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# TRUTH

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September 13th, 1890.

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# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—31st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 510

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

The Oka trouble which a few years ago created so much excitement throughout the country, shows signs of again taking on an acute form. Though quiescent of late years it has never been properly and really settled. The effort has been continuous on the part of the Seminary authorities to remove the Indians from their ancestral home. As will be remembered, the point in dispute is to whom does the land occupied by the Indians belong? to themselves or the Seminary authorities? The former claim it on the ground of original possession; the latter base their claim upon the grant made by the French King, before the conquest, to the Gentlemen of the Sulpice of Paris, who were to use the grant for the purpose of civilizing and converting the Indians. After the conquest the Parisian Sulpicians withdrew, and were succeeded by a Canadian order, who took up the work of their French brethren. No steps appear to have been taken by the new order to secure England's recognition of their claim to the property, which, be it remembered, had been occupied by the Indians continuously from before the coming of the French amongst them. In this way matters continued until about twenty years ago, when a number of Indians became Protestants. Naturally this change was not pleasant to the Seminary authorities, who it is charged have ever since made the position of the heretics very uncomfortable. Failing by oppressive measures to induce them to leave, the authorities have, since the outbreak of a few years ago, had recourse to milder means. Through the Government a settlement has been found for them at Gibson, in Muskoka, and they have been urged to move there. Some have yielded to the proposition; but others, on the ground that the new location is remote from a market, and in the belief that they should not be forced to desert the home of their ancestors, have remained behind. To these latter a better offer was made a short time ago. They were asked to accept one hundred acres in Muskoka per family, \$10 per acre for the land they occupy in Oka, their removal expenses, \$10,000 to be spent in their new homes, and \$300 as their share of the value of a common which all the Oka Indians use.

The Indians have refused to accept this proposition, alleging that their land is worth more than \$10 per acre, and that when once rid of their presence the Seminary authorities will have no trouble in securing \$30 or \$40 per acre. Moreover, they express a preference for having the respective claims to the land in Oka tested in the courts, a trial which the Seminary authorities seem anxious to avoid. And here the matter might have rested had it not been for the fact that within the last few days Minister Dewdney has addressed a letter to the Indians at Oka assuring them that henceforth the Government will not grant any assistance to "Protestant Indians." The letter says nothing concerning Catholic Indians, who may be dealt with in whatever manner the Government shall choose. This evidently looks like an attempt to intimidate and coerce the recalcitrants. That it will succeed in accomplishing the purpose intended is not very probable. The sense of justice is too strong throughout the country to permit these unimpartial and politically weak

follow-citizens to suffer in the way hinted at in the letter should they stand up for their rights. For surely, the Indians, as parties to the dispute, are entitled to an opinion with regard to the terms of the settlement. Mr. Dewdney may yet learn that he has made a tremendous mistake in making such an unjust discrimination.

Were it not that so many of the big schemes set on foot by Frenchmen turn out such miserable failures the public might begin to hope that Paris would ere long realize her ambition to become a port for ocean-going vessels. The old scheme of rendering the Selue navigable as far as the gay capital is again revived and a public enquiry has been ordered by M. Guyot. A syndicate, too, of promoters has proposed to carry out the work at an estimated cost of about 200,000,000 of francs without a State subvention or guarantee of interest, and has already submitted a list of subscribers of one-third of the capital required. These are certainly steps in the right direction, but whether they will amount to anything can hardly be predicted at present.

The appearance at Vienna of a genuine case of Asiatic Cholera has aroused the fear that Western Europe will be invaded by the dread scourge during the present autumn. This is the opinion of Dr. Frederick F. Algernon, a specialist on the subject, who thinks it is possible that England may have an epidemic of cholera this coming autumn, partly because of the relation of the disease to influenza and partly because of the damp, telluric conditions of the country, caused by the recent protracted rains. According to the English hygienist Richardson, the statistics show that "mortality from cholera begins to rise in June, rises rapidly in July, maintains a high and steady position in August and runs up to the absolute maximum in September." The coming month is, therefore, the period in which telluric and other influences most favor the spread of the malady in England. For this reason the British government should exercise the utmost diligence to detect any case of infection seeking to enter their ports. Nor should our authorities leave any precautions untried to guard us from the terrible plague. Prevention here if anywhere is better than cure.

Seventy five years ago a New York merchant, by the name of Elkana Watson, assayed to estimate what the population of his country would be at each decennial count during the present century. His estimates for the first fifty years were singularly accurate. Thus for 1820, the first count after the estimate had been made, he was out by only 8,068 in a total population of 9,633,822; for 1830 by 32,376, in a total of 12,966,020; for 1840 by 47,073 in a total of 17,069,453; for 1850 by only 6,508 in a total of 23,191,878; and for 1860 by 310,503 in a total of 31,443,321. The estimate of 1870, however was wide of the mark, being 3,770,001 too high. This wide discrepancy was largely owing to the Civil War which Mr. Watson could hardly be expected to foresee. The disturbing element then brought in has affected all the counts since that of 1860, the count of 1888 being too high by over six millions, while that of 1890 was placed at 77,266,839, or about 12,760,000 more than the enumeration just concluded shows. On a comparison of the actual figures as revealed by the returns with the proportionate rate of increase it would seem that Mr. Watson reckoned that

the percentage would increase by one with each succeeding decade. This expectation was almost realized up to 1860. It is a singular feature of the growth of the population during the last decade, however, that instead of advancing on the percentage of the former period it has gone back by over two per cent. and this notwithstanding the fact that immigration during the last period was greater than for any of the preceding decades.

The pardon said to have been granted by Her Majesty to the Hindoo Prince Dhuleep Singh, ex-Maharajah of Lahore, who for many years has been wandering about among the courts of Europe, and cherishing meanwhile the most hostile feelings towards England, recalls the story of the Kohinur diamond, once the property of the fallen prince, but now the chief among the crown jewels of England. According to Hindoo legend, this precious gem was found in a Golconda mine, and its possessors have with few exceptions been the rulers of Hindustan. After belonging successively to the Bahmani, Khilji, Lodi, and Mogul Kings, it came in 1839 into the hands of Nadir Shah, who gave it its present designation. From him it went to the Abdali monarchs of Afghanistan, the last of whom gave it to Runjeet-Singh the ruler of the Punjab. On the abdication of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and the annexation of the Punjab in 1849, it was surrendered to the Sovereign of Great Britain. It is said to have weighed originally 900 carats, but after being cut was reduced to 279 carats. It was reduced by recutting to 186 carats and in this state was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851; since which time it was again recut in 1852 and now weighs about 123 carats, and has been valued at £120,000. The Kohinur is rose-cut.

"That in public the average woman shows an inconsiderateness, a disregard for the ordinary courtesies of existence to a degree which is not anywhere nearly approached by the average man" is a statement which few will be bold enough to hazard. Such, however, is the cold-blooded assertion of Oscar Fay Adams, a contributor to the September *North American Review*. Mr. Adams protests against the popular opinion that "woman supplies the restraining, softening and refining influences at work in human society" and declares that "the code of manners followed in public by the average woman is disgracefully inconsiderate, superlatively selfish, and exasperatingly insolent, such a code, in fact, as would not remain in force among men in their intercourse with one another for one half hour." Four faults of rudeness are specified as characterizing woman in her intercourse with the world at large. "First, the indifference with which a woman will contemplate the fact that the convenience of others has been sacrificed to her caprice. Very observable in young women. Second, the needless delay a woman often causes in making her appearance when visitors have called upon her. Most commonly noticed among women who are no longer classed as girls. Third, the nervousness of a woman to wait for and speaking before beginning to talk. Characteristic of nearly all women. Fourth, the woman's failure to recognize the propriety of an engagement. Most women who have the opportunity of meeting a man in public places. Coming to public places with a man, she has bad manners. She is not to be taken into her turn

stations, stops heavily loaded porters to ask some trifling question which might as well be asked of another, says little spiteful things to annoy her associates, compels the shopkeeper to pull down an endless pile of goods when she has no intention of buying, insults the shop girls, needlessly blocks up the way of others, threatens the eyes of those near her by the manner in which she carries her closed umbrella, in short, she acts as though others had no feelings or rights which she was bound to respect. Now it may be conceded that Mr. Adams has observed exceptional cases such as he has described, for, unfortunately, all women are not as refined and unselfish as could be desired, but that such instances of selfishness are sufficiently numerous to warrant the offensive epithet used by Mr. Adams, "the mannerless sex," no one but perhaps the author of the article will be disposed to contend. One wonders where Mr. Adams has spent his life and upon what unfavorable lines he has fallen that he should be moved to traduce his sisters in the way he has done; what is the character of his domestic relations, and whether he grew up under the helpful influences of a kind and good mother. The article throughout breathes the spirit of one embittered against the sex whose unique portrait he paints in colors so dark and repulsive.

The frequency with which the Canadian and American public are called upon to contemplate that harrowing incident, a railway disaster, lends interest to the question, whether the inhabitants of other countries are equally exposed to injury or death when they commit themselves to the rail. Recent official reports enable one to institute a comparison between Great Britain and the United States, touching the casualties which have occurred in these two countries respectively during the past year. From these reports the following facts are gleaned:

	U. S.	G. B.
Total number of railroad employees	761,743	316,420
Number of employees killed	2,970	435
Number of employees injured	20,118	2,760
Total number of passengers carried	172,171,318	915,163,073
Number of passengers killed	313	153
Number of passengers injured	2,133	1,133

From the foregoing table it will be seen that the Englishman when he boards his train, stands a much better chance of reaching his destination in safety than the passenger of a road on this side the Atlantic.

The part which United States citizens played with the murder of General Barron, a British soldier, who fled for asylum to the United States, is a matter of public knowledge. The American people have shown a willingness to receive and shelter a man who had committed a heinous crime. This is a matter of public concern, and it is to be hoped that the Government will take steps to prevent such a recurrence in the future. The case of General Barron is a striking example of the influence of public opinion in the conduct of foreign policy. It is a matter which has attracted the attention of the whole world, and it is to be hoped that the American people will be able to maintain their high standards of justice and morality in the future.

Gen. Barrundia, who had incurred the mortal displeasure of the Guatemalan authorities had taken refuge in the Acapulco, whose captain and crew refused to deliver him up to his enemies, until commanded to do so by an order from Mr. Mizner. But until the exact nature of the order is disclosed, or until it shall have been determined whether it was an order to surrender the "Leibing General, or merely a caution to the captain and crew not to endanger the lives of them selves and passengers by resisting too far the demands of the Guatemalan authorities the question of Mr. Mizner's innocence or guilt must be left undecided. Certain it is that had he interposed any difficulties or advised the captain of the Acapulco to resist, the law of contraband would have supported the officers in demanding and seizing the person of Gen. Barrundia, a known enemy of their government, even from a neutral vessel while within their jurisdiction. The crime of the Minister, if crime he has committed, is that he facilitated the capture of a political refugee, who had sought asylum in a ship carrying his country's flag. The law of nations, in such cases, is to show favor to the pursued.

The generous confidence placed in the management of McGill University by those friends who during the past year so greatly strengthened the financial position of the institution appears not to have been abused. Already the University authorities have taken steps to enlarge the sphere of their influence and have engaged the services of two new professors, Prof. John Cox, and Prof. Caris Wilson, both distinguished graduates of Cambridge University. The former is to fill the chair of experimental physics, founded by Mr. W. C. McDonald, while the latter will occupy the chair of mechanical engineering. Professor Cox has for some time proved himself a most successful lecturer on the subject of experimental physics, and Professor Caris Wilson has been for some years engaged in installing some of the largest electrical plants in Europe. McGill University is to be congratulated on securing two such able men whose past record has been very distinguished.

The reformers within the State of New York have set themselves to put down smoking among the boys of that State. On the 1st inst. there came into force a law providing that no person under sixteen years of age shall be allowed to smoke in any street or other public place. That this prohibition is founded on reason and the best interests of society will be admitted by all who have any confidence in the findings of modern medical science. No reputable physician can be found to-day who will contend that smoking is good for a growing boy. On the contrary the opinion is universal among medical men that not until the body is mature can smoking be indulged in without harm, while many go so far as to say that no man is it absolutely harmless. Before the testimony of physicians experienced in the demonstration of its injurious effects, Germany has had the habit which had been common among the boys of that country.

Taking the whole list the average amount received is a little over \$1000. Now, it will require considerable effort on the part of the "infant feeders" themselves or of their friends to convince the general public that the services of these 122 officers are worth on an average \$1000 per year. And it is difficult to believe that the intelligent electors of Ontario, having their attention directed to the matter, will continue much longer to support a system which takes out of the pockets at least \$150,000 every year for the support of a system which stands hopelessly in need of reform.

announcement is made that in all civilized countries the opinion of a surgeon is required for the removal of the tonsils. This increase in the number of the tonsillectomy is the result of the pressure of the

which it adds, "Some of the cigars commonly current at our tobacconists' counters would scarcely need any preparation for the purpose."

M. DeGiers, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, is said to be completely satisfied with the result of the recent interview between the Czar and Emperor William. The meeting, he said, constituted a fresh and solemn affirmation of the good relations existing between Russia and Germany and would certainly contribute toward the maintenance of the peace of Europe. So it appears that the trip of the "gadabout Emperor" has not been altogether fruitless of good.

Toronto University and McGill College are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in being included in the list of colonial universities, which have been chosen to share in the annual grant of £5,000 which the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1881 propose to spend upon the educational institutions of the Empire. The object of the Commissioners is to foster the study of those branches of science (such as physics, mechanics and chemistry), which are especially important in extending the industries of the nation. The money is to be divided into scholarships of £150 each, tenable for two years, (and in instances recommended by the Commissioners to three), provided that the work done in the previous year is satisfactory to the scientific appointed by the Commissioners. A scholarship when awarded shall be tenable in any university either at home or abroad, or in some other institution to be approved of by the Commissioners. The holder of a scholarship must give an undertaking that he will wholly devote himself to the object of the scholarship, and that he will not hold any position of emolument during its continuance. Of the twenty-five provincial and colonial universities embraced in the choice of the commissioners, two are in Canada and four in Australia. The present allotment gives one scholarship each year to Canada, McGill College and Toronto University to take it alternately. It is the desire of the Committee that the scholarships shall be of a higher order than those now existing, and that their functions shall begin where the ordinary educational curriculum ends.

On Monday morning 1st inst., the Toronto *World* presented its readers with a list of one hundred and twenty-two names of sheriffs, registrars, county attorneys and county clerks whose annual income according to the official records amounts to \$2000 and over, with the respective amounts received by each. An analysis of this list gives the following significant results:

122 received.....	\$2000 and over.
91.....	2500 "
65.....	3000 "
43.....	4000 "
21.....	5000 "
14.....	6000 "
9.....	7000 "
7.....	8000 "
4.....	9000 "
3.....	10000 "
2.....	17000 "
1.....	18000 "

announcement is made that in all civilized countries the opinion of a surgeon is required for the removal of the tonsils. This increase in the number of the tonsillectomy is the result of the pressure of the

last twenty five years. The struggle for life and position has been more intense than ever, and attended by higher nervous excitement. Now in many cases cancer is caused by mental distress, indeed this authority claims that where there is no mechanical exciting cause the disease is always of nervous origin, hence with increased nervous pressure cancer must increase; and he adds, "until society emerges into some calmer sea, or until the conditions under which men and women now commence their voyage are materially improved—a progressive increase in the prevalence of cancer duly proportionate to the growing severity of the struggle for existence, may be predicted as a matter of course." In the light of fact the wisdom of Matt. vi. 34, is apparently manifest: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow."

At last a champion has appeared for the cucumber, that despised fruit, which more than any other used by civilized man has had to bear the popular condemnation. This opinion the *London Hospital* contends is more a prejudice, for that the cucumber is very digestible, if eaten properly, that is in thin slices and masticated thoroughly.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of City Temple, London, is at present wrestling with what he calls a question of consistency and which is whether it would be any more inconsistent for him, a Trinitarian, to invite a Unitarian to preach in his pulpit, than for Calvinists and Arminians to preach for one another. He quotes Mr. Spurgeon as declaring that "it is nowhere said in the Scripture that Christ died as a substitute for all men," and points out that the distinguishing, vital doctrine of the Arminian, the doctrine about which he has no doubt, in which he rejoices, which is the very breath of his life and the inspiration of his ministry, is that Christ died for the sins of the whole world. Then he supposes the case of Mr. Spurgeon and a Methodist minister exchanging pulpits, and says, "Mr. Spurgeon would go to the Methodist pulpit and declare that it is nowhere said in Scripture that Christ died as a substitute for all men," thus contradicting the very basis of Methodist doctrine, while the Methodist preacher in Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit would honestly proclaim that Jesus Christ died as a substitute for all men, that he is the propitiation for our sins and not for ours only but for the sins of the whole world." Others beside the famous Metropolitan divine have been impressed with the feature of the prevailing practice by which the Calvinists are invited to preach in pulpits occupied by Arminians and vice versa. Few, however, who have any interest in the progress of Christ's kingdom would wish to see the practice discontinued, believing that its tendency is to bring about, indirectly, greater harmony of view on this as well as other important points of doctrine.

In its review of the question of female physicians in the New England States, the *New England Monthly* presents a few facts that ought to be carefully weighed by every Canadian young woman who is looking forward to the medical profession as a means of earning a livelihood. The *Monthly* states that, though at one time the female doctors throughout New England could be counted by the hundreds, scarcely a town however small being unrepresented, there are not a score of medical women to-day in all New England who are making a decent living, and these, one half at least, are either non-graduates or are from irregular schools. It accounts for this failure on the part of the female doctors, mainly by the fact that their sisters, other women, persistently decline to employ their services; that these knowing their own physical inferiority, as well as the vast demand for physical strength that the medical profession enforces, prefer a doctor in whose reserve force they can rely in case of need. Whether this is the correct ex-

planation or not is really of little consequence, the fact that so many have failed being the principal thing. And this is the fact for the prudent young woman to consider, not the question whether she has a right to enter the medical profession which is no longer debatable, but the more practical question whether her chances of success are sufficiently numerous to warrant her in entering this field as a candidate for public patronage. It is a question of dollars and cents; in many instances, of bread and butter.

The new version of the German Bible is to be printed soon. The comparative time spent by the English and Germans in preparing the new versions is a good example of the slower, and more cautious methods of German scholars. Though they began work before the English, the version has been completed this year, while the new English version was published in 1885. The changes are said to be few, and it is prophesied that the new version will precede Luther's Bible in popular favor but that it will be of less help to critical students than was hoped; the case is the version so far with the new English reverse. The critical prefer it but the people still cling to the King James version.

It is a proof of the complex character of those great social and industrial problems which are engaging the attention of statesmen the world over that the same facts are often capable of being used by a powerful argument by the advocates of systems that are essentially opposed to each other. For example, the circumstance that English capitalists are coming over and investing their money in the industries of the United States may be made to serve the term of both the Free Trader and the Protectionist. On the one hand the Free Trader may say England has prospered so splendidly under Free Trade that her capitalists are able to go to the United States and expend millions upon millions in the purchase of some of the largest and most important of American manufacturing concerns. Englishmen, in fact, have more money than they know what to do with, and when foreign countries will not open their markets to them they can not afford to buy up their exclusive rivals on their own ground. On the other hand, the American Protectionist can claim success for this system by showing that it has had the effect of compelling foreign capitalists to invest their money in American enterprises, instead of supplying America with goods manufactured abroad, as would be the case under Free Trade. It makes a very great difference from what standpoint a person views his facts.

The discussion evoked by the McKinley Tariff Bill, which practically prohibits the principal Canadian products from finding their way to the markets of the United States has led to a resolution by Senator Sherman of Ohio, favoring closer relations between the two countries. Following is the text of the resolution: "Whenever it shall be certified to the President of the United States that the Government of the Dominion of Canada shall by law or regulation admit free of duty into all its ports coal mined in the United States he shall make proclamation of that fact and thereafter while such law or regulation is in force coal mined in the Dominion of Canada shall be admitted free of duty into all the ports of the United States. And whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the Government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States as will result in the complete or partial removal of duties upon trade between Canada and the United States he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be designated to represent the government of Canada to con-

sider the best method of extending the trade relations between Canada and the United States and to ascertain on what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the two countries can best be secured, and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress. And the necessary expenses of the commissioners appointed by the president, including their compensation at the rate of \$10 a day each for the time necessarily employed in said duty shall be paid out of the appropriation for the collection of the customs revenue."

It will be observed that the scheme proposed in this resolution is very similar to that of the Dominion Government in 1887 at the time the fisheries treaty was being negotiated, and when the British commissioners acting at the suggestion of the Canadian Minister proposed to take up the whole question of the trade relations of the two countries and settle the fisheries dispute on the basis of a reciprocity arrangement. Under the terms of Senator Sherman's resolution questions relating to the coasting trade, to transportation in bond, to the fisheries, to reciprocal privileges in wrecking, in a word, to the commercial relations of Canada and the United States in their widest sense, can be made matters of discussion and negotiation. The Dominion Government is not called upon to surrender any power essential to political independence nor any interest whose conservation is necessary to the material prosperity of the country, and the well-being of its people. On the contrary, the idea is to bring representatives of both countries together for the purpose of ascertaining what arrangement for reciprocal trade can be made consistently with the promotion of the welfare of each, with the relations of Canada to Great Britain and with the perpetuation of Canada's political integrity. Thus, the acceptance of the Ohio Senator's proposal would be entirely consistent with Canadian honor and Canadian interests.

It is clear that reciprocity in coal would be attended with advantage to the citizens of both countries. Under such an arrangement the manufacturers of the Eastern States could have their wants supplied from Nova Scotia, the people of Ontario from the mines of Ohio and Pennsylvania, while the States on the Pacific slope could be supplied from British Columbia. The extent of this advantage to the people of Nova Scotia, may be gathered from the report for 1887 of Mr. H. V. Poole, inspector of the mines of Nova Scotia. Mr. Poole says:—"In 1850 our foreign exports of coal were chiefly to the United States, and were about half of the total quantity marketed. During the four years previous to the reciprocity treaty, no amount sent to the neighboring Republic was 100,000 tons a year. During the six years immediately subsequent to the making of that treaty the increase averaged thirty per cent. on that quantity. But by the end of the ten years that the treaty lasted, the exports had increased 335 per cent., and in the last year of the treaty, 1865, no less than twenty-three per cent. of the total sales of coal went to the United States. The lapsing of the treaty laid the foundation of the present trouble."

The first Parliament of Japan under the new constitution is announced to meet in November. Politically, it will be a motley crowd consisting of the Progressive Party, the Radical, the Patriotic, the Combination, the Conservative, all having platforms more or less definite. Every member elected is expected at least to be present. If he does not attend the session within a week of its opening, he is to be expelled. No member may absent himself from the sittings without the president's leave, and that leave cannot be for more than a week. The House may by vote extend the leave, but not for an indefinite period. Any violation of this rule

will render the member liable to expulsion. Evidently, the citizens of the Flowery Kingdom do not propose that their representatives shall enjoy the honor without the labor of a place among the nation's Solons.

A rather unique request was received the other day by Montreal's acting mayor from a company of miners in Arizona who desired that official to send out a consignment of wives to them. The letter calls for young women between fourteen and twenty, and says that numbers of offers await them, substantiated by \$5,000 in cash, and that an advance will be made to cover transportation charges. The question of compatibility does not appear to have entered into their calculations unless indeed the stipulation that they should be under twenty is meant to signify that by securing young wives their wills would be the more easily bent. The acting mayor, however, has declined the honor and has instructed the city clerk to reply that he is not the head of a matrimonial agency, and does not feel like organizing a society for the furnishing of wives to miners.

The statement made by his Honor Lieutenant-Governor Anger before the members of the American Forestry Association, which met in Quebec last week, shows how much that province is in need of an application of the principles advocated by the Association. Mr. Anger pointed out that "from 1807 to 1887, 10,430,000,000 feet board measure, and 69,600,000 cubic feet of wood were cut down in the province of Quebec, while the revenue derived from lumber has been \$9,800,000. Last year's revenue was above one million dollars." Every person who comprehends the significance of these figures will see that vast as are the timber-resources of that province, it will only be a question of a comparatively few years before they will be entirely exhausted, if this wholesale slaughter is permitted to continue. If Quebec is wise she will impose some restrictions upon those who would selfishly destroy this source of her wealth.

A singular demand which may yet require the intervention of the courts to settle was the other day made on the Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon by Lord Sackville, as Lord of the Manor, who laid a claim for encroachment and rent in respect to the fountain and clock tower donated by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, in honor of the peerless poet. The council have decided to oppose the claim, contending that for six hundred years the spot in which the fountain stands has been used as a public market and that unless Lord Sackville can prove his manorial rights over the middle of the market square there has been no encroachment. If the representations already received are correct, many will heartily wish that the grasping lord may be taught the salutary lesson he so manifestly needs, that he doesn't own the whole earth.

A peculiar case of fatal asphyxiation by gas occurred in Montreal last week. Owing to the bracket having lost the stop pin the unfortunate man in turning off the gas turned the check a little too far and thus slightly opened up the jet again. At the inquest it was brought out that the jet was defective in this particular and that great care would be required to prevent it from leaking. Whether the proprietor was aware of the imperfect nature of the jet has not been established. However this may be, the lesson ought to be borne in mind by those who have to do with gas jets. It is not enough to turn off the gas but one should be sure there is no gas escaping. To determine this a good way is to hold a lighted match over the jet when if no flame is struck it may be concluded that the stoppage is complete.

There is reason to believe that the bountiful harvest which the Canadian farmers have just reaped will be followed by good prices.

At a recent Millers' Convention held in Edinburgh, it was shown that the estimated wheat harvest of Europe for the present year amounted to 155,700,000 quarters, while the quantity required for European consumption is estimated at 175,000,000 quarters. This leaves 19,300,000 quarters to be supplied from America, Australia, India and Africa. Apart from this an estimate was given of the deficiency in the three kingdoms which amounted to nineteen million quarters additional. This also will have to be supplied from foreign sources. Of the four countries above named the United States will not be able to export as much as usual seeing that the crop in that country is considerably below the average. India, too, it is thought will not export so largely as in former years, the increase in the force of silver making it less profitable to the eastern traders who have been wont to buy in silver and sell for gold. These facts encourage the hope that the farmers of Canada will reap the full benefit of their abundant yield.

In another column appears the advertisement of the Toronto College of Music. On the 4th inst. its doors opened to students, of whom there is a large list. Every thing gives promise of a successful year. The importance of the work already accomplished may be learned by a glance at this year's prospectus in which appear many programmes rendered by the College students. The College has been incorporated by the government, George Gooderham, Esq., having been elected president of its board of directors, and is in affiliation with the University of Toronto. This speaks volumes for the standing of the new institution, which we commend to our readers with its many advantages. A prospectus will be mailed upon application to the well-known director, F. H. Torrington.

The collision between the children of the new public school at Caer Howell Street and of St. Patrick's separate school, in which fists, sticks and stones were freely used and property injured, signifies the existence of a feeling among certain classes of the community, which, unless sternly repressed, is sure to give endless trouble in time to come. Already Toronto has gained notoriety by the conduct of some of her citizens in connection with the advent of Archbishop Walsh, and by the incipient riot of a few weeks ago when the boys in green were assaulted upon the streets. It does not require a prophet's vision to foretell what will be the result if this kind of thing is allowed to go on unchecked. That the feeling is very bitter is shown by the determination with which the youngsters, some of whom were less than ten years of age, engaged in the fight. For of course it is fair to presume that these children are chips of the old block, that they are in this respect what their parents are. If it be true that "the boy is father of the man," the prospect is not reassuring for the future peace and happiness of the city. It is to be hoped that the authorities, in dealing with the ringleaders in this war of children, will administer such reproof as will beget a wholesome fear of the law which will act as a deterrent for all future time.

The rumor that Sir John A. Macdonald is about to bring on the Dominion elections this fall has, in the absence of official confirmation, led many to reckon up the probabilities in the case. Considered from a party standpoint some of these reasons seem plausible enough. For example, that the Reformers do not desire them, being unprepared; that the crops have been good this season, a good crop always helping a government "going to the country;" that Sir John will be in a better position to resist a demand after an election that he make on the Dominion; that the members at Ottawa, who have made these claims were present at the meeting; and that the forthcoming election will be a success for the Government, &c., &c. But what

## TO PRINTERS.

Having just placed in our office a new web printing machine, we have for sale several Improved Cottrell Presses. They are in excellent condition, and are equally well adapted for job or newspaper work. Having no further use for them, these presses will be disposed of at a very low figure, and any publisher contemplating such an addition to his plant can get a decided bargain. Correspondence requested.

It is safe to say that the old Chief of Police will not bring on the day of trial until the parliament shall have run its course unless he sees good reason for so doing. He has hitherto shown considerable skill in interpreting the signs of the times and we have no reason to suppose that in this respect he has lost his former power.

An accident on the railroad running from Calais to Paris, by which at least one man was killed and several persons injured, has brought to notice the imperfect character of the European locomotive as compared with the American. The accident was caused by a hollow iron girder, about twenty feet long and a foot square, having fallen from a freight train so that it lay parallel with the rails, and midway between them. The engine, being destitute of a cow-catcher, butted against the girder, which found its way under the locomotive, and threw it from the track. Describing the accident, one of the passengers said: "I am confident that this catastrophe would have been entirely avoided had the engine been provided with a proper headlight, and above all, with an American cow-catcher, which, reaching clear across the rails, would have prevented the girder from getting underneath the engine and raising it off the track."

When the rulers disregard the law and those who have to do with its enforcement wink at its violation it should excite no surprise if lawlessness abounds. This serious charge of breaking down the law is made by the temperance people against Lieutenant Governor Royal of the North West Territories, whose indiscriminate issuance of liquor permits is claimed to be nothing less than scandalous, and as being "a perversion of law and authority under which sin and vice are being fostered and encouraged." At a meeting held in Association Hall, this city, one evening last week, which Hon. J. C. Aikins, ex-Governor of Manitoba, presided, Mr. F. S. Spence showed from official records that the permit system as at present administered is rapidly tending to free trade in liquor. He pointed out that in 1888 the number of permits issued was 44, in 1889, 5568. In the same two years 56,388 and 151,629. The evil results, he contended, were proportionate. "It looks as if," he said, "a special effort were being made to break down the prohibition which has been doing so much good. This is prohibition in name but license in fact." Now if the facts are as Mr. Spence and others have shown, this subject is one of the most important and one which should be given the most careful consideration.

## Truth's Contributors.

### RAMBLES IN ITALY.

Spezia's Great Arsenal—Carrara's Ancient Marble Quarries.

At this season of the year the hotels in Italy are forsaken by tourists. The porter therefore leans on his desk and sleeps, with an occasional yawn and stretching of the arms to assure himself that the power of movement has not departed. The waiter has a listless and depressed mien, as though thinking of last winter's fees. Three or four of them watch you as you eat, giving one the feeling of being a child under severe surveillance as regards table manners. When you have singled out the most deserving as the recipient of a franc piece, you observe that the others turn away quickly to control their suppressed emotions, while the head waiter eyes you from a distance with a mournful expression which declares that life has no longer any attractions for him. On the other hand, one has the best apartments in the house, dines in solemn state in the great hall, and sleeps in quiet. Besides, one sees Italy in the gorgeous dress of summer and gets nearer to the people than the winter tourist ever can. So I roamed

#### LAZILY THROUGH THE STREETS

of Spezia, and stopped where a house was building. It was to be of five stories. The walls and partitions were of stone laid in mortar, as we build cellar foundations. No derrick was used, but all the material was carried up by hand. The men receive from sixty cents to a dollar per day. Their dinner was bread and macaroni, with a few figs. They eat meat about twice in the week. The square opposite the Arcades was full of flowers, the red and white oleander predominating. I measured the trunk of one palm, which was seventeen inches in diameter, and there were several more of nearly the same size. The aloë flourishes and the orange lines the street. The delicate and graceful branches of the Cedar of Lebanon stretch out toward you, as though to attract your admiration. The giant sequoia, or redwood of California, grows here as if in its native land. A young man of about twenty-five years passed me a minute later, singing with as much unconscious enjoyment as a yellow bird. Many men of that age here have voices like a boy, which show in the high notes no sign of adolescence. This is the native land of tenors. As I was turning to catch the last tones of the song, my eye caught the figure of a girl in a fruit-store leaning against the wall. The girl was as pretty and as dirty as the most fastidious artist in search of a model could desire. The women here have none of the witchery of their northern sisters, but there is a dreamy,

#### APPEALING BEAUTY

their dark eyes and plaintive expressions. The little girls have it like their mothers. A little further on was a group of dirty little boys playing under the arcade. I watched them until I was convinced of what I suspected—light—that they were cherubs of heaven, who had stepped from some picture-gallery. All else was rags and dirt, which matched

which are merely of a military character. It is educating the people, and lifting them more than any of her agency since the Crusades. It takes the young men at the most impossible age from their country homes, and out of the range of their narrow provincialisms. The transfer from one camp or garrison to another broadens their ideas in the same manner as travel. They are taught promptness of execution and obedience to law. They acquire a scrupulous neatness in dress, a fine soldiery bearing, a chivalrous attitude toward women, and a self respect which transforms them from ignorant peasants into intelligent citizens. As an educational system the army is worth all that it costs. To destroy it at once would be like closing all our common schools in country districts. There are regions in Italy where in the last generation all the peasantry were either brigands or sympathizers with them. Now they are peaceable because, more than from any other means, the returned soldiers have

#### CHANGED PUBLIC SENTIMENT

so that it supports the execution of law, and values the general security and order. The cost was great, for Italy had to provide herself at once with the whole equipment of a first-class power. A hotel manager told me that he paid a license of \$40, then a tax of 23 per cent of the amount of his rent, and then an income tax of 13 58-100 per cent. Yet Italy is advancing rapidly; the towns are growing, and business increases. The people are proud of the Royal family, though the African schemes of the Ministry are not popular. They call it sentimental politics, and say that the great need of the country is internal improvement, and the opening of new markets for their products.

On leaving Spezia, I started to visit the marble quarries at Carrara. The road winds beautifully up the hills, so that one obtains continually new views of the Bay, till at last the whole sheet of water is before you, almost locked in by the surrounding mountains. I counted thirteen war-vessels lying at anchor. Some of them, like the Italia and the Lepanto, look very formidable. Spezia is the great naval station of Italy, and its construction yards cover 150 acres. There are no fields of grass here. All the land is under cultivation with olives, grapes, figs, peaches, plums, pears and Indian corn. The last is planted in rows little more than two feet apart, and seems too thick. The season of growth must be very long, for while some of the corn has been topped off, and the ears are getting yellow, in other fields the blade is not more than a foot high. The olives are one-third grown, and will not ripen till November. The

#### OIL FROM THIS REGION

is celebrated, and is said to be very easily made. The ripe fruit is ground as we grind apples for cider, and then water is run through the mash, which carries the oil with it. This is allowed to settle in tanks, when the oil rises and is skimmed off. I passed a house where heliotrope was growing on the whole front to the height of the second story. The stems were over an inch thick and were nearly ten years old. The whole courtyard was full of its luxurious perfume. Passing on, I stopped to talk with a man who was working in a vineyard. He told me that he was thirty five years old and received wages to the amount of 30 cents per day. He seldom eats meat or butter. His diet is macaroni and oil with some vegetables, principally beans. His cottage, which I visited, was comfortable, but dirty. His wife was spinning flax and making the cloth for the use of the family. He lived just below the town of Arcola.

Such a life? It stands on a narrow and high bluff shaped like a wedge. I counted nine tiers of steps so steep that the traveler looked over his shoulder. Our farmers

ought to see the economy with which land here is used. Hills are terraced for olives and grapes. In the wet spots osier willows are grown for basket making. On the gravelly knolls figs are planted. Every place gets its suitable crop, and thus a great diversity of culture is given. The fields are very differently shaped, and are generally marked off by lines of fresh trees.

At last we arrived at Carrara, and began the ascent of the ravine of Parachino. I was told that 15,000,000 persons were engaged in the marble working, 6,000 of whom are miners. Wages are good, an ordinary workman getting from sixty cents to a dollar per day, and the more skilled earning up to four dollars. The working time is from 5 in the morning till 12, with an hour's intermission for breakfast. Many of the more enterprising work for themselves during the afternoon. They are allowed to trim the smaller blocks, and to sell them on their own account, thereby more than doubling their earnings.

#### I WAS OBLIGED TO WALK

up the whole distance of three miles, as a carriage could not go, and horses were not to be obtained. The road consists of marble, ground to the consistency of flour to a depth of from two to six inches. This would make delightful walking were it not that half way down the foot strikes an unknelted lump. We were, at a given moment, obliged to turn out of the road for a team loaded with a block of marble. There were ten yoke of oxen harnessed to it. The block which they were dragging measured thirteen feet long, eight feet broad and five feet high. I saw several larger blocks ready for loading. The wagon was held back by dragging a block one-third as large as the load, which did not improve the road. We met young girls carrying cans of water on their heads for the teamsters and cattle. They are paid thirty cents per day by the community. They have the usual beauty and dirt, and the same appealing eyes. Above us the great naked crags of marble stand up on either side of the gorge. We hear a cry of warning from a shelf 50 feet above us, and we run for the shelter of some protecting crag. While there the guide tells me that last week a man who took shelter from the explosion near him received a stone a foot in diameter on the top of his head, which killed him instantly. Therefore I hug closer to the rock. Now I hear the mighty explosion, its pulsations reverberating through the mountain gorges. Then comes the moment of danger. We hear a rushing sound, as though waters were let loose above, and then comes the stones a thousand feet away. One of them was estimated to weigh twenty tons. It is not strange that accidents occur here weekly. The sun strikes directly down into this rocky ravine, and there is not a breath of air stirring. I consequently experience the feeling of the missionaries who were roasted at the cannibal feasts, without the consolation which they had of being basted every few minutes with the gravy. Here is a quarry which was worked 1,500 years ago by the Romans. They had no explosives, and were obliged to drill off the surface rocks with great labor. Now they are hurled down with powder, and squared below. I saw a man opening a new quarry. He was hung down by robes, and was drilling into the perpendicular face of the cliff, with 1,000 feet of sheer precipice below him. Sometimes huge stones are disengaged by their blows and fall down on them. The marble from this ravine is all white. Most of it is slightly smoky, and is called Sicilian, and is used for buildings. Some is cut for statuary, and has a white ness and lucidity which is unequalled. I tried to break a chip of it with a stone, but it resisted and rung like metal, and I was obliged to use a steel hammer to break it. The quarries in this ravine have been worked for nearly two thousand years, and it looks

as though they would endure working for a hundred thousand more. Other kinds of marble are found within a few miles, reddish mottled, the black and gold, and other sorts. The foreman of one of the quarries apologized to me when he learned that I was an American, for the primitive means employed. He said that if the mines were in America the workmen would be supplied with derricks and tramways for moving the blocks, and all kinds of labor and life saving appliances. He seemed to have a very high estimate of our ingenuity as a people. On the top of the mountain we were overtaken by a heavy shower. And yet below the dust remained as deep as ever, and the only sign of the tempest was that the streams, which turned the wheels of the sawing and polishing mills and then ran below to irrigate the vinelands and olive groves, flowed fuller than before.

### OUR EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

#### A Valuable Opinion on Their Practical Utility.

Mr. Henry F. Moore, of the *Mark Lane Express*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *Farmers' Magazine* and agricultural writer for the *London Times*, the other day called upon the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa who subsequently conducted him to the experimental farm.

Speaking of his visit Mr. Moore said he was amazed at the extent and value of the improvements that had been made at the farm since he visited it two years ago. "Then," he said, "it was as rough as a person would wish to see; to-day I found it had been brought to wonderful order and is now in such a good state of tilth that in this respect as well as in general appearance it would be no discredit to the older model farms of England. There is, besides, some magnificent stock on the farm. There is bound to result from the establishment of these experimental farms an immense deal of good to the country. You will be able to test by experiments the most suitable kinds of new vegetables and cereals for this country, thus giving the farmers additional eyes and brains for the business in which they are engaged. The great benefit of experiments comes from the fact that they are made on the spot, for the lesson of experiment is only valuable when learned in the locality in which it is to be put in practice." Mr. Moore gave a number of reasons to support his belief in a higher price for wheat this season, among them the shortage of the American and European harvests and the failure of the potato crop in the British Islands. Speaking of the live cattle trade, he hoped, he said, that the people of Canada would be prepared to support the policy of the Government in maintaining the stringency of the regulations in regard to the admission of U. S. cattle. In no other way could the advantages now enjoyed by Canadian cattle exporters in England be maintained. The British farmers are favorable to the importation of Canadian cattle, which are landed alive and fattened on English pastures with the aid of English capital.

Asked if the substitution of Ladoga, or any earlier ripening variety of wheat, would depreciate the superior price now obtained for Manitoba wheat in England, Mr. Moore said not. Canadian wheat is valued for its hardness. That quality is not found in the same red fife wheat grown in England, but is given to it by the peculiar soil and climate conditions of the North-west country and of course any other variety would acquire in Manitoba that valuable quality of hardness, just as the red fife has done. The Ladoga, or a new variety—the Anglo-Canadian—the latter recently obtained in England by experiment, would attain under the conditions that obtain in Canada the hardness that makes your wheat invaluable to English millers since the introduction of the roller process.

#### Unfeeling Man.

"When you ask your husband for money and he refuses, you what do you do?"

"I go without."

"I saw in the papers the other day that when smiles and cajolery failed to move a husband tears would, and I tried that method."

"With what success?"

"He told me to dry up."

Dr. Carter, the shooter and "Wild America" proprietor, beat his own record at Berlin, Germany, by 4 minutes and 20 seconds, by breaking 1,000 glass balls with a rifle in exactly 34 minutes. The shooting took place in the presence of 30,000 people.

**THE ORIGINAL PATAGONIANS.**

*What Explorers Magellan Found on his First Visit to Them.*

Magellan's first American port, writes Edward Everett Hale in the August Harper's was the Bay of Rio Janeiro, to which he gave the name of Santa Lucia. It had been explored by Lopez four years before, and even before that time. There was one Portuguese trader settled on an island in the bay, the pioneer settler of the great city which stands there to-day. The whole crew were delighted with the luxuries of the climate and the cordiality of the simple natives. "You can buy six hens for a king of diamonds," says Pigafetta, the amusing historian of the voyage. "They are not Christians, but they are not idolaters, for they adore nothing; instinct is their only law." This is his summary account of their religious habit and condition, an account proved to be quite inadequate by more careful inquiries. After thirteen days spent in this bay the squadron resumed its voyage of discovery.

They looked in at the great estuary of the River La Plata, but Solis, who had lost his life there, had already discovered that this was not a passage to the Pacific. Still coasting southward they sighted and perhaps landed on the Island of Penguins and the Island of Sea Lions, and there were struck by a terrible storm. Not far from these islands, on the shore of the continent, they discovered the Bay of San Julian, and here Magellan determined to winter.

Magellan made his ships secure at the shore, built a forge and storehouse and some huts for barracks, and established a little observatory, where Andres San Martin determined the latitude at 49 degrees 18 minutes. Longitude in those times they could not well determine.

While they were thus occupied a little party of natives appeared, and after some friendly signalling one or more of them came on board. Magellan directed a sailor to land, and to imitate every gesture of the first who appeared, as a token of friendship. The man acted his part so well that the gentle savage was propitiated and readily came to an interview. On this or another occasion six Indians consented to go on board the flagship. Their Spanish hosts gave them a kettle-full of biscuits—enough for twenty men, in the Castilian measure of appetite. But the hungry Indians devoured it all. Two, at least, of these visitors were of unusual size. The Spaniards only came up to their girdles. But, as the children's books say, these were "friendly giants." One of them saw the sailors throwing rats overboard and begged that he might have them for his own. Afterward he regularly received the rats caught on board the ships as a daily perquisite. Before their voyage was over Magellan's sailors were glad enough to follow his example and to place these fellow-voyagers on their bill of fare at the rate of a ducat apiece.

This party of six and a party of nine seen at another time—which may have included part or all of the first—are all of the natives whom Magellan and his men ever saw. Of these, it seems certain that two at least were very large. All the Indians wore large shoes, which they stuffed with straw for warmth. From this custom the Spaniards gave them the name of Patagons, meaning in Spanish those who have large feet. When Magellan was about to sail he determined to carry the two giants home as curiosities. It was impossible to overpower either of them in fair contest, and he resorted to treachery, which can only be excused on the theory of the Spaniards at that time than all these savages were to be ranked among brutes, over whom Christian men had certain special rights. The two friendly giants being about to leave the ships, Magellan loaded them with presents. He gave them knives, mirrors, and glass trinkets, so that their hands were full, then he offered to each a chain. They were passionately fond of iron, but could not take the chains from very embarrassed of riches. With their full consent, therefore, Magellan bade the smith fasten the chain to their legs by the manacles which were attached to them. When it was too late the poor giants found, as so many wise men have found, that they had accepted too many presents, and that in their very wealth they were made slaves. When they discovered this they were wild with rage, and vainly called on their god Setebos to come to their rescue.

Not satisfied with this success Magellan tried to make more captives. He directed nine of his strongest men to compel two of the Indians to take them to the station where their women were. One of them escaped but the other was subdued after a hard conflict. He consented to lead them to the wives of the two prisoners. When

the women heard of their fate of their lords they uttered such screams that they were heard at the ships far away. The Spaniards had such superiority in numbers that they expected the next morning to carry the Indian women and their children on board ship. But meanwhile two Indian men came, who spent the night with them and at daybreak the whole party escaped together. In their flight they killed one of the Spaniards with a poisoned arrow. Magellan sent a large party on shore and buried him.

And so they parted—the Spaniards and the Patagonians. The two giants were separated; one was placed on the Trinidad and the other on the San Antonio. It was from these experiences that Europe took the notion, which is, perhaps, not yet fully dispelled, that Patagonia was a region of giants.

**HE COUNTS HIS STEPS.**

*The Blind Man's Method of Finding his Way on the Street.*

"How does a blind man find his way?" repeated a sightless instructor of the blind to a questioner. "A blind man finds his way just as you would in total darkness; for you must remember that he is always in the dark. It is as easy for him to get lost in this room as in a forest. He comes in, gets turned around and loses his reckoning. He stops and listens. The twitter of a bird through the open window comes to his ear and in a flash he is right again. 'There,' he says, 'is the window, the door is over here,' and he walks straight to it. Blind people are as timid about venturing into a strange place as you would be about going into an unfamiliar cellar in the dark, but after they have been over the ground once or twice they step with confidence, only exercising ordinary care lest some unusual obstacle should have been placed in the way since they last passed. You see blind men making their way to and fro in the streets of every large city.

"I live in a place of some thousands of population; and every morning walk a mile to my school and back again in the evening. I know every step of the way, and have my landmarks, which, to me, indicate the stages of my journey. It is thirty steps from my gate to the nearest crossing and gutter. I step over this, then fifteen, stopping stones take me to the next gutter on the other side of the street. Then there is a plank walk, three planks wide, for 311 steps. The walk is about two feet higher than the street, and people often wonder at seeing me step along it so briskly; but, bless you! I am in no danger. I keep on the middle plank, and can tell by the sound about where I am. I know when I pass a large house which stands some feet back from the walk, and when I get to a tree which shades the street I know I am half way. Then two steps take me down from the walk to the street level, and ten stepping-stones keep my feet out of the mud. Then there is a brick walk for twenty-seven steps, and three steps from the end there is a place where the bricks have sunk. Then comes a pavement of flat-stones, and seven steps from its beginning one flag has shifted its place and stands with one end two or three inches out of the ground. I found this out by stumbling over it. Now I know when I come to it and always raise my foot and step over it. A little further on there is another plank walk, also three boards wide, and when I set my foot on a springy board I know I am half way out this part of the journey. I used to count the steps, but now I know them by heart and my feet do the counting, so that I step from the plank walk to the stepping-stones and over the ruttlers without thinking, and have gone from my house to the school without, so far as I remember, giving a thought to my steps.

"So every blind man who goes to and fro in the city or country, can tell exactly how far it is, in his steps, from one point in his route to another, and what are his landmarks by the way. He will also be able by his sense of hearing to give you many particulars of the surroundings that would surprise you. A stone house gives a different echo from brick and the latter from wood, he can always tell when he is under or near trees, and will name the kind of street pavement from the rattle of the vehicles. In his walks he measures the distance by steps, when riding in a carriage, street car, or railroad, by time. There are watches specially prepared for the blind. The glasses are taken out, and little points mark the hours. By touching the face carefully here and there he will find the time and estimate the distance accordingly. Of course, no blind man likes to go over a new route unattended, but after he has traversed it once he knows every point of importance to him, and could walk over it, as you would say, 'in the dark.'"

**AT THE MERCY OF A SAVAGE.**

*Thrilling Story of Captivity.*

M. Edmond Chaudin, a manager of the trading firm of Fabre & Co., at Whydah, who was one of the hostages seized by the King of Dahomey, has upon his return to France communicated to a Paris paper, *L'Illustration*, the diary of what occurred during the time that he and twelve other Europeans were in captivity. M. Chaudin and his companions were not only the eyewitnesses of some extraordinary and terrible scenes, but were subjected to such brutal treatment that it is surprising they should have escaped with their lives. The small garrison, consisting of twelve whites (two were missionaries) and eleven Kroomars, were beleaguered for some days, and finally, on an assurance that they had nothing to fear from the King, who was much vexed at their lack of confidence in him, they left the factory. No sooner had M. Chaudin and his eleven white companions arrived at La Cote than they were made prisoners. After being maltreated by the negroes, and cross-examined by so-called magistrates, they were loaded with the chains used for the slaves. They were then hurried out into a courtyard, where stood

**TWO HEEDOUS FETISHES.**

and believing that their last hour had come, the two missionaries promised each other that whichever of the two was executed last should give the absolute to the other. Stripped of all they had on, excepting their shirts and drawers, they were chained together in couples and huddled into a small hut, where they passed the night in great suffering, to be brought up again the following morning before the tribunal of La Cote. The magistrate, who failed to extract from them any information as to the rumored landing of French troops at Whydah, allowed their goalers to torture them in court by beating them over the head with large scissars and pinching their ears and nose with two fingers, then ordered them back to the hut. The next day they were allowed to wash and were given some clothes, being told that they would be conducted the same night to Abomey. They did not, however, go further than Allada, where the King was expected, and the night after their arrival they could hear from the place in which they were confined the

**SHOUTS AND CRIES**

which greeted them. The King was seated in the middle of the circle, beneath a thatched roof which protected his throne from the sun, with his wives and familiars grouped around him. The prisoners were brought before him and made to prostrate themselves, and the King having said something which they did not understand, they were taken back to their prison. But soon afterwards their fetters were all removed. They were told they must write a letter to their King in France, ask him to suspend hostilities, and assure him that the King of Dahomey was the friend of France, and this was the work of Lieutenant Bayol. M. Chaudin and his companions, of course, promised to write to the "King of France," as desired, and the next day they were again chained, and taken to Abomey, in the rear of the army which followed the King to his capital. When they reached the gates of the town the first objects which met their gaze were four large earthenware pots, from which rose

**A CLOUD OF FLIES**

and which emitted a most nauseous smell. These pots contained the heads of four French sharpshooters who had been killed at Kotonou, the heads, which were in an advanced state of decomposition, having been sent up as a present to the King. The prisoners were not accorded a second audience of the King until the 2nd of May, after some emissaries sent to the coast in order to treat for an exchange of prisoners had returned. The audience took place at three in the morning, and the King was smoking a gilt pipe, and had around him five handsome negroes, who were very prodigal in their attentions to him. The captives were told to sit down, two on each chair, and in this uncomfortable position they listened to his speech. He asked them to write to the "King of France" and advise him to have Bayol's head brought to him as a peace offering, and to release the negro authorities of Kotonou. The letter was accordingly written, and addressed by the King of Dahomey himself to "King Carnot," after which the monarch declared that the French should be free to return to Whydah. The Governor took them under the protection of the fort until they embarked, and was thankful to have escaped.

Adams' Tutti Frutti preserves the teeth is delicious to eat and Confectionary

**The British Harvest.**

In the London Times of August the 15th instant appears the annual review of the result of the British harvest, from the pen of Mr. E. Moore, editor of the Mark Lane Express, who is at present on a visit to Canada. He places the crop at 28.50 bushels per acre, on some 2,530,000 acres, giving a yield of 72,105,000 bushels, or about 9,000,000 quarters. The yield is considerably below the average, owing to the prolonged wet season in June and July, the yield being 3,700,000 bushels less than last year, and 10,000,000 below that of 1884. Deducting the reserve for seeding purposes, the quantity available for the home supply will not exceed 9,380,000 quarters, and as 27,000,000 quarters are required Great Britain will be dependent on foreign supplies for 19,000,000 quarters. "It is very evident," writes Mr. Moore, "that this will not be obtained except at higher prices than have been hitherto ruling for wheat, and farmers may with confidence look forward to 40s a quarter (81.25 per bushel) as the price they are likely to obtain for their wheat this year. The total wheat crop of Europe is placed at 155,700,000 quarters, of which France will contribute 35,000,000 quarters, Russia 30,000,000 quarters and Hungary 17,000,000 quarters, but as the consumption of Europe reaches 175,000,000 quarters, there will remain a deficiency of 10,300,000 quarters or 154,400,000 bushels to be made good by the United States, Canada, India, Australia and South America. Statistics gathered by the Hungarian ministry of agriculture place the wheat harvest of the world at 725,000,000 hectolitres, and the quantity required by importing countries at 123,000,000 hectolitres. The total quantity available to meet the import demand is estimated at 149,000,000 hectolitres. The Minister of Agriculture, in his report, lays stress upon the fact that, owing to the small quantity of stored grain, the surplus is small as compared with the import requirements. As a hectolitre is equivalent to 2.56 bushels, the world's total wheat surplus for the ensuing year, including stocks in store, is only about 70,000,000 bushels, an unusually small supply. Towards the European deficiency of 154,000,000, the United States cannot well contribute more than 75,000,000 bushels or less than one-half the quantity required. The crop in that country is estimated by competent authority at 405,000,000, besides which about 60,000,000 bushels have been carried forward from the last crop year, giving an available supply of 455,000,000. The home consumption will absorb, at least, 300,000,000; and some 68,000,000 bushels are required for seed and the mechanical arts, leaving available for export nominally 87,000,000 but as the reserve stock never falls below 20,000,000 bushels, the actual amount to be sent abroad can hardly exceed 70,000,000 bushels. In view of this situation there seems no reason to doubt that the recent advance in wheat will be maintained, and that the farmers of Canada will enjoy the blessing of both a large and valuable crop."

**An Extraordinary Phenomenon.**

A correspondent of the Manchester Examiner wrote from Chorlton on August 3, calling attention to "the magnificent phenomenon of Tuesday night last (5th inst.), which appeared in the northern heavens. Returning from the direction of Chorlton Green towards Koppel Road, one's eye was entranced as with a magic spell by one of the most beautiful sights ever witnessed. I have had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number of heavenly or solar sights, but never, if any, surpassing this one. The object, I am sure, have been more than mercurial in nature. It was first noticed to the right of and above Urs Major, shot downwards as a ball of fire, then apparently near the tail of the 'Pointers,' burst with a vivid glow of variously coloured sparks, and it apparently - the distance - 'pointer' to the other - a streak of the length of and resembling stars often called the 'Hunter's Girdle,' part of a constellation - on - the bar - the whole - varied - spots - quite - other - the - of - are





**Tit-Bits.**

**A Victory Was Too Late.**

A wholesale house sent an agent into one of the northern counties the other day to investigate and report on the failure of a dry goods man whose assets were below zero. The bankrupt was perfectly willing to explain how it all happened.

"You see," he said, "I got married about two years ago. Up to that time the postmaster and his wife had been at the head of society here and run the ranch. He had the only swallow-tailed coat and she the only silk dress in the town."

"I see."

"We had to make a lead for the head and I bought my wife a twelve dollar bonnet and a diamond ring."

"Yes."

"The postmaster responded by buying his wife a broncho pony and a pair of diamond earrings."

"Yes."

"Then I subscribed \$200 to a new church, gave two lawn parties and bought a top carriage and a pacer."

"Yes."

"He came up smiling with a new brick house, a progressive euchre party and gave \$250 to the heathens of Africa."

"I see."

"Well I had gone in to smash him or lose a lung and so I pledged myself for the preacher's salary for a year, lost \$100 on a deal in wheat, kept two hired girls, bought three Persian rugs, backed a barber shop, took a half interest in our home newspaper and presented every church in town with a bell."

"That must have laid him."

"It did. He threw up his hands and surrendered; but when you fellows in Detroit drew on me at three days' sight I was dished. I'm sorry it happened, but you can't blame me. If that postmaster hadn't made a fool of himself I'd have been able to pay one hundred and fifty cents on the dollar."

**He Had Been Wasting Valuable Time.**

"I hope, Mary," he said, gently, "the suddenness and intensity of my love will not come upon you like a shock. Possibly." He continued, still more gently and taking her hand with respectful tenderness, "you are not prepared for this avowal. The language of passion may be new to you. Am I the first man, my dear, timid little girl, to address you in this way?"

"No, Horace," she replied, "I have never spoken of my past life, because there are portions of it full of pain and sadness. But I was beloved once by as good a man as the sun ever shone on. He is dead now, but during the short year of our married life—"

"You are a widow, then, Mary?"

"Yes, Horace, I—why, Horace, dear?"

For the young man had strained her to his heart with a force that took her breath away. He had been wasting valuable time.

**Papa Getting in His Work.**

"Ethelinda, darling," murmured the enraptured young man, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I came here this evening hoping yet fearing. I could not put it off any longer. I felt that I must know my fate. The suspense was killing me. But now—I swear it by this lovely head resting so confidently on my shoulder, by this kiss on your sweet lips, I but what was that clicking noise I heard just then?"

"Nothing, Walter, nothing but papa. He's a lawyer, you know, but he amuses himself with all sorts of queer fads. He's practicing on us with his Kodak. Go on, Walter, dear. What were you about to swear?"

**He Was a Little Off.**

Old Gentleman—"You haven't been quarreling with that young man who calls on you, have you, Julia?"

Julia—"Why, no, pa; why do you ask such a question?"

Old Gentleman—"I noticed that he has kept away somewhat lately. He has only been here six times this week so far."—[Boston Herald.]

**Trapped Again.**

"Were you ever in love before, Edwin?"

"Great Caesar," he cried in anguish, "I never to be free of that awful question?"

"And what is strange about it?"

"All the girls I ever loved have asked it and when I tell them yes, they answer they wouldn't have thought it from the way I acted. And now you are laying wires to ring in the same old conundrum."

**Mr. Bowser Demonstrates the Theory of Spontaneous Combustion.**

Soon after supper the other evening Mr. Bowser slipped up stairs, and as his actor looked very mysterious to me I followed him. I found him overhauling the clothes basket.

"Mrs. Bowser," he began by way of explanation, "do you know that we have had a close call—a dozen close calls from being burned alive in our beds?"

"Lands, no! What do you mean?"

"I mean that there hasn't been an hour in the twenty-four since we moved into this house that it was not liable to take fire. In other words, we have been slumbering on the edge of a volcano."

"Why, Mr. Bowser?"

"Nothing but the hand of Providence has prevented a great disaster," he continued, as he dumped the last of the clothes out of the hamper.

"But what has that hamper to do with it?"

"Everything. Mrs. Bowser, did you ever hear of spontaneous combustion?"

"Of course."

"Well, there hasn't been a day that all the elements necessary to spontaneous combustion haven't been present in this hamper; also in various other places in this house. I shudder over our narrow escape."

"You—you haven't gone, and got another fire-escape, have you?"

"There you go! Always ready to throw up something I suppose you'll call this a notion of mine?"

"What has spontaneous combustion got to do with our clothes hamper?"

"Everything. Here are the elements right here to start a fire. Here are cotton, wool and silk crowded together in a temperature of at least ninety degrees. Nothing could be more favorable."

"I don't believe it!"

"What? What?" shouted Mr. Bowser, holding up a pillow-slip in one hand and one of baby's stockings in the other. "You don't believe in spontaneous combustion!"

"Under certain conditions, yes, but those conditions cannot be found here. Some one has been working on your imagination."

"Oh! They have! On my imagination!" he softly whispered. "When every scientist and scientific publication believes in spontaneous combustion—when it is practically demonstrated every day in the year—when it is a fact as well known as that a horse has teeth, you stand there and tell me that I've been played on! Mrs. Bowser, will you have the kindness to go down stairs?"

I went down, and he took every article from the hamper and spread them out on the floor. Then he went through every clothes closet and bureau drawer, and it was fully two hours before he came down and heaved a great sigh of relief, and said:

"There! We shall not be burned alive—not to-night!"

"There was no danger," I replied.

"There wasn't, oh! Mrs. Bowser, I—I—"

His emotion overcame him and I got opportunity to say:

"Why don't other people's houses burn up through spontaneous combustion?"

No answer.

I haven't seen anything in the papers about a clothes hamper explosion."

Mr. Bowser gritted his teeth.

"If it has got to that pass that the sheets off the sparo bed can't come in contact with the baby's stockings without striking fire, we'd better fill the cellar with tin boxes."

Mr. Bowser kicked at the cat, but missed her by two feet.

"But there'll be a fire, of course. You have overlooked an old vest somewhere, and it will get down off its hook and walk over to one of your shoes and arrange for a bonfire. I shant sleep a wink to-night."

Mr. Bowser circled around the room three times with great dignity and then went off to bed. When he was out of the way I went and had a talk with the cook. The result was that we brought an iron kettle into the front hall, got out some cotton batting, and as I went upstairs she whispered to me:

"I understand ma'am. In exactly half an hour I'm to touch it off."

Mr. Bowser was in bed, and though I spoke about the cool water, baby's cold and other things, he had nothing to say. I wasn't hurt, however. I got into bed and waited. It wasn't over ten minutes until the odor of burning cotton was plain enough in the room, and I sat up and gave Mr. Bowser a dig and asked:

"Don't you smell smoke?"

"Smoke!" he shouted after a sniff or two. "I smell fire."

"Perhaps the cook lighted the gas with paper."

Perhaps the confounded house is afire! (he jumps out of bed) of course it is! (he goes to the door). She's all ablaze down stairs! Fire! Fire!

"The baby!" I shouted as he danced around, but he was gone, carrying his pantsaloons and one shoe under his arm. He ran down the hall shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice, came back and grabbed his necktie and shouted again, and the next I heard of him he was in the front of the house yelling like an Indian. Half a dozen men were going by on their way home from some sort of convention, and they rushed into the house and soon located the fire. I heard Mr. Bowser telling them that he had long expected it and that he had the mos' careless wife in the world and that he hadn't slept sound for three months, and then there was a pause. They had found the kettle with the smoking cotton.

I didn't hear Mr. Bowser laughing with the rest. Perhaps he tried to and it was a failure. It took all the rest of the beer in the case to get the men out and they also ate up all the cheese and crackers, but when they had gone Mr. Bowser came up stairs. He struck every step with the tread of a Roman Emperor. Baby and I were in bed and apparently sound asleep. He came in, walked twice around the room with his hands under his coat-tails and then loomed up over the bed and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I have come to kiss my child good-by before I go."

"I didn't say anything."

"Mrs. Bowser, I shall take the child with me!"

"I didn't answer."

"Mrs. Bowser!"

At that moment the cook came down the hall and asked who was there.

"It's I," answered Mr. Bowser.

"And what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Then you'd better be in bed and let the poor missus and baby and me get a few winks of sleep. Such a house! Such carryings on! Such spontaneous combustions kick-up-a-fustanus! I give you notice, sir, that I quit me place before the dishes are washed in the morning!"

She went off to bed and Mr. Bowser made two more circles of the room, kicked the footstool under the bed and then crept into his accustomed place and was snoring away in the usual manner in less than fifteen minutes.—[Detroit Free Press.]

**A Moonlight Sonata.**

Young man (with young lady on his arm)—"Can you tell me the way to Maple street, sir?"

"Young lady—"And please, sir, will you tell us the longest way, around, because we are in no hurry at all, sir."

**A Wise Girl.**

Sunday School Teacher—"Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?"

Miss Fanny (aged ten years)—"That we are always to be on the lookout for the coming of the bridegroom." [Texas Siftings.]

**The Flowers of Social Intercourse.**

Wife I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear, shall I put in any word from you?

Husband—That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course.

**As Good As Caught in the Act.**

Pat (after his first dip in the surf)—Say, Mike!

Mike—Hello, Pat!

Pat—W' had dye tink de bloody Dutchman dat kapes de hotel's bin doin'?

Mike—Shure o' dunno.

Pat—He's salted the water fer to mek us dhrink his beer.

**A Great Invention.**

"Steam is a great thing," remarked a French traveler in a railway carriage to his vis-a-vis.

"So it is," was the reply; "I was my fortune to it."

"Monsieur is manager of a company?"

"No."

"An engineer, perhaps?"

"No, I have lost a nuzio tin tines by railroad cheso the of leprosy stranger."

**Like.**

Mrs. Bunting—Why think of the warm weather?

Mrs. Larkin—How term to it.

**Working the Patriotic Racket.**

A man wearing a number of badges went into a Chicago saloon kept by a German, and calling the proprietor said: "I had come in here to take a drink at your bar, but I have discovered that I should not patronize you."

"Voll, how vas dot?"

"Because, upon looking round after coming in, I see that you have an awning made in imitation of the flag of my country. It is a shame, sir, a miserable shame. I fought for that flag, fought for it while you were doing the work of a slave in an oppressed empire. I stood in trenches knee deep in water watching for the enemy while you occupied a bed of straw in your master's stable. Now you come to this blessed country where there is no oppression, no slavery, and, with the freedom which we grant you, get money enough to start a saloon; and how do you repay this country for the chance it has given you? The first thing you do is to take the blessed emblem of the republic and use it for an awning. I say it is a shame, and furthermore, I say that you are an ingrate—a man that has no heart of appreciation."

The German was staggered. "Vy, mein frient, I no thought mo of dot. I don't vander brink de flag of de goundry in disgrace."

"But you have done it. Look at that awning."

"Mien frient, let me tell you dot I mend no harm. I hobo you vill not hold id against my-house."

"How can I help it?"

"I tell you. You haf sumedings mit me—bottle wine."

"Well, as you seem to be penitent, I guess I'll join you."

After the fellow had gone the German stood for a time with his elbows on the bar, and then musing said: "I do believe dot man haf made a fool of myself."—[Arkansas Traveller.]

**An Observant Youth.**

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy.

"You must bring an excuse, said the teacher."

"Who from?"

"Your father."

"Ho ain't no good at makin' excuses. Ma catches him every time."

**An Uncle to Look Like.**

"We have decided that baby looks like Uncle Joseph," said the happy mamma.

"Why, Joseph is as ugly as a mud fence."

"Yes; but he is worth \$2,000,000."

**That is So.**

Mrs. Gazzam—God made an excellent fish when he made the shad!

Gazzam—Yes, but you can't say that he made no bones about it.

**Don't Want Any Conscience in His.**

"Can you recommend me to an artist who can make a picture of my hotel?"

"Yes, try Smithkins. He's a straightforward conscientious fellow."

"Then he won't do. The hotel is on a side street. I want a picture of it facing the square, with four-horse omnibuses and barouches passing up and down."

**Couldn't Preserve the Peace.**

"I'm afraid I'll have to make a complaint against you," said the captain of the station to the patrolman.

"For what reason, sir?"

"For what reason? Why, the way your heat are a ways creating a row and decent people cannot pass the street where you do duty with a bed or maltreated. Can't the peace?"

"No, sir, I can't. The peace is all right."

# THE OTHER MAN'S WIFE.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' BABY," "BEAUTIFUL JIM," "BUTTONS," "DINNA FORGET," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

EDWARD, BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE

"We must all die, and not the old alone.  
The young have no exemption from that doom."

The chill of death reigned over the Bishop's house Episcopal Palace at Blankhampton, the awe of a great change had fallen over the old city. For on the previous day, Edward by Divine Providence, Lord Bishop of the Diocese, had been carried to his last long home in the Cloisters of his Cathedral Church.

The townsfolk had scarce as yet begun to wonder who would be the new Bishop. They were full of the quiet scholarly graces of the departed prelate—they had forgotten how often they had blamed him for not having been more prominent among them, for being so gentle, so full of humility and all those meek qualities which, as a kind of sop to our consciences, we make a point of attributing to Christ, and which almost universally we utterly despise in the man! Yes, they had forgotten all the irritations, the petty irritations of the past; their spiritual head, sanctified by great sufferings had become to them a dear saint in glory, whose blameless life among them would be a bright beacon to guide them on that dark road which we must all tread one day.

Perhaps there is no irony so caustic as the irony of events! A great spiritual lord was looming in the distance, the not far distance, who would be in most things what the good folk of Blankhampton had wished in him who had just left them; a heavy-jowled man of great dignity of bearing, ponderous and arrogant, a patron of Christianity rather than a servant of Christ; a man who would make a rule of being prominent among his people, who would be their superior in things of earth as well as in things of heaven, a man who would seldom try to be affable and if he did would invariably make all beholders wish fervently that he would not, a man of the world worldly, a Bishop of Society, not the society of his own See but that portion of the world which is called the "Upper Ten Thousand," and is commonly spelt with a capital S.

As yet, however, Blankhampton was untroubled by the personal attributes of Bishops still to come; it mourned him who was just gone, and over the Palace where he had held gentle sway during nearly fifteen happy and peaceful years there still hung the dim shadow of his departed presence, a cloud of mourning and woe.

It was not generally known that Bishop Trevor, as already they had begun to call him, had a very romantic history. The little world of Blankhampton knew that he had been called early to the dignity of the Bench, that he had married a lady of title immediately on his taking up his new office, a lady who had once been beautiful and young but who was then some five or six and thirty years old. They had seemed very happy together and after two years Lady Constance bore her lord a son, and in giving birth to the child her own meek and gentle life had slipped away.

The child flourished and threw apace; the nurse who had charge of him was in all respects a governess and the governess by a tutor, and when Jack Trevor was a little over twelve years old the Bishop, after many months of intense suffering, died, and no other mistress had come to take the place of the gentle old-aged bride who had come home to Blankhampton nearly fifteen years before.

Blankhampton knew of no more. They did not know that many a year ago a son of the Bishop had married for love and had a daughter, and that their Bishop's child of that marriage—Edward by Divine Providence—had married the daughter of the Governor.

It was not usual for them to go down with ceremony at that hour, and Lady Gascoigne never left the need of an arm at any time, but despite the few steps they took together, the Bishop understood that it was all right with his new honours had made the way for him.

The Bishop gave the intelligent James Gascoigne the key of the house, and the management of that functionary were married and lived in Blankhampton. I do not know if there had ever been a Lady Constance Trevor—very much upon

head of his house or seen the home of his ancestors, and one gay or lordly lover after another went sadly away with "no" for an answer, and all the best years of her life went by waiting for what she had no hope might ever come to pass. Dear, dear, what tender romances there are sometimes in lives that seem to the outer world both common-place and uneventful. It happened one fair June morning that Lady Constance had been driving with her mother. They had been to see her youngest married sister—they were all married except Constance—and my lady, the Countess, had been expatiating on the singularity of Constance remaining so long a spinster. "I cannot tell how it is, Connie," she said, "you must have been hard to please—Margaret will not compare with you for an instant; and she never was half so agreeable or so sweet tempered, and yet she is the Marchioness of Ormeby and you are Constance Gascoigne yet."

"I suppose I was hard to please, dear Mother," answered Lady Constance, smiling, "as if my heart flew to a great public school which she had never seen—where he ruled supreme."

"Not but that I should miss you dreadfully, Connie," my lady went on tenderly, "but I don't like to see Margaret's little airs and graces and—"

"Never mind, dear Mother," said the other smiling broadly now.

They reached home a moment later, a handsome house in Grosvenor Square, and a tall servant in livery came to meet them.

"There is a gentleman, my lady," he said—"the Bishop of Blankhampton—he asked for Lady Constance."

"I will go to him—"

"I daresay it is about the Home of Rest. You'll come, won't you, Mother?"

"Presently dear. Carry my books into the library, James."

The daughter went upstairs and the mother went into the library.

"Shall I lay another cover for lunch, my lady?" James enquired.

"I think not, James. We don't know the Bishop of Blankhampton."

"Pardon me, my lady," James answered, "but he has been here several times. He used to be Dr. Trevor."

"Dr. Trevor—"

"My darling—my darling," she said, and for answer Lady Constance went to him without any pretence of shyness, like a child to its mother.

"I did not know who it was," she said, with a glad gleam in her voice.

And by and by when her ladyship came in, which she did with outstretched hand, Lady Constance cried, "Mother, you knew?"

"James told me," she answered, and then she looked rather hard at her daughter and held out her hand.

"I am so happy, Mother," Lady Constance whispered with a blush.

"Lady Gascoigne—" began the Bishop, when she stopped him.

"You need say nothing—I see it all," she said. "You shall talk to Lord Gascoigne presently. Will you give me your arm down the stairs?"

It was not usual for them to go down with ceremony at that hour, and Lady Gascoigne never left the need of an arm at any time, but despite the few steps they took together, the Bishop understood that it was all right with his new honours had made the way for him.

The Bishop gave the intelligent James Gascoigne the key of the house, and the management of that functionary were married and lived in Blankhampton. I do not know if there had ever been a Lady Constance Trevor—very much upon

them. Perhaps she did not try to do so. Anyway, it is certain that when she slipped quietly out of life nobody seemed to think that an irreparable loss had fallen upon the Bishop—they thought it was a pity that the baby, poor little thing, had not gone too, and they made sure that the bereaved husband would marry again when the year was over, and if they did not say it, they most of them thought that it was to be hoped he would marry a more energetic woman next time.

But they knew nothing of a terrible hour when the gentle Bishop, had knelt beside his dying wife's bed, when he had watched the life that was all the world to him, quickly ebbing away, "Conty, Conty,"—he had always called her Conty—"don't leave me—don't leave me," he cried.

"Dear Eddy," she answered, "I think I have to go"—it was, oh! such a faint, faint voice—"But I'll wait in Heaven for you and—"

"I'll come as you leave me, Conty," cried the poor Bishop in an agony of grief, with the tears streaming down his face.

"That is in your hands, darling," she said tenderly.

It was soon over after that, and Blankhampton waited and waited for a new mistress to reign at the Palace, waited and waited in vain; no other woman ever came to supplant the love of his youth, the dear wife of his days of success, and Edward, Lord Bishop of Blankhampton, as he had promised went, when his time came, to seek his Conty in "no other world," as she had left him in this one.

## CHAPTER II.

GIRL AND BOY.

"A boy's will is the wind's will."

Sunday came and went! An immense congregation gathered in the Parish—as the Cathedral is familiarly called in Blankhampton—to do the last honours to the dead Bishop, and to listen to the address of eulogy which was given by the Dean.

In one corner of the Palace pew sat Lady Gascoigne—the Countess Dowager now—weeping copiously, as much out of genuine affection for him who was gone as for the painful remembrances of her dear lost daughter which the past week had brought back to her. And in the other corner—her accustomed place—sat young Gascoigne Trevor, more commonly known as "Jack."

That service was a terrible ordeal for the boy! He was only thirteen years old, and the pew apportioned to the Palace was like the corresponding one: belonging to the Deanery, so prominently placed that its occupants were the observed of all observers. Every sob that escaped his grandmother's lips tore his heart afresh with an agony that was almost past bearing. But on both sides he had come of a proud stock; he had inherited the blood which can go to the stake with a smile and will accept triumph or ruin without so much as the quiver of a single muscle. He could not keep back the tears which would force their way from under his willing eyelids, but he would have died before he would have lifted a hand to wipe them away!

And when all was over he had to face the ordeal of passing down the crowded nave between the ranks of eager spectators, each one seeming more anxious than another to get a good look at the Countess and the Bishop's only son. What do you say, my Reader? That you don't believe that any one would linger at such a time to gaze at the fresh grief of the newly bereaved! Well, all I can say is that young Jack Trevor knew Blankhampton better than you do! He, poor boy, re-called clearly enough, the time two years before when the old Dean had died, when the people in their anxiety to miss nothing of such a rare show as three heart-broken girls, had not hesitated to climb the three steps which led to the Deanery pew and had then to the door so as to get a really satisfactory look at the sobbing crape-shrouded figures still kneeling with their faces hidden in their hands!

So Jack knew well enough that there was no escape for him, and he gave his slight young arm to his grandmother and passed steadily through the throng of people, his face pale as death, his eyes dimmed with tears, yet with his head well up in air, a boy with the heart of a man!

The Bishop had left his son to the guardianship of his uncle, Lord Gascoigne, coupled with a wish that he should spend as much time with his grandmother, Lady Gascoigne, as that lady and Jack himself should wish.

"I should like him to be as much with you as possible," he had said to Lady Gascoigne the week before his death. "He is a good boy, very brave and truthful, and I don't think you will find him much trouble."

"Edward," said the old Countess steadily, "Jack is the very light of my old age—my Connie's boy whom she hardly saw. As you

say, he is brave and truthful; but if he were not—if he were horrid, as many boys of his age are, I would still carry out all your wishes if only out of my gratitude to you for having been the best of husbands to my girl and for never having put another woman in her place."

"I never thought of it," he said. "But," persisted the old lady, "many men would have thought of it, most men would have thought of it, for after a wife like Connie, you must have been often lonely and wretched. Many a man would have married again because the empty life was too grievous to bear."

"I never thought of it," repeated the Bishop simply, and even then he did not tell her of that last sad promise he had made his Conty; that was a thing between him and her too sacred to repeat even to her mother.

Well, Lady Gascoigne and Jack went back to the Palace and tried to eat a miserable meal, which ended in the old Countess going off to her own room to keep quiet until time for the afternoon service at the Parish, and Jack forlorn and wretched, not liking to go to the stables, as was usual with him after luncheon on Sundays, found himself somehow walking, slowly and aimlessly through the West Garden.

Now the West Garden was one of the prettiest bits about the Palace: Jack's mother had loved it, and the Bishop had been accustomed to spend many hours pacing slowly up and down its neatly-kept pathways thinking out his sermons and his addresses to the young—thinking often too of her who had so often walked there hand in hand with him. So Jack, hallowed by thoughts of him for whom his grief was yet fresh, found himself walking among the bright-hued flower beds towards the bank of the river. And as he walked a voice called to him softly—

"Jack," it said—"Jack."

Jack Trevor quickened his footsteps as he heard it. "Is it you, Ethel?" he answered.

The garden at this point ended in a narrow shabby, which in its turn led into a strip of meadow-land which ran to the bank of the river. A little wooden gate led from this shabby to the meadow, and at this gate when Jack, reached it he found the owner of the voice standing.

"Oh Jack dear," she cried, "I wanted so to see you—I did write. We are so sorry, Jack, so sorry all of us. And I was in the Parish this morning, Jack, and I cried all the time."

"Let's go and sit on the bank, Ethel," said Jack holding out his hand.

So together they went, Jack and his friend Ethel, and sat down on the river's bank in the bright August sunshine, and as Jack sat with his hand in her's—not because they were by way of being sweet-hearts or in the habit of showing endearments towards one another, but only and solely because Jack was in trouble—he began in some indefinable way to be comforted. His grandmother had tried with all her heart to comfort him, it is true, but with indifferent success, for every tear and sob that escaped her ladyship had only seemed to rive the heart of the boy more cruelly. Lady Gascoigne was big, and so—so sloppy, yes, I know it's a vulgar word, yet nothing else seems to express her so well. Her tears were so ready to flow, her tongue was incessant, her reminiscences agonising. Ethel was different, she was so gentle and so pretty, she had known the Bishop ever so much better than his mother-in-law had done. She mourned for him with all her true and tender childish heart, yet tears did not have the effect of drying her whole face as always happened with Lady Gascoigne—tears only made her eyes look like forget-me-nots after a shower of rain.

"Mother says, Jack," said Ethel presently "that you will be going away from the Palace now."

"Yes, I am going to live with my grandmother," he answered.

"In London?"

"Yes."

"Will you never come back to Blankhampton again?"

"Oh! yes, some day." It was a subject on which just then Jack was very loth to enter; but if the very young are good comforters, sometimes they prove themselves unconscious inquirers of the first degree. All unconsciously Ethel went on.

"When do you think, Jack?"

"I don't know. I shall come back when I have a chance. I should have had to go next month in any case."

"Yes," Ethel sighed—"Boys do have to go to school—but I missed you awfully last year: and I shall miss you now, I know."

"You will have Mary Bamfylde—"

he began.

"Yes—but Mary Bamfylde likes dolls," with contemptuous emphasis on the word, "and she screams if she sees a rat, and a

wasp sends her out of her mind. She doesn't know how to bait a fish-hook nor climb a tree nor—nor anything!"

"Oh! well, Mary is a duffer, there's no doubt about it," Jack said in a tone of quiet conviction—"There's Dolly Tennent—she's no good, she's such a mean little thing; and there is Lucy Vivian, she isn't much better, well really, Ethel, unless you can put up with the Lawrences, I don't see what you will do."

"I can't bear the Lawrences," cried Ethel.

"They'll be better than nothing," said Jack—"and when I get my holidays perhaps Mrs. Mordaunt will ask me to go on here—and I'll tell you what I'll do, Ethel, I'll ask Granny to invite you to stay with us in London or wherever we are."

"Will you, Jack? Oh! that will be lovely. I know Mother will ask you down here—I'll get her to ask Lady Gascoigne before she goes. I know she will."

"So in hushed yet eager voices, the two children laid their plans for the future, and presently a servant came in search of Ethel."

"Miss Ethel," he said, breaking in upon their talk—"the mistress has gone to get ready for service."

"Yes, I'll come in James, thank you," Ethel answered she was a very polite little soul, whom the servants about the Cliffe worshipped. "Are you going to service, Jack?" she asked as James turned away.

"Oh! yes."

"Is Lady Gascoigne going?"

"Yes—at least I believe so."

Ethel pressed a little nearer to him. "Jack," she said in an awed voice—"Wasn't it awful this morning?"

Jack could not help shivering in spite of the bright sunshine which was streaming down upon them. "Yes, it was—horrible," he answered.

"People think it interesting to see any one in trouble," said Ethel, with unconscious irony—"and instead of looking the other way, as they ought to, they stare as if it was a peep-show."

"Yes," said Jack.

There was a moment's silence already they were walking along the pathway running through the shrubbery which divided the Palace grounds from the gardens of the Cliffe, and as they reached the little gate through which James had just passed, Jack turned to his little friend. "Ethel," he said "look here—I'm going to leave you my bull pup."

The ready tears began to fill the child's lovely eyes. "Oh! Jack," she cried then by a sudden impulse she flung her arms about him and held up her sweet little face to his. "Dear, dear Jack," she said "but won't you want him dreadfully if your self?"

"Yes I daresay I shall," Jack answered with a boy's delightful candour "but Crummies is very fond of you and he'll be happier down here than he would be in London."

"Jack," said Ethel, "I will take care of Crummies for ever."

If Jack Trevor had been ten years older he would have had a tender little remark to make then—"Happy Crummies" or something of that kind; as it was he rather roughly for him—disengaged himself from the tender clasp of the clinging arms, and tore himself away with all a boy's aversion to anything approaching to a scene.

"Oh! I daresay Crummies won't mind, he'll get a very good time," he said gruffly, then went back to the Palace through the shrubbery and the West Garden, winking hard to keep the tears which would come into his eyes, from falling.

When he reached the house he found the carriage at the door and Lady Gascoigne just coming down the stairs, looking oh! so large and so hot in her voluminous crape laden garments that the boy's heart fairly sank within him at the prospect of sitting through another service at the Parish.

However, happily the afternoon service at the Parish is not a very long one—just the evensong and an anthem, and while his grandmother was settling herself in the carriage, Jack had time to run upstairs and dash some cold water into his wash-basin, into which he plucked his quivering face. A good rub with a rough towel made him look almost himself again, and in two minutes he had brushed his fair hair into a smooth wave across his head and was downstairs again.

And the Parish was fuller than it had been in the morning even; men and women were standing three deep in the broad nave aisle, and in groups about the corners of the stately old pews, and as soon as Lady Gascoigne and Jack were seated, a whisper came to ask in an agonized whisper whether he might fill up the remaining stalls in their pew as usual? Lady Gascoigne assented, of course—she had a heavy crape veil behind which to hide

her tears—and immediately three smart, young soldiers were put between her and Jack. Jack was thankful. He knew them all, had seen them at his father's table several times and he knew that they would not stare at him unmercifully as three women would have done.

However, the service passed off better than might have been expected. Lady Gascoigne did not begin to weep until the anthem began; even then she only wept softly and noiselessly.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. And there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die. And their departure is taken for misery; but they are in peace."

Then followed Spohr's "Blest are the departed," and then the congregation subsided into their seats while the offertory was collected. In less than ten minutes after that Jack was leading his grandmother through the crowd once more, and the dreadful day of public suffering was over.

Looking back in after years, Jack Trevor always declared that his real boyhood ended on that day, that he then became a man in reality although he had but the form of a boy. In truth at that time he was his grandmother's chief stay and comfort. And it was well that it was so; for her son, Lord Gascoigne, being laid up with a bad attack of gout, had not been able to go down to Blankhampton even for the funeral, and, necessarily, it was imperative for the executors to lose time in arranging the Bishop's affairs and in deciding which of his belongings were to be kept for his son and which were to be sold, as he had directed, by auction.

But at the end of a week Lady Gascoigne had arranged almost everything, had separated the pretty modern furniture which the dead Bishop and Conty had bought, from the stately suites of carved oak, black and shining with the polish of years, which belonged to the Palace, she had set aside all the most valuable of her daughter's wedding presents and all her jewellery, and these had been packed ready to be taken to her house in London. The horses were all delivered over to the tender mercies of a local dealer and were to be sold during the following week, with the exception of a particular, handsome grey cob which had been for several years a great favorite of the Bishop's and which Lady Gascoigne thought would be suitable for Jack to ride. And last but certainly not least, the evening before Jack and Lady Gascoigne were to leave the Palace, the boy went over to the Cliffe to take Crummies, the bull pup to his new home and mistress.

"You know, Jack," said Ethel's mother, "I really don't think a bull pup is quite the dog for a little girl of ten years old—but Ethel has set her heart upon Crummies so I suppose I must give in."

"Oh! yes, Mother," cried Ethel.

"Oh! yes, Mrs. Mordaunt," echoed Jack wistfully.

It was perhaps a little hard on him to have his parting gift to his old playfellow and friend regarded in the light of a personal favour towards him rather than from him. He had given Ethel his dearest possession, a bull pup of the true Matcham strain, he had offered it after a fierce struggle with himself, and had with difficulty kept himself from going back on his word, giving as a pretext his doubt that Crummies would settle in a new home or the coachman's fear that the dog was not fit over the distemper. And then to have his precious pup received as if he were being given a grudging homo out of charity to him and kindness to the giver. Well, it was hard, and that is where grown up people are often so stupid and so unseeing. If Mrs. Mordaunt had realized the depth of selfishness and nobility which had their home within young Jack Trevor's bosom, her line of action from that day would have been so different that this story probably could never have been written for the simple reason that it would not have been there to write. As it was she had yielded to Ethel's entreaties and understood nothing that was going on in the boy's heart. Ethel did, but at that moment Ethel hardly counted, Jack only knew that she was the pluckiest little chum he had ever had.

"He's a nice boy," said Mrs. Mordaunt to her husband a little later—"but really I am not altogether sorry that he is going away, although it is true that we shall never get such a neighbour as the dear Bishop again. But Ethel is getting as wild as a hawk, more like a boy than a girl."

"She might be worse," remarked Major Mordaunt, who had always been a great friend of Jack Trevor's—"the boy is as honest as the day and as plucky as—"

"Oh! yes, yes," his wife broke in—"but there are other things to consider in a girl's training than those."

"H'm," muttered the Major "I don't know so much about that—honesty and

pluck make a very decent ground work—very decent, my dear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANADIAN LEPERS.

The Leper Settlement at Gloucester County, New Brunswick.

One has not to go so far as Molokai to witness that awful blight of the flesh, leprosy. Here in this out of the way spot of New Brunswick, on the shores of the great ocean, are sights to make the soul sick, writes a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader. Here are literally immured a score or more of wretches touched with a foulness which, for no fault of their own, excludes them forever from the world. It is true they are treated with more consideration than the lepers of scriptural times, who dwelt in the open sepulchres about Jerusalem, subsisting on the fragments that accidental charity dropped on the ground in the wilderness. Nor is heard from them that terrible cry as of a lost soul in the Dautean hell, "Unclean, unclean." No; the lot of these unfortunates is made as endurable as the ghastly majesty of which they are the victims will permit. The Dominion Government has erected a commodious hospital on the banks of the Tracadie river, overlooking the gulch into which the slender streamlet falls. It would be difficult to find anywhere a lovelier combination of "streamlet and hill" than this. Would that one could forget the hopeless fate of their fellows. But alas! they are, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." All that makes life worth enduring has been withdrawn from them.

Nevertheless it is pleasant to know that their lot is more endurable than it was years ago. When the lazaretto was established, about forty five years ago, the poor creatures were lassoed like beasts, drawn by ropes, and beaten with long poles to force them toward the lazaretto. No one would touch them. They were torn from the bosom of their families, although in many cases they were the sole support of wife and children. The cottages which then constituted the hospital were filthy and uncared for. Males and females were cast together, and the contamination of immorality was added to the other horrors. Their food was laid down on the ground, to be eaten where and when they chose. To the people in the surrounding country the name "lazaretto" was clothed with all the horrors of gehenna. Little wonder, then, that when a member of a family was attacked with the loathsome disease his relatives took every precaution to conceal his condition. It may well be supposed that this secrecy tended to spread the disease. The condition of the lazaretto at length became a public scandal, so much so that in 1868 it reached the ears of Sister St. John (Miss Viger), of the Hotel Dieu, Montreal. She volunteered to go and care for these poor outcasts. Other volunteers were asked for, and every sister in the house tendered her services. Seven were chosen, carefully instructed in the treatment of leprosy, and then they started a mission compared with which the task of cleaning the Augean stables was a light one. They found the lazaretto a veritable abode of the damned. But the sisters cheerfully set to work, and in a very few years everything was transformed. The provincial government of New Brunswick, glad to have the scandal removed, provided all necessary funds for meeting the expenses of the institution. From being a loathsome charnel house it was transformed into a home. The inmates and the house itself are kept scrupulously clean. Hired attendants do all the work. The inmates have no tasks imposed on them.

Their path to death is smoothed and relieved of cares. They have a small farm with which they may do what they choose. They have boats, in which they may fish and trawl, or simply idle away the summer days.

As to the origin of the disease, some find it in the deterioration caused by generations of intermarriage. The county of Gloucester, which is the seat of the disease, is settled by Canadian-French. The little community married and intermarried until nearly everybody was related to everybody else. One story is that 140 years ago a bark from the coast of Syria was wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, just off the shores of Gloucester county. The rescued crew stayed for some considerable time at Acadia, and from these the first case of leprosy was traced. The first case of leprosy in Quebec was afflicted with the disease. It left it as a legacy to his people. Still another story is that the disease was contracted through some putrid fish.

is probable that it is in many respects different from the leprosy which whitened the skin and rotted the bones of the Hebrews of old. A recent authority thus describes its symptoms:

"The first indication of the disease is the appearance of tiny tubercles on the skin, and especially on the face. The increase from the size of a pin head to that of a hazel nut. The nose and the lips become thickened and swollen, so that the mouth is distorted and the features unrecognizable. The eyes droop, and eyelashes and eyebrows and sometimes the hair drop out."

"After a time the tubercles break, ulcerate and discharge, the disease even attacking the cartilage and bone, and piece by piece joints and flesh fall off until death gives the sufferer freedom from his terrible lot." The average duration of the disease from the time the first symptoms are discovered until death ensues is about ten or twelve years.

The lazaretto was taken charge of by the Dominion Government in 1880, and Dr. Smith was placed in charge, who keeps a sharp lookout for infected persons. In a conversation had with the doctor he said:

"I am not yet satisfied that the disease is incurable. I discharged one man from the hospital several years ago, and he has had no return of the symptoms. Last year I discharged a girl, who had been admitted to the lazaretto just as soon as the first symptoms of infection developed themselves. Still, though these two are apparently free from the malady, I do not regard the case as permanently cured, and I still hold them under close surveillance. Of late the disease has been dying out in Tracadie, its original seat; but out of the five new cases taken in last year one was from Cape Breton and four from the parishes which adjoin Tracadie. I have traced a new focus to the disease, situated between Shippegan and Caraquet, and from this centre I have traced it to other settlements."

Crossing a Swollen River in the Andes.

After examining the works of the line in the vicinity of Punta Negra, where I overtook the paymaster, Don Carlos, I started off in his company to the next camp of Vermejito, which is 2100 metres above the level of the sea. Here we spent the night, and the next morning, after admiring the grand black basaltic rocks that render the scenery in these parts all the more dismally impressive, we started, together with two of the engineers of the camp, who volunteered to see us safely across the Rio Blanco, which was reported to be dangerously swollen. When we reached the bottom of the deep ravine through which this torrent flows, we found the report to be only too true. The water, white as milk, was foaming and dashing over a part of the narrow planks which had been anchored across the stream below the best fording place. After working an hour at the risk of their lives, the two young engineers, who were as agile as goats—one was a Swede and the other an Italian succeeded in raising one of the planks a foot, so that it could be crossed with comparative safety, the dash of the water over it remaining only about six inches. The human element of the party then felt reassured, but how would the mules get over? The "arrieros" were in a state of great agitation, and the paymaster, was anxious about the thousands of dollars that he had in his money bags. However, every man lent a hand. The mules were unloaded, and, with the aid of cries and whirling lassos, they were driven into the turbulent torrent, and waded or swam across bravely, one only getting carried away for a few minutes, and losing a big piece of his flesh against a sharp bowlder. The next thing was to carry over the baggage and mules. A lasso was flung across the river, and held on one side by the two engineers, and on the other by the "vigilante" gendarme, who accompanied them "to prevent him running away with the company's money," as they were wont to tell him. This last was done by means of a hand-rail, along the top of which the mules were to pass. The mules were then urged forward by the "arrieros" who were on the other side of the river, and in a few minutes they were all safely acrossed.

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NOISES IN THE SUN.

EDISON'S LATEST INVENTION.

It Will Enable Us to Hear the Reports of Solar Disturbances.

The laboratory of Edison, the great electrician, is a great acquisition to any country. Supplied with instruments of exquisite precision and the finest make for physical experiments, it affords excellent opportunities for scientific discoveries.

As the public is familiar with Mr. Edison's varied enterprises in past years and our reporter has detailed his latest work, we need not here dwell on these. His carbon transmitter, used in the telephone; his electric glow lamp and his phonograph are now household words.

The most interesting and perhaps the most important of all the experiments he is now prosecuting is

A GIGANTIC ONE

designed to catch and record the sounds made in the sun's photosphere when solar spots are formed by those mighty eruptions from beneath its glowing surface, sometimes sixty thousand miles in diameter, and usually associated with beautiful but awful flaming "eruptive prominences" of hydrogen gas which occasionally shoot out to elevations of two hundred thousand and even four hundred thousand miles—phenomena which Professor Young says "it is no exaggeration to speak of as veritable explosions."

At Ogden, N. J., there is a mass of iron ore a mile long standing perpendicular and extending into the bowels of the earth to great but unknown depths, said to contain several hundred million tons of magnetic material. As the violent storms and uprushes in the sun produce disturbances of the earth's magnetism which are recorded on the magnetometers at the Kew and other observatories, it has occurred to Mr. Edison that the strength of the solar disturbance, as exerted on our planet, could be increased enormously by utilizing a vein of magnetic iron ore, and running round the body of ore several miles of wire, forming an inductive circuit, into which powerful electric currents would be thrown by any disturbance of the earth's magnetism.

HEARD ON OUR PLANET.

He is, accordingly, erecting telegraph poles on each side of the Ogden ore hill and parallel with it, on which he is coiling an insulated wire many times around the whole area where the earth's magnetic lines leave the iron mountain and extend into space. The two ends of the long wire will be taken into his Observation Station and connected with the receiving telegraph.

From every point of view—poetic, spiritual and scientific—this promises to be one of the most thrilling experiments ever made. Its successful conductor—like Wordsworth's—curious child, who dwelt upon a tract of inland ground, applying to his ear the convolutions of a smooth tipped shell

hearing "sonorous cadences" and holding converse with the unseen universe itself—will be able to listen to the awe inspiring rush and roar of the sun's mountainous billows of fire as they splutter forth in inconceivable fury from his cyclopean furnaces. What a sermon will be preached into the receiving instrument! A voice from the central orb of our planetary system—typo answering to anti-type—thundering forth the eternal power and Godhead of Him whom the Christian pulpit, often too feebly for our dull ears, proclaims, "the Light of this world."

From a scientific point of view the value of this experiment may be immense. Every new fact brought certainly to light respecting the actual phenomena in "the regions beyond," however insignificant it may seem at first, becomes to science in her onward path of research the keystone of an arch serving to bridge some hitherto impassable chasm. Almost every great outbreak of

A POLAR CYCLONE

is followed by a magnetic storm on our little

planet, and simultaneously the ices of its polar circle glisten in the light of the Aurora Borealis.

Familiar examples of this are found in all astronomical and magnetic observations. The magnetic storm of November 17, 1882 (succeeding the appearance on the 10th of a sun spot which, measured at Allegheny Observatory, covered 2,200,000,000 square miles), seriously interrupted the telegraph lines at New York and cable messages were delayed nearly an hour, while at Chicago the switchboard was a dozen times on fire. As an experiment one of the Western Union wires between Washington and Baltimore was worked with the earth current alone. There is every reason, therefore, to expect that the strength of all such disturbances will be increased enormously in Mr. Edison's inductive circuit of the Ogden iron mountain; that by the use of his instrument the variations of intensity can be recorded and, as he hopes, "sounds produced on the sun will be heard through the telephone."

There is a well known case in which a meteor was seen to fall into the sun, while

ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

a magnetic disturbance occurred on the earth, showing an increase of direct solar action. As Prof. or Stokes has shown, an increase of solar radiation will be greedily absorbed in the upper regions of our atmosphere, increasing electrical conductivity. It is possible, therefore, that the Ogden mine experiments may materially aid in determining variations of solar heat seriously affecting the earth's meteorology.

Though, we understand, Mr. Edison does not claim to be a leader of science, all scientists should co-operate with him in this undertaking. When Faraday announced his greatest discovery, mathematicians rejected his method of stating his law as unworthy of the precision of their science. But nearly half a century later Professor Clerk Maxwell asserted that they had never been able to improve upon his statement. The lesson is one which all scientific men should remember in connection with the work of every true laborer in the rough and rock-girt mines of physical research.

Hard Summers of the Past.

A German writer, dealing with certain prognostications (usually heard at this time of the year) of great summer heat, goes back for precedents. In 627, he says, the springs were dried up, and men fainted with the heat. In 879 it was impossible to work in the open fields. In the year 993 the nuts on the trees were "roasted" as if in a baker's oven! In 1000 the rivers in France dried up, and the stench from the dead fish and other matter brought a pestilence into the land. The heat in the year 1614 dried up the rivers and brooks in Alsace-Lorraine. The Rhine was dried up in the year 1132. In the year 1132 the heat was so great that eggs could be cooked in the sand. In 1227 it is recorded that many men and animals came by their death through the intense heat. In the year 1363 the waters of the Rhine and the Danube were partially dried up, and people passed over on foot. The crops were burned up in the year 1394, and in 1538 the Seine and the Loire were as dry land. In 1556 a great drought swept through Europe. In 1614 in France and even in Switzerland the brooks and the ditches were dried up. Not less hot were the years 1646, 1679 and 1701. In the year 1715 from the month of March till October not a drop of rain fell; the temperature rose to 33 degree Reaumur, and in favored places the fruit trees blossomed a second time. Extraordinarily hot were the years of 1746, 1756, and 1811. The Summer of 1815 was so hot (the thermometer standing at 40 degrees Reaumur) that the places of amusement had to be closed.

Great Australian Estates.

Roman nobles sometimes whole provinces for estates; but there are almost paralleled in Australia, where immense estates are numerous. Three are advertised for sale in a Melbourne paper. The area of the first is 454 square miles, of which the rent is £221 1s. 6d. only, and the cattle on the pasture are valued at £2 10s. each. The second comprises 648 square miles and the third 553 square miles. All three are in Queensland. The first lot is described as watered by a river and having a town 30 miles distant on one side and 150 on the other. The advantage of the second is that it lies between three towns, which are, respectively, 150, 300, and 350 miles away, and the third, apparently most fortunately situated of all, is "within 100 miles of a railway."

How to cure dyspepsia. - Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

A Terrible Vengeance.

"Hark, Cyrus! What was that?" "Nothing, Emily. Let me go to sleep, will you?" For a few moments silence reigned in the sleeping-chamber.

"Cyrus Winterbottom, there's somebody in the house! I hear a noise in the kitchen!" Cyrus sat up in bed and listened.

"It's the cat," he grumbled, drowsily. "A cat doesn't wear boots and go around opening doors. Hark!"

The baby stirred and Mrs. Winterbottom soothed it to rest again.

"I don't see what anybody wants to get into our kitchen for," growled Cyrus, with a yawn. "There's nothing to—heigh-ho!—to steal in that part of the house, is there?"

"Nothing to steal! There's a plateful of tarts, a pan of doughnuts and a sponge cake."

"Some of your—heigh-ho—your own concoction Emily?"

"Yes, some of my own making. Then there's all the silverware, and—"

"He'll never get to the silverware, Emily, if he tackles the doughnuts first. You will find his horribly distorted body in the morning—"

"Hush! Hark!"

He listened again. All was quiet. But presently an unmistakable sound, as of somebody moving about on the floor below, aroused even Cyrus's dulled senses. Steps seemed to be approaching the stairway. Cyrus took his revolver out from under his pillow, climbed softly out of bed, went to the door of the room and got behind it, first having cautioned his wife in a whisper to make no noise and leave matters entirely in his hands.

Softly and stealthily came the steps up the stairway, and in a few moments the dim light of the night lamp on the dressing-case fell upon the stalwart form of a man whose face was concealed by a mask.

Mrs. Winterbottom screamed at sight of him, the baby woke up and howled, and before the burglar could recover from the momentary confusion into which this unexpected reception had thrown him Cyrus confronted him with the revolver.

"You infernal scoundrel!" he hissed. "Don't you move a muscle or I'll put a ball through you!"

The revolver hadn't been loaded for a year or more, and Cyrus knew it, but the burglar didn't.

The pitiful wretch stood perfectly still. "Take off your mask!" sternly commanded Cyrus.

The burglar complied. With ashen face and mean hang-dog look he stood there and said not a word. Mrs. Winterbottom had recovered her self-possession, but the baby continued to howl.

"It would serve you right, you sneaking, contemptible villain," said Cyrus in a deep, tragic voice. "If I should shoot you where you stand, I believe I'll do it, anyhow."

"Mercy! Mercy!" pleaded the trembling wretch. "It's the first time I ever broke into a house. I'll never do it again. Please let me go."

"It's the first time you were ever caught at it. It'll be the last. Down on your knees!"

"Don't kill him, Cyrus!" begged his wife. "Think of the carpet!"

"Listen!" said Cyrus, coming closer to the kneeling burglar. "Hold up your hands!"

While the fellow's hands were up Cyrus rifled his pockets. He took therefrom two loaded revolvers, a bowie knife, a dagger, a bottle of chloroform, and a sandbag.

"Your first offence, is it?" said Cyrus. "For a novice at the business you carry a pretty good kit of tools. Stand up!"

The burglar obeyed. "Are you a man of family?" "Yes, sir; O, please—"

"Stop your whining." A look of hard, stern, relentless purpose settled on Cyrus's face. He pointed the revolver at the abject scoundrel's head again.

"Go and take that baby!" he commanded. "Wh—what for?" "Never mind what for! You go and take that baby!"

"Cyrus!" exclaimed Mrs. Winterbottom, in dismay. "What do you mean?"

"I know what I am about, Emily. Pick up that squalling infant, you villain!"

The man obeyed. "Handle it carefully!" "Yes, sir!"

"Now walk the floor with it!" For four long hours Cyrus Winterbottom held that empty revolver levelled at the head of the miserable man and compelled to walk up and down the room with a squirming infant in his arms.

At daybreak the clogging, was permitted to sneak a tray of mites, a broken-hearted

His raven hair had turned one night

It was a horrible retribution, but who shall say it was not deserved? And thus we learn, my children, that crime sometimes brings its own punishment, and that the way of the transgressor continues to be hard.

Masculine Women.

To every distinct quality belongs its own kingdom. The woman who can stride round her farm and keep her workmen in proper subjection, who can drive her yoke of oxen afield, red and blowzed and muscular, has her own rule and empery; but it is not of the sort of which we are speaking. There was not, perhaps, much womanliness about such individuals as Elizabeth of England, or Catherine of Russia, or Christina of Sweden; all their lovers put together could not give them a charm they did not possess—the charm of Mary Stuart, of Josephine; for the possession of lovers by no means proves the possession of this charm. Yet where one accomplishes her ends by mastery of purpose and manner, many women accomplish theirs by using the iron hand, it may be, but always in the velvet glove; their will is no less strong because it is not made evident in season and out of season, although, in fact, the graceful yielding of that will now and then is a strengthener of all the bonds by which empire is held.

The masculine woman is strong only with other women and with womanish men. The womanly woman conquers every one. With men her power is in the inverse ratio of her approach to anything resembling themselves; the woman, not the man in her, attracts; and, singularly enough, her power is greater with most women also from this heightening of her feminine side. This, however, is a very insignificant matter beside the circumstance that a woman is fulfilling her destiny, and living the life appointed her, and developing herself on the lines of nature, by keeping in view the greater use she can be, and the greater joy and comfort she can give, through the exercise of those traits which seem to have been set apart for her characterization. And if it is the intention of nature that the qualities of the sexes shall so differentiate, it is not the part of wisdom for her to contravene such intention and make of herself that conglomerate and hybrid thing, a masculine woman. The old story of the vine and the oak does not come into this question. In the womanly woman the growth is as strong and integral and self-supporting as it is in the manly man. She is as distinct an entity, and she is more in unison with eternal purposes and the creative power, the more utterly and thoroughly she is womanly.

The Baby at the Gate.

I've heard unpleasant stories Of our neighbor 'cross the way, Those ugly little rumors, Of the things that people say. That he's very fond of pleasure, That his hours are very late; But I rather like to see him Meet his baby at the gate.

I like to see the toddler Keeping watch each afternoon, And to note his eager glances When the mother says "real soon." Tho' it stirs a chord within me As I sit and ruminate; Still I like to watch my neighbor Greet the baby at the gate.

I know not what his faults may be This neighbor 'cross the way, But I am sure his heart's all right, He proves that day by day, And while it always pains me, I lost my child and made, I love to see my neighbor Kiss his baby at the gate.

"Pray, my lord, if you please, a judge, "what is that?"

the end," responded from the room. "The foot is a couple of days' time."

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[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

## THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

BY H RIDER HAGGARD AND ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero Immortalem fulsae Indical tempus. -SERVICUS. ANNO II, 601.

## BOOK II.—CHAPTER III.

## THE BATHS OF BRONZE.

Even out of this night of dread the morning rose, and with it came Rei, bearing a message from the King. But he did not find the Wanderer in his chamber. The Palace eunuchs said that he had risen and had asked for Kurri, the Captain of the Sidonians, who was now the Queen's jeweller. Thither Rei was lodged with the servants in a court of the Royal House, and as the old man came he heard the sound of hammers beating on metal. There, in the shadow which the Palace wall cast into a little court, there was the Wanderer; no longer in his golden mail, but with bare arms, and dressed in such a light smock as the workmen of Khem were wont to wear.

The Wanderer was bending over a small brazier, whence a flame and a light blue smoke arose and melted into the morning light. In his hand he held a small hammer, and he had a little anvil by him, on which lay one of the golden shoulder-plates of his armour. The other pieces were heaped beside the brazier. Kurri, the Sidonian, stood beside him, with graving tools in his hands. "Hail to thee, Eperitus," cried Rei, calling him by the name he had chosen to give himself. "What makest thou here with fire and anvil?"

"I am but furbishing up my armour," said the Wanderer, smiling. "It has more than one dint from the light in the hall; and he pointed to his shield, which was deeply scarred across the blazon of the White Bull, the cognizance of dead Paria, Priam's son. "Sidonian, blow up the fire."

Kurri crouched on his hams and blew a blaze to a white heat with a pair of leathern bellows, while the Wanderer fitted the plates and laminated at them on the anvil, making the jointures smooth and strong, talking meanwhile with Rei.

"Strange work for a prince, as thou must be in Alybas, whence thou comest," quoth Rei, leaning on his long rod of cedar, tipped with an apple of blue stone. "In our country chiefs do not labor with their hands."

"Different lands, different ways," answered Eperitus. "In my country men wed not their sisters as your kings do, though, indeed, it comes into my mind that once I met such brides in my wanderings in the isle of the King of the Winds."

For the thought of Æolian isle, where King Æolus gave him all the winds in a bag, came into his memory.

"My hands can serve me in every need," he went on. "Mowing the deep green grass; spring, or driving oxen, or cutting a clean furrow with the plough in heavy soil, or building houses and ships, or doing smith's work with gold and bronze and gray iron—they are all one to me."

"Or the work of war," said Rei. "For there I have seen thee labour. Now, listen, thou Wanderer, the King Menepthah and the Queen Meramun send me to thee with this scroll of their will," and he drew forth a roll of papyrus, bound with golden threads, and held it on his forehead, bowing as if he prayed.

"What is that roll of thine?" said the Wanderer, who was hammering at the bronze spear-point, that stood fast to his hand.

Rei undid the golden threads and opened which he gave into the Wander-

"What have we here?" said the Wanderer. "Here are pictures, tiny and delicate in red, and little things of standing axes and spears and shields! My father, and he gave the

Chief Scribe of the Royal House, and richly decked with gold and jewels, and the slaves who fanned her, as she went to the Temple of Ptah to worship, wore gold chains upon their necks. Two women of the Apura saw her and ran to her crying:

"Lead us to those golden ornaments thou hast about a word, she took her gold chains and rings and let them hang at her feet. The women of Khem all and mocked her,

thy husband and thy son, and thou who art of Pharos, dost payest us for the lab-

wherever she be," said the Wanderer.

"Here or elsewhere."

"Then, what answer shall I carry to the King?"

"Time brings thought," said the Wanderer; "I would see the city if thou wilt guide me. Many cities have I seen, but none so great as this. As we walk I will consider my answer to your King."

He had been working at his helm as he spoke, for the rest of his armour was now mended. He had drawn out the sharp spear-head of bronze, and was balancing it in his hand and trying its edge.

"A good blade," he said; "better was never hammered. It went near to doing its work, Sidonian," and he turned to Kurri as he spoke. "Two things of thine I had: thy life and thy spear-point. Thy life I gave thee, thy spear-point thou didst lend me. Here, take it again," and he tossed the spear-head to the Queen's Jeweller.

"I thank thee, lord," answered the Sidonian, thrusting it in his girdle; but he muttered between his teeth. "The gifts of enemies are gifts of evil."

The Wanderer did on his mail, set the helmet on his head, and spoke to Rei. "Come forth, friend, and show me thy city."

But Rei was watching the smile on the face of the Sidonian, and he deemed it cruel and warlike, like the laugh of the Sardana of the sea. He said nought, but called a guard of soldiers, and with the Wanderer he passed the palace gates and went into the city.

The sight was strange, and it was not thus that the old man, who loved his land, would have had the Wanderer see it.

From all the wealthy houses, and from many of the poorer sort, rang the wail of women mourners as they sang the dirges for the dead.

But in the meaner quarters many a hovel was marked with two smears of blood, one dashed on each pillar of the door; and the sound that came from these dwellings was the cry of mirth and festal. There were two peoples; one laughed, one lamented. And in and out of the houses marked with the splashes of blood women were ever going with empty hands, or coming with hands full of jewels, of gold, of silver rings, of cups, and purple stuffs. Empty they went out, laden they came in, dark men and women with keen black eyes and the features of birds of prey. They went, they came, they clamoured with delight among the mourning of the men and women of Khem, and none laid a hand on them, none refused them.

One tall fellow snatched at the staff of Rei.

"Lend me thy staff, old man," he said, sneering; "lend me thy jewelled staff for my journey. I do not borrow it; when Yakub comes from the desert thou shalt have it again."

But the Wanderer turned on the fellow with such a glance that he fell back.

"I have seen thee before," he said and he laughed over his shoulder as he went: "I saw thee at the feast, and heard thy great bow sing. Thou art not of the folk of Khem. They are a gentle folk, and Yakub wins favour in their sight."

"What passes now in this haunted land of thine, old man?" said the Wanderer, "for of all the sights that I have seen, this is the strangest. None lifts a hand to save his goods from the thief."

Rei, the priest, groaned aloud.

"Evil days have come upon Khem," he said. "The Apura spoil the people of Khem ere they fly into the wilderness."

Even as he spoke there came a great lady weeping, for her husband was dead, and her son and her brother all were gone in the breath of the pestilence. She was of the Royal House, and richly decked with gold and jewels, and the slaves who fanned her, as she went to the Temple of Ptah to worship, wore gold chains upon their necks. Two women of the Apura saw her and ran to her crying:

"Lead us to those golden ornaments thou hast

about a word, she took her gold chains and rings and let them hang at her feet. The women of Khem all and mocked her,

thy husband and thy son, and thou who art of Pharos, dost payest us for the lab-

our of our hands and for the bricks that we made without straw, gathering leaves and rushes in the sun. Now thou payest for the stick in the hand of the overcasters. Where now is thy husband and thy son and thy brother?" and they went still mocking and left the lady weeping.

But of all sights the Wanderer held this the strangest, and many such there were to see. At first he would have taken back the spoil and given it to those who wore it, but Rei the Priest prayed him to forbear, lest the curse should strike them also. So they pressed on through the tumult, ever seeing new spectacles of greed and death and sorrow. Here a mother wept over her babe, here a bride husband—that night the groom of her and of death. Here the fierce-faced Apura, clamouring like gulls, tore the silver trinkets from the children of those of the baser sort or from mummies of those who were laid out for burial, and here a water-carrier wailed over the carcass of the ass that won him his livelihood.

At length, passing through the crowd, they came to a temple that stood near to the Temple of the God Ptah. The pylons of this temple faced towards the houses of the city, but the inner courts were built against the walls of Tanis and looked out across the face of the water. Though not one of the largest temples, it was very strong and beautiful in its shape. It was built of the black stone of Syene, and all the polished face of the stone was graven with images of the Holy Hathor. Here she wore the cow's head, and here the face of a woman, but she always bore in her hands the lotus-headed staff, and the holy token of life, and her neck was encircled with the collar of the gods.

"Herodwells that Strange Hathor to whom thou didst drink last night, Eperitus," said Rei the Priest. "It was a wild pledge to drink before the Queen, who swears that she brings these woes on Khem. Though, indeed, she is guiltless of this, with all the blood on her beautiful head. The Apura and their apostate sorcerer, whom we ourselves instructed, bring the plagues on us."

"Does the Hathor manifest herself this day?" asked the Wanderer.

"That we will ask of the priests, Eperitus. Follow thou me."

Now they passed down the avenue of sphinxes within the wall of brick, into the garden plot of the Goddess, and so on through the gates of the outer tower. A priest who watched there threw them wide at the sign that was given of Rei, the Master Builder, the beloved of Pharaoh, and they came to the outer court. Before the second tower they halted, and Rei showed the Wanderer that place upon the pylon roof where the Hathor was wont to stand and sing till the hearers' hearts were melted like wax. Here they knocked once more and were admitted to the Hall of Assembly where the priests were gathered, throwing dust upon their heads and mourning those among them who had died with the Firstborn. When they saw Rei, the instructed, the Prophet of Amen, and the Wanderer clad in golden armour came forward and, greeting Rei, asked him of his errand. Then Rei took the Wanderer by the hand and made him known to the priests, and told him of those deeds that he had done, and how he had saved the life of Pharaoh and of those of the Royal House who sat at the feast with Pharaoh.

"But when will the Lady Hathor sing upon her tower top?" said Rei, "for the Stranger desires to see her and hear her?"

The temple priest bowed before the Wanderer, and answered gravely:

On the third morn from now the Holy Hathor shows herself upon the temple's top," he said; "but thou, mighty lord, who art risen from the sea, hearken to my warning, and, if indeed, thou art no god, dare not to look upon her beauty. If thou dost look, then thy fate shall be as the fate of those who have looked before, and have loved and have died for the sake of the Hathor."

"No god art I," said the Wanderer, laughing "yet perchance, I shall dare to look, and dare to face whatever it be that guards her, if my heart bids me see her nearer."

"Then there shall be an end of thee and thy wanderings," said the priest. "Now follow me and I will show thee the men who last sought to win the Hathor."

He took him by the hand and led him through passages hewn in the walls till they came to a deep and gloomy cell where the golden armour of the Wanderer shone like a lamp at eve. The cell was built against the city wall, and scarcely a thread of light came into the chink between roof and wall. All about the chamber were baths fashioned of bronze, and in the baths lay dusky shapes of dark-skinned men of Egypt. There they lay, and in the faint light their limbs were being anointed by some sad-faced attendants, as folk were anointed by merry girls in the shining baths of the Wanderer's home.

When Rei and Eperitus came near, the dog-faced bathmen shrank away in shame as dogs shrink from their evil meal at night when a traveller goes past.

Marvelling at the strange sight, the bathers and the bathed, the Wanderer looked more closely and his stout heart sank within him. For all these were dead who lay in the baths of bronze, and it was not water that flowed about their limbs, but evil smelling incense.

"Here lie those," said the priest, "who last strove to come near the Holy Hathor, and to pass into the shrine of the temple where night and day she sits and sings and weaves with her golden shuttle. Here they lie, the hall of a score. One by one they rushed to embrace her, and one by one they were smitten down. Here they are being attired for the tomb, for we give them all rich burial."

"Truly," quoth the Wanderer, "I left the world of Light behind me when I looked on the blood-red sea, and sailed into the black gloom off Pharos. More evil sights have I seen in this haunted land than in all the cities where I have wandered, and on all the seas that I have sailed."

"Then be warned," said the priest, "for if thou dost follow where they went, and desires what they desired, thou, too, shalt lie in yonder bath, and be washed of yonder waters. For whatever be false, this is true, that he who seeks love oft times finds doom. But here he finds it most speedily."

The Wanderer looked again at the dead and at their nummers, and he shuddered till his harness rattled. He feared not the face of Death in war, or on the sea, but this was a new thing. Little he loved the sight of the brazen baths and those who lay there. The light of the sun and the breath of air seemed good to him, and he stepped quickly from the chamber while the priest smiled to himself. But when he reached the outer air, his heart came back to him and he began to ask again about the Hathor—where she dwelt, and what it was that slew her lovers.

"I will show thee," answered the priest, and brought him through the Hall of Assembly to a certain narrow way that led to a court. In the centre of the court stood the holy shrine of the Hathor. It was a great chamber, built of alabaster, lighted from the roof alone, and shut in with brazen doors, before which hung curtains of Tyrian web. From the roof of the shrine a stairway ran overhead to the roof of the temple and so to the inner pylon tower.

"Yonder, Stranger, the holy dwells within the Alabaster Shrine, said the priest. "By that staircase she passes to the temple roof and thence to the pylon top. There by the curtains, once in every day, we set food, and it is drawn into the sanctuary, how we know not, for none of us have set foot there—nor seen the Hathor face to face. Now, when the Goddess has stood upon the pylon and sung to the multitude below, she passes back to the shrine. Then the brazen outer doors of the temple court are thrown wide and the doomed rush on madly, one by one, towards the drawn curtains. But before they pass the curtains they are thrust back, yet they strive to pass. Then we hear a sound of the clashing of weapons and the men fall dead without a word while the song of the Hathor swells from within."

"And who are her swordsmen?" said the Wanderer.

"That we know not, Stranger; no man has lived to tell. Come, draw near to the door of the shrine and hearken, maybe thou wilt hear the Hathor singing. Have no fear; thou needst not approach the guarded space."

Then the Wanderer drew near with a doubting heart, but Rei the Priest stood afar off, though the temple priests came close enough. At the curtains they stopped and listened. Then from within the shrine there came a sound of singing wild and sweet and shrill, and the voice of it stirred the Wanderer strangely, bringing to his mind memories of that Itaca of which he was Lord and should see no more: of the happy days of youth, and of the God-milt walls of windy Ilios. But he could not have told why he thought on these things, nor why his heart was thus strangely stirred within him.

"Hearken! the Hathor sings as she weaves the doom of men," said the priest, and as he spoke the singing ceased.

Then the Wanderer took counsel with himself whether he should then and there burst the doors and take his fortune, or whether he should forbear for that while. But in the end he determined to forbear and see with his own eyes what befell those who strove to win the way.

So he drew back, wondering much, and, bidding farewell to the aged priest, he went with Rei, the Master Builder, through the town of Tanis, where the Apura were still spoiling the people of Khem, and he came to,

the Palace where he was lodged. Here he turned over in his mind how he might see the strange woman of the temple, and yet escape the baths of bronze, which he loved not. There he sat and thought till at length the night drew on, and one came to summon him to sup with Pharaoh in the Hall. Then he rose up and went, and meeting Pharaoh and Meriamun the Queen in the outer chamber, passed in after them to the Hall, and on to that dais which he had held against the rabble, for the place was clear of dead, and, save for certain stains upon the marble floor that might not be washed away, and for some fely arrows that yet were fixed high up in the walls or in the lofty roof, there was nothing to tell of the great fray that had been fought but one day gone.

Heavy was the face of Pharaoh, and the few who sat with him were sad enough because of the death of so many whom they loved, and the shame and sorrow that had fallen upon Khem. But there were no tears for her one child in the eyes of Meriamun the Queen. Anger, not grief, tore her heart because Pharaoh had let the Apura go. For ever as they sat at the sad feast there came a sound of the tramping feet of armies, and of lowing cattle, and songs of triumph, sung by ten thousand voices, and thus they sang:—

#### SONG OF THE APURA.

A lamp for our feet the Lord hath litten.  
Signs hath He shown in the Land of Khem  
The Kings of the Nations our Lord hath smitten.  
His shoe hath He cast o'er the Gods of them.  
He hath made him a mock of the heifer of Isis.  
He hath broken the chariot reins of Ita.  
On Yakub He cries, and His folk arises  
And the knees of the Nations are loosed in awe.

He gives us their goods for a spoil to gather.  
Jewels of silver, and vessels of gold.  
For Yahroh of old is our Friend and Father.  
And cherubeth Yakub He chose of old.  
The Gods of the Peoples our Lord had chidden.  
Their courts hath He filled with his creeping things:  
The light of the face of the Sun He hath hidden,  
And broken the scourge in the hands of kings.

He had chastened His people with stripes and scourges.  
Our backs hath He burdened with grievous weights,  
But his people shall rise as a sea that surges,  
And flood the field of the men He hates.  
The Kings of the Nations our Lord hath smitten.  
His shoe hath he cast o'er the Gods of them.  
But a lamp for our feet the Lord hath litten,  
Wonders hath wrought in the Land of Khem.

Thus they sang, and the singing was so wild that the Wanderer craved leave to go and stand at the Palace gate, lest the Apura should rush in and spoil the treasure-chamber.

The King nodded, but Meriamun rose, and went with the Wanderer as he took his bow and passed to the great gates.

There they stood in the shadow of the gates, and this is what they beheld. A great light of many torches was flaring along the roadway in front. Then came a body of men, rudely armed with pikes, and the torchlight shone on the glitter of bronze and on the gold helmets of which they had spoiled the soldiers of Khem. Next came a troop of wild women, dancing, and beating timbrels, and singing the triumphant hymn of scorn.

Next, with a space between, tramped eight strong, black-bearded men, bearing on their shoulders a great gilded coffin, covered with carven and painted signs.

"It is the body of their Prophet, who brought them higher out of their land of hunger," whispered Meriamun. "Slaves, ye shall hunger yet in the wilderness, and clamour for the fleshpots of Khem!"

Then she cried in a loud voice, for her passion overcame her, and she prophesied to those who bare the coffin, "Not one soul of you that lives shall see the land where your conjurer is leading you! Ye shall thirst, ye shall hunger, ye shall call on the Gods of Khem, and they shall not hear you; ye shall die, and your bones shall whiten the wilderness. Farewell! Set go with you. Farewell!"

So she cried and pointed down the way, and so fierce was her gaze, and so awful her words, that the people of the Apura trembled and the women ceased to sing.

The Wanderer watched the Queen and marvelled. "Never had woman such a hardy heart," he mused; "and it were ill to cross her in love or war!"

"They will sing no more at my gates," murmured Meriamun, with a smile. "Come, Wanderer; they await us," and she gave him her hand that he might lead her.

So they went back to the banquet hall. They hearkened as they sat till far in the night, and still the Apura passed, countless as the sands of the sea. At length all were gone and the sound of their feet died away in the distance. Then Meriamun the Queen turned to Pharaoh and spake bitterly:

"Thou art a coward, Menephtah, ay, a coward and a slave at heart. In thy fear of the curse that the False Hathor hath laid on

us, who whom thou dost worship, to thy shame, thou hast let these slaves go. Otherwise had our father dealt with them, great Ramees Miamun, the hammer of the Khita. Now they are gone hissing curses on the land that bare them, and robbing those who nursed them up while they were yet a little people, as a mother nurses her child."

"What thou might I do?" said Pharaoh. "There is nought to do: all is done," answered Meriamun. "What is thy counsel, Wanderer?"

"It is ill for a stranger to offer counsel," said the Wanderer.

"Nay, speak," cried the Queen. "I know not the Gods of this land," he answered. "If these people be favoured of the Gods, I say sit still. But if not," then said the Wanderer, "wise in war, 'let Pharaoh gather his host, follow after the people, take them unawares and smite them utterly. It is no hard task, they are so inixed a multitude and cumbered with much baggage!'"

"This was to speak as the Queen loved to hear. Now she clasped her hands and cried:

"Listen, listen, to good counsel, Pharaoh."

And now that the Apura were gone, his fear of them went also, and as he drank wine Pharaoh grew bold, till at last he sprang to his feet and swore by Amen, by Osiris, by Ptah, and by his father—great Ramees—that he would follow after the Apura and smite them. And instantly he sent forth messengers to summon the captains of his host in the Hall of Assembly.

Thither the captains came, and their plans were made. Messengers hurried forth to the governors of other great cities, bidding them send troops to join the host of Pharaoh on its march.

Now Pharaoh turned to the Wanderer and said:

"Thou hast not yet answered my message that Rei carried to thee this morning. Will thou take service with me and be a captain in this war?"

The Wanderer little liked the name of service, but his warlike heart was stirred within him, for he loved the delight of battle. But before he could answer yea or nay, Meriamun the Queen, who was not minded that he should leave her spoke hastily:

"This is my counsel, Menephtah, that the Lord Eperitus should abide here in Tanis and be the captain of my Guard while thou art gone to smite the Apura. For I may not be here unguarded in these troublous times, and if I know he watches over me, he who is so mighty a man, then I shall walk safely and sleep in peace."

Now the Wanderer bethought him of his desire to look upon the Hathor, for to see new things and try new adventures was always his delight. So he answered that if it was pleasing to Pharaoh and the Queen he would willingly stay and command the Guard. And Pharaoh said that it should be so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Short Sunday Texts.

If you are a good man what are you good for?

Toy pistols kill more people than sixty-four pounders

If Christ is anything to the soul he must be everything.

If happiness is your object in this life don't try to get rich.

It is human nature to want the garden somebody else has made.

No man can preach an inch higher than his own experience.

The most dangerous sinners are the most respectable sinners.

A really good man never wants to climb a tree to be looked at.

A vacant mind is a standing offer to the devil of free house room.

If you have parted with your sins don't hunt them up to say good bye.

A rotten post will tell you the truth about itself the minute you shake it.

What are you for the Lord in your own home? A giant or a grasshopper?

If you don't live your religion nobody will want to hear you talk much about it.

Example is more contagious than small-pox, and there is no way of vaccinating against it.

If churches were built without back seats, it would be hard work to get a backslider into one.

When the devil has a chance to go into a family of boys and take his pick, he always takes the best one.

Long faces and cheerless hearts in church members have done much to keep the devil in good spirits as the distilleries.

#### QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.

By the Rev. H. C. Riggs, D. D.

"Quit You Like Men. These words are found in the thirteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.

It is surprising at how many points Christianity is misapprehended by men. It almost seems that the world, which know not Christ when he came to it in person and lived in its midst so beautiful an exhibition of divine truth and grace, has been willfully unwilling to receive the true conception of his gospel ever since. Certain it is that at almost every essential point of doctrine and claim and practical principle it has been persistently if not resolutely misconceived.

The text suggests one of these widely prevalent misconceptions, as prevalent to day probably as at any other time since Christianity was introduced to the world. I mean the notion that the religion of Christ has relation almost exclusively to the passive and gentle elements of human nature, that in itself there is very little of the robust and the rugged; that its influence upon human character is far more largely in the direction of mildness than of strength, of womanly beauty than of manly vigor. This notion betrays itself in the productions of Christian art. In the multitude of its representations of Christ, many of which are magnificent paintings from the greatest masters, it is the rarest thing to find a face of Jesus which manifests aught of strong manliness. Almost invariably the idea of energy and force is either wholly wanting or so subordinated to the effort to portray his gentleness as to give but little sign of itself in the picture. There are exceptions to this statement certainly; for example the face of Jesus in the celebrated 'Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan, to which, as his pencil left it, no copies do more than approximate justice; another is Raphael's face of Jesus in the 'Transfiguration' in the Vatican. But such exceptions are extremely rare. In the great body of its productions Christian art is perplexed by the idea that the more perfect the religious character and spirit the more mild and nerveless. It is the same idea which embodies itself now so often in the feeling that religion is especially suitable for women and children, but rather a hindrance than a help to earnest men in the rugged enterprises of life in the world.

This certainly is a mistaken idea of the Christian religion. It must be confessed indeed that it borrows some apparent confirmation from the history of the Christian church in some periods and in some phases of its development. It must be confessed that many individual Christians now do much to encourage it. Nevertheless it is a mistake. Let any one who is cherishing this idea of the religion of Christ go down into the dungeons where Christian men and women and even children have suffered for their faith; or stand in the ruined amphitheatres where the martyrs proved themselves heroic in the manifestation of the strongest virtues of human character; or look upon the 'Martyrs' Memorial' in Oxford holding up to the admiration and affection of the Christian world those three noble men, Latimer, Ridley and Cranmer, who near that spot were burned for their faith's sake and their loyalty to Christ; and then let him turn to the magnificent achievements of Christian faith in the public history of the world and in the private lives of Christians in connection with the enterprises which have done so much to elevate mankind, for the regeneration of the race, and his misconception must give way before the gathering testimonials; he must feel himself constrained to confess that nothing has brought forth such fruits of genuine and strong manliness in human character as the Christian faith.

These words have been uttered by the great statesman William Gladstone: "I am glad to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians. I have been in public life fifty-eight years and forty-seven years in the cabinet of the British government; and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the century and all but five of the sixty were Christians." Such suggestive words may best be left to make their own comment.

For the Christian to be manly is for him to be righteous and truly holy, renewed by the spirit into the likeness of Christ Jesus, developed into rounded completeness of every point of his being; is for him to be wisely brave in his loyalty to truth and his devotion to right. Whatever be our real manhood, be it physical, mental or social or spiritual, it is of the nature, falls within the scope of the religious life. Let us not neglect the details of Christian cultivation of our health is our piety. The Christ

sically a healthful, cleaner, stronger, sweeter man because he is a Christian. His body is the temple of the holy ghost and in no respect ought to permit it to be weakened or stilled. The grace of Christ in his heart ought to reveal its power in the tidiness of the Christian's person and home, in the courtesy of his manners, in the guilelessness and purity of his speech, in the spotless integrity of his business life, in his superiority to every form or shade of meanness, in his quick sympathy with every worthy cause, in his broad philanthropy, in his loyal heated citizenship, in everything which pertains to the noblest manhood in all its most practical relations and details.

The world in this age cannot be touched by a religion that smells of a cloister. It is indifferent to sackcloth and ashes as proofs of special spirituality. The hand that is to move and mold the world to-day must have the touch of a human hand, must make men feel that though it touch them with a divine power it is power which reaches them through the heart and hand of a brother.

#### Nazareth.

Nazareth has maintained a continuous social life from the time of Jesus until now. It is almost certain that the town stands precisely where it did when Joseph and Mary took up their abode there. The olive and fig trees, which line the gardens, are direct living descendants from the time of the Gospels. At the lower end of the sloping main street are still gathered the girls and women, to chatter at the well-side as they did ere Mary had yet received her call from heaven. The women are famed for their beauty, and here, better than anywhere in the world, can artists find models to inspire their ideas of the Virgin Mother. More than one carpenter's shop gives us a picture of what the abode of Joseph must have been. The conservative habits of Eastern populations continue in the town the same modes of life and even the same fashion of garments from generation to generation through thousands of years. It is impossible, of course, to suppose that Nazareth can have been so long frequented by Western pilgrims without receiving some impress of European innovations. The churches and the schools, which by the way do more credit to modern Christianity than anything found in Jerusalem, belong to the new world, not the old. Still, the square, flat-roofed houses, latticed windows, and dark interiors are in all probability very much what they were when Jesus played as a boy in these narrow streets. Altogether the pilgrimage to Nazareth leaves a much pleasanter impression, and is more refreshing to our spirits, than a visit to Jerusalem.

#### The Sabbath Chime.

How shall I follow Him I serve?  
How shall I copy Him I love?  
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,  
Which lead me to his rest above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,  
The life of toil, the mean abode,  
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—  
Are these the consecrated road?

'Twas thus he suffered, tho' a Son,  
Fore knowing, choosing, feeling all;  
Until the perfect work was done,  
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

Lord, should my path through suffering lie,  
Forbid it I should e'er repine;  
Still let me turn to Calvary,  
Nor heed my grief, remembering Thine.

To faint, to grieve, to die for me,  
Thou camest,—not thyself to please;  
And dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Yes, I would count them all but  
To gain the notice of Thine,  
Flesh shrinks and trembles,  
But thou canst give the crown of life.

Read  
38  
51

MILLINERY.

No. 1 is a tiny capote having a lace frame trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon pointing forward over a fine jet diadem, with strings to correspond.

No. 2 gives a becoming arrangement for a mourning bonnet, with the veil thrown back after forming a soft puff, smooth crown, and folds along the sides; the strings are of crepe, if the veil is; or of gros-grain ribbon, if the veil is of nun's veiling.

No. 3 is a pretty shape in brown straw, turned up in the back, with an edging and crown-fold of brown velvet. Several loops of velvet ribbon trim the left side, with shaded foliage on the right.

No. 4 is of fancy black straw, fantastically bent, having two bias folds of velvet on the inside of the brim, and a large bow of fancy ribbon in bright colors on the left side of the crown.

No. 5 is a stylish carriage shape, of black lace edging about five inches wide, with pale yellow roses on the crown and brim, and a bow of yellow ribbon toward the back.

No. 6 is a large "boat" shape, packed toward the front and broadly turned up in the back, where there is a bow of light-colored ribbon in contrast with the dark straw, and long ostrich plumes surrounding the crown.

No. 7 illustrates a large shape of black crinoline, bent to suit the face and fancy; it has a fold of black velvet on the edge, large fans of black lace back and front, black tips almost flat over the crown, and a coquetish bunch of roses low in the back.

No. 8 represents a round, slightly rolling shape, trimmed with lace on the brim, roses and brownish foliage suitable for the autumn, and erect loops of striped ribbon.

No. 9 is lined with velvet, jauntily bent, and trimmed with five ostrich tips over the crown, and a bow of ribbon in the back.

No. 10 shows a turban shape that is very fashionable in London. It is of net, drawn in folds over the crown, with a brim of fine jet lacework over velvet, and a high back trimming of striped velvet and silk ribbon, arranged as illustrated.

No. 11 shows a round toque of silk, matching the costume worn. The material is arranged over the crown to represent a bow of two loops in front, and several others pointing back. Vandyke points of silk braid like the dress-trimming form the brim.

Among the bonnets is one which merely consists of a wreath of close-set full-blown roses, with a pair of narrow black velvet strings and a hovering jet butterfly. Another has a wreath of velvet lustrage flowers (a novelty in artificial millinery), with loops of velvet the shade of the leaves springing up in front, and two ends drawn backward to form a crown; and then, if required, strings.

Two detached rolls of gold tinsel, connected at the back by velvet strings, with a group of black ostrich tips in front, and another group curling over the hair at the back, form a most graceful, becoming head-dress—for bonnet it can scarcely be called; and the same style is carried out in soft pink crepon, with an openwork cut jet cache-deigne connecting the two ends at the back, resting on the hair.

Though a great many are without strings, most of those worn by well-dressed women have them of narrow velvet, and these are tied in a small, compact bow under the chin, with the ends fastened back by fancy-headed pins, or small brooches, under each ear. Diamond-headed pins are the most fashionable. The long, narrow, velvet strings of the other are either tied in a small bow and the ends tucked back over each shoulder, or in a large bow under the chin, with the ends

...has two rows of kill-  
...the other, resting  
...very effective  
...in with a  
...small, round  
...bonnets are  
...of  
...silk  
...And the hat and bon-  
...with small diamonds,  
...crystals in tortoise-  
...specimens, to say  
...complete, high  
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... charming example has two rouleaux, one of green, one of heliotrope velvet, an admirable mixture. The hats are as large as the bonnets are small. One large-brimmed one, principally composed of jet, has roses in front, and a couple of butterflies; while another, with the flap brim, has been twisted into a most becoming shape, quite flat in the hand, and liberally trimmed with flowers.

Many bonnets seem to consist of a Grecian band of small flowers, a bow of velvet, and an upright tuft at the back; a roll of figured muslin with a bow in front, a smaller roll set as a comb, and the two tied together by narrow velvet strings emanating from a bunch of flowers, straight on end; a large black jet butterfly hovering over the highly dressed hair of the wearer, emerging from the roll of black lace encircling the head, or stuff of several kinds of flowers tied with a bow of jet, represent the fashionable bonnets of the day. And the hat and bonnet are made of a variety of materials, and are adorned with small diamonds, crystals in tortoise-shell, and other specimens, to say the least. Some are complete, high and low, and some are deep the frail struc-

...tures of millinery on the heads of their owners, and the long, dagger shaped pins of shell or metal, that might become weapons in some hands.

Sailor hats have two bands of inch-wide velvet, with a little bow at one side. The black and colored lace straw hats are too erratic to describe. Some have a velvet run in and out of the brims, apparently drawing them up in a wildly undulating style, while others are aureoles of black net or lace, resting on a velvet head-band, and covered with flowers. Another style is almost covered with colored brassels and short wings. One has a series of bows over the crown, and erect loops in the back. This shape was never more trimmed, therefore never as becoming.

A most picturesque wide brimmed hat in black velvet is all curves and feathers, both black and red. The Torador, in fine black straw, is a good shape for young girls, and those who wear no fringe of hair. The brim is rather more turned up on one side than the other, and is generally softened by a row of velvet, rosettes of lace trimming the crown.

Some hats, with brims of gold lace straw,

are particularly worth mention, one kind having a prominent brim, sharply turned up at the back, with a few small white tips curling on to the hair, the low gold wire crown veiled with delicate sprigged white lace, kept in place by another group of tips, surmounted by a large winged tinsel butterfly preparing to settle in the centre. The same style is carried out with black lace pink ostrich tips, and a jetted butterfly.

Another hat, also in gold straw, is taller and sits smartly on the head, with narrow cream velvet threaded in and out of the crinkled brim, and dainty velvet loops set in among the mass of curly, creamy tips that smother the crown. A similar shape is carried out in silver lace straw, with black velvet and white and black tips. This hat is specially ordered to wear with a black and white costume.

Black straw toques are quietly trimmed with a rolled twist of China crepe, and wings, or a tiny white, black, or yellow bird. Others have two rosettes of crepe, velvet, or satin ribbon in front; one is of black with velvet ribbon strings from the back, pinned under the chin, with pointed ends laid toward the ears, or tied in a bow on the left side.



**Eric's Trip to the Pole.**

BY PAYSIR.

One bright beautiful winter day Eric sat by the window in the cozy sitting room, watching with sparkling eyes the snow glistening in the sunshine and listening to the merry jingle of the sleigh bells mingled with the gay shouts of the happy riders.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "how beautiful the winter is; the black roofs look so clean and white with their covering of snow, and the frost makes the field and trees shine like diamonds."

"It is, indeed, beautiful," sighed the mother, who for several years had been totally blind; "and I wish I could enjoy the sight with you. But I can remember how it all looks and the recollections are very pleasant."

The boy's bright face became thoughtful, and he said: "Mother can nothing be done to restore your sight?"

"Nothing, my dear child," was the reply. "There is but one remedy, and that is beyond our power."

When Eric wished to know this remedy, his mother told him that a strange physician had once visited her, and had said that near the North Pole grew a flower called the Wonder Flower, with which all blindness might be healed. But no one had ever penetrated this region of snow and ice, and so the flower could not be obtained. Eric thought much of this story, and even when he went to his room that night the remembrance of it was with him. Just as he was dropping off to sleep a slight noise at the window aroused him, and looking up he saw the sash thrown open, and a boy near his own size, wearing a dazzling white robe, enter the room. He thus spoke to Eric: "The wonder flower is very easily found by those who wish it. I shall leave this small box for you. Within is a slender stick, which will guide you to the home of the flower."

Then the stranger, having placed the box on the table, disappeared, and Eric fell asleep. When the boy awoke the next morning, the first object that met his gaze was the small box. He shouted with delight: "Then I was not dreaming; and can really find the one remedy for my dear mother."

Hastening to the breakfast room he cried: "Mother, mother, now you shall see, for I have a guide to the wonder flower."

He then related his adventures of the night before and handed the box to his mother, who felt it carefully and then said: "You have been dreaming, Eric. This is only a pocket compass, whose needle always points to the north."

"But, mother," said Eric, "the boy told me it would guide me to the wonder flower. Please let me go."

At first the mother refused, but finally, unable to resist his earnest pleadings, she promised that if he would wait till spring she would then allow him to begin his search. The remainder of the winter passed very slowly to the impatient boy. But finally spring did really come, and when the fields and trees were again in bloom Eric began to talk of his journey to the North Pole.

One night his former visitor appeared to him, and said: "You must start at once in quest of the wonder flower. I shall give you a companion who shall advise and guide you, and also a staff which will help you through many difficulties."

The stranger knocked three times on the floor, and suddenly a score or more of little creatures not more than a foot high entered, carrying a light reel cane, which they placed on Eric's bed. Then all vanished, with the exception of one, whose name was Muckabold, and he was the companion which was to be sent. Eric arose and hastily made his preparations to depart. Taking his compass and staff he hurried to his mother's room, and before she had time to utter a word in remonstrance, he had bidden her goodby, and was gone.

All that night and the next day Eric and his friend followed the guidings of the compass, and in the evening found themselves in a large field in the midst of which stood an old wide-spreading elm tree.

"What do you say to stopping here for the night?" said Muckabold.

"It is a very good place," said Eric, "but where shall we find food?"

Muckabold only laughed and told him to strike three times on the ground with his cane. When Eric had done this, many of Muckabold's brothers appeared, saying that they were ready to obey orders. Learning that food and shelter were required, the little men led the way to a rock, into which was an entrance so narrow that with great difficulty Eric passed through. But once within, the narrow hall extended into the wide room where stood tables covered with the choicest food. At first Eric was at a loss to know how he should eat from such small dishes; but his little friends were very attentive, and

saw that their guest was well supplied; and after he had satisfied his hunger he was led to a downy couch, where he slept soundly till roused in the morning by Muckabold, who said it was time to continue their journey. Again they followed the guidings of the compass, which led them to the shore of a wide sea.

"Now, what shall we do?" asked Eric, looking about in vain for a boat; "we certainly cannot swim this great ocean."

"Swim!" laughed Muckabold; "throw your canoe in the water and see what happens."

Eric did so, and found that the canoe, instead of floating away, seemed to grow and widen out until a handsome sailboat rocked before them on the waves. Scarcely had they taken their places when hundreds of mermaids appeared above the surface of the water, and stretching forth their long white arms, they seized the boat and pulled it along in the direction which the compass indicated. For many days they glided by sunny lands and blooming fields; then gradually the flowers began to disappear, and the trees became fewer until at last snow covered the ground, and great icebergs were to be seen. Now the mermaids also vanished, and the boat floated to a cold, frozen shore, on which stood a band of soldiers arrayed in snowy armor, and wearing shields and swords of crystal ice. Eric and Muckabold stepped ashore and were met by the captain of the company, who said: "No one is allowed to enter the realm of the snow-king; and if you attempt to advance we shall strike you with the sword."

"If you do not lead us to your king," said Eric, "I shall strike you with my cane;" and raising his staff he struck the shield and sword of the captain with such force that they broke into a thousand pieces. Alarmed at the sight of such strength, the other soldiers fled, while the captain, with fear and trembling, led the way to the king, who was at first very angry with his men for their lack of courage. But when he had heard Eric's story he said: "You have come for a good cause. The wonder flower grows in the Northern part of my kingdom, and my reindeer shall carry you there."

Eric was not long in mounting this strange steed, and with Muckabold clinging to the horns, he was soon speeding over the frozen snow. A few hours' ride brought him to the shore of a great lake. Here no ice was to be seen, and the clear placid waters reflected the deep blue of the heaven. On the green banks grew daisies and violets in profusion, and covering the ground like a scarlet carpet were the large beautiful wonder flowers. Eric quickly gathered a dozen or more of the great red flowers, and then hastened back to the king to express his gratitude. But the ice king allowed him to take only one flower, and exacted a promise that he should tell no one of his trip to the North Pole.

And now Eric, happy in the thought that the blind eyes of his mother should be opened, hurried on his way home. Muckabold still proved himself a faithful guide, and led his friend safe through all the dangers of the return journey. The mermaids guided their ship, and the little elves, whose home was in the narrow cave, again provided food and shelter.

There was great joy in Eric's home when, having been welcomed with loving embraces, he waved the wonder flower three times before his mother's eyes, and the sight was restored.

Muckabold disappeared as suddenly as he had come, and hereafter visited Eric only in his dreams.

**A Dainty Birthday Gift.**

If you are in doubt as to the best way to mark a birthday, of a daughter or favorite niece, give her a silver teaspoon, and repeat this each year. Let there be no effort to match the spoon, for the more they differ the better. Such a gift costs no more than many a pretty trifle usually presented on an anniversary, and has the merit of use as well as that of beauty to commend it to sensible people.

Sometimes this custom is established at the birth of a baby, and each succeeding birthday adds another spoon, until the favored mortal has a collection that will furnish an interesting subject for conversation at a lunch or tea as did ever a dainty bit of china.

It is the custom of some travelers when in a foreign country to purchase a spoon in each large city visited. The spoons thus collected and marked with date of purchase as well as the name of the city wherein bought serve as delightful souvenirs of the journey.

How to cure Dyspepsia.—Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum after meals; 5 cents.

**Moral Impressions in Common Life.**

In the Union Signal a practical writer speaks of the influence of surroundings on the young people, in such terms as the following:

The child does not, as a general thing hear the same anxiety expressed with regard to the truth of an idea as to the stylishness of an outfit, nor does it hear the wonders of scientific discovery spoken of as enthusiastically as are the wonders of a display of millinery. In the common conversation it is likely to hear eager discussions over fashion plates; a great deal of gossip and of unfriendly criticism. It will see far greater leniency shown to a neglect of the Golden Rule than to a neglect of the observances of society, far greater leniency shown to a gossipy defamation of character than to the wearing of a dress or gloves different from what society prescribes for the occasion. It will observe that the thoughts of the family are centered chiefly, perhaps wholly, upon their own interests. In regard to outward distinctions the child will see that persons placed by social position above its own family, are, on account of that position, held in respect; that their example is copied; their notice desired and courted and boasted of; their opinions quoted. This would be particularly noticeable in case of relatives who had attained to such position, while relatives in correspondingly inferior position would be regarded with indifference. If its own family is in genteel circumstances, the child learns to look down upon "working people," and to consider labor as in a measure disgraceful.

Beginning at the top of the social scale and proceeding downward we see that a child is likely to learn, in the family, that appearing is more than being, that money-worth is more than character-worth, that wealth and social position are the objects chiefly to be striven for, and that success in life means success in gaining these. The emphasis is put in the wrong place, in a great many wrong places, as if in reading an important paragraph the small words were emphasized—the *ofs*, and *ands*, the *thes*, and *tos*. What, then, can we expect other than that the child's mature life will be based on these unworthy ideas of values which are causing blight and pain, and which are imbreathed, as we may say, from the home atmosphere. This home atmosphere is what the young and forming character feeds upon and grows from. Every expression of opinion, every chance remark upon people, every subject talked about, every motive appealed to, refinement or its opposite as expressed in speech, and manner, every one of these, as well as each word, look and tone, does its work on character.

**Ages of Man and Wife.**

It is always better for a man to be several years the senior of his wife. And I'll tell you why. The average girl who marries—God bless her—stays at home, and makes home a blissful abiding place for her husband and her children. The man goes out into the world and has the responsibility of caring for those who are at home; and yet, time does not seem to set its seal on him as it does on a woman. The little cares of life ruffle her and too often make her look, as we say, "old, before her time." Now, even when this does not happen, she does proportionately grow old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt and let him have the added years to start with. Then, too, you should desire to keep your heart and mind young; to be his intellectual companion, and this is much easier when your husband is old enough to be "the guide, philosopher, and friend." The love of a woman to her husband always has a little of the maternal in it—that is right and tender—but she does not wish to be mistaken for his mother.

Be wise and marry a man older than yourself; one who has seen life in its many phases and who can guide you over the rocky place; one who has learned that it is not always wise to obey impulse, but that any important duty should be well thought over.

**The Young Women of To-day.**

It is not enough that the young women of to-day shall be what their mothers are, or were. They must be more. The spirit of the times calls on women for a higher order

of things, and the requirement of the woman of the future will be great. I must not be misconstrued into saying that the future woman will be one of mind rather than of heart. Power of mind in itself no more makes a true woman than does wealth, beauty of person, or social station. But a clear intellect, a well-trained mind adorns a woman, just as an ivy will adorn a splendid oak; a true woman has a power, something peculiarly her own, in her moral influence, which, when duly developed, makes her queen over a wide realm of spirit. But this she can possess only as her powers are cultivated. Cultivated women wield the scepter of authority over the world at large. Wherever a cultivated woman dwells, be sure that there you will find refinement, moral power, and life in its highest form. For a woman to be cultivated she must begin early; the days of girlhood are transitory and fast-fleeting, and girls are women before we know it, in these rapid times. Every girl has a certain station to occupy in this life, some one place to fill, and often she makes her own station by her capacity to create and fill it. The beginning influences the end.

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# A STRANGE COURTSHIP

CHAPTER XXIII.  
FOREBODINGS.

Brackmere is a small but growing town, at the mouth of a great tidal river, but boldly asserting itself to be a marine resort. Some of its more enthusiastic partisans (who have also house-property in the place) have even gone to the length of calling it Brackmere-super-Mure; but the post-office authorities have not admitted this claim, and enemies have freely translated the name by 'in the marsh,' and 'in the mud.' The fact is, Brackmere is too near a great manufacturing 'centre of industry' to be fashionable; it is got at too easily to have a high reputation; and the cheapness of its general accommodation attracts Excursionists. From its very beginning—with the sublime exception of a visit from the Princess Charlotte—the place was exclusively middle-class; devoted to the interests of that enormous section of the British public which dines early, and takes a rump with its tea. Its terraces, streets, and crescents consist of houses that in hardly any case exceed two stories in height, and which are packed with children from June to September as closely as herrings in a barrel. In laying out the ground, these tenements, which are all alike, were so disposed that the spectator who beholds them for the first time ejaculates: "Why, this is a penitentiary!" From wherever he places himself, he beholds every individual house, and every individual house beholds him. The man who desires privacy would obtain it in a bath in Fleet street more completely than in perambulating Brackmere.

The first idea of the stranger is, that he has been brought down to this spot for exhibition. He burns and blushes to find himself the focus of a thousand windows. It is sometime before Keason reassumes her sway, and he says to himself: "I comprehend: this arrangement has been made in order to secure for every tenant an uninterrupted view of—well—the Sea. At high-tide, and for two hours after at Brackmere, there is a splendid expanse of ocean; but suddenly—like some miracle of the Red Sea accomplished lengthwise—the waters vanish, and give place to an expanse of mud. After a heavy dinner or two, the newly arrived Pater familias looks forth from the window, and congratulates himself that he has acceded to his wife's wishes, and brought the dear children to the sea-side, instead of putting his brutal jest into practice of letting them have 'Tidman's sea-salt and 'the shingles' at home,' in place of it; blinks, puts his handkerchief decently over his face, and enjoys his nap. His forty winks—which lasts forty minutes—over, and Hi, presto!—Open, sesame!—Abracadabra!—he wakes, and finds himself in the Fen country. The hearth-rug has been an enchanted carpet, upon which, like Prince Houssain, he has been transported inland.

The ships that enlivened the prospect have disappeared with their natural element. "No wonder they call it an offspring," says the astonished citizen. Where they rode, or "walked the waters," is now by comparison dry ground; where the red buoy bobbed and rolled, there is now a juvenile population (white) cockling where the cockle floated, which now lies upon its side, as though prostrated by the phenomenon that has taken Sheepfolds appear, which are the feather-beds (but how is he to know the pier, which is of such amazing height, it is said to be used to teach perpendicular to become an unnecessary vantage. The sea-horses surge (or are urged upon) the pier where the sea-horses reared their heads. The power which the dark leaves of ocean bear—the periodicity disclosed in myriads; but "it is the flowers," since (in addition to the fragrance) they have a medicinal quality, and are sold by the ounce, and eaten by the spoonful. The flowers to the sailors) and the fishermen with their nets and hauls.

of philosophy poets composed his ode "On the Intimations of Immortality":  
Here in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our glass still sights that intermittent sea  
Which—  
meaning the favourable representations of which by partisans—

brought us hither.  
We see the children sporting on the shore,  
But hear the mighty waters rolling there no more—  
or words to that effect. Twice a day, a transformation scene takes place at Brackmere such as is witnessed only at those theatres (such as Sadler's Wells) which have the advantage of "real water;" but let me add that no scenery devised by Tellus was ever so beautiful.

The commerce of the world is borne upon the bosom of that Pactolian stream, rich with the spoils of nations, which sweeps by Brackmere's shores. Whole armies 'drop down,' or are tugged up it, daily; and ever and anon, a countless fleet of lesser vessels wind bound, or waiting for a wind, lie off it, far as the eye can reach; the red sailed fishing boats, with sweeps for oars, thread in and out their baffled line; and along the shore creeps 'the deep laden barge,' with its tall store of corn or hay to feed the city's cattle. There are no wastes of sand about Brackmere, nor those bare rolling downs which at so many sea-side places seem to imitate the waves they fringe. The meadows stray down to the very water's edge, so that stranger cows mistake it for fresh water, and endorse, with complaining low, the fiat of "the high analytical authority," who the local guidebook tells us, has pronounced it to be "as saline as the sea at Margate." The trees grow close to the very margin, from which they tentatively thrust forth their roots, like nervous br—lers. On one side of the fence are sheep; on the other, ships; here is a steple, and there a mast; the "smell of the sea" mingles with the scent of the clover; and the time is told to the herdsman by the bell on shipboard, as audibly as by the church clock on the hill.

It is at night, however, that Brackmere looks its best. In the moonlight, and when the tide is in, it is no longer picturesque but absolutely sublime. The stars in the heavens are outnumbered by the stars upon the deep—the lights upon the foreheads of the stately ships. Mabel gazed upon them from the window of her little room, ere she went to rest that night in wonder. And as she gazed, there fell upon the silence a solemn sound—the throbbing of the great heart of some steamship which was pulsing its way from the other side of the world, perhaps from China, whither Ju. was gone. (That China which seemed almost as far as yonder heaven, where her father dwelled. Should she ever see him more, or the face of a single friend, save one, again?) Along that silent highway sped the eager-eyed, panting messenger; she watched it thread its way through fixed stars, that were the anchored ships, and past the harbour lights the pier-head, and round the Foreland, where the Pharos stood and flashed a thousand farewells.

The Pharos—yes, that was what Mr. Flint had called the ancient light-house which stood by that they went to see at Oldborough.

How short a time ago, and yet how long! The place where she had first seen Richard, and where he had saved her life. O cruel, cruel Richard, to have done so! Then she knelt down beside her bed, and prayed to be forgiven for that thought. For why should she desire death, and hasten her life, merely because it seemed before her without colour? Dull, and gray, and dim, it would be doubtless; but it was duller, grayer, chiller to many another. What had Martha Barr, for example, to live for? or what had she ever had in the way of pleasures? and yet she had trodden her appointed path with firmness, and thought was so narrow, that had been her fellow-traveller, and walked with her all the way. She would take heart, and do the like, or strive to do so. Martha was poor, and yet so enriched by the blessings of the sick and sorrowful, that with them she had bought "a mansion incorruptible" in the glorious city; and if she died to-night, so much the better. Save for those who had such cause to cry. "Would she had never seen me!" But as for her—she was a girl, an ungrateful girl, whom the gods had no home, no country, no such cases, having her village visitations. She was not to feel thankful. And the friendly night. Though her lot was

henceforth to be cast in the by-streain and back-water of life, was there not as much scope for duty there, as in the main-courant? She would do her duty, she would be helpful, and self-reliant. Her kind hostess should find her a prop instead of a burden. Perhaps she might even do something, if it were over so little, towards keeping house. Her lace-work had been praised of yore, when praise was more thought of than pudding; it was quite like—she might make a little money by that; and it would be to pour it into Martha's astonished hand!

She did not shrink from work of any sort; she made up her mind, to begin with, to 'do' her own room, so that Rachel should have as little extra trouble on her account as possible. Employment was what she needed. Nor was it the melancholy of her future lot that cast its shadows upon her; on the contrary, what she dreaded more, were its possible amenities. From certain hints which Martha Barr had fallen—by no means in the way of apology—Mabel had a presentiment that she was to be the victim of much tea-table festivity. She had not relinquished this description of dissipation even at home; and a Brackmere it was likely to be more wearisome. There was a certain Dorcas club, of which she had heard a good deal, and it had filled her with the liveliest apprehensions. Gossip, when it was good natured, was very dear to Martha Barr, though she was averse to what is termed "going into society"; and Mabel would be expected to share all her pleasures. Well, it should henceforth be her endeavour to do so, or to seem to do so. But she felt that this would not be easy. Often had Ju. and she agreed together (judging from their old friend's own description of her Brackmere acquaintances) that 'dear old Martha must know some very queer people.' Their father had once explained to them, that as the fixed stars of literature attract about them satellites of an inferior order and doubtful light, so the genuinely good are surrounded by spurious varieties of the religious world: the 'earnest,' the 'cheerful,' and the 'serious.' But while, in the former case, the great man is far from being deceived (having usually a very accurate perception of his own merits, and especially of his relative importance with respect to others), in the latter, humility and the charity that imputes no evil are apt to blind the judgment. "Much as I love our good Martha, girls," said the rector, between whom and the self-styled religious world there was certainly 'no love lost,' "I would not stay a week among her Brackmere friends for a bishopric. I am much mistaken if they are not given to solemn fudge."

Parson Denham had a morbid dislike of boredom, and especially of that particular development of it which is called being "preached to death." But this was far from being Mabel's case; she made no pretence to being easily annoyed, and she had listened to so many histories of "how I caught the rheumatics" from village flames to fear what Brackmere gossips could do unto her; besides, her present circumstances were much too serious to admit of her attaching importance to such a mere inconvenience. But what she would have desired above all things now was solitude, or at most the companionship of Martha only; and this she had a foreboding would be denied to her. Martha had openly expressed her intention of "not permitting her dear child to mope," which she felt to be a menace, involving not only what Fred used to call "ten-tights" and "muffin-worries," but all the horrors of "serious" hospitality. These might not be pressed upon her immediately; her recent trouble would doubtless afford her protection from them for the present at the hands of her kind hostess, unless she took it into her head that they were far from good. But there was a woe within her, if not so sharp as her regret for her dear father, more likely to endure, and of which Martha knew nothing—the burden of a hopeless love. She would have to carry that about with her in the scenes of gaiety (or some substitute for it), and to smile with alien lips and an aching heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Tibetan Account of the Origin of the World.

The *Times of India* says that at a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal Babu Saratchandra Das exhibited some very curious Tibetan relics, amongst them being carved ornaments of soap stone, giving the Tibetan signs of the zodiac and a description of the origin of the world. Translating this, the exhibitor found that, in the beginning, what existed from eternity in nothingness, was called the tortoise. The Buddhas of the past, present, and future sprang out of him. The three worlds, and all the animal beings also, originated from the eternal tor-

toise. Time, without the distinction of past, present, and future, was in him, and the whole universe rested between his head and tail. From the vapour of his mouth rose the seven atmospheric strata which encompass the earth, and gradually the sphere of azure space, and thereafter "Svastika," the emblem of the divine cross, was formed. From the saliva of this primordial tortoise sprang forth the oceans; and from his flesh were formed the lofty mountains, the islands, and the great continents, having trees for their hair. His head pointed to the south, his tail to the north, and his four limbs stretched towards the four corners of the world. His white back shaped the old father heaven, called "Khuu," wherein rested the celestial regions with the mansions of the gods, Malaklova, Brahma, and angels of pure habits, who possessed the forefold organs of sense. The celestial regions were formed above, and "Rirub" the sublime mountain, stood below, holding the mansions of the 33 "Devas" and of the gods of the "Paranirmanaratsya" on its top. On the flanks of "Rirub" resided the four guardian spirit kings of the world, together with the sun and moon, the planets and stars. The sun and moon sprang from the eyes of the great tortoise. From the sound of his throat issued the dragon's peal of thunder, and from his outstretched tongue flashed forth lightning which produced thunderbolts and hailstorms. From his breath originated the wind, the five internal essences, and the five physical elements; and when he shook his body there was earthquake.

## Hair Wanted to a Million and a Half.

It is seldom our lot, says the *Darlington Echo*, to record such a story as that which has just reached us through trustworthy sources. The stupendous fortune of a million and a half of money is awaiting the result of a hitherto fruitless search for the rightful heir or heirs to that princely patrimony. In the year 1815 among the schoolboys of Bishop Auckland comprised a lad of the name of Carr. In 1820 this boy went or was taken to Hamburg. The story of the young heir's career is at this remote distance of time necessarily obscure and imperfect; but it is known that he went to Hamburg, there married the daughter of a merchant, and became himself a wealthy man. The next thing we hear is that within the last few days a private inquiry agent, bearing a foreign name, but carrying on business at a London address, has been in the north making a diligent and careful inquiry, from which it appears that the vast fortune named is practically unclaimed so far as Carr's heirs are concerned. Those who have charge of the inquiry have satisfied themselves that the Carr's of Northumberland have no connection with the family by whom the fortune has been founded. The agent has been in Bishop Auckland; but so far as he learned, the clue to the missing heir has not been obtained. The name of Carr is common in the north, and also in other parts of the country, and that may embarrass rather than facilitate matters. In 1815—the date of Waterloo—the only educational institution in Bishop Auckland was the Grammar School. The scholars at that day would be boarders, and it was then a general thing to find lads from the Midland and the south sent down to schools in the north for their education.

## How the Czar Reads the News.

At present the Czar eschews all Russian newspapers; their prayers and lamentations never reach his ears. Among the many departments of the Ministry of the Interior there is one called the "Department of his Majesty's Journal," which is charged with preparing day by day a carefully worded resume of some mild articles and items of intelligence meant for the Emperor's eye. A technician of the Censure rises from his bed in the grey of the early morning and hurries off to the department, where advance sheets of the journal come in damp from the press. These he reads over, marking with red pencil all the passages the interest of which is not marred by injudiciousness. The marked passages are then cut out, pasted together on sheets, and handed over to the director of the department, who, after carefully considering, and if needs be curtailing them, signifies his approval. The extracts are then copied calligraphically on the finest description of paper, 40 or 50 words to the page, and the journal in this state is given to the Minister of the Interior or his adjunct. If this dignitary is satisfied it is passed on to the General-in-Waiting, who deposits it on his Majesty's table about four o'clock the following day. The news that slowly dribbles through this official filter is seldom of a nature to discompose the feelings of the Czar or disturb his sleep.

Oarsmen and canoeists all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, keeps the throat moist.

## THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

## STORY OF A STRUGGLE.

**Middleton's Bravery—The Cawnpore—Mercy was Neither Asked nor Given—Capture Meant Death.**

"General Middleton was as brave an officer as ever led a charge," said ex-Sergt. James Fisher of the Army Corps, now residing with his family at 39 St. Clarens Avenue, Toronto.

"You knew him then in India?" queried the reporter.

"Why, I served under him," said the old soldier. "We were together at the capture of Lucknow, and it was in an engagement where he commanded that I nearly lost my life."

"Were you at the relief of Lucknow then?"

Tell us the whole story, won't you?"

"It's pretty long," said the old veteran, "but there were few men in the Indian mutiny that saw more fighting and bloodshed than I did."

"In 1857, some time after returning from the Crimea, on the Fall of Sebastopol," said Mr. Fisher, "a military train was organized to take the place of the old transport corps, and I among others in the Scots Greys then stationed in Ireland, volunteered. We were at once ordered to China, where there was war going on, but on reaching Singapore found fresh orders awaiting us there. The China war had collapsed and the Indian mutiny had broken out. As a result we were ordered back to Calcutta in great haste. When we reached Calcutta the 8th Madras native cavalry had mutinied against going to Bengal, and we were asked to volunteer for service. As the second battalion of the Military Train comprised nearly all cavalry men we at once did so, and the horses and accoutrements of the 8th Madras horse were turned over to us.

## POISONED BREAD.

"Then we had our first narrow escape, and it was a close one I can tell you. Previous to going up the country we were sent out a short distance to a riding school at Dum Dum for a couple of weeks. There were there about 600 men and 400 women and children. One morning as we were sitting down to breakfast the bugle suddenly sounded the rally and we all hurried out. Then the bread was hastily collected and destroyed, and we were told it had been poisoned. Had the bugle sounded five minutes later it would have been all up with us.

"Well, the chief baker and five of his assistants were arrested, and, as they couldn't give a satisfactory account of how the poison came in the bread, we hanged the six of them. All the explanation they could give was that some one must have come in the bakehouse and put it in the dough, but that was all rubbish and they deserved their fate.

## TO RELIEVE DELHI.

"We were first ordered to relieve Delhi, and we started on the road to Cawnpore. It was a fifteen hundred mile march, and it took us about two months to make it. The bridges had all been destroyed and we had a number of encounters with hill robbers, but we finally reached the scene of the most atrocious massacre of modern days without mishap. You will remember that it was at Cawnpore that General Wheeler, after a brave resistance, laid down his arms to the Sepoys, on condition that he and his men, with the women and children, were to be allowed to depart unmolested. Nana Sahib agreed to the terms and the soldiers were about getting on the boats in the river when the mutineers fell upon them, and massacred the whole brave band. Only three men escaped, and they did so by swimming the river, and hiding in the bush. The women and children were detained as prisoners until at the approach of the British troops Nana Sahib ordered them to be slain and their bodies thrown into a deep well. A monument to day marks the site of the slaughter at the well. This barbarous order was carried out and when we reached there a few weeks afterwards the place presented a gloomy and a terrible appearance. It is said that by order of Nana Sahib an English minister and a Roman Catholic priest were hanged face to face and then thrown into the well, along with the women and children.

## TO HAVLOCK'S RESCUE.

"We intended to march on Delhi from Cawnpore, but when we reached there found that it had already fallen. It was then determined as soon as reinforcements came up that we should attempt the relief of Lucknow. You will remember that a short time before this when the handful of Europeans in Lucknow were just about on the verge of giving up, General Havelock with a couple of thousand men threw himself into the place

but his force was too small to get out again, and he was still besieged there.

"As soon as Sir Colin Campbell arrived with reinforcements we started for Lucknow, six thousand strong, crossing the Ganges on a bridge of boats. The distance from Cawnpore to Lucknow was about fifty-six miles, but we had scarcely made more than ten when the enemy began to show fight. They would conceal themselves in the bush while we kept to the open, and shelled them out with our guns. We captured quite a few prisoners as we went along and most of them met the same fate. If they could not show conclusively that they were not at the massacre in Cawnpore a blank cartridge was placed in a cannon, they were strapped across the mouth of it, the cartridge was exploded and the Sepoy was

## BLOW INTO THE NEXT WORLD

in small pieces. We asked no quarter and gave none. If our men were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the enemy it meant death, and if the enemy fell into ours they knew what they had to expect. We had no room for prisoners.

"Well, we fought on day by day, but it was not until we were within four miles of Lucknow that we found the Sepoys in force. They occupied the King of Lucknow's summer residence, known as Dalkoozka palace. We executed a flank movement by engaging the enemy with artillery in front and getting round to the left of the palace. All that day we fought hand-to-hand, and when night came the palace was ours. We lay right down there on the ground and slept among the slain each man with his horse's bridle twisted round his wrist.

"The second day after some hard fighting we carried Martiniere College at the point of the bayonet. On the third day we got a position near the bridge which leads to Lucknow, and captured it with a charge. We held it, too, in spite of the fact that the enemy made several desperate attempts to blow it up. The fourth day we spent in

## GANNONADING THE CITY,

and succeeded in burning most of it down with rockets. It became too hot for the enemy, and they fell back, leaving a small section in our possession. On the fifth day we crossed the bridge altogether, and got a good foothold in the city. By this time we were close enough to enable Havelock to make a sortie from the Residency where he was besieged. The enemy attempted to prevent a union of our forces, but failed, and Havelock and his brave band were reunited.

"We then fell back to Alumbagh, a fort a few miles away, and situated in an open country. Here after three or four days poor Havelock died, and although the doctors didn't say so, I was always thought that joy at being released was too much for him. We remained at Alumbagh until reinforcements could arrive to enable us to capture the city and hold it. At this time Sir Colin Campbell was suddenly called back to Cawnpore, and just got there in time to prevent the Galway contingent of the native army about twelve or thirteen thousand strong, from capturing that place. There was some desperate fighting, but he managed to hold it. If it had fallen we would all have been cut off in the heart of India and nothing would have saved us. While we remained at Alumbagh the enemy attacked us nearly every day, and it was an ordinary occurrence to have to turn out and drive them back. One day they came in large force and we got our guns on them and they left about five hundred men on the field. After that we were not bothered so much."

## BEHEADED THE SERGEANT MAJOR.

"What did you do with their wounded?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said Mr. Fisher, "we had no place for prisoners and they were put out of the way. We lost our sergeant-major, though, at Alumbagh. He undertook to visit the pickets one night for one of the officers. In the darkness he wandered away and got inside the enemy's picket line. They pounced upon him carried him to Lucknow, publicly beheaded him and carried his head around on a long pole announcing it as that of a British General.

"About two miles from Alumbagh was the Fort of Jallalabad, where our stores and ammunition were under guard. I was made a corporal at Alumbagh and placed there with four men, and while we were at the place it was attacked several times. One day after being the enemy we observed a big Sepoy rush to the front and endeavour to urge them back to the attack. I at once galloped out and with a blow of my sword brought him down. I saw a medal on his breast, and thinking I had killed him, seized the medal and carried it back with me into the Fort. It was a medal given by the British Government to Dnyr Singh for bravery. Superside, however, wasn't killed,

and we took him prisoner, and he afterwards gave us very valuable information and advice.

## A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

"A few days later Jallalabad was again attacked. This time the enemy moved up with great caution and suddenness, and they were between us and the camp at Alumbagh almost before we knew it. On previous occasions we always sent to Alumbagh for assistance as soon as we saw them coming, and I at once directed one of our men to go there now. In a few minutes he came back and said it was impossible as the enemy had cut us off. I reported this to the officer in command.

"Corporal" he replied, 'you will have to go yourself.'

"I went, but you could have brought my life for a five cent piece. I had to ride right through the enemy, but in the dust and confusion, although I was rubbing shoulder to shoulder with them they never noticed me. I got through safely enough, but as soon as I got clear of them a short distance they noticed me separating from the main body, and at once sent volley after volley after me but I escaped all right. I reached Alumbagh just in time to find the troops on the move. I joined my own corps and we returned to the attack utterly routing the enemy and capturing two guns and a Howitzer. The enemy fought desperately, and in some cases the Sepoys would climb the trees and shoot down at us as we passed underneath. We would shoot them up in the trees and they would fall from limb to limb and finally drop like squirrels on the ground dead.

## LUCKNOW CAPTURED.

"On the 10th of March 1858 sufficient reinforcements had arrived to enable us to attack Lucknow, although it had a native garrison of seventy thousand Sepoys. We removed all our stores and ammunition from Jallalabad and the engineers blew it up. On the 14th of March, with 25,000 men and 10,000 Gourkhas we commenced the attack on the city, and it is needless to describe to you the two days' fighting that ensued and its final fall. But few of them escaped and the rout to them was most disastrous. It was here I first saw Captain Fred Middleton.

"After the fall of Lucknow a column under General Lugard was ordered to march after Kooz Singh and raise the siege of Asizgumali, where the 13th Light Infantry were hemmed in. On reaching there we found that the Sepoys had retreated without waiting for us to come up, and a detachment consisting of two troops of the military train, four hundred of Hudson's Horse and three guns from the Horse Artillery, under command of

## STAFF OFFICER CAPT. MIDDLETON

were ordered to pursue Kooz Singh. After marching about nine miles we came across some of their baggage and took possession of it. A little further on the detachment came to Kooz bridge. This was a narrow bridge crossing a stream with an embankment leading up to it on each side. There was no sign of the enemy here but as it afterwards turned out they were concealed in force in the bushes on the right hand side of that embankment. Hudson's Horse were ahead and had almost crossed the bridge when there was a roar and a volley of bullets was poured into them from the bushes on the right. They were thrown into great confusion and crossing the bridge wheeled down the left side of the bank out of range of the enemy, instead of charging them. We were next. As soon as Capt. Middleton saw what had occurred he dashed forward brandishing his sword in the air. Riding in front of us with flashing eyes he shouted—

"Don't show the white feather.—Charge!"

"And he led the way down the embankment in among the bushes with us riding pell mell after him. We cut and slashed and fought hand-to-hand for fully half an hour. In the meantime Hudson's Horse had rallied behind the bank and came to our assistance. Then the enemy began to retreat. The last few shots were being fired when I got two of them, one through the right arm and the other through the right shoulder. My horse was shot through the head at the same time and

## FELL ON ME

and I didn't remember a thing more for seven days. The rest of the story I must tell you from hearsay. Had it not been for the military train I should have been dead. Hudson's Horse then seized the bridge, cut the enemy off, and would have been doing the same thing. Middleton's prompt charge turned the tide. Out of eighty men on the embankment after the attack, only thirty were killed and thirty also lost heavily.

Col. Hamilton, was among the killed. Two men Morley and Murphy, in trying to save him, earned the Victoria Cross. They rescued their colonel, but it was only to see him die of his wounds. When the doctors came to me they said I couldn't live, and attended to all the other wounded first, but at the end of a week I recovered consciousness, and when I was strong enough I was sent down to Calcutta and home to England with a convoy of wounded, and here am I in Toronto to-day as hale and hearty as any man in the city, and yet after the battle of Kooz Bridge the doctors said I hadn't a ghost of a chance for my life."

Mr. Fisher not only has medals for the mutiny, but also for the Crimean and Abyssinian wars and for long service and good conduct.

## A Remarkable Escape.

An exciting scene was recently witnessed on the Pankow Chaussee, outside Berlin. While thousands of Sunday excursionists were on the road to Pankow, Schonhausen, and Schonholz, a carriage and a pair, containing a lady and one child, passing along, nearly came into collision with a bicycle, the rider of which rang his bell loudly. The horses, which were very restive, took fright and bolted, scattering the foot passengers right and left. The coachman completely lost control over the animals, and in a very short time both he and the servant sitting beside him were thrown from the box. A dragoon who was in the crowd bravely attempted to stop the horses by catching at their reins; he succeeded in seizing the horse's rein nearest him, but the speed at which they were going was so great that the man was thrown down and dragged along the road for several yards. When the soldier was picked up it was found that his uniform was torn to pieces, and that he had received two or three serious bruises. The horses meantime rushed on, striking a cab and knocking several foot passengers down. A new danger now presented itself. The carriage reached a point in the road which is crossed by the Stettiner Railway; the barrier was already in the act of being lowered to allow the express train that was in sight to pass. To the onlookers the destruction of the carriage and its occupants seemed inevitable, as it was certain that at the rate the horses were going they would dash through the barrier into the railway line. The animals' fright was increased by the screams of the horrified spectators; and it was only when they had arrived within a few yards of the line that two policemen sprang into the road; one of them seized the horses' reins, while the other tore a red flag out of the signalman's hand and waved it in front of the animal's heads, by which means they were brought to a standstill just as the express swept by. The owner of the carriage, a French countess, and her little girl, were taken out, and found to be quite unhurt. The lady, with an extraordinary amount of courage, had not moved from her seat, and in spite of her narrow escape seemed quite calm and collected. She wished to present a large sum of money to her preservers, who, however, refused to take anything, saying they deserved no reward; they had only done their duty.

## A Speck of War.

An incident is reported in Venezuela that may lead to one of those miserable petty little wars in which England, even if victorious, always appears in the light of a big persecuting the small. Recently a British gun boat Ready, from the Gulf of Mexico, was taken out by the Venezuelan government his sent a challenge to the spot to investigate. The Ready will be tried by a court-martial. Having yielded without a show of resistance, the Venezuelan suggests that an attempt be made to shoot the Ready to the east of the United States.

## The Home.

The Editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write asking questions, giving advice, hints to other home-keepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

### Match-Makers and Match-Making.

American match-makers have acquired some reputation for skill and energy in connubial management on behalf of their daughters. A Parisian newspaper some time ago recorded an exceedingly clever bit of match-making, executed by an American lady of this order in brilliant style. Her eldest daughter had sailed from New York with some friends for a tour of Europe, and after "doing" the Continent had returned to the French capital for several months of rest, and pleasing, attractive and clever, she had many suitors, some more, some less desirable. She could not marry them all, so she adroitly reduced the number to two, the best of the lot, of course. Then she wrote home to her mamma, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well-connected, and rich, that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question, "What shall I do?" Ten days later she received a cable-gram from mamma: "I sail to-morrow; hold both till I come." The next transatlantic steamer brought Mrs. Black with her second daughter, just turned eighteen, and fresh from school. On her arrival the old lady at once took the helm of affairs, and steered so deftly through the dangerous waters that in a few weeks she had reached port with all colors flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning. After due examination she had decided that neither of the nice fellows should go out of the family.

Here is an illustration of a much less skillful attempt at match-making, with a very different result. A certain member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him upon a matter which, she declared, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?" "Oh," replied the considerate M. P., with much adroitness, "just say she refused me."

It is said that men do not as a rule, figure conspicuously as match-makers, nor do they; but the judgment and policy exhibited in this connection by a knowing old gentleman of our acquaintance could hardly be surpassed by the most accomplished tactician of either sex. "Brown," said a neighbor to him one day, "I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off, as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can!"

"That's simple enough," he replied, "I try my girls off on the buckwheat principle."

"What principle is that?" never heard of before.

"I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat," he explained, "and I was puzzled me to know how to get it to grow. Nothing would do but to put straw to it. The straw would rot, but the buckwheat would grow. I slapped my back and said, 'I'll slap my buckwheat with a high rail fence and see if it doesn't grow.' It did, and I once more concluded to slap my girls with a high rail fence, and see if they wouldn't grow. I put up the fence, and the girls all married off. The buckwheat principle."

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that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works exactly as I wish. The young folks begin to pity and sympathize with each other; and the next thing I know is that they are engaged to be married. When I see they are determined to marry, I of course give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters fed them largely on a fish diet because, as she ingenuously observed, fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches. If the phosphoric diet caused the young ladies to shine in society, they in all probability did not adopt it in vain, for, just as fish are easily attracted in the night by any bright light thrown upon the water, so young men are invariably found to flock after any girls who "shine", even though her accomplishments may be of a very shallow, superficial or phosphorescent character. No experienced match-making mamma requires to be taught the value of display as an almost certain means of attraction. That is the secret of ball suppers and iced champagne, the heavy dressmaker's bills, and the thousand and one items of extravagance that have to be met in order that young ladies may make a "respectable" appearance, and may finish with a successful match, and that is why so many of these match-making ventures have so often resulted in the most deplorable sequels. Display is met with display—the one frequently as hollow and false as the other. The distinguished foreign nobleman is discovered, when it is too late, to be nothing more nor less than an unprincipled adventurer; and the merchant who was supposed to be little if anything short of a millionaire is found, also when it is too late, to be found on the verge of bankruptcy. Very often in such matches both parties are sold, and then the universal cry is "Serves them right."

O. S. YATZ,

Georgetown, West Washington, D. C.

### Several Nice Breakfasts.

Apples and Bacon. Brown-Bread Toast. Canned Peach Short-Cake.

**BROWN-BREAD TOAST.**—Cut stale Boston brown-bread into slices, and toast, taking care not to scorch it. Butter rather liberally, and send hot to table.

**CANNED PEACH SHORT-CAKE.**—Make a short-cake according to previous directions; cover canned peaches with sugar, and stew them gently for half an hour in the syrup thus made; lay the sliced peaches between the layers of short-cake, and pour the syrup over each piece after it is split and buttered.

Broiled Blue Fish. Baked Potatoes.

Cold Bread. Corn-meal Griddle-Cakes. Maple Syrup.

**CORN-MEAL GRIDDLE-CAKES.**—Two cups corn meal, 1 cup flour, 1 cup boiling water, 1 table-spoonful lard, 1 table-spoonful molasses, 2 cups sour milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, salt-spoonful salt. Scald the corn meal; add the shortening, the milk an soda, the molasses, and the salted flour Beat hard.

Meat Loaf. Baked Tomatoes.

Fried Bread.

Hot Cake.

**MEAT LOAF.**—Two pounds raw or underdone beef or veal, minced fine; quarter-pound ham, also minced; 2 eggs; half cup fine bread crumbs; 1 table-spoonful melted butter; pepper salt, chopped onion, and herbs for seasoning to taste. Work all the ingredients well together, and press closely into a brick-shaped tin. Cover this, set it in a pan of boiling water, and bake an hour and a half, taking care that the boiling water does not cook away. Turn out and slice when cold.

**FRIED BREAD.**—Beat one egg into a cup of milk, soak in this slices of stale bread from which the crust has been trimmed. Cook on a griddle, as you would cakes.

**HOT CAKE.**—One cup buttermilk, 2 eggs, 3 table-spoonfuls butter, 1/2 cups sugar half teaspoonful soda, flour for a good batter (about two heaping cupfuls). Bake in a loaf, and eat warm.

Broiled Fish. Hashed Potatoes.

Raised Muffins.

Cerealine Fritters.

**PLAIN MUFFINS.**—Two eggs, 2 cups milk, 1 table-spoonful butter, 1 table-spoonful yeast-cake, salt-spoonful salt. Beat the early morning, omitting the butter and yeast-cake, add these, well mixed, to the milk in a quick motion.

**PLAIN MUFFINS.**—One egg, 2 cups milk, salt-spoonful salt, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup sugar.

**STEWED KIDNEYS.**—Soak two kidneys in salt and water half an hour; take out the core, and cut the remainder into small pieces. Brown a table-spoonful of butter and one of flour together with a quarter of an onion sliced; lay the pieces of kidney in this, and let them cook five minutes. Add a cup of good gravy; or if this is lacking, half a cup of boiling water. Let the kidneys simmer in this ten minutes; take out, and serve on slices of toast, pouring the gravy over and around them.

**POTATOES AU GRATIN.**—Two cupfuls of raw potatoes cut into dice, half cup fine bread crumbs, 2 table-spoonfuls butter. Let the potato dice lie in cold water several hours, drain them, season with salt and pepper and put them in a well-greased pan; dot them thickly with bits of butter, sprinkle them with the crumbs, and add more butter. Bake, covered, for half an hour uncover, and brown.

**PLAIN MUFFINS.**—One egg, 2 cups milk, 1 table-spoonful lard, salt-spoonful salt, half yeast cake, flour for batter. Set them early in the morning, and let them rise until noon.

### A Laugh Producing Plant.

While the Stanley expedition was crossing a portion of the southern extremity of the Sahara Desert, they were made acquainted with the peculiar properties of a plant known only to that region, called by the Arabs cullikoa, or the laughing plant. Prof. Salehi, attached to the expedition, was fortunate enough to procure several fine specimens of this peculiar plant, which he is at present cultivating with a view to practical experiments.

The production of laughter by artificial means, it is thought, can be reduced to a science now that the discovery of a plant, the properties of which are a direct incentive to laughter, has been made. Any amount of cachinnation can be produced by simply increasing or diminishing the laughing-producing dose.

There was a time when the somnolent effects produced by the poppy were not generally known, but the soporific properties of this plant are now beyond cavil, and in a short time it is expected that Prof. Salehi will have a crop of the laugh-producing plants large enough for practical experiments. The now almost unknown plant will soon become a staple article of commerce, and the principal cereal cultivated in many a vast garden will be the laughter-producing plant. As opium is certain to produce sleep, so can the laughter plant be at all times relied upon to produce laughter. The all animated creatures from the micro-organisms of the oscillatorium up to the genus homo.

This strange plant grows in the arid deserts of Arabia and on the vast sea of the white and brown and the Desert of Sahara, in Africa. The plant is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling small black beans. The natives of the district where this strange plant grows dry the seeds in the sun and reduce them to a fine impalpable powder by a process of maceration between two stones. A small dose of this powder has similar effect to that arising from the inhalation of laughing gas. It causes the most sober person to dance, shout and laugh with the boldest excitement of a madman, and to rush about cutting the most ridiculous capers for about an hour. At the expiration of this time exhaustion sets in, and the excited person falls asleep, to awake after an hour or more with a more or less vivid recollection of having been in the seventh heaven of enjoyment.

### Fastidious Snakes.

The quickest thing next to electricity is a snake. Well-behaved serpents are always interesting. A Cleveland snake professor says that "hissing pythons and cobras will eat at any time except when they are blind and shedding their skin. They won't touch anything then. Another queer thing about them is that they won't eat anything but white animals. 'Sit! I'll show you,' and taking a young rabbit out of its cage he placed it in a box with the snakes. They did not refer about a minute. Then one of the pythons raised its head and fastened its eyes upon bunny. The rabbit's ears dropped, its eyes closed, and it began to tremble. All at once the snake shot forward, and, seizing it by the back of the neck, coil-

ed itself around it and began crushing out its life; then, turning it over, began to swallow it. The python's head under ordinary circumstances was not larger than a thumb joint on a man's head, yet when it seized the rabbit its jaws became distended in such a way that it was able to swart the rabbit's head into its mouth. Then by a peculiar motion it began slowly to swallow its prey. As the snake worked backward and forward its head stretched to many times the natural size, until finally bunny's hind legs disappeared down the python's mouth.

"That supper will last him a couple of weeks," said the showman, as he picked the snake up.

### They Blockade the River.

The salmon, most abundant in the Alaskan streams, is the humpback or garbusche. At times they are so numerous in the Karluk river that it is impossible for a boat to force its way through them in crossing a stream. On one occasion a seine 90 feet in length took an enormous draft of fish. About 7,000 salmon were dressed out of it from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., and afterward the men were occupied three hours in cleaning the seine. The remainder of the fish were in a mass four feet deep. During 1889 250,000 cases, of eight pounds each, of salmon were put up on the Karluk. The whole catch for four months amounted to 12,000,000 pounds of canned fish. In one day 150,000 red salmon of an average weight of ten pound were taken. The capital invested in the cannery of Karluk is more than \$4,000,000, and the product about \$1,000,000, that and the plant representing nearly the entire cost of the Territory. The season extends from June to October.

### Training Boys and Girls.

The choice of a school is very important, almost as much so as the choice of a home. This choice is in the hands of parents chiefly. Let them investigate fully the claims of schools and colleges. Those that are doing honest work are always ready to give names of students and full particulars. The surroundings of the school should be morally pure. For instance, a billiard room in the same building would neutralize a great deal of the good a boy would get. The new premises of the Canadian College of Commerce, 385-395 Yonge street corner of Gerard St., are beautifully situated, handsomely furnished, and the surroundings are specially choice. Messrs Bengough and Warriner, are experts in shorthand, bookkeeping, and the other subjects taught in the college. Visitors will be made welcome and shown through the spacious apartments.

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In Stamped Work We Have a Large Stock  
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Ingain Washing Collars, warranted fast colors, 25c, 50c and 75c per dozen.  
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Gentlemen's Silk Suspender, ready for wear, 75c to \$1.75 per pair.  
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## HENRY DAVIS,

DIRECT IMPORTER,

282 YONGE STREET, - TORONTO

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Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine."

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use."

Eve didn't know the serpent was loaded. The Sambre Lighthouse

is at Sambre, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hart, writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good, I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B.B.B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved."

In these degenerate days a man with a broken word isn't seriously crippled. Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

It is impossible to "steal" a million dollars. Athletes all chew Adams' TuttiFrutti Gum healthful and beneficial 5c.

Wit is the gravy of thought. Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through Rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until recommended to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

The married bees make the beeswax, while the single ones gather the honey. Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 128 page illustrated Book on Deafness, Noses in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address, Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

That dead men tell no tales is not so remarkable as that dead women do not. That "Tocsin of the soul, the Dinner Bell," as Byron calls it, suggests no pleasing reflections to the dyspeptic, bilious sufferer. He partakes, of course, but the subsequent torment is egregiously out of proportion to the quantity of food he eats, which lies undigested, a weight like lead in his unhappy stomach. There is a remedy, however, and its name is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. No case is entirely hopeless.

The more people know the less they brag about it. If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

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Moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FUSTER, Electrolician, 133 Church street, Toronto.

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Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cako Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Elliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

Very few persons resent the blow when an idea strikes them. If you feel out of sorts. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. If your liver is sluggish. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. If your kidneys are inactive. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Large Bottles 50 cents.

The light that never was on sea or land must be a sky light. If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

We suppose a beaming smile is one that is drawn from the wood. Differences of opinion regarding the popular internal remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrents that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

The best illustration of mingled hope and fear is a lazy man looking for work. Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with biliousness 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 have 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."

Never fight with a sweet can't blacken him, but he may bl. Sallow and leaden-hued give place to the loveliest when the use of Ayer's sited in, and cosmetic Nothing can counterfeil foot health which bles medicine.

Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

Monday—Stop fault-finding. If the sun is hiding behind a cloud lessen the gloom by making sunshine within. If there are home trials lift the soul above them and find inward peace of mind. Does the condition of the church look discouraging? Since the days of its earliest history there have been periods when it seemed so, but all the fault-finders in existence can not shake its foundation, which is built on the rock Jesus Christ. In striving to do a duty has life seemed more prosperous to you than with others? Neither moth nor rust corrupt treasures in heaven. Perhaps in giving to the Lord's work you note others who make no response, and your interest is workened thereby. Rather, with renewed zeal, take up the work of the Lord.—Anonymous.

Tuesday.— Have courage! Keep good cheer! Our longest time is brief. To those who hold you dear! Bring no more grief. But cherish blessings small, Grateful for least delight That to you are lot doth fall, However slight. —Celia Thaxter.

Wednesday—Religion is often confounded with emotion 'Tis a serious mistake, which accounts for the faulty and unfruitful lives of many professors. Of course there is emotion in religion as there is in life. But these two are not synonymous. Religion is being and doing. There is thought in it, but thought is not the chief thing. There is feeling in it, but feeling is not the main ingredient. The Scriptures emphasize the value of the heart; but they use the word in a comprehensive sense as significant of the motive power in human conduct. The heart is demanded because it stands for being and doing. The only religion that is of any practical value is the religion of being and doing. A man may be a teacher of painting without being an artist. A man may know the theory of music without being a performer. And a man may be a preacher of religion, or a professor, without being a Christian. The scriptural injunction is: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." St. James was the apostle of right living, and his epistle is the epistle of common sense. "Faith without works," quoth he, "is dead, being alone." A religion of mere emotion is a religion of gush.—Dr. Huntington.

Thursday—If the Nation would remain free its young men must be the most important factors in its politics and its parties. They alone possess the element which overturns rings and upsets combinations and all other artificial creations for the suppression of popular sentiment. They alone possess that quality so necessary at times where audacity leads caution, and imagination and enthusiasm command judgment. The day that marks such a distaste for politics and public life, such a disappearance of activity in the affairs of the State and of the Government, as will make it bad form and unpopular for young men to be active, will mark the decadence to be followed by the overthrow of the liberties of the country.—Anonymous.

Friday— "Mortal," they softly say, "Pence to thy heart." "We, too, see mortal." "Have been a thou art. Hope lifted, doubt depressed, Seemly in part. Tried, troubled, tempted. Sustained, as thou art. —Goethe.

Saturday—Gideon's army was only strong, but they were soldiers who were afraid to meet the hordes of the enemy there are legions in the church, do the matter by becoming one you are not faithful in performing duties, the Lord will never choose great work. "Rejoice in the ways, again I say, rejoice." such cause to carry a joyful cross the child of God. "All things are countenance do not a soul that rests love has responded bring re- mous.

Our Young Folks.

JACK'S STORY.

Outside the wind was howling as though...

But inside all was light and warm...

In front of the fire, a low ottoman, and...

Why, what is the matter with my pets...

"O papa, papa! Have you come? When...

Such a chorus of screeches and screams...

Well, why was the room so quiet when...

O, papa, Bess said she was afraid, and...

But what made you so quiet?"

"So my little Bessie thinks there are...

O, papa, it is such a dreadful night, and...

"Ala! Master Jack again! And he is...

"It wasn't so very bad, and I didn't...

"O papa, please do!" chimed in all the...

"I don't believe Jack meant to be...

"But I've told you every story I ever...

"O, papa, you surely haven't," piped up...

"O, papa, please not that kind of a story...

"Ough! Bess is afraid again. I tell you...

"What a little heathen you are Jack!

"Other unpleasant thing besides ghosts...

"It is not a wolf, it is a human pack...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

they kept the sheep nights, along with the...

"One morning my father came in and...

As I was the youngest of a large family...

The impetuous Jack here burst in. "I...

"Yes, they used to have some fun then...

"But didn't you ever see any bears or...

"Yes, I've seen a great many wolves—"

"And their skins had scalloped red flannel...

"What!" and a curly head popped up...

"Come now, papa," expostulated Jack...

"Well, if it will do you any good, I can...

"Really, papa! What did you do?"

"Do? Nothing, but run along to school...

"Well, that was a pretty thing to do! I...

"What would you have done Jack?"

"I should have followed right after him...

"I've got the father, but I don't know...

"No, the wild bears were all gone then...

"But there were plenty of deer; and what...

"I was very fond of her pet, and had a bell...

"It is not a wolf, it is a human pack...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

"I don't know how you can domesticate...

"He naturally thought it was a wild bear...

"I remember seeing that bear come down...

"Bears are very fond of milk, and this one...

"Arms, papa!"

"Well, you little puss, in his fore-paws...

"Your grandfather was out hunting one...

"I don't know papa; what did he do?"

"He tried to slash powder in his eyes...

"You know bears were valuable. The...

"Now I think we have had quite bears...

A Strange Scene in an English Court.

It is a rare thing, remarks a contemporary...

The jury recommended the prisoner to...

The girl and her brother were in want...

There is no sound upon the grassy plain...

The calm of summer silence lies serene...

In golden rest the lamy cornfields lie...

Ungathered sheaves in yellow clusters...

No cloud moves over the blue expanse...

Nor song of bird upon the starless land...

The grazing cattle in the pastures green...

Save on the clear, sweet air the chime...

Each rings across the level stretch of ground...

Of that far land where love and light...

"BOX CAR CAZEY."

The Notorious Desperado After a Year's...

Box Car Carey, which is the only name...

even though it took five years and all of...

The desperado had plenty of Uncle Sam's...

By scraping an acquaintance with her...

He arrived at Saratoga just in time...

The fellow started across the track, which...

He plucked the long chase again locating...

Point on civic holiday. Following him back...

He so worked himself into the good graces...

Mr. Stevens is a tall, broad-shouldered...

He is a native of Toronto and returned...

He expressed his intention of giving up...

A Sabbath Day.

There is no sound upon the grassy plain...

The calm of summer silence lies serene...

In golden rest the lamy cornfields lie...

Ungathered sheaves in yellow clusters...

No cloud moves over the blue expanse...

Nor song of bird upon the starless land...

The grazing cattle in the pastures green...

Save on the clear, sweet air the chime...

Each rings across the level stretch of ground...

Of that far land where love and light...



The Poets' Corner

—For Truth.

Lines to Babe Cowley, Jr.

Hail to this planet, little stranger! To an odd world thou art a ranger...

Thy coming to this scene alone Is the best news we've lately known...

Choice rose of Flora's thorny stocks, May sweetest dews adorn thy locks...

Soon as you're old enough to read it I'll preach—I know you'll never need it...

And then—without undue digressing— To render wisdom more impressing...

But, tho' a bad world thou art into, Hail, welcome babe, all but its sun to;

New York, A. RAMSAY.

A Reply to Messer Swinburne.

Oh, mountainous-mountain of solihilla, weak wielder of terrors outworn; Discharger of sulphurous sails, effectly ferocious in war...

When Love is at its Best.

As three children go at candle light, Two glow in their young eyes quench'd with the sun...

The words we utter, though our chamber floor Be hallowed by our knees, 'twere vainly pressed...

Woman

Uncomprehended and uncomprehending, The darling, but the despot of our days— Smiling who writes us—foudling us, she slays...

Happiness.

"Thou shalt be happy!" So I told my heart One Summer morning many a year ago: "Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy part...

God gave us health and wealth, and we were glad Thus, for a season, waiting joys to come; God gave us fame and praise, a little sad...

Asters and Golden-Rod.

When the autumn-frost upon our hearts are falling, And the summer sweet is past; When the crickets through the gloom are softly calling...

Made the heart more strong, the eye more clear for seeing; So, at last, when summer's gladness flowers are flooding...

War in the Future.

In future wars railways, the number of which Europe is daily increasing, will play an undoubtedly important part, not only strategically, but also tactically...

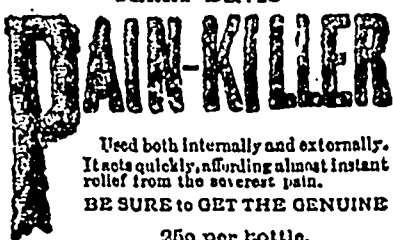
As to the movements of troops by rail, experience on the Continent shows that time is not gained when the proportion of bayonets and sabres to a mile of double line is greater than four hundred and thirty-five...

For operations which lie in the border land between tactics and strategy, occasional use with great effect will probably be made of railways for the conveyance of troops for short distances...

London's Only Rookery.

The only rookery in London proper exists in Gray's Inn Gardens, Holborn, and has existed for generations; indeed, ever since the gardens were planted in the first year of the seventeenth century by Francis Bacon...

For CRAMPS, COLIC, and all Bowel Troubles, use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER



Use both internally and externally. It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pain.

THE LEMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL & HYPOPHOSPHITES. Increases Weight, Strengthens Lungs and Nerves.

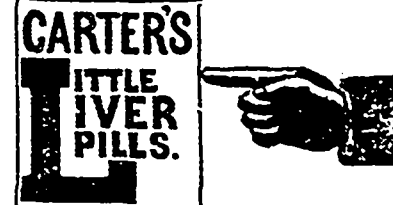
Ministers and Public Speakers use SPENCER'S Chloramine Pastilles For Clearing and Strengthening the voice.

TO MOTHERS PALMO-TAR SOAP In Indispensable for the Bath, Toilet or Nursery, for cleaning the Scalp or Skin.

DR. JAMES' PILLS Are the most effectual remedy in use for all Female Irregularities.

Consumption Cured Canabis Sativa Indian Remedy SEND FOR TESTIMONIALS.

DAN TAYLOR & CO., 133 YONGE ST., Toronto AGENTS FOR CANADA.



CURE SICK HEADACHE yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation...

HEA Ache they would be all right if it were not for the fact that they will not cure it.

Marriage Customs And Superstitions.

Although superstitions generally may be to a great extent relegated to the category of things of the past, the minds of many are still influenced by superstitious and fancies as they approach the marriageable age.

Probably no period in a woman's life so completely changes her whole system as marriage, and this may account for her persistent in looking for lucky or unlucky omens bearing on this important event.

It is an unlucky omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has been fixed, and some believe that much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, on the morning of his marriage.

June and October have always been considered the most propitious months, and a happy result is to be made doubly certain if the ceremony is timed so as to take place either at the full moon, or when the sun and moon are in conjunction.

The Romans were very superstitious about marrying in May or February. They avoided all celebrated days and the calends, nones, and ides of every month.

In the Orkney Islands a bride selects her wedding-day so that its evening may have a growing moon and a flowing tide. In Scotland the last day of the year is considered lucky, and should the moon happen to be full at any time when the wedding takes place, the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always "full to the brim."

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The day of the week is also of great importance, Sunday being a great favorite; and although an English lass would not care to marry on Friday, the French girl thinks the first Friday in the month particularly fortunate.

Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday the best day of all, Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all.

To look or go back before gaining the church door, to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the churchyard, are all equally unfortunate, and the bride must be careful to go in at one door and out at another.

In Yorkshire, when the bride is on the point of crossing her father's threshold, on her return from church, a plate or tureen of a few pieces of cake is thrown from an upper window of the house by a male relative. If the plate is broken she will be happy; if not she must not expect to escape misery.

In leaving the house or church, she must on no account first put her left foot forward, nor allow anyone to speak to her husband before he has called him by name. If she should see a strange cat or hear a cat mew on her wedding day, then will she be happy. What a sound if, on the morning of the wedding, she awakes from her bed on to a new world, or begins on something higher than the ground, that moment she is in the presence of those a table is placed for her, and if she sits beside her should she be happy.

When the bride crosses the bridge, she must not look back; nothing should be said to her, and if she is asked for a kiss, she should not give it.

A man is known by the company he keeps. A man who is constantly going and coming to the office is a man who is constantly going and coming to the office.

Our Trade With Great Britain.

During the month of July the export trade of the Dominion was satisfactory, the value of the shipments to Great Britain according to London Board of Trade returns, being £1,393,398 as against £1,499,328 during the same month last year.

The imports from the United Kingdom to Canada for a month of July were valued at £375,717 as against £333,320 for the same month last year, showing a diminution of £42,397.

The imports since January 1 aggregated £2,731,010 as against £3,072,920 during the same period of last year, being a decrease of £341,910.

Extraordinary Accident on a Sailing Vessel.

A sad accident happened at Milazzo on the 4th inst. A sailing vessel from Genoa entered the port in the morning, and the crew proceeded to empty the barrels of sea water which formed the ballast.

Corn Fed Oysters.

Most people, when they hear of "corn fed oysters," laugh at what they take to be a little extravagance intended to convey the idea of fatness, the association of ideas with extreme fatness and corn fed hogs being natural.

Only Four Photographs in England.

In England, I am told, there are only four photographs, including the one in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley; but they manage things better than this in such places as Mexico.

The dose of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine will instantly stop a severe fit of coughing.

A man is known by the company he keeps.

Liver Oil and Emulsions properly prepared are undoubtedly the best remedy for all pulmonary complaints.

Graduates and students of ALMA LADIES COLLEGE, St. Thomas, Ont., may now be found in honorable and lucrative employment, in shop, store and office, in School and College from the Atlantic to the Pacific in both Canada and the United States.

Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.

All Men young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emisions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, banfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured.

A.P. 519.

MAGIC SCALE—For dress cutting, taught by Miss Chubb, General Agent for Ontario, 427 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER—Book free, C. H. McMICHAEL, M.D., 67 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.

WANTED in every town in the Dominion, reliable men to represent the Dominion Bldg and Loan Assn., 67-69 Yonge St. Toronto.

PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S. and Foreign Countries. W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED—Big Money, Choice—A Hook, Control of territory. Apply at once to E. N. MOYER & CO., 129 Yonge St., Toronto.

\$3 50 PER DAY—Good men and women. Fast selling articles. J. E. CLUSE, 20 Victoria Street, Toronto.

PEOPLE out of town coming to the exhibition should have their dresses Parisian styled. Skirts 40c a yard; Children's, 30c or 40c a yard. Miss Stackhouse, 67 Yonge Street, Toronto.

LEATHER BELTING Best value in the Dominion. F. E. DIXON & CO., Makers, 79 King Street East, Toronto. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

ENGRAVING J. L. JONES. ILLUSTRATING WOOD ENGRAVER. ADVERTISING TO KING STREET EAST. PURPOSE TORONTO, CANADA.

TEACHERS can make money during vacation by canvassing for one or more of our fast selling Books and Bibles, especially History of Canada, by W. H. Withrow, D.D., latest and best edition ever published, prices low, terms liberal. Write for illustrated circulars and terms. W. L. HIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO AFFLICTED LADIES In order that you may know that OAK BALSAM is a positive cure for female complaints, I will send to any address a 6 month treatment for \$1, or free sample to all who address with stamp, J. TROTTER, 3 Richmond West, Toronto, Can.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. J. DOAN & SON. For Circular Address, 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto.

Canadian Headquarters for ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES. J. W. NISSON, 617 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL.

WAREHOUSE TELEPHONES T.W. NISSON 617 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL. Send for catalogue.

GOLIGNY COLLEGE, OTTAWA FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Spacious buildings, lighted with gas, heated by hot water, all modern conveniences, extensive grounds. First class staff, under Lady Principal from Europe. Board, furnished room, fuel, light, tuition in English, French and German from \$150 yearly.

Best Place to America to Buy Band and Musical Instruments. 3888 WEALEY, ROYCE & CO., 153 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

J. RATTRAY & CO

WHOLESALE TOBACCONISTS. MONTREAL.

Manufacturers of all kinds Domestic Cigars, including Celebrated Crusader and Hero Brands.

One trial is guaranteed for continual use.

Never Knew it Fail.

To perfect digestion. To regulate the bowels. To cure Constipation. To cleanse the liver. To purify the blood. To cure Kidney Disease. To eradicate Rheumatism. To annihilate Dyspepsia. To tone the nerves. To free from Headaches. To make the weak strong. To perfect health. To joy life long. All and more than you can believe will St. Leon Water do. Only drink, the change will come. The St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto.

A FREE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

This is the age of travel. The people are all educated and cultivated to such a degree, that in the hearts of almost every one there is a longing to see foreign countries and view the places whereof so much has been written and said. This Home Fascinator Pub. Co. of Montreal, offers a grand opportunity to see the world. To 100 persons sending them the largest number of English words constructed from letters contained in the sentence "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," will be given a Free Trip Around the World. Also, in order to merit the following additional prizes will be awarded: A Free trip to Florida; A Silver Tea Set, \$35; A Domestic Sewing Machine, \$20; Ladies or Gents' 14k. Gold Watch, \$25. A present will be given to anyone sending a list of not less than 25 English words, or not less than four letters, found in Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, allowable. Enclose 20c to pay for a Grand Premium Catalogue and a 6 months trial subscription to the beautifully illustrated family story paper, "THE HOME FASCINATOR." The person sending in the largest list of correct words may not be in a position, or care to make the extensive trip offered, the publishers give each person the choice of the trip or \$100 in cash. Address: The Home Fascinator Montreal.

McGILL UNIVERSITY.

SESSION 1890-1.

The Matriculation Examinations in Arts and Applied Science, and for entrance into the Special Course for Women in the Faculty of Arts, and also for Exhibitions and Scholarships, will begin Monday, Sept. 15th, 1890, AT 10 A.M.

THE LECTURES

Will commence on Friday, Sept. 12th. Interested students can obtain all necessary information by applying to the undersigned.

J. W. BRAKENRIDGE, B.C.S., ACTING SECRETARY.

1st Sept. 1890.

**"Only a Little Chap."**

"I know," said the conductor, as he finished counting up and lighted a cigar, "that most people consider us a hard-hearted lot, but we've got to be, or at least must appear to be. A railroad company has little to do with sentiment, and a great deal to do with business. I can't afford to let people ride at my expense, and so what am I to do?"

No remedy being suggested, he smoked away in silence for two or three minutes, and then continued:

"I didn't use to have so much heart about it, always excusing myself on the plea of duty; but one night about three years ago something happened which has kept my heart pretty soft ever since. It was on the run out of Buffalo, and when I came to take up the fares I came across a woman and child. She was pale-faced and poorly clad, and she had a world of trouble in her face. I saw that in a general way, but it was not my business to pity her. The child with her, a boy of 7 or 8, was lying back on the seat, with her old shawl for a pillow. She offered me one full-fare ticket to a point about forty miles below, but I demanded one for the boy.

"Please, sir," she said, "we are very poor, and he's only a little chap, and I'm taking him home to die."

"That was no excuse, and I plainly told her that she must pay for him or he'd have to get off. I thought she was trying to beat his way, but in that I was mistaken. It was a dark and rainy night, and she'd never have got ready to leave the train at the next stop if she'd had money to pay for the boy. I felt a bit ashamed when I saw her making ready, and it hurt me to see her lean over him and both cry together, but one of our men had been discharged only the week before for over-looking a one-legged soldier who only wanted a lift of ten miles.

"And no one offered to pay the boy's fare?"

"For a wonder, no. There was a full crowd in the car, but all seemed to look upon the pair with suspicion. I hated to put them off, and I was hoping the woman would make one more appeal and give me a show to back water, when the train ran into —, and she made ready to get off. The least I could do was to help her with the boy. I picked him up and started to follow her out, but I had scarcely taken note of his white face and tear-wet cheeks when he uttered a shriek of fear, straightened out in my arms, and next instant I knew I held a corpse. Yes, sir, the life went out of him in that cry, and the motter turned on me with a look I can never forget, and cried:

"He's dead! He's dead! And you have killed him!"

"I don't like to think of it," whispered the conductor after a long silence. "I had my month's wages in my pocket, and I gave her every dollar of it, and the passengers raised as much more, and when I left her with her dead at the next station I had done everything I possibly could, but that didn't clear me. I had been too harsh and cold. She had told me the truth, and I had doubted her. She had asked for mercy and I had ordered her out into the night and the storm with a dying boy in her care. She has never forgiven me, and never will, and try as hard as I may I can never forgive myself."

**THE TORONTO EXHIBITION.**

An Immense Entry of Exhibits—Numerous Special Attractions.

If Toronto can't get up a summer carnival there is one thing it can do, and that is to maintain an Annual Exhibition that has no superior on this continent. Successful as have been the past Exhibitions held by the Industrial Exhibition Association, that to be held at Toronto this year from the 31st to the 20th of September promises to eclipse them all. The list of entries is the largest and it includes the best exhibits that have ever been made in Canada. The special attractions as announced in the official programme are very numerous, and are of a character that cannot fail to attract the people from all parts of the Dominion and adjoining States. The railway arrangements are good, and cheap fares will prevail during the whole exhibition, and with fine weather the attendance of visitors at the Toronto Fair this year will probably be greater than ever. All who take a special interest in the manufacturing departments should endeavor to go the first week, as the buildings are not so crowded as later on, and apart from the show of live stock, agriculture, products and the dog show, the fish is not, and all the special features are just as good the first week as the second.

Money by any other name would go as

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**



**Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda**

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. PALATABLE AS MILK. Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



**SOLID LEATHER**

The Best Goods Sold by the Principal Boot and Shoe Dealers. Every Pair Stamped.

*J. D. King & Co.*  
TORONTO

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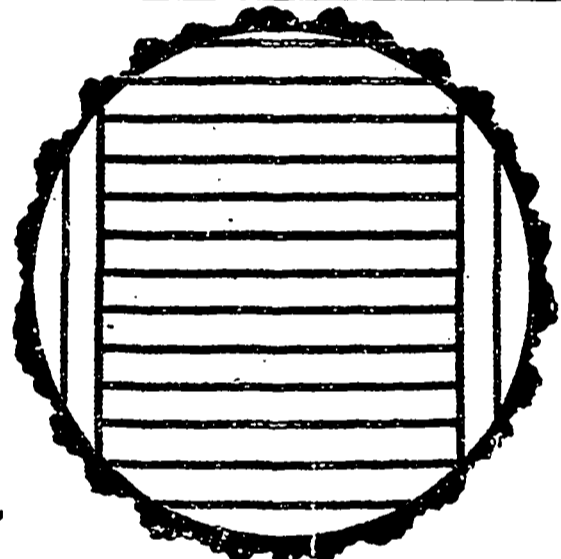
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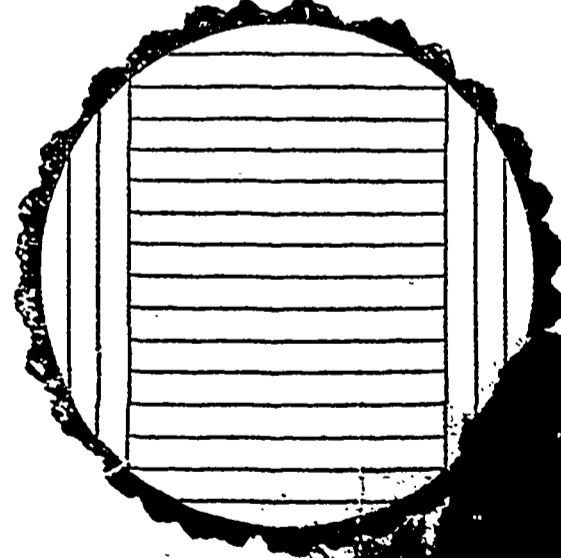
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THE WINNERS.

IN

TRUTH COMPETITION.

No. 20.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes as specified. They may be had on application to this office. See notices to winners following this list of names. The questions are as follows - Where in the Bible are the following words first found. 1, WINGS; 2, LEAS; 3, FEET.

If there is no province given after a name and place it is to be understood that Ontario is meant. We make this explanation to avoid repetition.

1st Wings, Exodus nineteenth (19th) chapter, fourth (4th) verse; 2nd Legs, Exodus twelfth (12th) chapter, ninth (9th) verse; 3rd Feet, Genesis eighteenth (18th) chapter, fourth (4th) verse.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, one very fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm. Mrs. Albert Paxton, West Toronto Junction. Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch. 1 Mrs Frank Flint, 80 Rose Ave., Toronto; 2 Annie Collett, 698 Yonge St., Toronto; 3 Mrs Simeon Flint, 88 Rose Ave., Toronto; 4 Jas Carter, Toronto P. O.; 5 Fanny Livermore, Harriaburgh; 6 Jas Cotton, Pitson; 7 F Langdon, Belleville. Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring. 1 Jas H Vale, Papalote, Texas; 2 Miss Scroggie, 58 Sussex Ave city; 3 Mrs John Whitehead, 51 Walton St city; 4 Mrs S.H. George, 32 Grove Ave city; 5 Mrs A Forsyth, 114 Maitland St city; 6 Annie Livingston, 159 Brock St Kingston; 7 Edith Clark, 12 Glen Road city; 8 Mrs T.H. Phair, 146 Grange Ave city; 9 A C Tresham, Black Horse Hotel George St city; 10 W Beatty, 27 Grosvenor St city; 11 Bessie Worth, 390 College St city; 12 Susie Brigau, 221 Seaton St city; 13 Peter Johnston, Aurora Ont; 14 Jas Anderson, Whithy Ont; 15 Mary A. Jones, Peterboro, Ont. Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$20. 1 W H Mulkins, 45 Adelaide St E city; 2 Arthur Thompson, Barrie; 3 Abel Kennedy, Plantfield N J; 4 Geo Oakes, Plantfield N J; 5 Francis Carr, Port Huron; 6 Julia Carr, Port Huron; 7 Fanny Carr, Port Huron; 8 Carrie Hudson, Port Huron; 9 Mabel Parkes, Renford; 10 F Canniff, Toronto P.O. Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., \$20. 1 R Jobbitt, 22 Hamber St city; 2 W E Booth, 21 Adelaide St W city; 3 W F Roman, Oakville; 4 Jas Patterson, Orillia; 5 Lottie Colbourne, 106 Bay St Ottawa; 6 Sarah M Cross, 60 Edward St city; 7 Mrs P Ellis, W Toronto Junction; 8 Mary Jones, Scarborough; 9 R T Sauter, 293 Church St city; 10 Jas Jones, Peterboro, Ont; 11 C C Farquhar, Toronto, Ont; 12 Jane Farquhar, Toronto, Ont; 13 C. M. Olds Port Hope; 14 Geo. Olds, Port Hope; 15 Frank Parker, Port Arthur; 16 Laura Parker, Port Arthur; 17 Mary A. Jinks, Winnipeg; 18 Jane Jinks, Winnipeg; 19 Peter Porter, Portage LaPrairie, 20 R. B. Ansley, Jackson Mich., 21 K. M. Kent, Port Huron; 22 Julia Kent, Port Huron; 23 C. Otter, Belleville; 24 P. F. Kane, Montreal; 25 J. C. Jackson, Pt. St. Charles; 26 L. L. Labce, Pt. St. Charles; 27 F. Davenport, Peterboro; 28 J. K. Donald, Peterboro; 29 M. Donald, Peterboro. Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$5. 1 Geo W West, 104 St Davids St City; 2 Harry Dillabough, 23 Gore St Hamilton; 3 E J Hoskins, Deer Park; 4 Mrs Kilby, 33 Turner Ave City; 5 Aggie J. White, Whithy; 6 Michael Murray, 10 E. J. West, Brockville; 8 Jas. the ...; 9 Mary Miller, 225 King St ...; 10 E. D. Chidley 884 Yonge ...; 11 ...; 12 Mr A ...; 13 ...; 14 ...; 15 ...; 16 ...; 17 ...; 18 ...; 19 Paul ...; 20 Jas ...; 21 ...; 22 ...; 23 ...; 24 ...; 25 ...; 26 ...; 27 ...; 28 ...; 29 ...; 30 ...; 31 ...; 32 ...; 33 ...; 34 ...; 35 ...; 36 ...; 37 ...; 38 ...; 39 ...; 40 ...; 41 ...; 42 ...; 43 ...; 44 ...; 45 ...; 46 ...; 47 ...; 48 ...; 49 ...; 50 ...

Cook, Golerich; 41 Mrs Jas Utter, St Thomns; 42 Hannah Pascoe, 70 Murray St Toronto; 43 Annie S Lockton, Galt; 44 Mrs Jas Ellis, Galt; 45 Mary Cromarty, Galt; 46 Louisa Churchill, 240 Crawford St city; 47 Mrs J W Outath, 243 King St west; 48 Mrs. E E Soady, Warton; 49 Jas Jones, Aurora; 50 J J Hodge, 160 Argyle St city.

SECOND REWARDS.

First one, Fifty Dollars Cash: 1 Mabel Harrison, Peterboro. Next ten each five dollars in cash. 1 Julia Parker, Brantford; 2 Mabel Oaks, Brantford; 3 J M Cain, London East; 4 Peter Cain, London East; 5 C Carson, Port Stanley; 6 J Logan, Winnipeg; 7 M A Dixon, Jackson Mich; 8 Caroline Dixon Jackson Mich; 9 C F Paddy, Owen Sound; 10 A J Buzzer, Burleigh. Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated. 1 R F Irwin, 3 Maitland Terrace London; 2 H G Bryant, Division St N Kingston; 3 Mrs T Barber, 57 Niagara St city; 4 Elizabeth Taylor, 97 Queen St W city; 5 Mrs J E Miller, Shelburne; 6 A B Carson, Brantford; 7 D F Cayley, Huron; 8 Jos Parsons, Oshawa; 9 Flora Parsons, Oshawa; 10 Henry Oak, Cobourg; 11 Mamie Oak, Cobourg; 12 Kate Burleigh, Guelph; 13 M M Dixon, Stratford. 14 F F Wilson, Galt; 15 D M Davis, Windsor. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch good movement \$45. 1 Alex Dawson, Aylmer; 2 Jas Jones, Peterboro; 3 F C Cousins, Ogdensburg N Y; 4 Robt Abel, Ogdensburg N Y; 5 Jas. Burden, Oswego N Y; 6 F D Darter, Brockville; 7 Dora P Carroll, Cornwall. Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dora Bible Gallery: 1 G T Mitchell, 74 Bruce St London S; 2 E Yard, 56 Strange St city; 3 Mrs Jno L Orl, 37 Princess St Kingston; 4 Robt Dinwoodie, Campbellford; 5 Julia Mauthie, 753 Queen St E city; 6 Mrs C Bain, Whithy; 7 H W Baker, Owen Sound; 8 Mrs W J Redford jr, 229 Broadview Ave city; 9 Geo Toyne, Coleman; 10 Mattie Foster, Coleman; 11 Mrs J Spring, Coleman; 12 Mary A Smith, Scotland; 13 Mrs A Harris, 88 Charles St city; 14 Maud Anderson, Orillia; 15 Jas Patterson, Orangeville; 16 Mrs J F Hunter, Newmarket; 17 Cassio Hall, Hornby; 18 Jas Jones, Brockville; 19 Margt Jamieson, Owen Sound. Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell. 1 Maria Johnston, 47 Ferrie St W Hamilton; 2 F Phillips, 36 Wellington St E city; 3 Bella Marquis, Ingersoll; 4 E M Mortimore, 130 Elm St city; 5 Jas Anderson, Orillia; 6 Mrs E Jones, Peterboro; 7 Mrs F T Milligan, 926 Dufferin St city; 8 R J Free, 94 Division St Kingston; 9 Helen Russel, 240 O'Connor St Ottawa; 10 Geo J Smith, Orangeville; 11 Saml Anderson, Port Huron Mich; 12 Arthur Jones, Scarborough; 13 J A Murphy, 410 McLeod St Ottawa; 14 Mrs E Mackay, 148 Anne St London; 15 Jno H Soady, Owen Sound; 16 Mrs Jno L Whitehead, 151 Piccadilly St London; 17 Jas Patterson, Oakville; 18 Carrie Archer, Collingwood; 19 Lizzie Watson, Georgetown; 20 Mrs W F Anderson, Brampton; 21 Arthur Russel, Collingwood.

THIRD REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm: 1 Florence D Lister, Ottawa; Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper cruet, new design, \$5. 1 Ambrose A Campbell, Markham; 2 James Anderson, Oakville; 3 Jas A C Lock, Milton; 4 Mrs J B Blair, 31 Spruce St city; 5 John A Wallace, 27 Spruce St Galt; 6 James Patterson, Aylmer Que; 7 Arthur Farrance, Petrolia; 8 Charles Keefer, Maple; 9 I S Cook, W Gravenhurst; 10 Mary Smith, Oakville; 11 Mrs Fred Anderson, Petrolia. Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces). 1 Mrs Thos Grant, Kingston; 2 Arthur Miller, Brandon Man; 3 CO Martin, Point St Charles; 4 Jane Davison, Point St Charles; 5 P Conder, Moncton NB. Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book. 1. Alice Robinson, 22 Argyle St, City; 2. I Parkin, 323 Rusholm Rd, City; 3. Pa Trumponr, Picton; 4. L S Thurston, 92 Barrock St, Kingston; 5. E Hotchkin, 262 Margaretta St, City; 6. J W Hotchkin, 10 Lennox St, City; 7. Mrs T Speltigie, 235 Hill St, London; 8. Mrs F W Cole, 30 Homewood Ave, City; 9. V M Nicholson, 314 Talbot St, London; 10. Arthur Jones, Orillia; 11. Mrs Jos Taylor, 31 Collins St, City; 12. Mary Smith, Not ...; 13. Mrs ...; 14. Mrs ...; 15. Mrs ...; 16. J Bradley, Rear Bellwood Ave; 17. ...; 18. ...; 19. ...; 20. Mrs A ...; 21. Mary ...; 22. Mrs ...; 23. Mrs ...; 24. Mrs ...; 25. Mrs ...

25. H Thompson, 65, Bruce St London. Next eleven each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch. 1 Mrs Dunlop, Petrolia; 2 Israel L Utter, St Thomas; 3 Mrs J P McKenna, 722 Queen St W City; 4 Henry S Green, Port Hope; 5 Arthur Jamieson, Orillia; 6 Frank Dunsmuir, London; 7 Mary D Duncan, London; 8 Henry Oldville, Bellefille; 9 Catherine Watson, Peterboro; 10 Arthur Capella, Simcoe; 11 C D Bulohin, Gardville. Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet: 1 Mrs J A Thompson, Whithy; 2 B A Cooper, 84 Davenport Rd city; 3 Mrs Wm Austin, Georgetown; 4 W H Jackson, 2 do; 5 Jno Macdonald, 31 Kensington Ave city; 6 Mrs Hubert Macrao, 11 Borden St city; 7 Mrs W D Campbell, 31 Harbor St city; 8 Minnie Miller, Aurora; 9 Francis A Liabor, Brantford; 10 Peter Jones, Port Huron Mich; 11 A J Austin, Brockville; 12 Ann Moian, Port Dover; 13 Edna J Hamilton, Aurora; 14 Thos Townsley, Simcoe; 15 Mrs Hattie Spickolt, 59 Stewart St city; 16 Mary Madill, 44 Mary St W Toronto; 17 Sarah Webster, Whithy; 18 Lewis Jones, 53 Davenport Rd city; 19 C McCormick, Kingston; 20 Jas Jackson, Oakville; 21 Arthur Smith, Aurora; 22 Katie Harper, 55 Bellevue Place city; 23 Victoria Shelton, 35 Spruce St city; 24 Jas H Campbell, St Catharines; 25 Mrs E Paull, 615 Wellington St London; 26 Alice Martel, 84 Bellevue Ave city; 27 Mrs J H Elliott, 418 Wellesley St city; 28 Augusta Williams, 419 Wellesley St city; 29 R Jones, Aurora; 30 Mary Patterson, Brandon Man.

FOURTH REWARDS.

First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH: 1 Edward Hartley, Merritton; 2 Mrs Jas Bye, Thorold; 3 Emily Mussen, Deans; 4 John Thompson, Sarnia; 5 Mrs M C Parsons, 17 Grange Ave city; 6 Arthur Jones, Peterboro; 7 James Patterson, Brandon Man. Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported: 1 Fannie Quesscott, 65 Cathcart St Ham; 2 Ida Crawford, Stoney Creek; 3 Jas Jackson, Petrolia; 4 Lizzie Dale, Clifford; 5 Mrs Arthur Crawford Pt Edward. Next seventeen, each a Cerlidge's Ancient Manner, beautifully illustrated by Gustavo Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book. 1 E Diane, Merritton; 2 W Phillip, Sarnia; 3 Emily Baylie; 107 King St W Ham; 4 Mrs W W White, Aylmer; 5 M A Johns, Ayr; 6 Arthur Smith, Peterboro; 7 Mary Moian, Scarborough; 8 Edna Patterson, Orangeville; 9 Jas Aylesworth, Tanworth; 10 Mrs G M Carter, Bath; 11 Mrs Jas H Hagan, Gananoque; 12 Mrs Geo. Tompkins, 445 Horten St Buffalo; 13 Mrs A H Albro, 75 E Parade Ave Buffalo N Y; 14 Margt Anderson, Merritton; 15 Jas Merrill, Pt Colborne; 16 Mrs Jno Beckett, Markdale; 17 Anne A Moran, Campbellford, Ont. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound Volume of Life in the Highlands. 1 Geo Slingerland, Stoney Creek; 2, Alex Clark, 124 Emerald St, N Ham; 3, Carrie E Parks, Stanfordville N Y; 4 Flijah Davis, Oliver; 5, Annie Brown, Antoine St. Montreal; 6, Mrs B B Hall, Hopworth St; 7, Wm Thomson, H. A. V. ingford, Que; 8, S. Forey, 308 Richmond St W, City; 9, R Dunn, Port Hope; 10, Mrs Wm Farmer, 1909 Niagara St, Buffalo N Y; 11, Mrs A McIntyre, Aberfoyle; 12, Saml E Townsend, Holloway; 13, Geo Flower, Belleville; 14, Daisy Archer, Port Hope; 15, Lizzie Valentine, Pickering; 16, Mary A Snell, Dashwood; 17, Annie Broadbeld, Ancaster; 18, W L McKenzie, Milton. Next one, Family Knitting Machine. 1, H L B Ross, 585 King St, Ottawa.

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"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected." - Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The Swiss watch-makers have invented a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving towards a given hour the peg for that hour drops. The owner finds which peg is down and then counts back to twelve.

The consumption of beer by the German singers at the festival in Vienna amounted to 24,000 gallons. There were 20,000 singers, and the consumption was spread over a day and a half. It would thus appear that each singer drank between six and seven pints a day. Yet the singing was, we are told, magnificent throughout.

Further details of the floods in the Bolan Pass state that a great wave rushed down the valley, carrying huge boulders which smashed the bridge girders. A gang of 35 coolies was swept away. It is stated that it is impossible to reconstruct the line. The recent Ganges floods interrupted communication between Cawnpore and Lucknow for some days, and are believed to have caused great loss of property and some loss of life, but particulars are not yet known.

At Nantes the Civil Tribunal has been called upon to decide a curious testamentary document. A rich merchant long before his death, wrote a letter to M. Mahé, who was a great favorite with him, in which he used the words, "At my death I leave you £5000." When the merchant died, there was no mention of this legacy in the will, but M. Mahé claimed the £5000 on the ground that the words were not "I will leave you," but "I leave you." The Court admitted this plea to be valid, and allowed M. Mahé's claim against the estate.

A dreadful domestic tragedy has occurred at Menyoo, Hungary. A rich farmer of that place named Gezagoly murdered his wife for going to a dance, and afterwards fled to a neighboring forest to hang himself. The rope with which he had provided himself, and which he tied to the branch of a tree, broke with the weight of his body. Regaining consciousness after several hours, he heard the bell of the church tolling for his wife's funeral, whereupon he returned to his house, broke into the death chamber, and loading a rifle blew his brains out.

A very young student, a mere boy, who on Tuesday last ascended the Eidek Spitze, which is 2750 metres or over 9000 feet high, near Vint in the Tyrol, missed his footing and slipping down from a great height was killed on the spot. Two other Austrian tourists also had a narrow escap. on Friday last. They went up the Fünfger Spitze, or Five-finger Peak, a mountain 10,000 feet high, belong to the Langkofel Group, and considered one of the most difficult in the Tyrol. They barely managed after a desperate struggle to get down in safety, but they declare that they would never at any price attempt such a risk again.

Messrs. Zitzmand & Co's varnishing and glazing works at Sonnenberg have been partly destroyed by an explosion. A workman upset a small vessel containing "matter-lock," a most powerful explosive. Herr Zitzmand, who happened to be present at the time, ordered the explosive should be at once collected and put into another vessel. An employe got some water to wash up what remained on the floor, and no sooner had the water come in contact with the matter-lock than an explosion ensued. Four persons were killed on the spot, and nine sustained grievous injuries. Zitzmand was blown through a doorway, but his wounds are not serious.

In connection with the coming census a correspondent reminds the Times of India of an odd story which went the round of the last census period. During the taking of the census in India, 1891, in a district in the Central Provinces some of the tribes took flight and ran away. The district officer finally induced their head man to listen to explanations. Relying on the fact that wagers of various kinds figure extensively in Indian folklore, he solemnly assured them that the Queen of England and the Empress of Russia, having quarrelled as to which ruled over the mos. subjects, had laid a big bet on the point. He went on to explain that the census was being taken in order to settle the bet, and he warned his hearers in a spirit of persuasion that if they stayed in the jungle and refused to be counted, the queen would lose her money and they would be disgraced for ever as traitors to their salt. The story served its purpose.

Dr. Colombat de l'Isère, ex Professor of the Nation's Deaf and Dumb Institution, well known in the medical world of Paris for his writings on stammering and other impediments of speech, was suddenly seized with an attack of mental alienation late on Friday evening, at his apartment, 33 Boulevard St. Michael. The doctor, who has

been in bad health for some time past, ordered his servant to prepare an egg beaten up in warm milk for him. As soon as he had tasted the contents of the bowl, he exclaimed, "You scoundrel! you have poisoned me! Seize a revolver, fire twice at the servant, fortunately without wounding him. The report of the pistol and the cries of the servant drew the attention of the neighbours, who speedily came to the man's succour. The doctor allowed himself to be disarmed and taken to the Commissaire de Police, who sent him to the infirmary of the depot.

A trial which has taken place at Bruenn shows that morals are not improved by emigration. Bohemian peasant 12 years ago sold his little farm and emigrated to Nebraska with his wife and nine children. After nine years had elapsed he owned a farm, which he again sold and returned to the Bohemian Fatherland with four of his children and about £300. He thought himself a rich man, and in three years had spent his little capital. As poverty set in quarrels arose, and his wife repeatedly threatened him in the hearing of neighbours, that she would have him sent to prison for the crimes he had committed in Nebraska. With a view of getting rid of her, he cut her throat in a wood near the village where they stayed. The trial has shown that in Nebraska his farm had been a den of thieves and murderers, that three of his daughters had served in families as spies for burglars, and that one son had been hanged for murder. Notwithstanding these revelations, the jury did not think him guilty of murder, but of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

Horrible news, says a Canea correspondent, comes from Sphakia. Three shepherds, Christiani, whose cattle had been stolen, wishing to go in search of them on the mountains, demanded and obtained permission to go out armed in search of them. Meeting a patrol, although they showed their permit, they were disarmed, arrested, and conducted to the nearest guard-house. Here the commander tore up the permit. The three unfortunates were then dragged into the mountains and killed by bayonet stabs. One of them, having fainted, was left for dead. After some hours he revived, called for help, and, having told the facts, died. The Sphakiots threaten revenge, and have taken up arms openly. It is feared that they will surround and take vengeance on the detachments of troops, and all the force disposable is being sent from here to Sphakia. The Medical Commission which was sent to examine the dead bodies returned and reported that the men were killed by the bayonet, one having received 28 wounds, another 34, and the third 36. Djavad promises justice, but sends to the locality another battalion.

The tollman at the Ternes gates of Paris was surprised, on Thursday, to see three dusky and half-naked forms approaching him. He immediately challenged the strangers, and refused to let them pass, owing to the scantiness of their attire. A policeman was sent for and the trio arrested. They were Somalis from the Jardin d'Acclimation who had taken French leave of their Barnum, and were about to do a nomadic journey on their account. The Africans now on view in the garden are well watched as a rule, and their encampment is surrounded by a double palisading. The three runaways, who were caught at the Ternes barrier, however, were able to get out of their enclosure, and even to leave the Jardin d'Acclimation without being observed by anybody. After having been brought before the Police Commissary of the district, the Somalis were taken back to their camp, where they will have to return to their monotonous occupation of exhibiting themselves to Parisians until the time arrives for their departure to their native wilds in North-Eastern Africa, where they can resume their wanderings once more.

A dreadful epidemic of crime has (says a Dalziel's telegram from Columbia) broken out here, there having been four murders in the past three days in this city. A man named Nelson Nash had occasion to beat the two children of his dead brother, whereupon his wife suggested to the two boys that they should kill their uncle. They took her advice, and while Nash was sitting at dinner the eldest of the two children, Samuel, aged 12 years, stealthily crept behind and dealt the man a fearful blow with a hatchet. Nash fell from his seat, whereupon the boys, the younger being only ten years of age, beat him to death with a hatchet and a hoe. They then attached the body to chains, and with a horse dragged the body across a cotton field to a gulch, in which they concealed the corpse. The body was, however, discovered, and the boys have been arrested, and have confessed their crime.—Edward Burton, being jealous of his wife, killed her with an axe, and then hanged himself.—

Peter Ashley, seeing a man named Charles Jenkins talking to a woman with whom he was in love, crept behind Jenkins with a knife and stabbed him to the heart.—The fourth murder was that of Rosa Wilson, who was shot dead by her lover because she permitted another friend to escort her home from church.

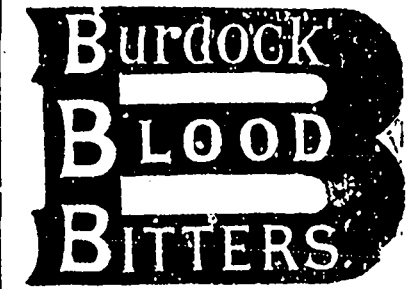
A swindler, giving the name of Count Dion, and his place of residence at Paris, requested the well known banking firm of Guth & Co., 5 Kohlmarkt, Vienna, to send 2000 florins in bank notes to his room at the Hotel Erzherzog, there. The banker warned the clerk not to enter the Count's room nor part with the notes without receiving the equivalent in hard cash. For half an hour the nobleman attempted to persuade the clerk to transact the necessary business in his private apartment, but all to no purpose. He then left the official in the hall whilst he went up to his room to fetch the money. After three hours' detention, there being no sign of Count Dion, the peculiar circumstances of the transaction were reported to the hotel manager, with the result that the door of the apartment was forced open. It was then discovered that he had left secretly by the servant's staircase with his valet, a man of herculean strength. The room contained an immense trunk with padded sides, big enough to hold a man's body, and a bottle of chloroform was found near by. The room had been darkened. The keyholes of the room and of those adjoining had also been plugged. It is surmised that the count intended to overpower and chloroform the clerk, with the aid of his valet, and have secreted his body in the trunk, to decamp with the money.

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The opening week of this season, notwithstanding the warm weather and strong counter attractions, was in every way satisfactory. The attendance at each performance was good, and Miss Verona, as Jarbeau, made a splendid hit. Monday evening of this week, the great unapproachable musical farce-comedy, "Later On," began a five nights engagement. The piece which proved so popular last year has been changed and improved in many respects, and the large audience on Monday night laughed and applauded till the rafters rang. The company includes John E. McWade, the popular baritone; Ada Somers, soprano; Messrs. Murpho, character comedian; Harry Hilton and Sam. P. Cutler, tenors; and George O'Donnell, basso; Mollie Fuller, Annie Lewis, Blanche De Clairemut, Edith Merrill, Miss Ennis, Millie Price, the dancer from the Alhambra, London; Charles Keeltor, R. Read and Fred Gagel. A big time is in store for those who see "Later On." Beginning on Saturday and for the following week the attraction will be "Faust up to Date."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Academy of Music management opened the season on Monday night not only with a first-class attraction but in an entirely remodelled home. No one that contributed his patronage to this place of amusement last season will recognize the new temple of the drama. It has been so completely transformed that its interior for comfort, ventilation and general effect will compare favorably with any similar institution in the Dominion. There are eight handsomely appointed stage boxes, an ample promenade at rear of the parquette, a well-arranged balcony, comfortable quarters for the "gods" and elegant orchestra chairs. The house will be entirely lighted by electricity and many other of the improvements of the modern playhouse have been added. The staff of the Academy is: Manager, Percival T. Greene; Treasurer, Fred Strauss; Leader of Orchestra, R. L. Falder; Master Mechanic, C. Scott; Stage Carpenter, T. Legg; Master of Properties, William England; Head Usher, H. Glasgow; Doorkeeper, R. London. Mr. C. H. Garwood, the general manager of Mr. Whitney's circuit, of which the Academy is one, arrived in the city on Friday and remained over for the opening. The Hon. J. C. Ideals had the honor of opening the Academy on Monday evening, and the ladies were highly delighted with the result. Ideals will hold the boards of the Academy secured for the season and M. B. Curtis, Roland, Woman Hater, Harry, etc., etc., James T. P. in "A Straight Tip" Casino Opera Company "Miles," Gilmory, King, Madams, Minstrels, and Lion and the La

Eugene Blair in "The Gladiator," "Gor-man's Minstrels," "Michael Strogoff," Rodmond Barry in "Erminio," J. K. Emmet in "Fritz in a Madhouse," A. M. Palmor's "Aunt Jack," Barry and Fay in "McKenna's Filiation," Frank Daniels in "Little Puck," Fay Templeton in "Hendrick Hudson."



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Health Department.

Mineral Water Treatment in Heart Diseases.

The following interesting and valuable paper is by an eminent Paris physician; The advisability of the use of mineral waters in the treatment of diseases of the heart is a question that has been not a little discussed of recent times, and during the last few years the waters of Aix-les-Bains, of the Mount Dore and the mud baths of Dax have been especially recommended.

The use of the latter, when they are handled with skill, is quite supported by the heart. They give it a relative amount of rest by lowering the arterial tension without hastening its contractions and at the same time they act as an energetic stimulant to the general nutrition of the body, which may possibly have a certain influence over the different forms of myocarditis, which are, after all, connected in some way with a disorder in the cardiac nutrition.

This physiological action justifies in a measure the use of certain springs and mud baths in the treatment of diseases of the heart, but I cannot go so far as to share the conviction of a certain class of physicians who are in favor of sending rheumatic patients with heart trouble to some warm mineral spring at the earliest possible moment—in other words, twenty-five or thirty days after the acute cardiac manifestations have disappeared—in the dangerous hope that the more recent the lesion the greater the chances of its being benefited by the waters.

HYDRO-MINERAL TREATMENT BAD FOR OLD VALVULAR COMPLAINTS.

As a general thing valvular complaints of long standing are an absolute counter indication to all hydro-mineral treatment of whatever kind it may be.

The only things that we ought to treat and that we can treat are the general diseases under the influence of which cardiac trouble is produced and grown. I refer especially to rheumatic complaints. At the Mount Dore, at Neris, at La Malore, at the Eaux Chaudes, at Chaudesaignes, at Saint Nectaire, at Nauheim and sometimes at Aix-les-Bains, the fits of palpitation and of oppression, and in some rare cases, the cardiac murmurs of certain rheumatic patients have been observed to disappear.

Certain cases are cited in which Bourbon-1 Archambault has caused pericardiac deposits to disappear. Young patients suffering from repeated acute rheumatic attacks and with aortic insufficiency have been known to bear for many years an energetic treatment at Dax without being at all inconvenienced thereby and have had their rheumatic manifestations greatly benefited without increasing in any way their cardiac lesions.

The conclusion which I draw from all these facts is that certain mineral waters and mud baths can be used with perfect safety with young rheumatic patients with whom the cardiac disorders are neither too recent nor too far gone, with whom the compensation is well established, and especially with whom there are no signs of endarteritis.

But to infer from these facts that all diseases of the heart can be benefited by mineral springs or mud baths is an immense mistake, as the two ideas are separated by a vast abyss which will not be closed for many a day yet.

TREATMENT OF MYOCARDITIS.

An interesting chapter could be written on the hydro-mineral treatment of the various forms of myocarditis, but in the state of our knowledge we have not yet reached the facts which could give to the treatment an indispensable clinical value. I shall, therefore, place myself on a general ground but at the same time I shall try to lay as some future work a rational line.

The various forms of myocarditis are treated as they are by the hydro-mineral waters. The process at present connects the different cases of myocarditis.

It is seen that at the present time we are more than state this. It seems to have a great future. I shall, therefore, place myself on a general ground but at the same time I shall try to lay as some future work a rational line.

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which are in direct contact with a lymphatic cavity, pour into it constantly products of this nature. If the elimination of these products is lessened for one reason or another, (superabundance of waste products, temporary insufficiency of the passages by which they are carried off, sluggishness of the lymphatic current, &c.) these products will exercise their power of irritation on the intra-cardiac connective tissue, which will proliferate, while the muscular fibre will react and become hypertrophied. Such will be the first act of an interstitial myocarditis, of which the ulterior evolution will depend on the length and degree of the source of irritation and on the nutrition of the muscular fibre.

In presence of a pathogenesis such as this what should theoretically be the treatment to be advised? It will be a treatment capable of putting a stop to the unnatural process of disassimilation which is producing these irritating substances, to hasten the lymphatic circulation and to favor all forms of elimination; it is, therefore, a treatment which both lessens the formation of irritating products and also the length of time during which they remain in the lymphatic spaces of the heart, in order to reduce to a minimum the interstitial process of irritation, which is the greater number of cases of myocarditis.

MINERAL WATERS BETTER THAN DRUGS.

Certain mineral waters can fulfil this purpose far better than all the drugs of the pharmacopoeia put together. I will take for example the treatment at Aix-les-Bains.

Let us imagine a patient of hereditary antritic temperament, with a slight degree of arteric sclerosis, not very active, following the sedentary life led by fashionable women in the country, endowed with a vigorous appetite, and satisfying it very fully at a well provided table. Little by little she notices that she loses her breath in walking; she has palpitations and irregular movements of the heart, but the ear can detect no abnormal sounds by auscultation. Slight, painful manifestations of rheumatic nature attract the attention of her physician, who advises a course of treatment at Aix-les-Bains. While there she takes a douche massage for ten minutes every other day and a short bath on the intervening days. At the end of three weeks she is obliged to interrupt the course of treatment, during which the cardiac symptoms had not seemed to have been affected in any way; but on returning to her home she soon perceives that she can now walk more easily, that she is less liable to get out of breath and that she has fewer and less intense palpitations. On comparing the analyses of urine made before and after the treatment, it is found that under its influence the process of disassimilation has been modified and that the extractive substance and uric acid, which are irritating for the different tissues, have diminished in quantity.

Have we not the right to think that there is some connection between these changes in the nutrition of the elements and the improvement in the functional cardiac symptoms? And as this patient, who is already affected with arteric sclerosis and in all likelihood predestined to interstitial myocarditis, finds that the symptoms, however slight they may have been, which betrayed the first stage of the disease, are lessened, can we not establish a relation from cause to effect between our therapeutical action and the result that has been obtained, and deduce a species of proof in support of the truth of the pathogenesis which I formulated a little above?

THE WALKING CURE.

The walking cure, which, connected with a special regime, has given such good results to certain physicians in Germany in the treatment of fat around the heart, probably acts in a similar way. Absolute quiet, which has for so long been enforced with cardiac patients, does them actual harm in some cases, as it favors the stagnation of the irritating substances in the lymphatic spaces of the heart. Regular and moderate exercise helps to carry off the irritating elements, mechanically at first and chemically afterwards, by hastening their combustion. If the means of exit (the kidney) be sufficiently permeable the elimination of these products proceeds just so much the better. It has been seen in the German treatment that the walking cure is likely to follow when the patient is not an albumine.

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be added Badenweiler, with its large baths, which render such great service in cardiac neuroses brought on by sexual exhaustion, hypochondria, the abuse of tobacco, &c.

In the same order of ideas the waters containing sulphate of sodium, combined with a strict regime, seem to me also worth trying. It is already known that Saint-Nectaire with its slight mineral qualities, has, when the treatment is well handled, an action which is very like the one of which I am speaking. This would lead me also to try Carlsbad, Brides and Mirs, but in slightly laxative doses.

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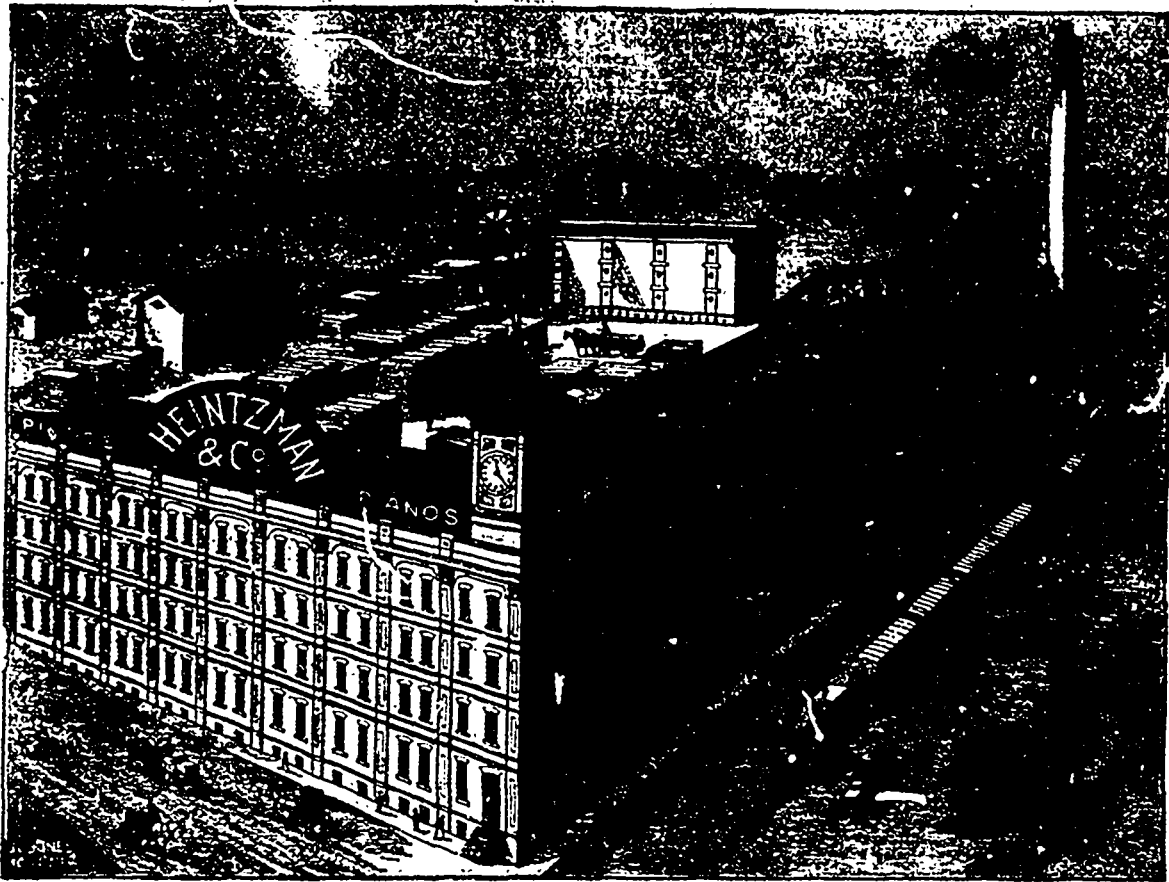
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