

Pages Missing



TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 2, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 239.

LET ALL SHARE!

Every reader and every subscriber to TRUTH should not fail to read our great BIBLE COMPETITION announcement, to be found in the Publisher's Department. As the advertisement has now been out some time, and the middle prize is a fine city residence, the questions should be answered, and with the dollar, sent in at once. We would like some old subscriber to get the residence in question. The middle correct answer of the whole competition will take it. Many other large and costly prizes are also offered, the smallest of which are well worth the dollar, even if the matter of a four months' subscription to TRUTH were left out of the question. You can't help being pleased anyway. Prizes will go to some one. Why not you?

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

A correspondent writes that the poem, "To Canada," published in TRUTH in April 18th, is not original, as there stated but an exact copy of one written in Hamilton, Bermuda, in 1868, by Lieut. R. Skimmings, of the Goderich Artillery Battery. The manuscript is now destroyed, and it may be that an error has been made in this office in crediting it as original instead of selected.

According to a leading religious journal the numerous and ingenious Sunday-school "helps" may not turn out to be such important religious help after all. Some of them are calculated to make the study of the Bible lesson so easy as that the Bible itself may be dispensed with entirely. A Chicago Methodist minister has recently been delivering himself on the subject somewhat to the following effect: "The plan of furnishing every teacher with a journal and every scholar with a 'leaf' has resulted in banishing all Bibles and Testaments from the Sunday School." The statement may look like a sweeping one, but there are localities where it is literally true, and the number of these localities is larger, probably, than many will think. In view of such facts has not the time come to cry out for a halt in the matter of abundantly furnishing such helps? Ought these helps to be brought to the Sunday School class room at all? It is just possible that these, like many other good things, may be abused.

The Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament have both enacted new franchise laws this year. In both Acts provisions are made for important extensions of the franchise, and consequently the number of qualified electors will be largely increased. The Ontario Government has gone the farthest in lowering the property qualification of the elector, so that actual manhood suffrage is but a few steps in advance. The Dominion Government has, however, taken the longest steps in the way of real

reform by pretty fully admitting the right of female suffrage. Hereafter widows and unmarried women will enjoy equal rights of voting with the men, providing they possess the necessary property qualification. They are compelled to bear equally the burdens of taxation, and are held equally responsible for the observance of the laws enacted, and their right to an equal voice in the election of law makers, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, is now recognized. The wonder is that the Reform Government of Ontario has allowed itself to be outtripped in the matter of reform by the Tory Government of Ottawa. That female suffrage *mus*: come few observing people need doubt, and Sir John displays his usual shrewdness in taking this important step in advance at so early a day. The next thing to do in that direction is to extend the franchise to the married women just as well. TRUTH can see no good reason why a married woman should not be allowed the franchise as well as the spinster. The former has a much greater interest in the selection of good law-makers than the latter—she has the interests of the family at stake, as well as the interests of property.

I regard to the real cause, or the many causes of the present rebellion, too much careful attention cannot be given, with a view to wise and proper remedies. The original settlers of the North-West must be so treated as to leave no real cause of dissatisfaction before it will be a safe thing for isolated emigrants to go in as permanent settlers. A very interesting lecture was given in this city last week by Rev. E. R. Young, for many years a resident missionary in the North-West, who spoke from his own personal knowledge of the people and the country. In regard to the Halfbreeds, he said that few of them were ever very loyal British subjects. Their French forefathers did not owe allegiance to the British owner, but antipathy rather, and their children's teeth are set on edge in consequence. Besides all that many of them have had real grievances of a serious character. The Ottawa Government, in their policy of making large land reservations for the Canadian Pacific railway, and for several of the large land companies, appear to have too much overlooked the resident Halfbreeds. Some of them had been settlers for years on these land reserves, and instead of their rights being respected they were, in too many instances, given notice to quit, or else to purchase their long possessed lands at the regular prices! No wonder that men so treated would be disaffected. No wonder that the friends of such men should be in full sympathy with them.

A good deal of stress is now being laid on the fact that the Indians in the North-West under the influence of the Methodist and other Protestant missionaries remain loyal and contented—that the disaffection appears to be confined to Indians under Roman Catholic influences and the Halfbreeds, who are all adherents of the Roman Catholic church. The subject is a delicate one to refer to, and so the party papers, of both

alides, are much inclined to avoid all reference to this matter. Is this statement a true one? So far as TRUTH can ascertain it is correct. What, then, are the reasons? Here delicate ground is trod upon. There is no use of saying that Roman Catholicism everywhere tends to disloyalty to Britain. Ours is a Protestant government, but many of the Roman Catholics are among the truly loyal citizens. The Halfbreeds are mostly of French origin, and the priests among them are the same. Rev. Mr. Young asserts that many of the priests in the North-West are direct from France, and their tendency, from a national standpoint, may not be above suspicion on that very account. Probably the Church in sending them there had only thought of their teaching and influence so far as the principles of religion are concerned; but it may turn out a matter of grave national importance what may be the effect on the people of the national sympathies of these men.

The whole question is one well worthy of most careful enquiry and serious thought. If an injustice is being done to the Roman Catholic church the wrong ought to be set right; if an injustice is being done to the Government of our land the remedy ought to be patriotically applied. Will our party leaders and party papers show themselves possessed of sufficient backbone to grasp this nettlesome question and fearlessly discuss it? They have shown little signs of doing so as yet. As soon as the love of country rises superior to the love of party, such questions will be carefully considered by men of all parties. In times like these the great need of the country is to have able patriots rather than able politicians.

The cost to the country of the present North-West rebellion will be something enormous. Already the Government have asked and obtained a vote from Parliament of \$700,000 towards defraying the expense of the military expeditions sent out, and there is much reason to fear that even such a large sum will not meet the necessary financial requirements. If anything is left to the public treasury of a round million dollars in the end, the taxpayers may deem themselves fortunate. The loss to the public treasury because of the falling off in sales of public lands, for years to come, will also be a serious item. The loss the C. P. R. will probably sustain, especially in its local business, will be a matter which the public will have to consider some day. It will likely be yet urged as a strong reason for additional public aid in some form.

Our patriotic Canadian volunteers who so nobly stood the battle at Fish Creek last week gave evidence of true courage as well as of true patriotism. Very few of them had ever "smelled powder" before, in the military sense of the term, and yet their bravery and coolness would have done credit to men of mature experience. It is a terrible thing that the lives of some of the noblest young men of our country must be thus sacrificed, and that many other truly patriotic Canadians are maimed for life in

defending our Government against rebellion. Our volunteers have cheerfully sacrificed all home comforts and unhesitatingly placed their lives in jeopardy at the first call to duty. All honor to their patriotism and their pluck! May not our country's interests ever again require such a costly sacrifice.

In view of the terrible work of the last few days in the North West our people should know the reason why all this mischief has been brought about. If the Indians and Halfbreeds have been provoked to this rebellion, even in part, by any fault of the men whose duty it was to represent our country's interests among them, let the facts be laid bare. If our Ottawa officials have been less vigilant than they should have been in looking after those under them let it be clearly made known. Let no false cry be raised to shield the real sinners in this case. It would not be patriotic to screen from the sight of the country anything calculated to afford the necessary information. There is a terrible suspicion that many important facts are being kept back "lest somebody should get hurt." Even one Christian minister has intimated that he is not willing to tell all he knows for this very reason! On the other hand, if the Halfbreeds are purely at fault let them be so punished that a salutary lesson may be taught to them and to their children for all time to come. At all events the rebellion must be stamped out and the agitators must be punished and not paid, lest they be encouraged to incite difficulties at some future day. We ought to know all the facts leading to these troubles in order to know just how far the punishment should go, and on whose shoulders the stripes should be laid.

The chances of war between England and Russia appear to be vibrating in the balance. We have little idea of what a day may bring forth in regard to the important negotiations. It is evident that both nations are reluctant to engage in war, and both appear to be even still more reluctant to recede from the positions they have already assumed. Before TRUTH reaches its readers the rubicon may be passed. The preparations for the very worst are being pushed forward with commendable energy by the British government, but at the same time all honorable means appear to be used to avert the terrible calamity of war.

It does not appear to be a favorable time for either country to engage in a great war of this kind. England has now the Egyptian difficulty on its hands, and the Irish troubles at home to look after. Russia appears to be "honey combed with nihilism," and its national treasury is empty, or nearly so. Yet both are great and powerful nations, and both will be prepared for a mighty conflict should the worst come to the worst. How far the other great nations may be come compromised in the difficulty time alone will tell. As it is the outlook is most serious for a year of bloodshed.

Truth's Contributors.

THE CANADIAN GLENGARRY OVER FORTY YEARS AGO

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.
No. 6.

It is a little over forty years since our first visit to the County of Glengarry, the most easterly county in the Province. This happened a few years after the troubles of 1837 and 1838. We had seen a good deal of the Glengarry Highlanders before that visit, but were ignorant of the homes in which they lived. To tell the truth, we had formed very curious notions of them.

The writer, as a boy, had ridden among the Staff-Officers of the 1st Regiment, Colonel Fraser's, in February, 1838, on their entrance to Montreal, preparatory to their being sent to the frontier. That was a grand entrance and reception; there were over one hundred double sleighs conveying the regiment. It was a perfect jam all the way from the Tanneries, where Major—now Colonel—David met them with a guard of honor and escorted them down to their temporary barracks in some old warehouses then standing near the present custom house. We again met the same regiment, as described in No. 5 article in TRUTH, at Beauharnois on the 11th of November, 1838. Therefore, we knew a little of what manner of men they were.

It was early in the month of March. There were no railways in those early days in Canada, except that short line between Laprairie and St. John's. Our conveyance was a single cutter and a smart horse. There were two of us; the distance from Montreal was about eighty miles, which took two days to perform by easy stages, halting the first night at the old stage house at the cedars.

In the early afternoon of the second day we reached the old inn at Lancaster village, and informed the host that we were on a visit to Fraserfield, the residence of Colonel Fraser, and obtained from him all information as to the roads. The country was then new to us. We followed his directions and reached our destination, about three miles above Williamstown, a little after dusk.

We had often heard that Fraserfield was one of the finest country residences in Upper Canada, but, really, we had no idea that so grand a building was to be found in the wilds of Glengarry as the one before which we drew up. It was a large two-storey cut stone double house, situated in the centre of a block of 1,000 acres of land, and on our arrival it was all ablaze—lighted up "from top to bottom."

A large party had just seated themselves to dinner. We felt taken aback and wished our visit had been delayed a day later. A true Highland welcome greeted us, however, which soon made us feel at home. They were all Highlanders seated around that festive board, every one, although personally strangers, appeared to know of us and all about the Lower Canadian home whence we came, therefore, we were soon put at our ease.

The merry-making at the time of our visit was to do honor to the meeting of old friends—North-Western, Hudson Bay Company traders and old military men. Glengarry could then boast of a goodly number of the latter, veterans of the war of 1812. There were in fact at that time nearly one hundred officers living in the county who had served in the two regiments during the rebellion therefore, the tone was altogether military. There had been several dinner parties and balls previous to our arrival and a few followed.

Let us try to picture and recapture that old dining hall at Fraserfield, as we entered and took our seats among that noted and dignified assemblage. There was the old Colonel himself, at the head of the table doing the honors as he well knew how. He was known far and near in Canada. We shall try and give the names of the assembled guests as correctly as we can.

There were the Hon. George McTavish, of the Hudson Bay Company; and Miss Cameron, afterward Mrs. McTavish; old Dr. Grant, father, we believe, of Dr. Grant, of Ottawa; Dr. McIntyre, now sheriff at Cornwall; Colonel Carmichael, of the Regular Army, then commanding on particular service at the old fort at the Coteau; old Hugh McGillis, of Williamstown, uncle of John McGillis, of Montreal; old Mr. McGillivray, father of Dunnaglas; the two McDonnells, Greenfield and Myles, we believe, were there; some members, at least, of these two families were present, and, if we mistake not, old Captain Cattenach was present, and several other gentlemen, not forgetting the ladies of the different families.

Every Glengarrian will recall those old names, and if they were not personally known to him, still he will recognize them as landmarks of his native county of a past generation.

The ravages of forty years have left but few remaining of the old or even of the young who had joined in that merry-making! The writer can only call to mind three living besides himself, namely:—Sheriff McIntyre and his wife and Mrs. Pringle, wife of Judge Pringle, of Cornwall. These two were daughters of Colonel Fraser, being the only living members of his family. There may possibly be some of the younger members of the other families still living who were in that company, but the writer is not aware of such.

We spent a few days with our kind friends and paid many visits to old friends of our family who had often visited our paternal home in Lower Canada. Among others we paid a visit to Father Mackenzie, of the Kirk, at the Williamstown Manse; also to old St. Raphaels, to pay our respects to Father John Macdonald. By the way, all Glengarrians will remember that Colonel Fraser belonged to the Catholic Church.

There was a spot very dear to the writer. Close by old St. Raphaels was the early childhood home of his mother. It was the spot on which his maternal grandfather had pitched his Canadian tent and erected his Glengarry log house. This old log house was raised close by the home and the church of that good old priest—the late Bishop McDonnell, whose first charge, we believe, was at St. Raphaels. These dear old log houses of Canada the early homes of the fathers of an empire yet to be! They, like their occupants have vanished or have gone down to dust, but we trust the spots on which they stood will be held sacred by succeeding generations of Canadians.

The old grandmother of that Glengarry log house lived there till about her ninetyeth year. She was the mother of Colonel Fraser. We saw her old spinning wheel, one of those grand old spinning wheels of early Canadian days, and the knitting needles with which she had knitted pair after pair of warm stockings and woolen gloves for her two soldier boys while they were doing battle on the Niagara frontier for their king and country during the war of 1812. The same might be said of hundreds of other Glengarry mothers. Many of those Glengarry boys were laid low on Queenston-Heights, Lundy's Lane, Chippewa and at the evacuation of old Fort George, and other lesser fights in 1812.

This short sketch may prove interesting to many young Glengarrians now scattered over the Dominion of Canada, who have come to the front within the past forty years, to read of a social gathering of a past generation in their native county, and they may recall the scene which gladdened their young days.

Old Montrealers, now scattered over the country, will remember the return of Colonel Fraser's regiment from the frontier in the Spring of 1838, and to have seen that "big Glengarry Highlander" shoulder the cannon of the regiment and present arms with it while passing in review before Sir John Colborne.

THE MONTREAL SCARE IN 1837.

BY T. S. BROWN.

The story of the great Montreal scare in December, 1837, created, in fact, by the report of an approaching enemy, (the supposed enemy being farmers then lying quietly in their beds more than twenty miles away), is well and graphically told by Mr. John Fraser, in TRUTH of March 14th. The turnout there referred to was an affair serious enough—especially to the fat ones—for those who marched out of the city to the top of Tannery Hill, but it was a matter of fun for all those who remained snug at home in their beds. Nothing so ridiculous has occurred since the "Battle of the Kegs," celebrated in rhyme in the days of the American Revolution. For the first there was a trifling cause; for the last, none whatever.

Philadelphia was in possession of the British forces. One night there came a report that the rebels were coming down the Delaware with a flotilla to burn the city. There was a general call to arms and military preparations far exceeding the Montreal movement, when it was discovered that the supposed flotilla was nothing but a large quantity of empty kegs and barrels thrown into the river many miles above, that were coming down with the current.

As to the whole district north of Montreal being in open rebellion, the whole amounted to this. There was great agitation in the County of Two Mountains during the month of November, 1837, when the people met at military gatherings precisely as they had met at political gatherings. Very few were armed, and there was some mustering and drilling among them, but the remainder were mere lookers-on, and when the dispersion of the patriots on the Richelieu became known, all retired to their homes except a small number kept together by Chenier at what was called the camp at St. Eustache, 24 miles from Montreal. All his friends, or "friends of the cause," urged him to break up this camp and send away the men, but he steadfastly refused; first for an impulse of general self-sacrifice and secondly for a high military consideration.

The whole British force was then concentrated at Montreal, and so long as he could keep up the delusion of a patriot army ready to attack the city this whole British force was retained there, leaving the entire right bank of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to the Provinceline, free to the patriots, or to any other invasion they might invite from the States. When Sir John Colborne appeared before the patriots of St. Eustache, on the 14th December, with 2,000 men, Chenier threw himself into the church with about two hundred men, of whom only about eighty were armed with guns. Nobody stood upon the defense elsewhere but, in the firing, seventy patriots were killed, including Chenier, who died a glorious death, fighting to the last.

Chenier's name will rank hereafter with the past heroes of chivalry. The Roman Catholic church never canonizes a saint until 100 years after his death in order that all opponents may have had time to say out their say, and patriots must not expect better terms, but it is amusing in the meantime to find people in the great Province of Ontario still vilifying the men to whose efforts, in 1837, they owe the benefit of good government, while they extol those who at the time did all in their power to maintain a government which even Lord Sydenham declared, in one of his letters, was so bad that he would not himself have taken up arms to defend it.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ONTARIO—No 1

THE "PASS" OF TORONTO.

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

When civilization first seriously invaded the sanctuaries of Nature in the region of what is now the fair city of Toronto, the startled on lookers were a flock of wild fowl and a couple of families of the children of the wood. At the time we speak of, in the beautiful basin of Toronto, if we except the noiseless movements during the hours of day of one or two Mississaga Indians, solitude reigned supreme. When the sun went down even Nature became still. As night fell upon the scene the pines ceased their moaning, and naught was heard save the occasional splash of beaver or musquash in the waters of the forest-screened harbor, or the cry of the wood-duck, as it took flight for its evening haunt in the recesses of the woods. But

THE YEAR 1793,

which we are accustomed to speak of as that of the founding of the capital of Ontario, was what may be called the medieval era in Toronto's annals, for the place had an earlier history. This history is spread over the fateful period of the dominion of France in Canada, in connection with her commerce with the Indians and with the thrilling story of the Jesuit missions.

The early years of the seventeenth century were big with enterprise. The New World for the first time saw a fringe of colonies fasten upon its coast. In 1607 Virginia was colonized by Sir Walter Raleigh; in 1608 Champlain founded Quebec; and in the following year New York was settled by the Dutch. To these settlements, in 1620, was added that of Massachusetts, after the historic landing of the "Pilgrim Fathers." From the French colony at Quebec came the first attempt to penetrate the continent, though the Dutch soon made their way up the Hudson and established a post at Orange (Albany). New York State at this period was the lair of the Iroquois, while Canada, in the main, was the hunting-ground of the Algonquians and Hurons. The former were scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, while the home of the latter was the country lying immediately to the north of Toronto and skirting the waters of the lake that bears their name. Between the Hurons and their deadly enemy, the Iroquois, lay the Neutrals, a nation that with the Huron tribe the Confederacy of the Iroquois was ere long to wipe out of existence. In 1615 Champlain, with his Jesuit following, made his eventful voyage up the Ottawa, crossed Lake Nipissing, and paddled down the French River to that inland sea of the Wyandots, which he called *la mer des Hurons*. Descending the Georgian Bay he came upon the country of the Hurons, among whom for a time he tarried. Here, in what is now known as the Matchedash Peninsula,

THE "BLACK ROBES"

who had accompanied and preceded Champlain, began their evangelizing work, and set up the altar of the church in the wilderness. This intrusion of the "pale-faces" into the territory of the Wyandots was regarded first with curiosity, but subsequently welcomed, in the hope that their new-found friends would become their allies in the Huron raids upon the Iroquois. In a weak hour, to this Champlain consented; and for nearly a hundred and fifty years the colony of New France was to pay the bitter penalty. From carrying the Cross into the wilderness Champlain and his followers undertook to carry the arquebuse and the torch into the heart of the Iroquois confederacy; and joining his Huron friends he speedily appears among the appalled tribes of the "Five Nations" in glittering armor. This heedless foray cost him and his nation dear; and to the Huron tribe it brought ruin and desolation. What retribution fell upon the Wyandot in consequence of this raid, no pen can, in its full horrors, portray; and there is scarcely a chapter in history that offers to it an adequate parallel. For the space of a generation there arose an internecine strife so cruel that one's blood curdles to read its record. Alas! it was not a conflict confined to savages: its bloodiest work was wreaked upon the French. The poor Jesuit missionary was made the sport of fiends; and no death seemed too horrible to glut Iroquois lust of blood. On the errands of hell, season after season, came bands of the Five Nation Indians, and in their path through the forest marked "the pass by Toronto" with the scorings of Iroquois hate.

Meantime the missions the Jesuit had come to plant among the Hurons were consecrated with tears and watered with his life-blood. Through years of unparalleled toil, and with great agony of soul, the hopes of the Fathers were alternately raised and crushed. The blood of the martyrs, they say, would in their case also, prove the seed of the church. Alas, for the vanity of human expectations! Despite their amazing fortitude and unquenchable zeal, the hopes of the mission were doomed to destruction, and the heart of Faith was humbled in the dust. In a time of such peril to both priest and convert there was sore need of a Comforter.

THE COMFORTER CAME,

but in the form of the grim Iroquois exterminator, with his native tomahawk and the match-lock of the Dutch. In 1648 the merciful end drew near, and to the rigors of the following winter were added those of the stake and the torch. It is computed that within the space of thirty years the whole Huron nation, numbering some thirty thousand souls, save a small contingent that escaped for succor to Quebec, were ruthlessly exterminated.

A full score of years passed by, from the period of this New World "harrying of the north," till we again hear of French adventure in the heart of Ontario. With what devastation the region had been visited, the narratives of French exploration abundantly bear witness. On the maps of the period the ominous words *nation détruite*—"tribes exterminated"—repeatedly occur, and tell their sad tale of woe and desolation. But French empire was now taken up, not with carrying into the wilderness the standard of the Cross, but with bearing aloft the *scourge* of the crown. The annexation of territory and the extension of trade were now the aim of French chivalry, and in pursuit of its object it met the jarring hostility and ceaseless rivalry of Britain. Keen and prolonged was the contest for supremacy on the

continent of the New World, and we know how it ended. The story forms the most brilliant episode in Canadian history, and decks the nation's Walhalla with an aureola of fame.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

CANADIAN PLANT LIFE.*

No duty is more incumbent on Canadian journalism than to extend to the literature of the country a just but hearty recognition. It is, of course, easy to perform this service when the reviewer has before him a really meritorious publication. In the case of the present work, the production of a now venerable lady, who, with other members of her talented family, have done much to enrich the literature of Canada, the duty of making the book known to the public is at once a pride and a pleasure. It is a pride, because as Canadians we are glad to see not only the beauty of our fields and forests turned to pictorial account, but to see attention directed at the same time to their economic resources, and some effort made to bring the features of our Canadian plant life within the classification of popular science. It is a pleasure, because the work has been lovingly done; and in its literary, artistic, and mechanical aspects the book is worthy of Canada, and deserves encouraging support and a widespread circulation.

Some seventeen years ago the same hands gave us what was then an ambitious table-book on "Canadian Wild Flowers," from the press of Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal. This book has long been out of print; and the mechanical facilities of color-printing in Canada have now made possible the publication of a substitute for it in the present work, which we must at once say is no mere reproduction, but a far more extended and elaborate treatise, and one that takes up entirely new departments of the subject. This will at once be seen by a comparison of the contents of the two books. The early work described only thirty varieties of Canadian wild flowers. The present work includes and extends the notice of these thirty, and adds to the number one hundred and seventy additional. It further includes a popular account of some fifty varieties of Canadian ferns; an instructive treatise on our principal forest trees (some seventy varieties); and interesting descriptions of over eighty specimens of the flowering shrubs of Central Canada.

But not only is the scope of the new work extensive. Its literary, artistic, and mechanical features, as we have said, are excellent. Mrs. Traill's portion of the work aims at, and succeeds in giving, an account, in popular language, of the Flora of the country that must prove attractive to every Canadian. The subject, indeed, is fortunate in having this accomplished native author as its writer. As she tells us, her home since coming to this country, has for over fifty years been in the backwoods of Canada; and here, at Lakeside, in the neighborhood of Peterboro', she has been communing with Nature, and writing up its products and beauty with all the sympathy of a cultivated woman, and the charm and grace of an impassioned poet. In the volume there is a good deal that reminds one of the early literary style of her sister, Mrs. Susanna Moodie, whose work, "Roughing it in the Bush," is known not only throughout the country but out of it. It manifests the same ardent sensibilities; a like affection for the Old Land with a real, un-

*Studies of Plant Life in Canada; or, Gleanings from Forest, Lake and Plain. By Mrs. C. P. Traill, Lakeside, Ont. Illustrated with Chromo-Lithographs from drawings by Mrs. Colonel Chamberlain, Ottawa. Ottawa: A. S. Woodburn, Publisher. Toronto: Williamson & Co., 1885.

affected love for the New; is earnest, almost devotional in tone; and possesses the literary graces that mark the writings of another sister, Miss Agnes Strickland, the historian of the "Queens of England."

Mrs. Chamberlain's drawings, while they embellish the work, are also a real help, so far as they go, in elucidating the subject. The only regret is, that the illustrations are few in number. We should have liked to have seen our beautiful forms represented; and some wood cuts inserted in the text of the distinctive characteristics of our Canadian trees. But whatever its shortcomings the work as a whole is an important contribution to the literature of Canadian plant life; and must prove of value, not only to the student of botany, but to the farmer and the settler, and to all who have commerce in the woods.

To the latter the book must be of no little service, in extending acquaintance with the natural productions of the country, and in supplying the necessary information in regard to our native trees and plants, which is not easy to obtain in any accessible quarter. Educationally, it has also positive merits; and might be read with advantage by those who first make acquaintance with botany through the admirable native textbooks of Mr. Spotton, of Barrie. It is to be feared, however, that botany continues to be pretty much a lady's accomplishment, and is considered in the light of a purely ornamental study. The popular notion seems still to be, that it is a subject of dilettante learning, of interest only to the young people of both sexes, who take to it for the opportunity it affords of a stroll, *a deux*, in the woods, or of an idle pull among the listening pond-lilies of the river. If it has any other claims beyond those upon the "medico" and pharmacist, they are such as are attractive to Indians and old women, who love, on occasions of sickness or of grave hurt, to display their herbalist knowledge in a homely *Materia Medica*.

In regard, it is true, to some portions of her book—the sections on Native Ferns and wild flowers—it would seem that the author had no purpose in writing about them, other than that which leads to the cultivation of the observing faculties, the pleasure it gives to the eye, or that which stores up in the mind tender associations of days of childhood and love of country. But in this age of hard materialism, such a purpose is not to be lightly disregarded; for there are lessons of wisdom to be learned from the flower trodden under foot, as there are "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." And not only on aesthetic, but on patriotic grounds, is there much to be said for the study of botany. "Mothers of Canada," such is the appeal of Mrs. Traill, "teach your children to know and love the wild flowers springing in their path, to love the soil in which God's hand has planted them, and in all their after wanderings through the world their hearts will turn with loving reverence to the land of their birth—to that country endeared to them by the remembrance of the wild flowers which they plucked in the happy days of their childhood."

Mrs. Traill's early and touching experience of Canada, in a ruder era than the present, gives her the right to speak with enthusiasm on the subject, and to advance its claims as a meliorating influence amidst scenes which, to the settler in the backwoods, are rough and unkindly. Here is an extract from her story:—

"The only habitations, beyond our own log cabin, at the date of which I write, were one shanty, and the log house of a dear, lamented, and valued brother. It may easily

be imagined that there were few objects of interest in the woods at that distant period of time—1832—or, as a poor Irish woman sorrowfully remarked, "Tis a lonesome place for the likes of us poor women folk; sure there isn't a hap'orth worth the lookin' at; there is no nothin', and it's hard to get the bit and the sup to ate and to drink." "Well, I was better off than poor Bidy Fagan, for I soon found beauties in my sylvan wanderings in the unknown trees and plants of the forest. These things became a great resource, and every flower and shrub and forest tree awakened an interest in my mind, so that I began to thirst for more intimate knowledge of them. They became like dear friends, soothing and cheering, by their sweet, unconscious influence, hours of loneliness, and days of sorrow and suffering."

But present day interest in the subject of Mrs. Traill's book is of a more practical character than that of diverting the mind in the rude conflict with the tyranny of nature. The public mind is now more concerned with the preservation, than with the destruction, of our forest wealth. People who live in cities, and who know little of the face of nature in her haunts, can have no idea to what extent Canada has been, and is being, denuded of her growing timber. Tracts of country that were once clad with beauty are now sterile wastes and the gaunt abode of desolation. To these dangers Mrs. Traill forcibly points; and her introductory remarks to the chapter on forest trees will bear well to be read and pondered by all who desire to see Canada retain her wealth in the products of the soil. Says our author: "The ultimate destruction of our native vegetable productions, including the valuable timber of our forests, which long series of years could not replace, is not the only change that arises from the clearing of a large portion of our woods. There is yet another and important result which will, in course of time, be felt as an evil—I refer to the drying up of the inland streams and smaller tributary waters. It needs but little observation, and is patent to the older settlers of the Dominion, that the creeks and rivulets which formerly flowed through their lands, are disappearing with the clearing away of the woods. The water-courses are grown up with hedges and coarse aquatic herbage, and the thirsty cattle now wander far afield in search of water, unless duly supplied by the farmer at the homestead, or driven, at the cost of much time, to springs and water-holes, which are kept open with difficulty during seasons of drought."

Fortunately, the Provincial Government is now fully alive to the evil; and efforts are being vigorously put forth, not only to stay the waste but to replenish the growth. In such enterprises as the late Agricultural Commission, and the active maintenance of that most useful institution, the Agricultural College, at Guelph, patriot wisdom is doing what is possible to promote scientific agriculture in Canada, and to enable the community to utilize to the fullest the heritage we possess in the resources of the soil. In addition to these agencies, we wish it were possible to establish Government botanical and horticultural gardens, so as to create and extend public interest in that great source of a nation's wealth, its varied plant life, as well as to induce the masses to get back to agricultural pursuits, and to productive occupations in the fields and gardens of Canada. In regard to the small fruits of the country, there is no reason why berry and grape culture might not be made a much larger source of revenue than it is; and the same might be said of the larger fruits, the demand for which is ev-

on the increase. Had we more thorough knowledge, which Mrs. Traill's book would in part supply, of vegetable physiology, and of the plants best adapted to the climate, and were more labor spent in draining and enriching the soil, we should reap fuller and more varied harvests than the country has been thought capable of yielding, while substantially adding to the wealth of the people.

These, we admit, are very utilitarian reflections in noticing the artistic volume from the pen and pencil of two enthusiastic students of the native Flora. But we take advantage of the fact that a Canadian Ruskin has not yet arisen, and plead that we have not quite escaped from the influence of provincial fairs and their enviroing prose. Seriously, we must affirm, however, that the book before us will charm every reader who dips into its pages; and to those specially drawn to the study of Canadian Plant Life we are sure that it will prove at once instructive and replete with interest.

THE FENIAN RAID IN 1866.

OUR PICTON HOME GUARD.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, ESQ.

The battle of Ridgeway ended the Fenian raid. But the country for some time after was kept in a feverish state of excitement through the alarming reports that were circulated from day to day. These of course had their origin principally from Fenian circles, where a large amount of big talk and gasconade was indulged in. The reception they met with at Ridgeway cooled their ardor very considerably for glory and conquest, and they thought it wiser and very much safer to bluster and threaten when they were safe, than to run any risks of getting their necks into a hempen noose. It had the effect, however, of keeping us on the alert for a time.

Our Picton volunteers remained in Kingston. After their departure the town was left without any defensive weapons whatever, unless we except, perhaps, a few shot guns, and as it turned out we did not need any. But in the face of recent events, and the startling reports which reached us every day, we did not think so. What was our gallant Home Guard to do in the way of protection without arms? This was a grave question, gravely discussed, and upon which great results might possibly hinge. Who could tell? The deputation we had dispatched to bring us munitions of war did not succeed, and we thought the Government very stupid indeed that it did not recognize our danger and render us such aid as we required at once. Chagrined, as we undoubtedly were, we were not disposed to be caught napping. So we at once telegraphed to Montreal for repeating rifles, Colt's revolvers and ammunition. In the mean time, we had gone on with our daily drill. The reader need not draw very much on his imagination to picture a few scores of us tramping around the field—not in war paint. It never occurred to any of us at the time I am sure, how stupid and awkward we could be, and with what facility we could get into a tangle out of which the most experienced drill sergeant in the service could not bring us. Our honored Captain—the late John Phipps—was the only man, so far as we knew, in the place, who had any practical knowledge of military matters—used to get sadly out of humor with us, and no wonder, but there were many reasons why he could not very well give us a good sound rating, which under other circumstances he most undoubtedly would have done. When blunders were made, and they were by no

means the exceptions, we were brought to a halt, and set right. This thing went on three or four hours every day, for several days, and in time we should, beyond a shadow of a doubt, have made a crack corps. As it was, if the Fenians had had the hardihood to set foot on any place near our town, more especially after we had received our rifles, they would have met with such a reception as—well, as they did not come, perhaps it will be as well not to enlarge upon the havoc that would have followed; the recital would be too appalling.

The period now arrived in which I was personally, for the first and only time in my history, to act the part of a soldier. I have said before that it was deemed prudent to have a guard during the night placed at certain points. On the occasion referred to, several of us were detailed for that duty, and in the shadow of the evening we marched down to the place appointed. A number of ladies, out of the kindness of their hearts, had made ample provision for our creature comforts, during the night. It was not probably in accordance with the strict rules of the service. Be that as it may, we enjoyed the spread amazingly about midnight, soon after which my turn came to relieve guard. I shouldered my musket and began my march up and down in the vicinity of the agency of the Bank of Montreal, where you may picture me pacing through the gloom of the summer night until the dawn of day. I cannot say that I found it very amusing. Soon after I had commenced my tramp, I heard my friends—the Sheriff and his wife, who had been out to some social gathering—coming towards me, apparently in a very cheerful mood, and quite unconscious that they were approaching an armed sentinel. I called out gruffly, "Who comes there?" They stopped at once, and I could see they were startled—no wonder; at this I began to laugh—a breach of duty I suppose; fortunately there was no one to report me. They knew me and came in, when we all joined in a laugh. As the night wore on my gun became very irksome, it seemed to have acquired the weight of half a dozen guns, and my legs got so weary with the steady and monotonous tramp, tramp, that at the end I could hardly pull one before the other. I was heartily glad when the time was up, and without any urging turned towards home and went to bed. It was Sunday, and I believe I slept nearly the whole day. With this my services for my country as a soldier on duty ended.

We could well afford to laugh at our extraordinary precautions afterwards, but at the time we looked upon the matter in a far more serious light. If there were any foundation for the reports that reached us from Oswego and other places, that there were bands of men ready to make an excursion up the Bay of Quinte, we could have been reached in a few hours, and would have been found in a very defenceless condition. Hence it was that mounted patrols were kept up for a short time to watch the approaches to different landing places. There was quite a scare one day. A propeller with three barges in tow came over the lake, passed through the Upper Gap and steamed up the bay. There were only two or three men to be seen on board, but this was accounted for in this way, that they would naturally keep out of sight. On she came, direct for our town, and as she neared the harbor, the excitement increased. Some one known, recognized her and knew her errand. She had really come from Oswego with those barges, but not with hostile intent. Her mission was a very common place one, simply to load the barges with leached ashes at the ashery.

The rumors of a descent upon our country continued from day to day, and kept every one in a state of unrest. I was waited on one day by a lady of the town who said she had called to see if I could get her a good revolver. I asked her what she wanted to do with a revolver. "You need hardly ask me it such times as these, what I would do with it; I would use it if necessary, and I want one. You know one of my boys is away with the volunteers now, and I wish the others were old enough to go. If there should be any fighting, I am ready to go and help nurse." I am glad this Spartan mother's services were not required.

The steamer Watertown was put in commission, and fitted up with a couple of guns. The duty assigned her was to cruise about the bay and the entrances to it from the lake.

On Monday, the 18th June, our volunteers arrived home by the Watertown, at 7 o'clock p.m., and after a hearty reception, marched up town and discharged. The Fenian war had come to an end.

THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY JOHN N. LAKE.

THE ENDURANCE OF THE HALFBREDS

is marvellous, and this makes them an enemy not to be despised. They are not only good shots but are able to stand great hardships. To give you an instance: On my return, in September, 1882, we left Clark's Crossing and travelled five days, from 4 a.m. till 8 p.m., including time spent for meals, and reached Touchwood Hills at a point about 8 miles south of the Hudson Bay Post, when we made our preparations to camp over Sunday. The Halfbreed Baptiste, who was our man-of-all-work, was from Qu'Appelle, and wished to push on home on foot, and as one of our ponys was completely used up, I gave him 2 cans of sardines and some biscuit, and he started, and 14 hours later he was in Qu'Appelle reaching there about 10 a.m. Sunday. On Monday we started on, and drove 25 miles by tea time, when in the distance we saw Baptiste coming on a pony he had secured, so after tea we turned our poor used-up pony out and took his, and reached Qu'Appelle at 11 a.m. Tuesday morning. When questioned how he managed to get on so fast, he said during the night he would run by the hour, and when the sun got up so it was nice and warm, he laid down in the trail and slept for an hour, got up, ate his sardines and biscuit, and pushed on. It is amazing how far an Indian or Halfbreed will travel in a day. You hardly ever see one with much flesh on their bones, but if you do, they are very lazy and no good for anything. But I may say they are all lazy, that is they never make any provision for the future, and if their stomachs are well filled and they are warm, they are as happy and heedless as a clam.

On the last Friday in July, 1882, I arrived at

CLARK'S CROSSING,

after a three week's journey from the end of the track of the C.P.R., which at that time had only reached the neighborhood of Moosowin. We found only one settler, Mr. John F. Clark, who had settled in that locality two years before, and had established the ferry. This point is where the old survey of the C.P.R. crosses the South Saskatchewan and where the telegraph line is also located. I suppose Mr. Clark thought that would be a good point to locate, for if the railway had crossed there, the most important city west of Winnipeg must have

sprung up at the Crossing. As a sight for a city Saskatoon, fifteen miles south, (named and laid out by the writer) is a more desirable position. But the larger quantity of granite and limestone boulders at the Crossing adds much to its value as a place of importance.

As you approach the river you descend into a ravine and pass round the eastern spur of a hill rising to the same level as the prairie on either side of the river. I suppose the top of this hill is the point where General Middleton has thrown up earthworks. The ground was plowed in 1883 by James P. Lake, of Morven, Ontario, who settled at the ferry in the spring of 1883. Last season he built a good sized stone house on the side of the hill. His three sons remained all winter, but I believe they came down to Moose Jaw some weeks ago.

In the summer of 1883 I put on the ferry, including a large scow and a good wire cable, and my brothers operated it during the season of 1883 and 1884. It has been a godsend to the General during the past few weeks, as he has moved his troops across the river and took it with him as he moved down north toward Botosh and the rebel position, I am pleased that I am thus able to contribute to the comfort of our Toronto boys. If any of them should come suddenly to the last great river, may they find the way over prepared before them, through faith in Him who has "gone before."

The prairie for many miles around is unblest by any tree or shrub of any kind, but the ravines, up and down the river below the level of the prairie are in many cases full of timber.

There are about a dozen homesteads taken up in the immediate vicinity, and the settlers were getting into a very comfortable condition. If General Middleton has fortified the hill just mentioned, it could be defended by a small number against a very superior force, unless well supplied with cannon. The opposite (west) bank is quite precipitous, and rises very abruptly from the river to the height of over 100 feet, then stretches out into a beautiful undulating prairie to the elbow of the North Saskatchewan, 25 miles west.

Imagine a river about 300 or 400 yards wide, flowing about six or seven miles per hour, between banks from 25 to 150 feet high, with a great many deep ravines running into it, tending to a north-easterly direction, with the troops marching on either bank, sometimes three miles apart, (in order to miss the deep gullies so near the river), and you have an idea of General Middleton's advance on Thursday last. A small settlement 20 miles north would be reached before daylight.

Two brothers by the name of McIntosh, with two or three others, settled here in 1833, and were very enterprising and doing well, but left at about the time of the fight at Duck Lake.

After passing McIntosh's, poplar bluffs begin to show, and further on become more numerous, and the ground more broken. Beyond the point of Friday's battle, and nearer Botosh, the troops will come down into a beautiful plateau, about 40 feet above the river, and extending back from one to two miles, (thickly settled by Halfbreeds) which narrows up as you near the ferry. There is a good deal of timber on both sides at Botosh, which extends west of the river to Duck Lake, five miles distant. The rebels could not have found a better position in all that country, and, if dislodged, will be come an easy prey in the open prairie.

FIRST SERMON AT CLARK'S CROSSING.

The following is taken from my diary: "July 30, 1882, Sunday. Thermometer 66 in the sun at 8 a.m.; 80 in the shade at 11 a.m.; 87 at 2 p.m., and 86 at 6 p.m. Sermon at 11 a.m.; Place, J. F. Clark's log house; Lesson, St. John's Gospel, 11th chapter; hymns, "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name," and "Shall We Gather at the River"; preacher, John N. Lake; text, John 11th, 25-26 verses; subject, The Resurrection; persons present: John F. Clark, G. W. Grant, of Granton, Ont.; Squire W. Hill, of Wollan; J. M. Eby, of Rochester, N. Y.; John Clark, Parkdale; Peter Latham, Yorkville; Frank L. Blake, Toronto; H. W., Goodwin, of Halton, Ont." If all enjoyed the service as much as your humble servant, it must have been a "good time."

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

A SPECIAL PRIZE.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a prize of ten dollars gold for the best original poem having reference to her Majesty Queen Victoria, suitable for publication for May 24th, the length not to exceed a hundred lines. Any person may compete and the Publisher reserves the right of using any sent, whether awarded the prize or not. All competitions to be sent in not later than May 14th.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best original poem suitable for Dominion Day, (July 1st) to be sent in not later than June 15th.

The proper name and address to accompany each poem sent. Address all directly to Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto.

THE AWARD.

The following beautiful poem, sent by Mrs. G. Lealie, Prescott, Ont., is awarded the prize for this week. The prize will be at once paid on application to the publisher. A number of excellent poems, original and selected, are still under consideration, and cannot be inserted now for want of space. So many excellent poems are sent that we would gladly fill the entire journal with them if permitted.

The Stranger.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent. The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare; He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent; His haggard look implored the tenderest care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes, But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east. Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast; But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, "Too Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer? Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?" He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said: "Thou hast my pity, go I eat not my bread." Another came that wild and fearful night. The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky; But all the tent was filled with wondrous light. And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh. "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said, "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?" "Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made, "With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah me! the stranger might with me have staved, But O, my God, he would not worship Thee." "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait; Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

The Sunset.

BY M. E. BRAY.

The light is slowly fading Behind the distant hills, The peaceful summer's evening With calm my spirit fills.

The glory of the sunset With crimson streaks the sky, The gentle breeze is bringing Sense of tranquillity.

—For Truth.

The beauty of that sunset, Fills earth, and sea, and air, Has power to banish sorrow, And soothe the pulse of care.

But now, the darkling shadows Slow drifting, one by one, Athwart that purple splendor, Denote the day is done.

Night's gloomy shadows fitting, Before the orb of day, Remind me of the troubles Which lie along my way.

For who can say, no shadow Across his pathway falls! That for him no tender hope Decay, which fancy oft recalls?

And I turn away from that sunset, My spirit strangely stirred With thoughts of the past and present, And the future yet untried.

But with our great "Our Father," All things are wisely done; Let us trust Him from the rising To the setting of life's sun.

With love and tender mercy He will guide us all the way, 'E'en through the valley of shadows, Unto the light of the perfect day.

—For Truth.

Let Us Try to be Happy.

MRS. A. MORRISON.

Let us try to be happy! we may if we will Find some pleasures in life to o'er balance the ill; There was never an evil, if well understood, But what, rightly managed, would turn to a good, If we were but as ready to look to the light As we are to sit moping because it is night. We should own it a truth, both in word and in deed, That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed.

O, try to be happy! It is not for long! We shall cheer on each other by counsel; or song; If we make the best use of our time that we may, There is much that we can do to enliven the way. Let us only in earnestness each do our best, Before God and our conscience, and trust for the rest, Still taking this truth, both in word and in deed, That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed.

The Brave and the Fair.

WRITTEN THIRTY YEARS AGO BY BAYARD TAYLOR, POET AND TRAVELLER.

They lay along the battery's side Beneath the roaring cannon, Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

"Give us a song," the soldiers say, "We storm the Forts to-morrow, Sing while we may, another day May bring enough of sorrow."

They sang of love, and not of fame, Forgot was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice took up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an archer rich and strong— Their battle-axe confession.

Beyond the darkening ocean, burned The sunset's bloody embers, And the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With scream of shot, and burst of shell, And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim For a singer, dumb and gory, And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ho! soldiers to your honored rest, Your love and glory bearing; The bravest are the loveliest, The loving are the darest.

—For Truth.

Thy Will Be Done.

A. MENEL.

Not as I wish, but according to thy will Oh God, my Father, be it done; Incline my heart thy way to love; Fix my affections on things above; Mould thou this clay and fashion, till, Thy end accomplished, our wills are one.

Ope Thou mine eyes that I may see In all my life thy providence; May pass through Thy refining fire, Surrender every wrong desire, Set me from slavish passions free, And rid my soul of each offence.

If grief and sorrow be my share; If all my planning be undone; Though in my fondest hopes decayed, And though my faith be sorely tried, Oh, help me breathe this earnest prayer— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

If life be robbed of all its charm, Though every earthly hope be gone, Though the bliss I seek I ne'er obtain, And all my strivings be in vain, Keep Thou my love forever warm, And may Thy glorious will be done.

Words of Cheer.

BY JESSIE S. WHITE.

Let the purpose of thy life Speak in all thy words and deeds; Be thou foremost in the place Where men strike for human needs; Love thou truth with all thy might, It will set thy footsteps right.

When thou seest fatter marks; Where sin's iron bands have been, Be thou first to all the wounds Of thy suffering fellow-men; Pass not on the other side In thy scornful human pride.

Oh, be first to strike down wrong When it lifts its serpent tongue; Oh, be first with healing words For the heart with anguish wrung, Always brave to do and dare— Never slow to sooth despair!

Be thou last to leave the scene, Ere the battle field is won; Though thine armour may be scarred, Valiant deeds may yet be done— While there's life to do and dare, Never yield thee to despair.

—For Truth.

Gethsemane.

GRANVILLE MERCER ADAM.

Many the souls that are filled with sorrow; Many the hearts that cry for the morrow; Many the hearts that cry for the morrow, Breaking the stillness of night with a moan, In the chamber of Gethsemane.

Few be the glad ones, and countless the sad; Darkened their day-time and cheerless the night, Of burdened and weary, seeking in faith, The way to the Father in realms of light, Thro' the garden of Gethsemane.

And so we go groping, stumbling the while; Missing the loved ones, and wishing them back; Forgetting that death lies bound in the grave, And keeping our hearts for aye on the rack— The discipline of Gethsemane.

But there's balm for the stricken and wounded, There's a peace to the soul-shrivel and bleat, In the "well-done!"—reward of the faithful— And the greeting, "Enter thou into rest!" The victory of Gethsemane.

—For Truth.

Homeless.

NORAH LAUGHON.

'Tis Christmas Eve in a crowded street Crouch'd a little, childish form, Hungry, faint, footsore, pale, and cold, All drench'd by the wintry storm. "Move on! move on!" thus a rough voice spoke, Calling forth a weary sigh From the child's sad heart, who bent his steps, Passing on afar to die. But the God who cares for the homeless Look'd down with His eye of love; And the holy angels hover'd near From their Heavenly home above.

And the little, wandering, orphan wail Who roam'd thro' the drifting snow, Was guided at last to a window, Lit up by a fire's bright glow; He thought of his former happy home, Of his mother's tender care, And the tears fell from his azure eyes, As he breath'd a simple prayer To the God who cares for the homeless, Who listen'd with ear of love; And the holy angels hover'd near From their Heavenly home above.

The gladsome mirth from the room within Came to his heart like a dream, His mother's face in the pure snowflakes As an angel's seemed to beam; And he heard the distant Christmas bells, Heavenly chimes that did not cease E'en when shadow'd o'er by balmy wings, As he slept at last—in peace! For the God who cares for the homeless, Look'd down with His eye of love, And the holy angels hover'd near, Bore him to their Home above.

The Canary at Ohuroh.

They were singing good old "London," As the evening, cool and sweet, Drifted with purple shadows Adown the city street.

And now through tender silence The thrilling flute-notes rang, And sweet as angel's voices The rare old tune they sang.

When sudden, lo! appearing On casting quaint and old, Like fair stray from Heaven, Flutcred a speck of gold.

On to the lectern flying, Up to the Bishop's chair, With clear notes soaring, chanting, His wondrous vesper there.

Full rolled the singing voices; Yet sweeter, richer, higher, God's silver-throated choir Outsang the trained choir.

—For Truth.

A Wish.

WRITTEN FOR THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM OF MISS JESSIE R., MONTREAL.

Sweet friend, what best wish shall the poet bring, Whose winter deepens with our deepening spring? What better wish than that the spring this year May bring another spring more rich and dear, That heart and hope shall open to that spring, And your world circle to a wedding ring.

G. P. M.

The Last Snow.

—Original.

BY MRS. J. M'D.

Snow, snow, beautiful snow, Have you forgotten 'tis time you should go? You linger to tease us, You no more can please us, We've had quite enough of you, beautiful snow

Snow, snow, feathery snow, Come, make your adieu, and say you must go; Your coming and going, With cold north winds blowing, Has made us all tired, so tired of snow.

Snow, snow, fluttering snow, It seems like rudeness to tell you to go; But you must remember You came in December, And that is a long time to battle with snow.

Snow, snow, pure, pearly, snow, Trailing your white robes in mud here below; Spread out your virgin wings, Soar up where the lark sings, And stay in the land of the beautiful snow.

"Bio Transit Gloria Mundi."

"So departeth earthly glory." True enough that worn old phrase! Mocking time repeats the story, Where are all our youthful days? Past away the time of gladness, Happy song and triumph about, And the wide world wails in sadness, "All's played out!"

Evermore a wailing minor Mars the music of our life, While the silver cords grow finer, Scorched by sorrow, strained by strife; Through the gloom men's steps are tending, Groping in a midst of doubt, And they say the world is ending; All's played out!

Some have dreamt a golden vision, And they tell us to be brave; For in spite of fools' derision There's a hope beyond the grave; Let us hold it with insistence, Though our creed the world may flout, That there's something in the distance Not played out.

—For Truth.

An Anagram.

TO SIR JOHN A.

The cry of war rings thro' the land; Brave volunteers are highing To meet the foe through weal or woe, Through hardships great and trying.

The Q.O.R. are in the van, The Grenadiers are vicing; Whilst thousands more are to the fore Their faith on each relying.

We hear of sufferings by the way, Of deprivations crying; Of want of care and boats a snare,— All this the men defying.

IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

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

CHAPTER IV.

A GUILTY FACE.

RHODE AXON had never succeeded in gaining the esteem, much less the affection, of her practical, free-hearted neighbours. She had met their warm advances with a chilling reserve that had become natural to her since her husband's first desertion.

On her arrival many of the good women of the district had exhibited a friendly anxiety to help her in her new home, and to initiate her into the mysteries of the domestic routine of a New Zealand house.

Their offers were declined with civil thanks. She told them (and as they considered a little haughtily) that she had no taste either for the kitchen or the farm. She added that her husband would procure proper servants to look after both departments. One more persevering than the rest, insisted upon giving her aid in the arranging of the rooms, but she soon abandoned her task in disgust, for she received not the smallest encouragement from Mrs. Axon to continue it.

"I never met such an aggravating body," she said to her friends, "as that Mrs. Axon. She don't care one pin's head where things are put, and I do believe that if one of the girls were to boil water in her silver teapot, it wouldn't rouse her from her stateroom."

The New Zealand settlers are eminently a practical people, and a lazy woman is regarded with the greatest contempt; the fact of Rhode Axon's no active part in the affairs of her household, would have been sufficient to deprive her of the people's sympathy, even had she been more complacent and more anxious to cultivate the good opinion of those around her. She had come among them broken spirited and with her heart crushed, and she had not sufficient energy to strive to propitiate a lot of strangers whose sympathies and whose ways were directly opposite to her own.

Sometimes in her desolation she may have regretted that she had not striven to make one friend, but if this grief ever did trouble her it was not strong enough to rouse her to any determined effort. She was, as it were, an outcast amongst them, and apparently she was quite contented to remain so. With time she grew even more repellent in her manner, and consequently became more completely alone.

At length the people ceased to pass the compliment of inviting her to their social gatherings, and you might have remained a long time in the district, and have listened to a countless number of Gregory's stories without knowing of the existence of Mrs. Axon.

Gregory had made himself a favourite from the very first. He had rare knack of entering into work or play with genuine heartiness. Men liked him for his liberal hospitality, and for the capital anecdotes he could tell over the whisky and tobacco. His free, humorous manner attracted the women. To be sure, his large blue eyes were very soft and tender, but, more than this, he was believed to have a bad wife and this alone was sufficient to make them regard him with much gentle interest and compassion.

The ever-reiterated wonder was—"How ever he could have married such a creature?"

Every woman who knew the unhappy pair resented the appearance of Mrs. Axon among them; so the poor wife, whose only fault was her boundless love for the man who had lied to her, and defrauded her, and crushed her, was shut out of all hearts, while her selfish, heartless husband passed through the world caressed by his fellows, and not doubted by one.

The world has small sympathy with injured wives, even when their wrongs are obtruded upon it. Strength not only carries all before it; it drags all with it. It is far more gratifying to listen to the man's eloquence, to drink his wine, or to read his books, than it is to lend attentive ear to the woman's wrongs.

Rhode had sought no confidants in the new country. Once in England she had told her wrongs—where Heaven knows they were so apparent as not to need the telling—but the friend to whom she had opened her

heart, though she repeated some parrot-like words of sympathy, smiled a little incredulously, and declared that she was quite sure "dear Gregory was the best of men at heart."

Perhaps Rhode, poor soul! had a hard way with her, but how her heart would swell and warm were he but to give her one sweet smile—one loving word!

She had hoped to find happiness in a fresh country among new friends and fresh surroundings, and at first Gregory had certainly made an effort to behave kindly to her. Day by day, however, the attempt grew more irksome, and at length when he became prosperous and quite independent of her pecuniary aid, his old mocking, cold contemptuous way returned and day by day he practised a hundred petty cruelties upon her.

While he stabbed he smiled, and it was this mask and good humour that maddened her.

Quite alone, shut out from all sympathy, Rhode Axon was left to feast upon a happier past, and to brood upon her present wrongs.

It seemed to her sometimes, that it was only a day since Gregory had led her to the altar, and yet what an eternity of suffering she had gone through since!

She had discarded her first lover, poor simple Walter Barr, and how proud she was of her tall, handsome, noble-looking husband! Her uncle, her only living relative, had blessed them ere he died, and he had sunk into the everlasting slumber satisfied that life to her would be as one long cloudless day. How her friends had felicitated her and envied her her happiness! In her own deep thankfulness she had fallen upon her knees and thanked God for the joy He had vouchsafed her!

It wrung her heart to think how soon her life the blackness of despair had fallen upon her. It exasperated her beyond measure to remember how even her own friends would not see Gregory's deceit and vices and to hear them declare, with solemn headshakings, that she had sadly changed. Gregory's taunts and studied cruelty had gradually driven his wife to madness, and at last his persistent ill-treatment culminated in the terrible catastrophe we have described in the previous chapter.

As the little band of excited men and women stood in the dusky room waiting for lights, their hearts burned with indignation at the crime that had been perpetrated. They closely surrounded their prisoner and gripped him with subdued ferocity. Perhaps not one amongst them cared one small measure of care whether the injured woman stretched upon the floor was alive or dead for her own sake; but she was Gregory Axon's wife, and the man who touched his property would to pay heavily for his temerity.

We have said that Walter Barr was naturally of an extremely nervous disposition. He had very little strength of mind, and the terrible position in which he so suddenly found himself, deprived him for a period of his reasoning faculties. Thought pursued thought with feverish haste characteristic of a certain kind of nightmare. Luminous spots appeared before his eyes, and some parts of his brain glowed with a fearful heat. There was a Babel of voices in his ear. He could feel, but only as a dreaming man feels, that impetuous, angry hands had possession of him. He realised, with a sinking heart, that a lifeless woman clutched his trousers, and from her grasp an awful tremor crept over him. He knew that he was in the deadliest danger, but he could not move one muscle nor articulate one word.

Almost in an instant lights were brought. It seemed, in a confused way, an age since Walter Barr had entered this house.

Indistinctly, as through clouds, he heard Gregory Axon cry in amazement—"Walter Barr!"

His tongue was fixed to the roof of his mouth; his eyes were wild and staring; there was a good deal of blood upon his hand, and a roeking dagger was at his feet.

The hot breath of excited speakers struck his cheeks, and a great hiss appeared to fill the room:

"Look at his guilty face!"

CHAPTER V.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

When Gregory Axon returned to the room bearing in his hand a lamp, which lit up the bronzed, eager faces of the excited people, and showed the still pulseless woman lying with her face kissing the boards, never murderer caught red-handed in the act looked so criminal as did innocent Walter Barr. His guilty face struck them all, and with one accord their tongues echoed their thoughts.

Those who had clutched him most impatiently were the first to relax their grasp. They all drew from him, and left him standing, motionless, helpless, speechless. The woman was at his feet; his "red right hand" had spotted his coat, as it hung nerveless by his side. In a moment the practical sense of the people asserted itself. They raised the woman from the floor, and placed her upon a sofa. One of the number, who possessed some rough surgical skill, strove, under Gregory's direction, to staunch the wounds, and, if possible, to bring her back to life. Some others led Walter to another part of the building, and here very quickly Gregory followed them.

It had surprised them to see that Gregory knew the man who had, to all appearances, murdered his wife, for this man was a stranger to them all, and during the master's brief absence, the tongues of some of them were busy with this fact.

Gregory was pale; strong as he was, he trembled excessively. His powers of dissimulation were great, but this supreme disaster had so stunned him that he could not sume the sorrow he would like the people believe he felt. Fortunately those who watched him were not very exacting. No one who knew the couple expected Gregory to suffer very intense grief at the loss of his wife; that he should feel the deepest horror at the manner of it was only natural.

Walter Barr sat in a chair now. They had questioned him, but his answers were incoherent, and he appeared to be quite unconscious of all that had happened. Two of the men stood near him, but no attempt had been made to secure him. It was impossible for him to escape while any one remained in the room.

When Gregory walked up to him he rose from his chair, and, holding out his hand, he said in a dazed way—

"Have you forgotten me, Gregory?"

Gregory affected not to notice the outstretched hand. Placing his own palm upon Walter's shoulder, he pressed him again on to his chair. "What does all this mean, Walter?" he asked, in a low, tremulous voice. "Why have you killed my wife? Why are you here?"

Turning to the men in the room he said— "This is an old school-fellow of mine. An old friend of my wife's—I may say an old sweetheart."

The men turned and conversed in whispers. Axon's quick ear caught the words "sweetheart," "jealousy."

All through this terrible evening Gregory's language was quite calm, but if you could have heard his voice, or have seen his pallid lips and his trembling hands, you would have realised how agitated he was.

Walter did not answer him; he appeared like one in deep thought. Gregory was again going to address him when a man ran hurriedly into the room.

"It's no go, Boss," he cried, jerking his finger in the direction of the apartment in which they had left Rhode's body, "she's clean gone, poor soul. 'Spect w'd better git him"—pointing to Walter—"along to Christchurch. Best to lose no time—there's more nor half a hint of a bit of wind to-night."

Gregory ran from the room to where his wife's body was.

"It's a nasty business, this 'ere," said the man who had brought the message; "but I don't suppose that it's quite the very worst thing that as ever happened to the Boss."

Then the others in the room gathered round and told him that the dazed weak-looking man on the chair had been an old sweetheart of Mrs. Axon.

"Ah!" said the man with a deep breath and a look of rare sagacity, "I allus thought there was a something."

And the fact of Walter having been a former lover of Mrs. Axon satisfied the

domestics that there was no mystery about the matter at all. Indeed, one of the young women went so far as to say that it was only what, under the circumstances, might reasonably have been expected.

Before Gregory returned to the room the low, sullen roar of the wind was heard. Most of the men ran to secure the doors and windows, and to see that the outbuildings were properly protected. Scarcely had they returned when the storm swept through the gorges, and made the slight house quiver as though each moment it would be carried away. The pictures were blown out from the walls, and it was dangerous to open the door lest the blast should catch the light roof and carry it away. This furious storm might last for several days. Until it abated it would be quite impossible to convey the prisoner to Christchurch. Slowly Walter Barr recovered himself, and when the wind was roaring its loudest he was, with much nervous volubility, endeavouring to impress upon the men watching him his complete innocence. They declined to listen to him until the "Boss" was present. When at length, Gregory returned to the room, Walter rushed towards him, crying—

"You don't believe me guilty, Gregory? You can't believe me capable of such an atrocity!"

Gregory had just left his wife's body, and looked terribly shattered. He was now far more agitated than the supposed murderer. An observant person would have been struck by the fact that he regarded his own domestics with a suspicious, frightened look, while there was nothing in his expression denoting anger when he looked at Walter Barr.

"I don't know, Walter—I don't know," he said, in a faint, weary voice. "It is all very strange. Let me hear your story."

He dropped into a chair, and his head fell upon his chest; in this position he listened to the incredible explanation of the unfortunate young man.

"When I arrived you know," Walter commenced in a quick nervous way, "there was nobody about at all. I put my horse up and then came quietly into the house."

The men nodded their heads together as much as to say:

"We can quite believe that."

"Why are you here at all?" Gregory asked in a low monotone and without raising his head. "I thought that you were in London."

"I have been ill," Walter answered, looking anxiously from face to face; "and I have been travelling for the good of my health. At last I thought I would come over here and see you, and—Rhode."

As he spoke furious gusts of wind smote the building, and the shingle from the gravel walk rattled against the latticed windows like hail; fine clouds of dust blew from the pulverised walls, and threatened to blind those in the room. Every now and again the storm drowned Walter's words, and he had to raise his voice to its highest pitch. Still Gregory sat with his head bent upon his chest.

"Why did you not write and tell us that you were coming?" Gregory demanded, in the same pulseless voice.

"Because I thought to surprise you—because—because I was a fool," he added, desperately.

The men shrugged their shoulders and smiled incredulously.

"A I have told you," Walter went on, "when I arrived there was nobody about. I knew that you would not be long, and I determined to take my place in your chief room and wait your return. I entered the one in which you found me. No sooner had I done so than a woman—Rhode—started from one of the corners, and ran towards me. As she did so she cried out 'Help! Murder!' Then she seized me with one hand and with the other she plunged the knife into her side. I was bespattered with blood, and was so horrified I could do nothing. Her cries increased, and when yet arrived she madly and savagely denounced me. God knows," Walter cried, appealingly, "That she struck the blow herself. I would not injure a hair of her poor head."

He waited anxiously for one of them to speak—for some one to take him by the hand and say, "I believe you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed with airs of Heaven—with marvellous or womanliest enduring love—can the vision be clear.

The word Ideas Cret. ancior and sucke growt while if the size must other the r work have be pl remo sprin roots set a face the safe culti are c well betw sum; prun or fi awa; berr to st reall s ve win; are j to ti rock tion larg thot ther prot the. keey of O and ther an n any mus woo wea weaf pro) sub; blig but The of y her sten the ere so r In r In r bec nder C and "I son oall bea ver for int; ori; the qua

RASPBERRY CULTURE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

The garden raspberry (from the *Cultio* word *rub*, red), originated from *Rubus* *Ideus*, and is a native of Mount Ida in Crete. We find it often mentioned by the ancient writers, Pliny the elder, Palladius and others. It is easily propagated by suckers or cuttings, and of much easier growth and cultivation than the strawberry, while fully as profitable for market purposes if the varieties are judiciously chosen as to size and shipping qualities. The ground must be as carefully prepared as for any other fruit, and the best results are found if the rows are set far enough apart to be worked by horse power. The plants should have plenty of fibrous roots, and need not be planted any deeper than they were before removed. If too deep the suckers that spring from the stem, or from the lateral roots, will not come up so freely as when set shallow. Cut the canes close to the surface of the soil, and do not expect fruit till the new wood has grown—then you may safely look for some the next season. Clean cultivation is best, though good results are often obtained after the plantation is well grown, by placing a heavy mulch between the rows, and leaving it there all summer. The bearing canes should be pruned every spring, by shortening to four or five feet. All weak shoots should be cut away after the fruiting season, if fine berries are desired. We have tried training to stakes, and leaving them without, and really consider that staking pays best. It saves the canes from being broken by the wind, or the weight of fruit. The stakes are four or five feet long, and the canes tied to them loosely. Raspberries grow well on rocky soil, or stiff clay—in localities or positions exposed to the sun. But the fruit is larger when grown in shaded situations, though not so sweet. In a southern climate there is greater care required in winter protection, than in the extreme north, where the regular snow fall serves to protect, and keep the roots warm. But in many parts of Ontario the plants must be pegged down and covered with soil just enough to keep them in place. It is quickly accomplished, an acre not costing ten dollars, if done with any skill and expedition. But such work must be done late in the season when the wood is ripe, or it is likely to decay if warm weather comes afterward. A plantation of raspberries will bear for a dozen years if properly cared for, and the plants are not subject to many diseases. Rust or leaf blight attacks moist plantations sometimes, but may be kept in check by good culture. There is also a borer that eats into the pith of young growth, and lays eggs in the stems, when the young canes wither, and these stems must be cut off and burned before the eggs hatch out. But it is not a regular enemy, only a casual, and there are generally so many shoots, that a few are not missed. In regard to varieties, there are so many nowadays, that one must judge what will best suit soil and situation; also have an idea as to their hardiness. Our first plantation was the "Clarke," and we still find it hardy and profitable. "Philadelphia" and "Pride of the Hudson," were not satisfactory, but a new berry called "Cuthbert" has proved one of the best for carrying to market, being large and very firm, though not of such high quality for the amateur. A new berry that has been introduced called the "Niagara," which originated at St. Catharines, bids fair to be the earliest, and to carry with it many good qualities—tho plants being hardy and strong.

—For Truth.

Last of all is another berry the "Marlbro," which has caused quite a *furor* among small fruit growers. I saw the plants two years ago and was strongly impressed by the wonderful vigor of the canes, which were ten feet high and giants of strength. So much faith have we in this berry that we are putting out this spring a thousand plants. Last summer the Marlbro fruit, sent from New York State, sold in Montreal market at 20 cents per quart. Fruit growers must be on the alert to test and accept any new variety of fruit that is proved good, by reliable authority, for if keeping in the old ruts they are as sure to be left behind in the race, as if in any other business. Intelligent knowledge and adaptability of proper soil and location are necessary to success, and it is well to have such a variety that all the "eggs" will not be "in one basket," and with this aim in view our next jottings will be of the growth and profit to be obtained from currants and gooseberries. An acre of raspberries of good variety gives a fair profit—while the Marlbro, when well established, gives from 1,200 to 2,000 half pints per day for two weeks, and from 500 to 1,000 for two weeks more. Surely there is money in the fruit garden, even with lighter returns.

The Blues.

When people are sick in body, they usually want to do something for the disease. They ought to be as wise when mentally sick with that unnering malady, the blues, and do something, with an active emphasis on the do. Too many, I fear, when in low spirits are tempted to take something. A dose of morphine, a glass of wine, a good cigar, an exciting novel, or an aimless holiday seems so pleasant to take. But they do not cure, they only aggravate the ailment. The harmonious and simultaneous employment of head, hands, and heart, is the availing remedy. Plan some sensible work and execute it. Take hold of plow or hoe, saw or hammer, pen or yardstick, or needle or broom, and stir your blood by stirring some thing to some purpose. When there is no positive bodily disease, one can do much toward dispelling one's dismal blues of murky misery, by helping to put a bit of the clear, blue sky of happiness over somebody's head. If you are sick, do not whine, nor sigh, nor drizzle a "continual dropping" of complaints. Gird yourself with the spirit of a man and bear your infirmity. Bring your wandering, gloomy gaze within the compass of to-day. Christ has commanded: "Take no thought for to-morrow. Trust God to-day."

It is wrong to give way to the blues. If they rise from bodily indisposition, then fast a little if need be, exercise wisely, and quit your misguided habits. Live according to God's laws in all things.

If your spirit is wounded with some deep sorrow, do not repine. Go to the loving Christ who was a "man of sorrows," and who can enter into all our sore afflictions. Trust, love, obey. Find something for hand and heart to do. Never despair. Christ reigns, and his hand that "in faithfulness" has sorely chastened, can richly comfort, in due time.

Kleptomania.

Kleptomania is the strangest gift ever bestowed by civilization upon fallen humanity. It is a product of the highest and most recent stages of civilization. Barbarians know nothing of it; they are not subject to its insidious attacks. It is neither painful, like gout; infectious, like measles; nor dangerous, like pneumonia. It is so treacherous that the victim himself is not aware he has contracted it until accused of theft; and even then only on being informed of his sufferings by his lawyer. It differs from all recognized diseases, inasmuch as no doctor could ever trace symptoms of it. It was evolved by a clover lawyer, from his inner consciousness, which is as difficult to get at as the North Pole. By a merciful interposition of fate, kleptomania attacks only the wealthy, who are able to pay for its treatment.

LAUGHLETS.

A pair of pants—Two tired dogs. A dentist is no chicken. He is always a pull-it.

If a woman were to change her sex, she would become a hea-thou.

An observing politician says that the difference between those going in and out of office is mainly this—the former are sworn in and the latter go out swearing.

"Bear with me," said Emma, as she seated herself on the sofa beside Charley. And he hugged her with such bruin-like sweetness that she tingled with delight.

The old lady who asked for a gold ring sixteen pearsipsa fice was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the conservatory of music.

"I don't know as I can make you understand just what I mean, Clara," said Margaret, "but I'll try to make it plain." "You kind creature!" cried Clara, effusively; "just like you."

"What is the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she understood to be ailing. "Oh, nothin' much," was the answer. "He's only hatchin' teeth."

A condemned murderer was married in his cell at Los Angeles, Cal., last week. A man who has only a few days to live—comments a bachelor editor—can afford to take most any kind of risk!

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing cherry-cobblers has just got out a work in which he attempts to prove that by eating hops you will acquire a knowledge of waltzing.

"Hello, Smith; suppose a man marries his first wife's step sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?" "First wife—um—step-aunt—or—let a see. I don't know." "Bright fellow. He's her husband."

A fashion paper says: "Ladies will not dress as much as usual the coming season." If this is so it will be necessary after awhile for men to wear shades over their eyes when they attend fashionable receptions.

Betsey, an old colored cook, was mooning around the kitchen one day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No, ma'am, not 'zactly," said Betsey; "but de fact is, I don't feel ambition 'nough to get outer my own way."

Volumes have been written giving diagrams and specifications as to how children should be trained up, and yet as soon as a man becomes a daddy he throws his judgment overboard, shuts his eyes to reason and lets the squaller rule the roost.

She used to meet him at the gate with a kiss and a smile, like morning light; but now she comes to the door in a dingy old calico wrapper and shoes down at the heel, shades her eyes with her hand, and in a voice that seems to need oiling, inquires: "Did you bring that butter?"

If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a given cow yield when fed on turnips? Key—Multiply the number of snowflakes by the number of hairs on the cow's tail, divide the product in the juice of a dry turnip, add to quotient a pound of chalk and multiply the hydrant.

"Call again," he said to the butcher,
"Call again another day."
The butcher pocketed his bill
And sadly turned away.
"He's busted," said the butcher,
"Flat broke, slack-a-day!"
He lean honest customer;
Too bad he cannot pay."
The butcher took his wife that night
To see a fifty cent play;
But in a fifty dollar box
Sat the man who couldn't pay!

"Johnny, why don't you rock the baby? You'd let it equal its life out." "I would if I could." "Why, Johnny! Want your little brother to die?" "Well, doggone it, wouldn't it be a good deal better for him to be up in heaven flyin' around than to be layin' a squallin' in that ere cradle?"

The minister last Sunday morning had preached a very long, parched sermon on the creation of man, and one little girl in the congregation was utterly worn out. After the services she said to her mother: "Mamma, were we all made of dust?" "Certainly, my child." "The preacher, too?" "Of course. Why do you think he was not made like the rest of us?" "Oh, because he is so awful dry, mamma, I don't see how the Creator could make him stick together."

Cultivate the Grove.

In the Forestry Report of Mr. R. W. Phipps, compiled at the instance of the Ontario Government, the following fine passages occur. They are well worthy of careful consideration, and they should be acted upon where circumstances will permit. How much thousands of our Canadian homes could be beautified by a little careful and judicious cultivation of trees.

Mr. Phipps writes:—

How pleasant within easy walk of your house to have a woodland of five, or ten, or still more pleasant, of fifteen acres. Let it not be a mossy wilderness of grassy land, and old and dying timber, but a well fenced territory, where infant, half-grown, and full-grown trees, uninjured and fresh, cover the ground, clear cut of frame, tender and glowing of foliage as the bowers when Meliboeus walked or Thyrus sung. Enter for fifty steps, the world is gone; a hundred, and the solitude is utter. Without, it is the hottest of midday suns; but the great leaf-roof above fills every sylvan arch with cooling shade, and, passing where you will along these natural colonnades, you breathe the great drafts of life-giving forest air redolent of pine and balsam. On all sides outer sound is shut from you, the distant city bells are all unheard, the nearer mill but a watch's tick; even the harsher noises of farming life approach the ear with muffled and not unpleasant touch.

Here is repose, for here is distraction from outer cares. Notice that the forest has a population of its own; and if you have not seen a destroying tyrant, but hospitable to the little harmless savages of the wilderness, a thousand lives will be around you, the existence of which you know not of. In yonder hollow, now seen, now hidden, the partridge is feeding her half grown brood; the squirrel upon the leaning sapling beside you, glancing down with a half-friendly, half-careless air, is carving with his sharp curved teeth one of last year's nuts; and in the insect life, on ground and fallen tree are bustling communities, colonies, monarchies, or empires, for what we know, crossing, meeting, working, assisting, as if everything hung on their efforts, you were nobody, and space were outside the fence.

Here is the home of retirement, the seat of contemplation, the birthplace of thought. He who has near him such a solitude, may rear heroes; for the murmurings of the mighty trees roll laden with the whispers of ambition to the youthful ear; he who has may hope for statesmen among his sons, for the converse of such a wilderness has nurtured throughout successive ages, in many a succeeding race, in many a youthful and patriotic heart, the plans which in after days bore richest fruit of national life and national greatness.

A Touching Story.

One rarely meets a bit of more touching romance than is found in the following story, that comes from Wales: "Years ago some Welsh miners, in exploring an old pit that had long been closed, found the body of a young man dressed in a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the mine had been such as to preserve the body so perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at this circumstance; no one in the district had been missed within their remembrance, and a last it was resolved to bring the oldest inhabitant—an old lady long past her eightieth year, who had lived single in the village the whole of her life. On being brought into the presence of the body a strange scene occurred; the old lady fell on the corpse, kissed and addressed it by every term of loving endearment, couched in the language of a bygone generation. He was her only love; she had waited for him during her long life; she knew that he had not forsaken her. The old woman and the young man had been betrothed sixty years before. The lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept faithful during that long interval. Time had stood still with the dead man, but had left its mark on the living woman. The miners who were present, were a rough set, but very gently, and with tearful eyes they removed the old lady to her house, and the same night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long-lost lover."

Temperance Department.

The McCarthy Act Gone.

The Dominion Government have at last decided to repeal their License Act. This is not much to be wondered at. From the day that the Bill was first introduced in Parliament some of the best legal authorities of the Dominion gave it as their undoubted opinion that the Dominion Parliament had no constitutional right to pass such a law. Before the Act came into force Parliament took the extraordinary step of enacting that its most important penalties should not be put into force until legal doubts in regard to its constitutionality should be cleared away. The judgment of the Supreme Court that the Act was *ultra vires* evidently gave the finishing stroke, but it was not until last week that the final announcement about its abandonment was made.

Of course it is now easy enough to all that it was most unfortunate that such an Act was ever proposed at all. The Ministerial party have had to undergo the mortification of a defeat and a back down, and the Opposition have been afforded reason for rejoicing over the discomfiture of their opponents. And, beyond all this, the result has been injurious to the good morals of the country. Everybody, but those immediately interested, deprecates the multiplication of tipping houses. The number of these was greatly increased last year because the McCarthy Act was forced into existence, and of course drinking and drunkenness throughout the country was increased in consequence.

Even the men who were encouraged to go into the liquor business, because of the additional licenses under the Act, are now left in the lurch and many of them will have good reason to regret that they went into it at all. Besides all that, the tax-payers of the country have had imposed on them heavy additional burdens to meet the large extra expense in connection with the carrying out of the Act, as well as the great legal expense of testing its constitutionality in the various courts. It is still announced that a final appeal in its behalf will be made to the Privy Council. We can hardly believe this, however, until we see it done. Of course any such appeal involves large additional expenses to the tax-payers and large fees to a few favored lawyers. As it is, the lawyers—or a few of them—have made a fine thing out of it already. Should the Government again appeal and again fail great responsibility will be at their doors.

How He was Weaned from His Cups.

A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house, the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was sick, and made him lie down at once, and in a moment or two he was comfortably settled on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, his breathing heavy, and altogether he was a pitiable-looking object. The doctor was sent for post-haste, and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse, and examined him and found that he was only drunk, he said:—

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply

blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters were eating into the flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still—you mustn't stir," said the wife; "you have been taken very sick."

"I'm not sick."

"Oh, yes, you are; you have brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," growled the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I'm better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands were still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't get alarmed and send for a doctor, and, above all, don't blister me again."

"Oh, indeed I will—all that saved you were the blisters, and if ever you should have another such spell, I should be more frightened than ever—for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you would be likely to die, unless there were the severest measures used."

He made no further defence: suffice it to say he never had another attack.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

With Faith to guide and Hope to cheer,
And Charity to warm the heart,
What peril can subdue with fear,
What loss a lasting grief impart?
The hand of strength our weakness leads,
The light of Truth our path illumines;
The God of Love our sighing heeds,
The Saviour all our guilt assumes;
Affliction comes with angel grace
To draw us nearer to our God,
We see through tears His loving face
And kiss the hand that holds the rod.

With Faith to guide and Hope to cheer
And Charity to warm the heart,
We draw the slime of Eden near,
An air of Heaven to Earth impart;
The demon passions can no more
Compel us to forbidden ways;
We speak a tongue unknown before,
The language of adoring praise,
We drink of Sorrow's poisoned cup,
But all innoxious is its base;
We take the cup of slander up,
Its fangs assail the hand in vain.

Give me, oh Lord! that faith to guide
Through all the devious paths of life—
That Hope to cheer whatever betide,
And gird me for the deadly strife;
That Charity my heart to warm
To all my kind but most to thee,
That in each believer's form
A sister, brother, friend, may see;
That I may feel thee ever near,
And find thy presence strength impart,
With Faith to guide and Hope to cheer
And Charity to warm my heart.

To a Jug of Whiskey.

[The following will never become so old as to lose its flavor.]

Here, only by a cork controlled,
And slender walls of earth and mold,
In all the pomp of death repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,
The fist for fighting, nothing loth;
The passion which no word can tame,
That burst like sulphur into flame;
The nose carbuncled, growing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears a deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming and dispute;
Assaults that innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent,
The midnight hour in riot spent—
All these within the jug appear,
And Jack the hargman in the rear.

NEWS AND NOTES

"LIBERAL TEMPERANCE."—Writing of the newly established temperance organization in this city, the object of which is to promote temperance by encouraging the use of wine and beer, instead of total abstinence, an intelligent correspondent of the *Globe* says: "My trouble with the appeals of the Liberal Temperance Association is, that they weaken the moral motive, when I wish to see it strengthened. They distinctly call a halt, and say that half of this cry against intemperance is needless and fanatical. They assert that the best friends of the temperance cause is on the other side, and that the great

reform can be successful only by enlisting wine and beer as its allies. That these friends of temperance in disguise are intoxicants, is proved by too long a course of consequences to call for evidence now, and that their main practical alliance is with the stronger liquors is known to all men. If in this land these are allowed free course, friends and foes of temperance alike will know that the cause has compromised with its enemies. The moral force of an intelligent people cannot be rallied to mortal conflict against rum and whiskey while public encouragement is given to wine and beer. Lands where the moral question has never arisen are no example for us. In our endeavor to put intemperance away we must have a sweeping moral movement or fail, and a sweeping moral movement will not make the distinction that our liberal friends propose. The practical difference between the two classes of intoxicants is not so transparently clear that an awakened conscience can battle to the death against one while it openly befriends and supports the other. Our liberal friends themselves will find the difficulties if they press on from parlor and platform way to actual efforts for reform. Their attitude is distinctly permissive, and encouraging toward that which makes half the trouble in reforming inebriates. What will their appeals be? With what agencies will they ply a reprobate? Will abstinence from everything stronger than wine and beer lift up the fallen? Will it inspire the confidence of the fallen who desire to stand? Will the lost themselves believe in it? Against this foe there is need of the utmost moral motive. The short and sure way to victory for a fallen man is abstinence from the whole power and influence of his ancient enemy; nothing less can be trusted. It may all be true that one class of intoxicants is a less evil than the other, but the fact stands firm that in the matter of leaving off strong drink the successful reformers are usually radical reformers.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.—The *Globe* thus speaks:—They have a temperance law at the Cape, in South Africa, which contains at least one novel feature. It is a law providing for the punishment of any person in the liquor trade who sells or gives liquor to an habitual drunkard. The penalty is £5, and the habitual drunkard is held to be any man who has been convicted of drunkenness three times within the period of three months. And in order that there may be no mistake as to the identity of the man in question, it is made the duty of a constable or other police officer to take him in charge and exhibit him personally to every liquor-seller within the local jurisdiction. We have had for many years in Ontario a provision in the Liquor Law authorizing the relative, guardian, or employer of any person addicted to excessive drinking to notify liquor-sellers in writing not to give liquor to such person, and damages from \$20 to \$500 may be recovered from the dealer who gives or sells in contempt of notice. But the instances of notice being served are of rare occurrence with us, and it is not likely that the number would be increased were the drunkard led around for exhibition to the saloons and taverns. At the same time the making a show of a man in this way could hardly fail to have a marked effect; it would either deaden his sensibilities, or make him ashamed of himself for life.

LIBERAL TEMPERANCE.—The new "Liberal Temperance Society" in Toronto is showing a good deal of activity so far. Meetings are being held each week and men of good ability are addressing them. No doubt the great desire of the promoters, like all other well-meaning men, is to prevent the evils of drunkenness as far as possible. So far as the newspaper reports of the meetings indicate, the burden of the speeches so far appears to have been against total-abstainers and the Scott Act movement, rather than against the drink traffic and drunkenness. Petitions are being circulated, but they are against the Scott Act as it stands, and in favor of some law less sweeping. It is hardly probable that the promoters will be very successful in turning the tide of public opinion backward regarding an out and out prohibitory law.

ENLARGING.—The old Temperance Hall, Temperance St., Toronto, is now being greatly enlarged and improved, and when completed it promises to be one of the finest public halls in the Queen City. A large addition to the main building is being made on the west and south sides and another storey will be added. The masons and car-

penters are now busily at work, and it is hoped that by September next the building will be complete. It is located centrally in the city, and will probably always be in popular demand for mass meetings, concerts, lectures, and the like. The new additions are expected to cost about \$5,000, of which sum one man, James French, Esq., has generously subscribed \$1,000.

A LARGE DIMINUTION.—The repeal of the McCarthy Act by the Dominion Parliament will cut off at once a large number of legalized liquor sellers throughout the entire Dominion. In every one of the Provinces there are sellers now whose only legal authority to deal in intoxicating liquors is the Dominion licenses granted to them. All such licenses expire with the first day of May, and none of the retail and shop licenses will be renewed. In Toronto alone quite a large number of taverns and licensed grocers must shut down this week, or run the risk of a severe penalty for illegal sales. How soon the turn of the others will come it is hard to tell, but the indications go to show that their day is not far distant.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

THE PASSWORD.—The quarterly password for May quarter was sent over a week ago to all lodge deputies from whom returns have been received. Any Deputy failing to receive such shall at once notify the C. W. S. in order that another may be sent.

GRAND LODGE MEETING.—The next annual session of the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T. of Hamilton, commencing Tuesday, June 23rd. Every lodge in the Province is invited to send one representative for each fifty members, or a fraction of fifty. These should be elected at the first regular meeting in May. Arrangements will be made for reduced railway and hotel rates for all members desiring to attend. Full particulars will be given through the columns of TRUTH in due time, and also by the G. W. Secretary direct to all members who will send their names and address for that purpose.

GONE.—The *Canada Casket*, published at Nanawee, Ont., for many years the official organ of the I. O. Good Templars, has ceased publication. Mr. Henry, the publisher, states: "The experience of several years has convinced me that the people of Canada will not support a paper devoted especially to their interests and advocating their cause." This fact, of course, accounts for the present stoppage. A large number of other temperance publishers have had a similar experience; a score or more of temperance papers have been started in Canada and not one of them was long remunerative to the publishers. The fact is it is hard to get others interested in a purely temperance journal, and the temperance people alone are too few to well sustain a journal of that class.

R. W. G. LODGE.—The regular Annual session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge I. O. G. T., will be held in the city of Toronto, commencing Tuesday, May 26th. The Normal School buildings have been kindly offered by the Provincial Government for the meeting. A finer building and finer surroundings could not have been secured. It is expected that there will be about a hundred Representatives present representing the various Grand Lodges of the United States, and possibly of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as those of the respective Provinces of the Dominion. Arrangements are being made for temperance sermons or addresses in a large number of the leading churches in the city on Sunday, 24th, and for several temperance mass-meetings in the parks and public halls during the day. Among the speakers expected are:—Hon. John B. Finch, Nebraska; Col. Barric, Kentucky; Rev. E. Eddy, D. D., Dr. C. H. Mann, New York; C. Martin Jones, G. W. C. T., Rochester; Col. J. J. Hickman, Missouri; Hon. D. P. Sagendorph, Michigan; Hon. Urian Copp, Illinois; G. B. Katorstein, G. W. S., California; J. N. Stearns, New York; Hon. S. D. Hastings, Wisconsin; Rev. C. H. Mcado, of New York, and many others. Full announcements of the arrangements will be made through TRUTH columns, and otherwise, in good time.

Sample copies of TRUTH will be sent free to any one whose name and address will be sent to this office for that purpose. Present subscribers are invited to accept of this offer.

Our Young Folks.

CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

OUR FIRST CROCODILE.

"Well, then, let's make a list of what we will want to eat. But we'll want lots of other things, too, won't we?"

"Yes, ever so many things. Now if you will buy the provisions, I will attend to getting everything else," said David. Ben readily agreed to this proposition.

Next day Ben made a tour of the shops, and purchased the following supplies: two barrels of pilot bread, a peck of beans, twenty-five pounds of jerked beef, five cans of condensed milk, three five-pound cans of oatmeal, four cans of Swiss butter, five pounds of coffee, twenty of sugar, four pots of delicious guava marmalade, and also two quarts of brandy for medical purposes. In addition he bought a small wooden chest, and fitted it up as a "kitchen," with a frying pan, kettle, tin cups, iron spoons, plates, knives and forks.

Meantime, David bought two hammocks, two large bags of salt, an empty barrel in which to pickle large skins, and a number of knives and hatchets to barter for specimens.

"Now at Bolivar the work begins!" said David, cheerily to his comrade, as they stepped aboard the *Heroe*, late in the afternoon of February 15. All their boxes, bags, and barrels were on board, and the travellers were in high spirits. A crowd of noisy negro laborers, bound for the gold mines south of Las Tablas swarmed on to the lower deck; the fleet of small boats dropped noiselessly away; the anchor was heaved up from the muddy bottom, and at sunset the *Heroe* was off.

The Gulf of Paria was that night as smooth as glass, and at daybreak the next morning the steamer's bow was pointing southeast at a long, low line of dark green tree tops which seemed to float upon the water a few miles ahead. Even two hours later nothing was to be seen save the edge of a low-lying, level forest—but it was South America!

THE ORINOCO.

At eight o'clock the steamer entered the Macareo mouth of the Orinoco, which leads very nearly through the middle of the vast delta. For many miles, in fact during the remainder of that entire day's progress, the steamer ploughed its way up against the brown and turbid current, between two walls of green leaves. The trees along the banks seemed almost smothered with the jungle creepers and rank vines, which, ivy-like, clambered over and often entirely covered them with a thick green mantle. The rank and heavy undergrowth dropped far over into the water, almost obliterating the banks, which, at best, were only of soft mud. It would take hours in such a place to find a spot on shore where one might land and build a fire. Ordinary hunting is here entirely out of the question, since any bird or monkey falling dead in that tangled erdure is lost forever.

All of this *Gran Delta del Orinoco* is a perfect labyrinth of rivers, channels and creeks, which wind through a vast tract of perfectly level forest of the most dense and impenetrable description. Its general shape is triangular.

For several reasons it is almost totally uninhabited, save by wild beasts, a few Indians and smugglers. The latter find in its intricate fastnesses a safe retreat at all times, unless too hotly pursued by the revenue boats of the Government. Owing to the purely alluvial character of the delta, its soil is rich and fertile, but until it rises higher above tide level, it must remain tenantless.

During the whole of the first day's journey up the Macareo not a sign of any human habitation was seen. By daylight of the following morning the boat was at the head of the delta; the banks had risen to about twelve feet in height, and at eight o'clock they passed Fontreya's plantation, distinguished only by a wide, low-thatched house, nestling in a grove of coconut palms on the river bank.

Up to that time not a monkey nor any other quadruped had been seen. David's constant watchfulness; and the only birds noticed were about forty scarlet ibis at the mouth of the Macareo, and a few parquets and macaws flying over the river.

But at a short distance above Fontreya's plantation a huge and ugly old crocodile was seen, swimming lazily near the north bank; his length was thought to be about twelve feet.

At the head of the delta the steamer passed Postadero, a little hamlet of a dozen houses on the north bank; and four miles farther up Barrancas was reached, a pueblo of about a hundred houses, showing few signs of life and none of enterprise. After leaving the delta the land rose rapidly on both sides of the river, and the water of the river was no longer so muddy. Far away towards the south, a range of hazy blue mountains loomed up grandly along the horizon; and higher up the river a number of lofty green hills rose along the banks. Above the delta the forest entirely disappears, and on both sides of the Orinoco stretch miles upon miles of beautiful, grassy savanna, dotted here and there with leafy thickets and low clumps of trees.

Shortly before noon of the third day, as the *Heroe* rounded a bend in the river, the city of Bolivar rose in full view. Completely covering as it does a lofty conical hill on the southern bank of the river, it looms up in solid grandeur, compact, well-built in true Spanish style, and beautifully clean and white.

Our travellers were fortunate in finding that in one respect, at least, the republic of Venezuela is far ahead of her pretentious colonial neighbors, and in fact nearly all other countries. Although almost all articles imported, fire-arms and ammunition in particular, pay a high rate of duty, there is a special regulation for the benefit of all naturalists who visit that country, under which all their materials, weapons, and everything they have, in fact, within reasonable limits, is admitted free of duty.

Ben and David soon made themselves at home in the Hotel Bolivar, and began to seek all kinds of information which could have a bearing on their trip. David's knowledge of the Spanish language which he had acquired in Cuba, the year before, was of the greatest service to both, though Ben soon began to pick up such words and phrases as would be most useful.

But they could hear of no good hunting-ground anywhere near Bolivar. No one knew of any place where large animals could be found except in the far-off forests of the upper Orinoco, or else down in the delta. The interior country was all dry, open savanna upon which nothing was found save armadillos and occasionally a deer.

"The delta is the place for us, Ben; but what we will find there, or how we will find it, an Indian only knows!" exclaimed David, after a careful summing up of the situation.

"Never mind; we can try there anyhow," answered Ben. "Let's buy a canoe and paddle it down, and be independent."

"A capital idea! We can shoot on the way down, for we will find crocodiles, anyhow; and we can camp on the banks and have a jolly time."

From that moment their plans centred on the delta; and while David sought information regarding it, Ben looked for a canoe. At first neither met with any success, but chancing that forenoon to make the acquaintance of a young officer at the hotel named Alfredo Garcera (who they soon discovered bore the reputation of being one of the keenest sportsmen on the Orinoco), they were by him directed to certain hunting-grounds with which he was familiar, and also put on the track of purchasing a good canoe.

Senor Alfredo visited them at their room, and examined their fire-arms with great interest. They invited him to accompany them; but his duties compelled him to decline. Notwithstanding this, David urged him to go so frequently, that he finally agreed, if possible, to meet them at Sacupana, half-way down the delta, and go with them on a hunt to the *Cano del Toro*, which, he assured them, was the best game district in the delta. The canoe was of good size, eighteen feet long, but very light and capable of carrying considerable cargo; it cost them twenty dollars. A mast and an old ragged sail came with it, as also four good paddles. There was a semi-cylindrical roof amidships of grass thatch upon bows like the cover of an emigrant wagon, to protect the cargo from rain and sun.

Under this roof they stowed about half their stock of provisions and preservatives, and arranged their camp-chest, guns, ammunition and tools, with the intention of living and working in the canoe. The heavier and

more bulky portions of their outfit they sent down to Barrancas by the *Heroe* on its return trip, to await their arrival.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Scotch Granite.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten, if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher. "Yes, sir," answered Willie. "As many as ten times?" "Maybe I have," faltered Willie. "Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie, "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, but we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night, if we were so strict."

"What of that if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time, the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in play time; but according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks, the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school-room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales; but, somehow, it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry; for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffed up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General—, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously perfect in his deportment among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.

Not Trustworthy.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamer's library.

"Mr. Lamer," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Basset?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamer, with a smile. This is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply. "That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamer. "The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamer; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say he is not," was the grave reply. "Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

"That ended the interview. "O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamer said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are no' trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred, within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamer's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was darkened with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell in the quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure.

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, and trustworthy.

Providence and the Wood-Pile.

One snowy Saturday night, years ago, when the wood-pile of Alcott household was very low, a neighbor's child came to beg a little wood, as "the baby was very sick, and father off on a spree with his wages."

There was a baby, too, in the Alcott household; and the storm was wild, and the Sabbath was coming between that night and the chance for wood. For once Mrs. Alcott hesitated; but the serene Sage of Concord looked out, undimmed, into the wild and wintry storm.

"Give half our stock," said he, resolutely, "and trust to Providence. Wood will come, or the weather will moderate."

His wife laughed, and answered cheerfully, "Well, at any rate, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out, we can go to bed and tell stories."

So a good half of the wood went to the poor neighbor. Later on in the evening the storm increased, and the family council decided to cover up the fire, to keep it, and go to bed. Just then came a knock on the door, and lo! it was the farmer who usually supplied Mr. Alcott with wood.

He had started to go into Boston, with his load, but the storm so drove in his face, and the snow so drifted in his path, that it had driven him back and now, if he might unload his load there, it would save him taking it home again, and he hoped they'd be wanting some soon.

Of course his proposition was gladly accepted, and as the farmer went off to the wood shed, the triumphant Sage of Concord turned to his wife with a wise look which much impressed the children, and said: "Didn't I tell you wood would come, and if the weather did not moderate?"

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 23

One lady or gentlemen's First Gold Watch is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but must be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either a plain or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must be a subscriber for Truth at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Prizes subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at Truth office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Editor's Office, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well-written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

THE GREENLAND GIRL.

WRITTEN BY EDMUND COLLINS, OTTAWA.

In the early summer of 1845 the ships of Sir John Franklin sailed up Baffin's Bay, bound for the pole. There were high hopes among the crews, but on board the *Erebus* was one man to whom terrible forebodings came when the booming of the first ice bergs was heard in the storm-racked bay, and going to the captain he prayed that he would put him on yonder shore, pointing to Greenland.

"I shall wait there," he said, "till a whaler comes, when I shall go back again to England." And the captain manned a launch and Harold Westlock was rowed between the glistening, green bergs that were "grounded" about this rugged, naked, desolate coast till the keel touched on the shingle of the chill village of Lichtenfels. From the top of one of the spiral rock-peaks that shot up around Lichtenfels, that day as the sun went down, he saw the pennant of the brave Sir John's ship flutter far up the bay. Then an iceberg hid it till darkness crept over the sea.

All that summer did Harold wait and watch among the sympathizing Greenlanders for the light of a sail. But nothing was ever seen save the white wings of great gulls, or the black, shark-like hull of the Kayak. A Danish missionary lived among these people, and a sweet sound it was in this far off northern land, on a Sabbath morning to hear the echoes of the little sweet-toned church bell among the airy pinnacles. The summer went, and winter came; a winter surpassing the imagination for its furious storms of wind, the raging of seas, the thunder of grinding icebergs, the overwhelming drifts of snow, and the terrible frost. Still another year passed, and another; and hope went out of Harold's heart. Resolutely, however, he cast in his lot with the people. In summer he hunted seal upon the teasing seas in his kayak, ascended streams and speared salmon in the night by the light of a blazing torch; hunted deer on the windy uplands, and among the mountain-peaks, and in the evening talked with the missionary, or read from the few books on the shelves. But latterly it was observed that he sat not so often with Olaf when the evening fell, but visited the largest stone hut in Lichtenfels.

And it fell out that when the leaves began to wither upon the birch and the elder-bushes in the valley, Harold was seen to come out of the little church with a bride upon his arm, as lovely as has been ever seen in any land. Four years more are gone, and a sweet baby girl is old enough to wonder why papa is so white and sleeps so long, and why mamma weeps, and everyone gathered about is weeping too; and why they take him away to the little garden in the shadow of the mountain.

It is now approaching winter, and no ships should be looked for in the open seas. But a ship is seen by the natives who is up on the mountains gathering his flock before the storm comes upon them. A storm cloud had filled half the sky, and was moving over the face of the sea in a mass, that seemed as if it were a solid mountain wall advancing, and black as night. In the very edge of this was the luckless vessel. When the cloud touched the ship her sails gleamed white against the night-like background, as does the pillion of a sea-gull when the bird is caught and blown by the edge of the blast. In half a minute the sails had disappeared through the front of the cloud, and the Greenlanders gathered about the shelving beach turned away, and said,

"God be merciful to them!"

Onward toward the land moved this

mighty mass of storm, bearing its victim to death upon the rocks. Suddenly the cloud was cleft from the top, and a shaft of fierce light—for the sun was behind—was launched through, making its path upon the sea and among the pinnacles behind Lichtenfels ghostly and awful by its contrast with the gloom. Then this gate way of light closed suddenly as it had opened, and an evil-presaging darkness again prevailed in the shadow of the storm-cloud. Yet there was no howling of wind or brawling of water; the soft splashing of two seals bathing by the rocks was distinctly audible. In the south the sky was a dull blue, but it was serene, and the color upon the landscape beneath it was a lively gray. Midway between the storm and the calm it was a sullen indigo; in the shadow of the invading mass it was the color of a star's night. Far inland one mountain raised itself above the storm; and its top being exposed to the sunset, blazed crimson, like some ominous beacon fire in the gloaming. Presently sounds of the tempest were heard in the angry roaring of water; then it smote the land in all its indescribable fury.

Later in the double darkness of storm and moonless night a light was seen gleaming a short distance out upon the sea; then it went out and appeared no more. The Greenlanders, wrapped in their furs, clung to the rocks, and peered out over the mad waters, but no kayak that ever floated could swim for a minute on such a night; how could the more unmanageable and less sea-worthy boats of the whalers? Presently, by the light of a horn lantern, a piece of a spar was observed in the surf. Further examination revealed a beautiful woman upon it, a life-preserver upon her breast, one arm around the mast, the other holding an infant boy, doubtless her son. But the mother was dead, and her long, black hair was now washed over the spar, and again railed out in the returning surf. The child was not cold; nay, it had come out of the wreck, through the appalling seas, through toiled and tangled planks and spars, through sharp rocks and the tremendous surf, alive.

Four years later, a girl of about seven, with large, dark-violet eyes, luminous as a star, and velvety soft, and a boy, about a year younger, with yellow hair, and a bright, but penitive face, were seated in the study of the good missionary, waiting for him to come and hear their lessons.

"I wish you'd tell me all about my mother," the boy said. "I think more about her now every day."

"Well, her eyes I could not see, for she lay sleeping so softly here till they took her away. But her mouth was like yours, and her nose and her forehead; and her ears were small like yours. But her hair was, O so black, though yours is yellow. And I remember you, how when you opened your eyes you cried for mamma, and would not be quiet, and everybody thought it was so wonderful that you came in through the great seas, and among the rocks, without being killed or drowned." These two orphans were the charge now of the good Olaf Neilson. The girl was Elfrida Westlock, who lived at the mission house, but visited, and read to her mother every day. The children read their Danish history in the Danish language, and Goldsmith's history of England in the original. They studied the literature of both nations, and went among the hills and along the sea shore to study natural history. In this way, and helping the good missionary, to plant, and tend, and gather the few vegetables which the cramped little valleys produced, they spent their

young lives till the girl had reached her fourteenth year. How beautiful she now looked as she climbed the dizzy peaks for Olaf's goats. Her mother was in part a Greenlander, and the Greenlander is a descendant of the Esquimaux. But neither in feature, form or movement did she resemble her maternal ancestors. They were short and thick of stature, of sooty, sallow complexions, and flat of feature; she was supple, graceful, willowy as a young princess. Her features were regular and delicately cut. Her mouth was small, her lips were full and coral colored, and her teeth were regular and white as ivory. When she ran up the slopes the long, soft coils of her hair streamed on the northern wind. What a world of mirth, of tenderness, of love, of pathos, of witchery, were in those large velvety eyes! In the day their color was a blending of violet and the green of the sea; but in the night they were a fathomless dusk, with the light of a star in them. And let Ernest exert himself as he would he could not keep pace with her in their cliff rambles. She would start off nimble-footed as a mountain goat up to the very top of some pinnacle, and from her eminence chide him, and enquire if she might not "go down a little bit of the way" to help him up. Then her liquid, musical laugh would ring out till you fancied you were listening to the song of a bobolink. Oh, those were very happy days for Ernest and for Elfrida. They did not know that any dark and bitter ones were at hand.

Olaf Neilson had discovered among some letters which he found in a writing-case cast on shore after the storm, that Ernest had come from the city of Concord, in Massachusetts, and he at once wrote a letter making enquiries, and stating the miraculous escape of the boy. There was no doubt that the lad's father as well as his mother had perished in the storm, for during a fortnight after his escape he continued to cry out alternately "papa," "mamma." For years this letter had remained in the missionary's hands, but at last a whaler touched at Lichtenfels, to barter with the natives for salted salmon and seal skins; and by this means it was dispatched. Two years had passed away, and it was now midsummer, when one afternoon a stately vessel, not nearly so large as a whaler, but more tastefully rigged, more trim, better painted, and more fashionably appointed, rounded too in the cove before the village. The vessel did not lower her sails, but a launch came away, and rowed swiftly to land. The natives crowded upon the beach, and Olaf, Ernest, and Elfrida were also there.

"Can any of you, my good people," said a tall, stately, but affable gentleman who stepped out of the boat, "tell me where lives here one Olaf Neilson?"

He was there; that was Olaf Neilson; and the good missionary stepped forward.

"My name is Saunders, Ludlow Saunders. I am uncle of the lad who was cast on shore here, and whom you have so generously cared for. Is he well? Where is he? I have come all the way to fetch him home."

That was Ernest, and the lad, blushing and excited, came up to the handsome stranger, to whom he bore a distinct resemblance.

"I might have known you; it is as if Mortimer had come from the sea and was a boy again." A tear stood in the uncle's eye. "There is, I fear, no time to lose. My boy, make ready immediately. We know not the coast, and as the wind is fair, we shall be off again without delay." So far the unexpected arrival, the finding of an uncle, and the prospect of getting back to his native land, had filled Ernest with joy; but now he realized that the very hour of departure had come, that he must go away from these dear old hills and valleys, that he must be sundered from the guardian whom he loved as a father, and from the girl who was more to him than a sister. He was a brave, collected boy, but he broke out sobbing. As for Elfrida, she spoke only these words, unutterable sorrow in her face and in her voice:

"O Ernest, you are going away!"

She walked by his side, her hand upon his arm, up to Olaf's. No word, no syllable crossed her lips. She helped him to pack his few little articles of linen, which she had with her own dear hands always kept so clean for him.

"But I may see you again?" she said, brightening.

"If I live, Elfrida," the boy said, "I shall come to you when I am a man."

She knew that he would keep his promise.

Ships often came, after all to Lichtenfels, so she would sustain herself with hope. As for good old Olaf, he was as grieved at the parting as if the boy had been his son.

The parting of these two was really as sad a sight as has ever been seen in the north. Once more he promised to come again; and her trust that he would come still supported her through the grievous trial. The shadows of twilight were creeping everywhere when the launch moved off. She watched him there, her arms folded, till she saw the last flutter of his handkerchief, as the boat disappeared around a point of rock. Home then to the mission house to talk and cry bitter tears alternately. Good Olaf, whose eyes were brimful with cheer, and said that Ernest would come back a man.

"Maybe, dear," stroking her soft hair, "I shall some day have to mourn a second departure from Lichtenfels." She looked up at him archly, smoothed her apron, smiled a little, sighed a little, and then rose to make tidy the things left in the sorrowing confusion of his departure.

The next morning she arose with a fixed resolution. "If ever Ernest comes back," was the vow which she had mentally made, "he shall find that I have not idled my hours in his absence." Ernest and she had often thought of writing about some of the wonderful phenomena presented in this wild, cold land. She would, singly, carry this intention out. So after the duties of Olaf's household were ended, the goats got out of the cove and milked, she would take her books.

A brief, blaving summer passed, and a winter, and yet another summer and a winter. Now the little, laughing, romping girl had developed into a womanhood of wondrous beauty. She was the blending of the rich, warm rose of the south, with the cold, pure lily of a northern land. In the summer time, during her spare hours, she was in the slopes of the mountains or in the crevices which pass for valleys, collecting, classifying, and describing flowers, mosses, grasses, sedges, trees and shrubs, in clear, vivid language, with keen insight, and true poetic feeling. She took note of the clouds of birds that came there from sultry homes, in June, to build their nests, and made herself acquainted with the history, as far as she could, of the inhabitants of the lone, cold land. Taking up each subject separately, she afterwards wrought it into an essay. For she said to Olaf:

"I have heard that they print such things in their journals in the south." One of these papers she devoted to a description of the weird, wondrous Aurora Borealis. Most delightful was one sketch that she called "Northern Castles," describing the glittering blue and green fantastic icebergs that came down from Baffin's Bay to make their annual excursion into the Atlantic ocean. Her pen was the first to describe the refreshing days of the too brief summer; to reveal that while lightning is often seen in sultry weather, no thunder-clap is ever heard in this land; the leaping of bud and leaf out of their frosty sheaths. Likewise of the pools of delicately-white powdery salt left in the clefts and wells around the shore by the sudden evaporation of the water. Winter presented themes no less interesting to the sympathetic imagination of the young girl. It was from her that those who read the magazines learnt how on days of the intensest frost the bays in these northern seas send up volumes of heavy steam, as if they were stupendous boiling caldrons; and how the snow along the cliffs is pink, and sometimes scarlet, and the explanation of the curious phenomenon.

A whaler, bound down the Strait with a cargo of blubber, sent a boat to Lichtenfels to purchase cider-down and seal-skins, and by this means she sent a number of sketches to the periodicals in New England. To each editor she simply said:

"I only claim for these little sketches that they are accurate. Do with them what you think well. If you print them, send two copies of your journal to Ernest Saunders, of Concord, and he will forward one to me." Her own name she put to this note, but the signature at the bottom of each sketch was "Blue Bell." She returned to the mission house with a light heart, but the whaler's boat had scarcely pushed off from land when Olaf came to her with a pale and sorrowful face.

"My child, I have evil tidings for you, but you must try to bear them with fortitude," and he laid his hand upon her head.

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Was it about Ernest? and the blood went chilled back to her heart.

"Yes; I learn from the whaling master that a gale overtook the yacht, and she was cast away. The name and some of the hull was found upon Anticosti. The crew it is believed all perished."

How terrible, how overwhelming, was the blow to that young life, who through all these lonely years, with their bitter winters and blazing summers, had never for one hour, awake or in her dreams, forgotten the pledge that he would come back.

Another year has passed away, and in Concord, in Boston, and in New York, scholars, story writers and naturalists are marvelling who can be the Greenland girl that is the author of all those descriptive papers of the north. The daily papers quoted every sketch as it appeared, and commented upon it; and one scientist hurled in the face of an eminent opponent, who contended that no flowers of any kind grow in Greenland, these sentences from one paper by "Blue Bell," entitled "Greenland":—

"Notwithstanding that several eminent scientists have declared that no flowers grow in Greenland, I have found primroses in our little valleys in July, and every summer I gather Blue Bells on any of the mountain-slopes. I have likewise found marguerites and asters in the clefts where the soil is deep; and while I write I see a bed of pansies, with a bordering of marigolds before our house." Some others had said that the aurora was hardly ever seen in Greenland in summer, and that when it did appear its light was dim; but the following extract from a sketch, "The Aurora Borealis," was quoted in contradiction of the sayings of the savants:—

"The most beautiful auroral display that I have ever seen was one evening in August, about an hour after the set of the sun, when there was no moon. I was sitting in the dark in our little study, when suddenly a flood of rich, mellow light burst through my window, with a brightness that would have enabled me to read the book in my lap. I called to my dear old protector, and asked him if he would come with me up to the Heather Berg, from the top of which we would be best able to see the display. When we were midway up the slope the light went out from the whole sky as suddenly and as entirely as if it had been a lamp which some one extinguished. After a few seconds of dense darkness, here and there a long rib of yellow light appeared; and encouraged and lighted by these we proceeded to the top. We had not rested upon the summit more than a minute, when the fifth stage disappeared, and we bethought of the danger of descent through the pitchy dark. Just as we were preparing for our perilous journey, the whole heavens burst into flame. In the south the light was keenest, and this portion of it seemed unconnected with the east. It would be for a few seconds quiescent, save for some slight erratic pulsations, but it would all at once madly undulate and quiver from end to end. It seemed to me at such times like a mighty cloth woven of the finest and the softest flax, being violently shaken at both ends by invisible hands. Its corrugations were reproduced in the dark valleys, among the mountains, and far out over the face of the sea. To lend terror to the stupendous and awful beauty of the scene, a ball of fire came out of the southern sky, passed slowly across the belt of agitated flame, and disappeared over the crest of a distant mountain. Above us the heavy masses of auroral cloud now began to assume the shape of a mighty umbrella, the enormous ribs of weird light forming in an apex above our heads, and radiating towards all points of the compass. Sometimes these ribs would all shake and blend together, but they would speedily stray themselves again in perfect and majestic symmetry. It was a most weirdly beautiful sight, sitting on the lone mountain top, when the merry dancing ceased for a moment, to see this stupendous dome of fiery, ghost-like light suspended over our heads. For an hour we sat there looking upon it; upon the yellow of the sea and the yellow and gloom of the land. Then there was a universal flash so sudden as to terrify me, then a darkness equally as sudden. Not the faintest glow was there anywhere in all the wide heavens. It seemed as if God had suddenly blown out the mysterious light."

Several persons who proposed a yachting trip in cold seas on the following summer, were resolved to seek out the Greenland girl. An enterprising magazine accepts

the proposal of a clever young artist to go to some of the scenes described and make sketches.

"I should like if you could get to Lichtenfels," the editor said, "but I suppose you know that the village and all its inhabitants have been destroyed by an ice-slip?" The artist had heard it.

With a fresh wind the yacht sailed away and reached the offing of Lichtenfels in safety. The artist asked permission to spend an hour or two here with his pencil. The boat's keel touched once again the shingle that has been so familiar to us in happier days. There is, however, not entire stillness in the village; faces are seen at the window panes of two houses, and figures come forth. There in the bright afternoon, upon the spot where Elfrida stood as her boy lover sailed away, their eyes again met. Astonishment and joy so unutterable have no need for words; might seek for them in vain. But the explanation in due season came: Elfrida and Olaf had been buried beneath the ice-slip for a month, but lived upon the milk of three goats which had been providentially housed at the time. Ernest had got safely upon Anticosti with his uncle; studied hard, and become one of the foremost artists of the day. He had sought and sought for means of paying a visit to Lichtenfels till he heard of its destruction by the ice slip. Then his desire was to see the grave of the girl whose image had been never absent from his heart.

That evening in the new mission house, with the calm aurora shining through the window, Elfrida said, "I will," and she was joined with her first and only love, to be never separated from him again.

On the morrow the yacht spread her snowy wings over the sea, and Ernest and his gifted and beautiful bride waved sad adieus to the sorrowing yet joyful Olaf, as he stood upon the rocks. In the south all men and women paid homage to the marvellous beauty and the transcendent genius of THE GREENLAND GIRL.

The Earth's Changes.

Astronomers are taking up, with a good deal of earnestness, the question of the shifting of the earth's axis, and a consequent change of the latitudes of observatories. It is of course evident that all changes in the distribution of matter on the earth's surface, or beneath the crust, through geological or other agencies, must disturb the place of the pole, and there is no *a priori* improbability that the changes might be sensible. There are, in fact, a good many things in the latitude determinations of the great observatories during the last fifty years that seem to indicate that the pole has really been moving down toward Europe at the rate of about a foot or so each year. A more thorough criticism of the figures shows, however, that such a conclusion is by no means demonstrated, and that the question can be settled only by observations planned and executed expressly for the purpose, and carried out with the most scrupulous precaution; and even then success is not certain. It is quite evident that in the present state of science *a priori* latitudes cannot be determined with the necessary precision; but it is hoped that the small *differences* of latitude may be; and accordingly the adopted scheme is the following: Pairs of stations are selected, such that, while they are separated by at least from four to ten hours in longitude, their latitudes shall differ by only a very few miles. Some of the pairs are in the Northern Hemisphere and others in the Southern. The five pairs of observatories selected so far by Signor Fergola are Cape of Good Hope, and Sydney (Australia); Santiago and Windsor (Australia); Rome and Chicago; Naples and New York; Lisbon and Washington. Arrangements are now in progress to secure the necessary observations. At Washington the matter appears to have been put in charge of the young line officers attached to the Naval Observatory. This would seem to be rather a strange proceeding from a scientific point of view, since the very essence of the investigation requires that the observers should be the most skillful and practiced attainable, and should remain unchanged for many years at each station, so that all personal peculiarities can be ascertained and taken into account.

THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."—Dryden.

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

NO 97.—A RIDDLE.

I live quite alone, and no company see,
For my house is so small that it only holds me.
A reason like this may tempt me to roam,
As often you'll find I am absent from home.
To measure folks now by their stature or girth,
Gives a false estimation of their real worth,
You ne'er would suppose, as you carelessly scan
My proportions, the service I render to man,
Or, being in favor with every degree,
The confidence people repose in me.
Though poor in possessions of jewels or lands,
I am sure if my dwelling should ever change hands,
Like snuffers and candle-stick, bottle and gin,
As part of my household I shall be thrown in.
That this doesn't vex me I truthfully own,
Though some of my relatives stand upon tone, (1)
While others as stoutly maintain their position; (2)
But one (3) I'll confess is the son of perdition.
When the world on its pillow is tossing in sleep,
The miser uncovers his glittering heap.
Before me, and trembling with fear and doubt,
After counting it over, he turns me out.
And maidens who blush to the roots of their hair,
Will leave all their love-tokens here in my care.
I am true to the trust but to guard them don't stay,
For my treasures are safer when I am away.
E. J

NO. 98.—A TRUTH-TELLER.

Faithful to beauty's charms and grace,
The form of loveliness I trace;
But every blemish I detect,
And point out every defect.
Though long a favorite with the fair,
I sometimes fill them with despair.
Still I'm consulted every day,
By the old and young, the sad and gay.
All fly to me, so flamed for truth,
Uninfluenced by age or youth;
For I do not flatter or defame—
Now, try if you can guess my name.
Mrs. W. S. W.

NO. 99.—A MAN OF ODD PARTS.

To name a certain man, take one-third of the sun, one-quarter of a bond, one-half of a mule, one-fifth of the earth and one-quarter of a colt.
RONEO.

NO. 100.—A NYMPH

[Entered for Prize.]

Amidst the grandeur of Creation born,
Upon that great and glorious morn;
When God's majestic voice, its power displayed;
And Earth from Chaos came to be arrayed
In all the splendor of her infant robes;
And doomed to be the mother of many Niobes
I joined the heavenly host in their inaugural song.
And sought the depths of Nature loud and long,
And from that day to Father Time I've clung;
Eve laughed, and cried, and sobbed and sighed,
Sometimes in a whisper, and sometimes loud and shrill.
A messenger of mercy or a messenger of ill,
I've been where never man has been throughout the wide, wide world;
Sent on my way with gentle force, or by volcanic hurled.
My lot is cast midst weal & woe, is cast midst love and hate.
Now in a homely peasant home, now in a palace great
I've been with criminals in their crimes, and been with saints at prayer,

I've brought the weary to their homes, or led them to a snare.
And now I must be bidding all a faint and loud good-bye,
'Twill not be hard to find me out, that is, if you only try.
Toronto. S. I. B.

NO. 101.—A WELL KNOWN CREATURE.

I prey upon your pantry stores,
I wake you up at night;
I break your dreams with awful roars,
Whene'er I go to fight.
I sit beside your parlor fires,
An uninvited guest;
By aged maidens I'm beloved,
And very oft caressed.
In Egypt's land I was adored,
And thought a wonderful thing;
And every time I went to roam,
The priests would chant and sing.
But now, when on the midnight air
I raise my cadence 'd,
My meed is but a missile-brick,
And eke a bootjack old. R.

NO. 102.—A MINERAL.

My first, represents money,
My second, is the cry of an animal,
My third is what every living thing docs,
And my whole is a very common article
in general use, though strangely enough, it is almost entirely hidden.
S. I. B.

NO. 103.—A CHARADE.

My first we all are of,
Though different we be.
My second none could lift
Save by machinery.
My whole will serve us when at last
The trials of our life are past.
Mrs. W. S. W.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1887.
2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of prize No. 1.

FOR MAY ANSWERS.

To the reader forwarding the best lot of answers to the Sphinx of May will be awarded a World's Cyclopaedia. Each week's solutions should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- S4.—Something.
- S5.—A Cock
- S6.—1. Belle, bell. 2. Carte, cast. 3. Forte, fort. 4. Carte, cart.
- S7.—Henry VIII of England; reigned thirty-eight years nearly; his children were Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth.
- S8.—The delirium tremens
- S9.—Twenty dollars.
- S9.—Women, omen, men, me.

Tact.

Everybody recognizes "the man without tact." He is perpetually treading upon the corns, mental and moral as well as physical, of all with whom he associates. He has no perception of light and shadow in his dealings with mankind. The world is to him a coarse slab, and he is destined to smudge it with his awkward thumb. "Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong, he provokes and pains. A stupid consistency, a consistent stupidity are his wonted characteristics. And the worst of it all is that of his condition none is so little aware as himself. He fancies that he is kind because he never wished to be cruel, and direct because he is bungling. On the other hand, the man or woman of tact—usually the latter, is at once manifest to his or her surroundings. The delicate consideration for others never obtruded as a virtue, the tone in daily life that at once assists and soothes us—like the step of the good dancer that gently compels the partner to fancy he is dancing as well—the dexterous management of conversation—all leave us too grateful to be doubtful.

Tid-Bits. GOLD GIVEN AWAY. BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of TRUTH.

THE AWARD.

The number of votes sent in regard to the favourite tid-bit published in TRUTH of April, 11th was much larger than any before.

All actual subscribers of TRUTH are invited to vote on the tid-bits of this issue. Every effort will be made in this office to see that fair play is given to all competitors.

(347) First Trip to School.

The house seems strangely empty still Gloomy and dark and sad; I miss the patte of little feet,

Six happy years, like a little queen, "Our baby" has sat on her throne, But to-day for the first time, she has gone To face the world—alone.

She must learn the lessons we all have learned, The manifold lessons of life;

(348) A Beautiful Sentiment.

"There is a voice within me, And it has no crest or tie, That its soft language is in me,

(349) The Agent and the Farmer.

For agent it wasn't an extra day, Only forty had come and gone away, But the farmer's wife was short of breath,

(347) The Agent and the Farmer.

For agent it wasn't an extra day, Only forty had come and gone away, But the farmer's wife was short of breath,

(348) Tired Out.

[Can any one tell who is the author of these tender and delicate lines?] He does well who does his best, Is he weary let him rest.

(349) What.

What would Heav' do Without his Ruth? And what would Toronto do Without its TRUTH?

(350) The Letter H.

Some persons, otherwise well-educated, make mistakes respecting the pronunciation of the letter H. They omit it where it should be, and introduce it where it should not.

(351) Not Fit to be Kissed.

"What a papa's mouth!" said a sweet little girl, Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl;

(352) Do Good.

Do good in thought some future day, 'Till ripen into speech; And words are seeds that grow to deeds,

(353) Do Good.

Do good in thought some future day, 'Till ripen into speech; And words are seeds that grow to deeds,

(351) A Painful Story.

There in ye pleasant olden time, Oh, many years ago, When hushing bees and singing schoolboys Were all the fun, you know.

(352) Be a Woman.

Oh! I've heard a gentle mother, As the twilight hours began Pleading with a son on duty,

(353) Do it Well.

Do thy little—do it well; Do what right and reason tell; Do what wrong and sorrow claim;

(354) Do it Well.

Do thy little—do it well; Do what right and reason tell; Do what wrong and sorrow claim;

(355) Do Good.

Do good in thought some future day, 'Till ripen into speech; And words are seeds that grow to deeds,

(356) Voices of the Night.

When bedtime comes and curtains fall, And round I go the doors to lock, Ere lamps go out my wife doth call,

(357) Turn Not Away.

Turn not away from the form that's before thee, Though much it should aboak and horror creep o'er thee;

(358) Turn Not Away.

Turn not away from the form that's before thee, Though much it should aboak and horror creep o'er thee;

(359) General Gordon, Hero of Khartoum.

General Gordon, Hero of Khartoum, MUOYRANKFOORHNROOFKHARTOUM UOTRANKFOORHNROOFKHARTOUM

(360) Turn Not Away.

Turn not away! Let not the hour pass, For well nigh are run the sands in her glass

(361) Turn Not Away.

Turn not away! Let not the hour pass, For well nigh are run the sands in her glass

(362) Turn Not Away.

Turn not away! Let not the hour pass, For well nigh are run the sands in her glass

(363) Turn Not Away.

Turn not away! Let not the hour pass, For well nigh are run the sands in her glass

(364) A Question for Theologians.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 5 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only.

the total w over, on th antediluvl something total 163. Wrong s than if Ev 593. If Eve 8 total be 16 I believe lution: E total 8,938 Still an Eve 814 total \$2,010 We thi quantity. Adam, Ad pany; tot All wro and proba pation in Therefore depreasd apples. Harriet (360) A Galv very inti in the an strolling and chat His nam One de make th of God. was ever "Now go out of stay in I male ter "No," "Mr. St Hamil (361) Ma' Husb dear, w Wife was Eve ap." Husb ha " Wife By the th me Husb want. Hain't Toro (362) He wa Motl sec at Johr dat ha Motl ventril Jock; mamm Mot think "Je way d Pa: (363) "I," "W," "N," "S," "W," world "Y will i you c you f a wre Hs

the total would be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory, that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82; total 163.

Wrong again; for what could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893.

If Eve 811st and Adam 812, would not the total be 1623?

I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve, total 8,938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, total \$2,056.

We think this, however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit Eve 814 Adam, Adam, if he 8131242 keep Eve company; total 8,192,056.

All wrong: Eve when she 81812 many, and probably felt sorry for it, but her companion in order to relieve her grief 812. Therefore, Adam if he 81814240y Eve's depressed spirits, hence both ate 81,898,864 apples.

Harrison, Ont. A. C. WALDEN. (360)

She Wouldn't Be Alone.

A Galveston female school teacher was on very intimate terms with the male teacher in the same school. He was in the habit of strolling into her room during the recess, and chatting with the object of his affections. His name was Smith.

One day the lady teacher endeavored to make the class comprehend the omnipresence of God. She explained to them that God was everywhere.

"Now, my dear children, suppose you all go out of this room, except myself, and I stay in here. Am I alone?" asked the female teacher.

"No," exclaimed one of the little girls, "Mr. Smith will be with you."

Hamilton. MARY HANLEY.

Making Him Pay for a "Cheestnut."

Husband (fond of putting posers)—"My dear, what was Eve made for?"

Wife (a clever woman)—"H'm—what was Eve made for? I shall have to give it up."

Husband—"Adam's Express Co. Ha, ha!"

Wife—"Why, to be sure. He, he, he! By the way, dear, can you let me have \$20 this morning?"

Husband—"Certainly I can—all you want. Adam's Express Co.—Ha, ha, ha! Hain't that a good one?"

Toronto. MARY MURPHY.

He was Sure the Man Had Swallowed a Woman.

Mother—"Well, Johnny, what did you see at the sleight-of-hand-show?"

Johnny (four years old)—"I seed a man dat had swallowed a woman."

Mother—"Pshaw! my son, you saw a ventriloquist or sleight-of-hand performer."

Johnny—"Yes, he did swaller a woman, mamma."

Mother—"The idea! What makes you think he swallowed a woman, my child?"

Johnny—"Tause I heerd her talkin way down in the man's froat."

Parkdale. MAUDE FINLAY.

He Did Have a Cent.

"I came to ask you for your daughter."

"What do you want with her?"

"Marry her."

"What does the girl say?"

"She says she will be my wife."

"Tigh! You haven't got a cent in the world, have you?"

"Yes, sir. She gave a went, and if you will do the same that will make two, and we can buy a postage stamp and write to you for the balance of our salary." It was a wretched attempt, but he got the girl.

Hamilton, Ohio. JOHN THOMSON.

Something Wrong.

"Phawt is that?" "That's a parrot, Pat," replied the saloon-keeper. Just here the parrot chimed in, "Yes, I'm a parrot, and you bet I'm h—l."

This so delighted Pat that he offered to buy the bird. "Phawt'll ye take for it?" he asked. "Fifty dollars."

"Howly Moses! that's too much. Have yez any eggs?" The saloon-keeper saw a chance for a joke, and he answered, "Yes" "How'll ye sell 'em?"

"Two for five dollars." Pat pulled out his pocket book and deposited the amount named. The saloon-keeper took it and went into the back room, from whence he soon reappeared with two large eggs, which Pat pocketed and walked off.

Nothing was seen of him for about two months, when one day he came in, and leaning over the counter, he whispered to the saloon-keeper, "I want to spake to yez a minuce."

"Well, fire ahead." "You'd better be after watching that burrod of yours." "Why, Pat?"

"Well from me expearence wid thim eggs I believe the craythur's been associating wid ducks!"

Sedalia, Colorado. MRS. McDONALD.

A Cautious Witness.

It was necessary on a certain occasion in court, to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

The witness looked up innocently and replied, "Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe."

The lawyer asked again, "But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

The imperturbable witness answered, "He never rides any gait at all, sir but I've seen his boys ride every gait on the farm."

The lawyer saw that he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating. "How does Mr. Smith ride when in company with others? I demand a clear answer."

"Well, sir," said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest, if his horse is able to, or if not, he falls behind."

The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself, and asked, "And how does he ride when he is alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "I was never with him when he was alone." And there the case dropped.

Downsville, Del. Co., N. Y. SUSAN T. SPRIGGS.

Reason Enough.

A little boy found a poor half frozen wasp in the garret and placed it on a chair before the parlor fire to thaw out. Surely the angels must look down approvingly on such an act of kindness.

When sister Mary's beau called that evening he glanced at the chair and seating himself in it murmured: "Ah, bless her heart, how thoughtful she is of my comfort! Two minutes later there was as much noise and racket in that parlor as if it had been turned into a den of demons. The wasp had thawed out; that is the reason why Mary isn't married yet.

Medicine Hat, N. W. T. COLIN CAMPBELL.

How a woman Takes a Cork out of a Bottle.

"Did you ever notice how a woman takes the cork out of a bottle?"

"No I think not. Did you?"

"Yes."

"How does she do it?"

"Why, she nails it with her teeth, bites it off, and then gets mad and breaks the bottle. If she don't do it that way, she takes a knife and prods and pries around the stopper till she cuts her finger, and then when the blood begins to run and her Dutch gets up, she throws the knife across the room, shoves the cork into the bottle, spansks the first young one she gets her hands on, and then sits down and takes a good cry."

Peterboro. KESSA JONES.

Girls.

Girls are of few days and full of mischief, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

When the fair young girl chaweth her gum with greater haste and stampeth her pretty foot, do thou look out.

She cometh forth in the evening in low neck and short sleeves; but in the morning she lieth in bed while her mother huestleth.

When the sleigh bell tinkleth, she standeth at the window and yearneth for a beau, and when he cometh she doeth up his purse.

He wrappeth the buffalo robe about her and huggeth her much, and stayeth out beyond his time, and the livery man addeth four gold dollars to his bill.

In the evening he hieth himself away to her father's mansion. He goeth in and sitteth by the fire, and ere he leaveth he poppeth the question, and she jumpeth at the chance.

When the cock croweth he taketh his departure, and when he remembereth the smallness of his salary he kicketh himself and compareth himself to an ass; yes, verily. He getteth his license and goeth forth on the morning of his wedding day, and employeth a godly man to do the job, and when the sun setteth he findeth himself a married man.

Box 226, Brockville, Ont. W. C. TURNER.

A Preaching Tournay.

Old, but good, is the story told of the young preachers who were discussing the subject of off-hand sermonizing, when an old gentleman declared he always preached extempore and trusted to the occasion for inspiration.

A young man declared he never did, but preferred carefully preparing his sermons and committing them to memory.

"Pshaw," said the old man, "the reason you don't preach extempore is because you can't."

"Well," replied the young man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. Next Sunday we'll both preach extempore. I'll preach in the morning from any text you give me, and you preach in the afternoon from the text I'll give you, and we'll see who does the best."

Agreed. The affair got noised abroad, and a crowded house greeted the young preacher as he went into the pulpit, and the old man passed up the text, from a verse in Numbers: "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass." The young preacher pitched in and graphically described the kinds and breeds of asses, their usefulness, good and bad traits, and drew a moral and adorned a tale from all he knew of assology.

The sermon was a success. Evening came, and the old preacher ascended the pulpit, and the young one sent up the text from the next verse in Numbers: "Am not I thine ass?" The old gentleman rubbed his glasses and adjusted them, read the text to himself, then took off his glasses again and rubbed them and read the text aloud. Then he coughed and looked around at the audience, for the meeting-house was packed, readjusted his glasses, coughed and repeated the text and, bending over the pulpit, said: "Yes, brother, I guess I am."

Mrs. G. L. PERRINS.

Box 35, Larimore, Dakota.

Impromptu Verse.

When it rains in London, Eng,—and that is frequently—the streets of the city are covered with mud, often several inches deep.

To enable pedestrians to cross from one side of the street to the other without their boots being covered with mud, boys (and sometimes girls) aim themselves with a broom and sweep a space from 4 to 6 feet wide, and are called "crossing sweepers."

Those who use the "crossings" are always asked for "a copper," and many a penny is made by these poor children.

The following is related of Dr Johnson: Desiring to cross (heapside one day he stepped on to one of these cleanly swept paths and accented the crossing-sweeper thus:—

"Thou dirty croon,

"Throw down thy broom

"While 'Johnson' passeth by"

The boy thus addressed stopped to one side of the crossing, and throwing his broom down on the opposite side replied:—

"Then like an ass Let 'Johnson' pass Betwixt the broom and I!"

The Doctor was so pleased with the ready wit of the "sweeper" that he gave him a guinea and, it is said, made provision for his education and advancement in life.

Cloyne, Ont. REV. W. J. SANDERS.

Repartee.

"Have you finished your story, Mr. Sergeant Byles?" asked Mr. Barnes Peacock, 29, somewhat superciliously, as the Sergeant sat down in the court, after an elaborate speech to the Judges. "I have," was the quiet reply, given with the quiet smile for which the Sergeant was noted. "And now, Mr. Peacock, you can unfold your tale," (tail).

Walkerton, Ont. MARY SMITH.

He Thought So.

One of the professors at the University of Texas is one of the most absent-minded men in the State. Not long since a gentleman who was only slightly acquainted with him, asked him:—

"Professor, are you married?"

"The Professor was absorbed in thought for a few moments and then replied:—

"Yes, I think so, if I am not mistaken."

Falmouth, N. S. EMMA LOCHAN.

Misses.

What a number of dear little Misses we meet with in life! and how many hopes and fears they awaken!

For instance, when a man chooses a Miss for his life partner he may find himself Miss-taken, or Miss-led.

Once I courted a Miss-chief, and thought myself the most fortunate of men in thus gaining a Miss, but it was only a Miss-calculation.

Miss-chief had a great many young Misses for her friends, and these interfered sadly with my affairs. One day a jealous Miss-trust tried to make my love believe that she should not have listened to my proposal.

Just after that I met with a certain Miss-chance, who nearly sent my last hope to destruction, for in attempting to explain the circumstances which annoyed her, my words were twisted by one Miss-construction.

I met Miss-information soon after, who gave me a false statement, whereupon I wrote immediately to my love, demanding the cause of her anger. Miss-direction intercepted my note, and introduced Miss-understanding to both, before we had a chance to meet. After a while we got this cleared up, and when I thought all was smooth sailing, Miss-belief made trouble again, and to tell the truth, I had to threaten leaving her and becoming wed with Miss-fortune, before I could induce her to cut the acquaintance of Miss-apprehension, who was one of the most troublesome companions she had. At last she determined not to return the calls of either Miss-doubt or Miss-reprehension, and in consequence of this, had a serious quarrel with Miss-like, who is first cousin to the other two.

Arrangements were made for our wedding, but when we got to the church we had to wait ever so long for the parson, who was detained by a Miss-take. I got so annoyed at the complication of difficulties, which came to a climax when I found the ring a Miss-fit, that I put it on the wrong finger.

When the ceremony was over, conscious that I had been grossly Miss-used, I kept a strict watch upon my bride, as I still had some fears of Miss-leading, who was one of the bridesmaids.

Very soon I found to my sorrow that an unlucky Miss-match was to be a constant inmate in our house; Miss-rule was there from morning to night, leaving everything in confusion; Miss-management was house-keeper, and the natural result of it all was that in a very few years my money was all squandered by Miss-application.

Peterboro. L. SANDERSON.

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Plain and Fancy Dress Goods in all the Leading Shades, 15¢ a yd. The New Cashmere Plaid Suitings for Combinations, only 20¢ a yd, regular price 25¢. Splendid line of 20¢ goods in colors.

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Twenty shades in all-wool Nun's Veiling Cloth, 22½¢ a yd. Twenty shades in extra-heavy, all-wool, 25¢ a yd. Fifteen shades all-wool French Poplin Dress Stuff, 30¢ a yd., ordinary price 35¢. Full range in all the different shades of Gray Debeige, all-wool, 20, 22½, and 25¢.

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Union Cashmere De'Coese, 40 inches wide, 25 and 30¢ a yd. ; 45 inches wide, 37½¢ a yd. These goods are special, to be had in all leading colors.

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Ladies' Night Dresses, special makes, at 55, 70, 85, and \$1.
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Ladies' Fine Sets in Lonsdale Cambric, trimmed with real Torchon Lace.
White Skirts at 50¢, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, to \$3.
Infants' Wraps, 85¢, \$1.00, \$1.15, and \$1.75.
Infants' Robes worked on Fine Embroidery, \$1.50 to \$4.50 each. All White Goods, are of Superior Manufacture, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Ladies' Merino Vests, with High Neck and Long Sleeves, 25, 40, 50, 60¢, to \$1 each.
Ladies' Merino Vests, with Low Neck and Short Sleeves, 40, 50¢, to \$1 each.
Ladies' Fine Balbriggan Vests 60, 75¢, to \$1 each.
Children's Merino and Balbriggan Underwear in all the sizes.

Jersey Department.

Ladies' Plain Black Jerseys at \$1.25 each.
Ladies' Black Braided Jerseys at \$1.60 each.
Ladies' Fine Braided Jerseys with full back at \$2 each.
Ladies' Black Braided Jerseys at \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.25, \$3.75, to \$5 each.
Ladies' Jerseys in Seal, Garnet, Navy, Cardinal, Baize, and the New Shades of Paris, \$2.25, \$2.75, and \$3.50 each.
Boys' Jersey Suits, Sailor Style, in Navy, at \$1.30, \$1.50, \$1.75, and \$2 each.
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 - Peacock fingering wool, all colors..... 12½¢ "
 - Saxony wool, best quality, all colors 12½¢ "
 - Ice wools, ounce balls, all colors..... 12½¢ per ball.
 - Pompadour wool, large balls, all colors 25¢ "
 - Knitting silk, best imported oz. balls, all colors.... 60¢ "
 - Knitting silk, Florence make, all colors 50¢ "
 - Tinsel, best quality, very thick, all colors 10¢ "
 - Felt, extra quality, two yards wide, all colors, \$1.75 per yard.
 - Plush, superior quality, 24 in. wide, all colors \$2.50 "
 - Roman satin, 54 in. wide, all colors \$2.50 "
 - Plush crescent tassels, small size, all colors 40¢ per dozen.
 - Plush crescent tassels, large size, all colors \$1.00 "
 - Plush spike tassels, 3 in. long, all colors \$1.00 "
 - Plush round tassels, all colors..... 40¢ "
 - Woolen Java canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors 50¢ per yard.

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CANADA THE FREE.

TUNE—"God save the Queen."

Arranged by JOHN CHESHIRE.

1st. four verses by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Maestoso *f*

1. God save our na - tive land, Free may she cv - er stand

Fair Can - a - da; Long may we ev - er be, Sons of the

brave and free, Faith - ful to God and thee, Fair Can - a - da.

Cres.

2
From every hostile band,
Free us at Thy command,
God save our land;
'Tho we are sons of toil,
We will defend our soil,
From them who would despoil,
Our own dear land.

3
God shield our volunteers,
Sent forth 'mid prayers and tears,
God save our men;
As to the front they go,
Eager to meet the foe,
Help them to strike a blow
For Canada.

4
Fair as an opening flower,
Planted in Heaven's bower,
Fair Canada;
Stretching from sea to sea,
Great will thy future be,
Land of the brave and free,
Fair Canada.

5
"God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen."

Health Department.

(A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondence on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words "Health Department" written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—Ed.)

Fast Living.

How to live morally in reality includes how to live physically. Yet it is to be feared that a great many in this world forget what it is to be just to the body. The impositions upon our human natures are often self-inflicted. The race of fast livers is rapidly increasing. It is not wonderful that in these days of rapidity man himself should rush on and in many ways lose his balance. It is altogether probable that Methuselah had very little to hurry him, and that the modes of doing business as late as the Roman Empire had but little of the hot haste of the present day. When we are rushed along by steam at the rate of fifty or sixty miles per hour, and can have intelligence from around the globe in a day, it is inevitable that business methods will receive a little impetus, and that men and women will seek to crowd into a day what formerly took a week. The influence extends into every walk and run of human life. Just as every mile of speed added to the locomotive after it has attained a high rate adds tenfold to wear and tear, so, in this human race, it is the stress and strain beyond a certain mark that puts the whole framework into a state of tension. It is true that by early and continued training, method may be so attained and an automatic response so secured that one does with ease what would exhaust another. But the measure of the capacity must be known to the person himself. Rapid eating is one of the first developments of this haste. It must be ludicrous to a restaurant boy to see a cow chewing the cud, and quietly resting in placid enjoyment. The idea of rest and recreation and deliberation in eating no longer occupies the thought of the average American boy, much less of the business man. Yet the power of one's life depends as much upon this as upon any one conduct of life. The relation of the chewing and the juices of the mouth to the after digestion, all along the digestive track, and to that assimilation which is to give force and vigor to work, is such that we cannot afford to forget the essential relationship. The failure of this part of the apparatus to do its part does not involve immediate loss of power or bed-ridden sickness, but is a more frequent limitation upon forceful life than any one disability. A thorough digestion not only leaves the mind clear and the nervous system placid, but so provides the physical and mental machinery with its propelling power as to make thought a natural as if it were a physical function. It is not difficult to see in the work, as well as in the writings of some men, the traces of a bad physical condition. Emerson overstated the case when he said that the sick man is on the road to rascality; but, nevertheless, did indicate what is true, that a man in a chronic state of embarrassed digestion is out of gear with himself and the rest of mankind. We believe that the foundations of many an incapacity is laid in this want of quiet, deliberate eating.

Methods of study, to a large degree, have similar errors. The cramming process is still too popular. It is not always that the amount of study assigned is too great. Oftener the child leaves the work to be crowded into too small a space of time, or to hours which are those of tire and sleepiness. The mind is with difficulty goaded on to its work, and what is accomplished is at a much greater expenditure of vital force. So as to methods of business. Too much is done under the pressure and excitement of hurry and in order that as few hours as possible may be occupied.

Irregular meals and irregular sleep come in for their share of influence. Because the system seeks to some degree to adjust itself to the forced conditions, the person is too apt to conclude that it is no serious matter. But observers even on change are noting the effects. There are fewer middle-aged and old men that continue to do business than formerly. Young life is at the head of most mercantile and banking establishments. The number that are retiring too early from actual break-down or premature old age is undisputed. There is need to order a halt as to all this fast living. Most men are happier not to retire too early from active life, even if they have a competency. All are happier with employment, if the cessation is the result of damaged health. One cannot cross the ocean, or tarry a summer or a winter at any great resort, without noting how many there are who are only partial invalids, and yet whose life-work is restricted by imprudence as to the care of life. If, now, a man past sixty is found in the full enjoyment of business activity, he is looked upon as rather a wonder. Such men as Metternich, Nesselrode, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Victor Hugo are scarce on this side of the water. While there are a very few that survive fast living, if you will gather the histories of 1,000 persons over 65 years of age, it will be found that, both by good inheritance and careful living the race is prolonged. The laws of self-control and self-restraint need to be brought more thoroughly to bear on each individual life. For, next to character, health is the best capital to have in the world. He is a spendthrift who spends the thrift of a good constitution more than he who is careless as to accumulating wealth.

Sleep and Sound Sleepers.

Sleep is nearly as great a puzzle as ever it was. Much has been learned concerning the bodily peculiarities manifested during this portion of our existence; but all whose opinions are best worth listening to, frankly admit that they are only on the threshold of the subject yet. Why, for instance, can some men maintain their bodily and mental vigor with so small an amount of sleep as falls to their share? Lord Brougham and many other great statesmen and persons of note are known to have been content with a marvellously small amount of sleep. Frederick the Great is said to have allowed himself only five hours; John Hunter, five hours; General Elliott, the hero of Gibraltar, four hours; while Wellington, during the Peninsular War, had still less.

On the other hand, how are we to account for the cormorant sleepers? Dr. Moivre, the mathematician, could, though it is to be hoped he did not—sleep twenty hours out of the twenty four. Quinn, the actor, sometimes slept twenty-four hours at a stretch. Dr. Reid, the metaphysician, could so manage that one potent meal, followed by one long and sound sleep, would last him for two days. In the middle of the last century a young Frenchwoman at Toulouse had for six months or more, fits of lengthened sleep varying from three to fifteen days each. About the same time a girl at Newcastle-on-Tyne slept fourteen weeks without waking, and the waking process occupied three days to complete it. Dr. Blanchet, of Paris, mentions the case of a lady who slept for twenty days together when she was about eighteen years of age, fifty when she was twenty, and later had nearly a whole year's sleep, from Easter Sunday, 1862, to March, 1863; during this long sleep, which physicians called hysterical coma, she was fed with milk and soup, one of her front teeth being extracted to obtain entrance to her mouth. Another very notable instance was that of Samuel Chilton Timsbury, recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society. In the year 1694 he slept for a month and no one could wake him. Later in the same year he had a four months' sleep, from April 9th to August 7th; he awoke, dressed, and went out into the fields,—where he worked as a laborer—and found his companions reaping the wheat which he had helped to sow the day before his long nap; it was not until then that he knew of his sleep having exceeded the usual duration of a few hours.

He went to sleep again on the 17th and did not awake until November 18th, notwithstanding the vigorous application of hellebore and sal ammoniac to his nostrils, and bleeding to the extent of fourteen ounces. He woke, asked for bread and cheese, but went off to sleep again before it could be brought to him, taking another snooze which lasted until the end of January. It is not recorded that he had any more of these strange relapses after that. The mere contemplation of such cases is enough to make one sleepy.

There are instances of sleep so intensely deep as to deprive the sleeper of all sense of pain. The records of the Infirmary in Bristol, England, furnish a striking illustration of this. One cold night a tramp lay down near a lime-kiln and went to sleep. One foot must have been near the fire hole close to the kiln, for during the night the foot and ankle were so completely burned away as to leave nothing but black cinder and calcined ash. He did not wake till the kiln man roused him next morning, nor did he know what had occurred until he looked down at his charred stump. He denied that he had taken any drug or liquor, and there was no evidence whatever that he was under the influence of either. He died some weeks later of gangrene.

Ventilation and Drainage.

To be ventilated, a room should have a current of sweet, fresh air passing constantly through it, so as not to create a draft.

The best way to provide ventilation in the building of a house is to provide ingress for air, comfortably warmed in winter and cool in summer, at the edges of each room, along the casing, at the bottom of two opposite walls, and to provide for egress of the same air in the middle of the ceiling, on a line parallel with the walls. That is, to review the scheme, let in the air through the walls of the room close down to the floor, and let it out just overhead, all along the ceiling from end to end of the room. So that the character A shows the entering point at the two feet of the character, the course of the current along the convergent lines, the exit at the apex, supposing this character set into a square representing the elevation of the shorter side of a room. This plan is the best I know.

Drainage. I have had some practical experience in dwelling houses which is valuable. I do not like the earthen piping, for the reason that when placed continuously in communication with the "conductor" passing from the sink, it generally freezes up and cracks in winter and has to be removed at an unfavorable season, while its smooth inner surface collects the greasy contents of the pipe and forms a thick deposit within, which soon clogs up the pipe. A better drain is a cemented stone drain, a foot in width and height, covered with stones which can be removed when required, all being far enough under ground to escape the heaviest frost. This drain should not connect with the water-closets.

I once knew a case of severe typhoid fever wherein several members of a family were made seriously ill in consequence of defects of this nature.

There is no trap which is safe. A cess-pool ought to be often opened and cleared, but I have heard that there is no danger whatever from the effluvia of such drains as lie open to the air, even when their contents are allowed to be distributed over the surface of the ground at a considerable distance from the dwelling. Air renders the refuse from a family sink innocuous.

These few suggestions are simple but not known universally.

Common Colds.

Notwithstanding the mystery surrounding the manner of catching the disorder popularly called a "cold," medical scientists agree that among the causes are dirt and impure air. Drs. Felix J. Oswald and C. E. Page, both contributors to the *Popular Science Monthly*, are decided in their expression of this opinion. The latter declares that years of study and observation have forced him to the conclusion that the

"disease which manifests the symptoms popularly supposed to indicate that a cold has been caught is to all intents and purposes a *silt disease*;" that it arises largely from indigestion, and forms the basis of all so-called silt disease. Dr. Oswald earnestly maintains that instead of "cold weather," "raw March winds," or "cold draughts—in other words, out-door air of a low temperature"—being the cause of colds or catarrhal affections, it is the warm, vitiated indoor air that is the cause, while cold out-door air is the best cure. He declares that there is no doubt that by exercise a catarrh can be gradually "worked off," and that the combination of exercise, abstinence and fresh air will cure the most obstinate cold. There is a maxim worthy of all acceptance that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure;" but while the wise will strive to avoid anything that interferes with digestion, or which depraves the vital organism in any manner, many will still adopt an improper mode of living; and, whatever the cause, people will have colds.

The important question then is the cure, for the malady is not to be pooh-poohed, and the season of "epidemic colds" is at hand. A simple remedy promptly applied may save a weary sickness and a heavy doctor's bill. A Dover's Powder is suggested by another medical writer as undoubtedly one of the best remedies at a commencement of a cold, for if taken at night, with a good basin of gruel or a warm stimulus, it sets up a strong perspiration, and the skin, forced into action, may thus regain its tone. Another good remedy, if the patient's constitution admits, is a Turkish bath. But, according to Dr. Oswald, Nature's preventive and curative agents are best, and may be summed up thus: Pure air, appropriate food, exercise (active or passive as the case may require), skin cleanliness, with proper ventilation of the surface of the body (i. e., through the use of non-sweating garments, supplemented by rational exposure of the entire surface of the body to the air by means of air-baths, sunshine in the home and "sunshine in the heart"—with these, and only these, all curable cases will go on to certain recovery. Without them, no medication will avail.

Bedroom Ventilation.

Many housekeepers who deem it of great importance to keep their rooms thoroughly aired in summer, neglect it almost entirely during the winter months, believing that the fresh air required will come in at the crevices, which nevertheless many will take great pains to keep stopped.

But in reality the need of pure air, especially in sleeping rooms, is quite as great in winter; more so for those persons whom the cold obliges to keep much indoors; and more especially if feather-beds are used.

I was told of a family, who, last winter, slept on feather-beds in rooms never once aired by an open window from December to February. I cannot speak of the effects, further than that the children came to school so dull-eyed and heavy-headed that it was a pain to see them try to study, and they took no prizes, though naturally of active brains as ordinary children.

Let all the sleeping-room windows—the more the better—be flung open in the clear, frosty, winter mornings. Strew the floor and chairs with mattresses, feather-beds (if they are tolerated) and quilts. The "clutter" and trouble will be more than repaid by the freshness and clean feeling of the purified bedding. Let them remain till thoroughly freshened. Occasionally rub off the bedstead with a wet cloth, and in sweeping remember to sweep the top and sides of the room as well as the floor.

She was Informed.

"Doctor, do tell me what makes this awful pain at the back of my neck."

"Madam, your case is a very peculiar one. You have neurasthenia of the spinal cord, which has produced hyperemia of the nerves, and hyperaesthesia of the vertebra prominens."

"Indeed, I am so glad that you have found out what is the matter of me. I have asked a dozen doctors about this pain, and never found one before who could tell me what the trouble was."

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LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

An airy little laugh breaks from Vera. "Let us talk of something else," she says. "With all my heart. Anything else will be more wholesome." Then, in a lower tone, filled with exquisite feeling, "Oh, Vera! how can we waste time discussing that old man, when there are so many sweet things to be remembered by us?" "H'm!" says Vera, a query in her eyes and in her parted lips. "Last night—you remember that?" he says, lovingly, stooping nearer to her. "Ah, yes! How could I ever forget it?" There is a touch of real delight in her tone as she says this, still with her eyes upturned to his, that brings a flush of rapturous gladness to his face. "It was my first big dance," she says, slowly. "One always"—with a scrupulous glance—"remembers that, does not one?"

The rapturous glance fades. A shade of bitter disappointment takes its place. "You will give it a corner in your heart for another reason beside that?" he says, looking at her strangely. "Yes. But that must be the first. Oh, there are many other reasons why I should remember it. The fact that Doris was the most beautiful thing in the room, for instance; and because I had never heard Liddell's band before; and because having anything to eat at one o'clock in the morning was new to me; and because I was so hungry then; and because—Oh! as though an inconsiderable after-thought has come to her—"and because of my dances with you!" She says this last as easily, with as little consciousness in either face or tone, as if that memorable half-hour on the balcony had never been.

"Is that all?" says Burke, with a sudden sternness. "All!" She looks prettily bewildered, and waves her hand to and fro, and lifts her brows as though in a vain endeavor to rack her brains for something further. "There is a reason for which I shall remember it for ever and ever," says the young man, in a tone that trembles slightly. "Are you trying me, darling? Is that it? You have not really forgotten all that passed between us on the balcony last night?" "Oh, that!" says Vera, slowly. "You have not forgotten," goes on Burke, his voice vibrating with honest passion, bending his head even closer to her—"you have not forgotten that you—"

"Do you know," says Vera, interrupting him at this important moment (though without any appearance of doing so intentionally), "that I can't bear people to speak to the back of my head." (He is leaning over the top of her chair.) "It makes me"—with the keenest show of regret at her own weakness—"absolutely nervous. It gives me the impression that I am sitting under a pen-kah, or having a bellow blown at me, or something. Doris says I'm very silly. Am I?" She appeals to him with the most artless smile in the world. A loud report occurring at this moment prevents her receiving any reply. Dicky Browne having dropped an entire box of fuses into the fire, either by accident or design (it never transpires which), the room is in a commotion.

A regular sensation takes place, headed by a nervous scream from Mr. Mantering. Happening to be leaning against the mantelpiece at the time of the explosion, listening to a thrilling account of a late Irish dynamite plot, he now gives way to a violent yell.

Indeed, every one more or less jumps up, or pushes away from the fire, Vera included. Rising hurriedly, as if terrified to death, she goes over to Doris, and sinks on the lounge beside her.

"I suppose he meant that kiss," she says to herself, alluding to Gerald's last remark. "So stupid of him! When he is solemn like that, he is insupportable; and, besides, he doesn't impress me in the least. I don't think any man could! And what a fuss to make about a simple thing like that! I granted it, certainly. Perhaps I should not; but he looked so much in want of it, and"—with a self-reproachful sigh—"I know my good nature will be my ruin."

Dicky's fusillade has done immense service. Under cover of it, Kit and Mr. Brabazon have retired beyond the ken of general observation. Just when the alarm came and

lights were changed, they had melted insensibly into the shadow of the curtains, nearest the fire, and after that had disappeared into the more comfortable—because more isolated—retirement of a small anteroom opening off the drawing-room.

"I have been trying in vain to get you away from the others all day, to tell you something," says Neil, when he has successfully drawn her in here. "I heard of it this morning. It's—'it's come!'"

"What? The deluge?" asks Kit, with unparadiseable levity and a strong inclination toward laughter.

"Yes,—our deluge," in a tone of the most hopeless dejection. "It is born!"

"Well," says Kit, "I have heard of a 'born fool,'—with a rather malicious glance at him—"but of a 'born deluge'—never!"

"Our deluge is a baby, and it was born yesterday," says Mr. Brabazon, slowly, who is too far gone in woe to feel even angry at her persistent want of gravity. "I had a telegram from my uncle Sir Michael. It is all over. Lady Brabazon has had a child, and it is well and healthy!"

"Oh, no! Oh, it can't be true," says Kit, sinking into a chair and looking as thunderstruck as even he can desire. "Dear! dear! how unfortunate!"

"Well, of course you knew it was going to happen," says Neil, playing a very abstracted air upon her shoulder.

"I heard of it—yes. But I always thought there might be some mistake about it. I thought it couldn't be true," says poor Kit, tearfully.

"Well, it is," with ever-increasing gloom. "And it puts an end to my being the heir forever."

"Monica will never forgive it," says Kit. "Never."

"One can hardly expect her to. You are too—too pretty a girl to be thrown away upon a mere nobody." By this time he has reached the very lowest depths, and is wallowing there.

"Certainly I am," says Miss Beresford, with great spirit. "I consider myself good enough for the best man I know, and that is why"—holding out her arms to him with a smile bordering upon tears—"I have given myself to you!"

"Oh, dear, dear heart, it is unfair of me," says Neil, remorsefully, when more pressing business can be laid aside for a moment. "I should consider you beyond every other thing."

"I hope you always will," says Kit, gayly, rubbing her cheek to his. "If you don't there will be a civil war. But now let us go back to our misfortunes. Tell me more of this horrid little importation."

"I can't tell you anything more. It was born yesterday. Sir Michael himself telegraphed—evidently in the highest spirits. It is disgraceful of him, at his age. Why, he can't even hope to see it grown up."

"Mark my words, it won't thrive with him," says Kit, solemnly. "Not the child—I don't mean that,—hastily;—but his injustice to you. I am afraid Monica will be more and more against you when she hears about this. A son and heir, you see—odious little thing!—will of course put you out of the property forever."

"It—it isn't a son; it's a daughter," says Neil.

"A daughter!—a girl!—a dear little girl!" says Kit, with a sudden change of tone. "Oh, you silly boy! how could you frighten me so! Monica won't mind a bit about that. What earthly harm can there be in a girl? Why, the little darling thing—I'm so fond of babies: aren't you?—may never have a brother, and then all will be well for you."

"Sure to have them— heaps of them," says Mr. Brabazon, refusing to be comforted.

"Why?"—indignantly.

"Oh, sure to," dependently.

"Well, I won't think so," says Miss Beresford, in a tone that warns him he had better not think so too, and at once.

"Kit, where are you?" calls somebody from the drawing-room.

"I must go," says Kit: but she evidently makes a mistake about it, because it is to him she goes as she says it.

"One instant," says Brabazon, holding her. "Tell me you don't let Mantering so much as look at you."

"Never."
"Now, when this telegram becomes public property, they will put on double pressure and try to induce you to marry him."

"They may try—I can't prevent that—but the trying will end in failure. How can you speak to me of such a man as Mr. Mantering? Now, if it were anybody else; but he—he is impossible!"

"Do you mean me to understand, then, that 'somebody else' might not be impossible?" asks Brabazon, distinctly offended.

"What a horrid little speech from you to me! Once"—mischievously—"you told me my chiefest charm in your eyes lay in the fact that you could never distrust me. Where is that charm now? Is it gone? or are your eyes blinded?"

"Kit," calls the soft voice from the drawing-room again. This time there is in it a suspicion of irritability.

"I must go," says Kit, in a hurried whisper.

"One other moment. You will write to me?"

"Yes, yes."

"I shall write to you every day. The day I fail I shall be ill or dying."

"Oh, Neil! Do not say that. It sounds so unlucky."

"It is true. And you?"

"I shall answer every letter you write me the day I get it."

"Next month, perhaps, and certainly at Christmas, I shall run down to Lislee and ride over to see you, be you here or there. They cannot object to that."

"Let them," says Kit, rebelliously. "And now—good-by."

"One kiss more," says Brabazon; after which there are several "kisses more," and then a careless and leisurely return to the drawing-room, meant to signify that passages of a tender nature have by no means been the cause of their lengthened absence.

CHAPTER XV.

"I am a woman, needs must I speak,
Or elles swell until mine hearts break."

They have all gone: the very sound of the departing wheels has died away.

The light of heaven is almost gone, too; darker and darker grows the "twilight gray."

The border-land that divides evening from night is very nearly passed; the tall elms in the avenue are growing indistinct; the cows far down in the meadows are lowing for the milkmaid; Nox—calm daughter of Chaos—is descending; already is her coming felt; "Silence bath set her finger with deep touch upon creation's brow."

Doris is still standing by the fire her guests have just quitted, and, with eyes instantly fixed upon the glowing logs, seems to seek in them a kinder fortune than has yet been given her.

All through the last two hours—in between the snatches of laughter and apparent light-heartedness—the words uttered by her aunt have sounded their discordant chord within her breast.

That her husband should be indifferent to her charms is a thing she has taught herself to look upon as a natural result of the contract sealed between them; but that he should be alive to the charms of another means to her nothing less than degradation. And yet it should have been anticipated by her. The heart capable of love must find somewhere an outlet for its affections; and this woman,—this Mrs. Montague Smythe,—she had been something to him (how much who shall say!) in those earlier days when she, Doris, and her fatal fortune had been unknown. A pang of bitterest regret, seizing upon her heart-strings, renders her white to her very lips.

And yet it may not be true; it may be only idle gossip. One word from him will be sufficient to satisfy her of its truth or falsehood. Some innate knowledge of him assures her that a plain "yes" or "no" from him, without oath or avowal of any kind; will be all-convincing.

To put the question to him—as she had old her aunt she would do—is still a settled determination with her; but how to do it? how to meet him face to face, and in cold language ask it? There is the rub! Even as she so debates with herself in miserable uncertainty, he comes into the room, and advances toward a distant table.

A chill falls upon her; her lips feel parched and dumb; but the desire to set her fear at rest, one way or the other, grows less. She will ask him, and . . . Nothing—no weakness—shall prevent . . .

only give her time,—time. She lays one little hand wearily against her forehead.

In truth, there is very little time to give. Clontarf, who has plainly come for a look, not for conversation, having secured the desired volume, turns again to the door. He has almost reached it, when she compels herself to turn in his direction.

She has lowered her hand from her brow to the side of her head. The other hand she has laid upon the mantel-piece to steady herself as though her body as well as her resolution needs support. Both are frail.

As she parts her lips to speak to him, a minor difficulty presents itself. His fingers have already closed upon the handle of the door; his back is turned to her. How shall she make him understand? how attract his attention? Strive as she may, and often has, she has never yet been able to compel herself to address him by his Christian name. Even now she cannot manage it.

"Can I—will you stay one moment?—I want to ask you a question," she stammers, at last, the words coming from her with painful embarrassment, and with an enforced coldness, born of shyness, that sounds irridig even to herself. How much more so to him!

Taking his hand from the door he faces her. There is unmistakable anger in his eyes.

"Have you never yet heard my Christian name,—or is it because you have forgotten it," he asks, drawing nearer to her, and regarding her with great disfavor, "that you will never call me by it?"

"I have not forgotten it." Her eyes are on the ground as she says this slowly, icily.

"Then I am to understand that you object to using it," says Clontarf, frowning, "that you prefer the inconvenience of having to wait to catch my eye every time you design to offer me a remark, to addressing me by any familiar term?"

This is so exactly what she has done a hundred times, that she naturally resents his words with exceeding bitterness.

"I so seldom care to address you, that it is scarcely worth while bringing the matter up," she says, disdainfully, turning away from him.

"True. You score one there," says Donat, with a joyless laugh.

"Besides," abruptly, facing him again, and speaking with some vehemence, "if you think my refusal to mention your name is a sign that I have forgotten it, have I not the same reason for supposing you have forgotten mine?"

"Yet I have not," says Clontarf, quickly. "Doris! It is too pretty a name to be lightly forgotten. But"—with a certain change of tone—"you want me, is it not? You have a question to ask me?" He waits for her to speak, in the listless attitude of one longing to depart, and to whom interest is unknown.

"Yes. A simple question,—yet hardly one, after all. I—" Her bloodless lips almost refuse to let the words pass them, but her will conquers, and she goes on—"I hope it is not true, what I have heard about you and Mrs. Montague Smythe."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discovery of Coffee.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was travelling through Abyssinia, and, finding himself very weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree covered with dead berries. The meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and on crushing them with a stone he found their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance in a can which contained a small amount of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was agreeable, and in a few moments after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered many of the berries as he could carry, and having arrived at Arden, in Arabia, he informed the Mufti of his discovery. The worthy divan was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the berries and was so delighted with the recovery of his own vigor that, in gratitude to the tree he called it *cahwan*, which in Arabic means "force." And this is the way coffee was discovered.



No. 3218.—LADIES' COAT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for
30 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 5 yards; 44 inches, 5 1/2
yards; 46 inches, 5 1/2 yards.

No. 3216.—LADIES' CLOAK. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for
30 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches,
4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

No. 3158.—LADIES' CLOAK. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for
30 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches,
4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

No. 3217.—LADIES' CLOAK. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for
30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches,
4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO DARKEN THE HAIR.—Take two ounces of olive oil, four ounces of good bay rum, and one dram of the oil of almonds; mix and shake well.

TO CURE WARTS.—Take a piece of raw beef steeped in vinegar for twenty-four hours and tie it on the part affected. Apply every night for two weeks.

REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—After washing with soap rinse the hands in fresh water and dry them thoroughly, by applying Indian meal or rice flour.

BARBER'S SHAMPOO.—To one pint of warm water add half an ounce of salts tartar. Cut up very fine a piece of castile soap, the size of two crackers, and mix it, shaking the mixture well, and it is ready for use.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM SILK.—Boil five ounces of soft water and six ounces of powdered alum for a short time, and pour it into a vessel to cool. Warm it for use, and wash the stained part with it and leave dry.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—For cleaning silver, of any description, there is nothing better than a compound of common whiting, carefully compounded so as to be without lumps, reduced to a paste with gin.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Bruise and squeeze the juice out of common chickweed, and to this juice add three times its quantity of soft water. Bathe the skin with this for five or ten minutes morning and evening, and wash afterwards with clean water.

FOR SKIN DISEASES.—Broacic acid has been used with great success as an external application in the treatment of vegetable parasitic diseases of the skin. A solution of a dram of the acid to an ounce of water, or as much of the acid as the water will take up, is found to meet the requirements of the case satisfactorily. The affected parts should be well bathed in the solution twice a day and rubbed well.

Hints on Dress.

In buying our clothes we should choose what is becoming in color, pattern and style. A large woman or a very tiny woman looks absurd in thick, rough, heavy goods which need a tall and moderately slender figure to carry them off well. A little lady looks pretty in delicately sprigged or spotted lawns and muslins, wherein a big lady becomes a dowdy. A tall woman can wear plaids and flounces, they reduce her apparent size and become her well, while they give the little woman the shape of a butter-tub. Short, thick women do not look well in shawls, and very stout women should not venture on wearing furs. A fair woman is lovely in blue, but her dark sister is made ugly by that beautiful color. A big, red, double-chinned face should not wear a small, airy, delicate hat even if such hats are all the style, for the creamy lace, the dainty, trailing plume or spray of forget-me-nots, brings broadly into relief, the redness, coarseness or freckles of the skin; the small hat makes the big face still more like a sunflower or pumpkin blossom. Let the large face be framed in a hat, broad enough to become it, wide or high, light or dark, to suit feature and complexion; and let the dark, florid face beware of scarlet, pink or blue placed near it; so, surrounded by what becomes it, the large face is handsome, matronly, reposeful. Gaudy colors should not be worn in the street. They are in bad taste in spite of the fashion. Children should always wear small patterned goods. Seal brown, pale blue, pink, bronzo green, mauve and navy-blue are colors especially becoming to blondes, while garnet, fawn color, dove gray, old gold, crimson, and salmon color can be worn effectively by the brunette. Black is suitable to any complexion and is always in good taste. A lady is always well dressed in a black silk or neat

fitting cashmere, while black velvet is elegant for blonde or brunette, and never fails to enhance or make more strikingly apparent the beauty of the wearer.

Women of To-day and Yesterday.

The women of yesterday and the women to-day—what a vast difference between them! What would our great grandmothers or even grandmothers, say if they could see the women of the present? The feelings would most assuredly receive a great shock. They would think the world had turned upside down, and would hail with disgust the announcement that the women were no longer going to sit at home idle, but were going to be up and doing—either working for their own living or for the good of others, as circumstances indicated. Our grandmothers thought it was a woman's place to marry and most assiduously looked after her house, husband and children. We of the present period agree most cordially with this sentiment, but with the addendum that, if she has more than sufficient time in which to practice the above virtues (and she generally has), she should help in some work outside her own home, in preference to always giving that time to reading novels or gossip. But whatever our grandmother's may have wished and planned for us, it is quite certain that all women cannot marry. What, then, are they to do when they are, poor things, of all domestic duties beyond ordering their own mutton chop? Are they to sit idle at home with their hands before them; or merely playing with a little useless tatting or knitting, because it is not decorous for them to bestir themselves, even if it is for their own benefit or for the good of their fellow creatures. Happily they have decided otherwise, and now on all sides

women are taking an active part in the work of every kind. They see a wide field before them, which is crying out to be plowed up and sown with good seed, and many are marching bravely toward it, with plowshare in hand. The fact, then, must be accepted that the majority of single women have no intention of remaining idle, and they are to be congratulated, for they will be saved a miserable life; for many and many old maids of the past led miserable wretched lives, and were always considered as a crabby, cantankerous and disappointed class, or else as a race of busybodies, whose gossip from house to house did much harm. But they had nothing else to do and could not be blamed, although such a state of things brought home to many the old rhyme, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

A Woman's Sunny Temper.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hour brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles, the electrical brightness of her look and movements, affects every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people worry and annoy him all day; far off her presence shines and he whispers to himself: "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

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FIG. No. 1. The group of long wraps here illustrated are suitable for street and traveling wear. The first figure represents a pelisse of blue ladies' cloth, made with loose fronts, turned back at the top so as to form box-pleats, opening over a vest of the material, fastened with black buttons. Ribbons from the side seams are knotted loosely in front; the collar is round, and the back laid in small pleats to the waist, which are stitched down, and form the necessary fullness for the skirt. Pattern No. 3218, price 30 cents. The design for the next figure is taken from pattern No. 3216, price 30 cents, and consists of a raglan of mohair, having sacquo fronts, dolman sleeves, round, and turned back to form a cuff, rolling collar and a tight-fitting back, cut off below the waist, and the extra fullness added in "tourist" back style, with a "saddle" of cord over the joining. Stitching is the most appropriate trimming for mohair or cloth, of which such garments are usually made.

FIGURE No. 13 shows a dainty morning cap made of two circles of "Val" lace set on millinette, with a pleating of Ottoman ribbon beneath; bow on top and ties of the same. Old embroidery is often worn as a cap, which will be rich in gold and silver; such as these do not require any trimming besides the gold pins used to fasten it to the head. Pink crepe and velvet ribbon are worn for the same decoration.

FIG. 14. The handsome collure show in this illustration is easily accomplished with very little extra hair. Two French rolls cover the back of the head, with a loose curl on either side, pinned closely to the hair. The entire top of the head is covered with loose, curly rings, and a silver ball comb placed at the top of the rolls.

FIG. 15. The wrap shown in our illustration is taken from Pattern No. 3220, price 25 cents, and has the usual fitted back, long, tab fronts, square, and high dolman sleeves, square in front. The trimmings represented is of lace, jet pendants and ornaments for the back tabs and shoulders. Chenille fringe can be used, if preferred. Plain or brocaded materials are handsomely made after this design. The trimmed skirt (pattern No. 2991, price 30 cents) shows a stylish combination for plain and brocaded goods. The tablier is plain, with a short box-pleated panel on one side and a long one on the other; the back is long and full, with a side-pleated flounce below the drapery, while the front is saved from extreme plainness by an apron draped high on the left and low on the right side.

FIG. 16. Pattern No. 3215, price 35 cents, is here illustrated in embroidered prongee, though it is equally suitable for summer silks, veiling of grenadine. The tablier is embroidered, the right side has scarfs of the embroidery held low with a bow of ribbon; the left side is laid in side pleats and edged with the trimming toward the front, and the back trimmed with a gathered flounce. The polonaise has a pointed basque front decorated with a scarf of the trimming from the right shoulder to the left hip, where a full bow holds it; the back is cut with extensions and bouffantly draped. The sleeves are finished with a ruffle of the trimming, and the collar is of the usual high design.

FIG. 35 represents an artistic bracelet, with the silver colored to look like old metal. The medallion heads are pierced, and represent historical portraits in costume.

FIG. 36. The chatelaine here illustrated is suitable for either a watch or fan. It is composed of thick Ottoman ribbon, embroidered in silk, with gold stars scattered over its surface. The hook is concealed with a gold ornament at the top. Mourning chatelaines are made in the same manner, and decorated with jets.

Any of these patterns may be obtained by enclosing the price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH office, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the forbearing, warmth of the heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

The world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honor and credit are all in one interest; and that without the occurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others.



No. 3220.—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

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

No. 1991.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
20 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 22 inches, 8 5/8 yards; 24 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 8 1/2 yards.



No. 3215.—LADIES' SUIT. PRICE, 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (19 inches wide) for
30 inches, 14 yards; 32 inches, 14 yards; 34 inches, 14 yards; 36 inches, 14 yards; 38 inches, 14 yards; 40 inches, 14 yards; 42 inches, 14 yards.



FIG. 14.



FIG. 13.

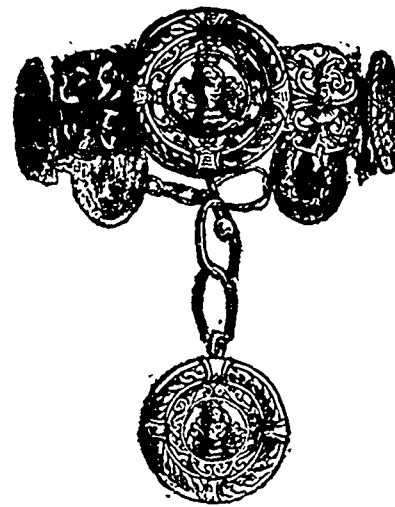


FIG. 35.



FIG. 36.

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Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 22 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$5.00 per year.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter.

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

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

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

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

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 25th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 185 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

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ABOUT RENEWALS.

SPECIAL PRESENT INDUCEMENTS.

TRUTH subscribers whose terms have expired, or are about to expire, are respectfully requested to renew at once. We do not like any such cut off the list.

As a special inducement for immediate renewals, the Publisher has resolved to make the following special offer, which is the best he has ever made:—

To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a year's renewal, a FREE GIFT will be made of Canada's Under Lord Lorne, a splendid Canadian volume of 700 pages, well printed and well bound; or Shakespeare's Complete Works, neatly printed and well bound.

To all subscribers sending \$1.50 for six months' renewal, a free gift of Elihu Burritt's great work Chips from Myony Blocks, 300 pages, or Poems and Songs by Alexander McLachlan, a favorite Canadian poet.

These books will be delivered free a TRUTH office, or sent by mail if the extra postage is sent, viz:—12 cents on the present to yearly subscribers, and 9 cents on that to half yearly.

This offer holds good for one month only. Please send in at once, therefore. Subscribers whose terms have not yet expired, may also avail themselves now of this offer, and full credit will be extended to them.

In sending in be sure and mention it is for a renewal. Renewals may also be made by the Bible Competition scheme, in another column, but those competing will not also be entitled to one of the gift books above referred to.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions.

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

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

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

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar note, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent.

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

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

- FIRST REWARDS. 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Hirsch, Toronto. 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs. 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services. 14 to 20.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches. 20 to 30.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case watches. 31 to 40.—Forty-five antique silver case watches, good movements. 41 to 50.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 51 to 60.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs. 61 to 70.—Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs. 71 to 80.—Fifty Dollars in Gold.

- SECOND REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold. 2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent grand square pianos. 5, 6 and 7. Three fine-toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs. 8 to 15. Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches. 16 to 25.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches. 26 to 40. Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets. 41 to 50. Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches. 51 to 60. Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings. 61 to 70. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold. 71 to 80. Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern. 81 to 90. One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons. 91 to 100. Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries. 101 to 110. Two hundred and six fine butter knives. 111 to 120. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.

- THIRD REWARDS. 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood square pianos. 4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches. 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches. 12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services. 18 to 23. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set). 24 to 30. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches. 31 to 40. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold. 41 to 50. Fifty one solid gold gem rings. 51 to 60. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs. 61 to 70. Eighty-five half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons. 71 to 80. Two hundred volumes well-bound Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries. 81 to 90. One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION, "TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto. Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks. The house is semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, front and back stairs, and all modern conveniences. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

- FOURTH REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Hirsch, Toronto. 5 and 6.—Two fine-toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm. 7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services. 10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches. 16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches. 21 to 25.—Nine renowned sewing machines. 26.—Ten Dollars in Gold. 27 to 40.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-face, coin-silver watches.

- 41 to 50. Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs. 51 to 100. Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons. 101 to 110. One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries. 111 to 120. Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper. 121 to 130. One Hundred Dollars in Gold. FIFTH REWARDS. 1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin. 2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos. 6 to 10.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches. 11 to 20.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches. 21 to 30.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services. 31 to 40.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns. 41 to 50.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopedia. 51 to 60.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches. 61 to 70.—Twenty dollars in gold. 71 to 80.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 81 to 90.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickle watches. 91 to 100.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons. 101 to 110.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).

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

- CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. 2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos. 5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker. 8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces. 11 to 15. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches. 16 to 20. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns. 21 to 30. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns. 31 to 40. Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons. 41 to 50. One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 51 to 60. One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Clocks. 61 to 70. One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author.

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into six equal quantities, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 718 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 611 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

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

HOW TO SEND.

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

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

TRUTH is a 22-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course of the year leading and repr and the United M.A., Metropoli S. D. Hastings, Finch, of Neb Maine; Dr. Dar D.D., G. Merc J. J. Hickman many others.

In addition which are from publisher also g valuable prizes: selected or orig gentlemen's soli Short Story, ori the best origin extraordinary li publisher of Th paralleled in th this continent.

WHAT You are sure for the dollar well worth the good opportuni above costly r positively be g case the investi dreds of letter readers assuriz would not bo times the subs FRANK WILSON Toronto, Canad

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The persons the questions n the rewards ca 601 to 940.— copies of Mill 20, Mrs. H. J. W. T.; 602, I. S. S.; 603, H. P. E. I.; 604, S. B.; 605, I. Oae.; 606, Mr. 37, Mrs. J. 607; 608, Car re, city; 609 230, Ill.; 610 202, Ont.; 611 T.; 612, Geo 247.; 613, Ale 14, Mrs. A. I 15, Mrs. Mar. 16, 616, Edit 17, Martha. 18, Seymon C 19, Mrs. C. C 20, Daisy Ne 21, Elizabeth 22, Mich.; 6 23; 622, I 24.; 624, M 25.; 625, Mar 26, H. O. Als 27, Ham 28, Cas; 29, Island P 30, Ga.; 31, Ill.; 632 33.; 633, I 34, Moines, I 35, Gore, I 36, Middle Melfo 37,ingham, O 38, Ont.; 39, Ont.; 40, 41, Mac, Ma 42, Kan. 43, Dak.; 6 44, Eliza E. 45, W. S. P 46, James H 47, 648, Mrs. 48, House, 49, Cokesbury, 50, St. Juli 51, Britney, 52, Kings 53, N. Ont

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clarke, Rev. Jos. Wild, D.D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others.

In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

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

THE WINNERS. OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

The persons named below have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named:—

- 601 to 940.—Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems. 601, Mrs. H. L. Cruckshank, Kinkas, N. Y. T.; 602, Isaac Forrest, Amherst Point, N. S.; 603, Heath Crosby, Bonshaw P. O., P. E. I.; 604, Jas. Mabeo, Markhamville, N. B.; 605, Daniel McGrandle, Arundale, Que.; 606, Mrs. D. M. Wort, Daniel, N. B.; 607, Mrs. J. Fernely, 181 Queen-st. W., Ont.; 608, Carrie A. Henderson, 45 Rose-st., Ont.; 609, Steven A. Hanlon, jr., Chicago, Ill.; 610, Mrs. Thos. Simpson, Ash-ara, Ont.; 611, Thos. Enby, Regina, N. W. T.; 612, Geo. E. McIntosh, Morrisburg, Ont.; 613, Alex. Vallece, St. John, N. B.; 614, Mrs. A. D. Fulton, Bass River, N. S.; 615, Mrs. Mary Blaikie, Sterling Valley, N. S.; 616, Edith Marden, Baltimore, Md.; 617, Martha A. Schwoerer, Powell, Pa.; 618, Seymour Christman, Ephratah, N. Y.; 619, Mrs. C. Clarke, Williamstown, N. Y.; 620, Daisy Neill, Rushville, Illinois; 621, Elizabeth M. Carpenter, Crystal Valley, Mich.; 622, J. Hodgman, Burlington, Ont.; 623, Libbie M. Campbell, Kinsley, Ia.; 624, Mrs. C. P. Hall, Concordville, Pa.; 625, Mary A. Paul, Flackille, N. Y.; 626, B. O. Alsbach, Winfield, Kansas; 627, Richard Hamilton, Joliet, Ill.; 628, Mag-ale Ryan, Castleton, Vt.; 629, Elton Aldrich, Island Pond, Vt.; 630, L. W. Young, Iowa; 631, Mrs. M. Robb, Spring-wood, Ill.; 632, Mrs. M. Jamison, Tallman, Wis.; 633, J. B. Schantz, 921 Ninth-st., Des Moines, Iowa; 634, Mary F. McInnis, Fat Gore, N. S.; 635, Mary C. Reeves, Little Melford, N. S.; 636, Frank Lewis, Pgham, Ont.; 637, Mrs. J. Walton, Wood, Ont.; 638, Miss Lizzie Burrie, Mac-ee, Ont.; 639, Mrs. Amanda Chaplin, Coniac, Man.; 640, A. W. Lathrop, Con-necticut, Kan.; 641, R. H. Bailey, Valley City, Dak.; 642, Alex. Delaporta, Toronto; 643, Eliza E. Woods, Truemanville, N. S.; 644, W. S. Porter, Port Maitland, N. S.; 645, James Heffet, Travelers' Picst., P. E. I.; 646, Mrs. N. A. Montague, Ben La-ved House, N. B.; 647, Mrs. I. Wilson, Anderville, Ont.; 648, L. M. Paint, Port-kebury, N. S.; 649, I. T. Manning, St. Julie D. Somerset, Que.; 650, A. Britany, Benton, N. B.; 651, Aggie-son, Kingsley, Man.; 652, Sarah Rout-ledge, N. Onslow, Que.; 653, Mrs. D. Mc-

- Ewon, Long Creek, P. E. I.; 654, J. D. Bell, Montague, P. E. I.; 655, Isaac Mat-kinson, Oxford, N. S.; 656, Mrs. G. W. Brightman, Scotch Village, N. S.; 657, Z. B. Gillis, Acadia Mines, Londonderry, N. S.; 658, Maggie Cairns, Summerside, P. E. I.; 659, F. D. Burke, Southport, P. E. I.; 660, J. A. Fraser, Millville, Pictou, N. S.; 661, Mrs. R. Hincinamp, Chicago, Ill.; 662, Elizabeth W. Thomson, Theford, Bosanquet; 663, Edith M. Sutherland, Neepawa, Man.; 664, Daniel McQuerril, Salmon River, Halifax, N. S.; 665, J. F. Goldborough, Blythfield, Man.; 666, Hea-ly Edwards, N. Wiltshire, P. E. I.; 667, Headly V. Ingraham, Bear Island, York Co., N. B.; 668, Mrs. W. McNight, Barnet Church, Northd., Co., N. B.; 669, Miss L. B. Balcom, Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.; 670, H. N. Carpenter, Toronto; 671, Miss Ada Bennett, Edinboro, Pa.; 672, J. W. Scott, Salt River, Mich.; 673, Joseph Second, Evert, Mich.; 674, Mrs. H. Clark, Constableville, N. Y.; 675, Helen Evans, Constableville, N. Y.; 676, G. F. Scott, Sherwood, Mich.; 677, A. Riese, Robert-son, Iowa; 678, Mrs. A. B. Clinton, North Haven, Conn.; 679, C. E. Bickford, Wine-kenndon, Mass.; 680, Allison Shearer, New Rumlly, Ohio; 681, Mary J. Magers, La Cygne, Kans.; 682, Maud Bell, Casselton, Da.; 683, Mrs. Louisa Smith, Mattawamkeag, Ma.; 684, George Clarke, P. M., Troy, Ont.; 685, E. L. Henderson, London East, Ont.; 686, Minnie May Sharpe, St. Marys, Ont.; 687, Geo. Cocker, Lower Kintore, N. B.; 688, Abner Smith, Botsford, N. B.; 689, Wm. D. Wilson, Matawatahan, N. W. T.; 690, Mrs. Wm. Young, Wood Islands, P. E. I.; 691, Arthur J. Baker Marchison, Minnedosa, N. W. T.; 692, Marion E. Mc-Donald, Scotaburn Mills, N. S.; 693, Coratie M. Crie, North Appleton, Maine; 694, R. Grey Kincaid, Indian Head, N. W. T.; 695, W. J. Robinson, Stonewall, Man.; 696, Mrs. Eleann J. Patterson, Upper Port La Laur, N. S.; 697, L. E. Delano, Glenn, Michigan; 698, J. Masson, Lobo, Ont.; 699, David W. Wees, Cloyne, Ont.; 700, Aggie Reid, Patterson, Ont.; 701, Mrs. Fannie E. Filurry, Vaucleav P. O., Miss.; 702, J. H. Fairman, Frankford, Ont.; 703, M. J. Rob-bins, Washingtonville, N. Y.; 704, Georgia A. Gage, South Paris, Maine; 705, B. B. McCasner, Ninnails, Ohio; 706, Miss Lo Gros La Honquette, St. Marys, N. J.; 707, Lena McTaggart, Belfountain, Ont.; 708, Geo. D. Curtis, Montrose, Iowa; 709, Eva Sib-ley, Chamberlain, Dakota.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, etc., in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and in what series, first, middle or consolation, and also the number and the nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate mat-ters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize-winners omit to send the amount required for postage and packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—Pianos, \$10.00; cabinet organs, \$5.00; sewing machines, \$2.00; guns and tea-services, \$2.00; cruet and cake bas-kets, 50 cents; dress-goods, 50 cents; gold watches, 50 cents; silver and other watches, 30 cents; books and butter knives, 12 cents. If the application for prize or prizes is not accompanied with cash as above stated, and full particulars given, no notice whatever will be taken of them. We are compelled to do this on account of the im-mense amount of correspondence involved.

Who Wants to Swap?

Attention is called to the "Exchange Department" of this journal, which must prove a most valuable medium for those having articles they wish to exchange in which to make known their wishes. Large numbers of our subscribers and others have already availed themselves of this depart-ment as a means of announcing their wants, and it is evidently a very popular one. Subscribers have the privilege of making use of the Exchange Department free, whilst of others the small fee of twenty-five cents is required for inserting each announcement.

Lardine Machine Oil is the only oil that will not gum or clog the machinery, and will outwear lard or seal oil, and costs but half the price. One trial ensures its con-tinued use. for sale only by all dealers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

- TORONTO, PAST AND PRESENT.—Carrio Boattie, New Glasgow; M. J. Brown, Dun-dae; Wm. Jones, 153 Bathurst St., Toronto; Mrs. E. Mayrs, West Middlesex, Pa. BUTTER KNIVES.—Jennie I. Currie, Bovi-na, N. Y.; Ed. Carleton, 28 Marlborough Ave., Toronto; Mrs. I. Small, Jr., Buieago, Nfld.; Charles Beat, Oxford; Will S. Keyler, Whitesville, Mo. CHAMBERS' CYCLOPEDIA.—Emma Snyder, Arthur; Middleton Hamilton, Fred Muland, Spencerville; Mrs. C. P. Wilkins, Hespeler; T. W. Pollard, Pt. St Charles, Montreal; Mrs. R. Simpson, Newmarket, Ont.; J. T. Lee, Newcastle. TEASPOONS.—M. Cameron, Cataract; Em-ma Johnson, Markham, Ont.; Thos. Milligan, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. Thos. Young, Mrs. Howe, Baldwin St., Toronto. GOLD WATCH.—Charles Sanson, Cooks-ville; Mrs. Thomas Cross. SEWING MACHINE.—Mrs. C. Losten, Hamilton. CHAMBERS' DICTIONARY.—E. Tillor, Marks-ville, Ont. POEMS.—W. H. Martin, Columbus; F. Funky, Newmarket, Ont.; Mrs. A. L. Massie, Keene, Ont. GOLD BROOCH.—Wm. A. Benn, Montreal, Que.; Harriett Thistlethwaite, Stayner, Ont.; Ada C. Otway Page, Port Perry, Ont. SILVER TEA SERVICE.—Mrs. Geo. E. Cook, Cooksville. SILVER WATCH.—George Barthwaito, Unionville, Ont.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- ROBERT DUNGAN.—Will you kindly send your post-office address? Your letter with enclosure received, but until you send us your address it will be impossible to give you the proper credit for amount. O. V. W.—You cannot be imprisoned for non-payment of indebtedness unless it can be shown that you are able to pay and will not. G. B.—If a man calls himself a doctor, dentist or lawyer without having what you may call a license to do so, he renders him-self liable to prosecution; but he may freely advertise himself as a quack or jack-of-all-trades without ever having earned or mastered any. FIGHTEN, Drayton.—The laws sanctioning the press gang to obtain recruits for the British navy have not been repealed, they have only been allowed to slumber. BUYER, Lindsay.—A storekeeper may re-fuse to sell an article out of his window, but if he does sell it he must do so at the price ticketed.

PRIZE-WINNERS, PLEASE NOTICE.

The lack of ordinary courtesy amongst prize winners in the TRUTH competitions is most remarkable, though we have on more than one occasion requested, as politely as we know how, those parties who won prizes to kindly acknowledge their receipt. Our very reasonable request has been complied with in an astonishingly small number of cases, as will be seen by turning to our pub-lished lists of acknowledgments. One of our stipulations in these competitions was that the receipt of prizes should be acknow-ledged by the recipients, and those entering these competitions tacitly bind themselves to comply with our request, but nine-tenths of the prize-winners appear to be gifted with most peculiar and feebly tenacious memories, as, though they never forget to send for their prizes, all recollection of what is expected of them in the way of acknow-ledge-ment thereof appears to fade from their mnemonic tablets. Common courtesy, at least, requires that when an individual re-ceives a present, he or she should say "Thank you" for it. A great many of our prize-winners don't do as much.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Segrave's Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Our elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars and elevated railroads to all districts. Family car hire. Better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City. See the special announcements, and the inducements offered by the Publisher of "Truth," on page 22 of this issue. No other publisher in the Dominion offers any such inducements to his patrons.

Music and Drama.

"Over the Garden Wall," which last week met with so hearty a reception at the Grand Opera House, is one of those peculiar pieces of stage burlesque, which it is exceedingly difficult to describe, and much more difficult to assign its proper place. One scarcely knows whether to call it a play comedy, musical farce or what. There is in this piece a little of everything, and a good deal of nothing, and yet there have been few more irresistibly funny and clever perfor-mances at the Grand this season. The play is in the hands of very clever people, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight being at the head of the company.

On Monday evening (13th) the choir of Jar-vis Street Baptist Church repeated Cald-ecott's beautiful cantata, "The Widow of Nain." The audience was large, and the programme was received with every mani-festation of pleasure and delight. The per-formance was such as reflects great credit upon those who took part, and the several solo parts of the piece were so well sustained as to leave no doubt of the superior ability and rare musical taste of those participating. Certainly the example of Jarvis Street Church in giving the Toronto people such a treat should be emulated by many other of our city churches.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, any-thing they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher re-serves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not under-take any responsibility with regard to transactions, effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of corre-spondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misun-derstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending the articles called for.

English setter (Paris) five months old for sale or exchange for gun or black cocker spaniel or beagle. Address, box C., Cookstown, Ont. A S. T. drawer 185, Atherley, Co. Ontario, Ont., has for exchange a number of books (good) for other books. Send stamp for full list, with value of each. For exchange, a lot of old newspapers, magazines, etc., also a magic lantern, for a card printing-press, or something of like value. Correspondence solici-ted. Address, Wm. J. KENNEDY, Room, N. B.

I have single set of strap harness as good as new, been in use for six months. Would exchange for printing-press and outfit. Good exchange. All offers answered. Address Box 273, Stratford. Complete set of Isaac Pitman's Shortland System, new, price \$2.00, for best offer in German, Austral-ian and Roumanian unused postage stamps. Ad-dress, A. P. SHEWAN, box 159, Petrolia, Ont.

A magic lantern (new), cost \$10.00, to exchange for any suitable article, a breech-loading gun preferred. Correspondence solicited. Write for particulars. JOHN DUFF, Queen's College, Kingston, Ont.

R. A. D., box 171, Woodstock, Ont., has an auto-matic, self-regulatingureka incubator, holds 100 eggs, almost new, that he will exchange for a bicycle, 50, 61, or 62 inch. Willing to make up difference on a good machine.

I have a good accordion, pearl keys and brass reeds, valued at \$10.00. Also, an extra fine \$10.00 zither or harpette, and a good silver ring, which I would like to exchange for a good cornet, or any one of them and the ring for a good key, sounder and battery. I might take something else; make me an offer. E. J. BOSWELL, Cannington, Ont.

I have some books which I would like to exchange for a hand printing-press (self-inker), with a chase 6x9. The books are "Beecher's Life of Christ," present price, \$2.50; "History of England," (illustrated) in two volumes, \$1.00 each, \$3.00, "Allison's Eu-rope," in twelve volumes, \$1.00 each, \$12.00. Total, \$22.50. MAUR K. COLWELL, box 769, St. Thomas, Ont.

Every housekeeper in Toronto and throughout Ontario should make it his busi-ness to visit the stores of Petley & Petley, during their great spring sale of carpets now going on. The prices quoted for all kinds of carpets are very low, and purchas-ers coming from a distance of one to two hundred miles will more than save their railway fare and expenses on an ordinary-sized purchase.

Consumption Cured

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

SAVED BY A WOMAN.

—For Truth.

BY L. B. M'KAY.

Mr. Robert Macdonald was a wealthy retired dry goods merchant; and occupied a princely mansion in the suburbs of the city of B., Scotland. The house was in a blaze of light, and beautified by all the arts of modern taste—on the night when our story opens.

It was the twenty-first birthday of his only daughter Jessie, and Mr. Macdonald was giving a fashionable dinner party in honour of the event; and the invited guests were already assembling. An hour later we find them enjoying the luxuries of Mr. Macdonald's well furnished table, and laughing and chatting cheerfully—as those free from every care. At length the wine is passed around and each of the happy party drink the health of their host's daughter with sincerity and good will. "Each—we said, but that was a mistake, for there was one young man in the company who, when the wine was offered him, begged to be excused," and said, "Mr. Macdonald, with your permission I shall drink your daughter's health in a cup of coffee." This (at that time) novel request brought forth a simper from the ladies, and a look of half surprise—half contempt from the gentlemen. While Mr. Macdonald gave a good-natured laugh as he said: "Why, bless my soul, Balfour, you don't mean to say you are afraid of a glass of wine?"

"By no means," answered Harry Balfour, "but I prefer coffee." "Why," said Mr. Macdonald. "I have always indulged in a social glass, been a church member for over twenty-five years, and have never suffered from the practice. Indeed I take it 'for my stomach's sake,' as Paul says, and also, because I have no wish to be considered an oddity in society."

"Here, here," spoke out the gentlemen, while the ladies smiled and bowed their approval. Mr. Harry Balfour was the fortunately accepted lover of Miss Jessie Macdonald, and held the position of cashier in a well-known bank in the city.

"I have always been taught to regard liquor of any kind as dangerous and injurious to both body and mind, as well as injurious to a man's best interests and instincts, and therefore I have refrained from its use," said young Balfour in answer to his host's remarks on the wine question. Had he held to these sentiments, the dark and bitter days which followed would never have been known by him. But, alas, as the sequel will show, he gave up his convictions in an evil moment to please others, and therefore lost all.

"If I thought, Balfour, that a glass of wine would harm you, I'd be the last in the world to offer it to you, but I don't think it could; and I therefore would be pleased to have you join us in drinking the health of my daughter on this her twenty-first birthday."

"Friends," added the host, "fill your glasses and let us all drink together." The glasses were filled and raised, ready to be drunk. Every eye was turned to Harry Balfour. Would he yield, or would he hold fast to his faith and bear their half-disguised contempt? His glass still stood beside his plate on the table. He was trembling on the edge of the precipice of doubt, as if he saw into the future, and beheld the abyss into which that one glass of wine would hurl him if he drank it. He glanced around—they were all waiting.

"Now, then, Harry," said his prospective father-in-law, "we wait for you."

One swift, nervous glance at his sweetheart, and a quick, impulsive motion of the hand, and his first glass was drunk with a despair that left the other guests behind with their wine untouched.

Some vices pull a man down gradually, others drag him down fearfully fast. Such is the way of wine, and so was it with Harry Balfour. His downfall from bad to worse was so rapid that six months later we find him a habitual drinker and a confirmed gambler. In his rambles around the city, he formed the acquaintance of two crooks, who were always on the look out for fresh prey. Their names were Jim Fairbanks and Bob Homer, and we find them on the night in question fleeing Balfour for all he's worth at a game of "poker." As he rises to go, having lost heavily, Fairbanks says:

"Never mind, Harry; better luck next time. Have a drink before you go. In drawing the cork, it breaks in the bottle; and he breaks its neck to get the

liquor out, and in so doing he cuts his hand. Confound the luck," he exclaims, "lend me your handkerchief, Balfour," he adds, turning to Harry. Harry complies, little dreaming that the next time he saw it, it would furnish the most damaging proof against him.

A short time ago Harry Balfour was a constant caller at the Macdonald mansion; but now his calls were like angels' visits, "fow and far between;" and once or twice, when his lady love complained, and asked him where he spent his evenings, he told her "he was very busy at the bank, and that most of his time was spent there." This reply quieted her fears for the present to some extent, but Miss Macdonald felt by no means satisfied. Still she thought it best to say no more just then, but hope for the best, and give her lover the benefit of the doubt. Her quick eye, and womanly instinct told her that Harry and his caps were becoming too intimate, and even the bank clerks saw the traces of drink and dissipation on his once handsome face.

"Balfour, I want you to meet me in the office to-night at nine o'clock; there's a little difficulty here (pointing to the bank ledger) about which I wish to consult you."

The speaker was Richard Ryonolds, the bank manager, and the time was the 21st of December.

"All right, sir; I'll be on hand."

"I am sorry to find several false entries in the ledger by young Brownlee, whom you recommended to me last spring," said the manager to the cashier, when they were seated in the office of the former on the night in question.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Harry, in surprise.

"Too true," replied Mr. Ryonolds, "and now, Balfour, tell me what you advise."

"Why, an investigation of course, sir, and—"

"What I have done already," interrupted Mr. Ryonolds; "and I fear I must have him arrested."

"It will be a great blow to his parents, and I would very much like if you could give him another chance," pleaded the cashier. They had talked for two hours, and Mr. Ryonolds rose to go.

"Balfour," he said, "I can't afford to have a dishonest man in my employ, no matter what the consequences may be. Good night, Balfour."

"Good night, sir," said Harry, as he closed the outer door, and made his way homeward.

Just as he quitted the bank, two men entered, and stole quietly along to the manager's room.

"Just in time," said a voice to them, as they halted a moment at the office door. The voice was the voice of Brownlee, the defaulter, who had urged the manager ask Balfour during the day to meet him that night at the bank, and who had secreted himself in the building for the purpose of hearing what the manager had to say, and Fairbanks had bribed him to aid him in his dark deeds of wickedness, as will be seen later on.

The morning sun looked forth on a scene of the wildest confusion around the bank, and, in fact, all over the city, which was stirred to its centre. The bank manager was found, the morning following his discussion with Harry Balfour, murdered in his chair, stabbed to the heart by a dagger. On the dead man's desk the police found a silk handkerchief, and neatly worked on one corner was the unfortunate name, "H. Balfour." Beside the handkerchief they found a number of notes bearing the same name. With these facts in their possession the police felt it their duty to arrest Harry Balfour.

At the coroner's inquest which followed the prisoner could not give any satisfactory account of himself on the night of the murder, the reason being that when he left the bank he met an old friend, and both drank so freely that they were soon in a beastly state of intoxication. As to the handkerchief, he admitted that it was his, but could not conceive how it came to be found where it was, and the notes he said he knew nothing about whatever.

Drink had clouded his memory, and robbed memory of her power. He gave an account of his last interview with the late manager of the bank, but that story, as well as his pretended innocence about the forged notes, was not believed in the face of the other evidence against him.

Brownlee, the clerk, testified that he heard the manager tell the prisoner that he could

not afford to have a dishonest man in his employ, no matter what the consequences might be, and this, it was supposed, had reference to the forged notes, and he was supposed to be the forger.

The coroner's charge to the jury was strong against the prisoner, and when they had been out forty minutes they returned with a verdict of "willful murder;" and Harry Balfour was committed to stand his trial at the coming assizes for the awful crime.

The blow of disgrace fell on the members of Mr. Macdonald's family with fearful force, and particularly on the heart and head of his daughter. She had an unspeakable pity for her unfortunate lover, and she felt in her inmost soul that he was innocent.

"I must go and see him," she said to herself, as she sat in her own room, thinking the matter over. "Perhaps I can do something for him."

When she reached the goal where her lover was confined she found him sitting on the side of his cot in a most dejected condition, and as soon as they were alone she sprang to his arms and in broken sentences cried out:

"Oh, my poor, poor misguided and wronged Harry."

"My darling treasure," he said, "for myself I don't care so much, but for your sake I am suffering untold tortures; but, there now," he continued, noticing the painful expression on her face, "I must not add to your grief, which I know is already more than you can bear. The sun often shines tho' we see it not, and we must not forget that God reigns, and knows all, and that He will by no means clear the guilty." "I have fallen—fallen disgracefully low; but, Jessie, these hands of mine, thank God, have never been stained with the blood of a fellow-being. 'Wine, wine'; in the bitterness of my life I feel it, 'wine is a mocker'; there is a curse in the cup, and now at the last 'it stingeth like a serpent and biteh like an adder.' Drink has brought all this upon me. I see it now. Canst thou forgive me?"

Thus the bitterness of remorse and sorrow wrung his soul, and he would have continued to accuse himself, but she stopped him and said:

"It is good, Harry, that your eyes should be opened, and I can quit believe that you feel your position keenly; but this is not the time nor place to discuss these things; we must find the murderer of your late employer. He has entrapped you for some dark purpose, and I am determined to find who he is and where he is. Do you know, Harry," she went on, "I have a strong suspicion of that scoundrel of a clerk, Brownlee. I did not like his look at the inquest, and I believe he knows more than he cares to tell. I intend to have him shadowed at any rate, and we shall see what comes from it."

"For God's sake, Jessie, take care of yourself, and don't expose yourself to peril on my account," said Harry, pleadingly.

"Never fear, I shall act carefully. But I must leave you now; here comes the officer."

One passionate kiss and a "good-bye, darling," and she was gone.

On her way home she saw a crowd of people looking into a shop window and she halted a second to see what they were looking at. As she did so her eye caught sight of Brownlee and Fairbanks just moving away from the window.

"I'll follow them," she said to herself, and lest they should notice her she threw around her the waterproof cloak she carried and taking a thick veil from her pocket she tied it around her face and kept the two men in sight. She met a gentleman on the way and, stopping a second, she whispered something in his ear and he ran off, saying, "All right."

The two men, after turning a corner, had eluded her, and, do her best, she could not discover them.

"Could they have known me?" she thought. "I'll go to their rooms." And on she went, with but one thought and one desire, and that was—Harry must be saved.

When she reached the house she found the gentleman friend she had spoken to on the way and with him a city detective of first-class ability.

"Have they arrived?" she asked.

"No," was their short reply. "I lost sight of them on the way. What shall we do?"

"They'll be here; let's get into the house before they come," said the detective. "We may learn something of interest."

By bribing the lady of the house they gained an entrance to the room occupied by Fairbanks, which was on the second floor.

The two men had scarcely got concealed behind a large wardrobe and taken up a position, when in came the three confederates, Fairbanks, Homer and Brownlee. Our heroine had crept into a closet used by the crooks for keeping wine in. It was the day after the inquest, and of course their minds were full of the subject. So when they got seated they began to talk freely of the affair.

"Old Ryonolds is in Heaven by this time, I suppose," said Fairbanks.

"He may thank me who sent him there," replied Homer.

"And I who admitted you both into the bank," said Brownlee.

"Well, it was on that fool of a cashier Balfour's account that we did the deed," said Fairbanks, speaking excitedly—only for him I might have been married to old Macdonald's daughter. Never mind, he won't get her; I have sworn it."

"You have sworn a lie, murderer, and the rope you intended for a brave man's neck shall encircle your own!"

The speaker was Jessie Macdonald, and her words fell like a thunderbolt on the three men before her.

The detective and the gentleman who came with him covered the three rascals with the muzzles of three revolvers, and kept them pinned to the spot, while, by a peculiar whistle, the detective brought three burly policemen into the room, who handcuffed each criminal and escorted them to the police station.

When the trial came on Brownlee, to save his own miserable neck, turned Queen's evidence, and told the whole miserable scheme, the result of which was Homer paid the penalty of the law on the gallows, and Fairbanks was transported for life. Brownlee left the country and was never heard of afterwards, and poor Harry Balfour, who suffered so much, was liberated, and restored to his brave little sweetheart, to their infinite joy and delight.

One word more about Fairbanks. Before he became a gambler he moved in the best of society, his family being wealthy and well connected. At that time Mr. Macdonald was among his most intimate acquaintances, and he was a frequent caller at the merchant's house.

He became charmed with the daughter of his friend, and being madly in love with the fair one, asked her to be his wife. She refused, and nothing could move her from that decision. He therefore retired, from the field in confusion, and being a bad man at heart, he hated her as fiercely as he had once loved her. Harry Balfour was therefore his successful rival, and when the rejected lover discovered that Balfour had become addicted to drink he thought he saw a chance for revenge on both his rival and his lost love. Hence the devilish plot we have just unfolded, and we already know how miserably that miscarried also.

Homer was led on in crime by Fairbanks in the hope of sharing the spoils, as was Brownlee, but their hopes were nipped in the bud, and their spoils the spoils of the criminal.

At the request of his sweetheart, Harry Balfour signed the pledge before he left the prison, and remained a total abstemious after. Mr. Macdonald's eyes were opened to the terrible effects of wine, and he banished it from his table and house. Six months after this Harry Balfour and Jessie Macdonald became one, and were as happy as mortals could be.

Is it necessary to point out the moral? Let me give you the hint in the words of the wise man—"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup; at the last it shall be like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Happiness is a state of constant occupation upon some desirable object, with continual sense of progress toward its attainment.

All impatience of monotony, all weariness of best things even, are but signs of the eternity of our nature, the brokenness of fashions of the divine everlastingness.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, goodness and good breeding.

BRIEF NO

Bishop W. spent far more charities.

The Rev. home in Ca attention to cas brother.

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Lord Gar country, ha dollars a we the name at Cairns, he w week.

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BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Bishop Wordsworth is believed to have spent far more than his episcopal income in charities.

The Rev. Samuel Longfellow is at his home in Cambridge devoting all his time attention to his biography of his illustrious brother.

It is believed that Mr. Henry M. Stanley will make a short visit to this country next month. He has a large circle of friends here who have not seen him for years.

Lord Garmoylo, while he was in this country, had an allowance of one hundred dollars a week. Now, as the successor to the name and fortune of his father, Earl Cairns, he will have unlimited thousands a week.

The late Richard Grant White had abundant "fight" in him, and much of his writing was violent discussion. He carried on a vigorous war with obtuse correspondents several years ago in the columns of a Sunday newspaper, all about the English language. Persons who refused to accept his opinions, were lashed without mercy.

The Empress Augusta bestows upon every woman-servant in Prussia and Elsass-Lothringen who completes her fortieth year of unbroken service in one family a gold cross and a diploma bearing the imperial autograph signature. During the past eight years she has thus honored 1,156 servants.

"After all," says Miss Frances Willard in The Haulauquan for May, "it doesn't so much signify what you may do as that you do it well, whatever it may be. For the value of skilled labor is estimated on a democratic basis, nowadays. President Elliot, of Harvard University, the cook in the Parker House restaurant and Mary L. Booth who edits Harper's Bazar, each receive \$4,000 per year.

Miss Florence Marryat is a tall, well formed, rather masculine woman. She has a deep, strong voice. Her complexion is bluish, her hair dead gold, and her face pleasant and intelligent. Miss Marryat has published forty-three novels in eighteen years. Her lecture, which has been heard in several American cities, is called "Love-Letters;" this is a satirical description of Englishmen in society.

Mrs. John Maxwell, better known as Miss Raddon, the novelist, lives at Litchfield House, Richmond. It is an historic structure. Built for the first Earl of Abercorn, it later passed into the possession of the Bishop of Litchfield and became his episcopal residence. Afterward Catalan, the singer, got it and gave notable receptions there. It is a handsome old palace in Sir Christopher Wren's best style.

Mr. James W. Davison, The London Times's music critic, whose death has been announced, was always singularly reticent concerning himself, would not allow his biography to be published in any encyclopedia, and even kept secret the date of his birth. He was born more than seventy years ago, the son of a famous actress, Mme. Arabella Goddard was one of his pupils and became his wife in 1860. He was The Times's writer on music for more than a quarter of a century.

Zebehr Pacha, who has been arrested by the English Government for collusion with El Mahdi, is believed to have retained and sold or invested several million dollars of the immense wealth he possessed in the days of his power at Khartoum. A year ago he spurned contemptuously Gordon's proposition to make him Assistant Governor of the Sudan, prophesied Gordon's destruction and the fall of Khartoum, and added, "Sooner or later I shall return to the Sudan. Allah is great!" He was then living in Cairo with a thousand Nubian retainers about him.

Lord Dufferin—who is adored in Canada, and who is certainly a rare diplomatist as well as a charming man—has won the heart of the Ameer of Afghanistan. At any rate, he has managed to impress the Ameer with the glory and power of Great Britain. At a recent durbar the Eastern potentate acknowledged deferentially that he was grateful for the favors bestowed upon him by Queen Victoria and the Earl of Dufferin, and that as a proof of his gratitude, he would use his sword in the service of England. Lord Dufferin appears to be equal to any emergency—a fox-hunt, a dancing party, or an international problem.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL." BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers.

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$100
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos. 1,250
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs. 810
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea-services. 560
14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches. 540
20 to 24.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches. 330
31 to 37.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches. 400
71.—One hundred dollars in gold. 100
72 to 80.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons. 780
201 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers. 725
501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100

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

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos. \$1,520
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches. 400
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches. 462
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services. 540
18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set). 500
24 to 28.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches. 300
39.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold. 75
40 to 60.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches. 1,000
91 to 121.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs. 450
122 to 200.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons. 415
201 to 400.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers. 450
401.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold. 150

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

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos. 1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker. 750
8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces. 300
11 to 13.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches. 800
19 to 20.—Elegant heavy black silk dress patterns. 500
30 to 60.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns. 412
91 to 160.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons. 360
151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100
152 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches. 460
201 to 400.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers. 60

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (62,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

The "constantly tired out" feeling so often experienced is the result of impoverished blood, and consequent enfeebled vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla feeds and enriches the blood, increases the appetite, and promotes digestion of the food, and the assimilation of its strengthening qualities. The system being thus invigorated, the feeling rapidly changes to a grateful sense of strength and energy.

Entirely colorless and of black lace are made to wear over black or colored dresses.

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

Upholstery crepes are handsome French novelties for furnishing purposes.

A Wide Spread Evil.

The great source of consumption and of ugly sores is scrofula in the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the entire system and cure scrofula, as well as the more common blood humors.

The cleft brim bonnet grows slowly in favor with American women.

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

Thousands Hastened to Their Graves.

By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands!!!

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cure. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

"A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters." The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughed at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors at \$3 00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfre, is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver troubles!"

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

A Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allen, of Acton, declares that Hagar's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds, and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

More and more popular grows the jersey jacket, waist, and webbing.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

The jacket is the street wrap for young ladies under twenty-five.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease even to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and affections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate cough is overcome by its penetrating and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of the lungs, croup, quinsy, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Jersey corset covers bid fair to supersede all others.

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

Lapis lazuli is the newest shade of blue.

A Sad Neglect.

Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and Bowels.

Drive it Away.

Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scurfula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Purifiers will do it.

Parasols have canopy, round, and mushroom tops.

Gold, silver, and other tinsel gauzes are found among the tinsel laces, at Kidley's, and are sold in enormous quantities for millinery and decorative purposes.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says "I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend, who witnessed the occurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds." See that you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, as there are imitations on the market.

Wraps are not worn by little girls unless the weather is cool enough to make them necessary.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known.

Beryl green comes with a bluish metallic lustre among the spring greens in millinery goods.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

The short pelerind mantle, short and tight in the back, high on the shoulders and loose in front, is the leading spring wrap.

Easily Caught.

It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best remedy for all throat bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tendencies.

Bonnets and hats having been written about ad nauseam, this spring, it is only necessary to say that they do not grow any prettier as the season advances.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough, in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the digestive organs and the appetite, and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system.

All tinsel shot, brocaded and threaded stuffs, trimmings and laces are popular, but gold is the leading metal and tinsel goods.

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A cure for Croup. There is no better remedy for Croup than Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken internally and applied according to special directions. This is the great household panacea for rheumatism, stiff joints, pain, inflammation, &c.

Young Men!—Read This. The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich offer to send their celebrated Electric Voltaic Belt, and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Many a dandy before marriage becomes subdued after it.

One of the sights of the City of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of tobacco must be a very simple matter, but a walk among the ponderous and complicated machinery of this establishment would speedily undeceive them. Here are hydraulic presses, screw presses, iron frames, all of enormous strength, besides a steam engine and many other pieces of machinery.

Purchase not friends by gifts; when they cease to give, such will cease to love.

Every Woman Knows Them.

The human body is much like a good clock or watch in its movements; if one goes too slow or too fast, so follow all the others; and bad time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perversion of functional effort of all the organs is sure to follow. Hence it is that the numerous ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system. For all that numerous class of symptoms—and every woman knows them—there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the favorite of the sex."

The first thing in a boot is the last * * * Premature decline of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book for three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Western calf has four ears. This is fortunate for the calf as he will not be mistaken for a dude.

A Strong Endowment is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" that fortifies it against the encroachments of disease. It is the great blood purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious, and permanent. Sold everywhere.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Home Testimony.

Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and give proof of the great value of Polson's NERVILINE as a pain remedy. Try it.

ATHOL Feb. 20.—We hereby certify that we have used Nerviline in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy.—LUCE COLE, ELISHA COLE, J. P.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

OSTARRH—A New Treatment. Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Ostarrh. Out of 2000 patients treated during the past six years, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is not the less startling when it is remembered that five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are cured, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of a virus parasite in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the ostarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure ostarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured ostarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 34 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on ostarrh.—Montreal, 8—

Speak well and little if you wish to be considered as possessing merit. Imitation!

Is the weak man's inspiration and the highest point ever reached by a numerous class in the community. Without the ability or perseverance to work from an independent basis, they cling like barnacles to ideas emanating from others and with perverse blindness believe them to be their own. Now that explains why that widely known and much appreciated remedy—PUTNAM'S PAINLESS Corn Extractor, has a dozen or more imitators; not having sufficient merit in themselves unprincipled dealers, for a larger profit, palm them off on unsuspecting and confiding customers as "just as good," &c. Beware of all such and use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

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

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DR. E. T. ADAMS, 255 KING ST. WEST. SPECIALTY:—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M., Sundays, 1.30 to 3 P. M.

60 ELEGANT CHROMO OR FIFTY transparent cards, no two alike, with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. C. H. HOBDEN, 125 River St., Toronto.

Fruit Trees, Roses, Grapevines. Large Stock, Best Sorts. HENRY SLIGHT, - 407 Yonge St., Toronto.

ORGAN FOR SALE! Imitation Pipe, High Back, 12 stops. Cost, \$480.00. First-class order. A bargain. Address, 21 WATERLOO AVE., TORONTO.

WANTED LADIES or GENTLEMEN to take light, pleasant employment at their own homes; work sent by mail (distance no objection); \$2 to \$5 a day can be quickly made; no canvassing; no stamp for reply. Please address Globe Mfg. Co. Boston, Mass. Box 5344.

VIOLET'S CELEBRATED PERFUMED FACE POWDER is the finest and most exquisite powder ever used. Makes the Skin Smooth, Soft and Velvety. 50c. and \$1.00 a Box.

VIOLET'S COLD CREAM ICE TABLETS prevent Chapping, roughness of Skin and Pimples. Try them. Only 25c.

VIOLET'S MEDICATED GLOVES whiten, soften and beautify the hands. Nothing equals them. Price, \$1.20. For any or all of above address. M. VIOLET, Chicago, Ill. A prize given to first 250 answering this ad.

NEW COMPLETE Illustrated Catalogue,

Mailed free to any address, of TENTS, HAMMOCKS AND CAMP FURNITURE, LAWN TENNIS, CRICKET, BASE BALL, LACROSSE, CROQUET, ARCHERY, &c.

Largest assortment and lowest prices in Ontario. Note the address, P. C. ALLEN'S, CITY NEWS & GAMES DEPOT,

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Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

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Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H. Sold by all Druggists.

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Wilton Avenue Meat Market, W. J. CALGEY 183 WILTON AVE. Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables, etc., etc., always on hand. Families waited on for orders. NOTE ADDRESS,

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