith and consolation still,
The darkest hour is on the verge of day."

And the golden text was, "and this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us."

No one who has used the very pretty calendars that come out every New Year will ever consent to do without them. In some families they have the very pleasant custom of reading at breakfast time the verse for the day, and it is strange how often in the midst of duties a line or verse will come to one's mind, as a comfort and help.

The June days are passed and the heats of July are upon us. Housekeepers are more than ever required to be on the alert in the care of food, and trying to supply the table with whatever is best for the season. Let the chemistry of our foods be studied and let such be prepared as will best nourish the system, without adding to the carbon. Fruit and salads are cooling, and exactly fitted for the heated term, and plenty of fresh vegetables are an every day necessity. For a drink nothing is better than buttermilk, and when it cannot be had, a little ginger and vinegar with a trifle of sugar mixed with the water is cooling and agreeable. While raspberries are ripe and plentiful it is as well to make a little of the "shrub" as a drink. Place the berries into a covered earthen dish (never a tin one,) crush them and cover with pure cider vinegar, let them stand over night, strain, throw away the pulp, and set the juices away till next day, then strain again, add a pint of water to a pint of juice and to each pint a pound of lump sugar. Heat and skim, when just to a boil, bottle and cork tightly. It only takes a little to make a very pleasant, refreshing drink. The wild black cap raspberries should be well-known—they are an astringent, and are good for toothy children who are old enough to eat, and crave fruit. I have often seen it tried with good effect. To be healthful all fruit must be ripe and fresh, it is the opposite of this that condemns it. Judicious diet bathing, and attention to clothing in times of extreme changes in the weather will amply repay each individual, and there is more danger from these causes in the summer than in the winter, and more exposure in many and unforeseen ways to guard against.

THE OBSERVATORY.

STRICTIONS ON YOUNG MEN WHO ARE "TIRED" OF GOING OUT—SEVERAL YOUNG ENGLISH SNOBS—OF NO IMPORTANCE IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY—THEIR PHONES FOR THE ISLAND—DR GRANT AND HIS LEANING TO EPISCOPALIANISM—GOLDWIN SMITH, & Co.

By Observer.

I notice since my last contribution, wherein I discuss the propriety of making up parties to go to the Island during summer evenings that the question has not been raised. By a sort of tacit consent, I have been set down as an authority upon the matter, and nothing further has been said about it, one way or another. I may also say that since my last contribution business at the merry go-round has fallen off; for no young lady will like to come under the classification of "vulgar."

Since last week I have received a number of letters, some only of which I can give in this issue. One is as follows:

Dear Sir.—I know a number of young Englishmen now residents in Toronto. Of course I mean those who according to our society parlance are "gentlemen." Well sir, some of these are awfully nice, and some give themselves a very great many airs. I know certain young gentlemen who reached here a couple of years ago; and they have now become "tired." They declare that they are not going out any more; that they are sick of tennis, garden parties, &c. Last New-Year they did not "call;" because they said it was not the English custom; and they contented themselves with harmless sarcasms about those who did call. Please, Mr. Observer, give me some of your views on this matter and oblige

A YOUNG LADY OF TORONTO."

I do not care to discuss a matter like this, for it is rather personal; but, as my correspondent is a most amiable young lady, there is nothing for me to do but to comply. Well, then, my experience of the sort of human nature to which "a young lady of Toronto" refers is this: The young man, with nothing but down upon his upper lip, who talks about being tired of going out is simply putting on airs. More than this, he has seen very little of going out. The gentility of this sort of young man I do not call in question; but it is quite certain that he gets an attention in Toronto that he never would have received had he remained in his native country. I knew all these young gentlemen alluded to very well. Some of them are the sons of half-pay officers or country squires, who never had been to a ball or a large party in their lives till they came to Canada. It is the young man who is not asked out in England, who is not known there at all, who has the greatest pretensions, and makes the most talk about what is "good form" when he reaches this country. In England, in order to be anybody in a social way, you must have your establishment for the "season" in town, and your house in the country. When a man who has moved in this sort of life reaches one of our Canadian cities, he puts on no airs, makes no pretensions; for he sees very little difference in the customs of our social life and those which he has left behind him. The least pretentious English people that we have in this regard are the folks of Redean Hall. Imagine some little swell here with a salary of \$400 a year turning his nose up at customs which the Marquis of Lansdowns would never think of calling

in question. I am aware of the circumstance of the refusal to make calls on New Year's Day to which "A Young Lady of Toronto" calls attention. Certain young Englishmen last New Year's Day who did not call, said, "O, it is an American custom, you know. We don't do that sort of thing in England." These young chavours probably never heard that when Charles II. was entertained by a lady in the country, he poured his tea into his saucer because his hostess had done so. It is a mark of good breeding to be able to accommodate one's self to one's society; and to set yourself against a usage prevailing amongst polite people is a sure sign that you are an upstart, and that you know nothing at all of the usages of social life.

New it is a fact that some of these young gentlemen with whom I am dealing in this issue, are very green, and of no earthly consequence in their own country. They desire to be regarded as great society men, but I have hardly ever known one of them who could dance upon reaching here. Now if they had "gone out" in England, as they pretend, they surely would have been able to dance. They learn here in their bedrooms, by getting somebody who does go out to teach them "the step." I know one such society man, who has attended just about ten parties and he has become blasé. He really will not go out any more. He is tired of it! As to the "blus bloodedness" of these young men, they are, in that respect, well enough, as a rule. I am sorry for having been obliged to use the letter of "A Young Lady of Toronto," and to reply to the same; for I know all these young fellows, and some of them are agreeable enough as companions. But their airs are intolerable; and they are specific evidence that in England they were unknown and insignificant. I saw one of these lads the other afternoon at a tennis party, and he had upon his head a shooting cap. The pretty hostess should most certainly have snubbed him.

I received a communication respecting campers upon the Island, but as TRUTH dealt so fully with that matter in its last issue, I do not think it necessary to add anything here. But I have a suggestion to offer. I think that a cable should at once be laid between the city and the Island in order to give residents and frequenters of the Island telephonic connection. This could be done, I believe, without very great expense; and look what a convenience it would be to all concerned. There is hardly a house upon the Island that would not have a telephone, and a regular office, charging say ten cents, would be extensively patronized. In time, too, a horse car service will be needed upon the Island. Indeed I can see no reason why such service should not be at once established.

I was at a certain bank the other day and a gentleman whom I well know came in there to get a cheque cashed. He is one of our wealthy Torontonians; and he was in a hurry to get the cheque marked and he off to overtake his train. A little upstart inside who had the marking of cheques did not know the gentleman; so upon being asked if he would be good enough to mark the cheque at once, he imply stared in a languid way and went on telling some story to his friend. The gentleman with the cheque marked his train. Now I would suggest to the cashiers or managers of banks to keep their eyes open for impertinence of this sort.

I have often heard that Dr. Grant, of Kingston, would like above all other things to be an Episcopalian, because that church

is more fashionable than his own. But conversion to the church of England is for him an obvious impossibility. He would lose his position as Principal of Queen's. He has therefore to make the best of his position as a Presbyterian. At every meeting of Trinity College he is to the front making a fraternal speech. While upon the subject of this Doctor, I may say that the golden bowl of friendship which subsisted between himself and Goldwin Smith has been broken. Goldwin it was, however, who threw the vessel upon the ground; and he did it for the very justifiable reason that the Doctor was being quoted as a literary authority, and had his portrait published in the "Portrait Gallery" in the "Biographical Dictionary" and other such literary and historical quarters. While a man is insignificant Goldwin Smith is generous enough to be kindly to him; the very moment people talk about him and quote his words, down goes the golden vessel upon the floor. Between Dr. Grant's weakness for Episcopalianism, and Goldwin Smith's for the Distastefulship, they form a pretty, pretty pair.

Refreshing Ignorance

It is sometimes very trying to find lacking in knowledge on certain points with which the rest of the world is evidently conversant. Fortunately, however, we do not always appreciate our mistakes.

"How do you like Tennyson?" said a young man to a society belle, as they chatted between dances.

"Oh," said she, innocently, "I never was there. Is it a pretty place?"

Her partner's reply is not recorded.

A lady who had travelled in Europe was expatiating to an acquaintance upon the wonders which she had seen there. She had just finished a fluent description of the famous Strasburg clock, when her friend inquired,—

"And did you see the celebrated 'Watch on the Rhine'?"

But those are the people who are ignorant of what they should have known, and who succeed in being simply amusing. There do come times, however, when a certain kind of ignorance is refreshing.

When Longfellow translated the "Divina Commedia" every one was obliged, by the example of the learned, to admire it, and a knowledge of Dante at once became imperative. The name of the great Italian was in the mouth of the fashionable and the would be "cultured" classes of society from morning till night. When the rage was at its height, a stranger arrived in Boston to whom a friend, a native of the city, at once put the pertinent inquiry,—

"Do you like Dante?"

"No," was the answer. "I don't know him. Who is he?"

"Come along!" cried his delighted friend. "Keep me in countenance. It isn't respectable not to like Dante. I'm the only man in Massachusetts who doesn't, and I detest his very name. Come to dinner with me!"

Bargains.

A great many disputes arise from bargains being imperfectly understood or not plainly and fully expressed when they are entered into. This can be avoided by being guarded against. When you have bargained orally, write it down in plain terms. Read it over to make certain that the parties understand it all. Do not take the risk of breaking if there is any doubt. It is far better to be safe than sorry. It is harmless to no one can arise.

Epita

"Do your best to get it done to my satisfaction. Nothing will do but to see me with the button on your rear."

FOUR CANADIAN HIGHWAYMEN;

THE ROBBERS OF MARGHAM SWAMP.

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR "TRUTH" BY EDMUND COLLINS.

Author of "Annette, the Metis Spy," "The Story of Louis Riel," "Nancy, the Light Keeper's Daughter," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

THE WAYS OF ROBBER LIFE.

"Why should that make any difference?"

"O, he is deadly jealous of you; because he thinks that I prefer you to himself! I fear him on your account as well as upon my own. Be assured that he will never forgive you for last evening. But," she exclaimed starting up, "we had better try for some fish, or grandmother will suspect that I have been blabbing."

"Why should we not go to the pond? The captain says that there are plenty of fishes there."

"Do not speak of it," she said with a shudder. "Ah, those dark waters have many secrets. I am afraid to tell you; the very bushes about us seem to have ears."

CHAPTER VII.

ROBBERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Do not be afraid," Roland replied. "I am certain that there is nobody within ear-shot."

"Ah well these dark waters have closed over many an unhappy head, even since my entry into this hell of crime."

"The Lifter told me of the minister's fate."

"I am thinking now of a young girl who was once like myself. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, beautiful and gifted. The horrible chief saw her one day riding past the swamp, and the sight of her filled him with a hideous desire. When next she rode that way he sprang out of the bush and seized her; and then dragged her almost lifeless to his lair. Ah, my God, how my heart went out in pity for the sweet young creature; but what could I do. The villain had his way; and all night long his victim wailed in a way to melt a heart of stone. They became alarmed at her constant crying; and one dreary night the old woman and Silent Pell dragged her to the edge of the pond. Tying a stone to her neck they threw her in. She lies there," pointing to a spot about twenty yards distant near a steep t of the bank; "and the water is three foms deep."

"But she is not the only victim. At a lady's house Jud Sykes made the acquaintance of a beautiful girl of eighteen. On a Saturday afternoon Marguerite, for that was her name, set out, on foot, from her father's house, to pass the Sunday with her uncle, Mr. Jenas, who had spent the week at her father's house, and he was posted in the swamp, read-side as the girl

have a full hour to spare—and we shall find a bouquet for your good aunt. Give her my blessing when you see her. This way, my dear Marguerite; this way. If we could reach a beautiful lake, which lies about a mile distant through this wood, I think that I could find you some lilies there—some others for you. When first I saw you, my dear Marguerite, you reminded me of a lily."

"The poor girl blushed shyly at these

chief could have had this morning in tolerating your rebellious attitude. Nobody has ever dared to cross him except Jud, who once or twice while intoxicated forgot himself. But he is too good a man to put aside. I am sure that the chief must have made up his mind that you shall aid him in some desperate enterprise which he has in mind. He speaks much of some beautiful girl whom he is bent on capturing. I believe that he expects your assistance in the enterprise."

"He and his hellish crew shall rob me of my last drop of life-blood before I will so much as raise a finger to aid either him or them in any work of infamy or crime. He knows that; and I do not think that he will try any more persuasion."

"Do not be too certain. If he did not expect to make use of you, you would have been put to death this morning as coolly as if you had been a dog."

"Well, to make that matter easy, more than the chief would have been needed at the killing."

"Ah, you knew not his giant, brutal strength. I fear that he could crush you like an infant."

"I have no such fear. I dread him not either with or without arms; and I rather

impossible for you to preserve yourself unscathed, as you say you have done."

Here the poor girl blushed again.

"I grant that appearances are much against me; but I have told the truth. Seldom since coming here have I indulged so freely as you saw me do last night. But even last night I had full control of my reason."

"Ah, brandy is accursed stuff, my poor girl. Shun it as you would a deadly poison. I perceive by your face that your drinking habit is a stronger one than you yourself suppose. I have therefore a favor to ask. It is this; that whatever comes, you drink no more spirits."

She looked into his face, and the tears started to her eyes.

"O this indeed is something that I had never expected. It is like a voice speaking out of the tomb of Hope. But what would be the use of this unless you have some hope for my future. I have none. Have you, O have you any hope for me?" Her voice was piteous, passionate, pleading.

"And why should I not hope for you? I cannot see that you have been an accomplice in the crimes of these horrible people. A victim you are, and naught else that I can see. Of course it can not be but seem strange, inexplicable indeed. That you should so mutely accept your doom; that you have never made any attempt at escape."

"Because I was afraid. They have often told me that voluntary residence among them makes me criminal equally with themselves. And oh, I was afraid to face the world's pure and honest face. How could I; to think what I have lived through, all that I have seen, these fearful years!" And she put her hands upon her beating temples. "That is the talk of despair; and it utterly unworthy of any man or woman. As to your guilt because of 'voluntary residence,' that is not true. Besides, it would be difficult to show that it is voluntary; especially when they found it necessary to raise these fears in your mind in order to retain you here."

Now I have hope; and why should you despair. Suppose we seal a compact between us to have as our highest aim our escape from this den? Think you not that in good time we could accomplish it?"



A WELL-KNOWN ACCOMPLICE OF THE GANG.

compliments, and she thought that it was so good of this gifted man to bestow them upon a poor, simple girl like herself.

"But this is the horrid swamp, Mr. Jenas, where they say the robbers live. Lots of men have come in here, and never came out again. Do you not feel afraid?"

"I feel no alarm, my timid child. I have wandered many a day through the aisles of this sombre wood. The bushes grow so heavy and the trees so close as you advance, that you will find that 'dim religious light' whereof the gifted poet writes."

"O, if you are not afraid, Mr. Jenas, why should I be? and this poor unsuspecting dove followed the monster toward the snare."

"I will not harrow your feelings by describing the bewilderment, horror and despair that fell upon that beautiful maid when the naked, odious, hellish truth was put before her. The Reverend Mr. Jenas, of course, claimed her as his prey; and no one gainsaid his right. Ah, it was very horrible. A week later, through some means or another the poor girl made her escape from the den, but the old woman and Silent Pell speedily followed. A short way from the road they overtook her; and when the fugitive saw the wretches she screamed murder, and appealed for help. But her cries were soon checked; for the old woman knocked her senseless with a club; and the two together accomplished the murder. That night she was buried beneath the roots of a great pine tree; and I often go there and sit and think; and watch the violets that I planted upon her grave."

When the girl ended there was a speechless horror in her face; and two or three times tears glistened in the eyes of Nancy as she hurried through with the horrible roof.

"I do not see why he should be the object of such hatred against orphan children is not explained."

concluded this morning that the fellow is as much coward as bully."

"Well; it may be so. But your safety is by no means assured. Lying as you did in a deserted room last night, you were at the mercy of Murfrey's knife. And I well know what a stealthy murderer that is. Your danger to-night would be two-fold; for you have made of the old woman a deadly enemy; and of Silent Pell the same."

"You will require to be unceasingly on your guard against treachery; and it will be never safe for you by night or day if you have not your knife or pistol at your hand. I would recommend both."

"Then what is to be my safeguard in the night? I must sleep sometimes; and I shall surely be murdered."

"I am glad to say that the chief this morning ordered that you should have an inner room, to which there is a sturdy door. This will be looked upon you every night from the outside. I believe that the Captain is half afraid you will attempt to escape because you said this morning that you would give yourself up to justice rather than stain your honor. You will be able to sleep without alarm therefore; but lest an attempt should be made by the old woman or by Jud to open your door from outside, you had better barricade it from the inside. You have done well in making a friend of the Lifter, for he is very much devoted to myself; and bitterly jealous of Murfrey whom he detests. To me, therefore, you must appear as the Silent Pell; and henceforth I shall be more discreet than I was last night."

"And why were you indiscreet? Why did you drink so much of that fiery spirit?"

"I hardly knew that I drank it was the pleasure that I felt in seeing such a face as yours, so noble, frank, and honorable, at the table."

"But drinking in that way, it becomes

"Oh, do not raise these hopes in me. Should they grow in my heart and then be crushed again, I know not what should become of me. I could not live."

"Well this is my programme: To tarry here as best I may until the spring. It would not be safe for me to venture away any sooner, for the sleuth-hounds are on my track. But the law's ire will have cooled by that time; and together we should be able to make our way to the American Republic." The girl threw herself upon her knees and turned her streaming eyes to heaven. Never before did mere hearty prayer of gratitude ascend before the throne of God. In making our hero's hand she kissed it; even arose and became calm. They spoke no more about the matter; but their escape was henceforth the great aim of their lives. A minute later The Lifter joined them.

"I suppose you have been having a jaw together," he said. "I hope she told you about the lake and why the Captain won't eat the fish there. They're too fat for his likeness."

Nancy's air was so serious, for she had within the past hour become a changed girl, that The Lifter could not help noticing it.

"I suppose you are lamantean because your sweetheart is away to-day?"

"I am not, Lifter. I feel just as happy with you as with him. But mind do not tell him that I said so."

"Oh, you need not trouble about that. I am too cunning to run rinks with Joe."

Then the party ascended the stream, and found several still pools of water varying from myrtle to coffee brown in color. Each such piece of still water had a congregation of foam bubbles; and no sooner was a foot made than the fleet went down like a stone.

In the delightful excitement Roland frequently forgot the perils that surrounded

him; was often quite oblivious to the fact that he was in the toils of a desperate robbery. Strange to say he had come to think less of the blood upon his own hands since hearing the history of Markham Swamp, and finding himself a prisoner among the horrible floods.

Having caught five or six dozen speckled trout the party returned to the lair. That evening the chief and Joe returned, the face of each dark and threatening. There was no hilarity, and supper was eaten in silence. Then the robbers smoked for an hour, while the girls repaired torn garments. Nancy did not raise her eyes from her work; but there was in her face a new light, the light of Hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDERGROUND MYSTERIES OF THE SWAMP.

Now that the reader may feel himself upon sure ground as to the facts of this true story, I may state that Roland likewise learnt from Nancy that the gang had a rendezvous in a piece of dense wood known as Brook's Bush, close to the mouth of the Den River. It is also a fact that when the den at Markham was broken up, finally, some of the surviving desperadoes took up their permanent abode at Brook's Bush, where they kept an illicit still. Down to fifteen years after the date of my story the community was every now and again startled by tidings of robbery, outrage or murder at the Den; and the last notable act of the gang was the murder of the Editor of the *Colonist*, one Hegan, a member of the legislature. His taking off was done by a woman who struck him upon the head with a stone which she carried in a stocking. The body was then thrown into the Den where it was picked up a short time afterwards.

As for the people of Markham they lived in constant terror of the miscreants lodged in the bush so near their doors; and they established an efficient staff of special constables for the protection of life and property.

Markham Township had been settled about forty-five years before principally by a number of Dutch families which moved thither from Pennsylvania; but to the rather picturesque little village of the same name, nestling among the pines that fringed the River Rouge, came straggling immigrants or persons grown tired of the solitude and the privations of backwoods life. But the distant portions of the Province this thriving village came to be known rather through the terrible reputation of the adjacent swamp than through the thrift, comfort and progress of the people. So much then for the "dry" but essential facts of this narrative.

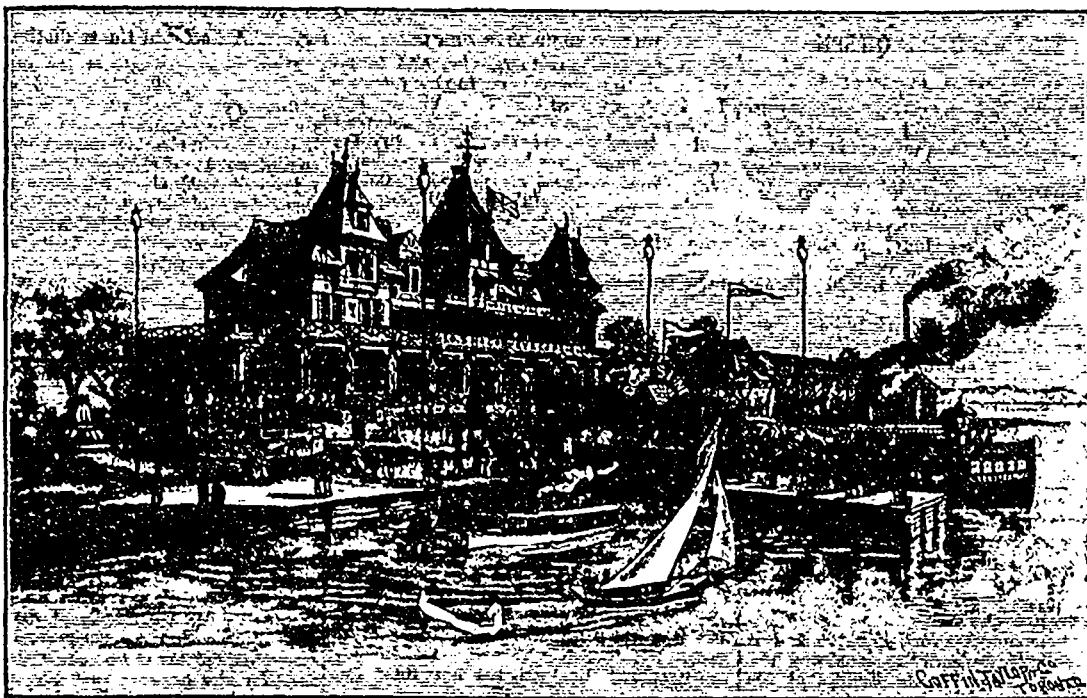
On the following morning the chief and Murfrey went away again; and in obedience to the command of the hag on her, accompanied by The Lifter, who had instructions to shoot him if he attempted to escape, proceeded to a portion of the bush not far distant to cut firewood. Although he had "roughed it" for many a season in the woods, Roland was clumsy enough at the regular work of wood-cutting. But taking off his coat he began bravely; and The Lifter swung his axe with a will a short way distant. After they had cut what would make about a horse load, they carried the billets upon their shoulders and threw them into a hole about thirty paces distant from that by which they descended to the subterranean abode. The pines struck with a dull sound a considerable distance down; and the Lifter informed Roland that "down there" was the woodshed.

Score of persons living in Toronto now remember the outrage, but anybody can verify the fact by turning to the files of the newspapers of these days.—THE AUTHOR.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Advice from Fair Lips.

He (meditatively):—Miss Clara supposes I were to go to your father and ask for your hand. What do you suppose he would say? She—No you seriously contemplate such a step? He—I do. She—Well, I may as well tell you right here that father has been asked that question so often, and the men have all backed out so, that he is very touchy on that point. Beware, ask me; she's only had four applicants.



TORONTO BAY.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Oh, lovely scene! of ever-changing hue,—
Dark ocean-green, or sky-bright azure blue;
Upon thy heaving bosom gaily fleets
The trim-built yacht, gay skiff, and pleasure beats,
While here and there a light birch bark canoe
Lends a romance to the enchanting view.
Toronto Island in the distance seems
The happy fairyland of boyhood's dreams,
Where naught but pleasure dwells, and music fills
The balmy air with melody that thrills
Each bounding heart with ecstasy and joy,
And happiness the fleeting hours employ!
Toronto Bay! by morning, noon, or night,
Thy waters charm me with some new delight!

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Minnie Hawk intends this summer to visit Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, Richfield Springs, Colorado, and the Yellowstone Park. It is estimated that Mrs. Hawk has given away over \$10,000 in charities since beginning her career.

"Adonis" Dixey and his company are aving such hard luck in London that it is feared they may be compelled to walk home. It may afford them some satisfaction to know that according to the theory of a scientific sharp, the ocean will dry up inside of ten million years.

After much arranging of their itinerary, Professor Libby and Lieutenant Schwanks, have started on an exploring tour in the Mount St. Kila region of the Alaskan Alps. Their particular object is to obtain a complete series of photographs of the Thlinket Indians, and their way of life.

The Comte de Paris has declined the cordial invitation of a group of officers of the Army of the Potomac to reside in the United States. He regrets that he cannot consider a permanent residence here, and very truly says that it is too distant from European centers.

The Chinese merchants of Hong Kong are about to present the Prince of Wales with a silk robe in commemoration of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. It is described as a very handsome piece of embroidery about fifteen feet long.

The infant King of Spain has worn at his christening the dress used by his father on a similar occasion. It is of white lace, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and has been treasured by the ex Queen Isabella all these years. She has now given it to the Queen-Regent.

includes knee-breeches and black silk stockings. Mr. Peel allows ordinary evening dress at his regular Wednesday dinners.

Miss Nora Clench, a native of St. Marys, Ont., and for some time a resident of Hamilton, Ont., is now studying music in Leipzig, Germany. The newspapers of that city all speak in high praise of the young Canadian's first performance in public there. Following is an extract from the *Leipziger Tageblatt*: "The choicest number of the evening was the performance of Bach's Chaconne for violin solo. Miss Leonora Clench, of St. Marys, Canada, proved by her really glorious interpretation of that most difficult composition, that she has already reached such an advanced stage in the art of violin playing that she has it now in her power to go on and attain the highest limits of her art. Beautiful tone, noble phrasing, profound soulfulness characterized the playing of this fair young artist, who by her performance raised a storm of enthusiasm. Indeed, Herr Brodsky, the celebrated teacher of this young violinist, is truly to be congratulated on the possession of such a pupil. May there be no interruption to the final development of such a great talent."

A musical paper asserts that Grover Cleveland is as unmusical as the Emperor of Germany and the Queen of England, but that he pretended to choose the music for their wedding all the same. Grover may be unmusical but he can begin to take an interest in it now that his young wife will play to him, and it might be safely predicted that he will. As for Emperor William, he is by no means unmusical, and was in his younger years a great admirer of really good music; he is even now a patron of music and has done much to improve military music in Prussia. Queen Victoria is absolutely a fine musician, who never engaged a lady of honor that would not play a duet with her on the piano; she possessed a very fine voice, admirably trained by old Signor Lablache.

A FACT, in the royal her... upon the windows of the Refreshment

and it was a pleasure to hear Mendelssohn say, with his eyes all aglow, how delighted he was to hear the Queen play one of his "Lieder ohne Worte" better than he could do it himself. There is no amateur lady in New York that can measure herself with Queen Victoria as to musical knowledge. Where in the world was that information taken from? Not from reality.

Pretty Fair-Sized Hailstones.

Specials from Elgin Manor, and Faigo say that those places and the surrounding neighborhoods were visited the other evening by heavy storms, inflicting great damage. At Elgin there was a terrific thunder, rain, and hail storm, which deluged a part of the town. Nearly every building had windows broken and holes knocked in the roofs. Hail fell varying in size from a marble to a man's hand, and perforated iron and tin roofs. A piece of hailstone was picked that weighed seven pounds. The Baptist church was blown from its foundations and demolished. The Baptist church struck slightly out of line and was injured.

At Maner the hail was so heavy that it did damage to crops, and was as heavy as hen's eggs. The other buildings were also damaged.

At Faigo the hail was a very heavy one. The hail was so heavy that it did damage to crops, and was as heavy as hen's eggs. The other buildings were also damaged.

Mr. DeG... of the year you... to graduate are... during your essays... Eugenia, what is your... Eugenia, Palob...

THE WIDOWED QUEEN.

Victoria's Long and Lonely Reign.

It has recently been said that a whole generation of the Queen's subjects have grown up from childhood to manhood in London and in the neighborhood of her palace without ever having seen Her Majesty; that she is not known to the people generally who are under twenty five or thirty years of age. Since the year 1861, in which the Queen was bereaved of a beloved mother and of a noble husband, she has led an almost retired life, which has only been broken by an occasional appearance in public. Immediately after she came to the throne she seems to have realized fully the glories and pleasures of the exalted position she was called to occupy. The great ceremonies were occasioned by the assumption of great responsibilities which she felt too deeply to allow of much pleasurable emotion, but in all her state balls and levees and drawing-rooms and such like she took great pleasure. After her marriage she found her greatest pleasure in her domestic life, which in accordance with her husband's tastes, was transferred to the country from the town. Still she enjoyed her social duties and performed them to the satisfaction of the people by whom she was probably better known before her husband's death than was the sovereign of any nation in Europe by his people. She especially had great pride and joy in any manifestation of the appreciation of

PUBLIC REGARD FOR HER HUSBAND,

whose noble qualities were not understood and appreciated by the people until after his death. Early in 1861, the Queen's first great sorrow came upon her. In March of that year her aged mother, the Duchess of Kent, who had been one of the tenderest, the wisest and the most self-denying of parents, died. The Queen was almost prostrated with grief. The Prince Consort who, with the Queen, spent the whole of the last night at her mother's bedside, wrote of the Queen: "She is greatly upset and feels her childhood rush back upon her memory with the most vivid force. Her grief is extreme. For the last two years her constant care and occupation have been to keep watch over her mother's comfort and the influence of this upon her own character has been most salutary. In body she is well though terribly nervous; she remains almost entirely alone."

The Queen immediately after her mother's burial secluded herself at Osborne, the home which was planned by her husband, and there during the early summer months she gradually recovered, but she never afterward was as lighthearted as before. She never recovered wholly from this great sorrow and before many months an even greater sorrow came upon her. During the autumn of 1861 the Prince Consort was far from well. He had a continual struggle, as the Queen notes in her journal, with melancholy thoughts and reflections, and a sense of the nearness of death, was always present with him. Still he fought against the tendency which he felt to give up his active life. It was during this time that the Queen by his advice tened down the despatch of Lord Palmerston regarding the Trent affair thus averting the danger of a fratricidal war between the United States and Great Britain. This was his last public service, as it proved. During the first days of December it became known to the Prince's physicians that he was suffering from a low fever, and they advised him to keep in bed for some days and be treated. He refused, and fought until on the 24th the symptoms were dangerous. The Queen was with him as she herself wrote, "a beautiful dream." The Prince Consort insisted that she should remain in the room, which the Queen did. She was with him until he died. The Queen rarely wept, but she wept for her husband. "I could not see the face of my dear husband," she wrote, "and while his face was before me I could not see the face of my dear husband."

The Prince's thoughts. "The Prince's thoughts," she wrote, "were all of his father's face. I could not see the face of my dear husband, and while his face was before me I could not see the face of my dear husband." The Prince's thoughts. "The Prince's thoughts," she wrote, "were all of his father's face. I could not see the face of my dear husband, and while his face was before me I could not see the face of my dear husband."

HE LOOKED UP WITH A SMILE.

dread of what the end might be, and found it difficult to compose herself in his presence. The Princess nursed him with extreme fortitude and rare devotion, controlling herself sufficiently to repeat or sing hymns to him; and when her feelings became too overcharged, she would leave the room, and by-and-by return with a cheer. During the week he continued to grow worse, in spite of all that was done for him. The physician expressed the hope that he would be better in a few days. "No," he answered, "I shall not recover; but I am not taken by surprise. I am not afraid; I trust I am prepared." On Saturday, the 14th of December, a change for the worse occurred, and all hope was given up. Towards the end the Queen stooped to kiss him, and he whispered out his last loving words, *Gutes Frauchen* (Good little wife) to her, and laid his head against her shoulder shortly afterwards, the Queen said, "Es ist Kleins Frauchen," to which the Prince replied by bowing his head. The Princess Alice was the good angel of the family throughout this trouble, and she it was who summoned her brothers to the Prince's bedside at last and who led her mother from the scene when all was over. The Princess Alice was ever afterward regarded with peculiar reverence and love by the people of England for her filial devotion.

Alarm was felt for the health of the Queen and it was feared that she could not recover from the extreme prostration which at one time was so great that her pulse could not be felt. The Queen felt herself so resigned that she ascribed it to an answer to the

PRAYERS OF HER PEOPLE.

She says in her journal: "There is not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother—I was so rebellious then; but now I can see the mercy and love that are mingled in my trial." Some words of the Prince Consort shortly before his death were a great comfort to her. "We don't know in what state we shall meet again; but that we shall recognize each other and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain."

The body of the Prince Consort was laid in the Royal Chapel at Windsor, and the Queen was taken to Osborne to recover from her second great grief. A great colic accident occurred shortly afterward, and the Queen telegraphed her "kindest sympathy for the poor widows and mothers." Years afterward a person, who saw the Queen for the first time since her widowhood, wrote: "When she is silent her face is sad and bears the marks of a heart-felt and abiding sorrow. Her smile is, however, as gracious as ever, and her voice though low and very gentle, has all its old sweetness and clearness." The Queen has ever since worn black, which she has indeed put deeply on and worn in her heart. Only the other day at the Colonial and Indian exhibition the fact that she wore a white plume in her bonnet was remarked as an evidence of her desire to please her subjects by departing from the usual somberness of dress.

Courage

Courage is frequently thought to be the absence of fear. Yet, if there were no fear there would be no room for courage. If we did not fear the water and fire, no courage would be required to plunge into them to save a fellow creature from destruction. If a child had no fear of the dark, we should not appeal to his courage to face it. Fear has an important mission to perform for us—that of warning against danger—and it will and ought to continue as long as danger or evil of any kind continues to threaten us. When its presence is felt, however, two opposite courses are open to us—the one to shrink, or yield, or run away, the other to face the danger, whatever it be, with steadiness, resolution and strength. The one is the path of cowardice, the other of courage, and the greater the fear the more sublime is that courage which can stand firm in its presence and unshrinkingly pursue the path of duty.

A fruit grower in Vineland, N. J., is evidently ambitious to become the modern Herod. He says that, in case an excursion of Philadelphia orphans visits that place, he will "see that the children get all the fruit they can eat." Why he should have such a deep-seated hatred against orphan children is not explained.

A Nation of Contradictions.

Some Eastern nations are made up of contradictions. The Bengaleses frankly says, "I am timid," and dies with a calmness that a brave man might envy. The Chinese have little physical courage, but they will commit suicide if an enemy may be thereby injured. At Honkew, a Chinese barber prosecuted one of his men for stealing two dollars. The man committed suicide, not for shame, because that is not discredit in China, but to spite his master.

As soon as he was dead, his widow went before a mandarin and proved to him that her husband's death had been caused by his master's prosecution. The mandarin condemned the barber to pay one hundred and twenty dollars for the support of the widow.

The house beats throng with children, and, with all the care in the world, they do fall into the river. To guard against that contingency, a cord is tied around the waist of each male child, to which is attached a float. But no female child is provided with a float; they may drown and welcome.

Boys are prized. The punishment for stealing a male child is death. But girls are considered an expensive nuisance, and frequently die from lack of care. Their bodies are tossed into the nearest hole. A large ditch outside of Foo cheu was so much used for the purpose that the authorities posted the notice: "Female infants may not be thrown here."

The people seem to be indifferent to human suffering, however piteous. "One day in Foochow," writes an English officer, "the struggles of a drowning man absorbed the interest of a crowd, who made not the slightest effort to rescue him."

"A bystander, unable to obtain a clear view, expressed a doubt whether the man had really perished, whereupon the irritated mob immediately tossed the sceptic into the river with the remark, 'Go and look after him yourself.' He, too, perished."

The author of "English Life in China" writes that it is a country "where roses have no fragrance, the women no petticoats, and the magistrates no honor; where mud men fly kites, and perked people scratch their backs instead of their heads; where the seat of honor is on the left, and the abode of intellect is in the steinboch; where to take off your hat is insolent, and to wear white is to wear mourning; where, finally, there is a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar."

Francis Jeffrey Dickens.

Francis Jeffrey Dickens, who died at Moline, Ill., recently, was a son of the late Charles Dickens, the novelist, and was born January 15, 1844. The cause of his death was paralysis of the heart. He died at the residence of Dr. Jamieson, who had met him in Canada only about a year ago, and who invited him to visit his place on his resignation in March his commission as captain in the Canadian Northwest Mounted police, a position he had held for seven years. His funeral service was held in the congregational church at Rock Island on a Sunday, and his remains were placed in a vault to await the instructions of his friends. Capt. Dickens was named after Francis Jeffrey, the celebrated Scotch critic. At the time he joined the police in India and served in the Punjab. A sunstroke there made it necessary for him to try some other climate, and he went to Canada. At the outbreak of the halfbreed and Indian insurrection, under Louis Riel, he was in command at Fort Pitt, whence he retreated down the Saskatchewan with his men to Battleford. In so doing he saved the women and children of the fort from Indian atrocities. His last command was at Battleford, N. W. T.

Questions to be Answered.

Should you say that "the sweets of domestic life" are kept in "family jars?"
When you are pitched out of your buggy on the top of your head, would you describe the sensation as "awfully stunning?"
Would you say that the ladies who "light up" best at evening parties are those who have lantern-jaws?
Should you be inclined to describe the magistrate who gives you "Ten dollars or thirty days" as a "fine imposing personage?"
Is your fishmonger like a rope dancer because he gets his living by his coils?

Indian Sword Performers.

The favorite sword for performing feats in India is the gauntlet-handled pata. The swordman will first show the keenness of his weapon, and his command of its weight, by cutting in two a leaf laid flat on the outstretched palm of a friend, or by cutting a cloth hanging loose in the air. He will put one sword on each hand, and, so armed, springing from his feet on the bare ground, will throw somersaults backward and forward, following each movement with a wondrously complicated and simultaneous gyration of both swords round his head and body. He will have the naked sword, more than 5 feet long, double-edged, sharp pointed, and keen as a razor, lashed from the back of his neck down his back, and will again, from his naked foot, repeat the somersaults. Again, with sword and shield in his hands, he will leap headforemost through the stretched-out loop of a rope, held by two men at the height of their heads, as a circus rider leaps through a paper hoop, and light safely on his feet. Small wonder if the gaping crowd of spectators applauds vociferously; that the carpet of the plucky athlete is soon covered with a harvest of small change, and that the recurring festivals, with these profitable opportunities, prevent the knowledge of the old sword play from dying out.

Paper Money.

The history of Guernsey furnishes a curious and perhaps instructive instance of the kind of uses that paper money may serve. It was determined to build a meat market, and £4,000 were voted to defray the cost. Notes were issued by the authorities for that amount, and were guaranteed on the "whole of the property of the island, said to be worth four millions." These notes were useless outside of Guernsey, and so they were never exported. They were one-pound notes, and were numbered from 1 up to 4000. With them the contractor was paid, he paid his workmen in the same money, and those that supplied him with materials. Tradesmen took them for goods, landlords for rent, and the authorities for taxes. "In due season," to quote from Jonathan Duncan, "the market was complete. The butchers' stalls, with some public rooms constructed over them, were let for an annual rent of £400. At the first year of tenancy, the States called in the first batch of notes, numbering from 1 to 400, and with the £400 real money received for rent, redeemed the £400 of representative money expressed by the 'Meat Market Notes.' At the end of ten years, all the notes were redeemed through the application of ten years' rental; and since that period the meat market has returned a clear annual revenue to the States, and continues to afford accommodation without having cost a farthing in taxes to any inhabitant."

Timely Suggestions.

A Summer boarder in a sequestered Muskoka nook can keep off mosquitoes at night by putting his pillow-case over his head and tying it arround his neck with his cravat. Additional protection would be afforded by saturating the hands and feet with train oil.
When the summer cats become very bad in your back yard, hire an Italian basso to sing at your window and pull your bootleg over your head till he succeeds in driving them off.
When your Chinese laundryman brings in ladies' garments in your wash, hang them out on the window sill of your second-story front room, so that the owner may recognize and claim them as she passes by.
If you ever become a professional glazier, in a dime museum, carefully avoid eating stained glass, as the coloring substance is considered unwholesome.
A minister who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked the advice of a faithful old African servant, who replied: "Massa, go where do most dabble is!"

Young Folks' Department.

The True Bo-Peep.

About the year 1760 a gentleman in passing through a part of England famous for its fine sheep, stopped one night at an inn where there was placed upon the supper table a roast of fine fat mutton. The talk of the landlord turned from the mutton to the sheep and the great sheep owner of the country; and he amused his guests with an account of a great quarrel between two neighboring gentlemen, each of whom had brought a suit against the other, one for the maiming of his sheep, and the other for what he called unlawful seizure of a part of his flock. The affair, said the landlord, was widely known and had excited considerable interest, and been made the subject of many jests, songs and riddles, the point being as to how a certain flock of sheep could have lost their tails and gotten them back on the same day.

The story of the affair, as related by the landlord, was as follows:

Each of the gentlemen in question was the owner of hundreds of sheep, which fed in large flocks on the uninclosed downs or commons. They were all of a breed, remarkable for their short legs and broad, fat, heavy tails, on which the wool grew so long and thick that they literally dragged on the ground. They were divided into various large flocks, each of which was under the charge of a particular shepherd who appointed others, chiefly boys and girls, to lead them about in smaller companies and watch lest they should get mixed up with those of their neighbors. The shepherds of the two sheep-owners were very jealous of each other, and there was between them a good deal of quarrelling and even at times fighting, concerning pasture, boundaries and the ownership of stray sheep.

One day a simple young country girl, who had about forty sheep in her charge, sat down under a shady hawthorn bush to watch her flock and there unfortunately fell asleep. Some of the animals, finding themselves unchecked, strayed off to a distance and trespassed upon the territory of the rival flocks, where the shepherd cruelly cut off their tails and then drove them back to their own pasture.

The girl meanwhile had awakened and in sore dismay searched for her missing charge, which she at length to her great joy espied coming toward her—but alas! as she soon discovered, without their tails. Thereupon her lover, a young shepherd, went in great wrath with some of his companions and had a fierce battle with the perpetrators of the outrage, whom they compelled to keep the maimed animals and give up instead an equal number of their own flock.

Hence the lawsuits and the bitter enmity between the two neighboring families, owners of the sheep.

When I first came across this account in an old book, *A Jaunt through England*, I was immediately struck with the similarity of incident to the well-known ballad of "Bo-Peep." Indeed I can hardly doubt that this must have been the origin of the pretty little pastoral with which every child in the land is familiar and the explanation of that puzzling riddle as to how Bo-Peep's flock lost their tails and found them again. The ballad was first popularly known about the time that the book in question was written—nearly one hundred years ago—and was then not a nursery rhyme used to amuse children, but a fashionable song sung by ladies to the music of a spinet. It has since been altered somewhat, but was originally, as we find it in an old collection of "Songs and Ballads," as follows:

Little Bo-Peep
Lost her sheep
And didn't know where to find them;
Let them alone,
And they will come home,
Dragging their tails behind them.

So little Bo-Peep
A watch did keep
Nor troubled herself to find them;
And they all came back,
But alas, and alack!
They had left their tails behind them!

Then she sighed and wept,
And at last she slept,
And dreamt that she heard them a-bleating;
But when she awoke—
She found it a joke—
For again they were a-bleating.

Then her true love took
His staff and crook
And traveled abroad to find them;
And she saw them soon
By the light of the moon
Dragging their tails behind them:

A Coroner After Paul Boyton.

Unless Capt. Paul Boyton files affidavits as to the truth of the following yarn about his recent descent of the Sacramento River, we cannot consistently recommend it to our readers as a superior article of veracity for family use. He deposes and states that as he passed Antioch about dark one evening he observed a boat being rapidly rowed from the shore. In response to the Captain's courteous hail the occupant gazed at the great navigator with a disgusted expression and said:

"Well, I'm dorned. You're that rubber-suit fellow, eh? I thought you were a floater."

"Well, I guess I am," said the Captain.

"Are, eh?" said the other, brightening up. "I don't know but what you could be legally considered as such. Just grab this line, please, and let me tow you ashore."

"What for?"

"Why I'll tell you," said the man confidentially. "You see I'm the Coroner here, and business is terrible bad—the worst you ever see. I hain't got on any thing for three months. Can't pay expenses. Now if you'd only stop over long enough for me to hold an inquest on you I'd make a stake and stand the cigars besides. Just paddle ashore, that's a good chap. Won't keep you ten minutes."

"All right," said the Captain. "Only don't let any of the jury tickle my nose during the inquest. If they do I'm bound to sneeze."

"All right," said the Coroner. "I'll sit on your head myself."

After the inquest was over the obliged official carefully slid him overboard and shoved him off again with many thanks, but the Captain says the worst of it was that the Coroner telegraphed the dodge to the one at the next town below, and he to the next in order, and so on clear down to the bay, the result being that the great voyager had to paddle like a steamboat to prevent being lassoed and

hauled ashore every landing he passed. He says that one post mortem a week is about all his system can stand.

The Dark Age.

The Dark Ages is a name often applied by historians to the Middle Ages, a term comprising about 1,000 years, from the fall of the Roman Empire in the fifth century to the invention of printing in the fifteenth. The period is called "dark" because of the generally depressed state of European society at this time, the subservency of men's minds to priestly domination, and the general indifference to learning. The admirable civilization that Rome had developed and fostered was swept out of existence by the barbarous invaders from Northern Europe, and there is no doubt that the first half of the medieval era, at least, from the year 500 to 1000, was one of the most brutal and ruinous epochs in history. The principal characteristics of the middle ages were the feudal system and the papal power.

Learning did not wholly perish, but it betook itself to the seclusion of the cloisters. The monasteries were the resort of many earnest scholars, and there were prepared the writings of historians, metaphysicians, and theologians. But during this time man lived, as the historian Symonds says "enveloped in a cowl." The study of nature was not only ignored but barred, save only as it ministered in the forms of alchemy and astrology to the one cardinal medieval virtue—credulity. Still the period saw many great characters and events fraught with the greatest importance to the advancement of the race. We have not space to give even a synopsis of this long period, but would advise any one who desires to get a clear and comprehensive view of the medieval era to read Hallam's "Europe During the Middle Ages."

There are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

Got Married to Rest Her Bones.

"Well, missus, I's agoin' to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, who she had loved and grown fat with for a good many years.

"Going to leave me, Molly? Why, where are you going?"

"Oh, I's going to get married; I've worked long enough, and I's going to rest my bones."

Of course Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of ill human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said to her:

"Well, Molly, have you rested your bones?"

"Golly, missus I's rested my jaw bones, and dem's all the bones I've rested."

The Northernmost Editor in the World.

The man who probably claims this distinction is the printer and Esquimaux poet, L. Moller, who edits the illustrated Esquimaux paper, *Atuagaglutit*, published at Godthaab, a Danish colony on the west coast of Greenland 64° north latitude. This enterprising journalist joined the expedition of Nordenfkiold for the exploration of the interior of Greenland in order to be able to supply his paper with illustrated reports of the journey. Nordenfkiold gives a portrait of Moller in his recently published work on Greenland, and the face looks remarkably intelligent and good natured. His sketches, too, show considerable talent, being vivid and true to nature. The Esquimaux editor is an interesting man.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

Brantford Cold Water Rice Starch, manufactured for Fine Laundry Work.



Young Lady (gazing for the first time upon the windows of the Eckah Bookstore) THERE IS IN THAT HOUSE!

A FACT.

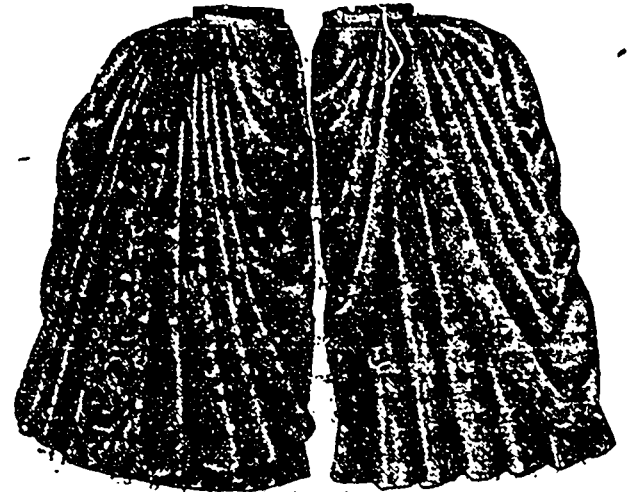


FIG. 9—NO. 3458—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide), 5½ yards.
Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.

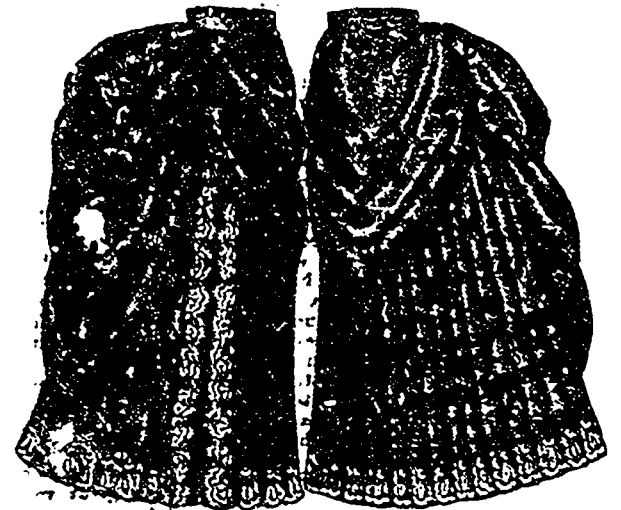


FIG. 10—NO. 3467—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inch wide), 12½ yards.
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide), 6½ yards.
Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.

FIG. 1.—NO. 3462.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
30 inches, 4 yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards;
34 inches, 4½ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards;
38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards;
42 inches, 4½ yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards;
46 inches, 4½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards;
34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards;
38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards;
42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards;
46 inches, 2½ yards.

No. 3463.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for
20 inches, 10½ yards; 22 inches, 10½ yards;
24 inches, 10½ yards; 26 inches, 10½ yards;
28 inches, 11 yards; 30 inches, 11 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
20 inches, 5½ yards; 22 inches, 5½ yards;
24 inches, 5½ yards; 26 inches, 5½ yards;
28 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.

No. 3464.—MISSES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
10 years, 5½ yards; 11 years, 5½ yards;
12 years, 5½ yards; 13 years, 6½ yards; 14

years, 6½ yards; 15 years, 7 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
10 years, 3½ yards; 11 years, 3½ yards;
12 years, 3½ yards; 13 years, 3½ yards; 14
years, 4½ yards; 15 years, 4½ yards;

No. 3472.—MISSES' BASQUE. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 3 yards;
29 inches, 3½ yards; 30 inches, 3½ yards;
31 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
27 inches, 1½ yards; 28 inches, 1½ yards;
29 inches, 1½ yards; 30 inches, 1½ yards;
31 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 2 yards.

hangs short, round, and very bouffant. Pattern No. 3467, price 30 cents.

DOMESTIC ART.

The "brass face" pin-cushions are illustrated in Figure No. 34. The old-fashioned "face" pieces of a horse's harness forms the front, the sides and back are of velvet and the hangers of silk ribbon. Figure No. 35 shows a workbag to hang on the back of one's chair, which is nowadays a fashionable, and sometimes a useful ornament. Straight strips of dark silk and Pompadour brocade are leather-stitched together; the lining may be formed in the same manner or of one material. Drawing-strings of ribbon are run in near the top, leaving a deep ruffle; pompon balls are fastened at the bottom and on one side above.

Figure No. 36 illustrates a knifc-basket of stained-wicker, with a wooden bottom, which is overlaid with a thin layer of cork. It is divided by a wooden partition into two receptacles, both of which are lined with leather. The rim and stand are of brass. An embroidered valance is draped around the outside, consisting of a strip of felt cut into four large vandykes, on which a design is worked in satin stitch with tapestry wool of various colors. Small ball tassels are fastened to the pinked edges of the valance.

Round work baskets for fancy work are prettily brightened by making a bag top of four pieces of satin, of two colors alternating, such as black and yellow, blue and red, gray and cream, etc., with a ribbon drawing string of both tints. Larger shapes, that stand on the floor, are draped with a sort of canvas caught up with good-sized button-disc made of velveteen, with beads and silk

PROOF ILLUSTRATIONS.

...ber's basque shown ... No. 3472 price ... some design for ... front of crope ... is laid in two ... a postillon, ... pointed in ... of gradu ... ed ... back. ... might see of up ... while his ... of his fa ... The Prince and ... skirt ... he answer ber ... work thoughts. ... rial ... bowlike el with a ... him in ... a round ... and of the ... vent.

draping under the puzels on either side. Pattern No. 3464, price 25 cents. The ladies' figure wears a skirt that can be made of any silk or woolen material, two being required to show off the beauty of the design. The under part of the skirt is appropriately made of striped goods; the back drapery hangs plain on the sides, with a fullness in the centre portion; the apron is pleated in the belt, draped low on the left, higher on the right with cross-pleats, and a bow or bead ornament holds the right side up in a graceful manner. Pattern No. 3459 price 30 cents. The outside jacket is a stylish model for plain, checked, or rough cloths that are worn with different skirts. The design is light fitting, with a curved seam down the middle of the front, which is longer than the postillon back. The garment opens on the right, has a high collar and coat sleeves, the latter growing wider at the wrist, and ending in a broad, loose

cut of cloth, silk, or velvet. Pattern No. 3462, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 9.—A box-pleated side, back, and part of the front, round, bouffant drapery, and apron of lengthwise-pleats spread at the bottom and rounded high on the left side, from Pattern No. 3458, price 30 cents, with a tapering panel of sortache embroidery on the right. Any woolen goods are suitable for such designs, with panels of braiding or contrasting fabrics.

FIGURE No. 10.—Sattens, vellings, can vas goods, etc., are handsomely fashioned with a kill-pleated skirt ending with a lace ruffle; both the lace and ribbon velvet shown are sewed on before the skirt is pleated, opening over a straight panel on the right, which is richest when of velvet, with the lace extending on either side of the pleats. The short apron is caught very high over the hips, while the back drapery

embroidery on their wings and a wire run around; or else with tabs of plush or velvet, edged with silk cord or iridescent beads.

FASHIONABLE FANS.

Figure No. 30 represents a silvery blue sky, with half-moons, stars and clouds affording a background for floating figures; this is of gauze, with pearl mounts and a ribbon "hanger." The second design is of lace, with a few delicately painted birds and butterflies hovering around; pearl sticks incised with silver and silver chain "hanger." The feather fan shown in Figure No. 31 has been variously known as the Portia, Princess of Wales and Mary Anderson design, and is one of the most effective shapes shown for full dress. The handle may be of malachite, amber, pearl, or tortoise shell, the feathers and ribbon of any of the fashionable evening shades, and a tiny bird or butterfly is frequently poised midway.

The Indian Sun Dance.

The wild Indian Sun Dance, which was held for the last time during June, 1883, with its barbarous and cruel inflictions, is one of the historical pasts that will never again be repeated. The writer was present at that sun dance, and the only scenes that will again greet his or any other eyes are views that were taken on the spot, and which, but for the iron will of the Indian agent, would never have been taken, so superstitious were the Indians against it.

Prior to the completion of the Sun dance circle, when three days are taken to feasting on dog soup, dancing, giving away ponies, cattle and everything else that gives evidence that the "heart is good," the chiefs, sub-chiefs and head men meet in council in some woodland, where they select twelve virgins who are to do the honor of cutting the pole. A number of young Indians are appointed to make search for a good pole for the occasion (which has, however, been selected a long time before; but they must go through certain pretensions so as to make themselves appear proper), and finally, after considerable delay, the twelve virgins each take an ax, and give the pole one cut, the young bucks finishing the job. The crossing of a stream is superstitiously forbidden, and when the young Indians are ready they march in triumph to the place selected for its "planting." Before them rush a thousand young braves on ponies, who fire off rifles and revolvers until outside the limits of the encampment, which, together with their yells, would drive off any evil spirits that might be hanging around; and that is their part in the play. The pole is raised and green brush is placed in a circle about it, while the pole itself is gorgeously decorated with strips of calico in all the brilliant hues, which have been placed there as offerings from some dusky maiden or old squaw.

The sun dance among these wild people is a barbarous religion with them. During the year an Indian has prayed to the Great Spirit for fortune in hunting, restoration of health or some other wish, for which he promises, if the prayer is granted, to make some sacrifice or dance at the annual sun dance, which was usually held during the month of June. It is composed of fasting and feasting combined, the ones who have made vows fasting for several days, and those who are to "see them through" feasting on delicious young dogs asked the Great Spirit for some favor bring their young children to be "gouged" in the ears with anything but sharp knives by the "medicine men" (who are on hand in great numbers), the girls receiving two inflictions in each ear and the boys one, for which the medicine man receives a pony or two. Women have their arms, shoulders or face cut as they may have promised at the time. Groups of men and women dance with upturned faces to the burning sun, tooting continuously a whistle made of an antelope's bone. All these are preliminary to the most barbarous and painful task of being brave. The young men who have fixed their

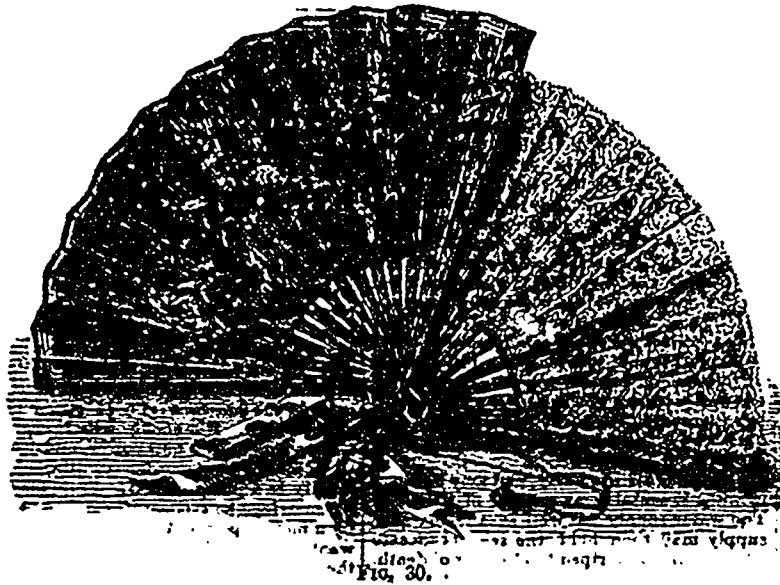


FIG. 30.



FIG. 31.



FIG. 32.



FIG. 34.



FIG. 35.



FIG. 33.

hearts upon this torture by going through the ordeal of being cut in the two breasts and a sinew passed through the wounds, are tied to a rope attached to the stationary sun dance pole, which they endeavor to break out by continuous dancing and jerking. Their faces are lifted to the scorching June sun while they blow on the antelope bone whistle. To contribute to their success, some near friend or relative throws out sticks to the surrounding crowds, and a scramble is made to secure them, as each stick entitles the holder to a pony. Invoking the Great Spirit for success is general by the medicine men, bands of nearly naked wild men, painted in all colors, yellow, green, red, blue, black, white or purple, in whole, in part or combinations, with the designs of hands, horse shoe prints, horses, Indians, etc., go through mournful singing to the beats of a dozen great drums, making the conglomeration of noises anything but what a band leader would term "harmony." On the occasion to which this article refers but one of the three succeeded in breaking the flesh from the breasts—and he proved the meanest as well as bravest—the others fainting; and some of the few whites present became faint themselves during the progress of this horrible torture. At the close of this festival, lasting about eight days, the Indians returned to their homes to find themselves either richer or poorer than when they left; but a large store-house of rations furnished by the government supplied their wants to at least a limited extent. On their return home they found what few crops they had put in before they left had either got behind the growth of the weeds or eaten by stray stock. Thus the progressive Indian failed to progress, and the government did a most sensible act when it abolished the sun dance, which every Indian was compelled to attend or be held in disgrace by the leaders.

Conviction.

Never let your honest conviction be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in constant dread of ridicule than you can enjoy life if you live in constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the time, and make a point of morals, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as if a man carried a big soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait until it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

A Stupid Man Serrant.

"Charles," said bachelor Benson to his new man servant, as he was settling himself comfortably in his library arm-chair for an after-dinner siesta, "you are to waken me whenever I am thirsty," tossing off a glass of old port as he spoke.

"But how shall I know, sir, when you are thirsty?"

"I shall be thirsty whenever I am roused, of course," with a look of good-natured pity for the new man's stupidity.

A widow who put her all into a deal in stocks and was shrank out, called her broker and said: "When will my money probably come out in the paper tomorrow, dearlass?" "How can I suppress it?" "Why, I'm not sure, but two days, but not less than two days? That's pretty good, but I depend on the two days." "The papers chattering on the subject."

Brandford called for...

Advertisement for Absorbent powder, featuring the brand name 'Absorbent' and a small illustration of a person's face. The text describes the powder as being 'soft and easy on the stomach' and 'strength and energy from the ordinary'.

Health Department.

Is Medicine a Progressive Science?

There is still no doubt, a vast amount of suffering and disease among us, but it would be folly to deny that the difference between the past and the present is immense. The stethoscope has made it as easy to detect a damaged heart or an inefficient lung as a broken leg. The ophthalmoscope enables us to explore the innermost recesses of the eye, while with the laryngoscope we can have ocular proof of the condition of the windpipe. The microscope enlightens us to the true nature of growths, and such timely information often makes it possible to check their development. Anesthetics have robbed surgery of all its cruelty and half its danger; they have moreover extended its sphere of action, for operations are now frequently performed which formerly could not have been attempted. The introduction of the antiseptic method has largely increased the proportion of recoveries after severe wounds and mutilations, and has also done much to insure the safety of the lying-in chamber. The necessity of cutting for stone is now obviated by measures which involve neither pain nor serious risk, and there can be little doubt that the operation will in the course of the next 50 years become obsolete in civilized countries. Smallpox is no longer the standing menace to beauty that it once was, while it is scarcely taken into account as a possible danger of life by ordinary people. Typhoid fever still claims many victims, though it is being gradually driven off the field by an enlightened hygiene; typhus is almost unknown except in the lowest and most squalid haunts of poverty. Madness is now treated as a bodily disease, not as a curse of God or spite of the devil, the result being a large proportion of recoveries, and infinitely less suffering among the incurable. A like improvement is seen in other branches of the medical art. The loathsome compounds— invented, one might suppose, by a council of ghouls and scavengers—which used to be ordered, no longer vex the palate or up heave the stomachs of unfortunate patients; the active principle of the most important remedies has been separated, so that the agent can be administered in a purer and more efficient form, while the physiological action of the drug is determined by experiment and is taken as the index of its therapeutic value. Less physio is given, but it is prescribed with a clearer purpose. Better still, more attention is paid to diet and the hygienic surroundings of the patient, and, above all, nature is less incumbered with the officious help of a blind ally who insists on adding her with a zeal that is not according to knowledge. The truth has at last become borne in on the medical mind that many diseases run a certain definite course on which no medicine has any effect for good, though it may have for evil, and that accordingly a policy of masterly inactivity is the wisest in such cases. The physical changes wrought by disease and the morbid processes which give rise to them are now to a certain extent accurately known, and this field of inquiry promises to be increasingly fruitful of solid result. Some scattered rays of light, too, are beginning to pierce the shroud of darkness which formerly made the origin of disease a more impenetrable mystery than the source of the Nile. The marks one of the greatest advances in the history of medicine, and its practical importance is obviously incalculable. The more closely known, the effect can often be better still, prevented. Specifics may possibly be banished from the list of remedies, and even those full scourges, cancer, may in course of time be banished. One disease after another, the action of organisms having an almost self-multiplication. In the head the modified with the of disease. Found it us might be Bacillus is while firmament.

potable water than by all other causes combined. The excretions of the sick contain the seeds of these diseases, which will multiply indefinitely in a medium containing food for their growth (decomposing organic matter), moisture and a given temperature. Excretal matters in sewer or cesspool should excite solicitude, not alone for the filth but because it may contain disease germs capable of indefinite multiplication. A pound of arsenic in Croton Reservoir would be incapable of reproduction, and the enormous dilution would remove all danger from individual consumers; but the presence in the water supply of New York of the excreta of one person smitten with cholera or typhoid fever might bring death to thousands, because germinal matter is not destroyed by dilution. The sewage of one Plymouth, Penn., household filled that little city with lamentations and mourning and woe.

Sewage is always nasty, and may be deadly when it contains excretions of the sick. The water supply as well as the manure supply may then hold the seed of disease which shall early ripen the harvest of death. Keep the well, spring, river, free from all possibility of sewage contamination, that they may remain what they have been called in all languages, "fountains of life." If there be any suspicion, and its cause can not be removed, refuse to drink such water unless it has first been thoroughly boiled to destroy every living germ; or else use rain water stored in clean cisterns.

Health and Pecuniary Condition

A western newspaper very reasonably affirms that one's condition for health or disease often depends upon his pecuniary state. To insure health, so far as human effort can control the matter, one should, above all, be cheerful, contented, and calm. You can not do this if you intentionally or unintentionally incur debt, for debt is embarrassing and painfully annoying. No person of the least pride or self-respect can possibly be comfortable if in debt. Debt is something that can not always be avoided, although it never fails to produce, in persons of principle, an amount of mental worry that is absolutely distressing. Mental tension, pecuniary trouble, is one of the chief causes of insanity. Men struggle for a competency, because they, especially these not far removed from poverty, fear poverty, not for themselves, but for others.

A father will suffer more in the thought that his wife or daughter may be penniless than he will if the family physician tells him that the wife has an incurable cancer and may die any moment, or that the daughter will be crippled for life. He prefers even this to the thought that she may be forced to manual labor. It is true that poverty in our artificial state of society involves all the miseries—hunger, overwork, humiliation, and sickness, yet we can hardly understand why men choose them all rather than sickness and physical suffering.

The man who commits suicide from pecuniary troubles is, nine times in ten found to be one who is overworked, or who has raged secretly or openly at the apparent injustice involved in work that brings no return, or who, haunted by fear of poverty, has lived beyond his income, incurred annoying debts, and takes his life to escape the consequent misery and mental agony. Nothing overturns the mental balance so surely as a long continued sense of injustice or long continued debt, and nothing is so frequent a cause for suicide. "Hope is said to spring eternal in the human breast," but in the matter of money-making years of non-success kill hope and destroy mental vigor and bodily health. No other form of misery produces quite the same impression as financial wrong. To be a healthy man, learn to bear cheerfully the misfortune as well as the good fortune of life. Therefore, the mental requirements of the laws of health are cheerfulness, contentment, and calmness, and that man live within his income, however small.

"What is a dogma?" asked a little boy, one day last week, of his mother. "An opinion, child." Satisfied with this answer, the little fellow went out and played for about forty five minutes, when he rushed excitedly into the room where his mother was sewing, and exclaimed: "Oh, ma! Our opinion get after Misses Jones' and chased it down the alley when 'long'—somebody else's opinion an' jumped down the gutter, an' showed his ear off, an' hurt awful. Our opin'—" But his mother

Bismarck's Religion

Bismarck in his youthful days, says an exchange, tried dissipation, and abandoned it because he found it a weariness. He allowed himself to drift in the currents of caprice and humor until he became disgusted with life. He had never come into contact with religion, in the true sense of the word, until he met Johanna von Puttkammer. The acquaintance ripened into a deep and lasting affection. The young lady's parents were quiet and religious persons, and when young Bismarck asked for their daughter's hand they were greatly surprised, and knew not what answer to return. His marriage brought him in contact with men and women who led blameless lives, who did good work in the world, and who yet lived as if they were in the presence of a judge, a father, and a friend. His young wife brought him face to face with a new power, and discovered to him a new mode of life—personal loyalty to a personal God. From the day of his marriage he seems to have been swayed by a motive power that had hitherto been wanting in his life—to do his duty before the living God. Four years after his marriage he wrote his wife, from the scenes of his former dissipation and folly: "I can not understand how a man who reflects upon himself, and who neither knows God nor desires to know Him—I can not understand how such a man can endure a life so burdened with ennui and self-contempt. I can not tell how I used to bear it; if I were again obliged to live as I once did, without God, without you and the children, I really do not see why I should not cast this life aside like a dirty shirt." Twenty-three years after he wrote her, in the excitement of the French war: "If I were not a Christian I would not serve the king another hour. If I did not obey my God and put my trust in Him my respect for earthly rulers would be but small. If I did not believe in a divine government of the world which had predestined the German nation to something good and great I would abandon the trade of diplomacy at once. I do not know whence my sense of duty should come except from God. Titles and decorations have no charm for me. Take away from me my belief in my personal relations to God, and I am the man to pack up my things to-morrow, to escape to Vardin (his country seat) and look after my crops." Doubtless, like all who try to live by faith in God, Bismarck, being a man, has fallen short of his ideal. In the opinion of many good and wise men he has again and again made serious mistakes. But admitting these errors and shortcomings, this significant fact appears. One of the greatest statesmen of the age confesses that he has been swayed in his statesmanship by his belief that he was carrying out a divine purpose. The most successful statesman of the age says that thoughts of God and immortality have lifted him up above the praises of men and the selfish gratification of his pride and all mere personal ambition.

Gladstone, like Bismarck, acknowledges his reliance in the unseen and directing hand. Faith is the strength of truly great minds, the motive power of unselfish action, and all truly great and faithful endeavor. "Trust in the God that made thee, and follow the sea that is silent," is the language which a great poet makes the sentiment of Columbus. It represents the purpose of the sound mind and true heart.

A Mosquito Story.

"I was at Fort Knogh one summer not long ago when an explosion occurred in the boiler which blew it some distance from the fort into a swamp. The men started after it. When they got there the mosquitoes were so thick that it was found impossible to work. The men got inside the boiler and the mosquitoes punched their stingers right through the plated iron. The men climbed the bills on the inside and kept on climbing them until hundreds and hundreds of mosquitoes were fastened to the boiler. The men built a fire inside of the boiler to scare off the other mosquitoes, and the latter started to fly away."

"Of course those that were fastened tried to fly with the rest, and actually carried the heavy boiler and the men out of the swamp and on to the dry land. After that it was no trick to haul the boiler into the fort. How did they get rid of the mosquito tea bills? Why, they just filed them off clean and left them there."

Age appears to increase the value of everything except women and butter.

A Balloon Adventure.

Balloons are frequently used in war-time for the purpose of observing the position and movements of the enemy, and they were resorted to by the U. S. army while it was on the Peninsula during the war between the North and the South. One balloon was handled by a detail from the Fourth Maine Regiment, and a writer tells of an adventure which befell it and which was saved from a disastrous ending by a soldier named John. While there was no particular qualification in John's habits that would make him a hero, still he is the hero of this tale.

One fine day, when all the army was at rest, and the balloon corps were lounging about waiting orders, they were aroused by the arrival of Gen. Porter. The general was very much in earnest, and very much in a hurry, could not wait for the head and manager of the flying ship, who was absent, but must take a trip into the upper atmosphere to reconnoitre the enemy's lines. To his request, which was a command, there was no refusal.

Movements of the balloon during its flight were controlled by a rope reaching the ground and securely fastened to a stake. All being ready, the general stepped in and was allowed to move slowly and surely towards the clouds. Everything ran smoothly until the full extent of the line was reached, when snap went the rope and away went the general. By some accident there had been a few drops of the acid used in generating gas spilled on the rope, making it worthless, so when the strain came it parted.

Porter was frantic. He was drifted towards the rebel lines, and in his excitement was as helpless as a child. At this point my hero came to the front, with the requisite quality for saving the general from an inglorious flight over the enemy's camp. John was blessed with an immense pair of lungs, and they were in splendid condition. From a boy he had been noted for his ability to make a noise, and he also had a good, honest, generous share of mouth.

To these two gifts of nature was Gen. Porter indebted for his relief from his unpleasant situation. All signs and verbal instructions as to what he should do to get down were a failure, until John was called upon.

One shout was enough—"Pull that rope over your head!" The general heard and obeyed. Yes, and he pulled with a will, for he entirely collapsed the balloon, and down he came like a shot. It was a fearful moment; all expected to see him dashed to atoms. But he was reserved for another fate. Fortune was with him, for the balloon came plump down on to a Sibley tent, and the general stepped fourth from the wreck safe and sound, but rather badly shaken.

A Courtship by Means of a Bible Text.

A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not admitting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan:

He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, (open,) with a pin stuck in the following text: Second Epistle of John, verse fifth—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth:

"Than she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him: Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?"

He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John:

"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

The Household.

Household Machinery.

It is with a sense of humiliation that one thinks of the great number of women in whose hands the most valuable labor saving inventions amount to nothing at all. An inherent hostility to new methods, or a lack of energy to learn how to make use of novel ways and means, prevents many women from getting the full benefit of efforts to lighten their work.

We all know the woman whose sewing machine is always out of order; if you ask what is the trouble with it, her reply is something like this: "Oh, it's got a freak of bothering me," as if it were animate and subject to fits of temper. Possibly yesterday she let the baby pull out the thread, the needle was sprung a little out of line, and to-day the thread is out out every stitch; perhaps an older child has turned the wheel with the feed and needle plate together, any the teeth are so worn as no longer to carry the cloth along. Possibly she may have forgotten to oil some particular point, or have wound a bobbin unevenly, and now she petulantly denounces the whole class of sewing machines and declares that her fingers and a common needle are better.

Another woman of this kind is induced to buy a carpet-sweeper; it runs well a week or two, then turns hard, skips over a part of the dirt, and is generally faulty in its work, when she promptly decides that it is a fraud and wishes she had her three dollars back again, etc., etc.

Her more patient neighbor examines the sweeper, pulls out the shreds and bits of string which have wound themselves about the gears, adds a drop of oil, and then it flies over the carpet as easily as when the smooth-tongued agent displayed its usefulness, after the manner of his class, entirely reckless of paint or furniture, until the nervous housekeeper almost buys a sweeper to save a possible bill of repairs.

The same unwillingness to learn the mechanical working of no matter how simple an invention, is noticed in the use of nearly all kinds of household machinery, including the many useful dairy utensils.

There are, however, exceptions to the value of what are intended to be labor savers, and the writer believes the washing-machine to be such an exception. Having made something of a study of ways and means of making laundry work easier, we have used, and seen others use, a great variety of washers, and the same general fault applies to all. They are made by men, and are adapted only to the strength of men; they turn easily, while holding a painful of water and a towel or two, as displayed at the fair, or by the travelling agent, but in practical use the fatigue of using them is as great as is the result of a morning's work at the old fashioned tub and board. If a woman has a good store of strength, and carefully follows directions for washing but a garment or two at a time, she may find help in one of these machines.

A few more years will probably bring some practical labor saver for use in family washing and ironing, or an improvement in public laundries.

The aggregate cost of discarded patent household articles which are now stored in attics and lumber rooms in this country would amount to a large sum of money, but in a great number of cases the strength and time that might be saved by the intelligent use of many of these articles, would reach even a greater value.

To Get Rid of Cockroaches.

A correspondent writes as follows: "I beg to inform you of an easy, clean, and certain method of eradicating those loathsome insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches (or 'clocks,' as they are called here), and I was recommended to try cucumber peelings as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bedtime, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the vermin with the green peel, cut no very thin, from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect. Before the expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was covered with cockroaches, so that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous morsels from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not so numerous—I should think not more than

a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I did not discover one; but, anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had laid it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to remain till morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights to completely eradicate the pest. It should be fresh cucumber peel every night.

Hints.

All soups are better made with fresh uncooked meat as that which has been cooked once has lost much of its flavor and nearly all of its juices.

When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

Lamp wicks should be changed often enough to insure having a good light. If they seem clogged they may be washed in strong soda and put into the lamp again.

A good housekeeper in Bergen county, New Jersey, says that she adds a teaspoonful of turpentine to the water she mixes her stove-black with. She lets the stove become almost cold before blacking.

A butter stamp should always be washed in cold salt water before it is used. If soaked in hot water the butter will stick to it but never if soaked in cold brine. The salt absorbed by the wood keeps it moist while in use.

Cold biscuits left over from tea may be made better than when first baked by dipping them into hot water and placing them singly on the hot grate in the oven long enough to let them get well warmed through.

To preserve goods from moths do not use camphor in any form. Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes and in closets are a better protection. Five cents will buy enough to equip all the packing boxes and closets of a large house for a year.

Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soapsuds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and after ward rinsing in clear, cold water and wiping it dry.

Most people dry their umbrellas handle upwards. This concentrates the moisture at the top, where it is close, rusts the wire which secures the stretchers and rots the cloth. It is better, after the umbrella is drained, to simply invert it and dry in that position.

The Angler ventures for the effectiveness of the following mixture for keeping off mosquitoes: Olive oil, three parts; oil of pennyroyal, two parts; glycerine, one part; ammonia, one part. To be well shaken before applying to the face and hands. Avoid getting the mixture into the eyes.

Ginghams and prints will keep their color better if washed in water thickened with flour starch. Flour is very cleansing and will do the work of soap in one or two washings in the starch water. This, with the rinsing, will be sufficient and the goods will look fresher than if washed and starched in the old-fashioned way.

To save stair carpets all several thicknesses of old carpet or canvas over the edge of each stair. It is a good plan to buy more carpeting than is needed to cover the stairs and move it each season so that the whole will wear evenly. If stair carpets cannot be changed in this way they will not wear long.

It is easy to get rid of black ants. They live in ant hills and generally near the buildings. Open these hills with a hoe, scatter on a handful of salt and sprinkle on a quart of water and the ants will leave immediately. Yesterday my house was over run with these insects. I found eleven ant hills within two rods of the building and today there is not an ant to be found anywhere on or about the premises.

If any article of household furniture requires disinfecting occasionally it is a carpet, especially if it has been used a considerable time. The following is a method recommended by a lady housekeeper, both as a disinfectant and a preventive of moths. Add three teaspoonfuls of turpentine to

three quarts of water. Saturate a large sponge with this mixture, squeeze it about two-thirds dry, and go over the carpet carefully. As soon as the sponge becomes dirty cleanse it and take in a fresh supply of water.

BLEACHING STRAW HATS—Obtain a deep box, air-tight if possible, place at the bottom a stone; on the stone a flat piece of iron red hot or a pan of charcoal, on which scatter powdered brimstone; there should be hooks in the box on which to hang the hats; close the lid and let the hats remain all night. Another recipe for bleaching straw is to soak the goods in caustic soda and afterward to use on them chloride of lime or javelle water. The excess of chloride should be removed by hyposulphite of soda, called anti chlor. In the first method the hat should be moistened, as a dry fabric will not bleach.

To make good starch, quite a number of rules have been given. Some advocate long boiling, while others say it is not necessary. Very good starch may be made by putting in a bright tin pail a quarter of a pound of starch, over which pour three pints of boiling water and then add a pint of cold water. Let it boil fifteen minutes. A little salt or sugar, a small piece of wax, or a teaspoonful of cast oil added, will make the starch iron smooth. The starch should be strained and slightly bleached before using. Flour starch is frequently used for coats or colored clothes, and potato starch may also be used. Isinglass is a very delicate starch for very fine muslins, and rice water is equally so. Muslins and laces should be dipped in thin starch and dried in the sun; laces should have the starch rubbed in until they will absorb no more. Individual taste and fashion in starching clothes must be the guide of the housekeeper in giving directions to her laundress.

Not "Smart."

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railroad. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"Oh yes; thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this ain't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled aloud over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller; "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said,—

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied,—

"I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the boss!"

The "boss" came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out,—

"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We—"

But John Thompson's "kid" heard no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him, as he is still out of employment.

Why is there nothing like leather? Because it is the sole support of man.

Oddly Addressed.

Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post office. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London:

"Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere;
His words not such, whose wide-extended fame
Is spread about our earth, like light and air,
A local habitation for his name."

Charles Dibden, the naval song writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the following address:

"Postman bear this sheet away,
And carry it to Mr. Hay;
And whether you ride mare or colt on,
Stop at the Theatre, Bolton,
If in what county you reside,
Merely mention Lancashire."

A letter addressed as follows was mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London:

"Where London a column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lift its head and lice,
There dwells a citizen of sober fame,
A plain, good man, and Balsam is his name."

The letter was delivered without delay to a Mr. Balsam, a fishmonger near the Monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find the following vague direction:

"Mr. —, Travelling Band one of the Four playing in the street, Perth (Perthshire) Worcester-shire. Please send him my poem."

Another envelope bore the following:

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles,
who minds two babies to a street street, off Prince Edwin street, Liverpool."

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters directed as follows were duly delivered:

"To my sister Jean, Up the Canongate, Down a Close, Edinburgh, She has a wooden leg."

The other was addressed:

"My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the Wood near the New Forest."

"In the latter case, says Mr. Hyde, 'the letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found living in a cottage near Lyndhurst."

The striking mania reached a colored preacher in a town in Mississippi the other day, and he rose before his congregation and said: "Oh! I've ben tryin' hard to preach de gospel on two dollars a week, an' I zo got discouraged. You has either got to raise the salary to three, or I zo gwine to go out an' skirmish fur begs an' chicken 'long wid de rest of you an' take my chances of gwine to heaven." By unanimous vote of the congregation it was decided to continue the salary at two dollars and let him skir-mish.

No woman can lace herself so tight as a man can drink himself.
Brantford Cold Water Rice Starch, an excellent for Fine Laundry Work.

ROYAL



ROYAL

ROYAL

Absorbent
This powder is easy to use and gives strength and softness to the ordinary...
with the milk...
phosphate...
Bazire Powder

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNNESS," "OUT OF EDEN," &c.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER L.—(CONTINUED)

And Lily was quite content. She was a very modest girl, this, and did not expect or claim too much devotion from anyone. She was quite sure Alan loved her, for why should he have asked her to be his wife if he had not done so? And this certainty satisfied her. And she was pleased and happy too in the pleasure of her friends. Major Doynes wrote her the warmest letter of congratulation, and Lady Lester was so kind, and her father and mother were both delighted with her engagement. Annette had also kissed her, and said she hoped she would be happy. And Lily was happy. Over her whole existence had shined a new fulness and sweetness, and the golden light of love flooded her heart.

She said something of this to Alan, in her pretty trustful way, one night when he was seeing her home through the park, after she had been dining with Lady Lester.

It was dark; and yet overhead a fitful moon occasionally gleamed out from the heavy drifting clouds, and shone through the green glades in weird white shadows that faded almost as they fell. A wild and gusty night, with the sigh of the wind sighing and moaning, and stirring the great branches of the trees, as with a giant's hand. And as they walked on—three—Lily and Alan Lester—the girl clung closer to her lover's arm, growing timid amid the strange sounds, the "mournful rustling in the dark" of the mysterious breath of heaven.

"What are you frightened of, little one?" asked Alan, looking down at her with some tenderness, but more kindness, shining in his gray eyes.

"I am not frightened, but I am glad you are with me," she answered, with a little closer, fonder pressure on his arm.

"And you are content, Lily," asked Alan, with sudden gravity, "to spend your life by my side?"

"Why do you say content? That is not the word."

"And what is the word, child?"

"I am happy, happy, happy!" And she laid her head upon his arm.

"I am glad," he said. He stopped, he lifted her face in both his hands; he kissed her, and then suddenly turned away his head, muttering some words she could not hear as he looked up to the dark sky.

It was a promise to be true to her; to give his life to her in return for the sweet gift which she had given him. But, alas, for all humanity's good and high resolves so easily obliterated with clay! When they reached the Grange, Lily pressed him to go in, as she said Annette was to be downstairs for the first time that day, and Alan yielded to the temptation.

As she entered the lighted drawing-room, his eyes fell upon the form and face of his old love. Annette was lying on a couch placed near the fire, dressed in a rich gown, and her hair was trimmed and pinned up, and in her

the gleaming fingers of which she held a fan. She was looking at Alan, and in her

eyes there was a look of

triumph and

contentment

and

she

was

glad

to

see

him

through his whole being, but he did not say many words. Mrs. Doynes watching him with her keen blue eyes was satisfied with his manner. He was grave and courteous, as befitted their relative positions.

Mrs. Doynes had managed everything very cleverly for Annette since her flight from her husband's house. She had written to Sir Rupert's relations to tell them of the sad shock and fright her dear daughter had gone through, and how she had fled for shelter from her husband's maniacal seizure to her father's roof. She had also despatched Annette's father to the house in Grosvenor square to look after her interests, and the Colonel had brought away Annette's jewellery and desired her maid to bring down her wardrobe to Kingsford.

This maid indeed was a burden and a misery to Mrs. Doynes's economic soul when she first arrived at the Grange, but a slight hint which Mrs. Doynes gave, ended this difficulty.

"Oh, mother, I am so ashamed. I never thought of it. Of course, you must allow me to pay for my board and Knightley's?" Annette had said, and Mrs. Doynes did not refuse this offer from her rich daughter.

"You see there will be Lily's trousseau to provide," she said smilingly, as she accepted a sum more than sufficient to supply the whole wants of her modest household. But Annette could very well afford to give this. The large allowance Sir Rupert had always given her was indeed more than she could possibly spend in a quiet place like Kingsford, and her father now altered the arrangement of her affairs, and with her consent had considerably reduced the establishment in Grosvenor square. Mrs. Doynes had even proposed to shut up the house for a time, and to send the unfortunate mad twin brother of Sir Rupert's also to an asylum. But Annette would not permit this. The late Lady Miles had wished this poor, afflicted son never to be removed from home, and Annette, therefore, determined he should not be disturbed. He was not violent like Sir Rupert, and therefore there was no reason why he should not remain in the rooms he had occupied since his childhood.

For the present it had been settled that Annette was to remain at Kingsford, but Mrs. Doynes began occasionally now to talk of the glories of Ribton Hall, Sir Rupert's seat in Midlandshire, and to say how delightful it would be to have Annette settled near them in a beautiful place of her own.

Indeed, could the veil have been quite lifted from Mrs. Doynes's worldly heart it would have been seen that she inwardly rejoiced at the misfortune that had happened to her son-in-law, Sir Rupert. It put him out of the way and gave them the benefit of his great wealth, and, besides, Mrs. Doynes had never forgiven him for turning her out of the house!

Annette, too, was thankful to be relieved from the old hateful bondage, but there was still a bitter flavor in her cup, for she could not endure the thought of Lily becoming Alan Lester's wife.

And this evening that Lily brought him to see her was the first time she had seen them together since their engagement. And a look, keen and bitter, shot through Annette's heart as she looked again on the face of her old love, and knew he was about to place an unending bar between them!

But she had learned enough of the lessons of the world to hide her feelings, and in her graceful attractive way she spoke smilingly to Alan, and to the sweet-faced blushing girl by his side.

"It is such a wild night," said Lily, "I was quite frightened as we came through the park."

"And you came through the park?" asked Lady Miles, with a thrill in her voice that echoed back in Alan's heart. "Which path did you come by? I remember there all so well."

"By the great oak with the seat under it," said Lily, unconscious that many and many a time Annette and her lover had sat under this oak; that their last kiss had been given there; that a hundred tender memories lingered round this spot for them both!

"Ah! and did you sit there?" And Annette's lovely hazel eyes sought Alan Lester's face.

"No," he said hastily, almost harshly; and shortly afterwards took leave of them, and went away, returning to the Grange through the dark park, and going to this very seat under the great oak where he and Annette used to meet in the days of their fond love.

He sat down and looked up at the drifting clouds overhead, through which the feeble moonbeams shone in feeble gleams. And the face of Annette—Annette—the one love of all his life—seemed to rise before him, and with a sort of groan he put his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out the mocking vision.

"Why have I seen her again?" he thought. "Why has she come back to destroy my peace?"

Long he sat there—on this very spot Annette's head had lain pillowed on his breast, and could he forget this! Forget it, when he saw her now more beautiful in his eyes even than in these bright hours. She had been false, but she had been deceived, and she loved him still. Had not that madman said she loved him still? Yet they could be nothing to each other—worse than nothing—meeting as near relations, with the unforgotten bond of their old love still burning in their hearts!

And while Alan indulged his bitter thoughts, Annette, in her wayward pretty way, was trying to learn if her young sister's future happiness was really bound up in the prospect of her marriage to Alan. As Lily had gone upstairs to bed, singing a little song in the lightness and joy of her heart, Annette had told her maid to ask her sister to come to her for a little while, and as Lily entered Annette dismissed the maid.

"I will ring when I want you, Knightley," she said. "Come, Lily, let us have a chat, all to ourselves!"

"And what must we chat about?" answered Lily smiling.

"The lover, of course! And are you very happy about this?" she added more seriously, taking Lily's hand; "quite, quite sure—are you as happy, Lily?"

Lily looked up surprised.

"Yes, I am quite sure," she said.

"It is not the mother who has persuaded you into it, is it? Have you really given your heart, your whole heart, to Alan Lester?"

Lily blushed, knelt down beside her sister and hid her face a moment on her lap.

"Well," said Annette, smoothing back her fair hair, "tell me, do you really love him. Would you be very unhappy if you were parted from him now?"

As Annette asked this question Lily again raised her head and looked at her sister.

"I—I really love him," she said in a low tone. "I—could not live, I think, if anything were to part us now."

"Foolish child! What is there to part you? But go to bed now, dear, I am tired—to-morrow you must tell me all your plans."

CHAPTER LI.—A REFUSAL.

It was but natural that Lady Lester's old friends should call to congratulate her, after Alan's engagement to Lily Doynes was announced, and among these came Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Harford.

"We are so pleased with the news!" smiled Lady Elizabeth, kissing Lady Lester's soft cheeks. "She is a sweet girl."

"I am very happy, I assure you, and very pleased with my new daughter," answered Lady Lester.

"And when has it to be—very soon?"

"I have not been told; if they have settled the time, I am not in the secret."

"Oh, I dare say it will be before long," said Lady Elizabeth, thinking at the same moment, "I am quite sure Mrs. Doynes won't be in a hurry to wait."

And Mrs. Doynes had actually begun to reflect about the same time, "Why should they wait?"

There were indeed none of the ordinary reasons for delay. Sir Alan Lester had a large income and a beautiful house to share with his young wife, and his proposed mother-in-law, therefore, did not see why they should defer their happiness.

She had begun to think this eve evening

when Sir Alan had dined at the Grange, and when it had pleased Lady Miles to look even more charming than she usually did.

There was an innate coquetry in Annette's character of which indeed she was scarcely conscious; and this coquetry made her wish to please Alan, though she had certainly no intention, after her little conversation with Lily on the subject, of interfering with her young sister's engagement.

"I won't destroy the child's happiness," she had told herself again and again, after Lily had confessed her deep love for Alan. And Annette thought in making this decision that she was acting unselfishly. She knew—what woman does not know—that her old power over Alan was still unchanged. He loved her, but he was bound by honour to marry Lily, and Annette hoped with a sigh they might be very happy, though she knew the idea of his marriage made her very miserable!

But the conflicting emotions of her heart did not prevent her wishing that Alan should nevertheless admire her; that he should understand that she was given up much from a feeling of honour; and though she made no effort to attract his attention beyond wearing a gown that she knew suited her alike in tint and style, and in chatting during dinner, something like the bright attractive Annette of old, still Mrs. Doynes's acute blue eyes saw reasons for hastening on Lily's marriage, and on the morning after Sir Alan had dined with them she asked her young daughter if he had yet mentioned any time when he wished the ceremony to take place.

"Oh, no, mother; it is far too soon to think of that," answered Lily blushing.

"I don't think so, my dear; you remember it is quite three weeks since your sister returned home, and you became engaged just about that time; however we must see about it."

Mrs. Doynes meant that she intended to "see about it," and no doubt would have done so without delay, when Alan Lester was suddenly and unexpectedly summoned from home, and something occurred that for the time put all thought of marriage out of his head.

It must not be supposed that all this while he had forgotten or neglected the unfortunate girl Laura Davis, who was languishing in her prison cell, and over whose life a new interest had dawned for poor Mrs. Lester.

Since Alan's last visit to the Burleigh Arms, Mrs. Lester had been a changed woman. The idea that a child of Jim's might come to her, that she would have something young to love and tend once more, seemed to give her new life. The class she sprang from do not regard illegitimacy as any bar to natural affection, and an unmarried mother in the little country village, where she had been born, was by no means uncommon.

She was prepared, therefore, to receive and cherish the babe that was expected, the moment that it came into the world. And in her open homely way she began to talk of this coming event, and the news at length reached the ears of her old admirer, Captain Daniel Daw, who had seen with daily increasing satisfaction the lethargy of her grief was passing away, and that Mrs. Lester had begun once more to bustle about the house somewhat in her old cheerful fashion.

And he made up his mind that it was time for him to speak; to declare the love which now for more than twenty-four years had lived in his old, obstinate, stubborn heart. And one day he actually did this. Mrs. Lester had been standing talking to him in the bar, but she took no active part in the business now, and presently retired to the little "blue parlor" behind, to sigh and look at the various photographs of her lost Jim, and to dream of the little Jim she expected, for she had made up her mind that Laura's child would be a boy.

Presently, to her surprise, and with scant ceremony, her old friend the Captain followed her into the parlor.

"Well, Captain," said the kindly creature looking around with a smile, "I hope they've been attending to you?"

"That's all right," answered Daniel gravely, fixing his round, bloodshot eyes on the widow's face, as he had fixed them all through the long years of his unspoken courtship. Then he drew a deep breath, and cleared his throat.

"I've waited a long time," he said.

"Dear me, Captain!" said Mrs. Lester, starting to her feet, "have they not served

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you yet? You'll have rum of course? And she was bustling back into the bar to scold her handmaids for the remissness; when Daniel stopped her by laying his shaking hand on her plump arm.

"It's not for the drink I've waited," he said, "but for ye!"

For a moment Mrs. Lester looked surprised, then she shook her head.

"Then it's no good, Captain," she said.

"No good?" he echoed, in a trembling broken voice.

"If you mean any nonsense about marrying?" continued Mrs. Lester.

"I do mean about marrying!" said Daniel, with sudden energy and passion. "I mean a man can't go on all his life. I've waited and waited; I wanted ye before ye married the old soldier fellow, and want ye now!"

"I've only one answer to give, Captain—my heart's lying in my John's grave—and Jim's." And the ready tears rose in Mrs. Lester's blue eyes.

"I want to hear naught of your John's or your Jim's. They're dead and gone, and out of my way, and I'll make ye a good husband. Look ye! I've stood, and stood, and watched and waited for this day—you must marry me, you shall marry me!" And he tried to seize her in his arms, but Mrs. Lester drew back, justly offended.

"None of that, Captain!" she said. "I'll just tell you, once for all, I won't marry you. I'll marry no one, for that matter. I've had two husbands, and I want no more—and I'll please you to take your answer."

Daniel's ordinary scowl visage grew a dull purplish white, as he listened to these determined words, which laid all his long-cherished hopes so low.

"Is a man's soul naught, then?" he growled, in a deep undertone of passion.

"What have I to do with your soul?" retorted Mrs. Lester.

"This," answered Daniel, with a sudden burst of uncontrollable rage, "I've lost it for ye! There, d'ye hear? I've lost my soul for ye, and may my curses rest on ye, that's fooled me all these years!"

Mrs. Lester's first impression was that the man had gone mad. Then she concluded he was drunk, and when she looked at his glaring sullen eyes, and heard the muttered imprecations from his lips, which were distorted with rage and passion, she grew absolutely afraid of him. She went back into the bar, and stayed there until Daniel Daw came staggering out of the parlour, almost like one blind, and without a word to her passed into the street, going on his way like a man who has received his death-blow.

He never headed where he went. His ledgings were in a low part of the town, and as some wounded animal will creep back to its accustomed haunts, so Daniel staggered on, and while passing some warehouse scarcely noticed the men were drawing up a heavy barrel of tallow with a crane.

In a moment—before he had time to realize it—an accident happened. The chain of the crane broke, and the heavy barrel fell from a great height with crashing force on the street below, striking Daniel Daw down in its descent, and a few moments later he was lifted up for dead.

He was frightfully injured, bruised, broken, almost into a shapeless mass. But as the sympathizing crowd gathered round him, and when he was raised up and a powerful stimulant poured down between his bleeding lips, the strong vitality of the man asserted itself for he opened his eyes, and bade them carry him home.

There were many around who knew who he was, so the old sea captain was at once borne to his lodgings and a doctor sent for, and everything that could possibly relieve his sufferings was done.

But from the first the doctor told him there was no hope. He might linger for a day or so, but his injuries were of a fatal character, and Daniel Daw heard his doom with the degged stubbornness that had been one of his leading characteristics all his life.

"Are ye sure?" he asked, meaning was the doctor sure he would die.

"I am sure," said the doctor very gravely; "it would be false kindness to deceive a man in your condition. There is no hope."

Daniel lay silent for a few minutes after this, perhaps revolving some momentary question in his mind, and then he bade those around him in his gruff way to let Mrs. Lester, of the Burlingame Arms, as he had a communication to make to her before he died. His friends and neighbours look-

ed at each other with significant pitying glances as they heard the old man's request, as his prolonged courtship of Mrs. Lester had often been the subject of their rough jests, though not in Daniel Daw's presence, for his sullen temper was well known.

When Mrs. Lester heard of the shocking calamity that had befallen her old friend—the kindly creature was much affected, and made haste at once to hurry to his death-bed.

It was dusk when she arrived at his lodgings, and climbed up to the low-roofed attic where Daniel Daw had slept so long. A quaint old place this, not unlike a ship's cabin, with the raftered roof, and the sea chests standing around. On one of these, close to the bed where the injured man lay, was a single tallow candle, shedding its feeble flickering light on the ghastly spectacle.

Poor Mrs. Lester was greatly overcome when she saw the piteous sight. She put out her hand and knelt down by the bed.

"Oh, Captain," she said, "this is a bad business indeed!"

"Ay," he answered gruffly.

"I came at once when they told me," continued Mrs. Lester, her kindly tears rolling down her weary cheeks; "is there nothing I can do for you, to ease you a bit? I brought a bottle of your favorite rum. Will you have a drop?"

He nodded his head, and watched Mrs. Lester in his slow dull way as she uncoiled the rum, just as he had watched her all the long years before.

Then she held the glass to his lips, and after he had swallowed it, still looking at her with his bloodshot eyes, with a sort of rough pathos in his voice, he said:—

"I'll not see ye any more."

"I hope that it's not so bad as that, Captain!"

"It's as bad—and worse. Ye'll curse me before I die!"

"Má! Oh, Captain, why should I curse you? I'll not do that. I'll pray for you, and do anything for you that I can."

Again he was silent for a few moments, and then he thrust out one of his crushed hands.

"Shut the door," he said. "I don't want none of those prying fools to hear what I've got to say."

Mrs. Lester rose from her knees, shut the door, and then went back to the side of the dying man.

"Don't ye see that?" he said, in a fierce, sullen tone, still holding out his maimed right hand.

"Ay, ay; indeed it's badly bruised."

"Yet that hand killed the lad ye'd set yer heart on!" continued Daniel Daw, yet more fiercely and defiantly. "Aye, it was me and no other who shot yer Jim."

"Ye'r shot my Jim?" cried Mrs. Lester, in horror, starting to her feet.

"Ay, I shot him."

"Oh, Captain, ye're wandering! What harm had the dear lad ever done ye?"

"This—I thought he stood between ye and me, with his fine airs, and his money, and his grand clothes, and I swore to put him out o' my way! D'ye understand now? It wasn't that lass o' Davis' that sent his soul adrift, though she got the blame on't, and meant to give him his due, though her heart failed her."

"And you mean to tell me," said Mrs. Lester, with pale face and quivering lips, and a voice broken with indignation and emotion, "that you—you who had known him for all these years, who had seen him as a little lad, took his young life?"

"He was in my way," answered Daniel sullenly, though his eyes fell before the glances of the bereaved mother; "he hadn't a evil word to throw to an old friend, with his cursed airs, and this and the other, swagging and doing the fine gentleman, him who had been born so different? And I knew he wouldn't want me to wed ye, and I'd sworn to wed ye, and I'd waited and waited, and wasn't going to let a young Jackanapes like that stop my will."

"Ye're a wicked, wicked man, then! What!" and Mrs. Lester broke into loud sobs, "ye killed my lad, my Jim for your vile thought! Má, wed ye! Not if ye'd been the last man on this mortal earth! Oh my poor, poor boy—and ye poor lass lying in jail and her hair coming; but she shan't lie long. I'll send for Sir Alan Lester, and he'll get her out!"

"Send for who ye like; don't stand there howling and streaking like a fool. I've been sorry for the likes o' ye, too, and I'm glad they didn't hang her, though she merited to be shot him all the same, but hadn't the pluck."

"But how did you do it?" asked Mrs. Lester, looking with shuddering horror at the ghastly face on the bed, but remembering (for she was a sensible woman) that this dreadful story would have to be proved before it would do the poor girl, Laura Davis, any good. "They swore at the trial that Jim was shot with the very pistol she bought!"

"Ay, and so he was. For two days I'd hung about the place waiting for a chance to see your fine gentleman, and that day I saw him twice, once with Chaplin, and then I saw Laura Davis arrive at the house when it was getting dark, and a quarter of an hour or so later run out like a mad thing into the woods. I followed her—it was easy to hide behind the big trees—and I saw her throw down the little pistol they swore she'd bought. Then I knew the devil himself was playing the game for me. I'd a pistol, too, not a toy thing like the lass flung down; but I picked up hers and waited. I thought ye'r Jim most likely would come out after the lass, and I did not wait for long."

"And you shot him?" asked Mrs. Lester with a gasp.

"Ay, and no mistake. He came half running just past the very tree behind which I stood, and I fired the pistol and it hit him in the back."

"Oh! God forgive you. I cannot!" "Don't then."

"It was a cruel, cruel deed," said Mrs. Lester, swaying herself backwards and forwards in her great grief: "to kill my Jim—him that was but a boy—with his light heart, and his smilin' face—and you gave him no time to pray! But he was a good lad—ho didn't act right to you poor lass ye let stand in ye'r place; but I'm sure he meant no wrong. Oh! my boy, my boy! that I should live to hear a tale like this!"

"And ye think naught o' me—have ye no pity to give for me?" asked Daniel sullenly, moving himself painfully on the bed.

"Is it naught, d'ye think, to wait and wait till a man's heart's burnt mid w' rage? And just when I thought I'd got ye—when ye'r other man fell dead—this cursed fortune came to the lad, and ye'r heads were turned w' pride. I swore then he should not stand in my way, and I kept my word—small good it's done me!"

"It was sure to do you no good, Captain," said Mrs. Lester solemnly; "the Almighty God doesn't let His poor creatures take their fellows' lives for their own pleasure. But I'll say no more—; if ye thought ought o' me, ye did ye'r best to break my heart!"

"Say ye forgive me, for the sake o' the old days?" said Daniel hoarsely, again stretching out his maimed hand. "It mayn't be for long; before the sun sets another day I'll be cold and stark!"

These words affected Mrs. Lester's kind heart. She looked with half-shuddering pity on the face of the doomed man, and made a sort of movement toward the bed.

"If it hadn't been the lad—" she murmured.

"Ay," said the old sea captain bitterly, "ye women think more o' ye'r children than the men ye drive wild for ye'r sakes."

"That's a true word, Captain, my Jim was more to me than any, but, if it will do you any good—if—if my forgiveness is ought to you—I'll try to give it. But don't think of me in this awful hour—think o' God—Him ye have offended so sore—and try to save the poor lass lying in her deadly straits for the cruel deed ye did."

"Stay w' me till the breath's out o' me then, and I'll do what ye like."

"And will you say what you've said to me," asked Mrs. Lester earnestly, "to my poor lad's uncle, him that he was so fond of—to Sir Alan Lester?"

"I'll say it," answered Daniel doggedly.

"Then I'll bid ye by you, and I'll get the poor lass back, and please God my Jim's hair will be born at home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Brantford Cold Water Rice Starch, unexcelled for Fine Laundry Work.

A writer in a New York paper complains of the plain and homely appearance of the lamp-posts in that city. He thinks they should be more ornamental. Perhaps it would be a good idea to ornament each one with an Anarchist—if there are enough of this obnoxious class to go round.

They Want to Go Home.

"I happened to be in one of the wards of the Children's Hospital some time ago," said a lady to the historian the other day, "at the hour when at the beginning of the short Winter twilight the children had been prepared for sleep. It was a beautiful sight to see the little convalescents kneeling in their little cots and kissing 'Our Father' and 'New I lay me down to sleep,' and even more touching and beautiful to see these who were too weak to rise lifting their tiny weak hands in prayer. Suddenly one poor little baby in a distant corner set up a pitiful, wailing cry:

"I want to go home; I want to go home!"

The words were taken up and repeated from many a cot. It brought the tears into my eyes, and I said to the nurse:

"This must be very hard for you to bear!"

"It is," she said, "but we generally expect to hear that when nightfall comes. Books and toys while away the time for such as are able to sit up, and the other poor little things lie very patiently all day, but when the evening comes, and the prayers, there seems to come a great longing for their homes and for their mothers. There is little we can do to prevent it; it generally ends when one by one they drop off to sleep."

While I was walking through one of the corridors of the City Hospital I happened to pass the ward where the fever patients lay, and I heard those same words, but uttered this time in delirium, and from the lips of strong men. If the children's day had been wearily pitiful, this was still more so, and the thought came that in many cases the oft-repeated prayer would be answered before many days."

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HERE AND THERE.

Street vendors of Chicago are selling medals commemorating of the "Haymarket massacre," in which are inserted what they insist are pieces of the death dealing Anarchist bomb.

Citizens of an Illinois town made a kite seven feet long, and a few days ago sent it 2,000 feet into the air. A windlass was rigged, and it required the power of three men to draw the kite back to earth again.

I. J. Whipple of Creston, Ia., is not as pretty as he was, but he knows more. He tried to break a mustang pony, and the pony bucked. When Whipple was plucked up it was found that his left shoulder blade was broken and one ear torn completely off.

A Mexican confined in jail at San Antonio, Texas, climbed to the highest grating, stuck his toes in the iron work, hung head downward, folded his arms, cried "Adios," and dropped to the basement. He struck on his head, but failed to kill himself.

Cole Younger, one of those celebrated Minnesota bandits, the Younger brothers, is said to be a man of great ability and considerable education. Since his imprisonment he has studied the Bible carefully, and now regularly preaches to his fellow convicts in the Stillwater penitentiary.

A Colorado cowboy was recently bitten on the finger by a rattlesnake. He began to drink whiskey as fast as possible, and had swallowed a gallon before it had the slightest effect on him. Then it began to get in his work, and the rattlesnake poison had no show. But the cowboy came near dying just the same.

Noah Myers of Woodland, Cal., lost a valuable ring while fishing at Bartlett Springs last year. He recently heard that a fisherman in the mountains had found a ring inside of a trout. Correspondence followed, and the result was that Mr. Myers got back his ring quite unchanged and the fisherman got a \$10 bill.

Recently Fred P. Paulson, a white farmer near Dallas, Texas, was married to Catherine Robinson, a colored woman. Miscegenation is a penitentiary offence in Texas, and the happy couple will be called to account. But to make sure that justice was done, their neighbors tarred and feathered them the wedding night.

A woman with a 5 year-old boy in her arms attracted no attention in San Francisco the other day, until in attempting to get on a boat the woman tumbled into the bay. Both were fished out and sent to a hospital, and there the woman was recognized as a notorious child stealer. The little boy was one that she had stolen from an infant asylum two weeks before.

John Barkley, of New London, Mo., saw an old fox and a litter of cubs in the road and captured one of the little ones. When he started toward his wagon with it the mother fox grabbed his trousers and hung on until kicked loose, and afterward she followed the wagon for some distance.

A well-known comedian for the past two years has carefully clipped and pasted in scrap books all the reported misdeeds of clergymen that he saw. Now when he hears of a sermon on the immorality of the stage he at once sends the preacher a letter filled with statistics as to the number of proscribers in jail, the number that he thinks ought to be in jail, the nature of their crimes and crimes, and like pleasing facts.

A young man of Lewiston, drove to the house of his bride elect, expecting to be married, according to previous arrangements. He was therefore naturally surprised when he was told by the young woman that she guessed she wouldn't be married just then, that she had decided that she didn't want to be tied down to married life so early. But he made the best of it and departed with the wedding cake, on which, that evening, he and his friends feasted.

What It Will Do.

Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure, never fails to give prompt relief in the following complaints:—Sprains, bruises, osteo-douleurax, rheumatism, spinal pains, neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, sciatica. Buy to-day at any drug store a 10 cent sample bottle and test it in any of the above complaints. It never fails, for Nerviline is composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies in the world. Got a bottle at any drug store. You will be made happy. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

The Poet's Corner.

Farewell to Rhyme. BY ANDREW RAMSAY. Farewell to the future, my being must be hewed down to the present honor forward, ah me. A ghostly oppression encumbers the air. Shed down from the ebony wings of despair.

I believe when beholding the beauty abroad That grief is a blot on the footstool of God. But sorrow will sigh thro' the cause of its pain Is the furrow of guilt on the forehead of Cain.

Like the snake in the fable, the serpent I strove To warm into life on the bosom of love. Was the worm never-ending, the offspring unfair. Of goading depression, and deathless despair.

Too weary to weep, and too sullen to care. For the seasons to come or the sorrows that were. Whose morbid stagnations makes stupid the brain. Repeated forever and ever in pain.

The star-kindled stream gurgles by in its gleam. And the moon seems delighted in heaven to be. But they never would smile out their joyfully share. The shadow that falls from the clouds of despair.

Hope. We would live in lonely sadness And our lives quite useless be. If no hope for coming future Filled us with expectation.

What a waste of precious talents! What an aimless life we'd make; But that Hope the heart promoter Gives us strength to work and wait.

Some are sad and broken hearted With a load they cannot bear. Some from friends for years have parted. Some have lost the love they held dear.

As you kneel in sweet devotion Praying for the gifts of life. Ask your God for life's best blessing. Pray for Hope to battle strife.

"Good Bye." BY F. COBBIN. "Good bye," how many use this word, When from their friends they part? How full of meaning is it when 'Tis uttered from the heart.

"Good bye," how oft without a thought 'Tis said, this little prayer, That God would bless and guide us thro' A world of sin and care?

"Good bye," 'tis short (tho' hard to say, For parting gives us pain); We know not when we sever that We'll ever meet again.

"God bless you" is the word in fall; May He be over night. To fill our hearts with love sincere, When'er we say "Good bye."

Her Name. ANNA F. BURNHAM. "I'm losted! Con't you find me, please?" Poor little frightened baby!

"Tell me your name, my little maid! I can't find you without it," she said. "My name is 'Shiney-eyes,'" she said. "Yes, but your last name?" She shook her head.

"Up to my home 'ay never said A single word about it. "But, dear," I said. "what is your name?"

"Why, didn't you hear me told you? Don't 'Shiney-eyes.' A bright thought came - 'Yes, when you're good, but when they blame you, little one, it's just the same. When mamma has to scold you!'"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans. A little bluish sniveling. "Cept when I've been a-frowning stones. And then she says (tho' the culprit owns), 'Mightable Sapphira Jones. What has you been a-doing?'"

Unfinished Still. A baby's boot, and a skin of wool, Faded and soiled and soft; Odd things, you say, and I doubt you're right, Round a seaman's neck this stormy night. Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here! When first I went to sea, A woman stood on yon far-off strand, With a wedding ring on the small soft hand Which clung so close to me.

My wife. God bless her! The day be'fore She sat beside my foot; And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair, And the dainty fingers, deft and fair, Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore; What, think you, found I there? A grave the dunes had sprinkled white, A cottage empty and dark as night, And this beetle in the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still; The tangled skein lay near; But the knitter had gone away to rest, With the babe asleep on her quiver breast, Down in the churchyard dear.

The Eggs That Never Hatch. There's a young man on the corner, Filled with life and strength and hope. Looking far beyond the present. With the whole world in his scope. He is grasping at to-morrow, That phantom none can catch; To-day is lost. He's waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder, With a worn and weary face, With searching, anxious features, And weak, uncertain pace. He is living in the future, With no desire to catch The golden now. He's waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women, With their life's work yet undone, Who are sitting, standing, moving Beneath the same great sun; Ever eager for the future, But not content to snatch The present. They are waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

Great deeds are trumpeted, loud bells are rung. And men turn round to see; The high peaks ooze to the peasants sung. (O'er some great victory. And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men Find opportunities but now and then.

Shall one sit idly through long days of peace, Waiting for walls to scale, Or lie in port until some Golden Fleecce Lures him to face the sea? There's work enough. Why idly then delay His work counts most who labors every day.

A torrent sweeps down the mountain's brow With foam and flash and roar; And its strength is spent—where is it now? Its one short day is o'er, But the clear stream that through the meadow flows All the long summer on its mission goes.

Better the steady way; the torrent's dash Soon leaves its rent track dry. The light we love is not the lightning flash, From out the midnight sky. But the sweet ananias, whose unfamiliar ray From its calm throne of blue light every day.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed, Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread, Where love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells; The Book of Life the shining story tells.

Woods of Youth. BY ALONZO HILTON DAVIS. There dim and cool the mosses splayed, Away where daisy perfumes rise, Where blades to fairy knees upod Their honied lips in dumb surprise.

Rare songs from feathered singers dripped Half lazily, like languid showers, When clouds in tenderness have dipped To bathe the faces of the flowers.

Frothed by stone and trailing vine, A rivulet slipped through the green Cool stillness, and in dreamy divinity I bowed to listen and to lean.

Out o'er its deeply matted way, For in the rhythm of its flow, I caught the music of a lay, I dropped down boyhood's long ago.

And leaning, longing but to hear The liquid flow of that lost air, I saw a face reflected clear, Deep shaded o'er with autumn hair.

A face I lost when youth broke o'er A fragrant hedge of roses white, To trail mid labyrinth that bore Hope's flowers sparkling in the light.

O woods of youth, with memory's stream Threatening thy silence with a tear, I linger in thy lap and seem To hold my vanished boyhood here.

The Sources of the Nile.

The notion is quite prevalent that the explorations of the past twenty five years have completely solved the problem of the sources of the Nile. The fact is, however, that the mystery of the Nile's headwaters is not yet entirely dispelled. We have fuller knowledge to-day of that later problem, the sources of the Congo, than of the interesting question that baffled geographers for ages until Spoko partially solved it.

Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza were discovered respectively by Spoko and Sir Samuel Baker, and for years these great sheets of water appeared on the maps as the twin sources of the Nile. In 1876 Gessi Pasha, one of Gen. Gordon's assistants, circumnavigated Albert Nyanza in a steam launch. The dense aquatic vegetation at the southern end prevented him from reaching the shore, but from his masthead he could see no river, and during his journey he did not discover a single important tributary. From his voyage dated the notion that Albert Nyanza is not a source, but only a backwater of the Nile, into which the river pours merely to emerge again a little further north.

In the same year Stanley, travelling due west from the north end of Victoria Nyanza, reached a large lake, which he supposed to be Lake Albert, not knowing that Gessi had fixed the southern limit of that sheet of water. This lake is believed from native information to be about 140 miles long and to cover about 5,000 square miles. Its north end, a little north of the equator, is supposed to be sixty to eighty miles south of Albert Nyanza. Its native name is Muta Nzige.

A year later Albert Nyanza was explored a second time by Mason Boy, who, reaching the south shore, made a very important discovery that had escaped Gessi Pasha. He found a river coming from the south about 1,300 feet in width, reddish in color which poured its sluggish stream into Albert Nyanza. Neither this river nor Muta Nzige has yet been explored, and geographers are divided in opinion as to whether the large lake feeds the Nile or the Congo.

The question has some political as well as geographical interest, for the reason that the Berlin Conference last year agreed that the northeast limit of the Congo Free State should be the water parting between the Congo and the Nile systems. If Muta Nzige feeds the Nile, a theory that is supported by the best geographical authority on several excellent grounds, a large region tributary to the lake cannot, as at present, figure much longer on the map of the Congo State.

Stanley argues that Muta Nzige must empty into the Congo, because, in his opinion, the Lira and Lulu, tributaries of that river, have not space enough, without the help of this lake, to collect their large volume of water. It can be said, however, that without the lake they have as much drainage area as some other important African rivers possess. Without enumerating here the many reasons for believing that Muta Nzige is one of the sources of the Nile, it may be mentioned that it is very difficult to explain how it is that the Nile emerges from Albert Nyanza with nearly double the volume of water it pours into it, unless that small lake is connected with the far more important source of supply just a little south of it.

There can hardly fail to be an ample supply of volunteers for African exploration service as long as there is light still to be shed upon so interesting a problem as the sources of the Nile.

Important.

When you visit New York City, save baggage Expressage and 23 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 500 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurants supplied with the best. Horseshoe, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Good Blood.

"In the Companion of April 22d there is an article on 'Self Poisoning.' It concludes as follows: 'Hence the benefit to be obtained from whatever can excite the functions of the skin, kidneys and intestines, and especially from whatever energizes respiration and the making of good blood.' All of this is doubtless orthodox to those who know what will produce the above results, but I think to the common reader (and you have thousands of them) the assertion is unsatisfactory, because they don't know! Will not the author please inform us what will energize respiration, make good blood, etc.?"

The aim of the article referred to was to show that the physical system, by the waste it throws into the circulation, and by the chemical changes which take place within it, is incessantly giving rise to what, if left to accumulate, must cause disease and death. Some of the poisons thus produced are as virulent as the virus of the snake.

In the normal condition, however, a healthful balance is maintained between this poison-producing tendency and the eliminating functions. But when the body is diseased, the balance is destroyed partly through the generation of other poisonous elements, and partly, and more largely, by the partial failure of more or less of the eliminating organs. The disastrous results of Bright's disease are mainly due to the latter fact.

Now three things, at least, are essential to health. First, the normal action of all eliminating organs. Should these all fail wholly, death would be only a question of moments. The failure of one or more partially means disease proportioned to the failure.

Second, a full supply of oxygen, and this not simply to enable the lungs to free the blood of the deadly carbon, but to enable the blood to absorb oxygen from the lungs.

For high health, therefore, the air must be pure. The purest air is found only out of doors. Hence the necessity of vigorous out-door exercise.

Third, good blood. The foregoing in part provides for this, but only in part. Blood is digested food. Hence a sufficiency of digestible food, containing all the elements that enter into the constitution of the body, lies at the foundation of good blood.

Persons, therefore, of average health, who eat enough—but not too much—good food; who live and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, and good hygienic surroundings; who take two or three hours a day of vigorous out door exercise; who keep all their eliminating functions in good order, and who do not violate any law of their physical nature,—are pretty sure to have an energetic respiration and good blood.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

It isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had a tuck of it since."

All political parties are made up of foxes and geese—about five thousand geese to one fox.

A Complicated Case.

Harry Ricardo, Mesford Ont., testifies that he suffered from rheumatic gout and chronic troubles of the stomach and liver, which Burdock Blood Bitters effectually cured, after all other tried remedies had failed.

Independence is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

Brantford old Water Rice Starch, unexcelled for Fine Laundry Work.

"I Would That I Were Dead!"

cries many a wretched housewife to-day as, weary and disheartened, she forces herself to perform her daily task. "It don't seem as if I could get through the day. This dreadful back ache, these frightful dragging down sensations will kill me! Is there no relief?" Yes, madam, there is. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is an unfailing remedy for the complaints to which your sex is liable. It will restore you to health again. Try it. All druggists.

A sound sleeper—One who snores.

Danger Ahead!

There is danger ahead for you if you neglect the warning which nature is giving you of the approach of the fell-destroyer—consumption. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, loss of appetite—these symptoms have a terrible meaning. You can be cured if you do not wait until it is too late. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the greatest blood purifier known, will restore your lost health. As a nutritive, it is far superior to cod liver oil. All druggists.

A young man asks: "How can I gain a copious flow of language?" We would suggest that he should try sitting down on a tack.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Address in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Papa," said a little five year old, pointing to a turkey gobbler strutting around in a neighbor's yard, "ain't that red-nosed chicken got an awful big bustle?"

A Growing Evil.

Scrofula, or king's evil as an enlargement of the glands of the neck is termed, may be called a growing evil in more than one sense. Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Berri-dale was cured of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

The following was overheard in the park the other day: He—"I hate walking out without an object." She—"Oh, as to that, I seldom go out without my husband."

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

Mrs. Malaprop—"I am so glad, John, that we don't belong to none of them old Dutch families. It must be so disagreeable to think you are descended from some old poltroon."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children's coughing. It soothes the child, softens the bowels, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

"There is something in this little fellow I like," said an appreciative up-town visitor of a young hopeful he was trotting on his knee. "Mamma," said the boy, "I have swallowed a nickel!"

Declared Incurable.

E. O. McGovern, of Syracuse, N. Y., who is a well-known resident of that place, was declared incurable by his physician, the disease being a complication of kidney and liver complaint. In two days he found relief in Burdock Blood Bitters, and in one month he entirely recovered.

A schoolmaster recently informed an anxious mother that her sons were so thoroughly disciplined that they were as quiet and orderly as the very chairs in the school-room. It was probably because they were cane-bottomed.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

In Borneo a girl sells for five cows. A person might wonder why a man would give five cows for a girl, but they are different from the average girl in the metropolitan, and it don't cost much to keep a girl in harness when she wears nothing else but a smile.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

The somewhat remarkable spectacle was observed recently of a Detroit attorney throwing up his hat to the ceiling and uttering a loud "whoop" over a jury verdict for his client in the very court where he once presided as judge.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

Quinine and Chills.

Quinine is the popular remedy for chill fever, but it does not always cure. Esquire Polten, of Grass Lake, Michigan, took in all 680 grains of quinine for chronic chills and malarial fever. After that and various other remedies had failed, five bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Men of great genius should not forget that their failings, or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

Mr. John McCauby, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Heartburn that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

The great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

A Fair Proposition.

There could be no offer more fair than that of the proprietors of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, who have long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy, if it fails to give satisfaction on fair trial.

My friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

I know of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the Devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

High Praise.

Mrs. John Neelands, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaide, Ont., says: "I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years. For heavy colds, sore throats and distressing coughs no other medicine so soon relieves."

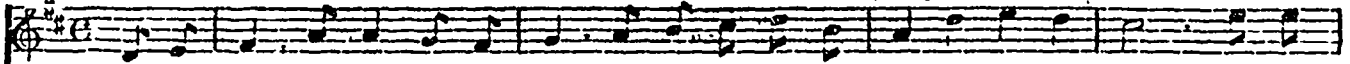
My dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the respiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the temperature, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be common cause of disease in respiration, or what commonly names of catching cold. Croup, throat, etc., if attended to speedily, but if allowed to subside, generally more dangerous. The consequences must be a neglected cold, caused by wet exposure are more than usually supposed. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's medicines for all diseases of the lungs is Bickie's Lung Cure. It promotes a free and easy respiration which frees the lungs from virus by changing the secretions from to a healthy state.

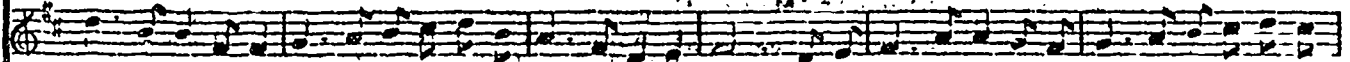
THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.

Moderato.

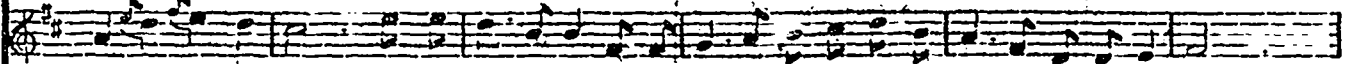
Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1. On a sum-mer's day, when the wave was rip-pled By the soft-est, gent-lest breeze, Did a
 2. Said a fee-ble lad to his anx-ious mo-ther, "I must cross the wide, wide sea; For they
 3. "On-ly one more trip," said a gal-lant sea-man, As he kiss'd his weep-ing wife; On-ly



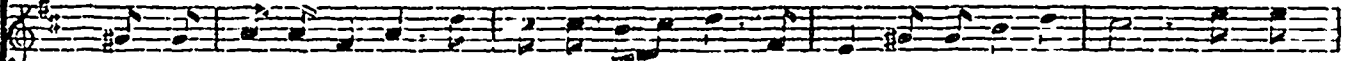
ship set sail with a car-go la-den For a port be-yond the seas; There were sweet farewells, there lov-ing sig-nal, While a
 say perchance in a for-eign climate There is health and strength for me. 'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger, And her
 one more bag of the gold-en treasure, And 'twill last us all through life. Then I'll spend my days in my co-zy cottage, And on-



form was yet dis-cern'd; Though they know it not, 'twas a sol-emn part-ing, For the ship she nev-er re-turn'd.
 heart for her youngest yearn'd Yet she sent him forth with a smile and bles-sing On the ship that nev-er re-turn'd.
 joy the rest I've earn'd; But a-las poor man for he sail'd com-mand-er Of the ship that nev-er re-turn'd.

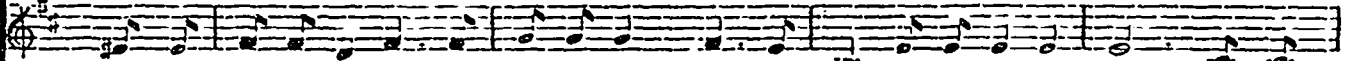
CHORUS.

Mezz.



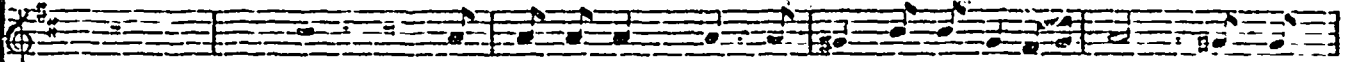
Did she nev-er re-turn? She nev-er re-turned, Her fate, it is yet un-learned; Tho' for

Alto.



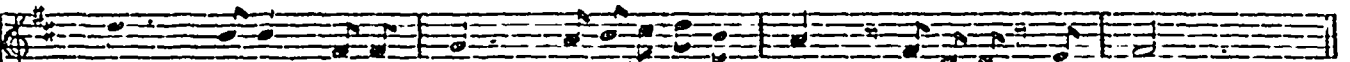
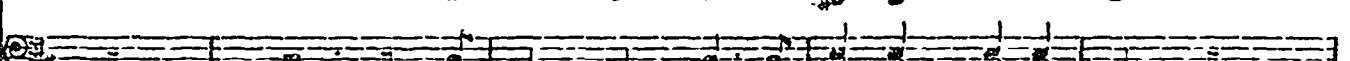
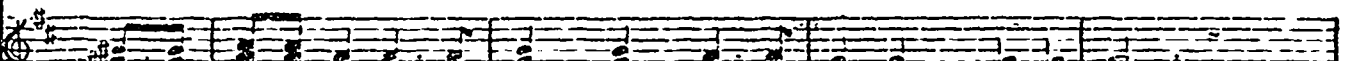
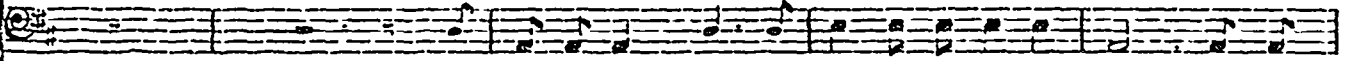
Did she nev-er re-turn? She nev-er re-turned, Her fate, it is yet un-learned; Tho' for

Tenor.

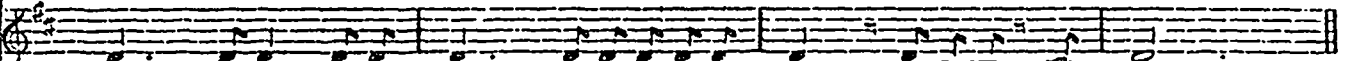


She nev-er re-turned, Her fate, it is yet un-learned; Tho' for

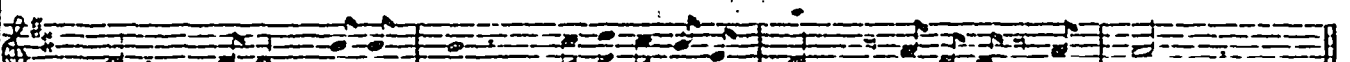
Bass.



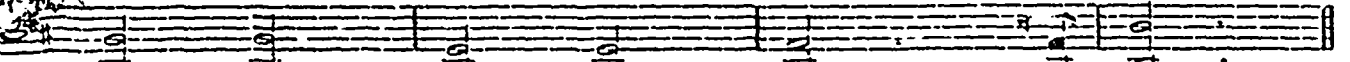
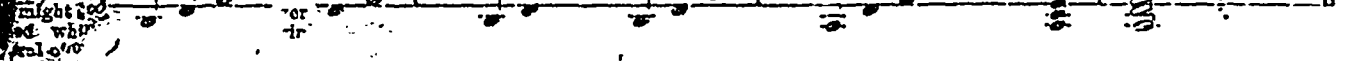
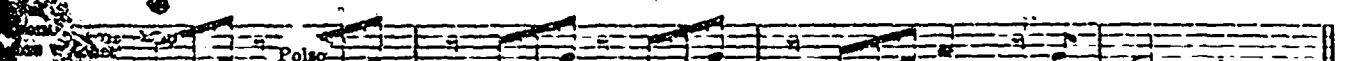
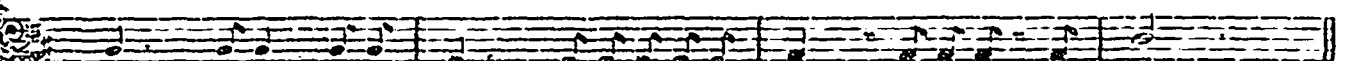
years and years there were fond ones watching, Yet the ship she nev-er re-turn'd.



years and years there were fond ones watching, Yet the ship she nev-er re-turn'd.



years and years there were fond ones watching, Yet the ship she nev-er re-turn'd.



Amusements.

"Damen and Pythias" is drawing large audiences at the Grand this week. The play is a strong one and has especial interest for the Knights of Pythias, as it is upon the story of Damen and Pythias that the Order is founded.

News comes from London that Henry Irving has taken Nat Goodwin under his special patronage. Irving has entertained Nat at dinner, has introduced him at the Garrick Club and feted him generally. The great actor probably doesn't know that Nat Goodwin was the first American comedian to caricature the Irving style, and that he did it with even more success than Mr. Dixey, whom Henry Irving hates with exceeding venom.

It is certainly settled that Christine Nilsson is to wed Count Miranda at Woburn Abbey ere long. The Count has been Vice-President of the Spanish Financial Commission at Paris and London, Secretary-General of the Premiership under Senor Canovas del Castillo, a member of the Cortes, and gentleman in waiting to the late King. The suggestion that Nilsson is to marry because Patti has done so and set the fashion, is very clever, but we are of the opinion that, like Patti's match, the Nilsson-Miranda affair is one of true love.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXV.

1. The name of a precious stone mentioned in Revelation as being part of a breast-plate.
 2. A stone mentioned by one of the prophets as being used for windows.
 3. The stone mentioned by Ezekiel as appearing in the likeness of a throne.
 4. The Jewel with which St. Paul says women are not to adorn themselves.
 5. The stone to which the rainbow round the throne is compared.
 6. The stone whose value is not so precious as that of wisdom.
- All these stones are mentioned as forming part of the New Jerusalem. The initials give the name of one of the foundations.

ANSWER TO NO. XXIII.

KISH-SAVL.

1. Kish - Mark xiv. 44.
2. Idums - Ezek. xxxv. 14, 15, xxxvi. 5.
3. Sallu - Neh. xii. 7.
4. Hiddake - Dan. v. 18.

The following have answered No. XXIII, correctly:—Miss Mandaley, Moorefield, Ont., who is awarded the prize; M. A. Jamieson, C. A. Mittelsberg, E. G. Kittzen, Eneas Harding, E. A. Fleming, Margaret Melklejohn, Jas. McKenzie, jr., Maggie Rogers, George Adams, Mrs. T. G. Bazbey, J. McKircher, Samuel Coyne, Mrs. M. Hallis, J. C. Werthington, Theo. Jaynes, Bertha Darling, Eva Harter, Mrs. W. O. McKensie, James Fortune, Willie Roland, Millie Barnes.

A prize, a beautiful volume of the choicest poetry, is given each week to the party first correctly answering the enigmas. The book is forwarded to the winner immediately on receipt of 12 cents postage for same.

Notwithstanding the immense tide of travel which is this season surging towards the Muskoka Lake region continues to attract large numbers of tourists. The great hunting and camping resorts which are so easily reached by the Northern and Northwestern railways and the Muskoka Lakes Navigation Co's steamers, must ever remain popular with those seeking health and recreation. This season the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of tourists, are more elaborate and perfect than ever. No finer place to spend a vacation can be found on the continent. Information will be cheerfully furnished by addressing A. P. Cockburn, Gravenhurst.

A Fort Gains, Ga., farmer says that buzzards attacked a litter of ten little pigs and bit their ears and tails, making the "swallow fork" and "under bit" in each ear, which was this farmer's private mark for his hogs. Buzzards are developing.

Facts About Australia.

At the present day, it is astonishing to find how superficial is the knowledge possessed by the outside world as to the vast commercial importance of the Australian continent. Each year of necessity tends more and more to disseminate information in every direction. The area of the Australian continent is estimated to be somewhat under 3,000,000 square miles, though, added to the areas of Tasmania and New Zealand, the amount is nearly 3,100,000 square miles. Victoria is far the smallest colony on the continent, containing 87,884 square miles, against 309,175 in New South Wales, 668,224 in Queensland, 903,425 in South Australia (including the North-west Territory), and 975,920 square miles in Western Australia. This gives a total for Australia of 2,944,628 square miles which, with 26,375 in Tasmania and 104,037 in New Zealand gives a total area for Australia of 3,075,030. Victoria, consequently, is less than a third of the size of New South Wales. The Australasian colonies occupy three eighths of the whole area of the British dominions, being some what smaller in area than Canada, which is the largest British possession and exceeds Australasia in population by about 1,500,000. At the end of 1883 there were on the continent of Australia over 2,400,000 souls, or in the whole of Australasia (including New Zealand and Tasmania, for the first time) upwards of 3,000,000. Of the different colonies, Victoria at present bears off the palm with 931,790 of a population against 869,300 in New South Wales, 287,475 in Queensland, 304,515 in South Australia and 31,700 in Western Australia, showing a number numerical increase in 2 1/2 years, between the date of the last census and the end of 1883, of 287,378, of which New South Wales contributed 117,842, the total increase being in the proportion of 13 1/2 per cent., for Australia and for the whole of Australasia in the same time, 13 1/2 per cent. The above comparisons show that, at the present moment, New South Wales is increasing nearly twice as fast as Victoria, and Queensland and nearly twice as fast as New Zealand. Mr. Hayter, in making a forecast as to the possible population of Australasia 100 years hence, bases his calculations on the rate of increase in the decennial period intervening in the two last censuses, which is set down as 42 per cent. Supposing the same increase to be maintained between each coming census as occurred between 1871 and 1881, the probable population in 1981 would have reached the astonishing figures of 93,865,132, being even by 1891 close on to 4,000,000. All the colonies except Victoria, have thus far been expending considerable sums of money on the introduction of immigrants—as much as half a million sterling being spent in this way in 1883, of which Queensland contributed about one-half.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R., Point Edward.—For an incipient cold a large glass of sweetened milk after retiring is generally effectual.

G. H., Legon's P. O.—It is impossible for us to furnish you the address desired. Even if you had it, it would be extremely doubtful whether you would succeed in gaining the ear of the party wished.

SUBSCRIBER, City.—Any responsible druggist will advise you as to the quantity of the medicine to be taken. Neither of the remedies mentioned are guaranteed to cure, they are merely for relief. To obtain a permanent cure the system must be toned up carefully by persistent hygienic treatment.

A blind man attracted considerable attention playing whist on a New England train the other day. Cards with raised spots were used, the three players who had their eyesight naming their cards as they played them. The blind man and his partner easily beat the other two,

Malignant Gangrenous



ULCER OF GROIN CURED.

Another Triumph in Medicine and Surgery.

This is a cut of Mrs. Annie Lundy, 70 Richmond Street East. Mrs. Lundy has been a sufferer from disease of the glands of the groin, caused by an accident in September, 1835. From that injury and improper treatment the disease developed, mortification set in, the flesh fell out in pieces, and the glands beneath were attacked, and one by one mortified and died. Mrs. L. tried the old school doctors without any benefit; she distrust and despair she tried the best homeopaths in this city, and fared no better. Weak, pale and emaciated, she placed her case in Dr. McOully's hands, and in two months we cured her. If there was a law by which men of the type she employed would be reached and judged the rope makers would have plenty of work. The size of this ulcer was: length, 5 1/2 inches; breadth, 2 1/2, and depth, 1 1/2 inches. It had destroyed all the glands in the groin but two that were removed, and it had cut nearly through the walls of the abdomen. Notwithstanding all this we cured this lady by medicine, applications, and grafting sound skin on the open sore, in less than two months, and Dr. McOully is the "quack" whom the medical profession wish to suppress by an additional turn of the legislative screw. "Let the people die, only save the exposure of Toronto and provincial doctors," say they. Mrs. Lundy will be happy to give the fullest information to any person calling on her at her residence, 70 Richmond Street East. We especially invite the medical profession to investigate our work, and our reason for so doing are because of their bitter denunciations of Dr. McOully. Every statement we make will bear investigation, but we warn the profession that when they try again to get our patients or any of them to sign statements that are false we will give the name of the medical man over to public execration as the most contemptible of traducers and sneaks. Will Dr. P., of Simcoe Street, Toronto, withdraw the statements made to a patient of Dr. McOully's a few days since, or is it a part of the doctor's calling to search our language for lingual garbage to hurl at Dr. McOully's head? Remember we treat and cure chronic diseases of male and female, old and young, the errors of youth and the follies of maturer years, correct deformities, and remove cancers and tumors. Consultation free. Address,

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It is estimated that when the Lick telescope shall be finished and set in position it will have cost \$164,850. The observatory dome will cost \$56,850, the mounting \$42,000, the visual objective \$53,000, and the cost of the photographic objective will be \$13,000.

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The *London World* says that on Patti's return to London she found awaiting on her table several pale blue boxes from Lady and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, the first one containing a brooch about four inches long, representing two large panais in white brilliants, with nine big blood-red rubies in it; heart all diamonds, and a large ruby in the middle, goes with the brooch; a cigar-box of violet leather, with an inch-wide gold frame, and on one side "M. Barnet Nicollini"; on the other, "From Mr Alfred de Rothschild," both names all in diamonds and rubies; and sundry other trifles in gold and silver.

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Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after the 6th instant. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GORRILL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 5th July, 1886.



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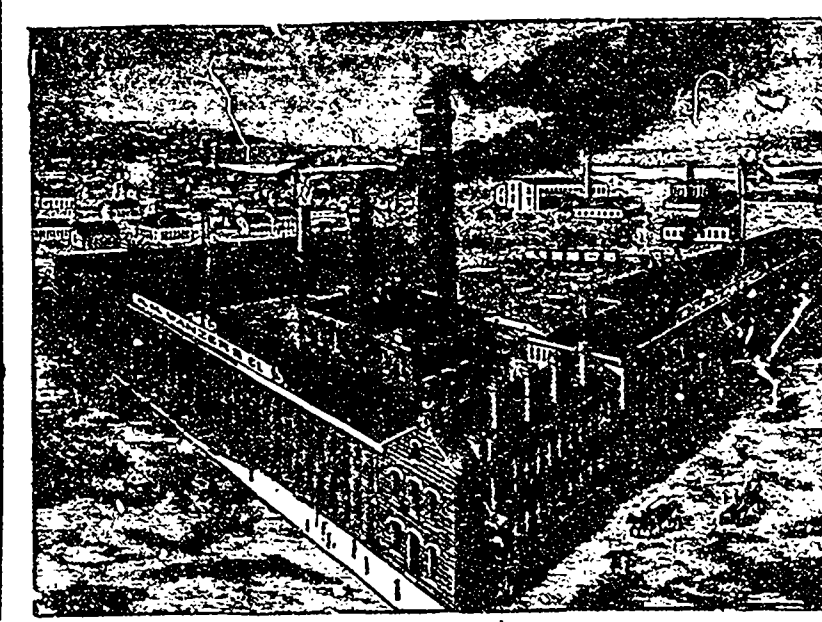
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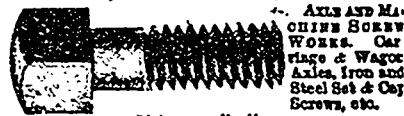
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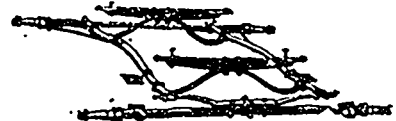
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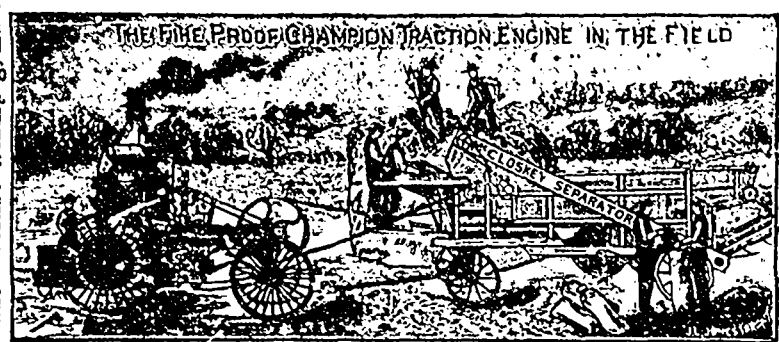
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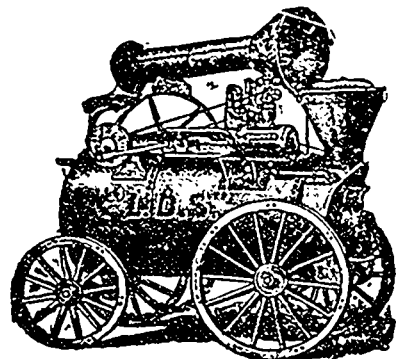
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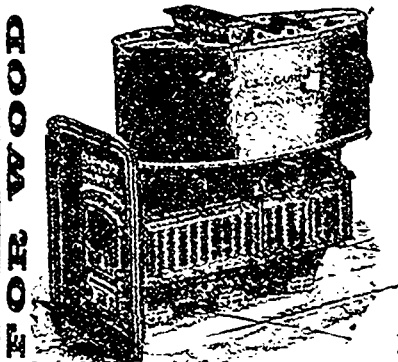
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Sold by Dispensaries, or sent postpaid on receipt of
price. -Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

LADIES! GET THE BEST. "PROF. MOORE'S
NEW TANGEE STRIP OF COTTON"
Drugs direct, no paper or pattern
required, also his new book on Dressmaking, Making
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J. & A. CARTER,
Practical Dressmakers, Milliners, etc.
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REWARD!

Will pay the above Reward for any
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we cannot cure with WHEAT'S LIVER
PILLS, when the Directions are strictly
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50 PILLS, 25 Cents; 5 Boxes \$1.00. Sold
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The Eagle Steam Washer

IS THE BEST
WASHING
MACHINE
ON EARTH.

Home is Complete Without the Eagle
STEAM WASHER.
James F. Jones & Co., Dear Sirs, - The machine I
bought of you last July has given every satisfaction,
I do all that you alleged that it would. The
amount of clothes for the washing of which we
paid equal to it can be done easily by my daughter,
and whereas the washerman took from 8 A.M. to 8 P.
M., now, with the machine, my daughter commences
as the children leave for school in the morning,
and the machine set aside. In the instance of
the Eagle Steam Washer you have constructed a
great boon to the domestic circle, and its use will be
more universal as soon as its merits are appreciated.
I am, dear Sir, yours truly, Rev. J. Keener.
Coveley, January 18th, 1888.

WEEKS & CO., 57 Church and 59 & 61 Lombard
Streets, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
171 Court Street, Brooklyn N. Y.
Good Agents wanted in Every County in Ontario.
Please mention this paper.

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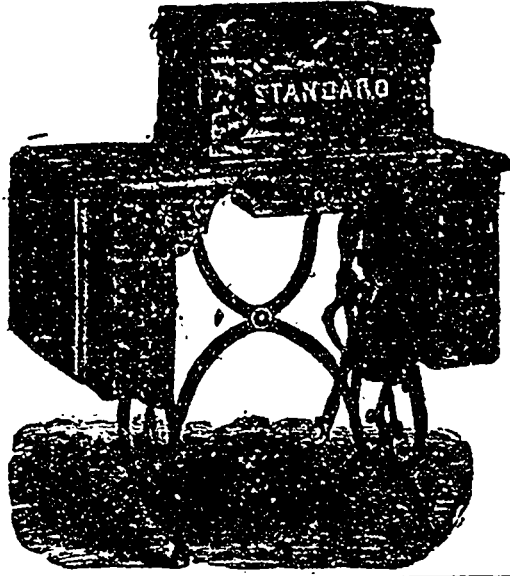
Orders left at Bank - (220 Robert St., near 5100)
promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description
done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts
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"MAGIC SCALE."

\$10 REWARD will be paid to any one supplying
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"WILL C. ROOD," Inventor.

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SEWING MACHINE.



Ontario Sewing Machine Co'y,
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MANUFACTURED BY

HEALTH FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable
in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the
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THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers
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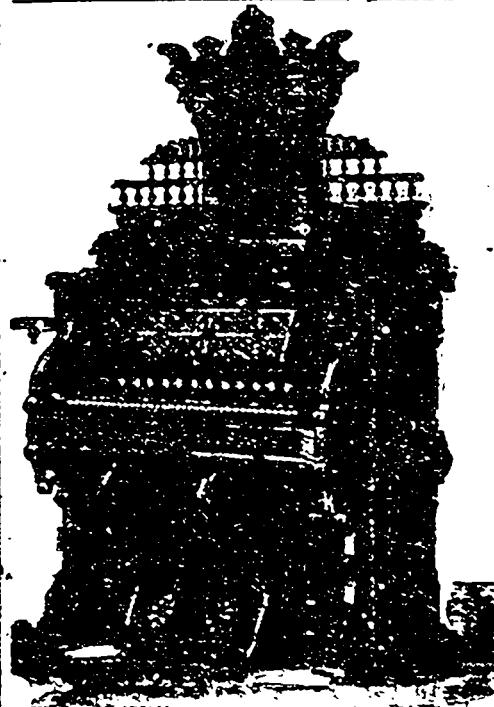
FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and
stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,

75 NEW OXFORD STREET. (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON.

And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 38s. each Box or Pot, and
may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Be Particulars should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not
25 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.



Thomas Organs.

Pronounced by the Pro-
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New Designs for 1886!!

We give the strongest
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Fifty different styles to
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E. G. THOMAS & CO., Woodstock, Ont., Canada.

BIG Dress Sale!

All the fashionable Colorings
in New Spring Dress Goods at
about one-half of the regular
prices during the Big Summer
Sale now going on.

- 12 1/2c Dress Goods for 6 1/2c per yd.
- 15c Dress Goods for 9c per yd.
- 20c Dress Goods for 11 1/2c per yd.
- 25c Dress Goods for 13 1/2c per yd.
- 30c Dress Goods for 17 1/2c per yd.
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- 37 1/2c Dress Goods for 22 1/2c per yd.
- 49c Dress Goods for 25c per yd.

We are also showing a beauti-
ful line of Colored Cashmeres,
"forty-eight" inches wide, in all
the newest shades, at 25 cts per
yard; the regular price for the
same goods in the city is 40 cts.
Also an immense stock of Black
Cashmeres, Mourning Goods,
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PETLEY & PETLEY,

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ST. VITUS'S DANCE

DEER PARK, Feb'y 27, 1888.

DR. THOS. W. SPARROW,
121 Carlton Street, Toronto.
DEAR SIR.-My daughter Emma had been a great
sufferer for over three years with St. Vitus's Dance.
After trying various treatments, without obtaining
any relief, but gradually growing worse, I was advised
to give you a trial, for which I am very thankful.
After a few months' treatment she rapidly began to
recover and is now enjoying the best of health.
Yours respectfully MRS. O. GRAINGER.



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A HIGH PRICE PAID
For Fine Curly Hair.
You have nice WIGS,
GRAY, DULL, or BROKEN
locks, send them to me
per mail, I will then send
you what I can
pay, and if necessary
without you the money,
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the hair. I have a large
stock of Wigs, Bangs,
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Ladies' and Gentleman's
Wigs, etc., in stock,
at all prices, that can be
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To any address. Address, A. DECKERMAN, FARMER'S
WIGS, 121 and 123 York St., Toronto.

A 3rd Mile Return Ticket on Any Railway
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Large Reducible
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I will pay the price of a return ticket to any man
who comes to Toronto whose rupture I cannot hold
with my new Truss without shoulder or leg straps.
This offer applies to those hopeless cases who have
tried all manner of trusses without success. The
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