

Novels

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT. OCTOBER 4 1884.

NEW SERIES VOL. IV NO 209

TO OUR READERS.

We regret to have to announce that, owing to the non-arrival of the sheets, we have this week to omit the continuation of the story "The Stock-Gambler's Daughter."

In our next issue we will commence the publication of another new story, entitled "Miss Hurd's Niece," which will, we are sure, interest our readers, young and old.

Several changes are under contemplation, having in view the popularizing still further of our magazine with the public. The proposed changes are such as will, we are sure, meet the approval of all our readers.

Will our readers, in view of these facts, kindly bring our paper to the notice of their friends? They can help us in this way more than they have any idea of. If each of our subscribers would secure but one other subscriber, we would soon have a circulation of which we might well be proud.

TO COMPETITORS.

The attention of intending competitors is again specially directed to the announcement elsewhere of Bible Competition No. 12, closing on November 7th. Al cannot, of course, get prizes, but the list of rewards is so large that it affords a much better opportunity to secure some one of them; and there is no reason why you should not be among the number. We have been unusually liberal this time both in the number and value of the prizes offered; but we look for our reward in the increased number of yearly subscribers, for sure we are that once you become a subscriber you are certain to continue such, as we believe the magazine we give is worth much more than the money we ask for it. The sooner you answer our questions the better the position you take in the competition, therefore do not delay but send your answers and money *at once*.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It is commonly reported that not a little dissatisfaction is felt among members of a certain prominent Presbyterian Congregation in Montreal, with reference to the marriage of their minister. He wedded a young girl of twenty, it is said, very pretty and intelligent, but only half his age. Jealousy no doubt has crept in. Some of the members are said to be very unwilling to recognize one whom they have known from childhood as their minister's wife. Of course it is really none of their business whom their minister marries, so long as he marries a respectable woman; but unfortunately many congregations intermeddle far too readily in their minister's private concerns.

If correctly reported, the matriculation fee for the ladies' classes in McGill University under the Donald Smith Endow-

ment would seem to be unnecessarily high. Some of the daily papers place it at \$40. Now unless this is a printer's mistake, we think \$40 is too much. That together with the session's fee of \$20 will have a tendency, we fear, to prevent some from coming forward who are anxious to do so. No fault can be found with either the subjects for entrance examination, or the course of study. The first include Latin, Algebra, Geometry, English and History with optional Greek. The second embraces Latin, Greek, French or German, English, Mathematics and Chemistry.

From all accounts the success of the Provincial Exhibition at Ottawa, though satisfactory enough in some respects, cannot compare with the Toronto Exposition.

A good deal of credence is given in some quarters to the report that the Grand Trunk R. R. is negotiating for the purchase of the Kingston and Pembroke railroad. Nothing is more likely. The Grand Trunk needs communication with the region tapped by that line in order to enable it to compete on equal terms with its great rival the Canadian Pacific.

A notable example of the courage and faithfulness of a dog was afforded in Olean, N. Y., the other day. A noble animal, renowned for beauty and strength, took the place of a drunken watchman, roused the guests in a hotel which had taken fire, and by great personal exertions was the direct means of saving several lives. His heroic efforts cost him his own life, poor brute. Making one last effort to be of use in the burning building he was overpowered by smoke and flame, and fell a sacrifice to his noble performance of duty.

Force of association doubtless brings up in this connection the thought of vivisection, and the dogs which, in common with other dumb animals, have been thus sacrificed at the shrine of experimental science. To what extent is vivisection practiced in Toronto, and if practiced at all, is proper care always taken to prevent unnecessary suffering? Those specially interested will at once say "yes," for of course it all depends on what you call "necessary" in such cases. We have spoken with young enthusiasts who held that even torture was "necessary" in certain cases, and therefore commendable. They would justify anything in the name of science and investigation. We are willing to admit that to a certain extent vivisection is not only excusable but necessary. It cannot be doubted that valuable discoveries have been made by its means. But in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we as yet fail to see that the absence of an anæsthetic can ever be justified. Vivisection practiced on the quick nerves of any animal, and especially such highly organized animals as

the dog or cat, is criminal brutality. We do not certainly know to what extent vivisection is practiced in Toronto, but from certain indications we should be disposed to think it by no means an unknown quantity. And any one who has a wide acquaintance at all among medical students knows this, that there are men in their ranks whose zeal for science would not make them too squeamish about omitting the merciful anæsthetic.

French newspapers still continue to indulge in a great deal of silly blustering talk against England. Some of them are fairly rabid, and foaming at the mouth, being hardly restrained even by ordinary decency of language from showing the bitterness of their hatred against their neighbors. A paper lately started bears the expressive motto "Down with England." There is no immediate likelihood however, that such bravado will lead to serious consequences, though there is a certain amount of willingness on the part of the French authorities to gratify the warlike spirit of the people. Their crushing defeat by Germany rankles in their hearts yet, and they would like nothing better than a good chance to wipe out that bitter memory with some splendid triumph.

No wonder that loud complaints are heard from citizens living on or near Yonge street north of Bloor. The state of that street is disgraceful.

Men are very fond of laughing at women about being the slaves of fashion, having no independence of character, preferring to wear clothing unhealthy or ugly but fashionable, rather than make themselves singular by wearing something else, and so on. The truth of the matter is, that men have very little reason to throw stones at women in this respect. Here is one instance, for example. There are quite a number of men in this city who profess to think knee breeches much more desirable things than the ordinary long trousers. They are not only cheaper or say they, but healthier, more convenient, and more becoming. And yet do they ever wear them on the street? Not they. One or two bolder than the rest, may do so, but the great majority prefer to drift along quietly with the crowd. No, the tyranny of fashion has slaves among men as humble as are to be found in the ranks of women.

And so there is not that amount of Christian feeling and brotherly love in the Charles St. Presbyterian Church of this city that would be desirable. There is said to be urgent need for somebody brave enough to "bull the cat." It is unfortunate when one or two members are inclined to play the bully and ride roughshod over the opinions of their fellow church-members. If things go on as they are doing, fears are entertained that a

serious breach of harmony will be the result.

Canada did not escape the elopement craze which ran such riot for awhile, for the pangs of calf love caused a very immature youth and a maiden of yet more tender years to abandon the ancestral nests near Ottawa, and try their barely fledged winglets in independent flight.

TRUTH would like to know if any ethnological expert made a close examination of Harry Piper's "Sioux Indians," and if so what conclusion he came to.

Madame Kalomine is bound to give as much trouble as she can to the poor fool who "shook" her in order to make way for a Princess. She returned the first instalment of her "allowance," and being unscrupulous as she is beautiful, it is not likely that any undue tenderness for him or his friends will prevent her from carrying out her revenge. Nor can this be wondered at. She was badly treated without a doubt. And no woman ever quite forgives the *spretus injuria formæ*. It is said that she threatens to make certain revelations about Louis of Hesse that will cause commotion.

It is evident that both the Democratic and Republican newspapers are beginning to have strong suspicions that they have allowed the bilge waters of scandal to flow far too fast and too freely in this present campaign. They are both a little ashamed and a little afraid, as men are who have raised spectres which they cannot lay. And now it would be hard to say which side is most eager to lay the responsibility of beginning such tactics on the other.

But it is to be altogether regretted that things have taken the course they actually have done? Surely not unless the unwarrantable position be taken that a man's moral character has absolutely nothing to do with his fitness for high official trust. If the fierce light which beats upon the mountain heights of worldly ambition reveals hidden things of darkness in the character or life of any aspirant, then notwithstanding the pain and humiliation caused to the individual, for the nation, it is well. Will it not be much gained if by reason of this very pain and humiliation ambitious youths, straining their eyes to the hours of the faraway future, learn this lesson, that spotless purity of character must be as essential part of the equipment of a President of the United States as commanding abilities or official honesty.

Sir David Mcpherson's eagle eye, say they, is still bright with fond anticipation of the day when he shall reign over the establishment on the corner of King and Simcoe streets, in the room and stead of Lieutenant-Governor Robinson.

The power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are! Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress and the probable doings of the neighbors. But to talk wisely, wittily, instructively, freshly, is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of works and of people, and receptivity of impressions. It will take time and effort to succeed in it but it is worth all that it costs. Dear girls try it, and you boys as well.

The following of every trade seemingly recognizes the necessity of organization and union. There is no reason in the world why undertakers should not do this as well as others, but it looks curious, though why it would, perhaps, be difficult to say.

Toronto is becoming a wealthy city. Look at the number of livery servants and flunkey cockades!

The inhabitants of Toronto may well feel nervous over the reports on their water system submitted by Professors Carpenter and Macadam. They are assured by those experts that the water not only of the bay, but of the lake for a considerable distance from the shore, is more or less contaminated by the sewage of the city, and that such water is the breeding place of certain kinds of germs that sooner or later, if taken into the system, result in fever and other more or less formidable ills. It is no pleasant prospect after all the trouble and expense gone to for the purpose of securing pure water to be told that there is fever if not death in the cup.

How much longer has that lone pedestal in the Park to wait for the bust of the Hon. George Brown?

Dame Rumor now hath it that Sir John Macdonald is to be made a baron. More unlikely things have happened, such, for instance, as Ta Phairson ever having been knighted. Such a step would not be favorably regarded in Canada, which is much too democratic a country to look favourably on the introduction of hereditary titles. Sir John Macdonald has undoubtedly done some good work for Canada, and though there may easily be difference of opinion as to what ought to be the reward of his services, yet no one can deny that for the last quarter of a century he has been one of the most conspicuous figures in Canadian politics, and that if titles are to be rewards of merit, he has as good a right as any to bear them. But why these honours should descend to his son, who has never done anything, nor said anything, to distinguish himself above the mass of his fellow-citizens is not by any means so easily understood. Honour to whom honour is due by all means, but let every man stand on his own footing.

A powerful support to current criticism on the state of the British Navy has been afforded in the shape of a letter from Hon. Wm. H. Smith, M.P., formerly first Lord of the Admiralty, who has

written to the papers endorsing these criticisms and advising that a committee of enquiry be formed.

Capt. Jones, of the steamer *Loch Garry*, was recently presented by the Loch Steamship Company with silver plate, and a purse filled with sovereigns as a memorial of the honourable part he bore in the Greoley relief expedition.

It is not safe in these days to be over sceptical about anything. Why it is even said now that there may be much more in the Keely motor than has ever been dreamed of by anyone except the inventor, who is worthy to be ranked among Palissy and other men of genius, who have struggled along to success, notwithstanding the sneers of the multitude. Keely claims to have harnessed sound. He has a key by which he can instantaneously set in motion molecular vibration; and Coe Hamilton, of the U. S. A., it is said, admits the motor to be an unqualified success, so far as artillery firing is concerned. Keely expects that his invention will be ready for practical exhibition in about two months.

The young Indian brought before a Bolleville magistrate on a charge of obstructing the railway, gave as his reason for placing thereon a large block of wood, a railway tie, and a fifty pound stone, that he wanted to see them "fly" when the engine struck them. Such enquiring minds are rare, it is to be hoped, and when found, ought not to be neglected. They have an evident scientific turn which if rightly directed might produce very startling and perhaps even brilliant results.

The railroads of the United States and Canada have cost seven billions of dollars. For their successful operation they need 25,000 locomotives; 20,000 locomotive firemen; 18,000 passenger cars; 7,000 baggage express cars, and 780,000 freight cars. Let any one try to estimate the enormous army of workers of one kind or another to which this mighty aggregate gives employment. The miners employed in the iron workers, the engineers, the carpenters, masons, farmers, laborers, bakers, butchers, etc. Why the calculation would be puzzling beyond all thought. It could no doubt be done, but it would take an unmentionable amount of labor. All this springing from James Watts' speculations and the practical genius of the many who follow in his footsteps.

The number of lives lost by railway accidents is, compared with the numbers of passengers, infinitesimally small. If the same rate, was kept up as held good in the days of old stage coaches, the slaughter would appal the stoutest hearts and the most feelingless dispositions. In 1881 in Great Britain alone, there were conveyed 621,423,000 passengers. If the same proportion to mileage had been carried in the United States and Canada there would have been 4,000,000,000. Allowing only one third of that we should have 1,333,333,000 and yet we are all up in arms when a few individuals are injured or killed. At the late Toronto Exhibition, in spite of all the extra thousands who

were carried, there was not a single casualty either fatal or otherwise, and how few are either injured or killed from one year's end to the other, except from their own blame. When one thinks of all this and all which it suggests, we may well with good reason, thank the railway officials from the highest to the lowest. It is all very well to say that there are occasionally acts and words that are somewhat uncivil, but are we sure that the blame in such cases all lies with the officials? If the whole truth were known it would be found that in a good many instances it was very much the reverse.

Reports continue to emanate from certain quarters regarding transferences of *Globe* stock which are said to foreshadow changes, if not in the political color of that paper, yet in its directorate and possibly also in its management. If there is any truth in these oft-repeated confident assertions, the next annual meeting of the company will be awaited on all hands with considerable interest.

M. De Lessops proposes to visit the Panama Canal early in 1885 for the purpose of inaugurating a new section of the canal.

It is satisfactory to know that railway communication will soon be established as far north as Eglinton. Very desirable progress in the northern part of the city may be expected when the railway extension to Cottingham street, and the new road northward from thence to Eglinton are both accomplished facts.

Michael Davitt's hatred of English connection and his energetic efforts to compass Ireland's independence know no abatement. His latest scheme looks toward the healing of the breaches between Catholics and Orangemen, and a United Ireland marching to an assured victory.

Marriage, it appears, according to a paragraph in the *Daily Globe* some time ago, are now divided into "fashionable" and "very fashionable," which is which not being very apparent.

Toronto has every reason to congratulate itself on the efficient work done by its sanitary police. Every householder should feel it his bounden duty to render every assistance in his power to these officers. And it should be shown that the valuable work done by them is appreciated.

Strange as it may seem it was nevertheless asserted at a meeting of scientists recently held, by the city engineer of Toulon, that in no case had a street scavenger in that city been stricken down by cholera. Bakers and butchers were most subject to attack.

Mr. Alfred Perry's self-donating efforts on behalf of the unfortunate Mrs. Lynam have not gone unnoticed. A subscription list opened to relieve him of the heavy expenses he incurred, received some quite liberal donations.

It has been proved by experiment that electric light while greatly surpassing gas as an illuminator, is very much healthier

for indoor use, as it produces much less heat and vitiation of the atmosphere. At a recent Musical Festival in Birmingham a large hall was lighted by gas and electricity night about. With the latter after seven hours trial the temperature had risen only $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and the atmosphere was vitiated only by the breathing of the audience. With gas on the other hand, the temperature near the ceiling rose in three hours from 60° to 100° , the atmosphere being as much vitiated as if some 3000 persons had been audience.

A curious wedding ceremony took place recently at the Edinburgh police court. By an act of Parliament passed in the reign of Charles II. irregular marriages were declared illegal and punishable. Under this act a young couple were brought before the magistrate charged with having declared themselves husband and wife in presence of witnesses without registration or celebration. The offence cannot have been regarded as a very heinous one as they were only fined one shilling each. The curious part of the case was that the conviction became legally recognizable as a celebration of marriage, and the document recording the conviction, a certificate of marriage to the registrar.

An interesting discovery is alleged to have been made respecting the soil of the ancient mounds found in Hamilton County, Ohio. It is said to possess similar medicinal qualities to those which have made famous the Eureka and Hot Springs of Arkansas and the Las Vegas springs of New Mexico. In the latter place the treatment is by mud baths. The same thing is being tried in Cincinnati with the soil from these mounds. Bath houses have been built similar to those at Las Vegas. Should the anticipations prove correct, Cincinnati will in all likelihood become a favorite resort for invalids.

Among the scandals circulated about Belva Lockwood, the female Presidential candidate, are these two, to the effect that her back hair is not her own, and that on one occasion she tried to bribe a judge before whom she was to plead a case (Belva by the way is a lawyer) with a package of chocolate caramels. She has also been greatly shocked at being referred to, in some of the newspapers as a woman. How true it is that the best of us never escape persecution!

So after all the great North West of Canada is coming to be acknowledged by all parties as the largest tract of fertile unoccupied land left on this continent, if not in the world. Even the supposedly barren alkali plains are coming to be looked on as fertile and the experimental farms started by the Dominion Government are proving that what was supposed to be barren can raise good crops. This is a matter over which all Canadians can rejoice, for surely no one can have any satisfaction in thinking that large tracts of the Dominion are given over to barrenness and are to be for all ages desolate as if sown with salt. Nobody surely wishes that such should be the case merely to have an opportunity of spiting the O. P. R., and of having a sling at the Dominion

Government. If all that country is fertile where it was supposed there was nothing but barren sand, all true Canadians whatever their party politics must unfeignedly rejoice.

TURN at any rate will, though the C. P. R. should gain millions by it and Prof. Macoun be found to be a true witness instead of a false witness. Very likely it may be found eventually that there are some parts of that alkali region which will never be good for much. But, what of it? It has been generally thought that all the country from Moose Jaw to Calgary was of that character, and when the most reliable evidence is produced to the contrary there is nothing for it, but general jubilation that such is the fact.

It would appear beyond all reasonable question that neither of the party candidates for the Presidency is at all what the first magistrate of the Great Republic ought to be. Cleveland, it is to be feared, has no very exalted ideas about female virtue, and might be exposed as a bachelor to very ugly temptations if once established in the White House. Blaine on the other hand is equally sealy in other respects. What is to be done? Butler it is to be feared is not a great improvement on either, and the nation is not yet educated up to the idea of taking Mrs. Lockwood in hand. St. John the Prohibitionist candidate has had nothing said against his character. Why should not the decent, moral, respectable part of the community go for him? They might do a great deal worse.

For a clever man "A Bystander" speaks more nonsense and indulges in more day dreaming than any who could be easily mentioned. He has been lately away in the North West and has of course been giving his views on the whole subject. As far as religion is concerned he thinks that the upshot will be that the people generally will give up every thing like *dogma* and rest satisfied with practising morality. Does *Bystander* know any man or any class of men who ever did this? It is as wise as fancying that a tree could grow without a root, or that a house could exist without a foundation. It does not matter what the *dogma* is, but some *dogma* there must be. Why should not a man steal? The answer to that, whatever it may be, is *dogma* and yet *Bystander* fancies the religion of the North West is to consist in trying to practice morality without a motive!

Mr. Moody is expected shortly to begin a revival service in Richmond, Va. He appears to be able to start in at his own especially appointed work at any time and anywhere. No doubt however he makes careful selections of his fields of labor, just as a farmer would never think of going to work with his reaper, unless he had some assurance that the harvest was ripe for the gathering.

The question of the Constitutionality of the Dominion License Act will surely be definitely settled without any appeal to the Privy Council.

We are inclined to think favorably of

the report made by Col. Chamberlain, Queen's Printer, to the Government at Ottawa, recommending the establishment of a bureau of public printing similar to those of Washington, Philadelphia, and Albany. Such a bureau no doubt is liable to abuses, but what is there which is not liable to abuse, in the hands of those able and willing to abuse it?

It appears that the hundredth birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore is to be celebrated by a centenary ode among other things. The music for it has been just finished by Mrs. General Hancock.

There is likely to be a serious rupture, it is said, between Henry Ward Beecher and his congregation, over his continued support of Cleveland. They think he ought to drop the Governor. Beecher on the other hand says all the chivalry in his nature is stirred up to support a man whom he considers to be unjustly persecuted. He would cast the mantle of charity and forgetfulness over Cleveland's guilty amour of twelve years ago. He indignantly denies that he is now an impure living man.

Verily the path of the enterprising newspaper man is beset with dangers. Perils lurk unseemly beside his path and he knows not the moment when that terrible spectre an action for damages may start up to appal him. The editor of that well-known Irish paper the *Freeman's Journal*, is doubly affected just now, as he is threatened with two heavy libel suits for having stated that a Presbyterian minister had eloped with a buxom widow rejoicing in the time-honoured name of Brown. Such it seems was not the case, and by way of balm for his wounded feelings, and somewhat galled reputation, and to teach the editor greater carefulness in future, the minister has brought a suit against him for £10,000, and the widow for £5,000.

Mrs. Schelling, some little time ago Miss Morosini, of New York City, has condensed a good few years of ordinary life into the experience of the last few weeks. She has married a coachman, and no doubt got her eyes opened long before this to his real character, or want of any. She has nearly crazed her mother, enraged her father, and broken up their home, and will shortly experience all the delights of popularity in singing in Niblo's Garden theatre at a salary of \$500 a week. Schelling may now hang up his hat and stay at home. He can live on his wife, and have beer and skittles to his heart's content. A sudden change, from the life of a jealously guarded maiden to that of a stage favourite, earning a big salary by letting people look at her.

The scenes at the burial of Terry McAuley the reformed "wickedest man in New York" were very affecting. Many of those whom he had led to a better life were present and gave evidence of deep emotion.

The *World* of this city deserves credit for the spirited way in which more than

once it has unmasked morally leprous agencies of one kind or another which have insinuated themselves into public notice by means of advertisements in the public prints, and in spite of the constituted authorities. It is somewhat strange that those newspapers which deal most in glittering moral generalities, leave to their weaker brethren the harder task of laying bare specific moral abuses.

It is altogether likely that wind, weather, and other contingencies permitting, Henry Irving and Miss Terry will be in Canada, before this appears in print. The American dollar is a mighty magnet to European acquisitiveness.

Baron D'Eyncourt, heretofore known as Mr. Alfred Tompson, is said to be seriously alarmed at the threat of an American publishing house to bring out an edition of his works which shall include certain juvenile productions that his Lordship would like to see for ever buried in oblivion.

Mr. Mowat would be a very unreasonable man if he were not more than pleased with the Demonstration that welcomed him home. There is no use in trying to belittle the display, and there is little need for making a party triumph. The settlement come to was such as not only every inhabitant of Ontario may well rejoice over, but such as may be viewed with satisfaction by all the provinces of our Dominion.

It removes a very irritating element from our politics. It lays to rest a vexed question which was becoming always more troublesome and instead of giving any just ground for interprovincial jealousy it will have a soothing and settling effect all round. The contention that Ontario was bounded on the north by the height of land, applied of course, equally to Quebec. This cut off from the latter province a very large district of fertile desirable territory which will now as a matter of course, fall in it, and will be more than an offset to all that Ontario has had awarded her. Upon the whole the confirmation of the award by the Privy Council may be looked upon with great satisfaction by everybody. Mr. Mowat has had his triumph and in many respects has deserved it. But now when it is over TRUTH would say let byes go by byes and let us settle down to business and each make the best of their own territories, for what is best for each will be found to be best for all. There may have been mistakes made all round and those who win can afford to be generous and forgetful. There is no use in trying to spite each other too much. Mowat has done very well and will need his holiday by and by, and then others will have their innings and be able to show what they can do in the way of governing.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

The visit of the Locomotive Firemen to Toronto was well worthy of all the attention it received. The welcome given was a hearty one, but not more so than was deserved. A great many people don't sufficiently realize how much they owe to Locomotive Firemen and how much of

the safety and comfort of travelling depends upon the skill and sobriety of those whose labours are generally taken so much as matters of course that they are never thought of. Those who guide the steam horse in his wild careerings across the continent need to have pluck, endurance, skill, coolness, intelligence and sobriety in no ordinary degree.

It need not be said that they cannot afford to get, occasionally, more or less intoxicated. That goes without saying. It would be perfectly monstrous to have anyone in charge of a railway train who might even occasionally take what, in the gentle language of the day, is called "a little too much." But even a single glass of spirits may so quicken the pulse and shake the balance of nerves as to work incalculable mischief. It may make the courage too impetuous, the caution unsteady, the watchfulness not what it ought to be, and the danger to innumerable lives definitely greater than would be the case were the glass dry. When one thinks of this one fact he will see how necessary it is that the man whose hand is upon the throat of the engine should be steady as a rock, cool as an iceberg, watchful as Cerberus and true as steel. Whatever helps every member of such a fraternity to be all this is a public benefit and all are bound to contribute their mite. TRUTH is rejoiced to join in such a work, and to salute the Brotherhood of Firemen with words of brotherly and lofty cheer. They are the world's benefactors, more, perhaps, than the most of the world understands, but every man who steps on board a railway car ought to understand how much he owes to those who, in all weathers, in sunlight and darkness, take their lives into their hands to guide all committed to their care in comfort and safety to their desired haven. May they be prosperous and happy, sober as even the most rabid Prohibitionist could wish them, true to their trust, honoured while they live and safe when they die.

In 1882 there were 264,826 miles of railroad in the world. Of these, 42,578 were on British Territory, distributed as follows:—England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland had 18,168; Canada, 7,894; Australia, 5,592; India, 9,872; Cape Colony, 905; Ceylon 136; Natal 101; Jamaica, 25; and Guiana, 21. It is calculated that for every 100 miles of railway 20 locomotives are required, so that in the British Empire at least 9,000 locomotives from an are employed. Then in the United States there are 117,717 miles of railway, so that these two Empires have between them 160,295 miles of railway or 27,882 miles more than half the railway mileage of the world. Let any one think of that one fact in connection with the future of the Anglo-Saxon race. That race seems to be on the high road to universal empire, for not only does it own more than one half of the railways of the world, but it is the great maker of such roads in all regions. It is only 79 years since the first railway for the carriage of passengers was constructed and from that day to this construction has gone on at an average of 500 miles per annum, and now there are involved in this one enterprise more than fifteen billions of dollars.

We good people in Toronto sometimes receive no little condemnation from our fellow-countrymen elsewhere, for what they regard as our self-conceit and complacent self-admiration. We are proud, say they, and self-engrossed, self-satisfied and self-possessed. There may be some truth in it, though we are strongly of the opinion that to the most of what is said in this way, a weighty demurrer might be both easily made, and confidently sustained. Toronto is the leading city of Ontario now. We do not suppose any sensible person shall dispute it, and every year its position as such is becoming more firmly secured. Nay, still further, if Toronto progresses within the next few years as rapidly as she has done in the past, she will push Montreal very hard for the proud position of Metropolis of the Dominion. She compares very favourably even as it is with her eastern rival, though, of course, Montreal people always pooh pooh the idea of any comparison being made between the capital at the foot of the Royal Mount, and the "Queen City of the West."

But lest we should be too much lifted up by pride, and forget ourselves, and the lowly place from whence we have sprung, and the great room for progress which still remains, it is well sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, a performance which, if not repeated too frequently, is a very valuable exercise. Here then is what the correspondent of a certain U. S. metropolitan journal who was visiting the city during Exposition time, wrote, concerning the average Torontonian.

"The average resident of Toronto seems to strike the point between the American and the Englishman. He has not the vitality of the one, nor the ruggedness of the other. He is methodical and aggressive. Yet not altogether wanting in snap and grit. There is on one hand the cold-blooded calculation of the Scotchman, the confident reserve of the Englishman, and a little, though not very much, of unadulterated Yankee cheek." Now it is possible that some not very wise Torontonians may be inclined to take offense at such a criticism. But without good reasons, it seems to us. It is certainly not very flattering, but then sensible people don't care for flattery. They would far rather have the truth. There is nothing ill-natured about it, and after all, to come right down to the hard pan on the subject, is it not very near the truth? We do in a way stand about half-way and between the genuine Englishman and the undiluted Yankee. Not that we are any the worse of that. The best nations on earth may be the result of a compromise. At any rate we have nothing to be ashamed of and in the meantime we are developing a national character which, let us hope, will reproduce the best qualities of both Americans and Englishmen, without their corresponding defects.

By the way, that criticism suggests one thought. It will be noticed that the writer carefully limits the term "American" to citizens of the Great Republic. No doubt the use of the word in that sense has become so much a matter of use and wont that it is hardly worth referring to, though, of course, it is not strictly cor-

rect. We in Canada are quite as much Americans as they are, and have quite as good a right to the title. We own just about as much of the Continent as they do, and know quite as well what to do with our share. But what after all is in a name? "Canadian" is as good as "American," it is more suggestive, and quite as distinctive. And so long as the two countries exist side by side, distinctive terms are necessary.

But we have known hot-headed Canucks grow quite excited and even angry in denying the right of "Yankees," as they termed it, to arrogate to themselves the title of "Americans." Such conduct is very foolish. The term, as already said, has by this time simply become a term of use and wont simply to designate those who live southward of the 47th parallel.

TRUTH would like very much to know how it is that some landlords have the assurance to ask such enormous rents for their houses. The \$500 or \$600 demanded for some houses must represent a pretty high percentage on the cost of building them. Is there going to be a boom in real estate?

People who have any inclination to dabble in railway stocks these days had better take the warning—don't. It isn't safe, especially for those who are any way green. Better bide a wee, unless they are sure of being quite able and willing to lose for the sake of possible gain.

Mr. John O. Eno, the notorious bank swindler, has, it seems, purchased the Dobell mansion in Quebec. Curious is it not, how such a fellow should be able to cut the dash he is doing among the blue bloods of the ancient capital! Perhaps justice may yet overtake him even in this world, though has it not in a very real sense overtaken him already?

How would it do to compel every young man who wishes to learn the violin or flute to take out a special license? And then, too, if they could be obliged to do their practising in some building on the outskirts of the city, specially set aside for the purpose, many people would enjoy better temper and more placid nerves than they now do. We commend the subject to the Society for the Prevention of Nuisances, if there is such.

We were glad to see Lieutenant-Governor Robinson do the amiable so well at the Convention of Locomotive Firemen. His term of office has greatly improved him in some respects.

The cholera still continues its ravages in Italy and Spain, apparently without much abatement. The ignorance and superstition of some of the common people as shown in their hatred of the doctors is very sad. One of the most marked features of the epidemic has been the heroic unselfishness shown by many persons holding high official positions. The sense of duty must have been very high which led the King of Italy and other great personages to make personal inspection of the infected districts.

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given." Moore.

DEAR TRUTH:—Few melodramas of modern days have proved more successful than, or sustained their popularity as, "The Silver King;" and the large audience which greeted the opening of its third season here testified to the strong and fascinating interest of the story. The company presenting it on the present occasion is a strong one. Mr. F. C. Bangs, a sterling actor, well and favorably known here, took the part of *Walfred Denver*, and in his impersonation exhibited all the dramatic power for which he is so noticeable, and for which the part affords such admirable scope. But why on earth he should have cut "The Dream" scene—one of the most powerfully written scenes in the play—is more than I can comprehend. Miss Charlotte Behrens, as *Nellie Denver*, proved herself a most capable and attractive actress, possessing an agreeable presence and a wonderfully pathetic voice. *The Spider* was admirably undertaken by Mr. H. Colton, and the faithful servant *Jakes* was most satisfactorily impersonated by Mr. Verney. Miss Abbie Pierce made an excellent *Olive Skinner*, and little *Cissy Denver* was cleverly impersonated by little Minnie Shannon, an exceedingly talented child. The cast is such a large one that it would take more space than I have at command to notice it individually: suffice it to say that it is far above the average, while the play itself, in the lesson it teaches, and the moral it inculcates is worth a dozen prosy sermons or lectures.

Mr. Chas. M. Caughy's Art Lectures at the People's Theatre have proved most successful and attractive. He is a fluent and graceful speaker, and has personal knowledge of the scenes he describes, and the illustrative views are remarkably fine, the canvas on which they are thrown being fully thirty feet in length. Those who have seen Prof. Cromwell's views and Mr. Caughy's, say that the latter are the finest, and I am inclined to agree with them.

I dropped into the Roller Skating Rink a night or two ago, where a very pleasant time can now be spent. Messrs. Going & Co. have made it very attractive and put down a new and splendid floor, and the season has opened most auspiciously; all present seeming to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Mrs. Going is a remarkably graceful and accomplished skater, and young Master Russell Going is a special attraction by the ease with which he manages his skates, putting to shame by his skill many an older boy with more experience. A more agreeable place to spend a pleasant evening I do not know of.

Two very interesting recitals have taken place since I last wrote. One—an organ recital by Dr. Davies the new organist at St. James Cathedral—was well attended, the programme was carefully selected, and admirably calculated to exhibit not only the capabilities of the organist, but the resources of the instrument, and was listened to with attention and appreciation. One specially noticeable feature in the playing was the remarkably clean and rapid pedalling of the performer, who in every way sustained the high reputation he has already gained. The second was a varied entertainment rather than a piano recital, consisting as it did of piano and concertina solos, recitations, and vocal selections. Madame Rossiter is certainly a lady of very versatile talent, and can play, sing, and recite, and do all three well. Her pianoforte solos were remarkable for brilliancy of execution rather than for expression; her octave playing was exceedingly clean and neat, and on the whole the impres-

sion made was a favourable one. Her manipulation of the concertina she certainly excels, while as a reciter, she is very effective, her voice being pleasing in her manner easy and agreeable, and enunciation clear and distinct. Miss De who assisted her, sang several solos of good taste and feeling, and would have deserved encore by her singing of "The Old Ocean." The audience was not large, but decidedly appreciative.

Echoes of the Week.

Mr. H. J. Sargent is telling a story of Mme. Janisch, his new Austrian friend, which is truly affecting. The lady, so it seems, at the time mentioned, was a leading actress of one of the private theatres of Vienna, was walking one day on the streets one wintry day when she saw a sign over a doorway which indicated that poor people could step in and warm themselves without paying for the privilege. Attracted by curiosity, she went in and beheld a scene which she never forgot. She sought the proprietor, who told her that while he was not a rich man himself, he had been glad to give the necessary funds for this small charity. Mme. Janisch went to the nearest restaurant and bought enough to give the poor people a little luncheon. Next day she looked in again and found that the 75 had swollen to numbers into the hundreds. She had purchased food for them, and became interested in the work from day to day, and that she simultaneously broke down in health and her purse. About this time it became known who she was, and a very natural process she became the object of the poor. Subscriptions flowed in from all parts of the empire, and the *Janisch's charity* became established on a large scale. When she next appeared in Vienna, after her illness, the people had helped managed to raise enough money to present her with a large monument. Mr. Sargent tells the story well as to make one begin to feel that however brilliantly he may shine in the field of management, he has neglected talents which would have given him luminous immortality in the path of writing.

The paper on the drama, read by our favorite actress, Mrs. Kendall, was the chief event of the Social Science Convention. The London papers acknowledge the truth of her bitter complaint that she drew largely on the English stage for her portion of the amount of scandal associated with their names, and the comment of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is that the doctrine seems to be that vice in the theatre is all very well, but that vice in the street is all very well, continues the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "to be charitable and forgiving, but it is a very different thing to be a woman, who ought to be in a pillar of chief attraction at a metropolitan theatre."

"Called Back" has been drawing large houses at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre, and the acting in this singular but ineffective play has been warmly praised by Mr. Mantell, Miss Millward, Mr. B. F. Flockton, and Mr. Flockton have become very identified with their parts, which consequently gained in interest since the first night.

Rankin's women ushers at his New York theatre are a great institution. They are neatly uniformed, they desecrate people politely, and they take their seats quickly and without any fuss or fuss. We commend this paragraph to the notice of Manager Sheppard, as his experiment has proved successful at the Gardens.

Mme. Janisch has chosen for her appearance in English an adaptation of Schiller's "Kabala and Tiobe," or "Louisa." The play belongs to the period of Schiller's career, but the part affords fine opportunities to a good actress.

A FAMOUS FRENCH ROBBERY.

A TRUE STORY.

was an evening in mid-winter. The season was at its height, and a grand audience had assembled at the theatre Francais.

Empress Eugene was present, beautiful and beautiful; the Emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of aristocratic abstraction, which, like Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod, was supposed to signify so much, yet which, viewed by the critical light of subsequent voracious readers, seems to have signified so very little. Several officers in glittering uniforms were in attendance, sparkling with diamonds; showers upon them by a royal sovereign, and, among these gallant warriors, conspicuous by reason of the brilliancy of his attire, was a solitary humble, black-coated civilian, in a very evening dress, with the inevitable sock of red at his button-hole.

A box almost immediately opposite to the Emperor's, and occupied by their imperial majesties, in a young and exceedingly handsome young lady, the Countess Ivanoff, conspicuous whose manifold graces and fascinations through the great world of Paris elected to include itself considerably at this period. In the beauty and wit of this fair northern sweetress were the theme of every Shelton tongue, and her magnificent beauty became the envy and admiration of all day-time beholders.

The Countess was accompanied by her husband, a fine man of distinguished presence and commanding appearance, who looked as though the refutation of the celebrated flowery aphorism, as though no amount of "scratching" could ever unshackle the Cossack element underneath the refined polished exterior.

The Emperor and Empress withdrew during the intermission. Many humbler mortals followed their example; among them the Countess.

The Countess leant back in her luxurious chair, fanning herself dreamily, even brought to the interest she was exciting. The dim light of her curtain-shaded diamonds glittered in her splendid diamonds, and formed a sort of luminous halo about her graceful head; a myriad starry lights gleamed among the masses of her dark-brown hair; and two priceless pearls, popularly reported to be worth a king's ransom, and twinkled like twin planets in the shell-tinted ears.

The Count had not been gone five minutes when there was a gentle knock at the door; and, in answer to the Countess's "Come in," the usher appeared, and said, "Madame la Comtesse; a gentleman charged with a message from her Majesty, the Empress, waits in the corridor and desires to know if Madame will be good enough to receive him."

"Enter, I beg of you, mon cher," replied the Countess, in the low, sweet voice, which was not the least of her many attractions, bowing graciously. Mr. B recognized the distinguished-looking civilian she had already noticed in the proximity to the Emperor in the last act.

The visitor advanced a few steps, and, standing in deep shadow, said with dignity:

"I trust my intrusion may be pardoned, if desired by her Majesty to ask a favor of Madame la Comtesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."

"The obligation will be mine if I can do the least of her Majesty's commands," answered the Countess, graciously.

"The case is this," explained the gentleman, in a tone of well-bred ease. "An accident has arisen concerning the size of the diamonds in your earrings and of the Countess W. The Empress

wishes that you will intrust one of your pendant to her care for a few moments, as the only satisfactory method of disposing of the vexed question. I will myself return it to the instant her Majesty gives it back into my keeping."

"With the greatest pleasure," agreed the Countess, with amiable alacrity, detaching the precious jewel forthwith, and depositing it, without misgiving, in the outstretched palm of the imperial messenger; for, indeed, diamonds were almost as plentiful in the existence of this fortunate lady as in the pages of Mrs. Southworth's novels.

The Countess bestowed a smile and a gracious bow of dismissal upon her Majesty's distinguished ambassador, who responded by a profoundly respectful inclination as he made his exit. Once safely outside the box, the aristocratic features of this high-bred imperial emissary suddenly lost their serene expression of dignified gravity, and relaxed into a triumphant Mephistophelian grin.

Shortly afterwards Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to D—," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, D—. I am not surprised at the Emperor's partiality for him; he must find him so useful when he is in want of an idea."

"Who is D—?" inquired the Countess, with languid interest.

"That is rather a difficult question," replied the Count, smiling; "there are several editions of his biography, all different, probably none of them true. He is successful, which is the chief point; moreover, he is entertaining, and, at any rate, looks and speaks like a gentleman, which, in these evil days, is something—ovon much. Look! he has just entered the Emperor's box—the man in the black coat."

"Is that Monsieur D—?" exclaimed the Countess, waking up to a mild interest in the subject; "if so, he has been here while you were away. He came on the part of the Empress, and carried off one of my ear-rings, which her Majesty wished to compare with one of the Countess's W's."

"D—? Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent, and he only left me at the top of the staircase two seconds before I returned."

"Nevertheless, *mon ami*, he has been here, and has taken my ear-ring. See! it is gone."

"Effectively," agreed the Count, with a grim smile, "but D— has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that the Empress would make such a request. Depend upon it you have been made the victim of a thief, got up as an accurate copy of the distinguished looking D—."

"Impossible!" cried the Countess, in turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was Monsieur D—, the veritable Monsieur D— I see opposite, who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little and he will bring it back intact."

"To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. In any case, I will go and inquire of D—, if I can get at him, whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania; because the idea of the Empress having sent him roaming about the theatre, borrowing a lady's jewels, I regard as preposterous. Ah, these Parisians, you do not know what scientific geniuses they are in their ways."

With this the Count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned.

In the meantime the Countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the imperial box, and notably to the "double" of her late aristocratic-looking visitor, who, she could still solemnly declare, had stood before her.

"I was right," whispered the Count, re-entering and bending over his wife's

chair; "D— knows nothing of your ear-ring, and, needless to say, the Empress never sent him or any one else upon such an errand. I have put the matter into the hands of the police, and they will do all that is possible to recover it."

"Really! How very droll!" remarked the Countess, with calm nonchalance— for she belonged to that order of impassive, statuesque women, who remain mistress of themselves though any quantity of "china fall;" "I will take out the other ear-ring, or people may think I am trying to set the fashion of wearing an odd one;" and she handed the fellow of the purloined jewel to her husband.

The play came to an end, as even that most excellent feast of reason, a good French play, well acted, must do, sooner or later, in common with all things mundane.

The Countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends, who, one and all, declared behind her back, that they would never have been guilty of the imbecility of trusting so valuable a possession to the tender mercies of however fascinating a stranger; but nothing more was heard of the stolen jewel until the following day at noon, when Count Ivanoff received a note from D— to the effect that, as he could not help considering himself partly responsible for the loss of the diamond which had disappeared through the agency of his counterpart, he had taken an early opportunity of interviewing the chief of the police, who assured him he had good reason to believe the thief had already been traced as far as Brussels.

Early in the afternoon the Countess was about to start for her daily drive in the Park. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sledge, with its two jet black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frosty air, stood waiting in the courtyard while the Countess donned her furs.

A servant entering, announced that an officer of police, in plain clothes, asked permission to speak with Madame la Comtesse concerning the lost diamond.

"Certainly," agreed Madame, graciously; "let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

Into the boudoir presently came the Countess, stately, beautiful, fur-clad, buttoning her little gloves. Near the door stood a short, wiry-looking man, with keen black eyes, closely-cropped hair, and compact, erect, military figure. The small man clicked his heels together and bowed profoundly in the presence of so much high-born loveliness, while he said, with the utmost respect, at the same time laying a letter upon the table:

"I am sent, by order of the chief of police, to inform Madame la Comtesse that the stolen diamond has been satisfactorily traced, but there is, unfortunately, some little difficulty connected with its identification. I am charged, therefore, to beg that Madame la Comtesse will have the goodness to intrust the follow ear-ring to the police for a short period, in order that it may be compared with the one found in the possession of the suspected thief. Madame will find that the letter I bring corroborates my statement."

The Countess glanced hastily through the letter, and ringing the bell, desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining ear-ring immediately. This was done, and the dapper little man, bowing deferentially, departed with the precious duplicate safely in his possession.

The Countess descended to her sledge and drove to the club, to call for her husband en route for the Park. Crossing the Place de la Concorde, she related to him the latest incident in the story of the diamond ear-ring.

"You never were induced to give up the other!" cried Count Ivanoff incredulously.

"But I tell you, *mon ami*, an officer of the police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superior vouching for the truth of his statement."

"If the Prefect himself had come, I

don't think I should have been cajoled into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband. "However, for the second time of asking we will go and inquire."

The coachman turned and drove as directed to the Bureau of Police, at which the Count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a little delay the Count rejoined his wife with a semi-grim look of amusement upon his handsome hirsute face.

"The police know nothing of your detective or his epistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away merrily over the frozen snow, "it was the wrong man they had got hold of at Brussels. Your second ear-ring has been noted by another member of the light-fingered fraternity, and upon my honor I think he was the more accomplished artist of the two!"

And from that unlucky day to this the Countess Ivanoff's celebrated diamond ear-rings know her pretty ears no more.

THE LAKES OF KILARNEY.

The Sights and Legends of this Beautiful Place.

Mountains, their upper regions covered with purple heather and frequently cloud-capped; their bases clothed with dense forest, and abounding with red deer. Mountains so many that (being in Ireland) you have no difficulty in accepting the charming legend which the guides relate about their origin. Nature, says the guide, when she was constructing the universe decided to finish off at Kilarney, and resolved that it should be her masterpiece. But her calculations were slightly upset by the discovery that she had a good deal more mould left in her bag than she knew what to do with. So, with that fine broad simplicity which characterises the lady in all her works (and sounds excellent well in a legend), she turned out the contents of her bag "in big hapos, yer honor," and the mountains arose.

There are lakes embosomed by these mountains, their surfaces diversified by islands covered by the richest and most variegated foliage. On one of them the arbutus, with its rare snow-white blossom and berry like the strawberry, grows in such luxuriance that it has given its name to the island. Another, Innisfallen, is justly reputed one of the loveliest islands in Europe. Moore has sung its praises in some of his daintiest verses. He could not help this, for it is lovely enough to draw poetry from a vestryman. The alternation of hill and dale within its tiny circle, the beauty of its miniature creeks and harbors, the variety of its trees and evergreens, make Innisfallen a wonder on a fairy scale, and more than this, it is pre-eminently the Emerald Isle. Within an easy row is Ross Island, with its beautiful ruined castle and its memories and myths of the Chieftain O'Donoghoe. O'Donoghoe at his death disappeared into the lake, at the bottom of which he still keeps his ancient state. Every May morning, at dawn, he rises to the surface and mounts a white horse and rides on the water to his castle. In the gray morning the castle is restored to its old splendor and at sunset becomes a ruin again.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A woman's reason: "Man more constant than woman! Oh, no, Sir Peter. Look at my husband! In all things he puts his sister before his wife! Look at my brother! In all things he puts his wife before his sister! When in both cases it ought to be exactly the reverse! Now, did you ever hear anything so absurdly contradictory in all your life?" Sir Peter wisely gives in.

To look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it another. If we look back to it it should be as those who are running a race, only to press forward the faster, and to leave the beaten still further behind.

THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XX. II.

(CONTINUED.)

On the following day Miss Drummond came down to luncheon, still suffering from headache, but otherwise showing no sign of her recent attack. She explained briefly—her head preventing her from talking for long—that she had been with a notary of Fontainebleau to look at a chalet at Samois, and returned feeling "fearfully out of form;" that she had to wait at the hotel until that horrid groom could be found, and that, to her horror, after starting from Fontainebleau, she discovered that the wretch was intoxicated, and finally that the fright of the journey had acted so violently upon her imagination that she was more dead than alive on reaching home.

When ordinary forms of politeness permitted, she referred to this statement, and timidly asked Miss Drummond if she intended taking a house.

"Yes, Baby. One can't stay here for ever, you know, and I like the neighbourhood too well to leave it. I shall take a little place—if I can find it."

Miss Drummond stayed in the room the whole day, except at dinner-time. She had a couch drawn into a position where the light was not too offensive, and where she could get a full view of herself in a glass; and there she lay scarcely moving, save to change one graceful pose for another, or to dispose her dress more advantageously to the contour of her magnificent limbs. She did not read—she rarely did, unless the newspaper contained some carefully-reported social scandal—and she scarcely spoke, her tongue being now under the restraint of good manners. It suited her indolent sensual nature to lie, comfortably supported by pillows, regarding the slight events that passed and brooding over her own secrets, and it required a piquant emotion or the craving of animal appetite to rouse her from her state of torpor. She watched Gertie working for an hour at a time without moving her half-closed eyes; but, when Gilbert came into the room or passed in the distance, her eyes opened a little wider, the pupils expanded, and they moved from him to Gertie and back again.

Gilbert strolling in towards dinner-time, addressed a few cold conventional inquiries to her about the state of her health, and then, sitting down by Gertie, leaned forward and chatted with her in a genial undertone. Gertie replied in a few gay words, and continued her stitching. He changed his position to catch her profile, and sat admiring the delicate sweet outline until she detected it, and turned her chair about, smiling with a bright flush of happiness in her cheeks.

Miss Drummond watching the two through the parted fingers with which she shielded her eyes—she had replied to Gilbert with her eyes closed and her hand in that favourite pose, the thumb and finger on the two brows, so excellently arranged for displaying her arm, the turn of her wrist, and ring—did not fail to see these signs of love; and, had she been ten times a better woman than she was, envy, hatred, and malice would have rankled in her heart. A bad woman with these sentiments in her heart would not be satisfied to rest inactive long.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau, to Mrs. Gower, *Le Relais, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris*—

"Valvins, July 30, 188—

"Madam,—(Obedient to your request, I write to furnish you with full particulars of the visit of Mr. Gower and his daughters. Yesterday morning, while preparing the table for luncheon, I perceived a fly approaching the house by the road from Fontainebleau, and, being apprised by your letter of the probable arrival of Mr. Gower, I went at once to

close the drive gate, which I had purposely left open. The fly had drawn up.

"Ask the woman if this is the house, Edith," said Mr. Gower.

"Miss Edith Gower put the question to me in French, and, on my replying in English, Mr. Gower asked if Sir Gilbert was at home. I said he was. Mr. Gower paid the driver, and the young ladies, informing me that they wished to take Lady Linton by surprise, asked where they should find her. I replied that she was in the *salon* with Sir Gilbert, and that they could enter the room by the *lawn* in front. After a little consultation amongst themselves, they proceeded, with suppressed merriment, to approach the house by the lawn, taking the path beside the house, while I entered the house by the door and took a shawl which Sophia Kirby had been unable to find into the *salon*, in order to see what happened upon the appearance of Mr. Gower.

"Sophia Kirby was lying on a couch; Sir Gilbert was under the verandah trying some loose sprays of clove to the trellis. Suddenly Lady Linton dropped the things she was holding into her lap, with an exclamation of pleasure, which was answered by the voices of her visitors. Sir Gilbert on perceiving the cause of these cries, instead of going to meet Mr. Gower and his family strode into the *salon* and was about to speak, when he caught sight of me. He went to Sophia Kirby's side and spoke in a hurried whisper. In a moment she whisked from the couch, and slipped out of the room at the very instant Mr. Gower appeared at the window. Thus, madam, the recognition we had hoped for was evaded; nevertheless the conclusion to be drawn from the incident which did occur is valuable.

"Sophia Kirby had luncheon served in her apartment, pleading indisposition as excuse for her absence from the dining-room—an excuse which was partly justified by the previous state of her health. After luncheon the visitors went over the grounds, and the young ladies explored every room except that in which Sophia Kirby had locked herself loudly expressing their astonishment and delight at all they saw. The young ladies were very gay and loquacious and I have never seen Lady Linton in brighter spirits. After dinner the whole party went upon the water. Sophia Kirby, of course, remained in her room. She wrote several letters, which I have not been able to examine. When the party returned from boating, Sir Gilbert and Mr. Gower spent a couple of hours in the billiard-room, while Lady Linton and her young friends chatted in the *salon*—about Mrs. Simpson of Kennington, and facts with which your copy of the diary has acquainted you. It is unnecessary to pain you by repeating the slighting allusions made to you by the Misses Gower and Mr. Gower. Mr. Gower smoked a great many cigars, was particularly merry, and took the spirit case to bed with him.

"This morning, after very early breakfast, the party left in the break, taking with them a cold luncheon and a hamper of wine selected by Mr. Gower personally. I am told they visited Moret, went on to Grez, and took luncheon in the forest. They returned to dinner, and left the house, accompanied by Sir Gilbert and Lady Linton, to catch the last train to Paris just before I sat down to commence this letter. Sophia Kirby watched their departure through the bars of the window-shutter.

"I have nothing further at this moment to report—nothing of moment has occurred since I wrote a fortnight ago. My partner in London is however actively engaged in a new line of inquiry, which we confidently expect will result in a most important discovery.

"I am compelled to close my letter

hurriedly in view of the speedy return of Sir Gilbert and Lady Linton.

"Your respectful and obedient servant,
"E. PIERCE."

From the same, to Mr. Pierce, London—
"Valvins, Monday.

"Dear Pierce,—Your demand for a written order empowering you to draw money out of the Post-office, and accompanying letter, to hand. You are aware that every penny in the P. O. belongs to me, and that in the past I don't know how many years you have done nothing but spend the money gained by my industry. I do not wish to rake up old grievances, and I am quite willing to accept your excuse and 'make it up,' as you propose. But, though we may be 'the same flesh and blood,' I have no intention to let you participate in the profits of my exertions unless you help me to the best of your ability. As for your threat to 'drop a line to Sir Gilbert, and so blow up the whole conspiracy,' that is a matter of perfect indifference to me, for a reason that will appear hereafter.

"I do not wish to widen the breach between us, Jo; on the contrary, as you will see by the enclosed notes for two hundred francs—the Jew man in Fenchurch Street will give you eight pounds less eighteen pence for them, if you stick out for the proper exchange—I wish to let you see that I am most kindly disposed towards you; and I tell you this—that if you only give me good proof of your wish to serve me, I will listen favourably to your notion of starting the United Angler's Punt Company or of taking the candle-factory.

"I want you, Jo, to find John Barton at once. This will not be very difficult, as I have discovered that he is guiltless of complicity in the murder of Lady L., has been thrown over by Sophia Kirby, and is in all probability dependent on his wife for a living. I am almost certain he is on the turf. S. K. is trying to find him. We must get at him first. She sent a letter to him at the Warden Hotel Dover: but its contents show that she is doubtful of his getting it there. You will do well to go to the Warden and claim the letter. Not that it is of any value to us—I know the contents—but because it would be valuable to him. You had better advertise in the *Sporting Times* and other turf-papers—if I know the addresses of these people, I would not trouble you. Word it like this—'If John Barton wants to hear of a good thing, write to "Double L., Post-office, Dover." If there are any English sporting-papers published in Boulogne or Paris—I think there must be—have the same advertisement inserted in them. You can take a room somewhere in Dover, when you go there to claim the letter at the Warden and wait for answers to the advertisements. It is not unlikely that John Barton will go to Dover himself. Be careful how you manage him. If you find him, promise him whatever you like, and, if possible, get him to come to Fontainebleau with you. Don't frighten him or let him know more than that you are acting for a lady. If he answers by letter, send it to me at once. In either case communicate with me—by telegraph, if pressing.

"And now, Jo, that you may not go about this in a half-hearted reluctant fashion, I will let you into a secret—or part of it. I have discovered within the last week a fact which entirely alters the complexion of this affair. I give you my solemn word that I am working now for Lady L., and that, if I succeed, she will bless the day that Mrs. Gower set us to destroy her happiness. You see now how little I need care for your threat, and how if you really sympathize with Lady L.—as you have professed—you are bound to help me to the utmost in your power. Write to me, enclosing copies of the advertisement, and I will send you more money, and continue the supply while you try to aid me. "Yours affectionately,
"E. PIERCE."

"P. S.—I need not enforce upon you the necessity of absolute secrecy with regard to our proceedings at the present

time. Let no one know what we are doing, nor even suspect it by a careless word. It is not probable that you will meet Mrs. Gower; but, should such an accident occur, do not suffer her to draw a single fact from you relative to this affair. You know nothing—the whole matter rests in the hands of your partner at Fontainebleau, you can say. Should she by any means get a clue to the recent turn of events, my plans will be upset, and all hopes of rescuing Lady Linton from misery must be abandoned."

"From Mr. Pierce, Dover, to Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau—

"Sea View Cottage, Thursday.

"Dear Eliza,—You've taken me out of my depth, and where on earth you're going to land me I don't know. However, I recognize the wisdom of hanging on to you, and I thank you for the welcome notes. I am sorry to see the money goes faster than I wish, and must beg you to send more before long. I have carried out your instructions to the letter, and enclosed advertisements published in *Sporting Times*, *Field*, etc. I fetched the letter addressed to John Barton at the Warden and read it. It is all heathen Greek to me. But I have unbounded confidence in you, and am heartily glad to hear we are doing dirty work for clean people. I am certain a cheap bathing-company would do here—but of that more anon. Fish is scarcely to be obtained, the best being sent to London; the remainder is sold in the town at a frightful price. I have been fairly lucky with a line fishing from a boat. A few boats started to supply the town with good fish ought to pay excellently. I am going to try a little bottom-fishing off Folkestone, and so adieu. Any information I may pick up relative to John Barton I will forward without delay.

"Yours most affectionately,
"JOS. PIERCE."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GERTIE'S DISCOVERY.

It was but a short period of happiness that came to little Lady Linton at this time—a gleam of sunlight like that which sometimes succeeds a day of rain irradiating for a moment the tear-washed face of Nature before the darkness of night veils it in deeper gloom.

Miss Drummond was not to be broken in like a horse. If she submitted to Sir Gilbert's guidance, it was simply because she saw the folly of running counter to him while he held the rein and the whip. Meanwhile she pondered the ways and means of getting the rein and whip into her own hands, and bringing Gilbert to submission in his turn.

Gertie saw nothing particular in the absence of Miss Drummond during the visit of Mr. Gower and his daughters. Possibly she was really unwell, possibly she was merely indisposed to meet those whose exuberant greeting indicated a character so entirely opposed to her own lethargic nature. Gertie was heartily glad that she kept her room, for her presence would only have imposed constraint upon the girls, and spoiled her pleasure in their society. How different it would have been, thought she, if Gilbert had not come to an understanding with Miss Drummond! Without that, she might have been openly insulted before her own friends. She would certainly have felt anxious and ill at ease, and they would have gone away with the impression that she was unhappy. Happily they had seen her at her best, and found Gilbert, as he was always to her, the handsomest, bravest, most courteous in the world.

With some such reflections as these Gertie fell asleep that night, after the departure of her friends. When she opened her eyes, it was with a confused notion that she had been listening for some time to muffled voices and strange sounds, such as she had heard in the vestibule on the night of Miss Drummond's late return from Fontainebleau. She might have been dreaming something of the kind. She found that Gilbert was not by her

side. That did not alarm her. He had been restless and unable to sleep soundly for some time—ever since Miss Drummond came to trouble them; and frequently he rose in the night to seek sleep in the adjoining toilet-chamber, where an iron bedstead had been arranged for him at his direction. The night was hot and close and very dark—after all, it might have been the roll of distant thunder which had disturbed her. She wondered what hour it was. She found her watch, and touching the spring of the repeater, found it was after two. Putting her watch back in the place from which she had taken it, she wondered if Gilbert were asleep. "Happily he has no mental anxiety to keep him awake now," she thought. Then, sitting up in bed, she held her breath to catch the sound of his voice if it were to be heard.

At that moment the sound of a laugh, speedily stifled, and the closing of a door fell upon her ear with startling clearness. The sounds came from the other end of the corridor, where Miss Drummond's rooms were situated. For a moment Gertie was too astonished to reason upon what she had heard; then, fearful lest her dear husband should be disturbed, she alighted from the bed, intending to close the door opening on the corridor, which must certainly have come open for the sounds to be distinct. No; the door was shut and fastened securely. The sounds must have come through the door of the toilet-chamber. The door of connection with that room was wide open; she could see the stars through the window on the opposite side. It was strange that he had not been awakened. She would shut the door before he could be disturbed by a repetition of the noise. Yes, the passage door was opened; it stood out in silhouette against the windows as she entered the chamber. She had to pass Gilbert's bed to get to it. Moving cautiously forward, assuring herself of one step before venturing another, the silence struck her with sudden fear. She paused and stretched forth her right hand tentatively over the pillow, and then explored it with both hands. Gilbert was not there. She sat upon the bedside, unable to understand what it was that filled her with vague terror. As she sat there in the darkness and silence of night, her ear caught again that sound of laughter deadened by the interposing door, and then the deep murmur of a man's voice. It was Gilbert's voice; it was Miss Drummond's laugh.

Gertie started to her feet. In that moment of madness she had the intention of going to Miss Drummond's room and confronting the woman, with what purpose she knew not. It was the natural instinct of an outraged woman to give voice to the fury that seethed within her. But it was not the woman alone she should confront—her husband was there; and at that thought she sank upon the bed, recoiling from the exposure of his infamy as from some actual uncleanness. She felt that his shame was hers, and that it was a thing to hide from themselves and all the world. It seemed to her that she could never again look him in the face, that she must shut her eyes at the sight of him and shudder at his approach. But, apart from the sense of delicacy which made her shrink from the purpose which had a moment before possessed her, there was just sufficient reason glimmering over the hearing tumult of her mind to show her the impolicy of it. The shame would be for her in revealing the infidelity of her husband, the triumph for the woman who had succeeded in making him unfaithful. She had no sense of shame to touch—that creature, who made an open mock of innocence and faith, and delighted in the boast that she had never felt regret. Gertrude was powerless to punish her, and the woman knew it, and defiantly showed that she knew it by not even closing the door so conceal her laughter. Ah, was it not possible that the courted discovery as a means of separating the wife from the husband and getting him all to herself? Why, that was

probable! This supposition became a settled conviction from the moment it entered her mind. When she could put her ideas into some sort of consecutive order, Gertrude thought thus—

"The woman came here with the express intention of punishing me in revenge for Gilbert's desertion, and of winning him back to herself. She insulted me in the very first hour of her coming. She made herself the mistress of my house, ordered my servants, directed my husband. She made me ridiculous in his eyes, treating me as a child and his toy. She missed no opportunity to mortify me. She made love to him shamelessly before my eyes. When Gilbert saw how cruelly I suffered, he took pity on me, and forbade her to continue her systematic course of torture. Then she prepared to strike a more deadly blow while seeming to comply with his restrictions. Oh, I have foreseen a new trouble! I have seen the brooding malice in her wicked eyes as she lay there on the couch watching me. And, now the blow is struck, what help have I?"

The cry came from her heart. "What help have I?" as she rose from the bed with hands clasped, staring into the darkness.

What could she do? How could she cope with that woman? The admission of her husband's infidelity must separate them. She passed rapidly into her own room, with a vague feeling that she must hide her knowledge from Gilbert. She would go to bed again, and when he came she would pretend to be asleep. But with her hand upon the curtains she stopped. No, she could not deceive him. Good or bad, she could not have no secret from him.

"Heaven help me!" she moaned, sinking upon the chair by the window.

No there could be no concealment. She could not live with him as if nothing had happened, even if she succeeded in hiding her knowledge. She could not meet that woman, exchange greetings with her, and bear a complacent countenance, knowing the connection that existed between her and Gilbert. She would rather suffer anything than that. They must go away from each other, she and Gilbert, even if he offered to dismiss that woman. The shame would be too great for them to bear; they could not live together with that fact over in their recollection; they could not bear that degradation remembering the purity of their former love. She knew that man and their wives under similar conditions lived together, but that was because all love was gone between them. And she still loved her husband. There was no bitterness in her heart against him; the woman was to blame, he to be pitied and wept for. Why she knew not, did not seek to know; but she felt it was so. Oh, the happiness of the past gone for ever! Would he not think of it with regret, and that aching sorrow at his heart which she felt? And could he suffer so, and she not grieve for him? It was the feeling of a mother for a child that has done wrong and suffers punishment. But it would be better for them both, better a thousand times, that they should go away from each other, suffer how they might, than that they should live together hardening their hearts and growing callous to remorse, and slowly, surely ceasing to love each other in the pure sweet manner of old.

She would go away—no matter where, now that it was certain she must go—and find new friends. For it would be child-like to think of living all alone and lying of grief, as in old-fashioned romances. She must get over it somehow, and that could be done only by a great effort not to give way to sentiment too much, and by grasping every chance of strengthening her heart and mind. She would try to find friends—two or three, not more. Not granny or the girls—oh, no, she hoped they would never hear about Gilbert! Perhaps she would go to Newbury, or some remote place where no one could know that she had been married, and had lost her husband. But this suggested a

new calamity to her mind. Her child—her child—the now being whose coming had been the centre of her happy dreams by day and night—the fruit of their dear love—the link which was to bind her husband yet more closely to her—the soul that they were to cherish together, to train up graciously, and mould to the form most lovable and good.

"Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, have you never thought of that?" She murmured; and then of a sudden her heart broke in sobs, and the tears sprang from her eyes.

This outburst of grief was not of long duration. She stanchd the tears, and set herself to think with desperate resolution—set herself to think collectedly, with the sobs yet shaking her body and the tears slowly streaming from her eyes, wipe them how she might. It was not for herself she had to think now; it was for her child—for Gilbert's child. The welfare of that hapless creature was of far more importance than her happiness. She must find out what it was her duty to do, what sacrifice she could make for the sake of her unborn child. Her head grew giddy and ached with the effort she made to compose her thoughts and bring them into reasonable form. She thought that she might be able to grow calm if she walked about the room instead of sitting still; and she rose from her chair and grouped her way forward in the darkness.

At that moment Gilbert entered the room with noiseless step, and seeing her ghostly figure in the pale light of the stars, knew what had happened.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Gertie!" he said, in a low tone, speaking that she might not be frightened by discovering him unwarned.

"I am here, dear," she answered in faltering tones.

He had come, and she was unprepared. She was helpless, and stood trembling and weak, wondering simply if she ought to have called him "dear" if they were to go away from each other.

He came to her side, and, putting his hand upon her shoulder, felt her shivering beneath his touch.

"Better get into bed, my child," he said gently.

"No, no; I cannot lie down. There is too much to think about," she replied, trembling violently.

He led her forward without speaking, and obliged her to sit on the bed; then he grouped about in search of a covering for her, remembered his dressing-gown, and fetched it and put it on her shoulders, found a pair of slippers and put them on her feet, while she sobbed in bewilderment and uncertainty. It seemed to her that he ought to be altered somehow; yet here he was the same thoughtful tender man going about noiselessly and seeking practical comfort for her. She had always loved him so dearly, believed in him so thoroughly, regarded him so clearly as an absolutely good and perfect husband that she could not all of a sudden cease to love and respect and honor him. Weakly she yearned and, knowing she was weak, yet yearned for a restoration of that perfect love which had existed, if only for one moment, that she might draw him to her and kiss him in gratitude for putting his dressing-gown about her. It was so contrary to all she had ever thought or expected that she could not realize his guilt. Theoretically she saw that the love between them must be at an end; but practically she loved him still.

He sat down on the bed beside her, and it seemed quite natural that he should put his arm around her; but, oh, it was terrible not to be able to clasp the hand that touched her waist! And she must never, never kiss him again! She had lost him for ever! Her heart was wrung between conflicting emotions for a moment; and then, giving way to the impulse of her nature, she turned towards him, flung her arms about his neck, and burst into tears.

He alone knew what he suffered as he

sat there, powerless to soothe the distracted wife whose heart-broken sobs sounded in his ear and convulsed the tender body under his hand. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and pressed it against the cheek that lay upward from his breast.

"Yes, dear, yes," she said, accepting the act as a hint, and drawing herself up, "I shall be calm directly." She took this handkerchief, and, after a long quivering sob, said with an air of buoyant resolution, "Now we will talk about it, and settle what is to be done."

"No hurry, Gertie."

"Oh yes, yes! We must think it out now. I was trying to think it out alone when you came. It will be easier with you to help me."

"Well, sweetheart!"

"Oh, you mustn't call me that! I know—I know all."

"So I supposed. You overheard all—oh!"

"Oh, Gilbert, you don't think I would listen at a door, do you?"

"How could you know without?"

"I found your door open, I heard that horrid creature laugh."

"Is that all?" he said, not in a tone of inquiry, but with a sigh of regret.

"I hoped it was all over," he added absently.

She listened in astonishment. What did he mean by hoping it was all over? Had she not heard enough to separate them? Did he wish that she had obtained more conclusive evidence, that any temporising might be impossible, or—and she clutched at the possibility with a desperate hope of escape—had she rashly jumped at a wrong conclusion and condemned him upon insufficient evidence? Did he hope that she had discovered a fact that would allay her suspicions and put an end to the cruel doubts by which he suffered in part with her? But, while she waited in feverish suspense, he spoke, and his words banished hope from her heart.

"After what you have heard," he said, "it would be absurdity to remind you that you promised to have faith in me, and to ask you to trust me in spite of these damning proofs. You are no longer a child, and you never were a fool."

"I am not a child, Gilbert," she replied; "but I have faith in you; and, if you tell me that my suspicions are all groundless, I will—I"—she hesitated, seeing how hard it would be to reconcile his fidelity to her with the circumstances; and then, determined to set his word above her own reason, she added, in a low earnest tone, "I will believe you."

He did not reply for some time. At length he said—

"I don't see how that's possible, Gertie. Or, if it is possible to strain credulity so far this time, it might not be the next, and all this misery would be repeated. Come—tell me what you thought when you heard our voices out there."

"I thought that I could never look you in the face again—that we never could approach each other without a sort of horror of each other. And then it would kill all tender and good feelings in us to live together with that on our minds."

"But you don't seem to have much horror just now!" he said, almost playfully, touching the hand that clung to his arm.

"No, no! I cannot understand myself. You are so unchanged, so calm and kind, so exactly like your old self, the man I have worshipped and loved above all the world, that somehow I can't realise that you have done wrong and are changed."

"The strongest love needs time to nature, detestation may be the stronger for not coming in a moment. And I don't see how you can stand a continuation of this kind of thing, without eventually hating me. That's the deuce of it!" He spoke with bitter impatience, was silent a moment, and then continued in a calmer tone, "Gertie, let me know what you thought of doing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY O. W. SECRETARY.

TRUTH contains each week full and reliable news from every part of the Good Templar work. Any information in regard to work gladly received. Address all such to T. W. CASEY, G. W. B., Napanee, Ont.

The Time of Voting

A strong desire was expressed on the part of the members of the Alliance and many other prominent temperance workers that the voting in the various counties for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act should be brought on the same day. The Dominion Government having the fixing of the time, does not appear to have at all regarded this reasonable request. The dates of voting, so far as yet fixed and announced, appears to be strung along from week to week on a very different system from that expected or desired. The Montreal Witness remarks that the liquor interests appear to have had the fixing of these dates much to suit themselves. It looks very much like that to us. It was the desire of the Anti-party to have the Halton repeal vote taken before any others, and the dates were so fixed, although a number of the petitions for other counties were presented some weeks first. The next votes are fixed on the 9th proximo for Stanstead and Simcoe Counties, —two about as improbable of success as any whose petitions have been presented. Some counties where success appears pretty certain are being kept off to a much later day. For some years past the principle of simultaneous voting for parliamentary elections has been acted upon by both political parties, and in regard to both Dominion and Provincial elections. While an entirely different system should be adopted in regard to these Temperance Act elections remains to be explained. It is a well known fact that the liquor interests do not want these votes to come in simultaneously. Is it possible that such interests are so potent at Ottawa as to have the times of voting arranged just to suit themselves? We sincerely hope not.

NEWS AND NOTES

THE MAINE AMENDMENT.—Here is the text of the constitutional amendment recently adopted by the voters of a very considerable majority of the Pine Tree State. As the amendment had first to receive the sanction of a two-thirds vote in the State Legislature, two years in succession, and then of a majority of the electors to whom it was submitted, there can be no doubt left of its celebratory opinion of the people of Maine in regard to the continuance of a prohibitory law:—

The manufacturing of intoxicating liquors, not including cider, and the sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, are and shall be forever prohibited. Except, however, that the sale of such liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes and the arts, and the sale and the keeping for sale of cider may be permitted under such regulations as the Legislature may provide. The Legislature shall enact law, with suitable penalties, for the suppression of the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors with the exception herein specified.

MORE EXHIBITION LICENSES.—Seeing the success of the attempt to secure a Dominion liquor license for the Industrial Exhibition grounds Toronto, certain refreshment booths located at the London Exhibition made similar application. To the credit of the London board they unadvisedly refused to become themselves

licensed liquor sellers, or to allow others to sell on the grounds under their control, and so stamped out the movement in its infancy. It is much to be hoped that the Toronto Board will never again allow themselves to be placed in the humiliating position of turning their grounds into a licensed groggery.

MONK VOTING.—The Canada Gazette of last Saturday contains the official proclamations fixing the voting for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act for the counties of Prince Edward and Bruce on Thursday October 30th. A vote on the proposal to repeal the Act will be taken the same day in York county, New Brunswick. More notices of a similar character may be expected each week for a while to come.

A GOOD PROSPECT.—The prospects appear very favorable for the adoption of the Scott Act in Renfrew county. The total number of electors in the county is said to be 5,680 and consequently 1,420 signatures were required to give the necessary twenty-five per cent. of the electors. The petition was deposited in the office of the secretary of State at Ottawa on Saturday last and is reported to have contained the signatures of no less than 2,068 electors, fully one half more than the law requires. As but a short time was spent in canvassing with these petitions and at a very busy season of the year, the success is the more remarkable.

GOOD TEMPLARS. NEWS FROM LODGES.

RAMA, SIMCOE CO. Of Kiasisabeta (Indian) Lodge, Bro Gilbert Williams, L.D., writes:—A very successful Good Templar social was held in our hall, on the Rama Indian Reserve on Saturday, 16th inst. Bro Joseph Yellowhead occupied the chair and addressed the meeting. The programme consisted of speeches, singing, readings and recitations. The young men present were strongly urged to sign the pledge as the only safe guard against the dangers of the social drinking custom of the day. Before the services closed four came forward and gave their names as candidates for admission to membership in the Lodge. I am happy to say that our Lodge is prospering well. I hope and pray that the Scott Act may soon be adopted in this country.

BROOKLIN, ONTARIO CO.—Brooklin Lodge has been at work for three years. It now numbers 50 members. There were 13 initiations last quarter. A Tankey, W.C.T., Mrs Hault, W.V., D.H. Crozier, W.S., F.H. Wilson, W.C.

NAPANEE.—On Thursday evening of last week Miss Mina Grucy was presented with a beautifully engraved and well-designed Good Templar silver badge and emblem, she having been successful in proposing a larger number of candidates than any other member during the last quarter. The emblem was designed and presented by Bro. T. Lawless, G.W.C., who accompanied the present with a very appropriate address. The badge was the handiwork of Bro. G. H. Brass, of Hamilton, G. L. Auditor. It was certainly a very neat and appropriate present.

INGERSOLL.—Brace Lodge was initiated in September last by the Grand Secretary. It now reports 72 members, with an increase every quarter since it began work. James Waterhouse, W.C.T., Ross Colr, W.V., A. G. McKiserech, W.S., J. Baker, W.C., E. Lawrence, W.C.

ESSEX CENTRE, ONT.—Hope of Midstone Lodge, though it has made a pretty extensive pruning out of delinquent members during the past quarter, still reports about a hundred contributing members. It has averaged as many as that for some time past. There were 19 initiations during the past quarter. O. Walters, W.C.T., Miss M. Hall, W.V., E. L. Wallace, W.S., J. McQueen, F.S., Matthew Hall, W.C.

PRESTON, WATERLOO CO.—Preston Star Lodge has been seven years at work. There were six initiations last quarter and

Bro. A. O. Doerner, W. S., writes: "Our membership is increasing. We have initiated a number since the new quarter began." Thomas Yates, W. C. T., Miss A. Hagay, W. V., H. Shultz, F. S., T. A. Bellamy, W. O.

CLINTON, HURON CO.—Of Clinton Lodge, Bro. Jacob Taylor, L. D., writes:—"Our Lodge is doing very well for the time of year, although there is a small decrease in numbers. We are in hopes of soon showing our colors in regard to the Scott Act. The members of the Lodge are doing what we can. We have lost by death one of our best members, Sister H. Call, our W. V. last quarter. The members turned out in procession at the funeral and attended the funeral sermon in a body. There was a good attendance." A. Hale, W. C. T., Miss A. M. Todd, W. V., D. Moore, W. S., Jas. Rye, F. S., J. Bailey, W. C.

TORONTO.—Bro. W. H. Wilkinson has just been appointed City Deputy by the G. W. C. Templar. Bro. Wilkinson has been for over twenty years a faithful and consistent worker in our order. He holds the responsible position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Public School Board of Toronto.

OTTAWA.—Cameron Lodge has been at work for near 13 years, having been instituted by Bro. E. Storr, in 1871. It now reports a larger membership than for some years before. There were 10 initiations last quarter. Bro. Marrors, W. C. T., Miss M. Truman, W. V., B. Brown, W. S., B. M. Marron, F. S., Bro. Hume, W. C.

NAPANEE.—Napanee Lodge had a railway excursion to Var y Lako, a beautiful sheet of water about 15 miles distant, on Thursday of last week, by the Napanee and Tamworth railway. There was a large attendance during the day, several hundreds being present. The afternoon was pleasantly spent, several prizes being given for boat races, foot races, and other athletic sports. In the evening an outdoor promenade concert was to be given, and the Yarker brass band was in attendance. A heavy shower of rain interfered with the arrangements, however.

Receipts from Lodges

The following sums have been received from the various Lodges by the G. W. Secretary from September 1st to 30th inclusive.

FOR TAX.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes Mount Pleasant, Wat r Lily, Fortesa, Crusade, Iron Duke, Salamander, May Lower, Petherton Star, Cape Creeker, Stratford, Hope of Brampton, Maple Leaf, Huron Hope, Pine River Reform, Life Boat, Ojibway, Loyal Canadian, Carlton Union, Hiawatha, Brooklin, Mount Olivet, Alliston, St. Johns, Selwyn, Maple Leaf, Peole, Cookstown, Gifford, Clinton, Florence, Marshville, Reason, Ever Ready, Elmvale, Preston Star, Hope of Maidstone, Morrisburgh, Mount Zion, Burlington, Royal Oak.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes Cameron, Ottawa, Plamerton, Bath, Evergreen, Dcuglas, Victoria, Mucacy, Rising Star, Newtown Robinson, Triumph, Washago.

FOR SUPPLIES.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes Excelsior, Hamilton, Life Boat, Gorrie, Reliance, Hamilton, L-mo Star, Barrio, Elmvale, Elmvalo, Forest Home, Woidman, Clinton, Clinton, Beaver, Cobourg, Huron, Senforth, Morrisburgh, Morrisburgh, Marshville, Marshville, Hampden, Hampden, Preston Star, Preston, Mountain Village, Ancaster, Kasisabeta, Longford Mills, Meredieu, Amberly, A McNeil, Ruth-rford, Triumph, Washago.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

VOTES TO BE TAKEN.—The government have named Friday, November 4th, for voting for the adoption of the Scott Act in Huron County.

The other counties where the voting days are now fixed are as follows:

- Simcoe County, Ont, Thursday, Oct. 9th inst.
Stanstead, Quebec, Thursday, 9th inst.
Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, Thursday, Oct. 16th.
City of Charlottown, P. S. Island, vote for repeal, 16th inst.
Peel County, Ont., Thursday, Oct 23rd.
Bruce, Ont., Thursday Oct. 30th.
Prince Edward County, 30th inst.
York County, New Brunswick, for repeal, 30th inst.

LEEDS AND GRENVILLE.—The petition for the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville have just been filed at the Sheriff's office in Brockville. At the Assizes held in Brockville, last week, the grand jury passed the following resolution unanimously:—"That in the opinion of this Grand Jury the liquor traffic is a great evil, and that in order to repress this evil, we trust that the Temperance Act of 1873 may be adopted in the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville." The County Judge is known to be an ardent temperance worker and so also is the police Magistrate of Brockville.

MORE TO COME.—The work of canvassing for the petitions in Norfolk County has now been completed, and they were filed in the Sheriff's office at Simcoe last week. They will be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of State in a few days.

The petitions for the united counties of Northumberland and Durham have just been deposited in the Sheriff's office at Cobourg. They were signed by 4,700 electors, or fully more than 500 over the number required by law.

Notices are now being published in the Napanee papers that the petitions for the united counties of Lennox and Addington will be deposited in the Sheriff's office in a few days. The petitions are not yet all filled up, but the friends of the movement entertain little doubt about the ultimate success of the effort.

THE POPULAR VERDICT.—Forty-two votes have taken place in various counties and cities of the Dominion in regard to the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act. The total aggregate vote was 72,528. Of this number less than 46,708 voted in favor of the adoption of the Act, and 26,120 against it, giving a majority of nearly two to one of the entire ballot cast. In thirty-six of the votes the result was favorable to the adoption of the Act, by an aggregate majority of 23,832. In only six was the result unfavorable, and the aggregate majority against was but 3,214. Seldom have the electors of Canada spoken out so unanimously on any great question.

Our Young Folks.

IN SEARCH OF THE TIDE.

BY HAMILTON W. MADIE.

I.

Mr. Perkins laid down the newspaper and stirred his tea.

"There was a great tide last night," he said; "the highest water known here for ten years. I suppose the full moon and strong east wind we have had for the last week account for it."

"How high was it, father?" asked Charlie, as he buttered the fifth piece of toast. Charlie was fourteen, and the other Perkins children looked up to him as the head of the family.

"Sixteen feet," answered Mr. Perkins. Harry, who was not quite seven, and who was always trying to find out things for himself, looked thoughtfully out of the window. The cottage stood a stone's throw from the water, and Harry could look through the open channel between the islands out to the wide sea that was tossing restlessly in the distance.

"Father," he asked, "where does the tide come from?"

Mr. Perkins sipped his tea before he replied, "Oh, from a long way out at sea."

"But where does it start from?" persisted Harry.

"I don't think it starts from any particular place," said Mr. Perkins. "I should say the surface waters run in from all over the sea."

"But it must start somewhere," said Harry.

Mr. Perkins had not studied up the subject of tides, and feeling that his answers had been rather vague, did not try to say anything more.

When supper was over, the family went out on the piazza which stretched across the front of the house. Mr. Perkins lighted a cigar, Mrs. Perkins brought out some pretty worsted thing she was knitting, Charlie walked down to the beach and began skipping stones across the water, and Harry sat down on a large rock and watched the tide running up and down the beach. The sun had gone down, and left a few rosy clouds trailing after him, two mountains were growing dim in the distance, and among the islands of the bay the water lay quiet and dark. It ran up the beach as if it meant to travel far inland, and then something stopped it and drew it back with a long wash that sounded as if all the wet stones on which it ran were slipping back with it.

Harry had often watched this advance and retreat of the tide, but it had never seemed so curious to him as now. "What sends it up the beach? and why does it go back instead of going on?" were questions he was trying to answer. The long, low wash of water along the whole line of shore as far as Harry could see grew more and more mysterious to him as it became darker, and the sights began to change into sounds. The great sea out beyond the island seemed to be sending its waves in, and then suddenly stopping them, and the murmur of the waters seemed to be the many voices of the sea calling its waves back again.

At last Mr. Perkins took out his watch and looked at it by the light at the end of his cigar.

"Why!" he exclaimed; "it's later than I thought; it's after nine."

Mrs. Perkins called to Harry, who very unwillingly left the shore and went up to his room. When he had undressed and blown out the candle, he opened the blinds and looked out. The moon had just risen, and was shedding a silvery light over the sea where the sky met it, and the trees on the islands stood out dark and motionless. Up to the window, in the stillness of the night, came the murmur and splash of the rippling tide, almost at its flood. "Where does it start from?" said Harry to himself as he fell asleep.

It might have been two hours—it was

probably more—when Harry suddenly awoke. The moon was shining into the room, and the cool splash of the sea on the beach came in at the window. "Where does it come from?" said Harry to himself again, and then, quick as a flash, the thought came to him to go and see. Why not? The sea was only a little way off, the night was almost as light as day, and at the little dock below the cottage Charlie's boat *Sallie* was tied. He slipped out of bed, and ran to the window; the tide was falling, and this would be the very best time to go out and find where it came from.

In five minutes Harry was dressed; and taking his shoes in his hands, he crept softly down-stairs, opened the door into the piazza, and shut it again so quietly that nobody heard a sound. Once on the ground, he sat down and put on his shoes, then ran swiftly down to the little dock where the *Sallie* was dancing on the water, slipped the rope off the iron rod, and jumped into the boat. Harry had spent no end of time in the boat, and knew more about sailing than many older boys. The tide was falling fast, and the water along the shore was rough. The *Sallie* danced up and down, and before Harry could get an oar he was thrown over a scat into the bottom of the boat, which drifted rapidly out into the bay. It was a still night, and a light mist had spread over the sky, making the stars dim and faint. The islands looked strange and vague to Harry, and the sea was white and weird. Things did not look at all as they did by daylight; everything was queer and ghostly. Not a sound came from the cottages scattered along the shore as the boat drifted away from them; not a light was burning in a window anywhere; the whole world had gone to sleep except the sea, and a strange dream had come over that.

When the tide falls as far as it did in this bay it makes a good deal of commotion, and there are swift currents between the islands. In one of them the *Sallie* was caught, and swiftly carried seaward. Soon cottages and islands lay behind, growing dimmer and dimmer every minute, and the sea was close at hand. The water along the beach was white and foaming, and around the rocky head at the entrance of the bay the sea rushed and roared mightily. It ran in as if it meant to tear the rocks from their foundations, and swept foaming back, leaving the lower rocks uncovered and dripping with countless little water-falls.

Harry was not at all frightened; he loved the water, and had not so much as thought that he might have trouble in getting home again. The tide was running swiftly out, and if he followed it he would surely find where it came from. On and on, out into the strange, lonely sea, the little boat drifted; once in a while the moon would look out for a moment between the clouds, but most of the time she was hidden by them. Sometimes the foam on the crests of the little waves would flash in sudden points or lines of fire; sometimes a quick gleam would show itself at a distance, and Harry would wonder if it were not the fin of some great fish cutting the surface of the sea.

He had left the little silver watch which his father had given him on his last birthday hanging on the head of his bed, and so he could not tell what time it was; but he noticed after a while that the stars began to grow pale, and the great wide heavens a little less dark. A fresh breeze had sprung up, and went singing over the sea; fortunately it was a light wind, and did no harm beyond making Harry a little chilly. The boat drifted wherever the waters carried it, and they carried it straight out to sea. When the sun rose, and the morning mists had curled up and rolled themselves out of sight, Harry saw far behind him the island from which the boat sailed, its mountains standing on green and solemn against the sky; far ahead were the barren rocks from which at night a light-house sent its solitary beam over the sea.

Breakfast-time came, but no breakfast,

and no sign of a breakfast. The sun marched steadily up the steep circle of the sky, and found it such a hard climb that he not only got very warm himself, but put everybody else into a profuse perspiration. On Harry he fairly poured his heat, until the poor little fellow's head buzzed and ached, and he began to wish himself safe at home, tide or no tide.

Dinner-time came but no dinner; and finally, after a long hot afternoon, tea-time, but no tea. The boat had floated further and further, but Harry had not yet found where the tide started from; the further he went, the wider the sea spread out, and there was no sign of a beginning or an end anywhere. Harry began to think he had passed the place where the tide started; certainly, if it got out as far as this, it would lose itself and never get anywhere. The sun, tired with his long day's work, went down hot and red; by-and-by, one by one, the stars began to steal out from the places where they had hidden away from him. Harry, tired, hungry, and a little frightened, had fallen asleep in the bottom of the boat, and was dreaming of sitting down to a very nice dinner, when the moon came up and found him lying there, far out to sea, when he ought to have been in his bed at home.

II.

Captain Peleg Waters was coming home with a goodly load of fresh mackerel; wind and tide being favorable, he expected to make Rockland some time the next afternoon. Captain Peleg was rather a rough-looking old fellow, but he had the kindest heart in the world. At the time when he sailed into this story he was taking his turn at the tiller, and was enjoying about equally the beautiful still moon-lit night and the short pipe from which he blew occasional puffs of tobacco-smoke.

"This is the purtiest night we've had this trip," he said to himself, as he looked up at the full moon sailing serenely through the clouds, and at the silvery sea whispering to itself as if in a dream. Just then something ahead caught the Captain's eye.

"Wa'al, I declare," he said, aloud, "if there ain't a small boat! What's she doin' twenty mile out to sea?"

In ten minutes Captain Peleg had brought the schooner alongside the little boat, and was looking down at the small boy still fast asleep.

"Wa'al, I vow," said the Captain, "if that ain't the littlest crew and the sleepest I ever see afloat."

Captain Peleg whistled to himself, as he always did when puzzled; then he leaned over, and called out, softly, "Ahoy, there!"

Harry opened his eyes wide, and jumped up in a second. He was a bright honest boy, and the Captain knew it the minute he laid eyes on him.

"Where you from?" he asked, as gently as he could, for a voice that gets used to bawling in the teeth of all sorts of winds isn't very soft.

"Bar Harbor," answered Harry, promptly.

Captain Peleg's eyes twinkled. This was the queerest craft he had ever fallen in with on the sea.

"Where you bound?" he continued.

"I want to find where the tide comes from, sir," was the quick reply.

Captain Peleg whistled long and loud.

"What you get in your locked?" he said, looking quizzically at the boy.

"Nothing," said Harry, rather dolefully, for he knew this was the weak point of the voyage.

"How long you been out?"

Harry hesitated a moment, for he was rather confused by the absence of dinner, tea, and clocks; finally he said he thought he had been out a day and a night.

"Anything to eat?" asked Captain Peleg.

"Nothing," answered Harry, mournfully, for he was becoming very weak, and there was a strange feeling in his stomach.

The Captain whistled again. "Hi, there, Jim!" he called out, in a very loud voice. In a minute Jim came stumbling up from the little cabin, looking very frouzy and sleepy.

"Just you take this tiller," said Captain Peleg. Jim took the tiller. "Now," said the Captain to Harry, "throw me that rope."

Harry threw the rope, and the Captain made the little boat fast to the big one. Then he held out his rough hand, and with one vigorous pull the boy was on the schooner and the little boat was floating behind. Meanwhile the Captain had disappeared. When he came back he handed Harry some big slices of bread well buttered.

"Just stow that away in the hold," he said.

Harry needed no second invitation, and the bread speedily disappeared.

"Now," said Captain Peleg, as the last piece of bread went out of sight, "you turn in, and in the mornin' we'll take our bearin's."

Harry was thereupon slipped into the Captain's bunk, and within a few minutes he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was after ten the next morning. He found Captain Peleg on deck, with his short pipe in his mouth. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and the schooner was dashing along, sending little showers of spray right and left from her prow.

"Mornin'," said Captain Peleg, when he spied Harry. "Hope you slept well?"

Harry thought he had never slept better.

"Well," said the Captain, "I've followed the sea goin' on forty-five year, and my advice is, give up this 'ere voyage of yours and put for home." Captain Peleg's eyes twinkled, but his face was perfectly sober. "I'll take yer into Rockland, and there yer kin telegraph to yer folks."

Harry thought this was the wisest plan, and was quite willing to give up the matter of the tides if he could only get home. About three o'clock in the afternoon the schooner came up to the dock, and Captain Peleg went straight to the telegraph office, and sent this dispatch:

ROCKLAND, August 3, 1884.

George Perkins, Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine:

Boy Harry and small boat *Sallie* picked up at sea. Send directions.

PELEG WATERS.

The little sheet of paper which bore this good news filled the Perkins family with joy. They had found the little boat gone, had guessed what had happened, and had telegraphed in every direction without getting any news of the lost boy. Mr. Perkins ran down to the office and sent this message in reply.

BAR HARBOR, August 3, 1884.

Peleg Waters, Rockland, Maine.

Heart-felt thanks. Send boy and boat by steamer to-morrow.

GEORGE PERKINS.

The next day about one o'clock the steamer came along the dock at Bar Harbor, and Harry ran off the gang plank among the first, and was kissed and hugged and cried over to his heart's content. Charlie got into the *Sallie* and rowed home, but Harry had had enough of boats for the present, and preferred to walk. About a week later Captain Waters was surprised by the arrival of a small and very nicely tied package. He opened it cautiously, and discovered a very substantial watch, with the "grateful regards of George Perkins and family."

Harry has not yet found out where the tides start from.—*Hayes' Young People.*

Waiter: "What will you have, Miss? Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare): "Permit me to copitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic— Waiter (shouts across the hall to head server): "Baked beans for one."

The Poet's Page.

—Written for Truth.

A Lesson from a Flower.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I had a fine geranium
Beside my garden wall:
One mass of green and crimson
When summer changed to fall;
Its branches crowned with blossoms bright
Grew stately, strong, and high,
And nodded in a friendly way
To every passer-by.
And some would smile upon the flower,
And some its praises sing,
While others, only passing, said,
"Oh, what a gaudy thing!"
And many passed with hurried step
Before the garden wall,
Who never saw or seemed to see
A flower there at all.
Yet still it grew, its branches crowned
With blossoms bright and fair;
For what folks said or what they thought
It did not seem to care.
No frown, or sneer, or word of scorn
Could make it bow its head,
Nor yet a deeper crimson blush
When flattering things were said.
It beautified a spot on earth
Along the road way side,
And when the frosts of winter came
It in its glory died.

From it I learned this lesson, which
I now impart to you;
To do whatever work the Lord
Intended us to do;
And not to prize for greater gifts
Some great or better man
May have, but with our "talent" do
The very best we can.
So stand for right because 'tis right!
For truth, because 'tis true!
Although we make the many frown
And only please the few,
But try to win the praise of all,
And we will find, instead
Of winning all we've lost the few;
We've made too thin a spread.
Oshawa, Ont.

Father Mathew.

[The writer of this poem is a blind lady, resident in the Cork Blind Asylum. She takes great interest in the temperance movement and in the operations of the Irish Temperance League.]

Once in our city by the Lee,
The golden bond of charity
To ether bound thine hearts as lead
As ever beat for Ireland's weal;
Each with the same grand mission blest
Though near the others creed professed,
Sides of opinion, creed, and class,
Were all dissolved to save the mass.

The Christian man, whose genial ways
O'erlaid the memory of his days,
Whose heart overflowed with sympathy
For all God's human family,
I met thee on the cause, with one whose life
As precept preached 'gainst brawl and
I marked the ardent priest, and knew
Thy cause had gained a champion true.

Thy saw behind the modest veil
Festoons of energy and zeal,
That could a golden harvest gain—
Nor had their inspiration been
To hope, they woke the fire
That led into a great desire
To wither the thicket and take firm stand
Against the evil of our land.

The light in darkness, Mathew came
To break the chains of guilt and shame,
That transmuted with a dark disgrace
The children of the Irish race:
Twas his high destiny to win
Tensands of souls from vice and sin
The sunniest heart might quail to see
Our bondage worse than slavery!

The friar in humble habit clad
Passed o'er the land and left it glad,
Hope crowned, invigorated, free
From base, degrading misery,
His blessing fruitful to the earth,
His pledge brought peace to every hearth.

* Richard Dowden (Richard.)
& William Martin, the Quaker.

The sunny radiance of his smile
From East to West lit up our Isle.

Men followed him with love and awe,
They recognized his word as law,
'Twas not his eloquence sublime
That sent his voice from clime to clime.
But that deep earnest power that dwells
Where truth and charity excels—
And Father Mathew's pledge and name
As sacred spell-words soon became.

Priest, friend, and great philanthropist,
Few could his grace and charm resist,
The children gathered round his way
As if they knew how proud one day
Would be their privilege, to tell
That on their ears his accents fell,
That they had seen his kindly face,
The saviour of their age and race.

Bright in our country's annals shine
The preachers of the word divine,
Nor can the proudest nation boast
The record of a truer host:
Of minstrels, poets, scholars, we
Can count a glorious galaxy,
But Ireland twines round Mathew's name
The fairest chaplet of her fame.

Deep in her virgin heart enshrined
He lives, the friend of all mankind,
The tender, loving, Christian man,
Who raised the flag and led the van
Of noble souls, who armed with right
Went forth to battle with the might
Of demon Drak, and check the curse
Sweeping the land with cataract force.

In our fair city by the Lee
They sleep the venerated three;
But they were with us in our need,
They sowed the good enduring seed;
To every worker in the field
May God a precious harvest yield.
And fairest fruitage of success
Their noble efforts crown and bless.

HELENA CALLANAN.

—Written for Truth.

To the Best of Mothers.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. J. OBERNIER

BY J. G.

I had a dream but yester' night,
How sweet that dream to me;
It brought me back to years ago,
A babe on mother's knee.
Her loving kisses I could feel,
Her breath warm on my cheek,
But I vainly listened for the words
She never more shall speak.
Alas, this world I'd freely give,
To see her dear face once again,
And hear her sweet melodious voice
With blessings call my name.
But we shall hear her speak no more,
For she from earth, for o'er has gone
She dwells among the angels now,
Near God's own bright celestial throne.

We must not weep for thee, mother,
Though our grief is hard to bear,
Our loss is gain to thee, mother,
And thou art better there.
But still we need thy watchful eye,
About us as of yore,
To guide us upward to the sky,
Where parting is no more.
I fain would wish my journey o'er,
And be at rest with thee!
For naught can scotch my breaking heart,
Or take thy place with me.
But here I still must journey on,
Until my earthly race is run.
Oh! God, have pity on thy child,
Thy will always, not mine, be done!

The Village Blacksmith.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith—a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan,
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns what e'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;

You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow—
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach—
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought—
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

My Harvest "Eve."

BY LITA.

O for the glory of harvest time!
I sing it in song and sing it in rhyme.
With blush of the beautiful summer's prime
On its dewy dawns,
And its hazy morns,
And gathered grainage of golden corns.

O for the glory of harvest time!
I weave it in song and sing it in rhyme,
While happy hours their passage chime;
And every breath
So softly eath
"There's life new born with the summer's
death."

O for the glory of golden noon,
And purpled heather, and ripened bloom,
And full orb'd splendor of harvest moon—
The dangerous moon,
That fades so soon
From starry splendor to starless gloom!

Oh for the peerless face that shines
Out from the lattice beyond the limes!
Harvest queen of my harvest time,
How shall I praise her in song or rhyme,
With her tangled tresses
And eyes divine?

I'll set her amidst the ripened sheaves,
Or golden glory of burnished leaves:
Flowers and fruits in the autumn eves,
Fairest "Eve" of them all is she—
My harvest queen
From o'er the sea!

O for the lady of brow serene!
How shall I praise her, the marior queen,
With the ebony gloss on her ringlets shewn?
Never a tangled tress is seen,
Nor saucy eyes to dance and gleam,
Like eyes that dazzle my rhymes, I
wean.

O for a heart to shrive them both!
Either to lose or leave I'm loth,
For love has grown with the harvest growth.
O gathered grass,
Know you this pain?
Can severed ties be bleat again?

The grain is gathered, shadows fall
O'er land and sea like sombre pall;
My heart and I are still in thrall;
Your eyes will shine
Starlike to mine,
My Eve, for every harvest time?

The Heart of the City.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

Can you not feel the pulse of traffic beat,
Here where shroud Commerce rears the
gilded dome
Of her vast temple, and men's footsteps roam

Amid the bustling but inconstant street?
Here honest barter and keen avarice meet
And speculative passion seeks a home,
Frail as the glittering and unstable foam,
Borne from wan billows when the winds are
fleet!

In scenes like these men find no sweet re-
pose,
Through sordid nights and long tumultuous
days,
With strained nerves battling for the love
of gain:
For them no gracious flower of slumber
grows,
With restful rapture past the meed of
praise,
In Thought's grim citadel—a burdened
brain.

The Century.

Autumn—A Dirge.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The warm sun is falling; the bleak wind is
wailing;
The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flow-
ers are dying;
And the Year
On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of
leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array
Follow the bier
Of the dead, cold Year,
As 'like dim shadows watch by her sepul-
chre.

The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is
crawling;
The rivers are swelling; the thunders are
knelling

For the Year;
The blitheswallows are flown and the lizards
each gone

To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away,
Pat on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead, cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on
tear.

ALBUM VERSES.

Comprising Choice Poetical Selection
for Autograph Albums, Christmas
and other Cards, and
Valentines.

Peace be around thee, wherover thou rovest
May life be for thee one summer's day;
And all that thou wish, and all that thou
lovest,

Come smiling around thy summer way.
If sorrow o'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers, they will only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

How long we live, not years, but actions
tell;

That man lives twice who lives the first life
well.

Make then, while yet ye may, your God
your friend,
Whom Christians worship, yet not compro-
hend.

The trust that's given, guard; and to your-
self be just;
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

When the golden sun is setting,
And your heart from care is free,
When o'er a thousand things you're think-
ing,

Will you sometimes think of me?

Though many flowers have faded from my
life,
And clouds obscure the brightness of its
sky;

This have I learned: we can do much to
make
Our lives a blessing and our words a
power,

If what we find to do, for Christ's dear sake,
We do with faithfulness, from hour to
hour.

It may occur after life
That you, I trust, a happy wife,
Will form some happy hours retraced,
Recall each well-remembered face.
At such a moment I but ask—
I hope 'twill be a pleasant task—
That you'll remember as a friend
One who'll prove true e'en to the end,

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The personality of the writer questioned—A "d—d good natured friend!"—A contrast—Worth v. Rank, &c &c.

A dear good friend, whom I have never seen in the flesh, writes that he likes Jacob's sermons when the "old man is in earnest." The fact is, I am always in that mood of mind, even to a condition of red-hot-ness. I could not be otherwise. Indeed I am so in earnest that some people think me foolish even to innocency. It is difficult to make me see a joke, and some of the most palpable hits have to be explained till I positively become ashamed at my own obtuseness. Some young rascals have even attempted to make fun of old Jacob, but when things have gone that length I have always promptly put on the brakes and brought the youngsters to time, that is when I saw their little game, though it is to be feared that too often I did not catch on.

Another thing is very curious. There is the utmost diversity of opinion about my state and condition in life. Some are persuaded that I am a young and good-looking bachelor. The number of invitations I have got to

A WEEK OR TEN DAYS DUCK SHOOTING is a caution, and I am booked for nobody knows how many calls so soon as over I shall lay aside my pseudonym and go forth in the light of day.

Others are equally convinced that I am an old codger with locks thin and gray, but cheery withal and though single neither cross nor cynical.

Others again are quite sure that JACOB is the honored father of a family, one who has a stake in the country and all the et ceteras. Why all this speculation should be about one who dwells quietly among his own people and writes honestly under his own name is not very evident. So it is, however, and there the mystery must remain as it is.

I was very much amused and something more lately by what occurred to a good neighbor and friend of my own. The good man was

IN HIGH ESTEEM WITH HIMSELF, and fancied he was the same with all his environments. His soul was at peace and he was saying to himself, to-morrow shall be as to day and much more abundant. What he did he fancied he was doing well. What he said he believed had a flavor of wisdom, and what he had he believed was his by a sure title. Well now all at once, one of those good, candid friends that are ever so plentiful, set about the pleasant task of undeceiving him, and I declare it was sad to notice the effect the revelation had upon that cheery soul. He was told that the general impression was that he was a cull, greatly over-rated man, that his position was not worth six months purchase and so forth. He said he did not mind. He was obliged to the candid friend aforesaid, but it was of no consequence, &c. But the thing told.

THE SHIRT WENT HOME.

He looked wilted like. There was a good deal of truth in what was said out there was one cheerful face the loss in this nother world all the same.

It just occurred to JACOB, comparing small things with large, that perhaps the Governor-General felt something in the same way on his late visit to Toronto. Surely never was a man overshadowed by another than he was by "little Mowat" on that occasion. I was sorry that he should have come at such a time, but if I had been Lord Lansdowne, I would have been very angry and frotted to a very high degree all the same. His Excellency did not come incog. He was here as the country's Governor, and yet NOBODY DID HIM HONOR.

He passed as any common visitor. It was in short, too bad, but not to be helped. Toronto will make up for it next time when there is no award triumph in hand.

That Exhibition and that Mowat triumph are old things now, yet they will not soon be forgotten by any who saw or took part in them. Very strong and dreadfully exaggerated language would need to be used before anything could be said for which the occasion did not afford justification. J. J. Withrow is a clever, level-headed man, and to him most of the credit for the success of the Exhibition is due. Who can have the same thing said of him as far as the Demonstration is concerned, I shall not say. Some say it was Preston the Secretary that did it all. Some will have it that William Johnston was the man and others have other favorites who would be more surprised than any others if their surpassing merits on the occasion were deliberately made known to them. Well, whoever it was the thing was well done and there's an end of it.

What to JACOB was the most gratifying thing about all these crowds was that there were

SO FEW DRUNKEN MEN

among them or even men slightly touched with liquor, and so far as could be observed not one drunken woman. That was something to be proud of. Even round about Hills hotel in the Exhibition grounds there was little or no drunkenness and the police had an easy job in keeping order. The crowd was the greatest show and the sobriety of the crowd was the most noticeable thing about it. Are we to believe that Canadians are getting above becoming intoxicated? It would seem so. There were of course some rough, rude men, and some not very civilized girls, but as a whole the crowds in behavior and all else were such as Canada might well be proud of. There was in fact a great deal of force in what a gentleman said in JACOB'S hearing: "Don't talk to me of dull times, sir, the times are not dull. Just look at these crowds. Look at their dress. Look at their manners. Look at the way they spend their money and tell me if there is among them any sign of the times being dull." It was a fact. They were all comfortable, well-mannered, well-to-do-looking people. They might not be rich, but they were healthy, happy and comfortable almost as much so as JACOB himself.

We understand that the mosquitoes pronounce the openwork sleeve so much affected by the ladies as perfectly enchanting.

A thing of beauty may be a joy forever. But no man thinks so when he sees his wife fish the picture of a beautiful actress out of his inside pocket.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill. NO. XXXIII.

We are sorry that the Enigmas are becoming too easy, though curiously enough in the case of all who enter their protests against poor No. XXX. not one is altogether accurate. Our friends will see and we think acknowledge this before they have read much further.

We shall give the correct answers first:

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. John x. 11.

1. Tokoah 2 Sam. xiv. 2-1.
2. Hiel, 1 Kings xvi. 31.
3. Blimelech, Ruth i. 1-2.
4. Gamaliel, Acts v. 31-32.
5. On, Gen. xii. 15.
6. Ostrich, Job xxxix. 18.
7. Dura, Dan. iii. 1-18.
8. Sidonians, 1 Kings v. 5-10.
9. Huzarzer, 1 Chron. xviii. 3 s.
10. Evil Microdach, 2 Kings xxv. 27-31.
11. Plute, Matt. xxvii. 24.
12. Hachilah, 1 Sam. xxvi. 1.
13. Eymas, Acts viii. 11.
14. Houbou, Gen. xlix. 31.
15. Demetrius, Acts. xix. 21-37.

The only answers corresponding with the above which we have received are from R. Griffith, 2 Oxford street, London; Wm. Jamieson, Moorefield; E. Hayward, Guelph; E. Macnachten, Coburg; James Muir, Port Elgin; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Wm. Wicks, St. Thomas; W. A. Wingfield, Oshawa; and John A. Davidson, Burlington. Let us now see where a good many have gone wrong. One good friend from whom we are always glad to hear, gives answer to question 4, with *Gallio*. Now evidently this could not be correct. *Gallio* was not a Pharisee, nor a doctor of the law, nor "in a righteous cause" did he use "a worldly plea."

Then No. 8 reads:

"A monarch great employed this people, skilled, A house of worship for the Lord to build."

Now evidently what was wanted was not the name of the "great monarch" but of the "skilled people" and yet a larger number give "Solomon" instead of "Sidonians."

Another good friend, gives for No. 1. Tyre, but he will see that the case of the Syrophenician woman does not meet the conditions of the question. Nor does Othniel answer for what is required in No. 5.

The Bible Clocks have been constructed with care and success by the following. S. Achison, Stamford; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Jennie H. Donnelly, Peterboro; Agnes Tracey, Petrolia; E. Macnachten, Cobourg (very neat) and John A. Dawson, Burlington.

As a variety for No. XXXIII. we give the following:

Where are to be found in the Bible the following things:

1. The record of a sale of landed property expressed in duo legal form.
2. A more detailed account of a similar transaction long afterwards attended with additional formalities.
3. An inventory of the wardrobe of a fashionable lady.
4. A symbolic representation of the siege of a city.
5. A reference to the method of treating a broken arm.
6. Two instances of the celebration of a royal birthday by festival (one in the Old Testament, the other in the New.)

In addition take the following:

1. Guilty of theft he seemed, his kin undone.
2. Mother of one whom Paul loved as a son.
3. Feast of deliverance, established by a queen.

4. David's hot wrath and crime she came between.
5. This word one weighed and wanted, did proclaim.
6. Esau's domain, its Grecian form of name.
7. "The river" Solomon's far eastern bound.
8. Might: In hunt, he empire too could found.
9. City long famed by Solomon appeared.
10. In desert, Hebrew name of saint revered her garments for the poor, her virtues show.
11. God's work can no assailant -- I "Initials" downward, "Finals" upward read. A virtue is enforced which all much need.

Filters.

A good filter has come to be an necessity—at least in our cities and large towns, and wherever the drinking water is drawn from rivers, lakes, ponds, etc. Into these every sort of impurity may find free entrance from sewers, the drainage of farms, dead fish and other animals, and masses of decaying vegetables. Boiling the water may kill the microscopic parasites (bacteria) that cause infectious diseases, but it does not free it from its visible, disgusting matter.

A good filter accomplishes two things: it strains out the grosser impurities, and it also destroys—so many eminent chemists now believe—much of the finer impurity by oxidizing it,—really burning it up.

The fact that filters actually destroy impurity, is among the late discoveries of science. It was found, when the Thames received all the sewerage of London and the other towns on its banks, that the filter-beds contained but little impurity compared with the great quantity of filth they must have intercepted.

The chemists were at first puzzled, but they were at length satisfied that the great bulk of it was burnt by the oxygen of the air, it being known that a film of air clings tenaciously to all surfaces, and hence to every particle of sand of which the filter consisted. Hence a filter is a strainer and a great deal more.

The power of the filtering material, charcoal or pure white sand,—neither sponge nor any other substance capable of decay should be used,—is lost within from three to six months, and hence it should be removed as often.

But much of the impurity is retained at the top of the strainer, and hence, unless it is frequently removed, it works down into the filtering substance and all the water must work its way through a mass of filth.

A filter whose straining-pot can be turned bottom upwards, without taking it from the faucet, is the only safe one. Of course, when turned, the impurities are at the bottom, and are washed off by the flowing water.

A Tough Goose—or Story.

In 1850 Mrs. Freer of Kington, Peterborough, was the owner of a goose by bequest of her husband. The bird at that time was but a means young. It continued in Mrs. Freer's possession until her death in 1870, after which it became the property of her son, James Freer, who is its present owner. The goose has already nested three times this season, laying five, four, and three eggs respectively. Although she still looks like a gosling, she must be upward of 40 years old.

An old farmer who wrote to an editor, asking how to get rid of moles, and received the reply, "Plow them out," answered back, "Can't do it; it's on my gal's nose."

They had been quarreling about his next summer's clothes. She wanted him to have his light suit cleaned up for 1885, and he wanted a heavier suit. "What's the use of fighting about this?" he said finally. "I may be in the cemetery next summer." "I think," she replied, "you will need your summer clothes wherever you may be."

I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

From BOHEMIAN GIRL.

By M. W. BALFE.

Andantino.

Piano

Dolce Assai.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The music is marked 'Andantino' and 'Dolce Assai'. It features a series of chords and melodic lines with slurs and accents.

A second system of piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns, ending with a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking.

The first line of the vocal melody, written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a rest for two measures, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my
 2. I dreamt that sui - tors sought my hand; That knights up - on ben - ded

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the vocal melody, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

The second line of the vocal melody, continuing from the first line. It features a similar melodic structure with slurs and accents.

side,..... And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those walls That I was the
 knew,..... And with vows no mai - den heart could with - stand, They pledg'd their

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the vocal melody, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music continues with the same harmonic style as the previous system.

hope and the pride..... I had rich - es too great to count could boast Of a
 faith to me..... And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host

high an - ces - tral name..... But I al - - so dreamt, which pleas'd me
 came forth my hand to claim;..... But I al - - so dreamt, which charm'd me

pp

most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the
 most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the

same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
 same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

f

I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS:

S. & Co., 229-2.

EATON'S

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A special line of brocades in all the newest colors, 10c per yard, worth 15c per yard.

Scotch tweeds, heather mixtures, and velour cloths, 17½, 20, 25c per yard.

Broche D'Lyons, phantom checks and French croise, beautiful shades, 30, 35, 45c per yard.

Colored cashmere, 42 inches wide, 35c per yard, worth 45c.

BLACK CASHMERES.

Blue black cashmere, 34 inches wide, 20, 25c per yard.

A special line of raven black cashmeres, all-wool, 47½c per yard, worth 60c per yard.

Black velour, ottoman cloth, crepe imperial, etc., 20 to 40c per yard.

BLACK SILKS.

Black gros grain silk, 21 inches wide, 75c per yard, worth 95.

A few dress lengths of black gros grain silk at \$1.25 per yard, worth \$1.75.

A big stock of black brocades and ottoman cords, 75c to \$2 per yard.

BLACK AND COLORED VELVETEENS.

Black velveteen, silk finished, fast pale, 40c to \$1.25 per yard.

Black brocade velveteen, silk finished, 24 inches wide, 50c per yard, worth 75c.

A big stock of colored velveteens in all the newest shades, 40c to \$1 per yard.

EATON'S TRIMMING DEPT.

Now Trimming Braids in all styles and colors, from ½ to 2½ inches wide, from 20c per dozen yards up.

Now all Chenille Fringes, 65, 75, 85, \$1 per yard up.

Now Chenille and Silk Fringes 25, 35, 40, 50c per yard up.

Now Chenille Loops, 40, 45, 50c each up.

Now Chenille Ornaments, 12½, 15, 20 each up.

Now Silk Fringes and Ornaments in great variety and at low prices.

Special.—A job lot of jet ornaments clearing out at 10c each.

Now Buttons, Now Buttons, Now Buttons.

Buttons in all styles and sizes, from 5c to \$1 per dozen.

EXHIBITION CARPETS.

Everybody who visited the Exhibition will remember the magnificent display of wool carpets. We are happy to inform the public that we have secured the prize carpets, and will have them on exhibition to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. These goods comprise some of the most beautiful and newest patterns made, and are really a credit to the manufacturers and to the country's productions, being all Canadian made. We will offer all these at extremely low prices.

The Union Carpets, 36 inches wide, 45, 50, and 55c.

The all-wools, yd. wide, 75, 80, 85, 90c, \$1.

The Wool Dutch Carpets, extra wear, for offices, halls, etc., 90c a yard.

T. EATON & CO.

SHAWLS & WRAPS.

Over 400 dozen of woven and knitted shawls just opened from 35c to \$14 each. These goods are all less than usual wholesale prices.

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We also show exhibition goods in the Smyrna Rugs. These rugs are all wool with fringed ends, alike on both sides, and made in very striking colors, in sizes from 14x30 to 30x72 inches, at prices from \$1.25 up.

Call and see the Exhibition Goods.

T. EATON & CO.

BLANKETS.

Extra fine all-wool Blankets, pure white, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.75 up to \$6.

MANTLE CLOTHS.

Now checks in fine tweeds for Ulsters and Jackets, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 a yd., 54 inches wide.

Fine Ottoman cloth, 54 inches wide, \$2 up.

Fine Ottoman cloth, in colours, extra finish, \$2.50 a yard.

MEN'S RUBBER COATS.

Men's fine Rubber Coats, 36 to 44 in. breast measure, only \$1.75 each.

Women's Rubber Circulars \$1 each, in all sizes, from 50 to 60 in.

OIL-CLOTHS.

The new patterns in Oil-cloth just opened to-day in 1-2, 5-8, 3-4, 1 1-4, 1 1-2, 2, 3, 4 and 8 yards wide, with oil backs, superior finish, 25, 30, 35, 40 and 50c a yard.

The Cingalese

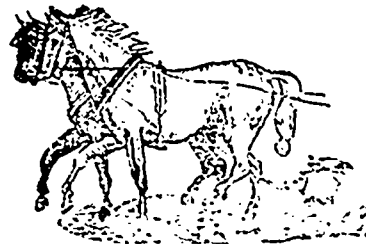
All the people in Ceylon, from babes just "feeling their feet" to old men and women, their steps tottering on the brink of the grave, wear gold and silver ornaments. They even invent new places for carrying them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a Cingalese belle with the top of her ears covered with gold plate or wire, a large pair of rings pendant from the lobes of the ear, a gold or silver circlet round her hair, her nose adorned with rings, bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers, and silver plates on her toes. This is the perfection of adornment; but in one or other of the fashions, or in several of them, the Cingalese woman, of whatever station of life, is set forth. I saw running out of a house a sturdy little boy 2 years of age who had nothing on but a silver key fastened round his waist by a girdle of silver wire. The men take their pleasure less expensively. They delight in gold ear rings and rings, but beyond this are content to intrust the recommendation of their personal appearance to a fine tortoise shell comb of circular shape, set on the crown of their heads, with the end toward the forehead. The men evidently pride themselves on their hair, which is generally drawn back from their forehead and tied in a neat knot at the back. As they wear earrings, and not always whiskers or mustache, it is not easy at first sight to distinguish man from woman.

At a magic-lantern exhibition in a country town the other day the man who was handling the instrument threw under the title of "Solitude" a picture of an aged female on the screen. Immediately the dozen old maids in the audience took it as a personal insult and left the hall.

PIANO TUNING!

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Leave orders personally or by post card.

50 YOUR NAME printed in pretty type on 50 Lovely Chromo Cards, (10 2 alike.) Just out, 10c., 7 packs 60c., 13 packs \$1.00. 12 New Fancy Border Cards, (name concealed by hand holding flowers with mottoes) 20c. Illustrated Premium List sent with each order. Agents' Outfit 10c. Big Sample Book 25c. Address, ONTARIO CARD HOUSE, St. Thomas, Ont.



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Improved, wears well, with trees. Cool, light and durable, much easier on man and team. This harness is a specialty in orchards, as no tree can be injured working qualities guaranteed. Price \$10. Territory for sale in United States and Canada.

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The designs and illustrations of this department are furnished by the celebrated New York Domestic Fashion Co., and are supplied by Mr. J. M. Might, the manager at Toronto. Any pattern will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of published price. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

Someone has discovered that the high-heeled shoes worn by women produce softening of the brain. It was not generally known that the brain of women who wear such shoes was located so low; but it seems plausible enough.

Ladies who have sewing to do, either put their work out, or buy the best sewing machine they can find. All the public institutions in the city use the light-running and noiseless "Wanzer" C. And we specially recommend the machine because it is more improved and better value than any other sold in Canada. A five years warranty given and all instructions free. Chief office, 82 King Street, West, Toronto.

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Families waited on for orders.
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Dispensing Physicians, Prescriptions a specialty.

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Important to Every Lady in the World.

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After 25 years of unceasing experiments, of time, labor, and expense, I have finally discovered a preparation for the removal of all premature and useless hair from the faces and arms of ladies. It is safe, effectual, harmless and painless. Leaving no disfigurement or traces of the application. If properly applied the roots will be completely destroyed. No future growth need be apprehended. Sold in Boxes at \$2 each, or 3 Boxes for \$5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price, with full directions enclosed, to any address in Canada or United States. Circulars sent on application. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address, PARIS HAIR WORKS, 105 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

THREE DELIVERIES DAILY THROUGH ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

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T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194 & 196 Yonge Street.

TWO TROUSERED LADIES.

Chat with the Secretary of the London Rational Dress Association.

Among the busy, moving throngs crowding the corridors of the Horticultural hall during the morning and early afternoon, writes a correspondent were two ladies, who attracted marked attention wherever they were seen. They both wore the red and purple badge which designated their foreign birth, but they wore something else which earned for them their chief distinction and made the little knots of people standing here and there nudge their elbows in their neighbors' sides and point with a significant wink to the fair couple. The garment which made the two gentle Britishers thus conspicuous was the much-maligned but ever-appreciated, awkward but comfortable, thoroughly masculine, yet getting to be sweetly-feminine trousers. One lady's wore of checked silk, while the other wore blue serge. They were—at least as much as could be seen—neither bowitchingly tight-fitting like the modern duds nor aggravatingly baggy like the dark-eyed Odalques's. They were of a highly respectable middle-rate pattern, and as the fair occupants of the odd attire moved gracefully down the main stairway of Horticultural hall the silk and serge seemed the embodiment of elastic comfort.

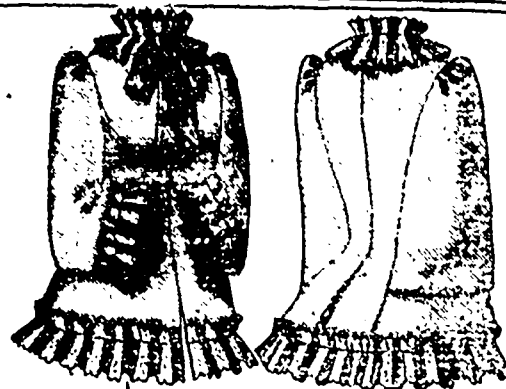
"Oh," said the older lady with a neat little bashful blush, as she came to a halt in the corridor, "you are a reporter, are you? Well, I'm right glad that you spoke to me. Let me introduce my companion, Miss Glenn. Elizabeth, this gentleman is a reporter. He is the first one we have met in the States, and you know in our crusade we are very much dependent upon the press. I am Mrs. E. M. King, of London, sir, and I am the honorable secretary of the Rational Dress Association. We organized three years ago and have done fairly well. Of course, we encountered many obstacles, but we only expect that. You see, we wear well-fitting trousers down to our instep. Only about four or five inches of the trousers show. Above this is the skirt, which, as you observe, fits neither too loosely nor too snugly. Our idea is to wear any sort of comfortable bodice or jacket, but never to wear stays. Comfort is our great aim. You know two things are required in dress. One is that clothing—permit me to emphasize the word clothing—should cover the body according to the body's lines. That is the chief thing. The next point to consider is the drapery, which is for ornament rather than practical use, and the drapery should be left to the individual taste of the wearer. Now isn't that sensible? You must admit it is. I am just fifty years old, but I feel just as brisk as any young woman and can jump a fence as well as a man.

"I have practiced this dress in England to see how much the public will allow without bringing down insult. The boys laugh at us there just as they did this morning on the streets. We are in perfect harmony with the dress-reform women of this country and we respect Mrs. Bloomer as a noble pioneer in the cause. But we don't believe in such radically male attire as some of the American women have adopted. We are in favor of bringing about a change, step by step. People may smile at us, you know, but that doesn't break any bones. No good thing ever comes without some one having much to put up with. We are opposed to fashion more than anything else, and take up arms against abominable France, where every idiot who chooses sets a model for foolish women to follow. Yes, I will return here to lecture on dress reform if any one asks me. Good morning, sir."

Miss Glenn, just one-half Mrs. King in age and adiposity, but somewhat longer, smiled sweetly upon her surrounding admirers during her senior's remarks, and assented to all the doctrines enunciated by the honorable secretary of the Rational Dress Association of London.



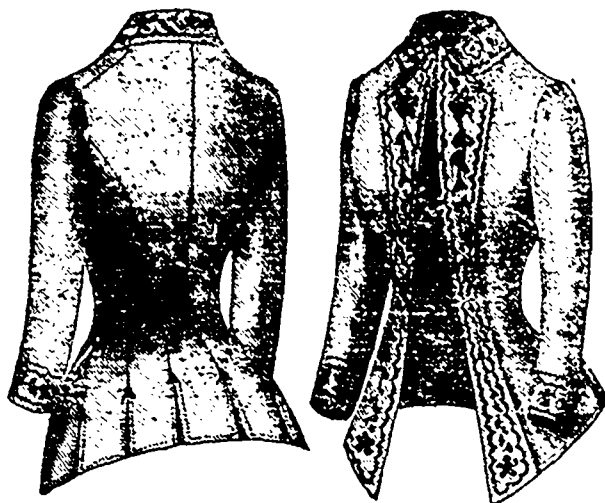
3084 Ladies' Polonaise. Sizes, 30 to 46 inches, Bust Measure. Price, 30 cents.



3082 Misses' Wrap. 6 Sizes, 10 to 15 years. Price, 20 cents.



3089 Girls' Yoke. 7 Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Price, 10 cents.



3078 Ladies' Jacket. 6 Sizes, 30 to 40 inches, Bust Measure. Price, 25 cents.

Leprosy in Mediaeval Times

Though leprosy in Europe generally, and Great Britain and Ireland in particular, was not due solely to the intercourse with the East brought about by the crusades—for leprosy prevailed here and on the continent centuries before the first crusade was preached—it is undeniable that there was great increase of the disease after the efforts to rescue the holy sepulchre from the infidel caused constant communication between the East and the West. Many records remain to prove the early prevalence of leprosy in different parts of Europe. For instance, the laws of the great Welsh King, Howell the Good, decreed in 928 that if a woman left her husband on account of his being a leper, she was entitled to the full restitution and sole possession of all her goods. But earlier than this, in 757, Pepin, King of France, by an edict promulgated at the council he convened at Compiègne, ruled that leprosy in either husband or wife might, with the consent of the leprous consort, be regarded as a sufficient ground of divorce, and that the husband or wife not affected could thereupon contract a fresh marriage. "Si conjugum alter sit leprosus, potest alter cum illius consensu aliud iniro conjugium," &c. And, earlier still in the eighth century, we have historic proof that leprosy was common in Europe. Rotharis, the great Lombard legislator, passed a law in 643 depriving any one of his kingdom known to the judges and people to be affected with leprosy—and therefore expelled from the city—of all right of disposition over his property: "Quia in eodem die, quando a domo expulsum est, tanquam mortuus habetur." Moreover, in 594 the Council

of Orleans specially imposed the care of lepers upon the Bishops of the Gallic Church, directing that none should be left destitute in their respective dioceses; but that they should be provided with all necessary food and clothing from the funds of the church, in order that, the decree—with a tenderness in strange contrast to the manners of those rude times—continues, "non eis desit misericordioso cura, quos per duram infirmitatem intolerabilis constringit inopia." The third Council of Lyons in 583 laid a similar injunction on the episcopate regarding the lepers either born or dwelling within their jurisdiction; and it further enjoined that lepers were to be forbidden to wander through other cities than their own.

Some Curious Contrivances by Smugglers.

The curious tricks to which people resort who deal in contraband goods shows a zeal and ingenuity worthy of a better cause. One dealer in costly lace used to run in a valuable lot through the gates of Paris, under the very feet and eyes of the officials, on the back of a little dog, who had another coat fitted neatly all over his back, which he wore with as much grace as his own hairy jacket. The lace was wound smoothly and evenly about his body, and he could carry thousands of dollars' worth in this way, and nobody be the wiser. He was a sharp little fellow and, when baffled at one gate, would run off to another, slipping in under the very hoofs of the horses as a carriage rolled along. The trick was at last suspected, and the wary dog, rather than suffer himself to be caught, took to the water, and was shot. He had a costly winding sheet of lace about him when

he came to be examined. Such a faithful dog ought to have had a better master.

There is a museum of these confiscated articles at Paris, which is now and then visited by the curiosity hunter, where there is a pile of coals, with a spool of sewing thread in each chunk; boots with French watches hid in the heels; a coffin which is filled with cigars; a huge stuffed boa-constrictor, a rent in whose side disclosed a precious assignment of valuable laces; a huge African hangs by his neck in a very ghastly fashion, but a stroke of the cane shows him to be only a sounding tin. He used to figure on the footboard of a carriage, as an attendant, and drove in and out many times through the gates of Paris. But one time, in a jam, when everybody was scolding and swearing and trying to get on, an officer present harangued the crowd of drivers and told them to take an example of equanimity from this black, who looked on so serenely amidst the tumult. Slapping the good fellow approvingly on the shoulder, he was surprised to hear him give a very metallic rattle. He was taken off to the inspection room, and found to be filled with excellent brandy, which was drawn off at the toe. They soon sampled an "armful" of the fluid, and the poor black's day of service was over.

A somewhat similar game was played on English custom house officers, who inspected a consignment to Dr. Swartz, which proved to be four African heads preserved in brandy, and also some other pickled "remains," all in "excellent preservation." They "passed," and the owners poured off the brandy from their porcelain heads and bones, and drank to the health of the sharp officials in the excellent liquor.

Health Department.

Cleanliness.

Our advances in civilization and knowledge have enabled us to correct many false theories and the customs and practices to which they gave rise; but, unfortunately, new ones are rapidly advanced and patronized, quite as pernicious and unsound. The ancients ascribed disease to the wrath of the Gods, premature death is now considered a dispensation of Divine Providence. The practice of attempting the cure of disease by charms and incantations has given way to rational methods, but often so irrationally applied that we are left in doubt as to the value of our improvements. The uncertainty of the action of medicine and the admitted fallibility of our judgment in its administration, recalls the homely but wise old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." Disease rarely fails to leave a permanent token of its promise to return, and however valuable curative measures may prove to be, the delicate machinery of the body but tardily resumes its wonted activity. Our conviction that a large number of diseases are preventable is every day growing stronger, and the proofs of this fact have become so numerous that it has engaged the attention of governments, and sanitary precautions are enforced by authority of law.

Filth and civilization have ever been at war. Pure air and pure water are Nature's great disinfecting agents. They come to us untaxed and unsolicited, bearing the elements of life, and convey from us the germs of disease as they exist in the products of decay. All the component parts of our bodies are in a state of constant change; with constant growth there co-exists incessant waste and decay. These noxious and cast-off substances are nearly all soluble in the perspiration of our bodies, and must inevitably be absorbed by articles of clothing or bedding, vitiating the atmosphere with poisonous matter which may be either inhaled by the lungs or absorbed by the skin. It is a notable fact, not generally understood, that the skin plays an important part in the renovation of our bodies. Besides the worn-out material thrown off in perspiration the skin exhales about 40 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas per hour. It is estimated that one quart of fluid is thrown off from the body by perspiration every 24 hours. Can it be doubted that this excreted material, thrown off in such quantity, can fail to provoke disease? Is it not reasonable to suppose that when brought into contact with the animal matter of our feather beds and hair mattresses, under the influence of the heat and moisture of our bodies, that chemical changes and decomposition occur? Miasmatic diseases result from vegetable decomposition; typhoid fever from the decomposition of animal matter. Quinine, and a judicious removal cures the former disease; while for the latter cleanliness, good food, and pure air, is both the preventative and cure. Although "Sleep is nature's sweet restorer," it is often a betrayal to our natural and ever-watchful enemy. Under the influence of sleep animal temperature falls, volition ceases, respiration becomes less frequent, and for the time resistance to disturbing causes is less vigorous and less successful. A cold draft of air produces a catarrh; marsh miasma more surely produces ague; and the absorption of decaying animal matter a low grade of fever. Awake, we take cognizance of noxious odors and unwholesome conditions; asleep, their very presence more fully blunts our sensibilities. We wash our floors with scrupulous care, whitewash our ceilings, disdain the second or third use of an unwashed towel, are shocked by a speck of rust on the butter knife, and sleep happy on beds and mattresses upon which we took our natal morning nap—quite unmindful of the fact that measles and whooping cough, scarlet fever and mumps, our grandmother's tedious ty-

phoid fever, and our grandsire's fatal erysipelas were all suffered on that same ancient bed—the only thing of family relics left unwashed for forty years. A proper regard for cleanliness, although a weighty consideration, is by no means the most important. It is estimated that more than one million of our population are constantly sick, and of this immense number a certain proportion are the victims of contagious and infectious diseases.

This fact alone constitutes a powerful plea for disinfection. The most available, and at the same time the most efficient disinfectant, is heat. It is an established fact that the contagious properties of small pox, typhoid and scarlet fevers, are completely destroyed by a temperature of from 140 to 200 deg. F. The same degree of heat will also destroy the noxious properties of excreted matter thrown off in all other diseased conditions. Blankets are preferable to quilts for beds, as they can be washed. It is well to have a thick blanket spread over the mattress, and the sheet over that, so that the mattress will be in a great measure protected from the body of the sleeper, and from contamination from various diseases. Mattresses and pillows should be aired for several hours every day, and during warm weather they should be laid in the sun for an hour or two weekly, and whipped and brushed to free them from every particle of dust. Mattresses and pillows that have not been properly cared for should be made over. The covers or ticks should be washed, and the hair and feathers cleansed. The hair may be beaten with sticks, and the feathers may be put into a sheet-iron cylinder, which is made to revolve over a fire, and thus cleansed by heat.

Instead of having sleeping rooms carpeted it is better to have matting on the floors, or have the floors stained and varnished and rugs put in front of the beds. Shades for the windows are preferable to curtains, because they are easily kept clean. Many persons object to having a window and door of a sleeping room left open at night, for fear of taking cold; but cold air is safer than vitiated air. It is only when a current of air blows direct; on the back that a person takes cold something that will serve as a screen between the bed and the window will prevent taking cold. Avoid sleeping on the ground floor, as rooms thus located are liable to be damp, and the air not so wholesome as higher up.

In view of the many calamities that have occurred from fire, it would seem only a reasonable precaution, and one that costs but a trifle, to provide every sleeping room above the second floor with a strong cord or rope that will reach to the ground. One end of the cord should be kept fastened to a strong staple at the side or top of the window, and the cord coiled up and hung on a peg where it can be easily thrown out as soon as the window is raised. Every person who travels much should carry a simple appliance for escaping in case of fire. One should always find out before going to bed, the avenues of escape in case of fire, in whatever building he is to sleep.

To a Busy Mother.

The human brain needs rest and change. The human mind needs relaxation. The human heart needs pleasant companionship. Deprive them of these requisites, and the result in nine cases out of ten will be insanity. Perhaps you imagine that I mean to frighten you. Why, to tell the truth, if I could not arouse you to a sense of your condition unless I terrified you a little, I would rather do so than see you an inmate of the insane asylum. You see this to be quite in accordance with the rest of nature's laws. The body cannot subsist on one kind of diet, it must have more or less variety; and behold how plentifully our Creator has provided for this great need in the abundant fruitfulness of earth, air, and sea. How soon the palate tires of one article of diet. How soon the body starves when fed up-

on one thing. Dear friend, I beseech you give this subject your most careful consideration, for I perceive you are killing yourself with the constant strain brought to bear upon mind and body, and unless you consent to relax that strain you will suffer very seriously in consequence. Your "nervous headaches" are sent perhaps as warnings which, if heeded, may prove your salvation from more serious trouble.

I have found it exceedingly injurious to work during the evening. You have been busy all day with one duty or another, the night has come; you can find no warrant in Scripture for continuing your labors, but you can for resting from them. So let the work-basket remain undisturbed, let the needle rest. You will be all the more skillful with it on the morrow. Spend the evening reading, conversing, playing interesting games with your children, or in visiting your friends; or better still, if you feel able, in attending an interesting lecture or concert. Then, when you retire you will sleep sweetly, and awake refreshed and equal to the performance of the day's duties.

Never eat heartily when "tired to death." Drink a cup of tea and eat a cracker or two, or beat up an egg in half a pint of milk, sweeten and flavor to taste, and drink it. This will strengthen you, and will not make any demands upon your weary stomach or digestive organs. And another thing: Do not rise in the early morning and trot all over the house doing this and seeing to that for hours before you eat anything. Put on the coffee, if you use that beverage, or the tea if you use that, as soon as possible, and pour yourself out a cup just as soon as it is in condition for drinking, and add whatever light, easily digested article of food you like best. This done, and you must eat slowly and at your ease, you will find that you can return to your work and fairly "make things fly." You will catch yourself singing, perhaps, and when your husband and children come down fresh from their pleasant slumber, they will meet a smiling face and sit down to breakfast presided over by a cheerful hostess. Force yourself to try this plan once or twice, and I know you will be pleased with it. I have the greatest faith in it, because I proved it in my own case, and this is true of all the suggestions I have given in this letter.

Infected Water.

A remarkable instance of the intense liability of water to infection by cholera has just occurred in Lombardy. The first case in this part of Italy was that of a laborer who had just returned from Franco to his native village situated near the source of the River Brombo. The village authorities endeavored, it seems, to conceal the case, and there is reason to believe that his excrements were thrown in the river. Certain it is that within twenty-four hours the cholera had broken out in a number of villages situated along the course of the river to an extent of forty miles. On the other hand, none of the villages were infected which, though situated on the river, derive their drinking-water from tributary streams. Another fact has been established, which is equally noteworthy—namely, that the epidemic was brought to the town of Bergamo, situated four miles from the Brombo, by linen that had been washed in it on the day of the first outbreak at a place distant some thirty miles from the original source of the contagion.—*St. James' Gazette.*

The Skeleton in Most Closets.

Few houses have as many closets as the ladies like, yet, in deference to the known fact that they will always try to induce their husbands to take a house with seven closets in preference to one with six, they usually have more than the landlord likes.

Closets are not always innocent from a

sanitary point of view. Many things which it would be disagreeable to have in a bedroom are packed away in the closet; the housekeeper forgets all about them for months, and they are often treasuries of moth and mold. The closet reserved for the soiled linen of the family is the worst one. Dr. Benjamin Richardson has very truly said that a people which was really civilized would have a thoroughly ventilated room set apart for the entire family to undress in, where the clothes could be hung upon rods and thoroughly purified by draughts of cold air during the night. From these remarks the conclusion may be drawn that closets in which clothes are kept ought to be ventilated.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Velocity of the Moon.

From the article on "The Surroundings of the Sun," by Professor Langley, in the *October Century*, we quote the following: "We can faintly picture, perhaps, how it would seem, from a station near the lunar orbit, to see the moon—a moving world—rush by with a velocity greater than that of the cannon-ball in its swiftest flight; but with equal speed its shadow actually travels along the earth, and now if we return from our imaginary station to a real one here below, we are better prepared to see why this flying shadow is such an unique spectacle; for, small as it may be when seen in relation to the whole globe, it is immense to the observer, whose entire horizon is filled with it, and who sees the actual velocity of one of the heavenly bodies, as it were, brought down to him.

"The reader who has ever ascended to the Supergo, at Turin, will recall the magnificent view, and be able to understand the good fortune of an observer (Forbes) who once had the opportunity to witness thence this phenomenon, and under a nearly cloudless sky. 'I perceived,' he says, 'in the south west a black shadow, like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming towards us.' And he speaks of the 'stupor'—it is his word—caused by the spectacle. 'I confess,' he continues, 'It was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment. As though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse.' Another witness, who had been looking at some bright clouds just before, says: 'The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow, and the intensity, produced a feeling that some material was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind.'

A Grateful and Appreciative Husband.

Merchant—"Hasn't Fogg made his appearance yet this morning?"
Head bookkeeper—"No, sir."
"Strange! Have you examined his books?"
"Yes, sir; they are correct to a cent."
"What about the cash drawer?"
"Not a cent gone."
"This is very strange. Can you explain it?"
"I have just heard that he had eloped."
"With my daughter?"
"No, sir; your wife."
"Poor wretch! How I pity him. Stay. You say he has 20 money?"
"None that I know of."
"Make out a check for a hundred thousand and mail it to him care of John C. Eno. That'll reach him. It shan't be said that I failed to appreciate the honest endeavours of a poor young man."

Girls of a marriageable age are sold for \$16 in Yokohama. The Japanese young men must have lots of money to throw away in this manner. Let them come to America where marriageable girls are given away.

Current Events.

Canada.

Louisville, Que., has been almost entirely destroyed by fire.

Hon. Judge Taschereau has sustained a loss of \$1,000 by a fire at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, which destroyed his barn with all its contents.

Kingston grocers are having lively times cutting sugar rates, which have been cut so fine that it is proposed to form a union and adopt a scale of prices.

The Kingston chief of police has a number of counterfeit fifty cent pieces which were in circulation. It is almost impossible to distinguish them from genuine, as they have the same ring. They are the best counterfeit ever seen there.

The Zufelt gang has been committed for trial on the charge of burglarizing and stealing from the residence of H. B. Rathburn, at Deseronto. They will also be charged with robbing the store of Hiram Holden, Shannonville, and the house of Thos. Van Allen, in Belleville.

In the Blythe murder case, James Beamish and his two sons have been found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced, the father and son to twenty years, and the younger to five. A very affecting scene took place, the old man, over sixty years of age and very feeble, being unable to stand up to receive sentence, and being supported by his sons. He said the Main boys had sworn his life away.

In the libel suit at the instance of Mr. Stillwell, editor of the Port Arthur Sentinel, against Mr. Rennie, of the Port Arthur Herald et al, tried at the Toronto civil assizes on Saturday, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff of \$500. Mr. Stillwell was also successful in his other libel suit against John Bourke, Chief of Police, at Port Arthur, tried in the Toronto Civil Assizes, the jury awarding him \$250 damages.

A Frenchman about 60 years of age, name unknown, was recently killed by a butting saw in Eddy's South Shore mill, some distance up the Ottawa. The unfortunate man was knocked against the saw by a slab, the saw coming in contact with his chest. He received a ghastly and fatal wound from which he died in the course of a minute afterwards. Decoiled was taken to his residence in Hull. The mill shut down for the season a short time after the accident, as it was previously arranged it should.

On Saturday evening a woman got into a Grand Trunk car bound east. She held her baby up to the window near Wales, when suddenly it dropped from her hands and disappeared. The woman frantically jumped out of the car after it, the train's speed being about forty miles an hour. It was stopped as soon as possible, and a freight train notified to pick up the mangled remains of the woman and child, as it was not expected that they would be alive. Both were found, however, alive and but little the worse of the episode through which they had passed.

United States.

Schley's detailed report of the rescue of the Greely party will probably be published in a few days.

A Syndicate has been formed at Reading, Pa. to manufacture steel under a new process, which is to compete with Bessemer.

The playful cyclone has been amusing itself in Iowa, Pennsylvania, and Missouri, Des Moines, Alton, Wellesburg village and Canton suffered severely.

New York wholesale men consider the present condition of trade and its immediate outlook quite satisfactory, the bulk of the sales equalling that of last year.

A quantity of stock of the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific railway, which sold at par eighteen months ago, was sold on Saturday at twenty cents.

Minneapolis elevators are overfilled

with wheat stored by farmers, who refuse to sell at prices now offering, notwithstanding that the Millers' Association has made a further advance of two cents per bushel.

No deaths were reported at the New York coroner's office on Saturday. This is the first day in nearly two years that the coroner's bulletin has been kept clean, and is particularly remarkable in view of the recent epidemic of suicides and murders.

The annual report of the United States superintendent of Indian education shows a large increase both in the number of schools and the number of Indians attending them, the latter being greater than at any time since the schools were established.

Henry F. Graybill, a young man of very prepossessing appearance and claiming to be a Savannah, Ga., merchant has been arrested at New York for swindling merchants by means of forged bills of lading. His operations are believed to have extended to other cities.

Cleveland, O., is at present in a state of terrorism by firebugs. Twelve incendiary fires within forty-eight hours, and anonymous threats to prominent merchants that their property will soon be ashes, have raised the public excitement to fever heat. The cause or motive seems shrouded in mystery.

Great Britain.

Justin McCarthy in an address to his constituents at Longford, urged the necessity of an Irish parliament.

Mr. Gladstone's attention having been called to statements published in an anonymous pamphlet accusing him of supporting the Roman Catholic Church, he pronounces them grossly untrue, and demands the name of the author.

Mr. Joseph Thompson, who was despatched by the Royal Geographical Society of England, to explore Zanzibar and the interior of Africa, has a work in press, which will contain some startling geographical and ethnological discoveries.

The whole English press concur in urging upon the Government immediate attention to the state of the navy. The question is attracting unusual attention. The foreign press consider England has nothing to fear while she continues to hold her coaling stations in all parts of the world.

The Marquis of Waterford denies the statement that he intends to sell all his Irish property, and says that although he proposes to part with some of it, he means always to maintain a home in Ireland. It is believed that the Marquis is in financial straits, and that the sale of his Irish estates has no political significance.

Mr. Powers' despatch to the Times, giving particulars of General Gordon's heroic defence of Khartoum, has created a tremendous sensation and evoked, widespread praises of the heroism and devotion of the officer. It is very probable that this intelligence will compel the Government to reconsider its intention of abandoning the Sudan.

After 170 years of rest, the work of completing the exterior of Westminster Abbey is about to be taken up. Next summer tourists will probably see the venerable pile in a cloud of scaffolding. A central tower, as a spire, is to be added at the cost of £70,000. Queen Victoria will be the first sovereign to leave a mark on the outer shell of the building since the western towers were finished in the year of Queen Anne's death.

Foreign.

It seems to be the general idea that the Czar's Polish visit is the harbinger of better days for the kingdom.

The fooling in Paris against England is becoming daily stronger; and the city papers more and more virulent and abusive.

At the opening of the Austrian Belch-

rath, the Emperor expressed a hope that an European conflagration would not occur.

The French Government has resolved to retrench its expenditures during 1885. The estimates will be reduced by fifty million francs.

The French vintage this year promises to be the best both in quantity and quality since 1875. The phylloxera has finally been mastered, if not exterminated.

The Vienna police authorities are greatly pleased with the haul that they have lately made of anarchistical plotters. They believe that in the wholesale arrests which have taken place during the last few weeks every member of Johann Most's Revolutionary Committee in Austria has been captured.

Advices from Madagascar state that the Hovai are suffering great privations from the want of provisions. Many Hovas have surrendered to the French forces. General Milot, the French commander, continues to strengthen his position, but he sees no prospect of a speedy end to the campaign.

Prince Bismark is ostentatiously siding with M. Ferry. The circle of protest against the suspension of the law of liquidation is complete and staid, and semi-official German journalists rail against the violence of the English action, and the pretence of Mr. Gladstone, as loudly as the most irresponsible of the journalists of Paris boulevards.

The cholera panic at Naples has had a remarkably beneficial effect in an unexpected direction, having led to such a thorough cleansing of the picturesque, dirty old city as has never been seen before. This reformation has been brought about by the conjoint efforts of the Red Cross Association, various charitable societies and several newly-formed sanitary committees.

Glimpses of Spanish affairs, caught from well-informed people, give most gloomy views of the future. The king is doomed to die an early death, and the family have patched up a marriage between his infant daughter, his sole heiress, and Don Jaime, the fourteen-year-old son of Don Carlos, with a view of finally consolidating the dynasty. The Republicans are preparing to oppose this, and stormy times are expected.

Personal.

Mr. Liversey, the founder of totalism in England, who died lately in the nineties, lost his father and mother from consumption when he was 7, and had a most discouraging experience of water in early life, as he had to work in a damp cellar, often inundated for years.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild has taken it upon himself to give the people of the Potak Tikva colony in Palestine regular wages sufficient for maintenance until they can support themselves. They have a prospect of eventual success, but it will take time. Other neighboring colonies seem to be doing fairly well.

The Empress Mother of China is hostile to European innovation. When her son, the Emperor Tong Tzi, who died in 1874, was attacked by small pox, the Russian Ambassador offered the services of his physician. They were declined with thanks, the Empress having more confidence in the frightful effigy of the god Tamion, to whom the Chinese attribute a healing power.

A favorite Danish dog was with the Emperor Alexander II. in the tragedy of 1881, and escaped the catastrophe in which his master perished. The animal was taken possession of by the Princess Dolgorouki, and may have been frequently seen escorting the Princess and her children in the Champ Elysees. It has now just died at Lucerne, and will probably be stuffed and sent to St. Petersburg.

Robert Buchanan thinks that America possesses in Walt Whitman the most ori-

ginal poet in the world, the noblest soldier in Sherman, the profoundest philosophic physiologist in Draper, the greatest humorist in Mark Twain, the finest living actor in Jefferson, and the wisest statesman in Lincoln. Our cigarettes are abominable, and nowhere in the world is so much feminine beauty to be found.

The King of Sweden had narrow escapes, it seems while on his recent tour in England. A tremendous storm arose soon after he left Gothenburg, and another as he neared the English coast. While he was visiting Holywood a violent thunder storm came on, and the lightning struck close to a window by which he was standing. Later in the day it actually hit a carriage which was awaiting him. The coachman escaped by being at the horse's head.

Religious.

The Duke of Norfolk is about to build a large Catholic church at Lowestoft. Within the past fifteen years it is said that he has devoted £500,000 to church uses.

The Minister of Worship in Italy has appointed Signor Rafael Mariano, an ex-priest and a Protestant convert, to the chair of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Naples.

The Interior man a neat point, as follows. Archdeacon Farrar, in his commendable zeal to promote the spiritual welfare of the "lower classes" in London, recommends a new order of clergy in the Church of England, who shall be bound by vows of "celibacy and poverty." So obviously opposed to the Scriptural idea of the ministry are both these requirements, that one is surprised to hear them, seriously proposed in this day. It is not good for man to be alone, the labourer is worthy of his hire. Therefore the minister should have a wife and be supported in his labours, two considerations forbidding celibacy or poverty.

An official report from the chief procurator of the holy synod for the year 1882 gives some interesting details concerning the missions of the orthodox Russian church, which are stated to have had considerable success in Siberia. They are under the direction of an archimandrite, who is assisted by eighteen clergymen and seventeen hymn teachers, besides three baptized lamas who act as interpreters. There are eighteen missionary stations. At one place a chapel had been built, at the cost of the heathen Kirghiz, in which 120 persons had been baptized. At another station a wealthy merchant had built a residence for the missionary. In the Irkutsk mission 1,723 heathens had been converted during the year, and the mission schools were attended by 311 children. The missions in the Trans-Baikai region are under the control of an episcopal vicar, who has under his jurisdiction nine monks, nineteen priests, and several catechists, among them a woman who acts as schoolmistress. A wooden church and school house have been built near the town of Djita. Notwithstanding the opposition of the lamas and their adherents, more than three hundred heathens and Mohammedans were baptized, while in the government of Tomsk more than four hundred Kirghizes, chiefly Mohammedans, are reported to have embraced Christianity.

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TERRIBLY FULFILLED.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"I can't stand it any longer, and I won't! It isn't so much that he jeers at me and ill-treats me, perhaps I could manage to put up with that, if he gave me a kind word now and then, and didn't leave me so much alone. But he is away sometimes for days and nights together; and where he goes to I don't know, though of course I can guess pretty well; and he will never tell me anything except to mind my own business. And when he is at home, he never speaks except to taunt and sneer at me because I'm not a lady, as he says. He hates me, and I've come to hate him, and I'm afraid of my life with him. You can't imagine what he's like when he's in a temper. I cannot, indeed, bring myself to tell you of all the shame and the infamy he puts upon me." And the Honourable Mrs. Ferrard buried her face in her hands and sobbed despairingly.

Mr. Cross, auctioneer, rested his great square chin on his hands, and gazed across his library table at the flushed and weeping figure before him. "So it has come to this at last, Amy?" he said. "You deceived and disobeyed your old father, that loved you, and deserted him, and pretty well broke his heart, all for the sake of this grand husband of yours; and now you have to come to me to help you against him. Well, well; I'm not a bit surprised, my girl. I've been expecting you. I wasn't coming to you, you know; I knew you would have to come to me, sooner or later. Now, sit still and quiet yourself, while I think a bit."

He continued to gaze across his writing-table, but with eyes that saw nothing. This was his only child, all that was left to him of her dead mother; and he had loved her, and still loved her, with an intensity which her insignificant little intelligence was far from comprehending. It had been his study from her childhood to gratify every fancy which entered her shallow pate; all that money could buy had been lavished upon her—except the training and education of a lady. "I'm not going to have my girl," said he, "brought up so that she'll be ashamed of her father and her father's friends. No; let her learn to play the piano, if she cares to—I always liked a good tune—and to draw and paint and talk French, so that it don't worry her. But none of your fine finishing schools for me, where she'll mix with a lot of stuck-up fools and get all sorts of notions into her head."

So Amy Cross went to a very respectable establishment in North London, where she acquired, to a limited extent, all the above accomplishments; and was sent back to her home very pretty, vala, and vulgar, very proud of her piano and her French, and without a single useful or graceful idea in her head.

This being so, it was not perhaps to be wondered at that Miss Amy Cross should fall an easy victim to the wiles of Lord Englethorpe's youngest son, the Honourable James Ferrard. That gentleman was at Canterbury, attending the races at Barham Downs with a kindred spirit of his former regiment (then quartered in that city); his commission in which he had been permitted—and only just permitted—to resign; and it had occurred to him that it would be amusing to run over to Margate and contend for a time with humbler Don Juans for the smiles of the Cockney beauties of the place. It so happened that he was just then staying there with some relations; and the two met on the jetty, and were mutually attracted by one another's good looks. The gallant captain found no difficulty in introducing himself both to the girl and her friends; on all of whom his appearance and manner—so different from those of the gentlemen of their society—made a most favorable impression. They met frequently; and he soon succeeded in captivating the heart of poor Amy.

It is due to the captain's pride of birth and ancestry to say that, at first, flirtation and not marriage was in his thoughts. But when he discovered that the girl's father was a man of very great wealth, and that she was an only child, he began to think that the game might be worth keeping up in London, with a view to honourable matrimony, immediate comfort, and succession in the future to the old man's money. For it would have been difficult for Captain Ferrard to have indicated with any precision his present means of existence. It was notorious that his family had long declined to hold any communication with him, further than that the earl allowed him the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, which indeed was all that he could afford, being—for a peer—almost penniless, with a good many children to provide for. The sum named was about enough to keep the young gentleman in gloves and cigars. The balance of his expenditure had to be made up by means of credit, the turf, billiards, pigeon-shooting, and cards. But the first was nearly at an end; the second required capital; the next two are not improved by overmuch tobacco and brandy; and at the fifth the captain was becoming a little too skillful. He was in a desperate state. Why should he not betake himself to his last weapon? He was twenty-eight, with a manly and well-made figure, smooth-faced as a boy of eighteen, brilliant of complexion, with eyes of a peculiar dark blue. It was more the face of a beautiful woman than that of a man; but there was something wrong about it. The forehead was too retreating, the mouth too hard, and too often expanded in a smile. His manner and bearing were extremely pleasant and ingratiatory. How should an ignorant little girl, fresh from a North London seminary, or her auctioneering papa, detect the feasting vices and the cruel heart beneath that fair outside? So he asked permission to call on Miss Cross in London, and readily obtained it.

He called accordingly, saw her alone, and made most satisfactory progress. The second time, he was introduced to papa. Papa, in fact, having heard of the former visit, and knowing the visitor well by repute through certain bill-discounting acquaintances, had left instructions with a faithful retainer—the cook—that he was to be fetched from the city immediately on a repetition of the visit. The result was not quite what Captain Ferrard had expected. Papa sat glum and moody through the interview; when it was over, he attended the visitor to the door, and with some coarseness of manner and roughness of tone, requested him to take notice that his attentions were not desired. Not all Captain Ferrard's smoothest explanations and assurances sufficed to appease the auctioneer, who simply replied that he didn't believe a word of them; and that, supposing them to be true, his girl did not want any fine gentleman for a husband, least of all of the stamp of Captain Ferrard, as to whose character and pursuits he further expressed himself pretty roundly. The captain answered with aristocratic contempt and insolence, applied with an ease and absence of emotion which reduced the auctioneer to speechless fury; and so departed.

The only result of this was that the ill-regulated girl, whose lover was the first toy which had been denied to her, became mutinous. She entered, first upon a clandestine correspondence, then upon a series of secret meetings, and ultimately left home one fine day just after she had attained twenty-one, and was married at a suburban church by license. Ferrard calculated that when once the irrevocable step had been taken, a reconciliation with her father and a handsome dowry would be a matter of only a few

weeks, and that the plebeian alliance, gilded with the auctioneer's gold, would be condoned by his family, and would even cause him to be received by them with open arms. But everything went wrong. The bereaved parent, whatever may have been his sufferings in private, did not haste to clasp his erring daughter to his bosom. When at last she wrote him a letter, carefully dictated by her husband, the only reply received was from a lawyer, stating that Mr. Cross declined all communication with Mrs. Ferrard or her husband; but that as he did not desire that his daughter should starve, he proposed to make to her exactly the same allowance as her husband received from the Earl of Englethorpe. That nobleman, who had been waiting to see what would happen before finally committing himself, thereupon wrapped himself with much dignity in his family grandeur, and refused to receive either his son or his son's wife, or to add a farthing to the two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

All this was so far beneath the Honourable James' just expectations, that he became not a little disgusted with his bargain, with the usual results. Indifference and neglect were speedily followed by quarrels, unbraiding, and taunts; at last by covert, yet none the less positive, unmanly cruelty on the part of the husband, and a return to his former mode of life. This, indeed, he had never really abandoned, though he had put some sort of restraint on the open indulgence of his vices so long as it appeared that anything might be got by doing so; and even now, having regard to what the day might bring forth, he was cunning and cautious to the last degree. At length, Amy fled in despair to her father, who received her coldly, but without anger, in the interview with which this tale commences.

Amy sat on the sofa, her wild sobs becoming less frequent, for she saw that her father was thinking. Weak and foolish as she was, she instinctively appreciated his strength of character enough to know that when Mr. Cross took to thinking, something generally happened in consequence; and she hoped that he would find some means of extricating her from the trouble which she had brought upon herself.

Some time had gone by, and the auctioneer remained in the same vein of thought, seemingly forgetful of his daughter's presence. At last she spoke to him, and he roused himself with a start.

"Ten o'clock," he said, looking at his watch; "time you were home."

"Home, papa? I dare not. I don't know what he won't do, when he finds where I've been, and he's sure to get it out of me. Oh, don't send me back!" and she burst into a fresh fit of hysterical weeping.

"Hush, hush, my girl!" he said soothingly. "Nonsense! A married woman oughtn't to be away from her husband. I'm going to write him a letter for you to give him, and you'll find he won't be so angry as you think. I suppose you'll see him to-night?"

"Yes. He said he should be home to-night, and he generally is when he says so."

"That's well," said the auctioneer; and sitting down, he wrote a few lines:

"Sir—I should like a word with you on family matters, and will call on you at eleven o'clock to-morrow.—Yours faithfully,
R. Cross."

"There!" he said; "you give him that, and it will quiet him down. Now, get on your bonnet, and I'll send for a cab."

Captain Ferrard did come home, and in a very queer temper. Before he could proceed to vent it, his trembling wife put the note into his hand; and with a sharp glance at her, he opened and read it. "O ho!" cried he. "So," he said, after musing a little, "you have been to see papa, oh? Singing your husband's praises so well, that our good papa is anxious to make his acquaintance.—Is that it, Mrs. Ferrard?"

She did not answer, but cast down her eyes.

He reflected again. "Well," he said at last, "I don't much care what you have been saying, or what you have not. Perhaps it may turn out to be the best thing you could have done. Anyway, I'll see him to-morrow—comes he in peace, or comes he in war—and on his behaviour, my pet, will depend our future happiness.—Now, get to bed!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Cross had returned to his old position at the table and remained deep in thought far into the night. He was a man strong in his likes and dislikes, but his feelings toward his Ferrard surprised himself. In the first place, the man belonged to a class which the auctioneer, with or without reason, had come to despise or dislike. Secondly, he possessed the three vices which are most hateful to a steady and prosperous man of business—he was an idler, a gambler, and a spendthrift. On the above grounds alone, the very name of Ferrard was obnoxious to Mr. Cross. But this worthless fellow, after coolly insulting him on his own doorstep had succeeded in robbing him of his daughter—his daughter, as to whom the dream of his life had been, that she would repay his tenderness and care by becoming the solace of his age, until she should be honourably and happily married to some prosperous young votary of commerce, and should surround him with a troop of grandchildren, who would recall to him their mother's childhood. To realise such hopes, he had worked like a slave, and had accumulated money until his name was a proverb for wealth. All over now—he was childless and alone with his riches—a gloomy and cheerless old age was coming fast upon him, and he owed it all to this gentleman of long descent, at whose patrician hands ill-usage and shame was his child's portion.

How should he answer her cry for aid? How rescue her? Was it in any way—by any sacrifice—possible to undo the miserable past; to wipe the slate clean, and to start afresh, with the hope of realising the old dreams? This was the problem the auctioneer set himself to work out, sitting there in the silence. And his heart sank, as he bitterly acknowledged to himself that the chances were but of the slenderest. Money would no doubt buy the man off, so that the father might have his girl safe in his home once more—but not to send her from it again as the happy wife of a husband after his own heart. Of course, legal proceedings might be instituted; but their success might be doubtful. The whole of Amy's conversation with her father has not been detailed; but it was clear from what she had said that ill-treatment inflicted upon her had been carefully confined to those petty and spiteful persecutions which a cruel and cunning man is so skilful in inflicting, which cause neither wound nor bruise, elicit no cries of anguish, yet in their power of breaking, by constant repetition, the proudest spirit, are like the continual dropping which wears away the rock.

As he thought of those things, the heart of the auctioneer swelled within him with perplexity and rage. He was not a cruel or revengeful man; he was a church-goer, and would have taken it extremely ill if any one had told him that he was not a Christian. Yet he did most heartily and fervently desire that the worthless and disreputable destroyer of his happiness would take himself with all convenient speed out of the world, so that the distress and difficulty which he had originated might perish with him. "I wish he were dead!" he muttered to himself—"I wish he were dead!" And the wish, once formed, refused to quit his mind, but presented itself again and again as an eminently desirable solution of the whole question.

But Ferrard was young and strong, and not at all likely to oblige Mr. Cross by dying for some time to come; so the auctioneer rose and paced the room, forcing himself to regard the matter in

another and more wholesome light. He had formed no particular plan of action for the morrow, having had in making the appointment merely a vague idea that he would endeavor in some way to arrange matters for his daughter's happiness, if money could do it. He now told himself that, after all, Ferrard might not be so black as he was painted. He had not, perhaps, had a fair chance; he had been exposed, still young, to great temptations, and had succumbed to them. He was without a friend—a true friend—in the world, and might well be reckless and desperate. He, the auctioneer, would endeavor to make his acquaintance; he would invite him to his house; he would enquire into his affairs; he would see whether it would be possible to take him by the hand—as he phrased it—"make a man of him." There would be no harm, at any rate, in trying to make the best of a bad job—indeed, it was the one sorry resource left. He could but fail; should he do so, then it would be time to think of other measures. What a miserable, wearing business it all was! If that wish would but come true, what a cutting of the knot it would be!

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The Danger of Animal Tamers.

Lion and tiger "kings" lead a life of danger, for wild animals are never "gentle." Every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands. "Gentle?" remarked one of those venturesome folks the other day. "Those tigers of mine? Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip first, then with my voice, then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; then I go in among them. It's a ticklish piece of business going in the first time, and I pick my chance for it when they are specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It is all a humbug that a man's eyes have power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you are getting very careless. They are always sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among them as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wilds, in about four weeks, so he will do all the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard and tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. You can't teach any of the creatures to love you. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you get into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. They're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who has given it up right in the prime of life. Once they give it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then, some tamer gets clawed and bitten. They've all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp—sure death around him all the while. And the pay isn't anything like what it was."

"I never saw such a woman in all my life," said Bass, "you are never satisfied with anything." "People who know the man I took for a husband," replied Mrs. B., "think, on the contrary, that I am very easily satisfied."

Some Famous Poisoners.

The crime of secret poisoning is one of remote antiquity. The old Greek and Roman writers abound in mention of poisoning and poisoners; but the first habitual murderers of this class who appeared in the theatre of crime was the infamous Locusta. Poisoning was her profession. Nero had become acquainted with her through her having given evidence against other persons accused of like practices, and when she had done his bloodthirsty business for him by poisoning Britannicus he rewarded her with a large estate, placing some disciples with her to be instructed in her trade. Fortunately for humanity, the Emperor Galba subsequently caused Locusta to be put to death with other malefactors of Nero's reign. A Locusta was flourishing at Naples in the first decade of the 18th century. This was the notorious Tofna or Tophiana, who came from Palermo to Continental Italy, and realized large sums by the sale of poisonous drops enclosed in small glass phials bearing the inscription "Manna of St. Nicolas of Bari," and bearing the image of that saint. The pretended sanctity of her little assassination bottles were the most fruitful of subterfuges on the part of La Tofna; and it was for a long time completely successful, the custom-house officers having too deep a veneration for St. Nicolas of Bari to examine his ostensible products very closely. The death-dealing drops, however, soon came to be known as "Acquetta di Napoli," and ultimately as "Aqua Tofna," and the poison was distributed by the inventress on the specious plea that it was only intended for the use of married ladies who were desirous of changing old husbands for new ones. From four to six drops were sufficient to destroy life, but it was asserted that the dose could be so proportioned as only to operate fatally within a certain time. At length La Tofna, finding that she was watched by the Government, took sanctuary in a nunnery; and the German traveller Keyser, who visited Naples in 1730, states that in that year she was still living, and "visited by many strangers out of curiosity." But, according to another traveller, Labat, it was as early as 1709 that La Tofna was torn from her monastic asylum and thrown into prison. The clergy and the lazzaroni were much incensed by this violation of sanctuary, but the latter were appeased by an official assertion that La Tofna had poisoned all the wells in the city. She made a full confession under the pressure of torture, and was afterwards strangled, although, characteristically enough, the Government, to appease the Archbishop of Naples, who was still indignant at the disrespect shown to the right of sanctuary, caused the prisoner's corpse to be flung at night into the courtyard of the convent from which she had been taken. There had been, however, many other criminals in league with her; and the "aqua Tofna" continued to be manufactured at Naples and distributed throughout Italy for many years after her death. She must have been a very aged woman when she was brought to justice, for, so early as 1659, in the Papacy of Alexander VII., an old fortune-teller named Hieronyma Spara was discovered to be the president of a society of young married women, whose diversion it was to poison their own and other women's husbands. La Spara, after undergoing all the refinements of judicial torture, was hanged, together with one Gratiosa, her assistant, and three other females. It is said that La Spara was a Sicilian, and had acquired her knowledge of poisons from La Tofna at Palermo. The ingredients of the poisons used by La Spara and La Tofna, and of their too celebrated French precursor, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, were for a long time, in what was believed to be the common interest, kept a profound secret by the judges who condemned the criminals. Pope Alexander VII. caused all the receipts of Hieronyma Spara to be put away in the vaults of the

Castle of St. Angelo; and the murderous formulas of the Marquise de Brinvilliers were, it is said, burned in the same fire that consumed her own body to ashes. In Paris it was long believed that Brinvilliers' favorite powder was diamond dust, a theory too harshly ridiculed by Voltaire, who declared the dust of diamonds to be as harmless as the dust of coral. Had the French sceptic ever visited India, he might have found reason to alter his opinion. It was known, however, that in the casket of Sainte-Croix, who had been the instructor of the Marchioness in that art of poisoning which he had himself learned from an Italian named Exili, there has been found corrosive sublimate, opium, regulus of antimony, and vitriol. But there was also a large quantity of poison ready for use, the components of which the unskilful analysts of the time were unable to detect.

The Depopulated Highlands

There are few Highland glens that do not contain traces of the banished population. In Lochaber, along the shores of Loch Arkaig, the home of the clan Cameron, the remains of what were once extensive townships may yet be seen. The celebrated Glencoe formerly teemed with a hardy population. Famous Glengarry is a sheepwalk, and the powerful clan Macdonnell are now in Canada. Round Fort Augustus and far into the country of the clan Fraser is naught but desolation. In hundreds of straths in Ross-shire the wild heather has not even yet obliterated the green pastures and cultivated fields that once belonged to the MacKenzies and Munroes, and from whence the different battalions of the gallant Ross-shire Buffs marched to conquer at Maida, at Seringapatam, at Assaye, and Argaum. So late as 1849, when the present Prime Minister had already obtained political eminence, Hugh Miller attempted, but fruitlessly, to draw the attention of the British public to the work of destruction that was going on. He eloquently proclaimed that "while the law is banishing its tens for terms of seven and fourteen years, the penalty of deep-dyed crimes, irresponsible and infatuated power is banishing its thousands for life for no crime whatever." A large number of the dispossessed tenantry were sent to America: the remainder settled on the seashore, where they were cramped into small holdings, and have since lived in the condition described by the commission. The tourist steaming along the wild coast of the Western Highlands and islands may see perched on every cliff, in the most exposed situations and subject to the fury of Atlantic gales, the wretched hamlets that now contain the remnants of the Highland clans. Probably he will wonder how a population can at all manage to exist under such conditions. But there they are, elbowed to the very verge of their country. For large tracts of that country the proprietors even now can show no scrap of document, their claim to possession resting solely on the fact that it has never been contested. Treated and looked upon, like the foxes, as mere vermin that interfered with sport, discouraged and thwarted in every direction, these people, notwithstanding their poverty and the hardships of their lot, have maintained unimpaired the noblest attributes of their race. Crime of any kind is almost unknown among them. Their moral standard is the highest in Britain, contrasting in that respect most markedly with their lowland neighbors; and not a few of the leading British statesmen, lawyers, divines, and soldiers of the past 80 years first saw the light in these crofters' huts. Far behind the strip of inhabited littoral stretch the blue mountains the snug and often fertile glens from whence the clans were banished, now turned into silent wilderness, inhabited only by sheep and deer and an occasional shepherd or keeper. There are the vast tracts rented by the Ameri-

can, Mr. Winans, as a hunting ground, to be visited by that alien for two or three months, and abandoned to solitude for the remainder of the year, where not even a native of the soil may plant his foot.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Strange Scenes on the Ganges.

Life and death stand hand in hand on this consecrated ground. Close by the most crowded ghats is a funeral pyre, so near that the bathers might reach out their hands to warm them at its flame. This fire is always burning, night and day, fresh fuel being brought hourly from the city, which never seems to have one less in the bazaars because of these vacancies in households. When the bodies are burnt out the ashes are thrown on the Ganges, and the stream running inshore mingles portions of them with the bathers. From some of the ghats wooden stages are built out over the river, thus multiplying the accommodation for the worshippers. Here is an old man, his wrinkled face aglow with devotional feeling, on his knees at the edge of the stage, lading up the water with his hands and muttering incessant prayer. Close by is a fine, stalwart young Brahmin going through the ritual with a rapid ease that betokens long practice and no disinclination to get through with it as quickly as possible. Here is another Brahmin up to his waist in water working his fist in an energetic fashion, which at a short distance looks as if he were wanting some one on the opposite bank to "come on and have it out" in good old English fashion. On closer inspection it is seen that he has a piece of string around his neck, and that holding it out first with one hand then with the other he is vigorously washing it. Here is a woman whose matronly figure is boldly outlined under the cotton drapery that clings to her as she comes up, wholly unlike Venus, from her third dip; a man close by scoops up the water in the palms of his joined hands and pours it out as if offering a libation, thrice repeating the ceremony and crying aloud his petition to the Preserver.

One of the Tree Dwellers.

A number of physicians assembled recently, in the office of Superintendent Conklin, at the Arsenal, Central Park, N. Y., to examine Krao, a curious child brought from the Lao country. Krao was captured two years and a half ago in her native haunts, which are marshy forests lying between the fiftieth and twentieth degrees of latitude, west of Annam, north of Siam, and 300 miles of Tonquin. The people there all live in trees, and are all covered with hair. Krao has a head of heavy black hair, light eyes, and a thick, soft growth of fine black hair all over her body. Prof. George Shelly, who exhibited her, said the hair on her back grow downward and inward toward the spine, as it does on the apes; that the dimensions of her head corresponded with those of the orange, and that, like them, she had 13 dorsal and 4 lumbar vertebrae, instead of 12 dorsal and 5 lumbar, as a properly built human being ought to have. Her hands, fingers, and wrists were remarkable flexible, and Prof. Shelly seemed to think she was doing something wonderful when she picked up a handkerchief with her toes. In 22 months she has learned to talk some English and some German. Her own language contains about 400 words. She is 8 or 9 years old, and her father and mother looked much more like monkeys than she does. Among those who saw her were Drs. C. L. Dana, Alexander Handon, C. M. O'Leary, H. W. Mitchell, I. E. Taylor, E. P. Mitchell, J. H. Gunning, William Nichols, J. B. Holder, J. O. Peters, and F. P. Foster, and Gen. Viole, President of the Park Department. None of them, not even Gen. Viole, appeared to be overwhelmed with the belief that she was the missing link.

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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

To clip the following from the Strathroy PRIZE.—Toronto TRUTH's prize for answers to Bible questions struck blade for the first time with the number for July 12th of this present year of Joseph Armstrong, second line, which was the winner. The prize (which I have handed over promptly) is described in list as a "solid com silver hunting case watch, price \$25," and agrees with the description in every particular.

KERWOOD, ONT. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for the prize in Competition No. 10, a fine watch, which came to hand all right. It is a good time-keeper. The watch here thought it would not be so, but they have changed their minds about it. I think that the paper, TRUTH, worth the money without any prize. Yours truly, JOSEPH ARMSTRONG.

TORONTO, Sept. 24th, 1884. S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the prize watch awarded to me for answers to the Bible questions. Wishing great success in the future. Yours respectfully, S. COLEMAN.

MONTREAL, Sept. 27th, 1884. DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of silver watch, which I received as a prize in Competition No. 10. It is a good time-keeper. Yours truly, THOMAS LEE.

MONTREAL, Sept. 19th, 1884. S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR,—I have received Tennyson's Poems, my prize for Competition No. 10. I did not expect it, for I am very fortunate. I am pleased with the four times. I am a subscriber to TRUTH and LADIES' JOURNAL and like

both. I intend to subscribe for them every year whether I get a prize or not, although it is very nice to get a prize. Many thanks. Yours truly, Mrs. H. DUDLEY.

KETLEBY, Sept. 27th, 1884. S. F. WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR,—Please excuse me for not acknowledging the beautiful volume of Tennyson's Poems, awarded me in Competition No. 10. I am equally pleased with it and TRUTH. Yours truly, WM. FEARSON.

Jumbo and Others. "He knows nothing besides eating 700 pounds of hay, 2 1/2 bushels of oats, 70 rounds of Graham bread, a bushel of carrots or turnips, and drinking three barrels of water each day," said the trainer. "He does that as regular as clock work, in two installments, and begs the rest of the time from every one who comes near him. He never goes off his feet not even when he sleeps, and he never lost his temper while he had him, except once, when something had angered him. That was in winter quarters at Bridgeport, but I soon got him quiet by putting an additional iron clasp on his tusks."

"But how can you handle such a colossal?" asked the reporter, glancing up at the fourteen feet in height which represent the 24,000 pounds of elephantine matter. "We drive four stakes in a square, and fasten ropes with pulleys to each leg. Then we pull the legs apart until his Majesty's belly touches the ground. In that position we throw him and leave him fastened down until he begins to beg off. After that he is treated with kindness until another dose of pulley becomes necessary. But, as I say, Jumbo is a very pleasant fellow and well behaved."

"I presume the elephants soon learn to know their keepers," suggested the reporter. "That they do, but not every elephant is kind. They grow wicked as they grow old, especially the bulls. We are more or less in danger all the time, but we become attached to them as a man will to a horse. They all have a special hobby or liking. For instance, Hebe, one of the herd, some years ago developed a great liking for a camel. Whenever the latter lay down Hebe would stand over him, put her trunk around his neck, blow on him, and express her love in shrill trumpetings of delight."

"Gypsy, another of the herd, took to children, and when Frank Melville, the bare-back rider, travelled with us, Gypsy showed a remarkable fondness for his little son. The animal recognized the child every time it came into the tent, and was almost frantic if the boy didn't come up and fondle his trunk."

Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who ought to know pretty well what she is talking about pronounced Signor Salvini's delivery of "Otello's" farewell to be the finest of all readings of that passage, and beyond all question finer than Edmund Kean's. Mr. and Mrs. Gratian Guinness, who for more than six years have managed the Livingston Island Mission, on the Congo River, West Africa, have arrived in Boston, where they will lecture on that region. Mrs. Guinness is the editor of a missionary journal, The Kingdom Record.

Miss Margaret Mather has been highly successful at the Court Theatre, Buffalo, the new theatre opened last Monday night under the management of Mr. James M. Hill. In her acting of Lady Macbeth it is declared that, whatever may be the deficiencies of her present work, "she has given abundant evidence of unsuspected powers, and has acquired a role that will grow to great results with time and experience." Her Julius in "The Honey-moon," is very thoroughly commended.

Our Bible Competitions.

THE AWARDS IN NO. 11.

Following is the balance of the successful competitors in the first set of awards in above competition. The middle awards will be announced in our next.

- 72, J. McIntosh, Whitby; 73, Adolphus Andrews, Lambeth; 74, John Little, Holland Landing; 75, Isabella Lennox, Stratton Village; 76, Jennie R. Greenaway, Hamilton; 77, Mary A. McDonald, Point St Charles; 78, Annie Orr, 37 Princess-st., Kingston; 79, Sara J. Ray, Leamoville, Victoria Co.; 80, Rev. J. W. Beaumont, D. D., Bell n; 81, James Dickson, Cortland, N. Y.; 82, Miss Noctt, Racebridge; 83, Frank Sansbury, Jr., Newtonville; 84, D. L. Walsley, M. D. Elmira; 85, Mrs. Joan Bishop, Box 153, Kincardine; 86, A. L. Hammond, West Rosendale, Wis.; 87, Addie Rixon, Milton West, Ont.; 88, David A. Kirkby, Moorfield; 89, Jacob Peister, Brighton, Ont.; 90, J. Hancock, Amigan, Ont.; 91, Miss Jennie Small, Mount Forest; 92, J. F. Stoward, Little Falls, N. Y.; 93, Mrs. Boyd, West Westminster, Ont.; 94, Henry Brown, Deer Park; 95, Mrs. B. Kilborne, Bradford; 96, Minnie Webster, Fenelon Falls; 97, W. H. Erbach, Baden; 98, W. R. Strong, Bradford; 99, Mrs. B. F. Kendah, Bradford; 100, W. Melrose, Baden; 101, Maud Jeffery, Cobourg; 102, Jessie McElphing, Lanark; 103, Susannah Armstrong, Mono Mills, 104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Gold Brooches, 104, James Armstrong, Mono Mills; 105, Arthur Reesor, Markham; 106, Victoria M. Reesor, Markham; 107, Beatrice Bell, Hamilton; 108, J. B. Henderson, 184 King E., Hamilton; 109, Mrs. A. Mitchell, 70 Wellington St., Hamilton; 110, Mrs. A. L. Moth, Alandale; 111, Mrs. King Graham, Brampton; 112, John Richmond, Hamilton; 113, Mrs. James Falls, Brampton; 114, Lillie B. Sharp, Guelph; 115, R. Orton, Guelph; 116, Mrs. L. Ross, 10 Ivy St., Hamilton; 117, M. E. McKay, Hamilton; 118, Mrs. Moncreiff, Oshawa; 119, Mrs. Edward Carl, Lindsay; 120, D. Elliott, Trantou, 121, Lotty Venables, Guelph; 122, Mrs. R. McWha, Shelburne; 123, Mrs. G. Stockdale, Dorchester Station; 124, Geo. F. Bell, 42 James St., Hamilton; 125, R. Gordon, Cobourg; 126, Wm. Mathers, Painter, Paisley; 127, F. E. Barrett, Paris; 128, Bessie H. Fairbairn, Peterborough; 129, Francis G. Evans, Orillia; 130, Carrie Lavery, Cobourg; 131, Martha, Thompson, Markham; 132, Mrs. H. Hinder, Richmond Hill; 133, Mrs. A. Davis, Newmarket; 134, May Flett, Carrington; 135, Lizzie Sheppard, Cinton; 136, R. McCormack, Brockville; 137, E. Appleby, Hannah st., Hamilton; 138, M. E. Barclay, Glenoco; 139, Mrs. J. Stephenson, Unionville; 140, Nellie Harrington, Walkerton; 141, Jno. Broadfoot, Seabrook; 142, Mrs. J. T. Howard, Blaine, Mich.; 143, Edward Sawyer, Hyde Park, Ver.; 144, Martha Butchart, Guelph; 145, Clara Edwards, Cannington; 146, Mrs. W. M. Kennedy, Cobourg; 147, R. A. Carpenter, 173 John St. S., Hamilton; 148, S. C. Rodgers, box 41, Woodville; 149, Mrs. W. S. Froehner; 150, Amy Benjamin, 10 Victoria St., Montreal; 151, Mrs. H. Reinhardt, 563 Sherbrooke St., Montreal; 152, Grace Munchin, Shakespeare; 153, Mrs. George Chath, Bellefleur; 154, J. Hasfall, 571 Lagacheville St., Montreal; 155, Agnes C. Lanskaill, Brockville; 156, T. G. Nichols, Cobourg; 157, Edith Stragg, box 102, Guelph; 158, Maggie Hinton, 123 Main St., Hamilton; 159, George Madge, 229 William St., London; 160, Daniel Kerr, box 24, Chatham; 161, Mrs. J. Robertson, Bowmanville; 162, John Baker, Berlin; 163, James Beaker, Guelph; 164, Mrs. W. S. Husband, Guelph; 165, Eliza Teese, Guelph; 166, John R. Walk, Bradford; 167, Mrs. W. M. Allen, Neustadt, Ont.; 168, Geo.

- Masterton, 114 Nazareth St., Montreal; 169, Thos. Hanburn, Dundalk; 170, Geo. Sharp, Cannington, Ont.; 171, Mary Sharp, Cannington; 172, Alex. O. Gilvie, St. Thomas; 173, Dr. Bingham, Manilla; 174, Mrs. John Brake, Petrolia; 175, H. F. Ferguson, Peterboro'; 176, Mrs. D. Eakin, Unionville; 177, Wm. Kennedy, Port Perry; 178, M. E. Barlow, Montreal; 180, Henry Wilson, Allouford; 181, Miss Mockler, Durham; 182, John McSorley, Bowmanville; 183, Mrs. Wm. J. Williams, Bradford; 184, R. Brakenbury, Hamilton; 185, Warner Cornell, Thodford, Ont.; 186, Josie Vino, Ingersoll, Ont.; 187, John Philips, Montreal; 188, W. C. Bayes, Delhi; 189 Wm. Cummings, Hamilton; 190, Miss Susan Stoner, 232, Hamilton; 191, C. Rue, Perth; 192, Miss Emily Thompson, box 20 Tirerton; 193, J. A. Gilchri, County Jael, Welland; 194, J. Hecklin, 312 Main St., Winnipeg; 195, J. Glass, Oshawa; 196, C. M. Caldwell, Oshawa; 197, J. Crichton, 52 Duff Avenue, Parkdale; 198, Frank A. G. Hamill, Preston; 199, Jas. Perry, Simcoe, Ont.; 200, Annie Bray, Suncoo, Ont.; 201 to 252—Fifty-two Elegant Triplo plated Butter knives; 201, Jas. H. Knight, Lindsay; 202, John Wilson, 543 Richmond St., London; 203, Almada Rock, Port Robertson; 204, Mrs. M. Boulton, Massio; 205, Kato A. Brown, Nottawa; 206, Annie McIntosh, Brechin; 207, Esther Bell, Millikin; 208, Geo. Payne, Quebec; 209, Warron Brookfield; 210, Walter Anderson, Glen Tay, Ont.; 211, Libbie Buchanan, Branchton; 212, Wm. Jackson, Berkeley; 213, Charles J. McKenzie, Niagara Falls; 214, E. B. Crowe, Fredericksburg; 215, Sarah McMahon, Ballycroy, Ont.; 216, Wm. Surgeon, Berrio; 217, John Rath, Gorrie; 218, Jeremiah Linn, Cedar Mills; 219, E. M. Wiley, 412 Princess St., Kingston; 220, Lizzie Warren, Callingswood; 221, J. E. Harris, Cheltenham; 222, Laura Doane, Creemora; 223, Eva Laveridge, 336 Ridout St., London; 224, Thos. Atchason, 64 Hannah St., Hamilton; 225, Mrs. Alex. Macgregor, Galt; 226, Jessie S. Greenields, 41 Mackay St., Montreal; 227, J. R. Bain, 134 John St., Montreal; 228, Mrs. Dr. Schooley, Welland, Ont.; 229, Miss Mary Young, Peterboro'; 230, Henry Falneigh, Stamford; 231, J. W. Cline, Tilsonburg, Ont.; 232, Miss Nellie Watson, box 44 Stratford; 233, T. W. Coleman, Stayner; 234, W. T. Lockhart, Newcastle, Ont.; 235, M. Bernard, Lloyd, box 386 Peterboro'; 237, C. Cavers, St. Catharines; 238, John Thompson, P. O. Department, Montreal; 239, Mrs. J. R. Kellie, Newwood; 240, A. Cameron, Vellore; 241, Mrs. W. Sykes, Mitchell; 242, A. Williams, box 196 Stayner; 243, G. N. Goff, Richard, Vermont; 244, John Sprie, Woodstock, Ont.; 245, Geo. McAuley, Portsmouth; 246, Maggie Craig, 255 University St., Montreal; 247, J. B. Hanson, Wellington St., Ottawa; 248, Mrs. Dr. Henderson, 443 Albert St. Ottawa; 249, Geo. Mellwaine, 19 Mansfield St., Montreal; 250, Mrs. Stemmings, Richmond, Que.; 251, E. G. Miller, Stanstead, Que.; 252, Mrs. R. D. Morckill, Sherbrooke, Que.

To disinfect a room, place an ordinary house shovel over the fire until it becomes thoroughly hot (but not red-hot); then take it to the centre of the room and pour on the shovel so that no fluid can fall to the floor, and the carbolic will be readily given off in vapor sufficient to fill an ordinary room. This will disinfect the air of the room, and as genuine carbolic (more properly called phenol or phenylic alcohol) is not a mineral corrosive acid, the vapor will in no way injure pictures, metals or fabrics.

The City of Rome has probably a greater proportion of ecclesiastics among its people than any other city in the world. Among its 180,000 inhabitants there are, besides the Pope and his cardinals, thirty-four bishops, 1,333 priests, 2,404 monks, 1,872 members of various orders, 2,700 nuns, and 850 lay brethren.

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"Truth" Bible Competition.

No. 12.

CLOSING NOVEMBER 7TH

The Biggest List of Rewards yet Offered.

Having lost so much money by dishonest agents, the proprietor of TRUTH has decided to deal in futuro directly with the people; that the money and premiums heretofore given to agents shall be distributed among his subscribers. In other words, he constitutes himself a big club agent on a large scale. So, instead of paying your money to agents, send it direct to S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor of TRUTH, Toronto, Canada. In this way he hopes to benefit his subscribers as well as himself. This plan has been tried now for nearly a year, and has been fairly successful, although not so much as the very liberal offers he makes would warrant. He aims also to promote the study of the Bible by this plan, and thereby greatly benefit all concerned. He frankly avows that this is really a secondary consideration, but is sure that none can look up these Bible questions, propounded by an eminent divine, without being greatly profited. Hundreds of our subscribers have testified to this during the past year, and many thousands of dollars worth of costly rewards have been given away. Nearly every issue of TRUTH contains many acknowledgements of the receipt of such magnificent rewards as pianos, organs, sewing machines, gold and silver watches, silver tea-services, etc., down to butter knives, elegantly-bound volumes of poetry, etc., etc.; and you have only to invest one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH and answer the Bible questions correctly, and if you do it promptly when you first see this you are almost sure of one of the FIRST REWARDS. If you don't happen to see it on its first appearance, you still have a good opportunity in the SECOND OR MIDDLE REWARDS, and, finally, there are the CONSOLATION REWARDS for the last ones received at TRUTH Office. So you can compete even if you live almost on the other side of the world, for if your letter is post-marked where mailed on or before the closing day of this competition (that is, November 7th), you have a good opportunity of gaining something in these rewards, provided, of course, your answers are correct. Try it now. Nothing whatever is made out of this plan, but he looks for profit in your future patronage, as he is sure you will be so well pleased with TRUTH that you will become a life subscriber. Here are the Bible questions:

- 1. Is ISAIAH spoken of in the Bible?
2. Are BIRDS referred to in the Bible?
3. Where is MAN first made mention of in the Bible?
(One answer to each question will suffice)

There can be no fraud or humbug in the matter, as in the next issue of TRUTH after the close of each competition a complete list of those gaining the rewards are given, together with their post-office addresses, and street and number where possible. Everyone competing must send one dollar with their answers for six months' subscription to TRUTH. It is the best magazine published anywhere. The regular subscription price is two dollars per year. You can send one year's subscription if you prefer to do so, but six months' subscription is all that is required in order to compete. Bear in mind, we don't guarantee that everyone will get a reward, but all the prizes enumerated below will certainly be given, and it is a matter of perfect indifference to us who gets them, only they must all get. Turn up your Bible, and if you are well acquainted with it you can answer those questions after a little study. Don't delay. In the EXHIBIT

BIBLE COMPETITIONS preceding this one there has been given away nearly ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH of useful and valuable articles. Here then is the list of

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—THREE SPLENDID ROSEWOOD FULL RIZE SQUARE PIANOS, by Steverson & Co. \$1,000
4, 5 and 6.—THREE FINE CABINET ORGAN 823
7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Five Gentlemen's Gold Gold Hunting Case or Open Face Watches. 600
12, 13, 14, 15 and 16.—Five Gold Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services of six Pieces. 600
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22.—Six Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case Watches, genuine Elgin. 600
23 to 31.—NINE Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plate Tea, Coffee, or Hot Water Urns, a most elegant and serviceable addition to the side-board. 450
32 to 40.—THIRTEEN Gentlemen's Genuine Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case or Open-face Watches. 600
41 to 50.—Twenty-seven Ladies' Genuine Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case or Open-face Watches. 600
51 to 59.—Twenty-three Solid Aluminum Gold Watches. 450
60 to 69.—Fifty Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-case or open-face Watches. 800
70 to 79.—Sixty-two Ladies' Beautiful Gem Rings, solid gold setting. 630
80 to 89.—One hundred and eighteen Fine Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, lowest designs. 202
90 to 99.—Two hundred and seventy-two Fine Heavy Silver-plated Butter Knives. 272

These are the first rewards; that is, the first seven hundred and one persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above, together with one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, will receive those rewards in the order in which they are numbered. After these come the great list of MIDDLE REWARDS, where the biggest prizes are to be found. In this list No. One reward, SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN, will be given to the person who sends the middle correct answer of the whole competition. That is, if there are two thousand and one correct answers received altogether on this competition, the 1,001 will take the seven hundred dollars. If there are two middle correct answers the money will be divided between the two. That would only happen of course if there was an even number of answers received. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two (one of the pianos), and the next one number three and so on till all these middle rewards are given away. Bear in mind, you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for all these costly prizes, as one dollar is the regular subscription price for six months' subscription to TRUTH, and you cannot fail to be pleased with your dollar investment even if you get nothing except TRUTH for the half year.

Don't waste time in writing, as no other information at any time can be given beyond that contained in this notice. Here follows the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1st.—SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN \$700
2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.—Five Grand Square Rosewood Pianos. 2700
7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12.—Six Splendid Bell & Co.'s Cabinet Organ. 1200
13 to 22.—Eighteen valuable and costly triple silver-plated Tea Services of six pieces. 1800
23 to 32.—Twenty Gentlemen's fine solid gold genuine Elgin Watches. 1100
33 to 42.—Fifteen Ladies' fine solid gold genuine Elgin Watches. 1200
43 to 52.—Thirteen Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 700
53 to 62.—Twenty solid silver Watches. 500
63 to 72.—Thirty seven Ladies' solid gold Silver Watches. 900
73 to 82.—Thirty Aluminum Gold Watches. 300
83 to 92.—Thirty-three Solid Gold Gem Rings. 100
93 to 102.—One hundred and fifty-seven World's Cyclopaedia, a most useful volume. 40
103 to 112.—Eighty-two volumes of Chambers' Dictionary. 50
113 to 122.—Two hundred and eighty-nine triple silver-plated Butter Knives. 200

Then come the last, or consolation rewards, which are given to the senders of the last correct answers which are received at TRUTH office, post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition (November 7th.)

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin \$500
2. One Grand Square Piano 700
3 and 4.—Two Grand Cabinet Organs 800

- 5, 6, and 7.—Three Silver Tea Services 300
10, 11, 12.—Five Gentlemen's solid genuine Gold Watches. 500
13 to 19.—Seven Ladies' Gold Watches. 630
20 to 31.—Twelve solid gold Silver Hunting-case or Open-face Watches. 500
32 to 41.—Twenty Aluminum Gold Hunting-case Watches. 400
42 to 50.—Twenty-three Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Rings. 230
71 to 82.—One hundred and thirty-three Ladies' elegant Gold Brooches. 372
181 to 207.—Two hundred and fourteen elegantly-bound volumes of "Toronto Past and Present" 439
208 to 227.—Three hundred and thirty-five triple Silver-plated Butter Knives. 335

The last correct answer will take number one in these rewards, and the second to the last numbers two, and so on till all are given out. Remember, such an opportunity may not occur again of getting a splendid weekly magazine, which alone is big value for the money, and if your answers are correct, of getting one of those rewards in addition. All will be given strictly as stated. No corrections or answers will be allowed after they are once mailed to us. No money can be received by telephone or telegraph, or in any other way than through the express or postoffice. In order to prevent fraud, the right is reserved to return anyone their money and deny them the privilege of competing. Bear in mind, don't pay money to agents, as none are employed. Remit direct to TRUTH office. You can join your neighbors in a club if you wish but not less than ten (10) must send together. If ten friends club together and send in their ten dollars, each one of the club will get one of the rolled gold brooches, and besides, will take his position for one of the regular rewards in the list, just as though he had sent separately. All the members of the club can send their names on different slips and enclose in the same envelope with the others. Don't delay, but send along your answers now, as TRUTH contains something to interest every member of the family. 28 pages of choice literature; short, pointed editorials on the leading events of the day illustrated fashions; two pages of newest music, full sheet size; two or more most fascinating serial stories; one short story; household, health, ladies', children's, and other departments, all carefully edited, making one of the most attractive weekly (not monthly) magazines published in the world. Address S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor TRUTH, 33 and 35 Adelaide-st. Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post office order, or by registered or ordinary mail. Anybody living anywhere is eligible to compete.

To Correspondents

In answer to inquiries regarding an article entitled "Good News for the Deaf," which recently appeared in our columns, we repeat here what we have already said—that the article was clipped from the Chicago Sunday Times; and that by communicating with that paper correspondents may possibly secure the information they seek.

Mrs. J. PATTI, Eastford.—Thanks for your note and the paper sent. We appreciate your kindness in sending it to us.

Noted by Pillsbury down my throat again, but a girl ran. When I can get such a friend and servant as my little black, such as Dr. Carson's Blood Purifier. It really does the blood and then makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 2 cents.

NEWEST STYLES

FELT HATS

Arrived this week Save time and money by going direct to

TONKIN BROS., 110 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I ever got through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes, will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Blood Purifier to purify your blood as you up the system save bottles to come

Watson, Thorne & Smellie, Barristers, 9 York Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto

GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR A FARMER. A driving and able to command from \$12,000 to \$20,000 large city estate, embracing about 30 houses, will be such rental as will give good interest investment handsome return for necessary attention; property compact. W. HAMILTON, 211 Talbot street, London

I will supply two year old vines

NIAGARA WHITE GRAPES

without any conditions whatever at Two Dollars Each.

Agents wanted, apply to D. W. Beadle, St. CATHARINES

D. F. TOLCHARD GROCER

Families supplied with the freshest and best Groceries at lowest possible prices. All kinds of fresh fruit in season.

NOTE THE ADDRESS. Corner of Yonge and St. Mary's St. TORONTO

WANT SALE.—Wood-working Establishment. The Plant is in one of Missouri's best iron mines, and consists of the ground. Good building, first class engine and machinery. A splendid run of custom work which can be greatly extended. Walnut, sycamore, hick and other timber in abundance and cheap. Have a permanent contract to make boxes a large Tobacco Factory. Have 60,000 feet of walnut and sycamore lumber on hand. Will sell at a big bargain if applied for at once. For description of property and machinery, address S. S. WELLS, Chillicothe, Mo., U.S.A.

FUN AND MYSTERY

KNELER AMUSEMENT FOR ONLY 31 CENTS. Have you seen it! The great collection of over 500 Games, Cards, Tricks, Puzzles, Songs, etc. offered for anything like the money. A GIFT FOR ALL WHO WISH TO ENJOY THEMSELVES. No old or young. Our NEW BUDGET contains the following: Haller's Corned Beef; The Mystic riddle. Guide to the Fortune; 10 new Evening Names; Set of 100 Light Cards; 1 Set Colored Chromo Cards; the Star Puzzle; 20 Ways to Get Rich; 150 Puzzles; 5 Beautiful Fair Play Puzzles; Language of Jewels and Flowers; 100 Songs for Autograph Albums; 11 Popular Songs with Music; 13 New Tricks in Magic; Pack of Fun and Comic Cards; 1 Chinese Block Puzzle; the Roman Cross Puzzle; Great 50 Prize Puzzle; 18-Transformations; Pictures, change color right before your eyes; and Games of Fortune. At 75 CENTS per copy, in One or Two Copies. Postage stamps. If mail postpaid. 75 CENTS for FIFTY CENTS, five for 75 CENTS. Send at once and get the great bargain ever offered. Return this order to avoid mistake. JAS. LEE & CO. Central P. O.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADES

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated

OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES

And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc. 417 Queen St. West, Toronto.

Chalk white Valenciennes is the latest fancy for trimming black silk dresses and black parasols.

Ladies' Department.

Feminine Names Defined.

Frances is "unrestrained and free."
 Martha, "pollen'd, purely bright."
 Clara, "clear" as the crystal sea;
 Lucy, a star of radiant "light."
 Catharine, is "pu e" as mountain air;
 Barbara cometh "from afar";
 Mabel is "like a lilly fair";
 Henrietta, a so't sweet "star."

Ivella, is a "happy girl";
 Matilda, a "lady true";
 Margaret, is a shining "pearl";
 Rebecca, "with the faithful fow."
 Susan, is a "lily white";
 Jane, has the "willow's" curve and grace;
 Cecilia, dear, is "dim of sight";
 Sophia, shows "wisdom" on her face.

Constance, is "firm and resolute,"
 Grace, a delicious "favor meet";
 Charlotte, "a noble, of good repute";
 Harriet, a fine "odor sweet";
 Isabella, is "a lady rare";
 Lucinda, "constant as the day";
 Maria, means "a lady fair";
 Abigail, "joyful" as the May;
 Elizabeth, "an oath of trust";
 Adeline, "a princ e, proud";
 Agatha, "is truly good and just";
 Lella, "a joy by love avowed."

Jemima, "a soft sound in air";
 Caroline, "a sweet spirit hale";
 Cornelia, "harmonious and fair";
 Selma, "a sweet nightingale";
 Lydia, "a refreshing well";
 Judith, "a song of sacred praise";
 Julia, "a jewel none excel";
 Priscilla, "ancient of days."

GEORGE W. BUNDAY.

Canning Fruit.

All social duties that are not obligatory are put aside just now, also all household routine that is not absolutely necessary, for this is the "canning season," when fruit follows fruit so rapidly that one kind is hardly stored before another presents itself for consideration.

It is surprising how few know how to can fruit properly—to retain the original flavor and freshness peculiar to each kind. Long before the happy idea struck some one to treat fruit in such a manner as to retain the flavor of the freshly plucked, preserving it meant boiling it for an indefinite time, with a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, till it became a jellied mass which would sometimes be very difficult to label if it were judged by its taste and shape. That should have been called, more properly, a confection of fruit. To make the distinction clear between the old and the new method of preserving fruit, so that the original flavor would be retained in all its delicacy, purity, and piquancy, the word "canning" was used. Greatly to the deterioration of all kinds of fruit the meaning of the word canning is often misunderstood or is carelessly lost sight of. It is thought by many that the can or jar is simply an airtight receptacle for cooked fruit, just as the stove jars and little pots were in the jelly and jam making days of our grandmothers. But that is a mistaken idea. If canned fruit is wanted, it should not first be cooked in a vessel and poured into the can. It spoils the appearance of the fruit; very often, after a good deal of care and attention has been bestowed upon it, the result is a wishy washy, mushy, unsightly-looking mess.

There are many sauces and puddings whose delicate and fine flavor, which gives them their piquancy, would be entirely destroyed if the ingredients of which they were composed came in contact with the water which cooked them to perfection. The fact being recognized by painstaking cooks, the materials are carefully mixed, spiced, or flavored, placed in an earthen jar, and that jar or vessel placed in a pot of water, which is kept at the boiling-point till the sauce or the pudding is ready for the table. Some housekeepers, with whom economy of fuel is a consideration, keep a little stew-pan bowl which exactly fits when the lid of the kettle should be, to cook small puddings or a sauce for a pudding, the steam in this case doing the duty of the boiling water. This principle has been applied, and very successfully, to the preservation of fruit, so, as was said before, to retain the original flavor and freshness peculiar to each kind.

Some well-versed in housekeeping lore

say that sugar is not necessary for the preservation of fruit, that it is simply used to make it more palatable, just as the majority prefer sugar and cream with their peaches and strawberries. Others, equally well versed in gastronomical niceties, say that the quantity of sugar is a very essential point, as an insufficient quantity may interfere with the keeping of the fruit, and too much will kill the flavor. If the fruit contains much acid, it will bear more sugar than sweeter fruit, without interfering with the flavor, and at the same time assist in the keeping process. Much also depends upon the state of ripeness of the fruit, whether it be under or over ripe. The maturity or immaturity of the fruit affects not only the quantity of sugar, but the time of boiling. But these are details which can only be understood and considered after some practical experience in putting up fruit. In this homely work, as in higher things, practice alone makes perfect. Fruit should not be cooked any longer than is absolutely necessary to prevent fermentation; the larger fruits are, the more they should be cooked, and vice versa. The little table given below will be found a good and reliable guide to follow in regard to the quantity of sugar and time of boiling of ordinary fruits.

Now for a few practical directions. The selection of fruit is a very important matter. It should always be perfectly ripe and fresh. All that is bruised or slightly decayed should be rejected. It can be used to make jam, and as filling for pies, or prepared for tea, to be eaten with sugar and cream. When the fruit is at hand, it should be immediately attended to. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with its immediate putting up. As some kinds discolor rapidly in the processes of preparation, the command should be, "All hands on deck!" so that the work be done as expeditiously as possible. After the fruit is selected and prepared by peeling or otherwise, according to the kind it may be, it should be placed in the jars in nice layers neatly arranged; then the table should be referred to to ascertain how much sugar is required to the quart for that particular kind of fruit. The sugar should then be dissolved in hot water (which makes a syrup), and poured slowly and carefully over the fruit. Care should be taken not to strike the glass with the syrup; it should be poured on the fruit directly in the centre of the mouth of the jar. If there is not sufficient syrup to cover the fruit, hot water should be added till the jar is full; but care must be taken to prevent the syrup from running over the jar.

The rubber should then be moistened and placed on the shoulder of the jar. If the rubbers are brittle and hard, their elasticity can be restored by their being soaked for a few minutes in ammonia and water—two parts of water to one of ammonia. Before placing the rubber upon it, it should be seen that the shoulder of the jar is perfectly clean and free from small particles of fruit, etc. The cap or stopper should then be applied, and the screw ring fitted, but not too tight. As to the cooking: About the most expeditious way is to place a wash boiler upon the stove, with a little water in the bottom to prevent its burning. Clean shingles should then be placed upon the ledge within, and as many jars set upon them as the boiler will conveniently hold. Slightly warmed water should then be poured slowly in, till it comes within an inch of the cap or stopper, and the water watched till it comes to the boiling-point, and the fruit cooked according to the time given in the table below. After the jars are taken out of the boiler, the rings must be unscrewed a few minutes to let out the steam and hot air; then rescrewed, and set in a dry, cool place to cool, carefully avoiding a strong draught of air, as in a strong draught one side of the jars will cool more quickly than the other, and the contraction not being equal, the jars are liable to crack. After the slightly warmed water is poured into the boiler among the jars it should be brought

quickly to a boil, and kept at the same temperature till the fruit is cooked. When the jars are nearly cold, the screw ring should be turned as tightly as possible with the hand, and the jars stored in a dry, cool place where they will not be exposed to a strong light. As there is no place on earth where the processes of decay may not enter, the jars of fruit should be inspected occasionally, with as little disturbance as possible, and any showing the slightest taint or cloudiness used immediately to prevent loss.

Where the family is small, pint jars are the best to use, as fruit from a jar re-opened is apt to taste insipid, if not worse. In preparing small fruits, such as cherries, berries, or currants, care should be taken not to mash them in steaming, etc., as it gives a ragged appearance to the fruit and spoils the clearness of the syrup. And for the same reason fruit should not be cooked any longer than is absolutely necessary. In preparing pure apple, which is delicious canned, it should be cut to suggest a mouthful, and peaches should be quartered.

Although these directions entail a great deal of work, and exact forethought from the housekeeper, all things that tend to prevent awkwardness in the serving of food and to create pleasurable emotions (aids to digestion) throw a glamour of refinement over the process of preparation, whose delicate radiance is reflected upon the weary face of the tired hostess as she takes her place at the head of the table.

Though glass jars are generally used by private consumers to put up fruit by hermetically sealing it, and tin cans by those who prepare it for the market, the process is popularly called canning.

TABLE.

	Time for boiling fruit.	Quantity of sugar to the quart.
Cherries	5 minutes.	6 ounces.
Raspberries	6 "	4 "
Blackberries	8 "	6 "
Strawberries	8 "	8 "
Plums	10 "	8 "
Whortleberries	5 "	4 "
Pie-plant (sliced)	10 "	10 "
Small sour pears (whole)	10 "	8 "
Bartlett pears (in halves)	10 "	6 "
Peaches (in halves)	8 "	4 "
Pine-apple (sliced)	15 "	6 "
Siberian or crab-apple	25 "	8 "
Sour apples (quartered)	10 "	6 "
Ripe currants	6 "	8 "
Wild grapes	10 "	8 "
Gooseberries	8 "	8 "
Quince (sliced)	35 "	10 "

Make Time to Read.

A writer in the *Woman's Journal* says: When I hear people complaining that they have no time to read, I feel sure that some of their time is badly spent, because I have seen people crowded with all the work which it is possible to crowd into life, and yet have seen them getting some earnest living thought from our great thinkers. No one in the world can be driven more with hard work than a woman with several small children on a large farm; no one in the world can find it harder sometimes to get books to read than such a woman, if the place is not paid for, yet some of the best informed, most deeply read, most thoroughly educated persons have been such women. But "something always gets crowded out," and if one takes this best of life, she must leave out some of the unnecessary sewing and unnecessary conventionalities.

Girls that are Lovable.

Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism; girls who will let themselves be guided; girls who have the filial sentiment well developed and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother; girls who knew that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome; girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleas-

ure, and when they are denied, submit without repining to the inevitable hardship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are.

Stale Bread.

Now, although I do not advise any one to throw away a plateful of stale bread, it is sometimes the most economical thing to do with it, especially in hot weather, when it is very apt to mold. At other times I should advise you to cut off any brown crusts, break in small pieces, and dry—not toast—it in the oven when the fire is very low. Then pound or roll it rather fine, and put it in a paper bag, which should be hung in a cool dry corner of your pantry. You will find it very convenient to use in preparing a dish of scalloped oysters, meat, eggs or tomatoes—for all of which it is far nicer than cracker crumbs—for bread sauce, and many other things.

Tanned Faces.

Why do ladies object to having their faces tanned? The deep, rich crimson color is certainly very becoming and preferable to the pale, sickly look so common. The reason is not difficult to find. A tanned face is thought to belong to persons low in the social scale; in other words, to the vulgar. So women forego the good they might receive from sunshine, and acquire a complexion of a sickly pallor caused by organic decay, and call it beautiful. The practice of screening the body, and especially the face, from the sun on all occasions is one which deserves to be severely condemned.

Vassar College girls are not allowed to indulge in pistol practice any more. The teachers decided that it made them bold and brazen. As long as you keep the sex down to the rolling-pin for a weapon they are all right.

First young lady: "Why, Jennie, you dear little sweet! I've not met you in a year. Where have you been?" "To Chicago." "And did you like it out there? You married, didn't you?" "Oh, yes." "Did you do well?" "Pretty well, though not so well as I expected. The court only allowed me \$150 a month alimony." "What a shame!"

The most original and beautiful piece of wood-carving yet done in America has been accomplished by a young woman who, traveling in Switzerland with her father, persuaded him to give her the opportunity to learn the rudiments of the art. Determination to excel, the fine conscience of the artist, and endless practice, have developed a genius.—*Harper's Bazar*.

FASHION IN FASHION. Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs of goods. 10c. for any color. Get at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

A Boston woman ran the table on \$2.20 per week for four months to see how low expenses could be reduced. When she had saved enough to buy her a scalakin racoon the figures suddenly jumped to \$13 again.

Mr. T. C. Borchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Billiousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I had much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."

Ambergris.

For a series of years there raged a hot controversy as to what this valuable substance really was, the most extraordinary opinions being offered regarding its origin, composition, and uses. One statement, dated so far back as 1762, says that ambergris issues from a tree, which manages to shoot its roots into the water, seeking the warmth therefrom in order to deposit therein the fat gum of which it is the source. "When that fat gum is shot into the sea, it is so tough that it is not easily broken from the root unless by the strength of its own weight. If you plant such trees where the stream sets to the shore, then the stream will cast it up to great advantage." Another authority, Dr. Thomas Brown, in a work published in 1686, shows that an idea then entertained was that ambergris was only found in such whales as had come upon the substance floating in the sea and swallowed it. In course of time it was found that this precious commodity was generated in the whale itself. An American doctor residing in Boston made it public in 1724 that some Nantucket whalers, in cutting up a sperm whale, had found about 20 pounds of the valuable substance, which, they said, was contained in a cyst or bag without either outlet or inlet. As a matter of fact, ambergris, which is an important drug, is a morbid secretion in the intestines of the sperm whale. Capt. Coffin, in a statement he made at the bar of the House of Commons, said that he had lately brought home 362 ounces of that costly substance, which he had found in a sperm whale captured off the coast of New Guinea. At the time of Coffin's examination ambergris was of the value of 25 shillings an ounce. The Pacific whalers search keenly for this commodity, and large finds of it sometimes bring them a rich reward.—*Chambers Journal.*

Has Venus a Moon?

It is not impossible that a new planet has been discovered, a very small member of the solar system, revolving outside of its orbit of Venus and near her domain. M. Houzeau, the director of the new observatory at Brussels, an astronomer and writer of renown, has an ingenious theory which will be entitled to careful consideration as coming from the pen of a distinguished man of science.

There was formerly a general belief that our fair neighbors was, like the earth, accompanied by a satellite, and one of the first objects looked for after the invention of the telescope was the moon of Venus. Seven times at least since that important event a small object has been seen near Venus, presenting a similar phase and bearing evidence of being a satellite of the bright planet. The first observation was made in 1740, and the last in 1764. During the 120 years that have passed since, though diligent search has been unremitting, no vestige of the mythical moon has been found.

M. Houzeau has revived the theme by the presentation of a curious and somewhat startling theory upon the following basis: A planet revolves around the sun outside of Venus and near to her. It is very small in dimensions, and is possibly an escaped satellite. Neith is the name given to the little planet, in honor of the mysterious goddess Sais, whose veil no mortal has raised.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT for seeking medical aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" manifest themselves. There are no "minor" ailments. Every symptom is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight constiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style. Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such, "And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, "To induce people "To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else." "THE REMEDY so favourably noticed in all the papers, Religious and secular, is "Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines. "There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability "In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No! "She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, "The doctors doing her no good; "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. "Indeed! Indeed!" "How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery. "From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility, "Under the care of the best physicians, "Who gave her disease various names, "But no relief, "And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say: "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters. "He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable. "And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

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 correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* says that, though "the Thames is bad, it is real rose-water compared with the Clyde," and that he "was nearly poisoned with the frightful sewage smell of the river from Glasgow to Govan. It was not until we were well below Greenock that the sewage odors were lost."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gaged by the opinions of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Every common trade in Amsterdam has a government shop, at which deservingly poor are given work in case of great necessity. The price paid them is very small, and the goods made are used by the government instead of being sold. The system is said to work very satisfactorily.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter holds informal receptions at Clematis Cottage, Isles of Shoals, where there are always bright talk, good music, and sometimes the reading of one of her own poems by herself.

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

Ah Shong, a Chinaman at Capo May, is a rich mandarin, tall and commanding, who wears the American dress, but whose body-servant is all satin and embroidery and bagginess.

Merited Praise

The Universal praise bestowed upon Kidney-Wort as an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, is well merited. Its virtues are universally known and its cures are reported on all sides. Many obstinate cases have succumbed to it after they had been given up by the doctors and a thorough treatment will never fail to cure. Sold by all druggists. See adv't.

When Marion Terry took her sister Ellen's part as Viola, at twenty-four hours' notice, all she knew of the part was as a spectator of Ellen's acting on the opening night.

Farmers' Folly.

Some farmers adhere, even against the full light of fact and discovery, to the old-fashioned folly of coloring butter with carrots, annatto, and inferior substances, notwithstanding the splendid record made by the improved Butter Color, prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. At scores of the best agricultural Fairs it has received the highest award over all competitors.

Mrs. Brown left five hundred dollars for a memorial to her son, Artemus Ward, and a movement is now in progress to raise a fund to add to it by dime subscriptions.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Patti travelled to Wales recently in one of the Prince of Wales's salons. But Nilsson had the Queen's own drawing-room car to go from Liverpool to London.

BRIGGS' QUININE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

The Emperor of Morocco, Muley Hassab, is the only subscriber to a newspaper in the empire, a small weekly Arabic journal printed in Algiers.

SORREYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Among the noted amateur tricyclists of London who think nothing of making twenty mile excursions are Mr. and Mrs. Bronson Howard.

What is it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

The famous Egyptologist Brugach Bey has been appointed to diplomatic service of an unknown character, and will go to Africa this month.

Frames, Jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc. What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can pierce bedew mine eye It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Mrs. Vincent, the wife of a member of Parliament, now at Newport, is said to resemble Queen Victoria in her youthful days.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE

FOR

KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. H. N. Clark, Co. Hero, Vt.

"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. G. M. Sumner, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES

It has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, **CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION**, but harmless in all cases.

It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

PRICE, \$1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S

IMPROVED BUTTER-COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairy-men of America with an excellent artificial color for butter, so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. **It Will Not Color the Butter-milk.** It **Will Not Turn Rancid.** It is the **Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.**

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Miss Isola Van Diest is the first and only female physician in Belgium.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store with out it.

The revivalist Mrs. Van Cutt has been active in her special work for nineteen years.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Water's Palmaria Syrup.

A woman's beauty, Dr. Hammond says, is in direct proportion to the beef and mutton she eats.

STATEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, and glass, chimney ornaments, picture.

The confirmation dress of the Princess Louise of Wales was of simple white India muslin, without trimming.

During his thirty years' career in Paris Aurelian Scholl has founded no less than ten journals, and has fought nearly twenty duels.

For worms in children, a sure and inglorious Sitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

A Curious Physiological Case.

A curious freak in physiology has just happened in Georgia which some profess to see pointing to a recent crime. A young unmarried woman recently gave birth to a child which had but one eye, the other having the shape, color, and appearance of a deadly bullet wound. The child lived but a few moments and the mother soon after died in convulsions. About two months before her cousin, Mrs. Rose, an invalid with whom she lived, was shot in the head by a bullet and killed. The young woman declared that she was awakened by the report of a pistol and saw a burglar disappearing through the window. But the burglar not being well established Mr. Rose and his unmarried cousin were arrested. There was no direct proof of their crime, nor even of their intimacy, but the remarkable developments since do, in the opinion of many, point to a tragedy which so deeply affected the young woman's mind that it betrayed itself in her infant's mutilated countenance.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

A farmer near Walkerton held over 400 bushels of wheat from last year, for which he was offered \$110. He will now be glad to sell for 75 cents.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expenses and carriage hire and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 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, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The annual increase of adult converts to the four Free Church missions in Livingstonia, Africa, is 400, or more than an average congregation in this country.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall Mich., offer to cure their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kinds of troubles. Also rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete rest is not to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The German Government has prohibited the holding of three socialist election meetings. The socialists threaten to obstruct the meetings of the other parties.

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as it by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

It is stated that the United States department of justice will begin the prosecution of civil suits against the Star Route ring contractors within a few weeks.

Miss Beatty, M.D., of Kingston, who graduated from Queen's College, has gone to labor at Indore, in connection with Presbyterian Church Missions.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and talking at the same time. Who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Blood Purifier occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier.

Catarrah—A New Treatment.
Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrah (out of 2,000 patients treated during the past year 99.99 per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is not the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefited 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 living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrah 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 catarrah in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrah. 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, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrah.—Montreal Star

John Rogers, of Abingdon, Ills., has brought a suit for \$50,000 damages against Smith Lattimer, Henry Dunlop, and Dr. Miller for circulating reports that his cattle were suffering from pleuro-pneumonia. A.P. 196.

PHRENOLOGY EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, at 32 York St. Toronto
T. GOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woolen, Silk Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.
The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

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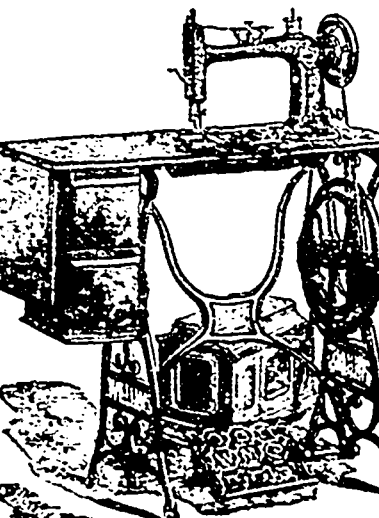
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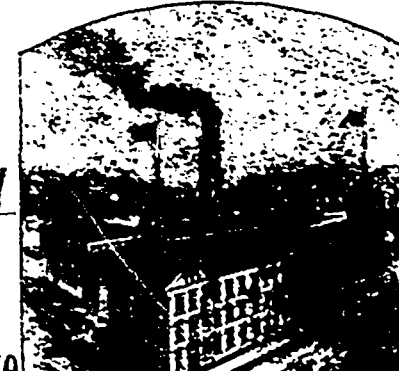
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31 to 35.—Eighty-five fine rolled gold brooches 250
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41 to 45.—Two hundred and four solid triple silver plate butter knives 200

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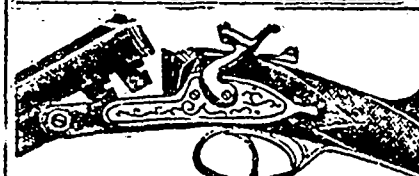
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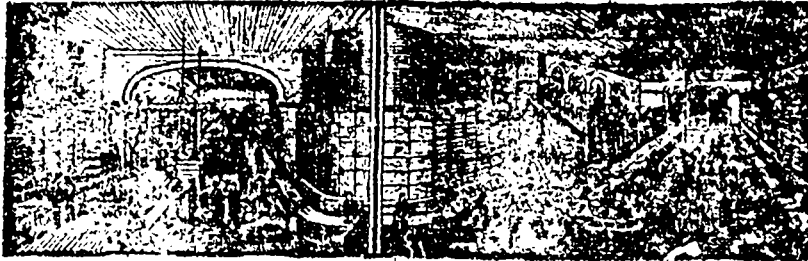
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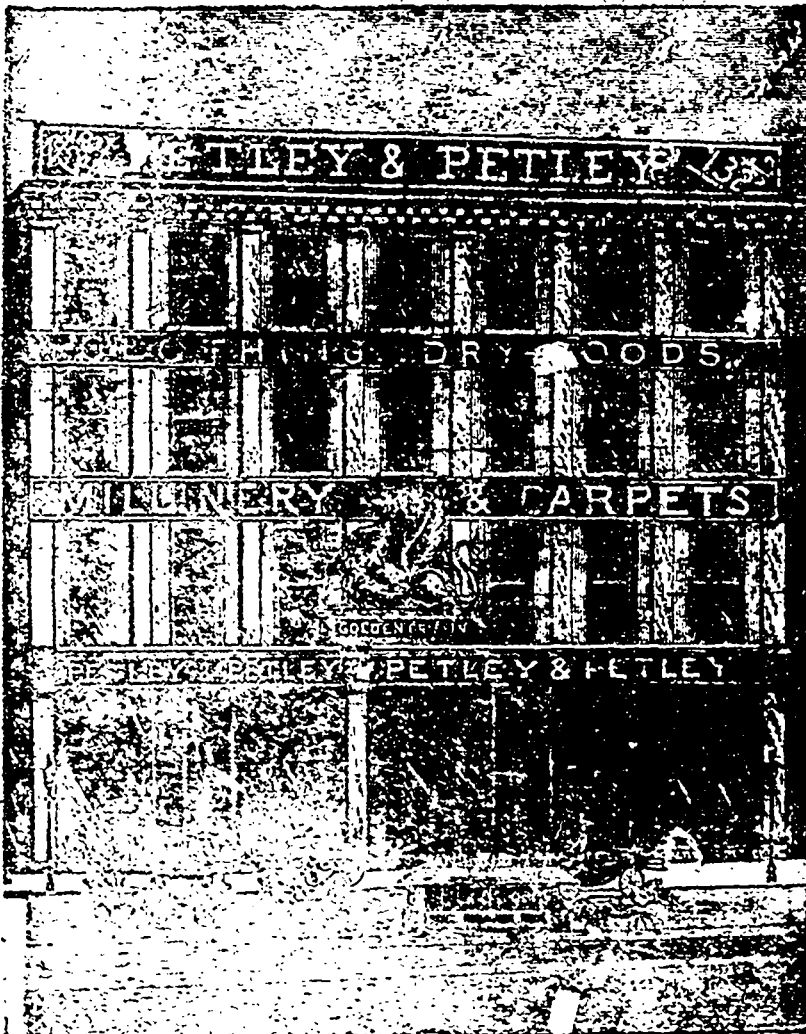
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