

TRUTH

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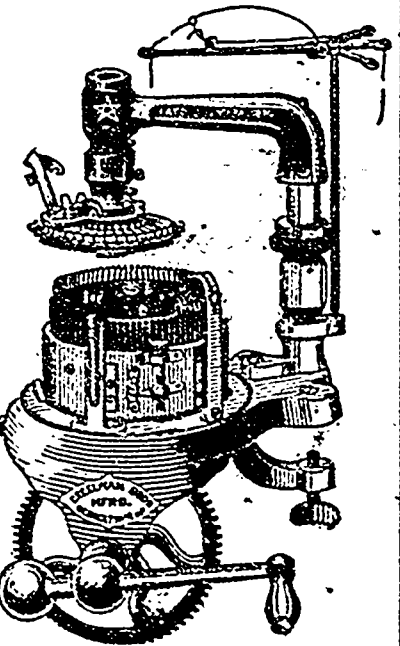
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NOTICE.

THE TENDERS for completion of Addition to Custom House at London are to be received on THURSDAY, the 20th May, not the 19th, as erroneously stated in a previous notice published in this paper. A GORRILL, Secretary, Department Public Works, Ottawa, 7th May, 1896.

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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 20, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 295.

JUNE 30th.

TRUTH'S Great Bible Competition No. 16, closes on the 30th of next month. The number who have competed, each and all of whom have received a gift of some kind, has thus far been very large. The present, however, is an excellent time to enter the Competition, as anyone sending a dollar will be almost certain to secure one of the large rewards, together with the half-dozen silver plated teaspoons each competitor receives whether answers are correct or not. TRUTH itself is becoming increasingly interesting, and is alone worth the subscription price. The prizes are simply gifts generously awarded by the publisher as a means of establishing and maintaining a pleasant, permanent relationship with his many subscribers.

THE LATE L. S. HUNTINGTON.

Canadians will learn with sincere regret of the death of Hon. Lucius Seth Huntington, which occurred at his residence in New York City on the morning of the 20th. The immediate cause of his death was laryngitis complicated with congestion of the lungs, but he had for some years past suffered from bronchitis. The remains were taken to Montreal where there was a public funeral. The career of Mr. Huntington in Canadian public life has been a prominent one; and it was on the whole creditable. Mr. Huntington first assumed prominence upon the assembling of Parliament after the general elections of 1872. Previous to that election negotiations had been going on between the Government of Sir John Macdonald and two powerful companies, the one the *Inter-Ocean*, at the head of which was Mr. David L. Macpherson and the other the *Pacific*, the chief spirit of which was Sir Hugh Allan, for the construction of a railroad between our Eastern system of lines to the coast of British Columbia. It is not necessary to go extensively over the grounds now. Sir John Macdonald seems to have been of the opinion that Sir Hugh Allan had a greater recognition in the British money market than any other Canadian; and he was without question right. And what man could be more competent to undertake such a gigantic project than the enterprising spirit who had put upon the ocean such a splendid fleet to ply between our shores and Great Britain? It was therefore made plain to Sir Hugh that he would get the government support for the Parliamentary ratification of his charter. Politicians in this country always use money for election purposes, and in the contest of 1872 cash was circulated freely. Sir Hugh had too great an interest at stake to be an unmoved spectator; so he informed members of the ministry that if they needed money for usual elections expenses, he had a bank account. In fact they were given carte blanche. Sir John was not slow to avail

himself of the offer; nor were the other members behind hand. Altogether, as the evidence afterwards showed, a sum of about \$340,000 was paid to members of the ministry during the campaign. Sir John and his followers were successful; Parliament assembled; Conservatives seated themselves at their desks with unruffled brows, and business proceeded. No whisper had gone abroad of the generous manner in which Sir Hugh had assisted ministers; and no member of the Cabinet had the remotest suspicion that tidings of it would transpire. So for some weeks things moved on in the ordinary way. Then it was whispered, by whom no one could say, that the country was on the eve of startling disclosures. There were many enquiring eyes in the Commons chamber; but if the disclosures referred to the ministry, members of that body showed no concern in their faces.

The fateful day at last arrived; members were as usual sitting at their desks; chatting in little coterie, or writing letters. The clerk sat at the head of the table tapping the surface with the end of his pen; and pages flitted with notes here and there among the benches. Suddenly an honorable gentleman, Mr. Lucius Seth Huntington, member for Shefford arose. His face was pale, and he held a paper in his hands. Upon that paper was written the well-known resolutions reciting the facts to which we have already alluded, and affirming that the moneys advanced had been given for a consideration; that this consideration was the ratification of the Railway charter to Sir Hugh; in other words that the ministry had corruptly sold the charter to Sir Hugh Allan.

The feeling throughout the greater portion of the House was one of amazement, and it seemed, for a time, as if the entire chamber had lost the power of speech. All eyes were turned towards Sir John Macdonald; but he sat at his desk silent and motionless as a stone.

What afterwards happened it is not pertinent to this article to state at length. In the new ministry which came in, Mr. Huntington held the Post-office portfolio. As a public man his career is without stain; and his ability was quite beyond the average. He could make a very effective speech, and the temper of his utterances was usually restrained. He was possessed of an abundant fund of anecdote, and he had the knack of illustrating and giving force to a point by "telling a story." When Mr. Blake made his tour through the maritime provinces he was accompanied by Mr. Huntington; and there was many a person—or were they Tories either—who preferred listening to the lively speeches interspersed with racy anecdotes, of the ex post-master-General, to the more pretentious, rigid, and solemn discourses of the leader of the Opposition.

When Mr. Huntington found himself out of the political race he began to centre his attention upon literary projects. He always had been a wide reader; and had a great

fondness for the standard authors of prose and verse. To a study of abstract social and political problems he was likewise deeply devoted, and the advancement of the people in those respects was his sincere desire. There are too few men of that reflective and speculative turn of mind in Canadian public life. The most that the ordinary Ottawa politician can do is to write out a resolution. The Premier himself cannot make a grammatical speech.

The most important outcome of Mr. Huntington's literary application was his book, *Professor Conant*, which appeared in New York, and was likewise issued from the presses of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. This book met with a cordial reception in the United States; and in Canada the sale was also extensive. The book was what might be described as a political novel, and was wrought upon much the same plan as one of Lord Beaconsfield's books, *Lothair* for example. The writing was vigorous, the plot fairly entertaining, and the lessons taught wholesome. We extend our sincere sympathy to the family left by this distinguished and upright Canadian publicist.

Mr. Labouchere, M. P., the editor of *London Truth*, has been reading some sarcastic and witty remarks in the House of Commons. He does not admire Mr. Chamberlain, and therefore likened that gentleman to a Conservative jockey, or a whipper-in for the Whig cave. Among Mr. Chamberlain's many good qualities, he said, was a magnificent confidence in himself, which led him to consider that nothing could be good that had not been originated by him. His impulsiveness, however, made him leap before he looked. He thereby compromised himself, and he felt obliged to continue in what he knew to be an erroneous course. He likewise asserted that Mr. Chamberlain was noted for nothing save his "cocksureness." That gentleman, he said, reminded him of Moses on Mount Sinai. The member for Birmingham would be as much surprised if anybody doubted that he was right as Moses would have been if an Israelite had risen and proposed an amendment to the Ten Commandments. When Mr. Labouchere suggested that the Bill be dropped after the second reading, Mr. Gladstone leaned forward and closely watched the effect of the speaker's remarks upon the Parnellite members. Mr. Dillon and other Irish members arose simultaneously and shouted an emphatic "no." It is generally believed that Mr. Labouchere was "put up" to make this motion; for it is a trait in the Hon. gentleman's character that it is always possible to "get at" him.

As to the struggle between the Street-Car Company of Toronto, and the drivers on strike, we have nothing whatever to say. We take it that the question is one to be settled by the parties interested, and that sooner or later upon this and all cognate questions a *modus vivendi* will be reached. But with the excesses, and the wrong doing of the sympathizers with the strike or other in this contest, all organs of opinion

have to do; and their duty is plain speaking. And here are some plain words: If a cause can prosper only by force, and terror, then it is better that such a cause should perish. If in the appeal to reason, in this enlightened age, it fails to succeed, then it is a pity that it should succeed. Some young ruffians have been for many days busy in placing explosives along the track, and thus terrifying persons travelling by the street cars. Perhaps any one supposes that this sort of proceeding will help the cause of the men on strike. No view could be more delusive; for instead of serving the said drivers it will beget sympathy for the street car company and the actual hostility and disgust of those who travel by the cars. The Knights of Labour, before all others, will find it in their interest to decline allies who come to them with a brick or a bomb-shell.

The sale of intoxicants of every kind is prohibited upon the Island this summer. The Island now will be a safe resort for ladies and a genuine boon to all respectable persons on sultry summer afternoons and evenings.

In the Conservative party, usually so well managed, so long the type of those birds that "in their little nests agree," there have been of late many infolities. The first outbreak of note was between Mr. Woodworth and Mr. James Beatty, both "white-headed boys" of Sir John. That breach is by no means reconciled;—and there is yet another, to wit that between Senator O'Donohoe and Sir John. We have seldom read of anything in party politics more discreditably than this last-named *emule*. The *Mail* describes the Senator as a "bell-weather," and we like the phrase. The question is just this: how long will the Irish Catholics of this country permit men of the stamp of this Senator O'Donohoe to treat them as a flock of sheep to be led to whatever shambles offers the highest price? Sir John has too many men of the stamp of Senator O'Donohoe about him; and he has not hesitated at any time in his political career to make such selections so long as he was promised a party gain. Another notable case was his "thick friendship" and ultimate smash with General Butt Hewson. Sir John was attending the wedding of his son, and was the guest of Mr. Goldwin Smith at the Grango. The silence was suddenly broken by a clatter of hoofs, and looking the *Prime Minister* the chief of police dismounted. "I have a warrant for your arrest, Sir John," "For what offence, pray?" asked the servative chief, while at the same time a decided blush came in his cheeks. "A charge of perjury laid against this morning by General Smith." "Oh, is that all, Major?" "A notorious example set by General Smith was not without its lesson," John observed. "I am, you know, a

O'Donohoe, nevertheless, that Sir John will continue to choose for his friends, or for "private and confidential" correspondence!

Dynamite has raised its head in Orangeville. The late dastardly outrages in that town have been no doubt instigated by the action of the police Magistrate in fining certain persons there convicted of breaches of the Scott Act. The object chosen for the dastardly malevolence was the Magistrate himself, under whose dwelling two explosions, caused by dynamite cartridges have occurred. Fortunately nobody was injured, but the house, as well as the magistrate's office, has been wrecked. It is the duty of the Provincial Government to interfere in this matter, and if it be within the power of the police, to track the miscreant offenders to their lair.

The license commissioners for Toronto have issued their list for the year. Upon it are 120 names, being six less than the number last year.

Earl Cowper has denounced Liberals for what he calls their "idolatrous worship" of Mr. Gladstone. Now we venture to say that the earl would not object if the Liberals were to take a turn at kneeling to himself.

Just as the "uninformed" ones—that is those who inspire the cable reports—in the Imperial Parliament had reached the conclusion that the Government was about to abandon its Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone rose and moved that, henceforth, the House devote four nights out of five given to Parliamentary business every week, to the debate on the Home Rule bill. There was a sensation. What a miserable person the wisacre is!

For some time past the leading topic in American social circles has been the approaching nuptials of Miss Folsom and the Bachelor President. Elaborate accounts of the dresses which the bride is to wear appear in the papers. From the mass of matter lying before us we call the following: The wedding trousseau, which will soon reach New York, has for days past been the talk of Paris. The wedding dress is a poem in ivory satin. The skirt and corsage of the marriage costume are simple, but their simplicity is relieved by a wealth of soft silk and Indian muslin embroideries with orange blossoms attached to the left side of the skirt and nearly meeting the court train, which is over four yards in length. The train is slightly rounded, and falls in two organ pleats. Two delicate muslin scarfs, bordered with orange blossoms, are daintily draped across the front of the corsage; and crossing the corsage from left to right is also a broad corsage of satin fastened to the hip. The sleeves, which leave the wrists and arms bare almost to the elbows, have three bands of Indian muslin draped on forming a pelisse; while inside the corsage, near the elbows, the sleeves are adorned with tiny sprigs of orange blossoms. The bodice is nearly seven yards long, of plain white silk tulle, relieved by orange blossoms. The hair is to be piled on the head, being all fall gracefully combed, and falling over its face. Miss Folsom has deep grey hairage striped. The corsage opens over a simple dark waistcoat. The train is fastened between the throat and the neck, terminating at the feet, and is fastened by a queue of

costume is completed by a large grey hat lined with velvet and trimmed with pluck ribbon and ostrich feathers. Miss Folsom is described as being very beautiful. Her face is classic in type, and one admirer thinks that it would serve as a model for Praxiteles. Her nose appears to be straight, and a continuation of the forehead; her mouth is a perfect Cupid's bow, and is at once sweet and firm. She is described as a very cultivated girl; and it is said that she and the President have loved each other for many years.

The elections for Nova Scotia will be held on the 17th of June.

Gen. Alexander Mackenzie will sail for the old country on the 3rd of June. He is going for his health.

The third annual convocations of the Toronto Central Chautauque circle was held at the Normal School on Tuesday evening of last week. The evening's entertainment consisted of a very choice literary and musical programme, carried out by Mrs. Bradley, the Misses Hatch, Armstrong, and French; Mr. Lester, the Abt. male trio and Prof. Bonner's orchestra. The president of the circle, Mr. Lewis C. Peake, delivered a most interesting and instructive address touching on the aims, and the growth of the organization. He pointed out that the society has now a membership of 100,000 persons, although it has been in existence only since 1879; and that in Russia and Japan branches of the organization have taken root. Rev. H. M. Parsons touched upon the religious aspects of the institution, and his remarks were forcible and impressive. A very large number of persons were present; indeed the theatre and corridors of the school were crowded.

A few Toronto families have already moved to the Island.

The opinion seems still to lurk in the bosom of the editor of the Ottawa Free Press that the general elections will be held this summer.

The Irish Canadian declares that the Mail is "ready to mount" the Protestant horse. Well, why shouldn't it? How long has not the Canadian and the tribe of "Irish Representatives" been astraddle of the Catholic horse? We do not desire to see creed against creed, but we do notice this fact, that nobody feels disposed to get astride the Protestant horse till the Catholic steed has been ridden up and down the country. But when that beast has been ridden through our private lanes, our cabbage gardens, and our corn fields, it is about time that we likewise thought of mounting. It is a great pity that a few of the pestilential demagogues of this country could not be taken out to the nearest trees and hung up there.

Mrs. Oliphant is about writing the biography of the late Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's College. The Queen seems to have had a very strong admiration for this clergyman. He is described as having been singularly prepossessing in appearance; but we are not aware that he ever set the world, or any portion of it, on fire, in his capacity either as a preacher or as a scholar. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant's imagination is leaving her; and then, of necessity, she "comes down" to the commonplace.

Mount Alma continues with much energy to "belch fire and rolling smoke" from its "grimy top."

Manitoba has undertaken to make marriage among her people easier. She has reduced the fee from \$7.00 to \$3.

Chief Pispot recently attended a lecture delivered by Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. When the Editor of the Leader had ceased, Pispot jumped upon the platform and harangued the audience in sonorous Oree. Nicholas and Pispot have reconciled their difference, and a Manitoba paper says that "they now kill frogs together through the swamps in the most fraternal way."

Senator Dever, of St. John, N. B., is an odd sort of a gentleman; and he frequently edifies the Senate with covert insinuations against the truth of the Divine Scriptures as well as with dim intimations respecting his own descent from the Irish King. There is hardly an Irishman of note in this country whose ancestor at one time did not live in a "stone castle"; and we perceive in Mr. Rose's lately published volume, "Representative Canadians," that one gentleman with a very Milesian surname is descended "from the 145th Irish King." Senator Dever whose grandfather forty generations back lived in a "stone castle" has held forth with considerable vehemence against Mr. Cortigan because that gentleman was born, not in Ireland, but in Quebec. The Toronto World points out that Mr. Dever estimates that Mr. Cortigan was consulted about the matter, and preferred that the event should take place in Quebec. It adds that very few of us in this country are rich enough to avail ourselves of the privilege of going to Europe to be born.

Strawberries have already arrived in large quantities; and prices have "dropped."

Cholera shows its head with the appearance of warm weather. One death occurred at Venice, and one at Bari.

Small-pox has broken out in St. Vincent de Paul village.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is in England and literary and social circles in London are giving to him a most cordial welcome.

The importance of forest conservation is becoming more and more recognized by our people. The maturity of public opinion upon this question in this Province is due in a large measure to the educating influence of the lectures and writings of Mr. R. W. Phipps, the energetic Forest Conservator appointed by the Ontario Government. An article from the pen of Mr. Phipps on this important subject appears in this issue. It will repay careful reading and consideration on the part of individuals and communities.

We have received the first number of the Canadian Wood and Metal Worker, published at 3 Leader Buildings, Toronto. The editor and publishers are Messrs. Goss and Robinson, of Toronto; and if they can succeed in keeping succeeding numbers up to the present one, their success is almost certain. The editorial copy is well written, the selection of type is good, and the typographical appearance excellent. The wood and metal interests of the country ought to be extensive enough to support a paper of this class.

There are now 40 buses running in opposition to the Street Railway-Company's cars.

Alderman Jaehne, of New York, who was convicted of accepting a company's bribe in his official capacity, has been sentenced to nine years and ten months imprisonment. That is well; for it will teach a lesson to all others. We hope our Canadian politicians will take the warning.

There is a conspicuous absence of alacrity in dealing with the delinquent officials connected with the Garrison Creek Sewer. That Engineer-appointment does not even put a varnish upon the matter.

Dr. Theodore Rand has succeeded Dr. Wolverton as principal of the Woodstock Baptist College. Dr. Rand's career in the educational work has been more or less chequered. He assisted in the organization of the public school system of Nova Scotia; but his exertions were obnoxious to a political party there; and he was invited to found the Free non-Sectarian system of New Brunswick. This he did with singular zeal and ability; but during the early portion of his career as chief superintendent of education, he evinced a hostility towards the Roman Catholic body by the introduction into the school system of what came afterwards to be known as the "millinery regulations." There is this much to be said; however: Dr. Rand was supported in all his acts by the administration. It is somewhat of a "come down" for a man who has founded an educational system in two Provinces to be obliged to confine himself to one small college. Although offering a criticism upon Dr. Rand's Lower-Province record we give it as our opinion that he is one of the most advanced educationists of the day; and that he is a man of boundless energy and resource.

The National Temperance Hospital of Chicago issues a tract showing the methods adopted by that institution for the successful treatment of disease without alcohol. For years temperance physicians have been learning that alcohol is not a stimulant, but a depressant of the vital forces; that the reaction from shock or from elaps is rendered doubly dangerous if the heart and its appendages are hampered in their action by alcohol. The temperance element in medical science materialized in England in 1873 in the establishment of the London Temperance Hospital, under the management of physicians who, basing their plans upon their success in private practice with non-alcoholic medicines, hoped in this way to demonstrate to the world the possibility of successful treatment of disease without alcohol. Their success has exceeded their most sanguine hopes. They have as their record before us shows, treated the most serious cases known in medicine and surgery without alcohol, and with a larger percentage of cures than has been made by any other hospital in this country or Europe. They have recently added a large wing to their hospital, and at the opening of this the Bishop of London, himself a total abstainer, testified to the great work accomplished by the hospital in the last thirteen years in demonstrating to the world the curability of disease without alcohol. In fact, the wine and brandy lists of many of the hospitals in England have within the last few years been greatly reduced, and in some of them the general disease is so marked, that in recent articles in English journals the physicians of these hospitals have taken pains to state that patients can now be treated on temperance principles in hospitals not especially committed to any dogma on that subject, and they call special attention to the fact that much of the money donated to them is spent for alcohol now than in former years. It is a notorious fact that it is those physicians who are themselves partial to intoxicating spirits that declare it to be essential in the practice of medicine. The work accomplished by the National Temperance hospital furnishes a wide array of proof in favor of the assertion that alcohol is not indispensable.

Truth's Contributors.

FORESTRY IN EARLY JUNE.

BY R. W. PHIPPS.

As the present is the season for taking action in the matter, I should like to suggest to the landowning readers of TRUTH the great necessity which exists in this country, that we should pay some attention to tree-planting, and, where practicable, to forest preservation. There is also one means of proceeding to be mentioned which, perhaps, of all others, promises greater returns for the labour invested.

First, as to the importance of the movement. This Province of Ontario needs, more, probably, than any other part of North America, to retain a considerable interspersion of forest for climatic purposes, or, in other words, agriculture will not, here, in the opinion of those who have studied the subject, continue to prosper if we do not contrive to so retain a fair proportion of woods among our farming lands. The urgency of this necessity has not yet forced itself on popular attention, because everywhere, as yet, we retain portions of the original forest, which portions have served and as yet serve an excellent purpose. But no one can travel over the country without observing that these remaining portions are every year becoming less and less, and that what with the destruction by the axe, by grazing or rather browsing cattle, and by wind, it is full time to prepare for the condition which shall occur when these scattered woodlands are much less in number and smaller in individual area than at present.

It is unfortunately our fate to retain what forest we preserve in large masses to our north. But this is not the position—it is the very opposite of the position required to assist and distribute our rainfall. What is needed for that purpose is masses of forest at some distance to the south, which condense and precipitate the moisture moving northward from the equatorial regions. There is no doubt that the central States of the Union, between us and the Gulf of Mexico, owe much in this respect to the immense forests yet existing in the Southern States. Those woods which formerly covered the Northern States in their day performed the same service for Ontario. But these are gone; our climate is feeling the ill effects of their loss, and as our small reserves vanish will feel it still more injuriously.

I received a letter lately from a farmer of long residence on the shores of Lake Erie, in which he remarks that years ago, when the farms near the lake had yet plenty of woodland, the residents could often in summer, see, as he expressed it, the clouds rise from the lake, come towards the shore, and fall in refreshing showers on their farms. But of late years, since all has been cleared, the rain-clouds pass over them, and descend, some distance inland, in torrents so heavy as to do more harm than good. The forest is, in our country especially, the distributor of rain, and this farmer's experience is that of many others. What seemed to be the rain-clouds rising from the lake were rather clouds becoming visible there, the principal material to form which had been borne thither from the south.

I was informed last week by a farmer who I know to be a person of sound judgment, and to have followed agriculture in the locality in which he speaks, for over thirty years, that—"In this part of Ontario,

in my opinion, a marked effect on the crops can be seen in consequence of the wholesale destruction of timber. Fifteen to twenty years ago, when there were large patches of timber, in cropping new land, or land first plowed after the removal of stumps, we were sure of large results in grain, often twenty-five up to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre. Now, on the same quality of land, that is, new or almost so, we have very poor crops, seldom more than fifteen bushels per acre. If this difference is not caused by the comparative scarcity of timber, I do not know where to look for the cause."

Let us look to those portions of North America which, cleared and settled hundreds of years before our own, render their residents better able than we to judge of the evils of deforestation. Here is what the Commissioner of Agriculture of Kentucky, J. F. Davis, Esq., this year says: "The continued destruction of our forests, history proves, will result ultimately in making even this boasted Eden of the New World, a desert. First, the springs and smaller streams will dry up; increasing and more protracted droughts will follow and destroy the farmer's crops; next, great and sudden freshets will come to wash away the soil, sweep away mills, factories, bridges, cattle and dwellings—and so on and on in an ever-widening course of blight and desolation, until finally car once favoured land, of every land the pride, is brought to the same pitiable condition that Palestine finds herself in to-day, and to which she was reduced by this self-same madness of forest destruction. And, it was this, not total but only partial destruction of the forests, that turned, not alone Palestine into a comparative desert, but also large portions of Italy, the Spanish Peninsula, Sicily, Asia Minor, Media and Persia. A large portion of the fertile and sunny land of France was found to be rapidly going the same easily descended road, when her sagacious landowners, fully recognizing the danger, called a halt, and by the enactment of judicious Forestry laws, and the adoption of energetic measures of reforestation, gradually but surely remedied the gigantic evils which had begun to envelop and destroy the prosperity of one of the fairest and most fruitful countries on the globe. The same danger begins to threaten—the same evils begin to afflict many portions of our own, highly favored country; and it behoves each State, in its own proper sphere, to adopt the requisite measures of prevention and protection."

I wish to lay one point in connection with forestry prominently before my farming readers, and that is, a particular species of injury inflicted on crops by the absence of shelter. It is a point not very generally understood, but when considered its importance will at once appear to be very great.

We have all noticed, of course, the great value of timely showers to the growing crops, and have observed that a day or so after such rain has fallen, the advance of vegetation was very rapid, and the farmer is apt to say, "If it would only keep growing like this for a week or two, what crops I should have." We shall find, on reflection, that this rapid growth occurs while the surface of the earth is yet partially saturated with the lately fallen rain, and that, while heat and moisture continue to work together, growth is rapid, (I mean on ordinarily drained land;) on low-lying lands there is a stagnation of moisture, which gives a different state of affairs.

But on ordinary land this state of healthy warmth and moisture can be continued for a much longer period than it is usually en-

joyed, by the simple expedient of giving shelter from the wind. Soft, gentle summer breezes do no harm, but great good. On the contrary, a strong wind dries out the land far too rapidly, and will often reduce the period of rapid growth following a shower to a couple of days or less, when it might have lasted a week. The mechanical operation of this drying process is plain. As a stratum of dryer air passes over the ground rapidly it withdraws a certain portion of moisture. It is immediately followed by another, equally dry, which absorbs more, and these succeed each other it may be all day long, and carry away a vast amount of moisture, which had far better been allowed to remain until it rose in the crops or sank slowly into the ground. In properly sheltered land this is not so; the local climate, so to speak, is more favourable to agricultural operations. This was an advantage once given us by our interspersing forests—an advantage, which, as I said, much of Ontario has lost—much is losing. But there is a cheap expedient by the use of which we might again enjoy this vanished or vanishing benefit—an expedient it is the principal object of this letter to suggest to my readers.

This is simply the planting of lines of evergreens along the north and west sides of farms. This can be done with the native pine, cedar or spruce, with the Norway spruce, and many other evergreens. Evergreens are better for this purpose than deciduous trees, because they serve a valuable purpose in winter as well as in summer, preventing snow-drifts, greatly mitigating the severity of the cold winds, and benefiting the crops of winter wheat and clover to a very important extent. I have no doubt that were this measure generally carried out, larger crops would be obtained with less labour; in other words, all farms would yield a much better return for the investment. It is a benefit which could be procured at very slight expense of time and trouble,—putting in and caring for a line of trees is a small matter compared with starting a broad plantation. From the middle of May to the tenth of June will be found a good time to plant them. As for the young trees they can be had, when small, cheaply of nurserymen, or they can be had sometimes for nothing in our woods and fields. Those who own them often set too little store by them. I saw last week in one field, which was being cleaned up, thousands of beautiful young pines, many of them just the size for planting piled up in heaps to burn. The owner seemed to think of planting them along the borders of his farm, on which he seemed scarcely to have left a tree. It may be well to mention that anyone who plants evergreens should keep the roots moist and covered from digging till planting. A few minutes' exposure to the sun might dry the resin in the roots and kill the tree. This proposal demands no great labour, but it would, if adopted, change for the better the whole of Ontario. It is hardly to be expected at once that vast forests should be planted here. But surely every farmer could easily grow a line of evergreens along too exposed sides of his farm. Nothing will pay him half so well.

TORONTO, ONT.

Peter Kavanaugh, now of Detroit, last heard of his sister Mary Ann over twenty years ago. The other day he learned, on what seemed to be good authority, that as Mrs. Goodolph who had lately died in Sydney, New South Wales, leaving him an estate worth something like a million dollars. Until the receipt of this information Peter was a very poor man.

SPRING IN CANADA.

BY JOHN WADDELL.

Each month in the calendar can boast of its own especial friends and patrons that give it a pre-eminence over its sisters. Some love one month for its flowers; some prefer another for its fruits; others welcome a third for its warm days; others again praise a fourth for its customary festivals; and another is greeted for the sake of its sports. To the general observer, the face of Nature does, in truth, seem without a smile, and her brow without a wreath, and they who love Nature's floral gifts must often have borne privations. The rich may indeed replenish their vases with hot-house plants; but they who are less favoured by fortune can look only for the productions of the simple garden, the field and the dell; and how desolate an expanse lies before them!

According to the sub-division of the year, the month of March should mark the departure of winter and the opening of spring. In our Canadian climate, however, this month can only be viewed as a season of promise. The most superficial observer of the signs that are abroad in earth and sky must find evidences to convict the poets, who indulge in graphic descriptions of the beauties of this month. The glowing pictures of mildness and beauty which the poets have expended on February and March will be found, when applied to our climate, almost an exaggeration if applied to the month of May. The poets contrast very unfavourably with the stern realities of a month which borrows keen frosts, with equally sudden floods, from the outskirts of winter. These poets must have drawn their inspiration when tasting the delights of an Italian spring.

The citizens of Toronto fancied that the severity of winter had withered its charms, which rendered it one vast field of uniform sterility. That would soon be succeeded by the returning spring, but were doomed to disappointment; for the vast expanse of the heavens displayed nothing but gloom on the 6th of April; the face of nature was obscured by a tremendous snow storm, in which slate, tiles, and timber were driven through the streets like chaff before the wind. Here were yawning gulfs in the vicinity of Lake Ontario; there, precipices were threatening; yonder, the high hills were dancing in the ruffling waves of the raging lake; whilst afar off was heard the rush of the torrent, and the impetuous roar of the mighty cataract.

How violently the air was agitated during the storm! How the wind whistled above, and swelled into a louder blast! How the dark clouds gathered, and then whirled along with fearful swiftness! The uplittered trees strewed the ground, and shook the earth as they fell; the summer residences built on the shifting sands of the Island, were swept away by the waves, and borne aloft by the blast; their scattered fragments were tossed in giddy eddies. Hugo mazes of confusion were heaped up, or, as it were, earth and timber confounded. What, where, formerly objects of grandeur and admiration. The *Globe* reports a schooner Speedwell, bound for Liverpool, supposed to have been the only vessel riding in the storm at the height of the wind; above, the clouds, and all around was darkness; met the clouds, then rolled back, leaving a gulf threatening instant destruction. The

probably with wild horror they viewed the wave, in which, as it rolled on like a vast mountain, they read their final doom; and, perchance, as they were being entombed in the deep; they rested their cares upon Him who directeth the winds, and pointeth out to the stars their course.

At the approach of spring we behold revolutions which should fill every attentive observer with admiration. Nature gradually assumes the life she seems to have lost during the winter; the earth is ever spread with verdure, and the trees open out in bloom. Everything is animated, everything revives; and new life which is manifest in nature, is produced by the return of warmth which awakens their productions and puts in motion their recruited powers. These changes are but too often permitted by the unthinking to pass unnoticed.

Now the drying winds of April are sweeping over the earth, and preparing it for the soft fertilizing spring showers which are the usual hand-maidens of April, and now the first promises of spring are realized, and the commonest weed is regarded with interest, and is beautiful to the eye, long accustomed to the sombre uniformity of winter. The book of nature now opens her leaves to inquirers, who, in the first sunny days of spring curiously examine the awakening of plants from their winter's sleep; as the ice-bound earth thaws into life, so tender in appearance as to afford little hopes of its successful contention with the biting frost.

In Canada scarcely has the spring made her appearance, when we find ourselves in the full leaf of summer, and it is startling to behold how far in a few days the season has advanced. It almost seems as if the remark that America has no youth, were applicable to her seasons. In Scotland each season may be almost said to be wooed by its successor to yield to its advances, and even should grim winter maintain its place, and prove obdurate to the whipsaws of the sweet south, his lingering icicles, when constrained to yield to the more ardent advances of the year, but serve to carry her siltily to the parched fields. With this advance a striking change comes over the landscape, and the pale green of the woods and fields assumes a deeper and a stronger tint, emblematic of the growth of the year.

Of course we miss the quiet beauty of Scotland, when we compare our somewhat tame landscape with the stern grandeur of her mountain scenery. But despite the alluring attractions of the Mother Country, in Canada the sun sheds its brightness over a country whose aspect offers a purer and higher charm. As we gaze on the wide-spread though rough cultivation, and mark the smoke ascending from many a homestead, although unobscured by trees, the reflection arises that these homesteads are owned by a happy and independent class, who can never be exposed to the vicissitudes that would mark their pilgrimage in their native country—for each man sits under the shadow of his own roof, fervently blessing the Almighty dispenser of all good for the change. Spring, then, is the very carnival of nature, and more profusely her treasures poured out, as if to make her for her life's approach.

Within the city of Toronto, as we ramble on a fine spring day, the air is the most delicious of elements, the air just bracing, and affords a pleasant stimulus to the system. The falling of the buds in the trees, the flowers in some shady spots, the twittering and chirping of the birds, and the busy work, all kindle the

hardihood through many wintry hours, have at length been subdued; blown away by the winds, washed away by the rain, burned by the frosts; and it is still too early for the flush of the spring flowers.

At the latter end of April plants which only commence to pierce the soil and modestly peep out, during May shoot out into full leaf, and towards the latter end of the month, even expand into blossoms. Then, flowers, with which the earth becomes carpeted, affords a means of simple enjoyment, and a source of most innocent gratification to the senses. The advent of this season of flowers amongst the Greeks was always a cause of exultation. The same feeling is also to be found amongst the Israelites. "Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and strong drink; and let no flower of the spring pass by us." Amongst that solemn and poetical people flowers were commonly regarded as the favorite symbols of the beauty and fragility of life. By them man was compared to the flower of the field—the grass withereth, the flower fadeth. But of all the poetry drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none so sublime, as that of the Metaph. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet, I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The sentiment built upon this is our dependence on the goodness of the Creator; it is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by one who was more than a mere man; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these radiant creations of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter myriads over the very desert where no man dwells.

In the vegetable kingdom, one species succeeds another from the commencement to the termination of the year; scarcely are some visible when others are ready to appear, and these are followed by others, which spring up each in its turn and allotted time. Whilst one plant brings its fruit to maturity, nature excites others to propagate, that its fruits may be ready when the ether has accomplished its end. Thus we constantly receive a succession of flowers and fruits; there is never any want, and from the one end of the year to the other Nature watches over and preserves her productions.

Mr. Phipps, the Conservator of Forests in the Province of Ontario, has scattered through the forest in quest of the knowledge which he disseminates through the press and on the platform, must have enjoyed much pleasure in communing with nature as she indulges every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and harmony. He has written very able articles on the planting and preservation of trees; the great advantage of forests, and the pleasure we derive from their appearance. They certainly form one of the greatest beauties of nature, and it has always been regarded as an imperfection in a country to be destitute of wood. Our impatience when the leaves in spring are backward in appearing, and the delight we experience when at length they open out, proves how much they adorn and embellish nature. How dull and sterile would the earth appear, if no trees waved their verdant heads above the surface, and if no groves diversified its plain! Forests, then, being of the most essential use to mankind,

Nature herself has the care of perpetuating them. If their preservation and increase had been abandoned to the casual vigilance and industry of man, they would have perished long ago. But the Creator Himself has preserved the trees of the forest; He alone has planted and supported them. He disperses the small seeds over the country, and gives them wings, that they may be easily wafted by the winds to the distant places destined to receive them. He alone has caused these large trunks to rise up majestically in the air, and meet the clouds with their spreading foliage; it is He who has established them firmly in the earth, where their branching roots enable them to defy the winds, and brave the storm.

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL.

GLIMPS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE J. JACK.

"It is not summer yet, I thought it was," said a little nine-year-old, as he scanned the almanac. And so many people forget that summer does not begin till June 21st. The florists warn us that it is not safe to plant out tender blossoms till June, for cold winds and frost may come to blight them; but often with our human flowers we are not so careful, and the premature laying aside of winter clothing often causes a blight from which it is difficult to recover. But in spite of chilling winds and influenza there is no season of the year that possesses the same delights as springtime. It is the first, and so the best of the yearly miracle of growth and fruition, and so anticipation exceeds realization in most earthly things. No flowers are so clear as the earliest violets, no after fruit can rival the aroma of the first gathering of strawberries. And now that this fruit is so cheap, and easy of access, either by growing or purchase, is sought to take the place of butter in the home, while it lasts, being more healthful for the evening meal, and a better dessert than pie-crust ever can be. When house-cleaning is over, and one feels like having a little leisure, then preserves and the extra attendant work comes on. It would be very pleasant if there was a co-operative method of doing this work that would make it as good as it can be done in the home,—but perfection has not yet been reached in the flavor of canned fruit. It has to stand so long before it is made up that color and aroma are lost. And so to give the very best of dainties to those who share our home life we work and store away the treasures of the season, as the bees do their honeyed sweets.

And speaking of honey, it is a useful thing to know that eaten in the comb, it is a soothing and healing medicine in all bronchial troubles, and sore throat. Mixed with vinegar and warmed it is valuable in all throat troubles. There seems to be a roaster tendency toward malaria, and pulmonary complaints of late years, colds are frequent, and yet people seem to take better care of themselves in many ways. To make home-life pleasant, good health must be enjoyed by its members, and that can only be obtained by regularity of living and strict attention to the demands of "light, water, and air." I took some bulbs out of the cellar lately that not only were musty, but had long weak shoots of stinky yellow, while others of the same sort that had been in the light of the sitting room were in full bloom and loveliness, having enjoyed the three requisites I have mentioned. So it is with the human flowers of the household.

CHATEAUGUAY, QUE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. ARKENS, Rose Cottage, Crow Road.—Your letter with enclosure received, but unless you send us your post office address we cannot give you the proper credit. Many thanks for kind words as to TRUTH'S excellence.

WALTER E., Sandy Hill, N. Y.—Anyone who has competed in Tetra competition, can also compete in Ladies' Journal competition by answering the questions and enclosing \$1 for year's subscription.

W. L. Hamilton.—The history of Roman Literature dates back to 240 years before Christ. Roman poetry was for a time confined principally to the translation of Greek poems, especially those of Homer.

BARRISHER, Ft. Edward.—We think you are right in your contention. The traffic of London exceeds that of any two cities in the world. Some idea of the enormous business of the city may be gathered from the official statements furnished some time since to the Metropolitan Board of Works. The report says that the average traffic over the bridges of the metropolis in 24 hours was as follows:—London Bridge, 110,525 pedestrians, 22,242 vehicles; Southwark, 25,507 pedestrians, 3,340 vehicles; Blackfriars, 72,198 pedestrians, 13,875 vehicles; Waterloo, 35,816 pedestrians, 10,370 vehicles; Charing Cross, 16,130 pedestrians, no vehicles; Westminster, 44,460 pedestrians, 11,750 vehicles; Lambeth, 9,800 pedestrians, 810 vehicles; Vauxhall, 17,828 pedestrians, 5,453 vehicles; Chelsea, 14,500 pedestrians, 2,338 vehicles; Albert, 8,134 pedestrians, 725 vehicles; Battersea, 10,260 pedestrians, 1,342 vehicles; Wandsworth, 1,900 pedestrians, 386 vehicles; Putney, 5,245 pedestrians, 1,407 vehicles; Hammersmith, 7,740 pedestrians, 1,167 vehicles. The total was therefore 384,042 pedestrians and 76,235 vehicles per day.

Where the East Wind Comes From.

In the winter the sun is vertical to the south of the equator, and the southern hemisphere is being heated, which causes the air to expand, and it is gently flowing off in the upper stratum of the atmosphere into the northern hemisphere, and by this means the accumulation of air becomes very marked, especially over Russia and Northern Europe, where the cold is intense and the air consequently denser. Its exceptional height to which the barometer commonly rises in winter and in early spring amply proves what might otherwise appear theoretical. As soon as the more southern portions of the northern hemisphere become heated, air ascends, and an indraft or general flow of air sets in from the north to supply its place. The east wind, which is indeed air from the northward deflected to the east by the earth's rotation, has blown for the most part overland before it reaches the British Islands, and, although cold, it is at every stage of its progress towards the south becoming relatively warmer by sheer contact with the earth, of a somewhat higher temperature, in which it is impinging, and the air is thus constantly becoming capable of holding more moisture by its well-known physical property; but owing to the low temperature at which it started, and the consequently small amount of moisture which it could possibly hold in solution in the form of vapour, it is ever ready to take up more moisture in whatever shape or form available. It is this dryness, coupled with a certain degree of cold, which renders the east wind so intensely disagreeable and unhealthy in its effects, since it saps the moisture from our bodies, and tends to warm itself by conduction, and robs the human frame of a large amount of animal heat, and thus levies a severe tax on the constitutions of all exposed to it. It is seldom in this country that an east wind is accompanied by damp weather, although occasionally it does so happen; but, whether dry or moist, it is unmistakably disagreeable and notoriously unhealthy. The greater the dryness of the air the greater the energy with which the human body exhales from every pore of the skin, and more especially from the lungs and the more delicate parts of the mucous membrane.—London Standard.

The invention of the type writer dates as far back as 1714, when one Henry Mill obtained in England a patent for a device that "writes in printed characters, one at a time and one after another." But it was not until 1867 that it was improved so as to work satisfactorily.

Health Department.

Baldness.

The cause of the falling out of the hair is not fully understood. In most cases it is doubtless due to some failure in the nutrition of the hair follicles. In the aged it connects with the feebleness that characterizes the functions of the skin generally. Heredity has much to do with it, as it has with all the bodily functions and organs. Individuals in some families become bald early in life from generation to generation. Coarse hair seems to have more vigor than fine.

It is well known that violent emotions sometimes suddenly blanch the hair, the cerebral nerve (the tropic centre, so called), which controls the nourishment of the hair, being affected by the shock. Fright has caused a rapid and almost immediate falling off of the hair.

Cases are on record of persons apparently in vigorous health whose heads, faces and bodies have become absolutely bare. There was no appreciable cause. The fault was doubtless at the nutritive centre in the brain, but what it was, no one can certainly say.

When the head is scurfy, there is often a connection between this condition and baldness. It is found that the scurf mixed with vasoline and applied to the hair of an animal causes a baldness on the part. In such cases the cause is probably a microscopic vegetable parasite. Two persons should never use the same hair-brush. There is little doubt that barbers have thus communicated baldness from one patron to another.

There is a form of baldness in which the hair suddenly begins to fall out in a small round spot, which gradually increases in area, the hair near the edge of the circle being brittle, and more or less broken. This has been proved to be due to vegetable organisms, which the microscope has detected within the hair-tubes.

It is probable that coverings which heat the head may result in loss of hair. But the effect is doubtless due to subsequent chilling of the surface, just as a severe cold or inflammatory rheumatism may result from sudden cooling of the heated body. The main remedy against premature baldness is the application of mild stimulating washes and tonics.

Tea Tremens.

At a recent meeting of the Suffolk District (Mass.) Medical Society, a valuable paper was read by Dr. Ballard, calling attention to the increasing prevalence of cases of disease due to the use of tea and coffee. An interesting discussion followed, in which Dr. Bloodgett made the following significant remarks concerning what he very appropriately termed, "tea tremens":—

"One of the most frequently noticed conditions is a highly exalted state of the nervous system with increased reflex excitability, and a tremulous condition of the voluntary muscles, which justifies the name of 'tea tremens,' from the similarity of this symptom to the tremor belonging to cases of alcoholic poisoning. This is most frequently noticed in servant girls, who partake frequently and exclusively of tea as a drink, and do not obtain sufficient exercise in the air, and live principally on fine white bread, to the exclusion of other more wholesome and necessary articles of natural diet. The result is that the system obtains only an inefficient nutrition, and the organs and functions of the body suffer a loss of organic or functional activity, or both.

"A very important phenomenon in relation to the detrimental action of tea is its effect upon the teeth and other hard structures of the body. This result is most noticeable in our Irish servant population, and particularly in the children born of parents who themselves emigrated to this country from Ireland. The teeth of the parents are almost universally firm and durable in structure, and beautifully clear and white. The teeth of the children, and especially those of the daughters, however, are found to be poorly formed, to be of brittle structure, and fall an easy prey to caries, and are lost at an early period. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that many of these children are at service as house-servants, and when following such occupation, are addicted to the tea tipping and the fine bread above described. The result is, that instead of the full and perfect denture of the parents, who lived on plain and coarse food, without any of the abominations of our modern kitchens,

these poor creatures obtain only a partial nutrition, and the hard structures of the body being deprived of the necessary calcareous supply which resides in the husk of the grain, and is removed in the process of making fine flour, the teeth are insufficiently formed or inadequately maintained, and consequently are early lost."

The Skating-Rink Mania.

All sensible men and women are glad to note that the skating-rink craze is evidently on the wane. For a few years back this form of dissipation has been so popular and so universal that it has become an important factor among the destructive influences affecting the present and future health of thousands. Sprained ankles, dislocated joints, broken bones, and disfigured features, the frequent result of accidents in crowded rinks, were the minor evils growing out of this unwholesome amusement. There is no chance to doubt that consumption, in both sexes, and diseases peculiar to the sex among girls and young women, have been notable results of the roller-rink epidemic which has prevailed so extensively throughout the country until of late. It is also recognized by all good people that the moral influence of the rink has been in the highest degree pernicious. It is a hopeful sign that the excess to which the evil has been carried has run it out to a large extent; and we might have great expectations for the future, if we were not pretty certain that those who love pleasure and pursue it as a chief occupation in life, will soon devise some no less harmful means of dissipation.

Notes.

Dr. Hand reports an epidemic of goitre among the inmates of the Minnesota State Reform School. Forty-four out of one hundred and forty were suffering at the time of the doctor's observation. It was thought that the origin of the trouble lay in the flour from which the bread was made. The usual treatment with a change in the flour was speedily followed by a cure of most of the cases.

CHEST APPLICATION.—In bronchitis and pneumonia affections the breathing is much relieved, and the congestion of the mucous membrane lessened, by bathing the chest with goose oil, slightly warmed, and then applying some old shirting or other material, saturated with the oil, to the whole thoracic surface. Often the addition of turpentine in the proportion of 1/2 to the goose oil will greatly enhance the value of the application.

A small piece of resin dipped in water, which is placed in a vessel on a stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by a combustion of rosin. It is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

Dr. R. H. Fox states that in a severe case of rheumatism in which salicylate of sodium, potassium, quinine, colchicum and liniments had all failed to relieve the fever and pain, the relief was immediate after sponging with cold water and quickly drying the skin afterward. Although this is no new treatment, it is one which requires some courage to practice, and yet may be well adapted to certain severe cases in which the salicylic remedies are ineffectual.

Again we call your attention to the inestimable value of teaching children and other young people to fill their lungs as full as they can by determined and persistent efforts, and to exercise the diaphragm and back-muscles by manœuvres of the arms, such as thrusting them outward, upward, overhead, downward, etc. The method of treatment is a positive cure for consumption in its incipient stages. It is a cure for nervous diseases, dyspepsia, wakefulness, etc.

In carrying children in the arms care should be taken not to carry them habitually on the same side, as this tends to make them one-sided, a condition that may be frequently observed in all the children of a mother who can nurse only from one breast. Not only the bodies but the heads and faces of a whole family can sometimes be drawn over to one side. The only remedy is to change the position frequently, a very difficult thing for such mothers to do, but something that good-will and attention can accomplish.

The Poet's Corner.

—For Truth.

Why Shouldn't I?

BY MAGGIE MUNRO.

My canary sings the whole day long,
Bobbed his gilded bars,
Shut in from all that birds enjoy
Under the sun and stars:
The freedom, grace, and action fine
Of wild birds he forgoes,
But spite of that, with happiness
His little heart o'erflows.
"The world is wide,
And birds outside
In happy cheer always abide—
Why shouldn't I?"

I, too must dwell behind the bars
Of toll and sad life:
From weary heart and weary brain
My prayers or song arise;
But all around, sad heart's abound
And troubles worse than mine,
If aught of comfort I can bring
To them, shall I repine?
God's world is wide;
If I can hide
The crowding tears and sng beside—
Why shouldn't I?

Lines,

On being requested to tell the future from the hand,
with kind regards to my friend H. M. Hunt.

BY ANDRA V HANBAY.

Dear friend, I cannot take thy hand
And tell thee what shall be;
The future is so dimly planned
That few the way foresee;
But I more graves than thou have past,
More epitaphs discerned,
And from the horoscopes they cast
Some precepts haply learned.

We grasp at phantoms insecure,
And grieve when they are gone;
The disappointments we endure
Are oft from tears bestrewn
All reckless on the rocky waste
Where sin's strokes burn,
Then rave that their unhozy haste
No happiness returns.

How oft we nurture in our hearts
The fault referred to Fate,
Then seize the dram to soothe those darts
That conscience can create;
But tho' we join the gambler's game,
Or drink delirium's bowl,
There is an awful sense of sham
Within a sensual soul.

No potion powerful of wine,
Or deep oblivion drink,
Can ever quench the thirst divine,
Th' immortal gift to think.
According to the depth we go
Down crime's cograding course,
Will thought reacting bring us woe,
Or wither with remorse.

But there are words which hurt to heal,
A balm for all their hale,
Who truly in contrition feel
All worldly aims will fall;
That balm a life benefic supplies,
A bow when fortunes frown,
That dies not when the daylight dies,
Nor with the sun goes down.

O, fair must be those Eden-fields,
Lit by the living sun,
Where every sacred bud reveals
What may from woe be won;
So from the shadows of distress
We too may rise ere long,
For wisdom is the warrior's dress
Which makes the wearer strong.

Content.

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

All day I've been a workin' hard
Down in the blue-glass medder,
A plowin' up the moaly loam,
An' musin' sorter, whether
I'd better put in oata this year,
Or plant the field with barley;
An' cogitatin' like, botwixt
I'm havin' quite a parley.

The May day sun is mighty warm,
An' down behind the holler
I see a crocus pushin' up
I s' creamy buds of yaller;
The froe, I hope, has left the ground
An' spring seems rally here,
Old Nature's smile in her lap
The smil' 's baby year.

The sloer, silence broken by
The shap bells on the hill,
An' all the world seems lazy like,
An' kinder soft an' still,
I heard a robin singin' shrill,
An' see a jay sail by—
It seems like Nature's wondrous kind
To sech poor trash as I.

For I'm bones' best as bappy
Es a cat-bird on a tree,
An' I can't help a singin'
For the very life of me;
An' the stirrin' fannin' breeze
From the southland seems to play,
An' make me feel like laughin'
In a most amusin' way.

Es the sun to-night was settin',
In a purplish bank of gold,
An' the cattle was a lowin',
An' the sheep was in the fold;
Es I looked across the lowlands,
Where the silver river lies,
An' I thought of all our bounties,
Till a mist came o'er my eyes.

For the Lord is free with mercies,
An' with blessings generous, too;
An' in His kind benevolence
He brought me safely through;
A happy home, a humble roof,
An' plenty's been my lot
Outside of Eden never was
A more contented spot.

Getting Tired.

Your servant, good Lawd, is er git in mighty tired
O' dis ole worl' o' an,
Mighty weary o' de lan' what de debil hab hired,
O' de sinner's anker an' grin,
I knows Mars Abraham's or waitin fur me
In de home of truth an' love,
An' I now wants ter fly 'cross de dang'us see,
Wid de wings o' er turkie dove.

Oh, I want'er go home,
Oh, I want'er go home,
An' swim like a fish in de ribber o' life,
Oh, I mus' go home,
Oh, I mus' go home,
But I ain't'er gwine ter take my scoldin' wife.

I've done my duty, oh, de berry bes' I kin,
In dis ole worl' o' tears,
Used no bad words like odder men—
"Cept when I cussed de seers.
But stoors, good Lawd, would make er ejaunt cuss,
When da runs in er thicket wid him,
For any sarter pussen hab got ter make er fuss
When his eye's scratch'd out by er lin'.

Oh, I want'er go home,
Oh, I want'er go home,
And swim like er fish in de ribber o' life,
Oh, I mus' go home,
Oh, I mus' go home,
But I ain't'er gwine ter take my scoldin' wife.

Labor and Wait.

BY MARY L. GODDRICH.

After the acorn be'imes has been planted
Long, erolt rises an oak strong and tall;
Songs that the bard to the lyre's chord has
chanted,
Terder but potent to hold in soft thrall,
Springing from sorrow and happiness slaying,
Living immortal when he is no more,
Loog in his soul were form'n'ing, essaying
Outlet to find through sweet melody's door.

Cycles on cycles are star-worlds in making;
Centuries went to each age of earth's sphere;
Lifeless and bloomless creation a dawn-b'aking
ing,
Low in the scale the first forms did appear,
Long had the Hebrews Meas' h' expected
Ere the uprising of Bethlehem's star;
Slowly in each reformation effected
Yet roll the wheels of P'ogressior's grand
car.

Canst thou not bide then the issue of sowing?
Hoping in faith the glad day to perceive
When thou shalt have all thy barns overflow-
ing,
Crowded with sheaves from foundation to
eave,
Long though and weary the time be till reap-
ing,
Faint not; continue thy fields aye to till,
Labor and wait, the white sugrards are sleep-
ing,
Wait the fruition of prescient will.

Rest.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tire'd,
My soul oppress'd—
And I desire what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost va'n,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain,
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have pray'd, but vain has been my
prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to woop
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppress'd;
And so I s'gh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert,
And across infern
My path, and through a flowing of
I pine for rest.

And I am rest, as still; 'twill soon be
For down
Life's sun

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL,

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

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—RODDIE'S FISHING ROD.

Lily Doyne had promised Lady Elizabeth to spend the following Tuesday with her during the visit of the cousins to Kingsford, and when that day came she duly arrived at the Rectory.

She found her hostess and the children waiting to receive her, and she had scarcely entered the drawing-room when Master Roddie asked her by the hand.

"Come along with me," he said, "I've got a fish-rod for you."

"He really has," smiled Lady Elizabeth; "but Roddie, my dear, wait awhile. Miss Doyne must rest a little."

"Oh, no, come along," urged the little fellow, pulling Lily by the hand, and nothing would satisfy him but that she should immediately go to inspect this new possession.

To please his cousin, or perhaps the children, Mr. Harford had during the last few days presented them each with a fishing-rod. Lady Elizabeth was touched by this piece of considerate kindness, and when she told her husband of it she added thoughtfully:

"I think he is very fond of little Roddie."

"Yes, my dear," said the Rector, looking up from his book with a smile, "instead of trying to marry your cousin, which you seem so bent upon, you should be trying to keep him unmarried—for Roddie's sake!"

Lady Elizabeth was silent for a moment; then she said rather in a pained voice:

"You mean he might make Roddie his heir? I would not like to scheme for anything that could only come with Godfrey's death."

The Rector gave a good-tempered shrug.

"What a sentimental young woman you are! My dear, we have all to die, and in my opinion Roddie would make quite as good an heir to Kimal as any your cousin is likely to have. You should have called your boy Godfrey, Elizabeth, and that might have put the idea into the Squire's head!"

"Now, I knew you were joking," said Lady Elizabeth, smiling and laying her hands on her husband's shoulder. "No, I called him after his father—he could have no better name."

There was a tender ring in her voice, and she gently pushed the Rector's dark hair from his white brow as she said this, and looked sadly in his face. Yes, her heart had reproached her of late for not loving him enough; not loving him as well as he deserved. He was so kind, so good—if she were wayward—how reasonable and gentle he always was! The Rector, in truth, regarded women as tender creatures whose faults and failings it became the superior creature, man, to be always forbearing to. He loved his books, and gave "the depth, and not the tumult of the soul," to all he did. This placid, serene nature did not quite suit Lady Elizabeth's warmer one. Her quick emotions sometimes received a little chill, and her quick gaze sought a little check from her even-tempered Rector. Yet he was a good man—she was always ready to acknowledge this—a just, calm, clear-headed man, but he was not led away as she was with sudden fits of magnanimity. It must be admitted, she was a repent.

At those, as we have seen, she had her cousin's love, and of this she had only repented. She felt she could not make Mr. Harford happier than she could by making Mr. Claxton, but Mr. Claxton was satisfied with his choice. He required that perfect union—that perfect heart and mind—for which Lady Elizabeth's soul longed. But he would not give her what she wanted.

Elizabeth began to remember with some self-reproach the blessings of her lot!

She had a very charming man for a husband, and said a graceful thing: so prettily that Mr. Claxton seemed well pleased when she told him that his little son could have borne a better name than his own. But he was not demonstrative. He smiled, and then asked her to "be about some household expenses!" She answered him quietly; but she was disappointed, and as she turned away she thought with a sigh that he would never understand her.

And then Godfrey did not seem to understand either that one woman gets rather tired of hearing perpetually of the affections of another. He had gone over to the Rectory on the day when Lily Doyne was expected there, and Lady Elizabeth admitted to herself she felt a little weary of the manner in which a man of his age kept harping on one string.

The Squire had brought with him a fishing-rod—this one a beautiful light lady's rod—and he gave it to Roddie, and told him he was to give it to Miss Lily Doyne when she came to-morrow, with Master Roddie's love! The child was delighted, and "poor Godfrey looked delighted too," thought Lady Elizabeth with a little scorn.

Mr. Harford had sent to town for this rod, and he had also sent for something else, which he did not mention to his cousin. This was nothing less than a very magnificent diamond ring. And he meant this to be Lily's engagement ring! There were family diamonds, we may be sure, at Kimal—beautiful glittering things that lay hidden from the light, in their old-fashioned cases—and the Squire had looked at his diamonds lately, and had thought very kindly, as he did so, when he hoped that these jewels would alike reward the fair young throat of his wife.

Then he ordered some rings down from town to choose from, and he scarcely would have liked to have admitted to Lady Elizabeth how much he paid for the one he selected. But he was a rich man, a very rich man, and to his mind nothing was too good for the dear little girl on whom he had chosen to fix his affections.

Lady Elizabeth had, of course, invited him to lunch to meet Lily, and he meant to propose to her on this very day. He went armed, therefore, with his ring in his waistcoat pocket, and he was only waiting for a fit opportunity to place it on her slender finger, but somehow the opportunity would not come.

Roddie talked the whole time at lunch about the fishing-rod and fishing, and when the Squire proposed they should all go out and try their luck in the new pond, he hoped somehow to get rid of the children, but he hoped in vain. Roddie piped worse than a loach! He kept tight hold of Lily's hand, and related again and again his past experiences. He had had a nibble yesterday, he had seen a "catch" this morning, and so on, and the Squire with the ring as it were burning a hole in his waistcoat pocket, wished with all his might that Master Roddie would hold his tongue.

At last they all began to fish; all but the Squire, who hung tenderly over Lily directing her how to hold her rod. In summer, and when the banks got green, the new pond was likely to turn out a pretty spot, now it must be admitted it was rather slimy. One of the girls was sent by Mr. Harford for a camp stool for Lily, and a spawl on which to place her feet. He arranged this carefully, and then Roddie sat down upon it and refused to be dislodged. A man can't propose with a little monkey of between four and five listening "starry" word, and so Mr. Harford felt it was no use to attempt at this moment. He therefore gave his attention to his fishing-rod, and suddenly Lily cried out something "was" pulling at her, and the Squire took it gently from her hand,

and landed a little wretched, struggling fish.

"Poor little thing! Oh, please put it back!" cried Lily, covering her eyes, for she could not bear to see the suffering of any living thing.

Roddie, greatly excited, threw down his rod, and tried to seize the little fish with an exultant cry, but the Squire pushed him aside.

"Keep off, little fellow," he said, and with great gentleness he then released the small roach from its unhappy position, and flung it back into the water, looking round to Lily with a smile.

"Does that please some one's tender little heart?" he asked, and as she thanked him looking so sweet and fair the while, the Squire would very much have liked to send Master Roddie after the roach, if he could only have got him out of the way.

"I don't think you care for fishing," he said to Lily; "come, let us take a turn round the garden, and have a look at Lady Elizabeth's cows."

"Me come too—me show 'em the cows," cried Roddie, again seizing Lily's hand, and leaving his rod to take care of itself.

"Don't you think, my boy, you had better go to your mother for awhile," said Mr. Harford, persuasively, "and tell her how Miss Lily caught a fish, and all about it, you know?"

Roddie shook his head sagaciously. "Me tell her where Miss Lily's gone. Me take Miss Lily now to see the cows."

There was, indeed, no escape from him, and the Squire was obliged to make the best of the situation. After all, a man might be in a worse position than walking in the trim rectory garden, sheltered on each side by the tall, neatly-clipped yew hedges, with a pretty girl he was in love with by his side, even though an irrepressible wrangler also accompanied them.

It was so sweet and still here, and the birds were already singing on the leafless boughs, and the grass borders showing signs of the coming spring. Mr. Claxton was a great gardener among his other good qualities, and his flower-beds were all prepared for their bright tenants of the summer time, and over the whole place there was an air of order and serenity that somehow reminded you of the Rector himself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED)

Lady Elizabeth had not gone out with the others to the fishing-pond. She had told her cousin with a smile that she must take care of Miss Doyne. But the nearest to her own heart had prevented her settling to her ordinary duties; and as Mr. Harford, Lily and Roddie (prattling as he went) were on their way to inspect Lady Elizabeth's cows, they came on that lady herself, walking pensively up and down by one of the tall yew hedges.

"Here we are, Elizabeth!" cried the Squire to attract her attention; and she at once turned round and joined them.

"We're tired of sport," said the Squire with his genial laugh, "and so we are going to turn our attention to agriculture, or rather to the cows."

"Me," said Roddie, leaving his hand, and seizing his mother's gown, "I've caught a fish—and he's (and he's) put it back again, and Roddie wanted it for dinner."

"That was very kind of Cousin Godfrey," said Lady Elizabeth.

"It would have been cruel to keep such a little thing, Roddie," said Lily; "it was only a little baby fish, like Roddie."

But Roddie resented the comparison. "Me not a baby," he said; "me a boy, and me get a fishing-rod and a caving-box—could you get me a monkey saving-box, Miss Lily?"

Master Roddie frequently made this polite offer to the Squire at the Rectory, going into the drawing-room with his savings-box under his arm, to the discomfiture of Lady Elizabeth, until he was positively forbidden to do so by the Rector. Since then his savings had considerably fallen off, therefore there was a natural desire on his part to exhibit his box, if he had a proper opportunity.

"Roddie!" said his mother reprovingly, and giving her head a gentle shake as she spoke.

"Oh, ma, me don't want Miss Lily to put anything into it—unless she likes."

The Squire gave a loud laugh at this hint, and produced a shilling, which Roddie was not so proud to take. But Lady Elizabeth scolded her cousin.

"You spoil him, Godfrey; you give him far too much money."

After this they went to see the cows—two gentle sweet-breathed creatures, that were especial favorites of Lady Elizabeth—for they were the gifts of her cousin Godfrey. They were of the pure Alderney breed, and looked at her with their mild brown eyes, with evident kindly recognition. But like the Rector; they were not demonstrative. They went on placidly with their munched turnips even while she fondled their shapely heads.

"You make us envy your cows, Elizabeth," said Mr. Harford, "happy specimens of contented placidity."

"You have not a placid nature, Godfrey," smiled Lady Elizabeth.

"Have I not, my dear? It's difficult for a man to know his own nature; but I think I would prefer a quiet life."

Lady Elizabeth suppressed a little sigh. To tell the truth, she did not think that Godfrey was going exactly the right way to secure a "quiet life."

There was a pretty green field round the dairy and cow-house, and from this spot you caught a glimpse of the square, grey tower of Kimal Church, up which the ivy crept and flourished. The whole scene made a pretty picture—a country plot full of repose and peace.

"What a charming place this is, Lady Elizabeth," said Lily, looking admiringly around.

"It's a nice old-fashioned place," she answered.

"Everything about Kimal is old-fashioned," remarked the Squire.

"I like old-fashioned things best," said Lily, with her large eyes still fixed on the grey church tower, and somehow these simple words jarred on Lady Elizabeth's ears.

"I fear she is a little forward," she thought; "she evidently wishes to flatter Godfrey."

Then Lady Elizabeth proposed they should go into the house and have some tea, and they went, and Godfrey Harford still had his ring-box in his waistcoat pocket! But he was going to drive Lily home. The vicar had been ordered to make their appearance at the Rectory at five o'clock, and the Squire hoped to be able to whisper some word in Lily's ear, in spite of the groom behind them, as they drove on their way.

And he kept to his resolution even after they started. A soft dusky shade was now stealing over the landscape, and the Squire, who was an excellent whip, was not distracted by his ponies. There was nothing to prevent him then saying the momentous words, and he would say them. He felt his ring-box under his ever-coat, and he cleared his throat and took courage.

"I have something here," he began, placing his gloved hand over that part of his person where the heart is usually supposed to beat, but Mr. Harford was not alluding to his heart just at this moment, but to his diamond ring; "that I hope to induce you to accept, Miss Lily?"

This address was sufficiently alarming to a shy young girl, and Lily moved uneasily on her seat, and blushed deeply.

"It's only a trifle," continued the Squire, unbuttoning his coat with one hand, and holding the ring, of course, with the other, "but I want you to understand—why I declare, here are your father and mother!"

Yes, actually there—just where Mr. Harford was going to declare what he wanted Lily to understand—there, advancing along the highway toward them came Colonel and Mrs. Doyne. The evening was fine, and Mrs. Doyne had persuaded her husband to walk a little way towards Kimal to meet Lily, and unluckily did meet her at the very moment when the Squire was going to propose!

Very friendly greetings were now exchanged, and Mr. Harford insisted upon driving the ladies home, so Mrs. Doyne took the seat in front beside him, and the groom was turned out, and Lily and her father at behind. They had a very pleasant drive, all but the Squire, who was conscious of a feeling of defeat somehow; he had not said what he wanted to say, and there was that ring in his pocket still!

When they reached Kingsford Mrs. Doyne felt it would be impossible for her to ask Mr. Harford to remain to dine with them, for she knew the Squire was a great epicure, and she knew also that their Sunday's joint was yet duty duty. She therefore vaguely said, she hoped they would see him some day again, and they all parted on friendly

terms; Mr. Harford venturing to press Lily's hand, hoping by doing so to make her understand what he had wished to tell her all the day.

But he was determined to have it settled. On the following afternoon he rode over to Reden Court to inquire if Alan Lester had returned home, and as he found he had not done so, he left his horse at the Court, and walked through the park, and by chance met Lily in one of the grassy paths beneath the interlacing branches of the great trees, which in summer made this spot a great shade.

The girl blushed when she saw the Squire, and the Squire saw the blush, and did not release the little fluttering hand held out to greet him.

"I am so glad I have met you," said Godfrey Harford, "so very glad—I couldn't get a word with you yesterday for that little rogue."

"He's a fine little fellow, isn't he?" "Yes, in his proper place; but I did not want him yesterday. Lily, can you guess what I wanted to say to you yesterday, and have come to say to you to-day?"

He was still holding her hand, and his kindly smiling eyes were fixed on her sweet face.

"It doesn't take many words to tell," he went on, still smiling, "and yet it's not so easy to say them, but I will say them to-day—Lily, will you be my wife?"

He blurted out the last words more like a school-boy than a man who was certainly supposed to have made some love in his time. And while his ears were hanging for the modest blushing answer he expected, he took her other hand, and would have drawn her towards him, but Lily shrank a little back.

"I—I—am sorry you have said this, Mr. Harford."

"Why? What is the matter? Can't you like me?"

"It is not that," and Lily lifted her large serious grey eyes and looked in his face.

"Then why are you sorry, my dear little girl? I have thought of this for some time, Lily. I am sure I shall try to make you happy, very happy."

"I am sure you will always be good and kind to everyone, Mr. Harford; but you must not ask me to marry you, for it cannot be."

"It cannot be!" "No, it really cannot be. I like you very much, very much indeed; but not like that."

These words were a terrible disappointment to Mr. Harford. He dropped Lily's hands, he stood looking blankly in her face.

"I suppose you think I'm an old man?" he said, presently, with some bitterness.

"Indeed I do not think so; you are not an old man, no, no, that has nothing to do with it."

"What is it then, Lily? Please do tell me. I have set my heart upon this. I hoped we would be so happy."

But Lily did not speak; she turned away her head, and her lips began to quiver.

"Is there anything about my house, or anything about my life you don't like, dear? If there is, you have only to point it out. Of course I am a good deal older."

"Oh! Mr. Harford, don't say anything more. It only distresses me to pain you, and I can give no other answer."

Godfrey Harford now walked a few steps away from her, and then came back. Suddenly his cousin's words had flashed into his mind. Could she care for anyone else—for Alan Lester?

"I want you to tell me one thing," he said, returning to her and again taking her reluctant hand, "and then I won't tease you any more. Will you not marry me, because—there is someone else?"

Lily's breast began to heave, and tears rose in her eyes.

"I have no right, perhaps, to ask you," urged the Squire, "but—but—well, perhaps I'm an old fool, but I love you very much, and if there was no one else I might hope to win you; so will you tell me, Lily, do you like anyone better than you can ever like me?"

Still Lily did not speak; her hand was trembling in Mr. Harford's, and by her face he saw she was greatly agitated.

"Is there anyone, Lily?" "Yes," she faltered, in a low, pained tone, but Mr. Harford heard it.

"I understand," he said, dropping her hand, "it is Alan Lester?"

"Oh! Mr. Harford, you must never tell this!" now cried Lily in quick alarm, "there is nothing between us—he does not care for me in the very least, he has never thought of me. But when he lost everything—when everyone was so cruel to him, when Annette was so cruel to him, I felt so sorry, and I—"

"Get to like him, I suppose," said the Squire with a strange gentleness in his voice. "I—I might have known."

"But you must promise never to tell, Mr. Harford," said Lily eagerly; "but I could not bear to give you any more pain. It was best to tell the truth to you, though no one else must ever know it."

"Thank you, Lily." Then he took hold of her hands, and there was a mist before his eyes, and a great gentleness and tenderness on his harsh features.

"Good-bye, and God bless you, dear. I would have tried to make you happy; but it is not to be. And he stooped down and kissed her hand, and the next moment had left her, feeling that there had come to him the bitterest sorrow of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—RODIE'S CHANCES.

For two whole days Mr. Harford never went near the Rectory after that interview with Lily in Reden Park. He was very fond of his cousin, but the pain was too fresh, too bitter, and he felt he could not talk of it, even to Elizabeth. But on the third day the Rector was sent by his wife to inquire if Godfrey were ill.

He found the Squire certainly looking anything but well. His marked features were haggard, and there was a worn look about his eyes. He was sitting in his library, with his old dog lying on the rug at his feet, and he was reading a French novel, though it was a fine morning, and the sun was shining and the birds singing outside.

This was so unlike the active, genial Squire, who loved to be about his place, planting and superintending; who kept his own account of every penny spent on the estate, and who, though a very kind master, was also one who would not be imposed on, that Mr. Olaxton looked at him rather anxiously.

"Are you not well, Harford? Elizabeth sends me up to see after you."

"Oh, I'm very well; I've a bit of a cold, I think. Where will you sit, Olaxton? Well, and how are all your parishioners getting?"

"Now you think I've come to beg," smiled the Rector. "Elizabeth told me in wifely confidence that you say I cover call upon you unless I come to attack your purse-string. But I'm going to disappoint you to-day. I really came to see how you were, as you have not been down to our place for three or four days, and that seems a tremendous time. I assure you, to Elizabeth and the children."

"Elizabeth is very good," and the Squire suppressed a sigh. "I don't know what I would do without you all."

"Wait until we have a lovely young Mrs. Harford!"

"There's no likelihood of a lovely young Mrs. Harford. I'm too old for a young wife."

Then Mr. Olaxton guessed what had happened to his wife's cousin, but of course he made no allusion to it. He talked for a quarter of an hour more in his quiet pleasant way, and then he asked the Squire if he would come down and dine with them in the evening.

But Mr. Harford declined.

"No," he said, "not to-day. I'll look in during the afternoon and have a chat with Elizabeth. I'm thinking of going up to town for a week or two; you had better come with me, Olaxton!"

The Rector gently shook his head.

"I can't leave my parish," he said.

"Nonsense. I'll tell you Elizabeth about it. I open the parish things if you'll come, and I think it will do you both good. I know I want a change."

"A change does everyone good—well then, we'll see you this afternoon." And the Rector rose, smiled nodded and went away, and Godfrey Harford was left alone with his gloomy thoughts.

When Mr. Olaxton reached the Rectory he found his wife walking up and down before the house, evidently watching for him. She went forward to meet her husband and put her arm through his and looked up inquiringly in his face.

"Well," she said, "and how did you find Godfrey?"

"Not very bright. I fancy, Elizabeth,

that the little love-fool that you and he indulged in has been a failure."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," smiled the Rector, "that the fair maiden has refused Godfrey."

"What makes you think so, Roderick?" said Lady Elizabeth eagerly.

"Well, for one thing he seems very low, for another he said he was too old to marry a young wife, and for a third he proposed to leave Kimmel for a while."

"It looks very like it then. Oh! poor, poor Godfrey!"

Lady Elizabeth could scarcely retain her excitement. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes began to sparkle, and yet all the while she was sorry for Godfrey's pain. Yes, sorry and yet glad, if this stupid, this unsuitable idea of his, were at an end.

"It was a mistake," she said. "I told him it was a mistake, and yet I scarcely thought she would have refused him. Perhaps she has not done so, Roderick?"

"The symptoms looked very suspicious; he was reading a cynical French novel in addition to those I mentioned. Yes, my dear, I believe Miss Lily Doyns has refused your cousin."

"And is he coming? Did you ask him to come?"

"He is coming to see you this afternoon, and, no doubt, will then tell you all about it."

Lady Elizabeth was most impatient after this until her cousin arrived. She dressed herself in her prettiest gown to receive him—the gown Godfrey always admired when he saw it—a bronze-green plush, and she looked, no doubt, a very handsome woman as she kept packing up and down her dressing-room, waiting for him. At last he came, and Lady Elizabeth went forward holding out her warm trembling hand.

"I thought you must be ill, Godfrey!"

"No, my dear, I'm out of sorts a bit, that is all. Well, it's all up Elizabeth. The truth is, I hadn't the heart to come and tell you until to-day."

He said this still holding her hand, and looking sadly enough in her eager sympathetic face.

"You mean—"

"I mean I've been a fool; that's all. I fancied a young girl might get to like me, and I've found out my mistake; like other fools before me, I dare say!" added the Squire with a sorry laugh.

"Oh, Godfrey, I'm so sorry!"

She felt so at the moment; she saw he was suffering, and it pained and grieved her, though she knew in her inmost heart she was glad—glad. She had hated the thought of this marriage with Lily Doyns. She had tried to reconcile herself to the idea, and she would have tried to be kind to Godfrey's young wife; but she was thankful her good intentions were not called upon to be realised.

"After all, my dear," she said very tenderly, "I am sure you will marry some one much more suitable. I do not like the family, and families have great influence."

"I don't think I'll marry at all, Elizabeth, I've had about enough of it."

"And what did she say? Did she give any reason?"

"She said she could not like me in that way."

"And do you think there is any one else?"

"My dear, how can I tell; I suppose she thinks I am too old, and I suppose I am." And the Squire sat down with a weary sigh.

For some time he was the true gentleman to give his cousin even a hint of Lily's secret. The child had trusted him, he told himself, to spare him pain, and it was quite a sufficient explanation to give to Elizabeth for Lily's refusal, that she had thought him too old, however much this explanation pained the Squire.

"She is really only a child. Dear Godfrey, you must forget it!" And Lady Elizabeth went up to the Squire's chair and again took his hand.

"It's easy talking, Elizabeth," he answered, looking up in her face so sadly and yet so kindly that Lady Elizabeth felt ashamed that she had been glad a minute before that this disappointment had come to him.

"Why, my dear," he added with a smile, looking at her plump gown, "what a swell you are? Do you expect some people; because if you do, I'll be off!"

"I expect no one. I put on this gown because you liked the color; because I want you to think—"

"What dear?" "That you have someone who thinks of your taste; who—who has always thought

of them, Godfrey. You must not make your old friend, your cousin—almost your sister—unhappy by seeing you unhappy, because a silly little girl has said you nay!"

There were tears in her eyes; genuine tears of emotion and affection, and Godfrey Harford's kindly heart was deeply touched.

"You are a good woman," he said, "a good, kind woman. No, I won't make you unhappy, my dear, or bother you with my folly. We won't talk about it any more; it's been a lesson to me, a sharp lesson, and I dare say I'll be all the better for it, and I have myself in a more sensible fashion in future. And now I've got another little proposal to make, and I expect you won't refuse me, too?"

"What is it, Godfrey?"

"It is that you and Olaxton go up to town with me, for a few days. It will do us all good—give us something fresh to talk about and think about; and I expect you will be my guests?"

"How kind you are. I would like it very much. I wonder if Roderick would go?"

"Of course he will, if you tell him he must."

Lady Elizabeth smilingly shook her head. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XIX.

- 1. That which the fowls of the air never do.
2. That which we are to redeem.
3. One who opened not the gate for gladness.
4. The first well dug by Isaac's servants.
5. A chain of the host of Syria, a looper.
6. That which we are to do freely.
7. That which we are to forgive men.
8. That which shall be rolled together as a scroll.

The initials give that which we are to ascribe unto God. The finale give that in which God's strength is made perfect.

ANSWER TO No. XVI.

ISRAELITES—GANAANITES.

- 1. I-sac Gen. xvii. 19.
2. S-heb-a 1 Kings x. 1.
3. E-nob-n Gen. xxix. 32.
4. A-s-a 1 Kings xv. 23.
5. E-lah-a 1 Kings xix. 19.
6. L-aba-n Gen. xxix. 10.
7. I-ta-i 2 Sam. xxiii. 29.
8. T-en-t Gen. xii. 8.
9. E-v-e Gen. iv. 1, 2.
10. S-sacrifices Deut. xxxiii. 19.

Correct answers to No. XVI. have been received as follows:—Miss Jeanette Robertson, Orangeville, who is awarded the prize;—M. Macleannan, Jehn Waddell, Miss L. Shankland, Louisa Hodgson, J. McMonies, Mr. B. F. Bush, Mrs. J. Laker, Cora McDermid, James McGregor, E. A. Loyd, Mrs. M. Hollis, Helen Crawford, Lizzie Woodroffe, Dolly Downey, K. H. Barnett, Margaret Lanlan, Samuel Coyne, Hannah Chapman, Mrs. R. Stockes, Maggie Rogers, Annie J. Melton.

By a typographical error last week it was stated that the prize would be awarded to the person first correctly answering both No. XI. and Mr. Waddell's Enigma. It should have read "both No. XVIII. &c."

Facts Concerning Human Life.

The total number of human beings on the earth is computed at over 3,000,000,000, and they speak 3,064 known tongues. The average duration of life is 33 1/2 years. One-fourth of those born, die before they are seven years old, and one-half before the age of 17. Out of 100 persons only six reach the age of 60 years. Out of 50 only one attains the age of 80 years. Sixty persons die every minute. Tall men live longer than short ones. Married men live longer than the single. Poor men live, on an average, 42 years, and a drunkard to every 74.

The women of the Salvation Army, Bristol, have armed themselves with Cayenne pepper, to throw in the faces of the ruffians who are accustomed to beat them in their streets.

MY LAST DETECTIVE CASE.

CHAPTER IV

I need scarcely say that the "regular" bad character of the district had been duly looked after by our people; but there was nothing to connect any of them with the murder; which, take it altogether, was more deficient in clue than any crime I had ever had to deal with. So I was regularly at sea, as one may say; was expected to do something in the matter, to show that I was really at work, but with no more idea what it was I ought to do, or in which direction I ought to turn, than if I had been a baby in arms—a pretty position for a man who had been repeatedly described as an active and intelligent officer.

I shall never forget the aimless, drowsy sort of way in which I first started on my quest; I really felt half inclined to arrest some promising "rough" on pure spec. Calling up all the mysterious cases I could remember, I thought of one where the eye of the murdered man—a bank messenger in Ireland—was examined by a microscope to see if, in accordance with the popular belief, the last thing upon which his dying glance fell was permanently fixed on the retina. Had this been possible in the case of old Daryett, I think I should have tried it; but he had been buried a week ago. I recalled, also, that in the case I have quoted, it was proposed to consult a spiritualist and the idea immediately came into my mind that I would go and see old Mrs. Hat-tray—Mather Poll, we used to call her—to get her to look in the cards. I laughed at myself for thinking of such a thing; not but what the old girl was very clever; but as I did so, the idea struck me with wonderful force, that there might, after all, be something in a spiritualist. A spiritualist! one who can read people's thoughts, can see through brick walls, and can make tables walk about—why, there must be something in such a person; so why not try one? Suppose I tried two or three; if they failed, I could not be any worse off than I was before I applied to them; while if half I had heard about them was true, I might get some sort of a clue; even a guess would be better than nothing.

The paper had mentioned—which was a pity—putting the announcement into one of those little bits which come after the leading articles, and which no one ever heard of when I was a boy—that "the Upper Broughton Street mystery had been placed in the experienced hands of a well-known detective, Sergeant Nickham; and it is reported that the shrewd and intelligent officer had already obtained evidence of the most important character." Now, the reader is perfectly aware that I had not done anything of the kind; but it was clear that if I did not do something, I should get as much undeserved blame, as I was now getting undeserved praise; so I determined to consult a spiritualist.

It may easily be supposed that I was asked a great deal about my plans. The coolness with which persons who have nothing to do with the matter will ask an officer to give them an account of his plans in the most difficult cases, is astonishing. They seldom got much by doing so. Mr. Halpin, my lodger, took great interest in my movements, which was perhaps not so very wonderful; yet he had been so distant, that I did not like it so much as he evidently supposed I did, in spite of all his compliments. He was always prophesying my success, and seemed to have a most wonderful estimate of my power. He made me promise to stand a bottle of wine, the day I received the reward; and after I had done this, he was still more constant in his enquiries. After all, I did not much mind knowing, as I have said, what a horrible interest some people take in such affairs; but I found he began to cross-questioning my wife, so that he could get out of her; which was what I did not like it. Yet I must remember that while I, having been for more than twenty years, had had to deal too experienced to fall into any such snare, yet I am proud to say of my own, as I can say with perfect truth that he was a great deal taller than I was, and that he was a great deal more than I was. For he managed to guess I had some money, and that he should soon be adding and

running on a murder from the first; which was curious, for the interview was half over before I had them know what sort of transaction I was asking about. But what she said was of no more use to me than if she had been talking about a game of orthogon, or of making a plum pudding. It was a dead failure. But I had not expected much from it.

Mr. Stevwright was very civil and candid in his style. He said he was afraid the revelation was no better. He would not make any charge, if I liked to come again. I was of course equally civil, and said how very clever I thought the young lady was, and how much obliged I was for the trouble they had both taken, and that I would let them know if I thought of hearing any more. I made up my mind on the spot that I would not come again; but, as I have said, you never can tell when you may want people, and it is not a great deal of trouble to say a few civil words. I bade them "good night," and was let out by Charley, to whom I bade "good-night," also. I was passing out the street door as I spoke to him, when, to my astonishment, he slipped out too, and holding the door in his hand, so prevent it slamming, whispered: "you will excuse me, sir; but I have often seen your face before, although I don't know your name. Ain't you in the police?"

"I am," I said at once; for there was no use in beating about, as I could see he was in earnest. "And you are here on business?" he went on. "I nodded, for he was speaking quick and low. "Wait for me, sir, across the way, at the corner," he continued in the same hurried manner. "I should like to have a word with you, if you don't mind waiting five minutes." I promised to wait, and he slipped in again; while I, wondering what was coming now, went over to the corner where stood the public-house to which I had taken him, and smoked a cigar till he came.

I was always of a reflecting, meditative turn; and as I grow older, I become fonder of a quiet interval of thought, which, I believe, is a rule with people who are getting on in life; but I don't know that I ever applied myself to think out anything more thoroughly than I did to guess what on earth this young man could have to say to me; and I was never wider of the mark in any speculation in which I may have indulged. I dismissed at once all expectation that he knew anything about the Upper Broughton Street business, although that had first of all rushed into my mind. I decided that he was going to turn evidence against his employer, and tell me that I had been done out of my sovereign. I made sure I should not like him any the better for doing this; I might use his information—very likely I should do so; but I like to see people stick to the shop.

He was rather longer absent than the time he had mentioned; but if I had had to wait till twelve o'clock, I should have done it, for it is a rule of mine never to throw a chance away. At last he came: "Sorry to keep you waiting so long, sir," he began; "but I could not get away any sooner." "All right, my boy," I said. "My time is my own, so there is no harm done. But since you are here, suppose we try another tumbler and whisky?" "Thank you, sir," said the young fellow; "presently I shall feel much obliged for it; but if it is all the same to you, I should like to have a few words with you out here, on the quiet. It would not do for me to be overheard." "Aha! it is the spiritualistic business, then," I thought; but when I was at his service; so we passed into a quiet crescent which was close by, and he crossed over to the side where the iron railings enclosed a lonely deserted plot of grass, away from the houses; and here, as we walked in the shade of some trees, he began.

"No one is likely to overhear us now," he said; and I mentally agreed with him; in fact, I thought he was taking a most unnecessary amount of trouble over such a trifling matter. "You told me, sir, that you were in the police?" "I nodded. "I have heard a few words passing between Mr. Stevwright and Miss Jukes, our clairvoyant as to your business," he went on, and being in the next room this evening, I heard her while she was in her trance. "Well, if you did, you could not make

much out of it, unless you are a good deal sharper than I am," I thought; but I did not say this aloud. I merely said "Indeed!" and he went on again.

"You are here about a murder, are you not—a murder to which you want a clue?" "Hullo!" thought I; "this is what I did not reckon on. What is coming now?" Then I said aloud: "Suppose I am or not, what then?" "But you are," returned the young fellow; "and I am not the only one who knows it. You were watched coming here." "What! to-night?" I exclaimed, quite staggered at this.

"Not that I know of," he replied; "but I should say it was more than likely, as you were certainly watched to this place the other day, and I saw the man who was spying; but I did not know what he was after, then."

"How do you know it now?" I naturally asked. "Because when I let you in on the first day you called, I saw a man go past on the other side of the way. Soon afterwards I had to let another visitor out, and I saw the man again. I noticed him this time. There was something about him like a man on the look, so I looked for him when I let you out."

"But you were with me then," I interrupted. "Quite right, sir," said Charley; "but still I looked for him, and I saw him a little way off; so I said to myself: 'This don't look like a matter of chance; but if it is, you won't be here when we come out of the Crown.' If you are slinking about then, I shall know you are on the watch." He was there when we came out; and so, as I am sure it can't be me he's a-watching, it must be you. But I saw him again yesterday, in a different part of town."

"Then I should think it's you he's watching, after all," I struck in with a laugh, not because I thought it such a laughable matter, but to see how he took it. "No, sir," said he seriously enough, and shaking his head; "there's no one else who's worth watching; but with you it may be different. However, to come to the point, sir, I am here only three days a week, on the reception-days; I fill up my place in another establishment of the same kind only not so stylish a place; in Clerkenwell. There I am of a little more importance than I am here; in fact, I am the assistant, and help in the experiments, instead of only a porter. Well, sir, last night that very man—the man I had seen waiting for you—called there."

"Called there?" I exclaimed. It is a very bad plan to interrupt a story, but I was fairly surprised into it.

"Yes, he did indeed," continued Charley; "and as I was with the proprietor at the time—dressed up, of course—I heard all he said. I did not like his look when close to him, any more than I had done at first; and he hummed and hawed so much, and fencod about so long before coming to his business, that I was sure he was after no good. We, of course, thought he wanted to consult the clairvoyant—that's me there, you know; and I am a very good one. But after a deal of preface, he said he only wanted to ask a few questions about the way other people consulted the spiritualist, and what the clairvoyant's powers are. He asked how the clairvoyant answered, and whether he could refer to events which had happened several weeks before; so that if he or any friend of his wanted to enquire about the commission of a crime, was it possible for us to throw a ray of light upon it. I can tell you, sir, that he himself threw as much light upon it as any clairvoyant could; for I saw at once that he must himself have committed some crime, and was afraid you was consulting us to trace him. Of course, I could not have made such a guess as this, if I had not seen him slinking about after you, or if I had not known you was in the police, no, nor if I hadn't got a pretty good guess as to what you was a-coming to our place here for. You may be sure we did not quite satisfy him; and the end of it was that he had made an appointment for to-morrow night—I was engaged here to-night as you know—to see the clairvoyant. Now, sir, you may depend upon it that if it is worth his while to spy on you, it's worth your while to look after him; and if it's worth his while to ask about your business with the spiritualists, it's worth your while to find out why he is so anxious."

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, when the young fellow had finished, "you ought to be

running on a murder from the first; which was curious, for the interview was half over before I had them know what sort of transaction I was asking about. But what she said was of no more use to me than if she had been talking about a game of orthogon, or of making a plum pudding. It was a dead failure. But I had not expected much from it.

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In the police. I am not joking, Charley, but am in sober earnest. There is not one fellow out of fifty could have fitted the pieces of the puzzle together as you have done. Right or wrong as it may prove to be, it is so much like the real thing, that it does you credit. I will tell you who I am and all about my business. My name is Nickham. You have heard of Sergeant Nickham, I dare say?"

"Heard of you! heard of you!" he repeated, with genuine admiration in his voice, and there really is something delightful in being a popular character. "I should think I had! Well, then you must be on the Upper Broughton 'great business'!"

"I am," I said, and an intelligent young fellow like you might easily be of great use to me. I may as well have you with me thoroughly, and then, if I draw the reward, you shall not be forgotten. This man will come as agreed, I suppose. But should you know him again, if he did not?"

"To a certainty," replied Charley. "I know his name as it is."

"You know his name!" I exclaimed again. "I had not expected to hear you say that. What is it?"

"Brake—Mr. Herbert Brake," said Charley.

This was coming to the point, and no mistake; but it was too good to be true.

"Did he give the name of his own accord?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! quite readily," replied the young fellow.

"And was he a good-looking, bright-eyed keen-looking little fellow?" I asked again; "very dark, with a carefully trimmed moustache?"

"Oh, no; not at all," he answered. I expected to hear as much.

"This was a thick-set man, of middle age. He had a big fleshy face, with small eyes, that never looked at you for two seconds together—at least, I never could fix them. He had a way of constantly grinning when he spoke; but he did not lack a good-tampered man, for all that."

Here was exactly Bill Jenkin's account of the stranger over again, and I had a curious feeling of being greatly surprised, and yet, at the same time, of having expected it. Once again, too, I seemed to have been dreaming of such a man. As the description could not in the least apply to the only Mr. Herbert Brake who was likely to be concerned in the business, I at once took a greater interest in Charley's account, and in the whole transaction, I may say, than I had previously done; for we looked like getting hold of something tangible at last.

Here, clearly, was a party watching me. I had not believed that at first; but I was certain of it now. This was evidently a party who knew a great deal about the matter; for while he was cunning enough not to drop the least hint as to what crime he was interested in, he was also cunning enough to let fall the name of the man already suspected of the Upper Broughton Street murder; a name which would be sure—he must have argued—to cast additional suspicion on the young fellow, if this visit to the spiritualist's ever got talked about.

It was not a bad idea; but in criminal matters, above everything else, to my thinking, all depends upon how any move is taken. Using to my having come across my new friend Charley so early, I was able already to decide for certain that young Brake could not be the criminal I was trying to discover; while, as this stranger was anxious to have the young man's name mixed up with the business, he or his friends had a good reason—perhaps the best of reasons—for wishing him to be suspected.

I told Charley I would like to have a night to think the matter over, cautioned him not to say a word to any one else; and then made an appointment to meet him at the Two Gridirons—a house I knew in his neighborhood—at one the next day, when I would let him know what I had decided upon. Of course, we had the whisky and saltz at parking.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The female of a pair of eagles which have been in captivity in Toledo, O., for six years, laid an egg on the 18th of March and another the day following. Then she began sitting on the eggs, and never left the nest until Tuesday last, when a pair of eaglets were found to have been hatched. They are strong and apparently healthy. Eagles rarely brood in captivity.



A SUMMER'S DAY.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

INTRODUCTION.

Spring showers have washed the winter snows away,
And Nature smiles at the approach of May,
Clad in the brightest green, and decked with flowers
Which speak of balmy winds and sunny hours;
When birds, and bees, and butterflies abound,
And flowers in rich profusion deck the ground—
Straw here and there by Flora's wondrous hand—
And hope stars mantle o'er all the land,
Oh! then, 'tis surely Summer!

MORNING.

'Tis morn'g! for the rising sun
His daily journey hath begun;
Flooding the earth with glory bright,
Chasing away the gloom of night;
Closing the eye of every star
That twinkles in the heavens afar;
Paling the moon's soft, silvery light,
Till it recedes from mortal sight!

All hail! then ruler of the day,
Nature delights to own thy way;
As thy approach the smallest flower
On hill, or dale, or verdant bowser,
Lifts up its head, though wet with dew,
And spreads its petals out to view,
To cheer the heart, and gladden the eyes,
A dainty morn'g meal to thee!

At Sol's glad light the feathered throng
Makes woods resound with cheerful song,
And, full of grateful, glad surprise,
Flies out to meet thee in the skies.
The milkmaid sings a merry lay,
As through the fields of fragrant hay
She gaily trips to meet the cows,
Whose welcome noise the echoes raise,

Sweet morning hours!—first fruit of day—
None but the aloofly spurn away
Thy gifts of beauty, health and light,
And, slumbering, turn thee into night!
When glory gilds the eastern sky,
And Nature lifts her voice on high,
Why should'st thou man with grateful heart,
Join in and take a noble part!

NOON.

The sun hath reached meridian's height,
And rebed the earth in glory bright;
Flora, arrayed in all her charms,
Looks up and smiles; with loving arms
Seeks to invite his presence near,
Like perfect love which hath no fear
And thinks no evil, though a shower
Should hide his face in noontide's hour!

Bright noon! when all around is life,
And hum, and stir, and busy strife;
Nature, in all her various forms,—
Like angry waves in wintry storms,—
Strives life with life for daily bread,
For all must live and all be fed,
Each eager to secure a prey,
Before noontide shall pass away!

The butterfly sweeps the hour,
And sips sweet nectar from the flower.
The humble bee doth homeward bring
Her treasures sweet on laden wing,
The cheerful sparrow on the ground,
A dainty mid-day meal hath found.—
All nature knows the time of day,
Nor lets it idly pass away!

'Tis noon! and from the village school,
A joyous host, released from rule,
Reas out with hearts as light as air,
Without a sorrow or a care,
Not to improve the fleeting hour
Whether in sunshine or in shower,
Her noon's short hour flies fast away,
When given to joyous mirth and play!

NIGHT.

The evening shades are falling fast,
Long shadows on the ground are cast,
The western sky is all aglow
With fiery glory settling low,
The hill-tops glance with changing hue,
A noble back ground to the view,
As mountain, river, lake, and plain,
Are bathed in glory once again!

Sweet evening hours! suggesting rest,
To weary toilers thou art blest!
See yon fire cott'ge at whose door
The children look for "Pa" once more,
And by the welcome they impart,
Bid all the cares of day depart;
Domestic joys are life's sweet flowers,
Full blooming in the evening hours!

As evening deepens into night,
A host of stars show purer light
Fair Luna comes upon the scene,
With halo of bright silvery sheen,
To woo the lover out to stroll
The shady walks with lover's soul,
And pour into the maiden's
The soulful words she loves!

At last the midnight hour
The stillness of the grave
On all around with potent
The day is past and all is well
For Israel's God doth ever
His wondrous power o'er the
Trod Nature's path
With

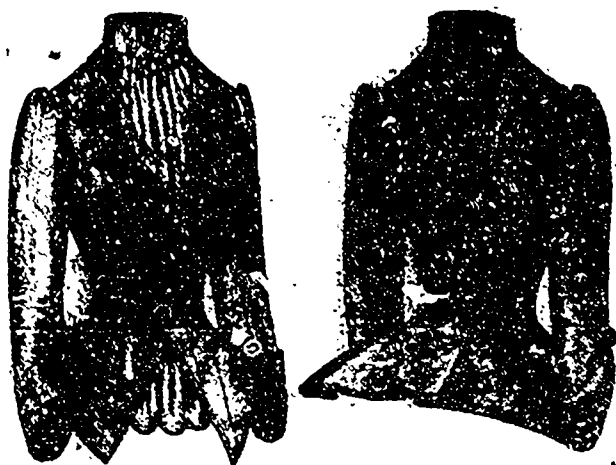


FIG. 6. No. 3431.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 yards;
 34 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 1/2 yards;

46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 34 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 46 inches, 2 7/8 yards.

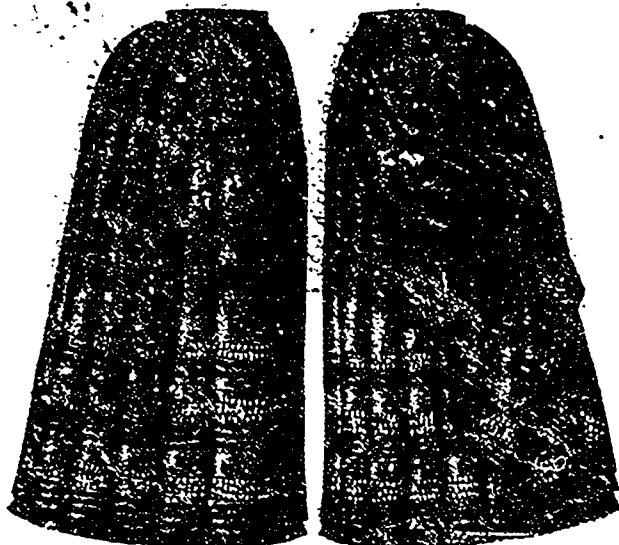
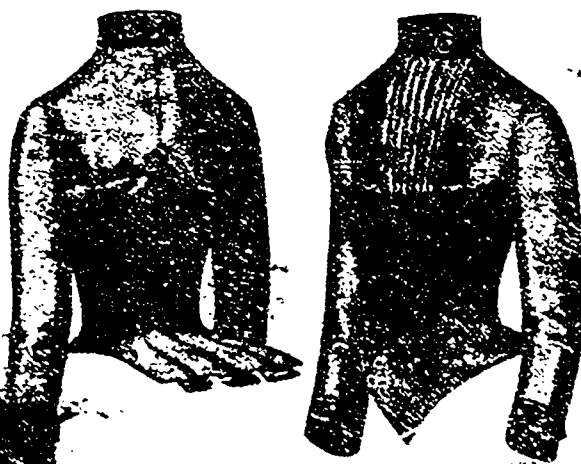


FIG. No. 8.—No. 3437.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), 14

yards.
 Quantity of Material (48 inches wide), 7 1/2 yards.



No. 3433.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 yards;
 34 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 1/2 yards;

46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 34 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 46 inches, 2 7/8 yards.



FIG. 14.—No. 3433.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 8 1/2 yards;
 24 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 8 1/2 yards;
 28 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
 24 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
 28 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

No. 3334.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 3 1/2 yards;
 24 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 3 1/2 yards;
 28 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 4 yards;
 32 inches, 4 yards; 34 inches, 4 yards;
 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards;
 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards;

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 22 inches, 1 7/8 yards;
 24 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 26 inches, 2 yards;
 28 inches, 2 yards; 30 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards;

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Figure No. 6.—Three materials are used in the basque here illustrated—sarah, striped velvet and silk, and plain woolen goods. It is fitted with the usual number of buttons, has extensions on the shoulders that form a wide box-pleat, with buttons at the centre back seam. The fronts lay out in a V to the waist, where a button holds them, then slope in divergent points. The sarah pleat-troon is shirred at the neck, fastens in Breton style, and falls in a puff below the waist. Sailor collar with revers in front and sleeves facing of the striped. The sleeves are wider than usual, pushed up over the lining, and held by a button on the inside seam. Pattern No. 3431, price 25 cents.

Figure No. 8.—Pattern No. 3437, price 30 cents furnishes the design here depicted. Boucle-striped goods are represented, though any ordinary fabric is suitable, with head trimmings to remove the plain appearance. The lining skirt is finished with a protective pleating; the upper skirt is laid in broad folds, with one box-pleat on either side. The

pleats should be caught underneath with two tapes passed around loosely. The scarf is carefully draped from the right centre to left box-pleat, where it knots once with slanting ends trimmed or striped like the skirt.

FIGURE No. 12.—Pattern No. 3438, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for a basque suitable for any ordinary fabric. A pointed front, a shirred back, and coat sleeves are the chief features. The pleated V-neck is sewn on in Breton style, fastened on one side and hooked over on the other; the velvet collar and cuffs are pointed and buttoned over, and the vest outlined by long bands or revers continuing to the point.

FIGURE No. 14.—Our illustration is beautifully carried out in lace, though silk, canvas, velvet, etc., are equally appropriate. The skirt has a wide tablier of lace over a tiny pleating, draped scarfs above in open style, and a plain drapery in thick gathers at the belt. The scarfs can be made of piece lace, though a better effect is given with the contrasting material. Pattern No. 3433, price

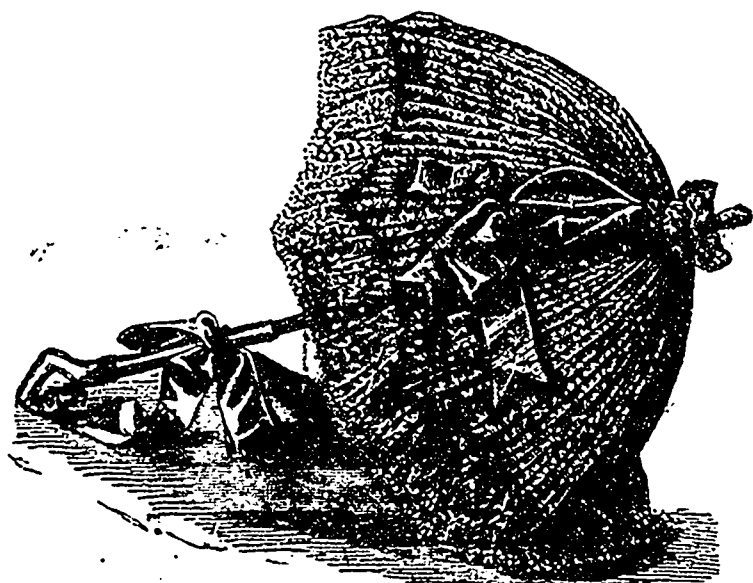


FIG. 37.

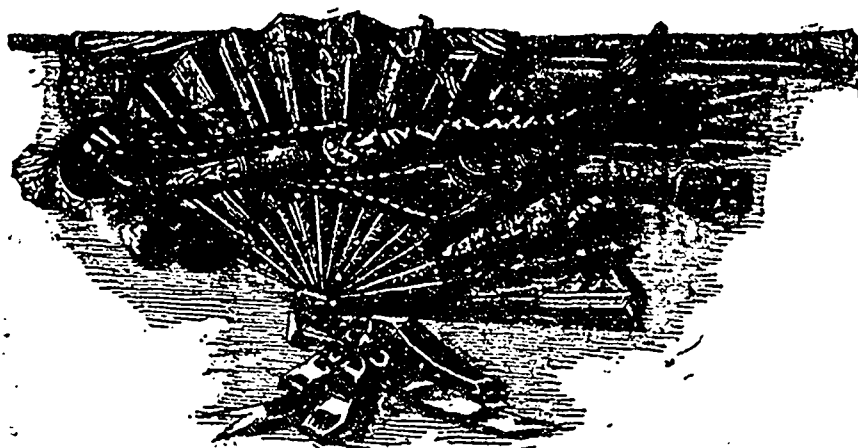


FIG. 38.

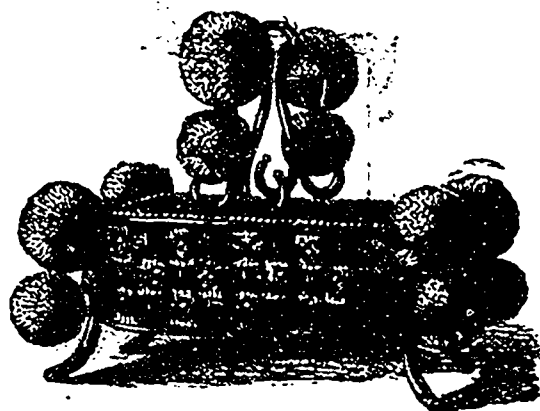


FIG. 34.

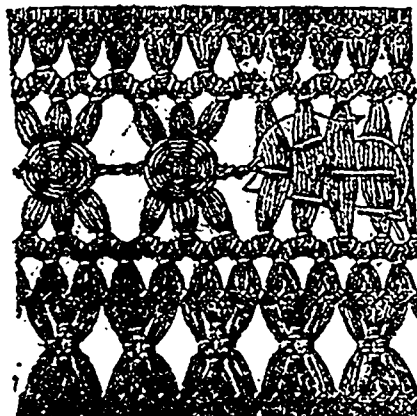


FIG. 32.

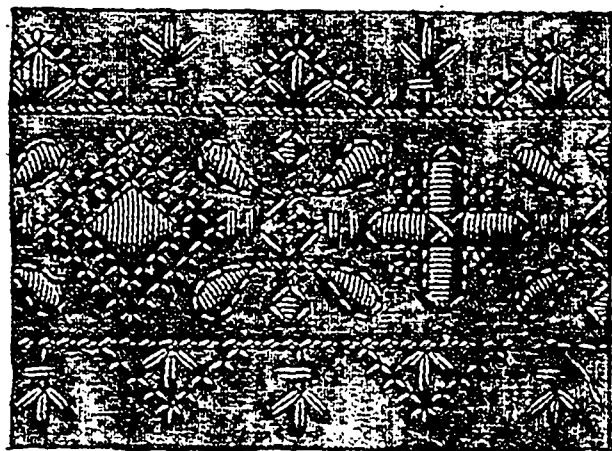


FIG. 36.

30 cents. The basque is made of lace over silk cording in scallops on the right side, and a gathered scarf on the left from the shoulder to the waist; the V between is filled in with a pleated plastron. The back forms two points draped in the centre, edge with a lace ruffie, and cut with extensive pleats. Pattern No. 3434, price 25 cents.

DOMESTIC ART.

Figure No. 32 illustrates a pretty border in drawn work that is suitable for doilies, towels, bureau covers, tidies, and a host of other canvas or linen articles. Linen thread should be used for the fastenings, as cotton gives out before the article is worn threadbare. The key basket shown in Figure No. 34 is of black lacque lined with light brown linen mounted on thin cardboard. The three narrow stripes of embroidery are slipped in and cut of the upright staves, and are worked on light brown canvas or picot-edged ribbon with red chenille and split fillo-selle (in gold) in cross stitch and point Russa. Pompons of fine wool and silk mixed are fastened to the handle and corners of the basket.

The border of various fancy stitches shown in Figure No. 36 can be worked in cotton or silk for aprons, tray covers, table covers, chair backs, and a variety of purposes known to the lovers and workers of the art of advanced needlework. Beautiful cradle quilts of white satin sheeting are trimmed with cream colored lace, and a worked or painted design of flowers, flight of swallows, etc., in one corner. The usual size is twenty-two inches long and twenty wide, with the two lower corners rounded. There is a flap to turn over from the top, neatly jehed on at the back before the lining is finished off, and this is six inches wide, with rounded corners. The lace need not go around the entire quilt, but only along the flap, and should be sewed on a little full. The monogram is very often worked in the centre. This is a favorite present from the baby's grandmother.

PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS.

The broad rage extends to parasols, so we see brocades outlined, tulle, gauze, lace and satin beaded with flat and pendant

drops in jet, rosy beads, colored pearls, steel, or bronze beads. Figure No. 37 represents a design of "Val" piece net in side pleats edged with a ruffie of lace; lining of cream satin; ivory handle representing a snake's head, curved; rosette of lace on top of stick; ribbon from there to point half way down; second bow on handle.

Figure No. 38 illustrates a group of handle and design. The lower one is of ocre and brown bayadere stripes, with olive-wood handle picked like a walnut, ends in an owl's head holding a ring; pompon tassels decorate the handle. The brown silk umbrella has a croak handle, enameled with flowers and figures; cards and pompons on the handle. Another handle is of dark wood, croak-shaped, inlaid with flowers of a lighter wood. The remaining parasol is of black satin, with a carved celluloid handle having a silk cord and soerms tied upon it. The fan is of black satin painted in water-colors, ebony sticks, picked with gold, and a golden ribbon hanging.

Some in black lace have jet beads or the net through out. Silk gauze is powdered with chenille dots. The Oriental has the wires more curved than last year's, and somewhat higher. A fringe of lace is seen inside some of the shapes half way between the edge and top. Black Chantilly lace is arranged over a foundation of gold gauze, with a ruffie around the edge finished with gilt bees. Large sun umbrellas for country or sea side wear are of "spot" or flowered cotton. Navy blue, brown, or dark green umbrellas are carried by shoppers. Wood handles in odd devices are fracted.

The Times are Hard.

First Dutchman—"Jake, vat you going to gif your son for a birthday present?"
 Second do.—"I don'd know; it's putty hard times. I guess I hss some baddons sewed on his clothes."
 First do.—"Yoe, dat's so. I guess I haf my boy's hair cut."

Bedices for bridal dresses are low in the neck and short of sleeve.

Shopping Experiences.

(Scene dry goods store.)
 Lady Customer—"Have you received your spring goods?"
 Clerk—"Yes'm."
 Lady Customer—"Let me see them, please."
 Clerk—"What kind did you wish to see?"
 Lady Customer—"Dress goods."
 Clerk—"What kind of dress goods?"
 Lady Customer—"Yes, dress goods."
 Clerk—"Do you want any particular color or quality?"
 Lady Customer—"I don't know till I see it."
 (Clerk shows conspicuous lot of dress goods.)
 Lady Customer—"Let me see your gingham."
 (Clerk shows gingham.)
 Lady Customer—"Let me see your bourettes and canvas cloth."
 (Is shown bourettes and canvas cloth.)
 Lady Customer—"Let me see your light-weight boucles and etamine suitings."
 (Is shown light-weight boucles and etamine suitings.)
 Lady Customer—"Let me see your albatross."
 (Is shown albatross.)
 Lady Customer—"Have you it in a light tone?"
 (Is shown a light tone albatross.)
 Lady Customer—"Have you a light-weight same shade?"
 (Is shown light-weight same shade.)
 Lady Customer—"Have you this quality in light drab or pongee?"
 (Is shown same quality in light drab and pongee.)
 Lady Customer—"Have you it in a sweet-gum gray?"
 (Clerk—"No, ma'am; but we have that shade in nun's veiling."
 Lady Customer—"I wanted albatross. I thought you had got in your new spring goods. When you do I wish you would let me know. Good morning."

Considerate.

The pride of a woman over a new bonnet is proverbial, but most men are not so considerate of the fact as the judge in a police court in the following story. A clear and simple case had been tried before him, and his Honor was about to give his decision, when he noticed a daughter of one of the parties and asked her to come forward and be sworn. Afterwards, at the dinner table, one of the lawyers asked if it was necessary for that young lady to testify.
 "Not in the least," replied the judge, with a sardonic smile, "not in the least; but I saw that she had a new bonnet, and feeling in an amiable mood, I concluded to let her have a chance to show it."
 Most women would prefer to allow a bonnet to dwell in obscurity, rather than appear upon the witness-stand.

Mrs. Joshee, the Hindoo woman who was recently graduated from the Women's Medical College, of Philadelphia, cooked every one of her own meals and served herself at the table in order to preserve her caste while in this country, so as to insure her reception in high-caste families in India.

A woman living in the province of Baku, Russia, died recently at the age of 130 years. It is said that this fact is attested by public records.



The Household.

Putting Up Things For Summer.

I have found the best way of putting away things for summer to be as follows: If you have not a regular camphor trunk—that is a chest made of camphor wood—take an ordinary trunk or chest that is well covered, so that it is perfectly tight, and put a layer of camphor gum in the bottom of it. De up each article separately in a clean cloth, then do them up in newspapers, pasting the ends so they will be perfectly tight. What there is about printers' ink that moths dislike so it would be difficult to say, but there is something about it they don't approve of. I speak with a good deal of confidence on this matter, for I have treated furs of all kinds and woollen garments in this way for several years, and I have never had a moth get into a thing that was so protected.

Blankets I simply fold as large as possible to fit the trunk, avoiding more creases than is necessary, and lay them on the bottom of the trunk, without putting into papers, placing bits of camphor between each layer. If the trunk is not filled with the blankets, I put in the woollen under-clothing, etc., then in another trunk the underclothes, cloaks, furs, hoods, and overcoats, those being done up in newspapers, a layer of camphor in the bottom of the trunk, and in the pockets of the coats and cloaks small pieces of the camphor gum.

For the removal of grease stains in such heavy fabrics as carpets, the most effectual methods, I think, will be to use absorbent materials, such as potter's clay, powdered soapstone, or buckwheat flour. Successive applications of one or the other of these will finally accomplish the desired result. The use of benzene, naphtha, turpentine, or other solvents is not to be recommended, as, owing to the thickness of the material, it will be next to impossible to prevent the solvent from spreading the grease over a large surface, leaving an ugly looking ring about the spot where it was applied.

Cold boiled rice may be utilized to make hot cakes for breakfast. To every two cups of rice add a quarter of a cup of flour, one egg, a tablespoonful of sugar and enough milk or water to make into a batter. Fry in hot drippings in small, round cakes and eat with maple syrup.

Before washing flannels, have the dust carefully beaten out of them in the open air. Then they are not scalded out in water muddy with their own dust. For this matter, a daily beating and brushing out of an upper story window should be the rule for all cloth skirts and all woollen dresses that are in daily wear.

An excellent dish for breakfast is made of six eggs and three tablespoonfuls of ham chopped very fine; beat in the eggs and, after melting a lump of butter in the frying-pan, drop the eggs into it and stir the ham in; the ham has of course, been cooked, either fried or boiled; season with pepper. This is a good way to use up pieces of meat that are left from dinner.

Choice Receipts.

Cheese Biscuits—Take as much cheese as you want for your biscuits, and with skim-milk mix it into a very stiff paste, after which roll it out to about the thickness of a penny, then cut into small pieces the size of a quarter-dollar, and rolling very thin, bake in a quick oven.

Steam Wheat Padding—One cup of sugar, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda; one cup chopped raisins improves it. Steam one and a half hours. Serve with sauce.

Breakfast Rolls Without Soda—Two eggs, 1 1/2 cupfuls sweet milk, a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a thick batter. These must be baked in an iron gem pan to be a success, and a quick oven is desirable.

Potato Chowder—Cut half a pound of salt pork into thin slices and fry slowly a light brown, and five large sliced onions. Let them color slightly. Put a layer of pared and sliced potatoes in a soup kettle, then a thin layer of pork and onions, season each layer with salt and pepper, and dredge with flour. When all the ingredients are used, cover with two quarts of water, let it come slowly to the boiling point, and cook forty minutes, or until the potatoes are done. About two quarts of potatoes

will be needed. Any herbs, such as parsley or young celery tops, may be used also.

Cookies—One cup of butter, one of cream, three eggs, one and two-thirds cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of saleratus. Very rich and good.

Ginger Cakes for Breakfast—One cupful of New Orleans molasses, one of sugar, one of butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda. Put half a cup of hot water on the soda, pour this on the butter, mix soft, roll out, and cut like cookies. Bake in a quick oven. Use ginger to the taste.

One-Egg Cake—One egg, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, two and one-half of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor to the taste.

Apple Snow—Pare the apples, halve and core them; put to boil with a little water and a cupful of sugar. When the apples are cooked, lift them out without breaking; boil down the sirup and pour over. On the top place a few spoonfuls of the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth and seasoned with lemon.

SALAD DRESSING—To one teaspoonful of salt wet with a little milk, add two eggs, well beaten, and half a cupful of weak vinegar (it can be diluted with water if necessary). Pour in a small cupful of milk, in which two teaspoonfuls of sugar have been dissolved. Set the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water, or on top of a boiling-teakettle, and stir until it thickens like mustard. Use it cold.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS—One cup of grated chocolate, one of milk, one of molasses, one of sugar, butter the size of an egg. Boil until it will harden in cold water, then cool in battered tins.

WALNUT CREAM—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one-third of a pound of English walnuts. Boil seven minutes. Take from the stove and beat to a cream, putting in the nuts when partially thickened; pour in a dish to cool.

CURRENT CAKES—One pound flour, one-half pound butter, three-quarters pound sugar, four eggs, one-half pound currants, well washed and dredged; one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; one-half lemon, grated rind and juice; one teaspoonful cinnamon. Drop from a spoon upon well-buttered paper, lining a baking pan. Bake quickly.

LEMON PUDDING—Three eggs, one cup

of sugar, one spoonful of butter, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and a little salt. Beat all well together, add a glass of sherry, and lastly, add gradually one pint of milk. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE—One-half box gelatine, well soaked; let one pint of milk come to the boiling point; one cup grated chocolate, twelve table-spoons sugar. Add the gelatine just before turning into the molds. To be eaten when cold, with sugar and cream.

Hints.

Fresh eggs, for invalids who like them cooked soft, should be put in a pan of boiling hot water, and set on a part of the range where they will not boil for several minutes. At the end of that time they will be like jelly—perfectly soft, but beautifully done, and quite digestible by even weak stomachs.

A piece of pork left stoking out of the brine, or swimming around on top of the brine, will soon rust and taint the whole lot. Keep the piece you are using from, and other pieces that may be loosened, under the brine by weighing with a flat stone.

When making layer cake which is to have a filling of fresh fruit, or one of any kind which ought not to be put in until it is time to serve it, it should be taken from the tin in which it is baked and placed on the tins turned upside down. Take the precaution to heat these tins if they have cooled, in order to prevent the cake's falling.

Don't boil the "greens" with the salt pork or ham. The fat will permeate them and destroy the good effect they would otherwise have in counteracting the evils of a long-continued diet of salt meat. Boil them alone with the exception of a little salt.

One ounce of white wax, one ounce of yellow wax, one-half ounce of white soap, and one pint of boiling water; melt all together in a saucepan over the fire and pour into a bottle. Apply by rubbing a little on a small space with a cloth of any kind, rub with a second cloth, and polish with a third. The economical housekeeper may have her furniture nicely polished at a trifling cost.

If you wish to prevent the unpleasant odor that arises from boiling cabbage tie up a piece of stale bread in a muslin cloth

and boil with the cabbage. A piece of stale bread on the end of a knife with which you are cutting onions will prevent the juice from affecting the eyes unpleasantly.

What Time Was It?

Mr. Middleman met three tramps this morning; to the first one he gave 5 cents; to the second, 10 cents, and to the third 10 cents—what time was it? A quarter to three.

Paul, after courting her for 17 consecutive years, succeeded in gaining Virginia. When she became his what time was it? Just won.

Alexander Little, Esq., discovering that his only and fondly doted-upon daughter had eloped with a circus man, hurried in pursuit. What time was it? A Little after two.

Apollo was sitting upon a bank where the wild thyme grew, having two of the Graces on one side of him, and the remaining one on the other side. Apollo, what time was it? Near three.

A poor but dishonest importer of American pork, descended from a prominent French family, asked Bismarck for the hand of his daughter. What time was it? Nein.

Robinson at the zenith of his fame as an equestrian, made a successful attempt to ride half a score of cartering horses at once. When he was mounting them, what time was it? Going on ten.

If yeast ever was transformed into one of the hours of the day, what time would it be? Why, Teaven, of course.

Richard Coeur de Lion, in his return from the Holy Land, was taken with a severe pain at the pit of his stomach. What time was it? It was twelve P. M.—that is to say, in the middle of the knight.

Two of an honest farmer's hired hands were sent out at a merry Christmas time to gather ivy for the holiday decoration. What time was it? Both hands at IV.

Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless, and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.



THE PURSUIT OF ART.

Our Friend Terrence: WHAT A FINE OLD WELL. IT WOULD BE SO EFFECTIVE IN COLORS. I SHOULD LIKE TO CALL TO MORROW AND TAKE IT.
Appreciative Owner: WELL, NOW, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY SO. I'VE ALLERS THOUGHT MYSELF HOW FINE IT WOULD LOOK IN COLOR.

TERRENTE CALLS THE NEXT DAY TO FIND THE OLD LAD HAS ALREADY GIVEN IT A COAT OF PURPLE, SO THAT HE CAN HAVE A "GOOD FOUNDATION TO WORK ON."

Wept at His Marriage.

The following description of an amusing bit of experience is given in "Reminiscences of a Soldier." A dinner-party was given to Col. Stuart, just before his marriage, by some bachelor friends. In the hotel where the young man assembled a number of clergymen of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, then in session in the city were staying. Bent upon having a good time, the young fellows irreverently played what was termed the "cayenne trick" upon some of the worthy ministers. Col. Stuart had sent to London for a new suit of clothes in which to be married. He wore the suit on this evening, that he might do honour to his friends. We let him tell the rest of the story:

After the dinner I left Aberdeen and went to England, to be married. My father-in-law was so well known in the town in which he lived that the roads to the church were crowded on the day of the ceremony, and the church itself was crammed.

I took my place with my intended bride by the altar, and the ceremony proceeded. The clergyman had got about half through, when, having occasion to use my pocket-handkerchief, I put my hand into my pocket, pulled it out, and applied it to my nose. You can judge what my sensations were when I felt my eyes full of cayenne pepper, the irritation of which was almost intolerable!

On the night of the dinner at Aberdeen I had placed the paper of cayenne, with which we had committed the atrocities on the reverend gentleman, into the pocket of my dress-coat, and had thought no more about it. On the morning of my marriage, I put a clean silk handkerchief in that pocket, not remembering what I had placed there before. The cayenne had got loose from the paper, and, consequently, when I applied the handkerchief to my nose the miserable stuff flew into my eyes, and for a few moments caused most excruciating tortments.

Water ran down my cheeks in streams, and I durst not apply the handkerchief again, for fear of getting another dose. Meantime the audience was staring at me, and I heard whispers,—

"Poor young man, how affected he is!" and other sympathetic remarks to the same effect.

I thought the ceremony would never be over, and when it was finished, the clergyman who married me came up, and, shaking my hand, said,—

"My young friend, I am sorry to see you so affected on this joyous occasion."

Forgetting everything except my agony, I replied, "Affected? not a bit! It's the cayenne pepper that I had in my pocket!"

I may as well add, that I suffered for two or three days in a way I cannot describe, leaving some bitter recollections connected with the happiest day of my life, and as a punishment, I suppose, for our trick upon the unoffending clergyman.

The Queen of Italy has given a large order for poplin dresses to a Dublin firm.

The story comes from Warraboro', Sullivan county, that a farmer stopped at the house of a friend, unhitched his team, and visited three hours, leaving the wagon standing in the barn yard. When he went out to hitch up, nothing remained of the wagon but the iron-work. There had been some straw, two horse blankets, and a milk can in the wagon, and the conclusion was that the bright milk can had focused the rays of the hot sun until it set fire to the straw.

Important

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And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

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We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine for yourself, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to you for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, in any particular, our institutions, advantages or success, we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip. We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to exactly locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and forecast what the weather will be in Florida or New York, as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain signs.

From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally

examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the nature of disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endeavored us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner right in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Advisor." By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 100 pages and over 200 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for \$1.00. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of disease. Now, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of disease to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of every malady incident to humanity.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 14 PAGES, issued every Saturday. 7 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. \$1.00 for 3 months. Ad. printing rates—20 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$1.50 per line; six months, \$2.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment or arrears is made, as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR COPIES, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Order or Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

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

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

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

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

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 30 pages, issued about the 30th of each month, for following months, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 124 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smallest towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates—50 cents per single line; one month, \$1.50 per line; three months, \$2.25 per line; six months, \$3.00 per line; twelve months, \$10.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 25 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Advertisers will kindly send their papers for trying regularly.

Do not subscribe less than 3 months.

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 23 & 25 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition, No. 16.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Here are the following three words first mentioned in the Bible?

1st. Pkx. | 2nd. Irv. | 3rd. Pkpr.

Each person competing must send with the answers one dollar and eighteen cents, for which Truth will be sent to any desired address for three months, and also one half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons, free of postage and other charges.

In addition to the spoons, which are given to all competitors, whether their answers are correct or not, there will be distributed the prizes named in the three following lists in the order the correct answers come to hand. To the sender of the first correct answer will be given number one of these rewards; to the sender of the second correct answer number two, and so on till these rewards are distributed.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One fine square rosewood Piano by a celebrated maker. \$500
2. One fine cabinet 12-stop Organ, by Bell & Co. \$250
3 to 7. Five fine extra silver plated Tea Services, four pieces. \$250
8 to 12. Five fine Gold Watches, ladies' or gentlemen's, as may be preferred. \$250
13 to 16. Five gentlemen's coin silver hunting or open face Watches. \$125
17 to 21. Seven Family Bibles, beautifully bound in Morocco, with places for portraits, family registers; contains Oruden's concordance, weights and measures of Bible times, also the old and new version of the New Testament side by side; 2000 pages about the size of Truth's. \$140
24 to 26. Two Edison Family Sewing Machines \$120
27 to 31. Five fine Waver Sewing Machines. \$300
32. One fine English brood-hatching double barrel Shot Gun. \$75
33 to 41. Eight extra quadruple Silver Plate Teapots. \$80
42 to 44. Four gold neck chains, with lockets complete, and one silver neck chain. \$40
45 to 49. Five Alarm Clocks; one walnut clock \$120
51 to 62. Twelve extra fine plate crystal stands \$175
63 to 173. One hundred and eighteen fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings. \$590
180 to 225. Forty-seven fine solid gold Gezz Rings, size to fit winners. \$470

After this list the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, will receive the first reward in the following list of middle rewards. The sender of the next correct answer, following the middle one, will receive number two, and so on till they are all distributed.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold. \$100
2 to 8. One Cabinet Organ, 12 stops, by Bell & Co. \$250
9 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, extra design. \$200
10 to 11. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, hunting cases, handsomely engraved. \$200
16 to 18. Three sets Chambers' Encyclopaedia, 10 vols to set, well bound. \$180
19 to 22. Four English Brood Hatching Double Barrel Shot Guns. \$790
23 to 28. Thirty-five extra fine lined imitation Morocco cases, containing complete description of all half dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and tea spoons. \$425
57 to 60. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver plated butter coolers. \$150
61 to 105. Forty-six elegant extra silver plated crockery. \$124
123 to 200. Sixty-six fine silver plated Sugar Knife Sugar Balls. \$63
So as to give even the most distant persons an opportunity, the following list of consolation rewards has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post-marked not later than the 30th June, (the closing date,) will be given number one of these rewards; the next preceding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards; till all these rewards are given out.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One rosewood square Piano, by the Dominion Piano & Organ Co. of Bowmanville, or a piano equally as good. \$500
2 to 4. Three ladies' fine gold watches, extra Watches, extra good movement. \$150
5 to 7. Three extra silver Tea Services (4 pieces) \$150
8 to 11. Fourteen extra heavy silver-plated Cake Baskets, (new design). \$150
22 to 24. Fifteen extra silver-plated Ornat. \$150
25 to 31. Seventeen fine heavy silver plated Teapots, ornate design. \$170
32 to 151. One hundred extra fine rolled gold Brooches. \$300
Fifteen (15) days after closing date, 30th June, will be allowed for letters to reach Truth office from distant points, that is if letters bear the postmark of 30th June, they will be eligible to compete.

THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand, or more if required, half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons. \$5000 These extra prizes are the spoons that are

to be given to every person competing, whether their answers are correct or not.

You will be wise, no matter where you live, if, the moment you read these offers, you at once send in your answers, enclosing in the same envelope, one dollar and eighteen cents for postage and packing of spoons. You will not regret the investment, as you will get the value for your money in Truth, and to say nothing about the spoons or any of the larger prizes. Address, S. FRANK WILSON, TRUTH OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

SPECIAL.

For two dollars I will send you, per express, an elegant butter cooler, extra heavy silver plated, and mail Truth for three months.

For five dollars I will send you, per express, one elegant satin lined imitation Morocco case, about 9x12 inches, containing half dozen each extra silver plated knives, forks and teaspoons, and mail Truth for three months. A very choice present for any lady and a dessert set that would adorn any table.

For seven dollars and a half I will send you a magnificent Family Bible, (and Truth for three months), superbly bound in Morocco, beautifully embossed and gilt, containing over 2,000 fine illustrations of Bible History, Oruden's concordance, (a very useful addition, as it enables anyone to find any word referred to in the Bible as easily as you can find a chapter or page in any book.) This Bible has never retailed under twenty dollars. You will regret it if you let these opportunities go by.

Those who avail themselves of one or all of these special offers, and who answer the Bible questions correctly, are also entitled to all the privileges which pertain to those who send only the dollar and eighteen cents. That is, their names are placed among those who are eligible for the prizes enumerated in the foregoing lists of First, Middle and Consolation rewards. But whether answers are correct or not, the Butter Cooler, Morocco Case, or Bible, as the case may be, will be forwarded at once on receipt of money for same.

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

Among Thousands in the Possession of "Truth."

I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Pitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated.

E. BAKER, 19, Hanover Street, Montreal.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it.

THOMAS W. CALLENDER, Campbellford.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Cabinet Organ you kindly sent me as my prize for Bible answers. I am highly pleased with it and return you my sincere thanks for such a handsome instrument.

W. E. WALKER, Galt.

Rev. S. H. DYER, 146, Publisher Canadian Baptist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition.

W. J. TURNBULL, Paris Manti. Co. Paris, Ont. acknowledges receipt of a handsome square, rosewood Piano of magnificent tone and compact.

E. K. PHILLIPS, St. Catharines, acknowledges receipt of one hundred dollars, gratefully, &c. &c.

The piano won by my son Beeson in Bible Competition No. 8, and which came to me a year ago, proves to be in every respect a superior instrument. The Tuner, a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people during the year have called at the music, examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised. Mr. Wilson has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offers, which are both numerous and liberal. T. BURR, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Markham, Ont.

Jennie R. Smith, Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of Solid Gold Watch.

MARSHMAN, Man. — S. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto: you shipped me six watches ago a beautiful one. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks also for the five years' warranty sent along with it. MASON JACKSON.

Geo. Zwickler, Cape North, Nova Scotia, thankfully and delightfully acknowledges receipt of an elegant Gold Watch.

Elizabeth Wally says—Among the winners of prizes in this locality under the Bible competitions are: J. Galloway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Stanley Grant, Collingby; Viola Hunt, Birmingham; Jennie Price, Newburg.

J. Brydon, Okanagan Mission, British Columbia, sends thanks for beautiful Gold hunting case watch.

Kierulff, Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland.—I must apologize for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 9.

JOHN HARRISON, Oswego, New York, says: Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting-case watch for prize story No. 9 in Truth. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy O." I wish Truth the best of success.

O. M. STARK, New Haven, Conn., JAMES GORDON, Lancaster, Pa., also wonderfully and delightfully acknowledge receipt of ladies' solid gold Bristle Watches; also, in the same strain, Mr. Evans, Mansfield, Mich.; Mr. Marshall, A.C., Ohio, acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services, O. CARTER, Reston, Washington Territory, I. IRELAND, Kansas City, and O. ROBINSON, 414 Clay St., San Francisco,

Cal., received gentlemen's fine gold hunting case watches, with which they were very much pleased.

SOME BIG PRIZES.

The Bowmanville Statesman, of Dec. 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the Truth and the Ladies' Journal Bible Competitions carried on by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Toronto. In addition to the list below several others have received valuable gold and silver watches, handsome silver cake baskets, gold rings and brooches, books, etc.—Mrs. A. L. Vandena, Organ, 10 stops; M. Mosetta James, Silver Tea Service, Ladies' Gold Watches.—Mrs. Jao. Van Ness, W. J. Heard, Fred Bray, Amanda Reed, Thos. Sheridan, SILVER WATCHES.—Mrs. W. R. Road, Mrs. Thos. Sheridan, Minnie Werry, Mrs. W. McKoway, Mrs. M. Smith, Mrs. J. H. James, Mrs. Wm. Sewall, Mrs. M. Deyman, W. W. Tamblin, M. A. The total value of above prizes amounted to \$1,100. Address in all cases, S. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto Canada.

Street costumes of wool are preferred, although dark and black silks are also used.

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

White chenille embroidery and Roman pearls are the trimmings for bridal gowns.

A Useful Hint.

It may be useful for the reader to know that the popular preparation known as Hagyard's Yellow Oil has proved a sovereign remedy for deafness, many certified cures being on record. Hagyard's Yellow Oil also cures aches, pains, and lameness, and may be used internally as well as outwardly.

White canvas, chuddah and serge are combined with black velvet for demi-toilets.

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest. Public speakers and singers will find Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup of incalculable value, as it speedily and effectually allays all irritation, and hoarseness in the throat and bronchial tubes, and gives power to the vocal cords, rendering the voice clear and sonorous. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

Many beaded bonnets with openwork wire frame are being worn without linings.

A dilapidated physique may be built up and fortified against disease by that incomparable promoter of digestion and fertilizer of the blood, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It counteracts Bileousness and Kidney complaints, overcomes bodily ailments special with the feeble sex, causes the bowels to act like clockwork, and is a safeguard against malaria and rheumatism.

Canvas and silk surah are combined for dresses for spring and summer wear.

Way go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Light summer corduroy is to be used for skirts with light woolen overdresses.

It is a remarkable fact that Dr. Thomas' Eucletic Oil is as good for internal as external use. For disease of the lungs and throat, and for rheumatism, neuralgia, crick in the back, wounds and sores, it is the best known remedy, and much trouble is saved by having it always on hand.

Jacob Looekman, Buffalo, says he has been using it for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing; but one bottle entirely cured him.

Black and colored velvets are used for trimming cotton, as well as wool dresses.

Worth Remembering.

There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Haggard's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Siddell, of Orton, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

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CIRCULATION: HIGH WATER MARK, 28,882!

Notice to Prize-Winners.

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. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, &c., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Piano, \$10; Cabinet Organ, \$5; Sewing Machine, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, and Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresses, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 50c; Books, Spoons, Brooches, and other Small Prizes, 20c.

EPPE'S COCOA.—HEALTHFUL 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. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of able-bodied men are floating around in a state of attack wherever there is a weak man. We may eat many a fatal shaft of ourselves fortified with pure and properly nourished frame."—The Gazette. Made simply with water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins, labelled—"JAMES EPPE & Co., Chemists, London, Eng."

Waterproof carriage wear at water with colored

LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 11.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One elegant Square Piano, by a celebrated firm \$500
2. One fine toned 15-stop Cabinet Organ..... 250
3, 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces)..... 150

Number one of the above rewards, the piano, will be given the sender of the first correct answers to the Bible Questions given last week. The sender of the second correct answer arriving at LADIES' JOURNAL office takes number two, the organ, and so on till all the above rewards are given away.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.

All persons competing must send with their answers one dollar, for which they will receive by express one elegant silver plated Butter Dish, set on a silver plate with silver plated cover, and figure of a cow on top, (the dish itself being of glass,) and the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year, free of postage. Butter dishes not as good as these have been retailed at \$2.00. This butter dish will be sent you whether your answers to these Bible Questions are right or not.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. SPARROW.
2. DOVE.
3. HAWK.
4. EAGLE.

These four questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the larger rewards named in these lists.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black silk Dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good pair of Kid Gloves, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Peiley's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French Kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., all preferred, each..... \$75
2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces)..... 100

The first prize in the Middle Rewards, the \$75 or the outfit, will be given the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two—one of the tea sets—and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 15 stops, beautifully finished..... \$250
2. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces)..... 150
3 to 5. Five ladies solid Gold Watches, elegantly engraved..... 500

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition, which closes 30th June next, will secure number one—the organ—of these consolation rewards.

The sender of the next to last one, number two—one of the gold watches—and so on till all these are given out. Fifteen days after date of closing are allowed for letters to reach this office from distant points.



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$2500

This is the most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world—and the sooner you take advantage of it the better, as such an offer will not likely be made again. You pay nothing for the privilege of competing, as one dollar is the regular yearly subscription price of the LADIES' JOURNAL. Address: S. Frank Wilson, LADIES' JOURNAL Office, Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post Office order or registered letter.

A Secret for the Ladies.

The great secret of beauty is pure blood. Eruptions and all blotches that disfigure the face, may be quickly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Annie Heath, of Portland, certifies that she was cured by this remedy, after suffering for two years.

Pretty wool canvas cloth printed in delicate vine designs.

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Franklin, writes: "I was afflicted with pain in my shoulder for eight years—almost helpless at times—have tried many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. After a few applications the pain left me entirely, and I have had no pain since. Do not take Electric or Electron Oil, but see that you get Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

Canvas materials have fringed borders for drapery.

The great source of Consumption and many wasting forms of disease, is scrofula lurking in the system. The true specific for this condition is found in Burdock Blood Bitters; that medicine purifies the blood and builds up the enfeebled frame.

New silk goods are striped with searuck or effects.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, etc., it is the best medicine known.

New beds in smoked pearl have appeared.

Never drug the stomach with nauseating and weakening expectorants and opiates; Haggard's Pectoral Balsam is pleasant and reliable in its effects, and safe in all throat and lung complaints that, if neglected, end in consumption.

It costs twenty eight dollars a week to feed a circus tiger. At that rate what would the monthly board of a catamount be?

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

An Arcolia woman set a speckled hen on a dried apple pie, and in three weeks the hen hatched fourteen nightmares with blue ribbons on their tails.

A Fortunate Escape.

Mrs. Cyrus Kilbome, Beamsville, Ont., had what was supposed to be a cancer on her nose. She was about to submit to a cancer doctor's treatment, when she concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, internally and externally, a few bottles of which entirely cured her.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The Popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing, and the time may yet come when persons one hundred years old will excite no more curiosity than one of eighty years at the present time.

The electric lighting dynamo at Li coln's Inn Dining Hall and Library, London, is driven at a rate of not less than 12,000 revolutions a minute by a Parsons high-speed engine. It is claimed that this is the first motor that has ever been made to work at the actual velocity of the steam as it escapes from the boiler.

Attention has lately been called to two races of men that must soon become extinct. At the present rate of decrease, the Maoris of New Zealand—now reduced, to less than 45,000 from 100,000 in Captain Cook's day—must have disappeared by the year 2,000. The L'planders are estimated not to exceed 30,000 in number, and are gradually becoming fewer.

Prof. Josef K. rosal, the statistician, finds that the rich class average fifty-two years of life, the middle class average forty-six years one and one-tenth months of life, and the poor class average forty-one years and seven months of life. From this it is obvious that the possession of wealth and the result of exemption from privation lengthens the average life nearly ten years.

A curious needle is in possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them.

A nice way to serve eggs with broiled ham is to butter some patty tins, sprinkle conscientiously with fine crumbs of bread, break an egg into a saucer, and then, without disturbing the yolk, pour it into the tin. Set the tins into a hot dripping pan and let them stand in the oven until the white is cooked. Then after putting the thin pieces of nicely broiled ham upon a hot platter, take the eggs from the oven and turn out on the ham. It is not necessary to cook the oven door while the eggs are in it, and indeed it is better not to do so.

An efficient method of disinfecting sink and other waste pipes is to fill a two-quart bottle with a solution of copperas, two ounces of copperas to a quart of water—and, fitting a perforated cork to the bottle, with a small glass tube thrust through the hole in the cork, invert the bottle over the opening of the waste pipe, letting the contents drip into it. Other germicides may be used, but copperas is best for general purposes, since it is cheap and not poisonous. If this plan were universally adopted in cities the germs of potential disease would be destroyed, or sterilized and rendered harmless in their incubative state.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines are quickly abandoned by the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Cactus cloth is a new material with a surface composed of soft silvery hairs.

A Small Leak

will sink a great ship; and what at first appears to be a trifling cough is apt to culminate in consumption if not properly attended to in time. For consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and for all blood and skin diseases, D. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal. By druggists.

Some manufacturers have introduced paper hats. There may be some inconvenience about them, but it won't be "felt."

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated pamphlet suggesting sure cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

500 DOZENS 500

Boating Shawls,

All Shades and Sizes,

Wholesale Prices!

THE GREAT LEADER LANE Dry Goods HOUSE.

R. Simpson & Co.

36 & 38 Colborne St.

ENTRANCE ON LEADER LANE

FACTORY

OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

SONG AND CHORUS,

Andante.

1. Out in this cold world, Out in the street. Ask - ing a pon - ny of
2. The flow - ers that bloomed, That I once loved to see, Seem bow - ing their heads as if
3. O! where shall I go, Or what can I do, I've no one to tell me what

each one I meet, Sho - less I, wan - der a - bout through the day, Wearing my
pi - ty - ing me, The mu - sic that mingles with voi - ces of mirth, From the win - dows of
course to par - tice, I'm wea - ry and foot - sore, I'm hun - gry and weak, I know not what

young life in sor - row a - way; No one to help me, no one to love,
pleas - ure and plen - ty on earth, Makes me think what it is to be friendless and poor, And I
shel - ter to - night I may seek, The Friend of all friends who rules earth and sea, Will

No one to pi - ty me, none to ca - res; Fa - ther - less, mo - ther - less
feel I shall faint when I knock at the door, Turn a deaf ear, there's
look with a pi - ty - ing eye up - on me, I'll wan - der a - bout 'till His

sad - ly I roam, A child of mis - for - tune I'm driv - en from home,
no one will come To help a poor wan - der - er, Driv - en from home,
mes - sen - ger comes To lead me to fa - ther and mo - ther at home.

CHORUS,

No one to help me, No one to bless, No one to pi - ty me, None to ca - res;

Fa - ther - less, mo - ther - less, sad - ly I roam, Nursed by my pov - er - ty, Driven from home.

ING

BOYCOTTED.

TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE WATCH TRADE DISCUSSED.

Attempt to Keep Prices Up Frustrated—Charles Stark's Suit for Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars.

The report in the *Mail* Saturday last that Mr. Charles Stark, the well-known dealer in Guns, Watches, Jewellery, etc., had entered an action for \$25,000 against the Canadian Association of Jobbers in American watches for alleged boycotting, has created a good deal of interest throughout the country. With the view of getting at the true inwardness of the whole affair a representative of the *Mail* called on Mr. Stark yesterday afternoon to hear what he had to say about it. Mr. Stark was found busily engaged in weighing the individual diamonds in a pile of some sixty or seventy stones. "I'll be with you in a moment," said Mr. Stark in reply to the salutation of the reporter. "I'm just weighing out a few stones to send to our representative in British Columbia." As soon as the weighing of the glittering gems had been completed Mr. Stark said: "Well, now, I'm at your disposal. What can I do for you?"

"I called on behalf of the *Mail*," was the reply, "to ask if you can give us any additional particulars regarding that boycott suit of yours; people throughout the country appear to be interested in it."

"Yes, I think I can," was his reply. "Come into the office."

After taking his seat the reporter asked: "You claim to have been boycotted, Mr. Stark. Why is it?"

"It is claimed," said he, "by the so-called jobbers, that I have gone outside of the trade and sold direct to farmers, mechanics, and others at prices which did not leave a living profit to the ordinary retailer. In fact, that I have given my customers the benefit of the profit which usually goes to the retailer. They are mad, of course, and would like to boycott me out of existence."

"Who comprises this association of so-called jobbers?"

"There are a number of men in this city who have formed themselves into the association you refer to. Their voluminous bylaws and sections when boiled down simply mean that the members pledge themselves to sell only at certain fixed prices and to boycott any dealer who refuses to join their association and adhere to its cast-iron rules, prices of course included. Now I do not question the individual right of any man to sell his goods to whom and at what price he pleases, but I do question the right of any body of men to combine and conspire to force manufacturers to violate contracts simply to kill a live man whose competition they complain will not allow them to live."

"Do you mean to say that they tell the manufacturer that he must not sell to you on pain of losing their united custom?"

"Exactly. But let me explain further. Unless you were in the business you would not understand the true inwardness of the trade without some further explanation. During the past four years I was the sole agent for the Elgin National Watch Company, and no jobber in Toronto could get Elgin movements except through me, and during that period I supplied amongst others the Toronto and Montreal jobbers with these movements. Parenthetically I may remark that I purchased the first bill of movements made by them, and was the first to introduce their goods to the Canadian public, some twenty years since. The rule of the Elgin Watch Company is to compel all dealers on their jobbers' list to purchase proportionate quantities of high and low grades, and, further, that the low grades shall not be delivered till a certain percentage of the high grades has been delivered. The times for delivering the low grades are as follows—remember that I quote from a contract dated September 22nd, 1880—Orders will be accepted for Nos. 13, 7, 6 and 10 only in proportion to the value of the other movements, and orders to be filled as follows:—Raymond stem 15 months, key 3 months; Taylor stem 16 months, key 16 months, Lady Elgin 6 months, Gall Borden, 14 months, Dexter street 14 months; No. 10 and 13, 2 years; No. 6 and 7, three and a half to four years; No. 60, three years; No. 4, two years, No. 64, 65, 66 and 67, three years, etc. The Elgin Watch Co. admit that I took all the high grades and paid cash in ten days from date of invoice, but

decline to carry out the contract for low grades unless, first, I raise prices to suit the gentlemen jobbers of Toronto. I can find twenty jobbers in the Dominion to give affidavits that this contract with the Elgin National Watch Co., if honourably carried out, was worth to me \$10,000, and which by conspiracy they have boycotted me out of."

"Such a proceeding must place you in an awkward predicament, does it not?"

"They think so; but I am not so badly left as they fondly imagined. I am not the man to be found napping. In my premises I have three immense brick vaults, in any one of which I could store the whole crew of these Lilliputian jobbers' cases, movements and all. For the past two years I have been loading and loading up, and am now prepared to fill unlimited orders of any grade and kind of gold and silver watch."

"Then you are not so badly 'left' after all?"

"No, I think not. The people from ocean to ocean are getting the benefit of the best articles by the best makers and at better prices than any of the others can afford to sell at. I know what I am doing, and I guess customers do. It pays them to buy from me and it pays me to sell to them at a very small profit because—well because a man who wants to keep abreast of this 19th century must be satisfied with small profits and quick returns. When Frederick the Great was waited on by a deputation of city merchants, who complained of the competition of the Hebrews, his advice to the merchants was to undersell them and so get rid of their competition. Let the Toronto jewellers profit by the late lamented Frederick's advice, and if my competition hurts them let them undersell me and so get rid of the annoyance."

"For years past these men have been clamouring for my suppression. Hundreds of letters have been written to the manufacturers from every city, town and village in the Dominion whining and complaining that I was ruining the watch trade, ignoring the fact that where ten years ago they sold one watch they now sell ten, and if satisfied with a reasonable profit they would have no cause of complaint."

"It is no idle boast for me to claim to be by far the most extensive dealer in watches in the Dominion. I carry more stock and sell more per annum than half the retailers and jobbers combined in the city of Toronto."

"If I have mis-stated in any particular let them correct me. I repeat, the combination is formed simply to raise prices unreasonably, to squeeze out of the innocent public a living they do not earn."

"How then is the boycott affecting you?"

"My business is increasing, and of late has increased so rapidly that within the past few months it has doubled."

This ended the interview, and thanking Mr. Stark for the information he had given, the reporter withdrew, thinking as he went that after all a boycott was not always the best way of crushing a man.

PERSONAL.

Sir Leonard Tilley, Governor of New Brunswick, is slowly recuperating from his late sudden and severe illness, but cannot leave Boston at present.

M. Pastier has been decorated by the Sultan of Turkey with the Grand Order of the Medjidie, and has also received a present of 10,000 francs with it.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps still suffers from the injury to her right arm, but is able to accomplish no small amount of literary work with it and her left.

Prince Henry, of Battenburg, has ordered a handsome tally-ho coach to be built by a prominent London carriage-maker. The prince expects to use it in an autumnal tour in Wales with his wife.

That there is any project for uniting the eldest son of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Clementine of Denmark is now emphatically denied by Scandinavian journals. The Princess is not yet fifteen.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER:

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

MALIGNANT ULCER



OF THE TONGUE CURED.

This out represents Mrs. Geo. Hatt, of 239 Simcoe street, Toronto.

Her case was one of a very dangerous and fatal disease, approaching upon cancer and quite as deadly and malignant. The disease made its appearance in the right tonsil and was rapidly spreading down the throat. Her colour quickly changed. She was growing weaker day by day and had not the disease been suddenly arrested would have fallen a victim to its fatal inroads. Reader, we cured this lady in less than three weeks.

We cured her after she had tried the wisdom and learning of a great man in this city, who did not consider it beneath his dignity and the code of medical ethics to interview our country patients in the Horticultural Gardens and denounce us as quacks. We spare further revelations of this medical creature, because he will die fast enough without our parting kick, but we fear his treatment has planted many a victim ere this.

The hospital imbeciles also had a hand in this case, and consulted for some time as to what they should "call" the disease. One suggested diphtheria, but another standing by said, "that would not do as it had been too long standing." So they went it blind for a few days still the lady, becoming convinced she would die, left and came to us. Remember we treat chronic diseases and deformities in male and female of the blood, flesh, skin and bone, and cure them also. We cure the errors of youth and the follies of maturer years.

Look out for a case of ostarth next week. It was in the hands of the Great Sun Baker for months before we took it.

Mention this paper.

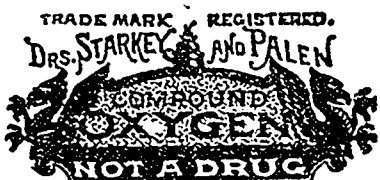
Address,

S. EDWARD McCULLY, M. D.

Medical and Surgical Association,

233 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

at Consultation free.



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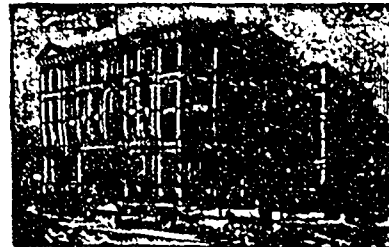
E. W. D. KING, 83 Church St., TORONTO.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING, 83 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

When a coil of lead pipe is front of a hardware store begins to wiggle and stick out its forked tongue, a man knows it is time to swear off.



Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Organized with a full Staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Diseases and Nervous Affections, cured here or at home, with or without seeing the patient. Come and see us, or send ten cents in stamps for our "Invalids' Guide Book," which gives all particulars.

DELICATE DISEASES. Nervous Debility, Impotency, Nocturnal Losses, and all Morbid Conditions caused by youthful Excesses and Prolonged Solitary Practices are speedily and permanently cured by our Specialists. Book, post-paid, 10 cts. in stamps.

RUPTURE. Rupture, or Brach, radically cured, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, and with very little pain. Book sent for ten cents in stamps.

PILE TUMORS and STRICTURES treated with the greatest success. Book sent for ten cents in stamps. Address **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.**

DISEASES OF WOMEN. The treatment of many thousands of cases of those diseases peculiar to **WOMEN**

at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, has afforded large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and

DR. PIERCE'S

Favorite Prescription

is the result of this vast experience.

It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as if by magic, Leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness."

It promptly relieves and cures Nausea and Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Floating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



SICK-HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, and Biliousness promptly cured by Pierce's Purgative Pills, 25 cents a trial, by

OUR Ladies' Fine French

BOOT

Take The Lead, as Sold at Very Cheap

Music and Drama.

Mr. George Beiford's dramatic and humorous recitals in Shaftesbury Hall last week were very successful, so much so that a universal desire, has been expressed that another opportunity should be given the citizens of Toronto of hearing this gentleman. Mr. Beiford has therefore been prevailed upon to give another recital on Monday evening, 31st inst.

Mme. Chatterton, the world-renowned harpist, is said to be one of the greatest exponents in the world of the classical instrument, and her engagement for the festival premises to be one of its strongest features, as she will play solos at each miscellaneous concert, in addition to taking part in the orchestral work.

On Monday evening of this week Tony Pastor's own Comedy Company opened a brief engagement at the Grand. The performance given by this troupe is one of the most varied and thoroughly enjoyable which has been furnished to the patrons of the Grand this season.

HERE AND THERE.

The little two-year-old daughter of August Kutscher of New Haven played about the room the other day with a sharpened slate pencil in her mouth. She fell and the pencil was driven into her throat, piercing the jugular vein. She died almost immediately.

William Anderson, a citizen of Cincinnati, objected to paying back hire unless the hackman proved himself the better man. Finding argument useless, the hackman drove Mr. Anderson to a retired spot and there wiped the ground with him. Then, to his disgust, he found that Mr. Anderson hadn't a red cent and could not pay, though he had been well thrashed.

The other day a sailor belonging on a British vessel anchored off Valisje, Cal., went ashore, and after a ramble of several hours he returned with a big rattlesnake, which he had put in a can. He was considerably surprised when he pulled the serpent out of the can to show it to a native, to be told of the dangerous character of the pet he had caught.

There was recently in Exeter, N. H., a tournament of the New England Trap Shooters' Association, and fifteen boys were hired to work the traps. When all were ready the word "Pull" was given, but no glass balls flew in the air. Thrice the word was given without result, and then the leader of the boys arose and said: "We want a dollar and a half a day or no work." The strike was a success.

Jefferson Harman of Owingsville, Ky., was clearing a hillside of bushes not long ago. His axe became entangled in grapevines, and in his efforts to extricate it he stumbled and fell over a ledge of rocks fifteen feet high. It was not much of a fall, but Jefferson managed, before he reached bottom, to cut off his nose and most of his upper lip and to knock out nearly all of his teeth and break his jaw.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any liability with regard to transactions effected through this department of the paper, nor does he assume the responsibility of correspondence or of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or discrepancy, he advises Exchanges to write to the address given before sending material for exchange.

Wooden bicycle in perfect condition. Apply to John G. Rankin, Brookline, Mass. Recently plotted cards, for every ten pieces of money worth. M. Edna Barr, 63 Elizabeth Street, N. J. Sewing-machine, for a self-falter printing press. Price not less than \$5 (laches). Edmund L. Gault, Grand St., Mich. For a visit to Ontario, St. Domingo, St. Louis, and other places not in my collection. A. J. Gault, New York City.

A Household Word.

Nothing distinctly metropolitan has taken so firm a hold on the affections of the travelling public, nor become so thoroughly a household word, as has the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, New York City. At present, thousands upon thousands are daily recommending their friends to accord the patronage to the Grand Union, regarding it as they do as next to their own home. Its more than 600 rooms, at \$1 and upwards per day, are the cheapest to be obtained in any strictly first-class hotel in New York; while its restaurant, cafe, lunch and wine rooms are without rival. In stopping at this hotel the traveler not only saves the expense of baggage transfer, but carriage hire, while the accommodations secured are strictly first-class and at moderate prices.

LITERARY NOTES.

Queries for June is, if possible, more interesting and valuable than any previous number. To the ambitious but poor literary student, a year's issues of Queries will be found a compendium of literature and general information worth ten times the subscription price. Published at Buffalo at \$1.00 per year.

The May issue of the beautiful Wide Awake art prints are the following: "The Young Emperor Commodus." By Howard Pyle. This superb picture shows the imperial procession, on a Roman May Day, entering the Circus Maximus to open the games of the Floralia. "A Venetian Afternoon." By Joseph Pennell. This is a charming and delicate picture of a pleasure party out for the afternoon in a gondola, the low-lying city in the distance.

The new story, "Springhaven," now running in Harper's Magazine, increases in interest with the third part in the June number. The quaint sea-faring life of the town on the English Channel during the exciting times of the French Revolution is well portrayed. Alfred Parsons and Frederick Barnard illustrate the novel, and one of the latter artist's drawings is the frontispiece.

Eda David A. Well's third paper of the series, entitled "An Economic study of Mexico," now running through The Popular Science Monthly, will appear in the June number. The series will close with the fourth paper, and it promises, when completed, to be the fullest as it will unquestionably be the most accurate summary of the real condition of affairs, industrial, commercial, and political, in Mexico, that has appeared since the Mexican war.

In The Chautauquan for June Hon. T. B. Reed, of Maine, has an important article, and timely, on "Obstacles to Good Legislation." Mr. Reed enumerates several hindrances to the best discharge of duty by members, such as poor rules, the reading of written speeches, the size and disorder of legislative halls, the amount of trivial work demanded of congressmen, and the like; but none so strong as his last—the fact that the people demand nothing better. At Mr. Reed says: "If the American people desire better results, they must take care to better know what they want themselves. And so, finally, the solution of the question why Congress does not do better, comes down to the final solution of all questions of progress in religion, in civilization, and in law."

The old saw that "nothing succeeds like success" has been well exemplified in the case of the "Eagle Steam Washer." Though at first viewed with suspicion on account of the total failure of so many of the so-called washers, it has by its merits and perfect adaptability so gained the public confidence as to cause the former distrust to be changed to unqualified approval. Washing by steam is the true theory, and the heretofore weary and careworn housewife, who used to dread the return of wash day, can now look forward to the weekly washing with absolute pleasure. In a month or two the "Eagle" will save its entire cost in the reduction of labor and wear and tear of the clothes.

George B. Higley of Simsbury, Conn., recently lost his pocketbook and looked in vain for it. That night he dreamed that he had found the book and his spectacles, which as yet he had not missed, under a tree that he had set out the day before. In the morning he dug up the tree and there found the missing property.

One of the striking journeymen plumbers of Buffalo says that the strike will show how the boss plumbers make so much money. He said: "I will tell you one way; if the war gets hot I may tell you more. They send men out who are no more than mere apprentices, and whose wages are not more than \$1.50 per day; but it is charged in the bill at \$5 per day, every time. Boys are 'hus made to do men's work and are paid men's wages, and exorbitant at that, by those who are unfortunate enough to have them sent to do their work."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winkler's SCOTT'S STRENGTH should always be used for children's feeding. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

All the valuable wearing apparel of the Chinese minister and his suite is transported in peculiarly strong and light wicker baskets, so closely woven as to be nearly waterproof. The minister himself has seventy suits of clothing.

I have any more nauseous purgatives such as Epsom, Salt, &c., when you can get in Dr. Cassell's Stomach and Bowel Cleanser. It cleanses the bowels gently, cleanses all impurities from the system and renders the blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine Co., N. Y.

A. P. 252.

MEN—THREE—and two ladies—as Carriers; good pay. H. E. KENNEDY, Toronto, Ont.

SUPERIOR FILES AND RAFFS—WARRANTED equal to best imported; all kinds of re-cutting. Galt File Works, FRANKFORD PARK, Galt P.O.

60 ACRES GOOD LAND IN TOWNSHIP OF Plympton for sale cheap; small amount down; balance at 6 per cent. M. J. KENZ, London.

CARRIAGE LORRIES FOR CARTERS, wholesale houses, manufacturers; first price. Central Fair. Address M. D. NELSON, Manufacturer, Hamilton.

NELSON & CO., MILLWRIGHTS & ENGINEERS, Berlin, Ont.—Sole manufacturers in Canada of automatic engines from 2 to 15 h. p.; automatic engines for printing offices; high speed automatic engines for electric lighting; automatic engines for cheese, butter, and sausage factories; or any other purpose where a light and cheap power is required. For price list and other particulars address as above.



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Greatest Inducements Ever Offered!!!

NOW IS YOUR TIME to get up orders for our Pure Teas and Coffees, and secure a Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or a handsome engraved Water Set, Tea Set, Dinner Gaster, etc., finest Quadruple finish. Send for our illustrated catalogue of premiums that explains all, and contains much information of great interest to Tea and Coffee consumers. Address

THE ONTARIO TEA CORPORATION, 125 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

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Are ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MAKES —IN— TONE, DESIGN AND WORKMANSHIP.

While other firms are running short time, our factories are running 12 hours per day to keep up with orders.

Styles and Prices to SUIT EVERYBODY. Catalogues Free.



W. BELL & CO. GUELPH, CANADA.

\$800, 60 Acre Farm—\$790 60 Acre Farm—100,000 acing plays, 15 cents, 100,000 5 cent music; Instruments half-price. BUTLAND, Toronto.

REPRESENTATIVE in each county to sell "Prose and Epistolary"—a book on Love, Courtship, Matrimony and kindred themes. Write to Circulars, International Book and Bible Co., Toronto, Ont.

BAND SAW MACHINES—ALL SIZES—LATEST improvements; bracket band saws for attaching to posts; saws, chisels and durable; send for circulars. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

AGENTS FOR NEW PARALLEL FAMILY BIBLES—large type, splendid maps, beautiful illustrations; contains 4,000 questions and answers on Bible topics; liberal terms. International Book and Bible House, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—IN EVERY TOWN AND county, for the O. R. Paver and Elicor. Best thing out; sells at sight; sample mailed on receipt of price, 15c. Q. D. BAY, Agent, 40 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A MAN OR A WOMAN WANTED IN EVERY township, to sell Dr. Talbot's new book, "Live Coal." This keener and most vigorous specimen of oratory ever written; nearly 700 pages; only \$1; full particulars of this and other new books. J. R. Schuyler Smith & Co., Publishers, London, Ont.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GRAND INDUCEMENTS offered to young Ladies and Gentlemen during May. Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Commercial Business, English, Classical or Mathematical courses, separate or all together, at half the regular tuition fee. Address immediately, THE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.

12 AGENTS IN STAMPS, MAILED BEFORE JUNE 1st, will make you a six months' subscriber to Our Own Fireside, a model family monthly, sixteen pages, illustrated, and containing a full page of music. For 15 Cents we will send paper for same time, and 16 complete stories. For 25 Cents, the paper, 10 complete stories, Dark Days and Called Back, complete, by Hugh Conway. For 27 Cents, the paper, 16 complete stories, Dark Days, Called Back, and the Home Cook Book and Family Physician. The object of this liberal offer is to test this paper as an advertising medium. References, Review Address, Our Own Fireside Publishing Co., TORONTO, ONT.

BOSTON BAKERY. LLOYD BROS. 345 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 912

ANTI-CORPULENE PILLS. Positively reduce a Superfluous Flesh 15 lbs in a month. Causes no sickness, contains no poison and never fails. Particulars (sealed) 6c. WILCOCK & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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 Young men and women thoroughly prepared for positions as Book-keepers, Short-hand Writers, Calligraph or Telegraph Operators; students from nine Provinces and States in attendance within a year; graduates placed in commercial centres of Canada and the United States; rates moderate; facilities excellent; testimonials individual; for terms, etc., address, M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

WE WANT THREE AGENTS IN EACH
 county for a new book we will place on the market in two weeks; it will contain five hundred pages, and retail at \$2.75; it is edited by a prominent Canadian gentleman, who has not made public his name; it is expected the literary world will be all aflutter to find out who the brilliant writer is; the book is upon an important topic, one never before discussed by Canadian authors; all wishing to become agents for this remarkable volume are advised to write for particulars. Address, International Book and Bible House, Toronto.

AGENTS—YOU CAN'T FIND A BOOK THAT
 gives better satisfaction or that you can make money faster with than "World's Wonder." Sold to all classes—Old and Infidels, Catholics and Protestants—old and young; old agents who have not canvassed for years are going into the field with it; C. F. Jenkins sold 125 the first week; J. E. Bruce says: "The first week with 'Wonder' netted me one hundred and sixteen dollars." A good chance for unemployed persons; outfit free to actual canvassers; write for terms. BRADLEY GARRETT & Co. Brantford

MACHINERY.
 500 Engines, Boilers, Iron, Wood, and miscellaneous machines, for sale. For particulars address H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

Boys! We want an Agent in every school district to sell our School Specialties—by commission. Canadian Novelty Co., Toronto, Ont.

MONEY TO LEND
 productive Town, Village & Farm Property. MITCHELL McDONALD, Barrister, 6 Union Block—Toronto Street—Toronto.

CARRIAGE & WAGON AXLES.
 Manufacturers of the Celebrated Anchor Brand GUELPH AXLE WORKS—AND—T. PEPPER & CO., Guelph, Ont.
 Our Duplex Axles are all to be had at all the principal Hardware Stores in the Dominion.

E. SPENCE & CO.,
 Consumers will find it to their advantage to ask the trade for our make of Files and Taps. Re Cutting a Specialty. Send for price list and terms.
 Hamilton, - Ontario.

LINTON, LAKE & CO., GALT.
 Axle and Machine Screw Works.
 Carriage and Wagon Axles, Iron and Steel Set and Cap Screws, etc. List on application.

H. WILLIAMS, Felt & Slate Roofer.
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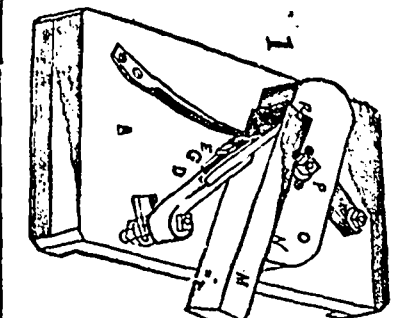
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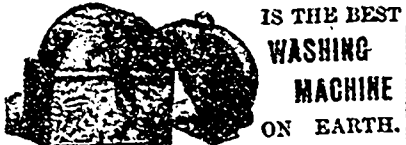


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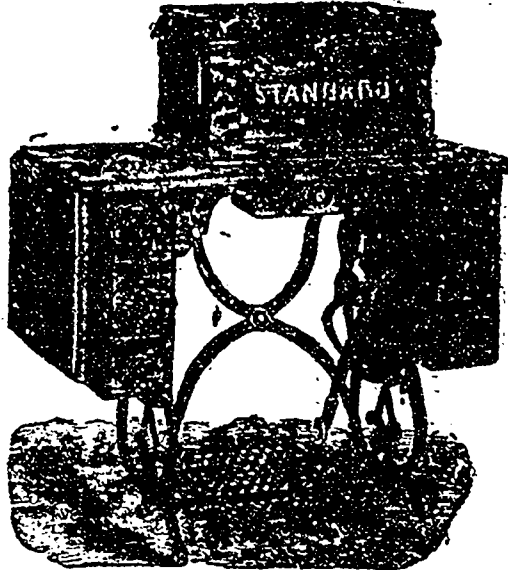
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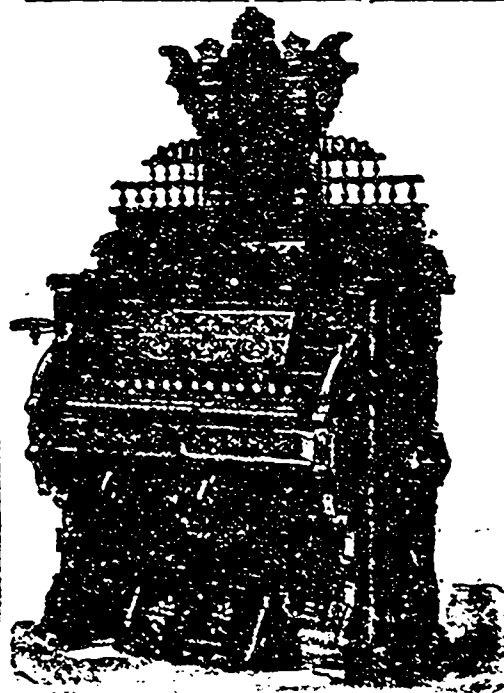
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