Pages Missing

D SERIES-17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MARCH 7, 1885.

NEW SERIES-VOL. V.

that Mr. Beaty, M.P., intends to ina bill prohibiting the sale and afacture of spirits in the Dominion of da. This is going to the root of the stop the manufacture of the article doubtless, the sale will be greatly less-Liquor will be sold, whatever bill pass, but the great thing to be aimed the making of the sale illegal.

Beaty's bill will also aim at making concess a criminal offence, and a pertting drunk in his own house will be to be hauled up before a magistrate. tknow whether a policeman will be with authority to enter a private oe because he thinks he has reason pect that the occupant is drunk; pronot, for policemen would then be red to walk into our houses when we stertaining a select party of friends he happened to see a suspicious-lookanter, and if he took it into his head re had been indulging too freely he incontinently, walk us all off to the and though, as friends we should k together and each one declare that er was perfectly sober, that bluegentle. an's word would condemn us retty fix we should be in. But the not passed yet and, in my opinion, I should like to see it put through, sot pass for some time to come.

Henry Irving has avery interesting on American audiences in the last My Review and as what he says American audiences applics equally those in Canada, I quote a passage remarks :- "The dominant characof an American audience is impar-The donot sit in judgment, reas polline offences lack of power to meanings or a divergence in the intion of a particular character or When they do not like a performy simply go away. And here is a feeling toward the actor. As an in-I part of that recognition of indiv-, so strikingly characteristic in Amife and customs, is their thorough ent. Another point, they are not nick to understand, but they take a pleasure in the expression of ap-They are not surpassed in quickd completeness of comprehension by siecos I have yet seen."

was a time, probably within Mr. recollection, when an audience ake it uncommonly unpleasant for r who did not give satisfaction, but s of hissing and groaning are pass y, and the plan of rising and walkof the theatre on the part of any of dience who may be discatisfied, is effectual as making a pandemonithe theatre, besides being far more learn to discriminate between those

TRUTH SAYS. | who feel compelled to leave for the purpose of "seeing a man," and who generally return from the interview surrounded by an aroma like unto that of a spice factory.

> No praise can be too great for that splendid regiments of the British service, the 42nd, better known as the Black Watch. Their behavior in Egypt at the present time is calling forth most unqualified encomiums. Woe beto the for that meets in hand to hand encounter these bare legged, kilted warriors, whose prowess has sustained the honor of Britain's arms on a score of battlefields. Those who desire to Jearn more about the gallant 42nd should read James Grant's 'Legends of the Black Watch,' and I will guarantee that they will be amply satisfied by the perusal.

A Philadelphia paper, in publishing au account of an interview by one of its reporters with Mr. G. A. Sala says that the great English journalist stated that "The one advantage a journalist has over other people is that not all the wealth of Rothschild could buy him, nor all the wealth coerco -" Surely Mr. Sala was speaking ironically, or else he must have been alludto British journalists.

Here is an item of information that may interest many readers of TRUTH in whose homes many beautiful house plants may be

"Professor Lintners dvises people who have house plants to colonize upon them the lady bug, the little spotted beetle that devours plantlice. By this means many parasites may be got rid of."

A new journalistic venture, the Glengarry Review, has just been started at Alexandria, Ont. The reople of the northern section of Glengarry County have long been in need of a live local paper, and the want is now in a fair way of being well supplied. The Review is a well printed and large shoot, giving special attention to local news. Reform in politics, and promises to be an able and influential party advocate. Published weekly, by Mr. A. Constable, at \$1

The British Torics, a short time ago, were going to wage war with Germany over the annexation of Angra Pequina. That they are anxious to quarrel about a very small matter is shown by the fact that those who have been there describe Angra Pequina as "a barren and fresh waterless sea-shore." However, no blood was spilt over the matter, and Britain has got her hands full just now with matters of far more importance than useless strips of land where no one seems able or to care to live.

A somewhat unique advertisement ap. peared in a San Francisco paper recently. The article required being "a minister of the gospel who can preach two strictly original sermons every Sabbath-one in the mornanly. British actors, however, will ing, for saints, and one in the evening, for indeed will be the man who could not feel

one, and he prove popular, it is altogether likely that his church will be found far too small to accommodate his hearers in the evening.

Poor Oscar Wilde! his latest agony is caused by the ugliness of the garments worn by men, which he says are so hideous that the fashion has to be changed every six months. He asserts that the Egyptian dress has lasted for over two thousand years. Yes, just so, and from the accounts of travellers in Egypt I gather that some of these clothes are dirty enough to have been worn twice two thousand years.

It must be gratifying to the starving poor of America to read and hear about these goings on. They must enjoy these great feasts just about as much as a man I saw on King street the other day, out at elbows and toes, and begging a few cents for a "square male," enjoyed the reading of a bill of fare pasted up outside a restaurant, and which he was perusing.

Corrt circles in England are very much alarmed at the report that is going the rounds that the Hon. Col. Lindsay, groom in waiting to the Queen, contemplates publisting a book giving an account of every person who has been attached to the royal household since the present sovereign came to the throne. The fear seems to be that the people will learn what a large number of aristocratic loafers are at present supported by the people, for it is not to be supposed for a moment that Her Imperial Majesty rays all her blue-blooded flunk-ya ort of her own pocket.

The "atail" of household attendants consists of a number of lords and grooms in waiting, ladies and maids of honor and women of the bed-chamber, in addition to warms of high salaried cooks and others. The duties of these officials consist, while in attendance on the Queen, in riding or driving out and eating an excellent dinner every day. For these arduous and fatiguing labors they receive quite nice little salaries. The bed-chamber women and the gentlemen ushers do absolutely nothing except draw their pay-and as the Queen usually dispenses with the attendance of lords and grooms in waiting when at Oaborne and at Balmoral, they are on duty only about a fortnight in the year, on the average, and for this the eight lords in waiting receive \$3,500 per annum, and the eight grooms in waiting \$1,650 each.

A rumor comes from New York that, I effect that a number of O'Donovan Rossa's dynamiters are going out to Egypt to help the Mahdi. Should this prove to be the case, the fate of the false prophet may be considered as scaled. The only harm that this expedition is likely to do will be to turn the hatred borne towards the Mahdi by his enemies into sympathy. Hard-hearted

will only get in its deadly work on Felix, McCloskey, Noonan, Dick Moriarity, Rocky Mountain O'Brien and the other gentlemen who are to accompany the dynamite expedition, no praise will be too high for it.

The opinions of physicians are divided as to the effects of roller-skating on the health, some of them going so far as to state that roller-skating is nothing more or less than a suicidal practice, whilst others declare that it is the most healthy exercise in existence ! Wherein the baneful effects appear I fail to see. Possibly roller-skating is an unhealthy exercise when indulged in in close, covered rinks where several score of people are vitiating the air which all have to breathe repeatedly, but it is the air that is unwholesome, not the skating. Will one of these wise-acres pleass rise and explain why roller-skating is a saicidal indulgence?

It does not seem to matter, however, what doctors say nowadays. If all their opinions were to most with the attention the utterers of them doubtless think they deserve, we should cease to eat almost everything that we now consume. The atrange thing about these dectors' opinions and warnings is that many people continue to cat the very things that these alarmist physicians declare to be poison, and to do the things that are stated, positively, to be sure death in no time, and yet live to a good old age. The best way will be for those people, who find that roller-skating does not agree with them, to stop it, and for those to whom it is a source of health and enjoyment to request the doctors to go to Bath. Personally, I can't gay that I am in love with roller-skating. The little wheels have a tendency to wander off on their own responsibility and the floors seem uncommenty hard, but I hould think an experienced skater could derive lots of fun and exercise from the practice and from seeing ather people falling about.

In reference to the last storm Prof Wiggins said: "I could have prophesied it 500 years ago if necessary." I den't believe it, for I don't think Mr. Wiggins is so old as that. Granting that a man could live to the age of five hundred, it is altogether incredible that any weather prophet would be allowed to live for that length of time.

Webster doubtless thought he was doing big thing when he produced his 1764 page dictionary, but his performance has been quite eclipsed by a talented Mongolian who, in a moment of inspiration, has dashed off a dictionary of the Chinese language com fear, is too good to be true. It is to the prising forty columns of nearly a thousand

> Another of the into cating lett rs of Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., of this city, from the Sunny South, has been received, and will appear in next issue of TRUTH. It was reecived too late for publication this week.

The evanescent nature of popularity is well exemplified by the sudden descent of learn to discriminate between those sinners." Granting that such a clergyman anwho leave the theatre during the can be found, it strikes me that he will have a sorry for anyone who has such allies as Mr. Gladstone in the estimation of those can be found, it strikes me that he will have Rossa's rascals thrust upon him. It is an who, a short time ago, could not say any-the piece because they are distributed to preach to very limited congregations in lil wind that blows nobody good, and if this thing too good for him, but who now are the sormings, but if his parish be a large fatal kamein, of which we hear so much,

The "Grand Old Man" of a few months ago is now the object of most merciless ridicule and sarcastic cartoons and lampoons. A dispatch from England states that "he is abused in the press, cursed at the military clubs, ridiculed in the music halls and lampooned in the comic papers."

Austria and Turkey have been disputing for some time about the railway from Turkey to Servic. The dispute, as English despatches inform us, has been settled "amicably" and the Sultan " induced " to agree to Austria's views. This "amicable" settlement was brought about by Austria's threat to send a fleet to bombard and close the port of Salonica if Turkey refused any longer to be "amicable." This kind of "inducing "puts me in mind of the "persussion" used by Dick Turpin towards the bishop's coachman, as faithfully told by Mr. Samuel Weller, in inimortal song, in the pages of the Pickwick Papers, to wit:-

"The conclusion of the conclusion of the conclusion of the fall gal-lop, But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob And purwall-ed on him to stop."

Another tale of horror comes from Philadelphia. This time it is the burning of three private dwelling houses and the loss of five lives. It seems that there must be something wrong about the arrangements of the Philadelphia fire department, as, had the firemen been provided with "jumping sheets "-such as were tested and found to be very efficient in Hamilton some little time ago.-those people who were sacrificed might have been saved. These "jumpingsheets" are an excellent contrivance, and should be more universally introduced. They are made of some tough substance, and are held at the corners and eldes by from six to ten men, and have been found quite adequate to withstand the shock caused by the descent of a two hundred and fifty pound man from the third storey of a building. Of course it requires considerable nerge to jump from a three or four storey window, but, when it is the only chance for life, there are not many who would healtate to take the leap. If Toronto's fire department is not provided with jumping sheets it

Englishmen at length perceive that their nation is at war in earnest. Though it has long seemed to outsiders that the Egyptian trouble was most serious, it has taken a most bloody argument to convince the English that such was the case. It does not look as if there were to be any half-measures, henceforward, in the present Egyptian campaign, and the vigor of the preparations now going on indicates that the Mahdi is to be 'smashed" incarnest. The sconer the better,

Toboganning is denounced by some of the Montreal clergy as a pastime calculated to lead to immorality. If it is so, then so is outter-riding, so is akating, and so are many of the other pastimes indulged in by young people after the shades of evening have fallen. If people are bent on being immoral, no clerical denunciations of their favorite pastimes will prevent them being so, and if young people are of the right sort, no amount of tobogganing will make them naughty. Instead of putting a stop to the practice of tobogganing the denunciation of the worthy priest of St. Bridget's is more likely to increase the amusement; probably not amongst his own flock, but amongst those others who always find more pleasure in fun with "a spice of naughtiness" in it than in the goody-goody amusements that were in vogue in the time of our great grandmothers. Just as soon as it is discovered that a certain amusement is "just the least bit wrong," so soon are many people selsed with an intense desire to partiel. "kilt entirely," and, possibly, when a man

pate in the naughty fun. Mark Twain tried a slide down one of the ice-bills at it "beat lightning."

Certain members of the New Jersey Legislature undertook to criticize the conduct of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. Now, Mr. Talmage was never noted as being particularly patient or long suffering when he was the subject of adverse criticism, and, accordingly, no one should be surprised when he came out rather strongly on his critics. Here are some of his highly polished utterances; and it will be seen that in a controversy about manners the Legislature of New Jersey need never expect to cope successfully with the great expounder of the Brooklyn tabernacle. Mr. Talmage expresses his "utter contempt for the members who made such an asinine exhibition of themselves"; says the language used by them "would disgrace a mule-driver on the tow-path of your Raritan Canal": confesses his inability to account for it in a "merciful" way except that his critics were "over stimulated with crooked whiskey, commonly called New Jersey lightning," and declares the charge that he was sceking notoriety in attacking them to be "absurd." since if he "wanted a reputation for skillful hunting, he would not go shooting muskrate."

Whatever the New Jersey Legislators may have said it must have been pretty rough if it was so had that a Raritan canal mule-driver would be disgraced by using it, for I am informed that those gentry are extraordinarily gifted in their ability to hurl forth the most terrible Billingagate and are only exceeded in this accomplishment by the bargees on the river Thames; but I don't see that Mr. Talmage's own language in his retort upon his termenters was such that an eminent divine would be honored by its use. It looks to me something like a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Two cents and a twelfth is not much to sara for making a shirt, and yet this is what wret rate sewing girls in New York are paid. How on earth do employers think that these unfortunates can live on such a pittance! Surely they have much to answer for ! This is what a sewing girl says about it: "I have sewed for a living for some time, and have sat up until 2 o'clock night after night and can not make both ends meet. I make shirts from 25 cents up to 65 cents a dozen. You make the most money out of the 25 cent ones. I am considered a first class sewing woman. For many weeks I only buy dry bread to eat." It is something to wonder at what these poor creatures make on the 65 cents-a-dozen-shirts if the profit is loss than that on the others. I have been told that some employers force the girls to find their own thread, and I know, that many are mean and small souled enough to do so. These shirts costing two and one twelfth cents for making, are sold for from \$1.50 to \$2.00 each ! and the employer grows wealthy and his wife and her friends, conscious of their own immaculate virtue, hold those poor girls in scorn because they are not all good. We weren't told half the hardships of a seamstress' life in Hood's Song of the Shirt, and yet what we do read there is pretty sad.

On the high and, presumably, incontrovertible anthority of Lord Wolseley's dispatches to the British War Office, it was announced by a leading London newspaper not long ago, that, in a recent battle in Egypt some of the English soldiers were "slightly killed." Now Pat, when badly hurt or very often whom only slightly damaged, has been heard to declare that he is

is killed but yet able to speak he is conaidered to be "alightly killed." The news Montreal a few days ago and declared that was, I suppose, intended to mollify the grief of the surviving relatives of the partially deceased warriors.

> The Washington monument was dedicated recently in the presence of an immense throng. At present this is the highest monument in the world, though this boast will be snatched from it when the tower, proposed to be erected at the next French Exposition, shall have been built, the height of which will be over 1,100 feet. The Wash ington monument is decidedly unornamental, in fact it is very plain but it answers itapurpose every bit as well, for all that. It is 555 feet in height, and its total weight is 81,120 pounds. The capetone aloze weighs 3,000 pounds, and the aluminum apex 100 ounces. It is stated what the pressure of masonry upon underlying soil is "nowhere greater than nine tons per square foot and less than three tone per square foot nest the outer edges of the foundation."

The important announcement is made in reveral papers that "each ball given by President Grevy costs him £300, and 2,000 bottles of champagne are drunk." This is very interesting, but a craving for a further knowledge would be satisfied if we could be told how many of the guests are in the same predicament, after the ball, as the 2,000 bottles of "fizz."

Letters from Ireland seem to indicate that the Fenians there, and probably in England too, are only awaiting the news that tho British have been badly worsted in the Sondan, to strike a blow for freedom. It is stated on the authority of the police that the news of the fall of Khartoum caused quite a flutter of joy in the circles of the Fenian brotherhood, and that the authorities of Dublin Castle are considerably exercised over the present symptoms. It is to be hoped that news of a decided British reverse in Egypt may never gladden the craven hearts of the cowardly Fenians, but should such, to them welcome, tidings ever arrive, it is doubtful whether there would be a general uprising amongst them. It seems to be Fenian nature to work its villanies by cowardly means, and the Fenian bark has ever been much worse than its bite.

There is a possibility that the offer of Canadian troops for the Soudan may be accepted after all, but not till the autumn. As the hot Egyptian season, just now commencing, will be a severe ordeal for seasoned veterans to pass through, it is evident that, to raw colonials, especially from a country where the cold weather is of so long duration as in Canada, that season when the deadly Kamsin is constantly blowing, would prove fatal, and the presence of a number of sickly and dying Canadian soldiers would be a far greater hindrance than a help. Those Canuck warriers who are so anxious to smell powder in Egypt need not despair as the refusal of the British Government to accept their services need not be looked on as absolute, they will merely have to control their impatience till the resumption of active operations in the Soudan next fall, when the probability is that they will get a chance to show what ther can do.

It is a belief of the Buddhists of Ceylon that if a woman behaves herself properly she will eventually become a man. This should certainly be a great inducement for women to conduct themselves in a becoming manner, for the height of ambition with many of them seems to be to resemble men as much as possible—and they are not all Buddhists either. Many ladies, new-a-days, dress so lors it a nuisance, I fall to see; when a mais

much like men that they cannot, without difficulty, be distinguished from the latter at a little distance; hats, jackets, collers; all are maunish, and it looks as if the men some girls looked like men the happier the are. This is all right; man is a noble cre ture and a woman shows her good sense in imitating him as closely as she can.

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It looks very much as if Germany was spoiling for a quarrel with England, and a one of the first incidents in the expansion of Germany must be a dispute with the little island over the way, it is very probable that she does want a row. Germany has made every preparation for such a quarrel; Grat Britain none at all, and the Soudan war must be a subject of congratulation in

There is something very British about Germany's method of enforcing her claims to the Cameroons island. Her admiral, in true British style, commenced by bombard. ing the settlement to which he laid claim, the brunt of this bombardment falling or the natives, who do not seem to be comedered at all in any arrangement between European nations. A few British traders. however, who carry on a commerce with the interior, sustained some injury throughit and the British consul appointed a court to sauces damages and send in a bill to the German Government. The Germanadmin! bombarded the settlement once more and this made the British "very indignant," which was, doubtless, just what Germany wanted and intended, for it is not at ill likely that this obstreperous admiral work have acted as he did without being assent that his conduct would most with the sp proval of his Government. Angra People does not seem to be a place worth quarreling about, as it is described as being a waterles waste, extremely unhealthy ond altogether an undesirable acquisition—but it formed a very good pretext for Germany to get up a quarrel about. What with Russia wanting to get up a fuss in Afghanistan, German seeking for a quarrel with England sayers, the Fenians waiting for a good chance for s general uprising, and the Soudan trouble it must be confessed that Great Britain just now has a particularly "hard row to bot It is to be trusted that she will come out all right in the end.

The navy estimates for Great Britainle 1886 foot up to the nice little total of resty sixty-two million dollars for ordinary etpenses, and the construction of several my men-of-war, amongst which are to be included eleven ironclads, and about sixty-two old vessels. John Buli is experiencing tout pretty heavy tugs at his purse strings ju

This is what Mr. Labouchere mys in his paper about that affair which is of soil paramount importance to young English ust about this time, viz., the Oxford and Cambridge boat race: "It may save a good many well-meaning correspondents conilable trouble if I inform them once for I that the doings of the University crews & not interest me in the alightest degree, and that I cannot find space in these columns to chronicle the daily or weekly changes and chances of the respective boats. The box race itself is, in my opinion, a nuisant, whose necessity has never been satisfactor? demonstrated." There is no probabily that these annual contests will be given? simply because "Labby" doesn't care is them, shough there is a good doal of seas in what he says, and this boat race is made un affair of far too much importance. Bd why the proprietor of London Track cond-

getting old, and his hair is beginning to thin understand or meddle with politics; this as his waistcoat gradually develops an abnormal rotundity in front, he is apt to consider things a nuisance that young people enjoy keenly. Certainly there is no necessity for the annual boat-race any more than there is for Mr. Labouchere's Truth, but one is no more a nuisance than the other.

It is to these athletic contests in Eng'and that her sons owe a great deal of that phisique and pluck which have made her arms so formidable in time of war. It requires no small amount of pluck and selfdenial to undergo the course of physical tmining necessary to fit a man to compete either in the inter-University boat races, or athletic sports, and it is very certain that young fellows might be much worse engaged than in training for these events: of course they might be better employed, but young men are not all saints nowadays, and probably never will be.

I want to know by what earthly right a shopkeeper who sells a customer a York shilling's worth of goods invariably takes thirteen cents in payment therefor. Twelve cents and a half is all he is entitled to, and as there is no half cent coin, someone has to lose the half cent; but I say that in all my experience, when I had hought twelve and a half cents of anything and tendered a quarter in payment, I never received more than twelve cents in change. Fair play is a jewel, and the customer ought, occasionally, to get the benefit of that half cent. but the storekeepers seem to think that it is their right to receive a present of half a cent every &me they sell anything to the alleged value of twelve and a half cents. What am I going to do about it, anyway?

A very interesting paper in regard to the history of the Toronto Insane Asylum appears in another page of TRUTH. It is from the pen of Dr. Daniel Clark, who always has something of interest to say and always says it well. A number of the facts contained in this valuable article are quite new to the public, and they are of very general interest.

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The report of Mr. Chapleau on Chinese immigration, and all matters connected with it, has been laid on the table of the House of Commons and forms a most exhaustive discussion of the subject. That we have heretofore entertained many wrong notions concerning the morality, &c., of the Chinese is made clear by perusing this report which is, on the whole, favorable to the employment of Chinese lator in British Columbia for the present, though not to the unrestricted influx of the race. Mr. Chaplean states that, as a milway "navvy" the Chinaman has no superior; this, together with the low rate of wages he demands, is much in his favor, and just now he will be found most serviceable in British Columbia, though white "navvies" of course will object to their prosence for the very reason that he is satisfied with small pay.

It is universally admitted that Chinese merchants are honorable and capable men, of high credit and of great commercial advantage to the community. The most formidable objection, however, to Chinese immigration has not been extended to this class, but to the laborers; it seems evident that it would be advantageous to British Columbia to excourage Chinese immigration to a certain extent. There are many things to be raid in favor of John Chinaman. He is a most successful market gardener; he is industrious; he improves with good treatment

out very perceptibly on the top of his head, last alone ranks him far above many white men, who not only evince a strong desire to understand politics, but also display a most lamentable inability to do so.

> It is objected to the Chinese immigranta that, whatever money they earn is sent out of the country, and consequently is of no benefit to it. Even if it be so, the Chinese immigrants are far ahead of those white ones who never make any money at all and in consequence never have any to send anywhere; and there are many such. A begging Chinaman is a rare object on this continent. On the whole it looks as if it would be as well to change the oft-heard cry "The Chinese must go," to "The Chinese may come and stay," but certain restrictions to "The Chinese may must be placed on this immigration.

> Mr. Justice Gray, one of the late commissioners, thus condenses his opinions on this question:

> "In conclusion, it may briefly be stated that in British Columbia the are thuse phases of opinion on this subject:

1. Of a well meaning, but strongly prejudiced minority, when nothing but absolute exclusion will satisfy.

2. An intelligent minority, who conceive that no legislate analysis.

2. An intentions minustry, who demands that no legislation whatever is necessary—that, as in all husiness transactions, the rule of supply and demand will apply, and the matter regulate itself in the ordinary course

3. Of a large majority, who think there 3. Or a large majority, who think there should be a moderate restriction, based upon police, financial, and sanitary principles, sustained and enforced by stringent local regulations for cleanliness and the preservation of health.

Concurring in this last named view, the undersigned commissioner has, in chapter 9, thrown out some suggestion to that end, should Parliament at the present time doesn legislation necessary "

It has been agreed by the railways forming the ali-rail line to Manitoba, to give intending settlers, the coming spring, exceedingly low rates, and at a meeting in Chicago, on February 21st, it was decided to make the second-class rate from all ports in Canada west of Montreal to Winnipeg, \$20; and to St. Vincent, Minn., and Neche, D. T., \$19.75, taking effect March 1st.

Truth's Contributors.

TROPICAL TRIPS.

No. 1-8t. Helena. BY "ALBATEOSS," TORONTO.

In latitude 16° S. and longitude about 6° W., in the heart of the tradewinds, lies a little island about which not a great deal is generally known in Canada, though there was a time within the present century when, it may be said, the eyes of the whole civilized world were turned in its Its importance soon after the battle of Waterloo in 1815 was due to the fact that it was she island-prison of the great Napoleon; its importance now is owing to its being a place of call for all sailing casels en route from India to England, as it abounds in springs of excellent water and is, moreover, a sort of ocean storehouse, where vessels may replenish their stock of provisions. The island I refer to is St. Helens, as my intelligent readers will, doubtless, have surmised ere this. The island ticle seems to be the sole means of killing rises, in most places, sheer from the sea, and a vessel can coast around it so close to shore that a biscuit may be easily thrown against the cliffs that bound it ; nay, at one spot one of our men who ran out to the extreme end of the main-yard, declared that he could have sprung on land if he had chosen to "go ashore without leave."

and, beat of all, he evinces no desire to on this little spot, and it is ever ten years soiled linen purified. To judge by the ap- ward-bound British vessel. I went to bed

think I should find it much changed if I revisited it now. It is one of those places that never will change unless through the agency of some convulsion of nature, when, being of volcanic origin, it might disappear in the bosom of the ocean for ever.

The principal, nay, I believe the only own on the island, is James Town, on the cast coast, and situated on James' Bay,an excellent harbor, and, at the time of the visit I speak of, crowded with condemned slavers,—James Town being a little bunch of houses lying in a valley above which tower hills whose sides are terribly precipitous and in places almost inaccessible. At the summit of one of these hills, which may be mounted either by means of a ladder or staircase of over 600 steps, or by a zig-zag road which takes the climber to the top by a more gradual mode of ascent, is the barracks where a portion of some British regiment is usually stationed. To a person who has been on board ship without setting foot on land for three months, as was my case, the climbing of Ladder Hill, per staircase route, is no joke, and as I and a brother middy took it into our heads to race up the steps, you may rest assured that we did not get over the effects for some days, the unwonted exercise having played terrible havoc with the muscles of our legs, which had become soft through inactivity. The descent was made with comparative ease. and at one spot. I remember, I came down 24 steps at a time, quite unintentionally I admit, and, as it proved, without sustaining any damage.

My chum and I proceeded to "do" James Town, after having paid our respects to our military brothers in arms at the top of Ladder Hill, and a very poor place indeed we found it to "do." I can give no guess at the population, but fancy it cannot be more than 3,000, and made up of English, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, negroes, mulattos, creoles, etc., etc., and an indiscriminate and ever-changing population of sailors of every race under the sun, and in every degree of intoxication.

A landing is effected by the lander being wung ashore in a kind of chair attached to a crane; he seats himself in the chair, which is thrust out to the boat, and in a twinkling, presto t he is whipped ashore and there he is. This mode of landing is made necessary by the high swell that is constantly running, though at times it is possible to go ashore and push off again in the usual manner. The town is distant about a quarter of a mile from the landing place and is entered through a gate-James Town being surrounded by a fortified wall, by the way-where a guard is constantly on duty. This gate is closed at sundown and opened at morning gun-fire, and if you chance to delay your exit past the hour of sunset, you will probably be compelled to remain in James Town all night, and if you happen to be a poor little middy in the Queen's Navee on leave till 10 p.m., you may look out for a sojourn of a few hours with that "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" at the mast-head, next day.

James Town boasts of one hotel wherein is one solitary billiard table, and this artime by the St. Helenites who are not busy. The town is soon seen, and one is surprised at the number of laundries there are, and is puzzled to make out where they can all find employment. The solution of this puzzle is given in the fact that homewardbound ships are calling at the island daily, and the crew and passengers take this op-It is now some years since I first set foot portunity of getting their accumulation of

since I left it for the last time, but I don't pearance of the "natives," one would fancy that a laundry and soap and water were unknown to them: but though they cachew the use of these things for themselves, they willingly practice the art of washing for the stranger that is without their gates, and who has to pay most consumedly for his

Passing through the principal street of James Town, and bearing away to the left, constantly ascending as we go, we finally arrive at Longwood, the scene of Napoleon's captivity and death. His tomb is still there, as is also, in a most dilapidated condition, the cottage he inhabited during the years of his exile, and in which, on a night when the most fearful storm that ever visited St. Helena was raging over the island, he expired with the words "Tete d'armes" on his lips. I placed myself on the rock pointed out to us as that whereon, hour after hour, the great conqueror was wont to stand, deeply engrossed in thought and gazing away over the blue waters of the ocean; I tried to imagine what his thoughts must have been; he, a mighty warrior, cooped up in this little tropical island, a lone and vanquished prisoner. I failed, however, to conjure up the past thoughts of the dead Bonaparte. Probably his brain and mine were not cast in the same mould: mine was possibly the superior article, but I won't hoast.

Having, like true British snobs, carved our initials in the bark of a willow treemuch to the disgust of an old Frenchman who was in charge of Napoleon's cottage, and who would have resorted to personal violence had not our fierce British countenances awed him-(gentle reader, I was 15 years of age, my companion a few months older)-we left Longwood and once more descended to James Town.

Though St. Helena is, undoubtedly, of volcanic origin, there are, here and there, fertile spots of land on which cabbages and potatoes and a few other vegetables are grown, and which produce some exceedingly hard and tastaless pears. With these exceptions and a little grass and a few trees, I saw no further traces of vegetation. The climate seems to be all that could be desired, the tropical heat being tempered by the over-blowing "trade-wind."

In concluding this brief description of St. Helena, I will relate how I was pretty badly scared in that same spot on another occasion. I had gone ashore in the afternoon and in the evening dined with the officers of the few companies of the 9th Regiment then stationed in the island. Time slipped on and it was cleven p.m. before I was aware that it was eight o'clock. My ship was to have sailed at sunset! I rushed down that staircase of about 650 steps at break-neck speed, and of course found the gate shut, but the sergeant on guard proving complaisant, I was let through. The shore was allent and deserted, and no sound could I hear but the swell breaking on the beach. I cazed out to sea to where the 'Octavia" had been at anchor when last I saw her, but no "Octavia" could I see! Here was a pretty pickle. She had gone and left me in this horrible island, I thought. Back I went to the town, passed through the gate and, walking up to the hotel, thundered at the door for some minutes. A waiter finally opened it and asked what I wanted at that time of night; it was then about 1.30 a.m. I told him I wanted a bed, and informed him of my predicament. "Oh, yes," he said, "the 'Octavia' sailed this evening." So I resolved to make the best of a bad job and take up my quarters here till relief arrived in the shape of a home

and to sleep. I arose in the morning and found a midshipman of the "Octavia" just coming up to the hotel, as he said, for me! From him I learnt that the "Octavia" had never budged; had remained at anchor just where I had left her, and I might have known, could I have reasoned calmly, that she would not have sailed without a search being made for me. I was much relieved. You ask how it was I could not see my ship when she was lying serensly at ancho. out there in the moonlight. Well, I had dined, gentle reader, I had dined! I did see the "Octavia"; I saw more; I saw two "Octavias," but I didn't recognize them. That hotel-waiter, too was a base and mendscious rascal, and knew all the time that the vessel had never sailed. However, all's well that ends well, and barring the jar to my nerves, I was little the worse for my night at St. Helena.

In 1841 the old gaol on Toronto street (now York Chambers) was occupied by seventeen patients-two of whom are still alive and enjoying good bodily health in Toronto Asylum. Dr. Rees was the first superintendent. This building was soon filled and it was deemed absolutely necessary to temporarily occupy the east wing of the existing Parliament Buildings, and, in addition, a house on the corner of Front and Eathurst streets. Between 1841 and 1853 there had been no less than five auperintendents. These officers were only nominally heads of the asylum. An officious board of trustees made all appointments and discharged as seemed to this body best. Favorites, however unfit, were put in places of trust, and complaints of gross violations of duty were condoned. Drunkenness, cruelty to patients, and immorality were common. No one was responsible, so no

The main building was designed and superintended in its construction by J. E. Howard, Esq., (now of High Park), the wings by Kivas Tully, Esq., Government architect. The building of the former was commenced on 7th June, 1845, but the corner stone was not laid until 22nd August, 1846. It was deposited with a good deal of pomp and ceremony. Bishops, judges, benevolent societies, fire companies, physi cians, the police and the band of the 81st regiment, as well as a large concourse of citizens were present. Lord Metcalie was at that time Governor-Goneral. The wings were not built until 1869. So marshy was the ground on which was built the foundation, that in many places the workmen employed had to dig as far as thirteen feet be fore arriving at a sure foundation. Not until 1850 was the building partially ready for occupation.

bolished, and an inspector was appointed, who is directly responsible to the Government. The writer has been in charge since Doc. 27th, 1875.

The main front building is nearly 600 feet long. Ino centre part is six stories in height, and the ends are four storica in height. In addition to this main portion are two wings 180 feet each in length, and four stories in height. In the grounds are three cottages, which are occupied by 121 patients. The total number of wards are sixteen in the main buildings. The number of patients is 703. The number of nurses is forty-eight. Total number of all classes employed, ninety-eight. The asylum thus constitutes a village with over 900 inhabitants. In 1884 it was found that 456 patients were engaged in labor, such as farming, gardening, sewing, knitting, carpentering, atable, laundry, and dairy work, etc.



HISTORY OF TORONTO ASYLUM

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK, MEDICAL SUPER-INTENDENT.

Before the year 1841, Upper Canada had no asylum of any kind for the insane. Previous to this period those persons who were so unfortunate as to become insane, had either to be placed in goal for safe-keeping, or else had to be taken care of at home. for those afflicted. Such a state of things was deplorable, and, no doubt, many poor creatures who might have recovered, had proper accommodation and modical treatment been provided, were kept at home under unfavorable conditions, or were left in gaol to terminate a miserable existence. In 1839 this evil was at last recognized and Parlia ment passed an act authorizing the catablishing of the first Provincial Lunatic larger part of the old garrison commons aub-Asylum. This was at leat a step in the right direction, and the beginning of a better

responsibility was assumed. One of the superintendents writer of this time: "There was not clothing enough of any or all kinds for a change. There were several patients who had been naked for several months, confined in cells, or, if quiet, lying on the floor of the attic ward, a place where from sixty to seventy patients were constantly kapt in a very filthy condition. The stench of this ward was scarcely bearable from the Those who have anything to do with the great amount of filth that had been allowed insane know well what such custody meant to accumulate in different parts of it." There is a good deal more of a worse nature in this report. The vicious system was largely to blame for this deplorable state of things, just as now exists in the Province of | In 1853 Dr. Workman became chief official, Quebec from a similar cause.

Where the asylum now stands was at one time a black ash swump, and was ordnance land, and consequently was Crown land. The first gift was only fifty acres, but the sequently fell into the hands of the Provincial Government, upon which stands the contral prison and Libror Roformatory,

In January of that year the patients were transferred from old gaol and the Parliament Buildings. Dr. Scott was its first superintendent. The old Board of Trustees was succeeded by a Board of Commissioners. This change proved to be an improvement on the old order of things, principally on account of the better quality of the material. Of course this new building, having been built for a specific purpose, was far in advance of those vacated. The ventilation, the plumbing, the drainage, and the plans were not all that could be desired, but necessary changes from year to year improved these drawbacks, and remained as such until 1875. The old order of things was not allowed to exist under his active adminstration. The old system was changed, and more power than heretofore was put into the hinds of the Chief Administrator. This put an end to favoritism, "rings" and such excrescences, which formerly paralyzed all attempts at reform. At Confederation the Board was

first Restraint of a personal kind on patients has the been almost entirely abolished in our Provincial asylums, and humanity to those afflicted is the guiding principle in their adminstration. In this respect they need not fear any comparison with any asylum in Christendom. The relies of Toronto asylum contained a number of curiosities. About thirty-five years ago all excited patients were treated to fly-blisters on the nape of the neck. Some of the survivors bear the sears made by their application. An actual burning iron was used to singe the neck and cause a running sore. Setons were intro-duced into the neck for the same purpose. Salivation, bleeding and violent purgation were orthodox methods to cure mania. They were employed with the best intentions, but doubtless these heroic practices were net conducive to recovery, and were based on wrong ideas of the actual condition of the brain. The internal commotion and the brain. The internal commotion the external irritation must have been asperating, and must have added greatly to the mental suffering from their co-existence and combined effect. These practices are now followed by more humane and ration treatment. The pulling down of the sy tem has been fellowed by a building up.

The Loet's Lage.

Up and be a Hero-BY ALEXANDER N'LACHLAN.

Up my friend be beld and true, There is noble work to do, Hear the voice which calls on you, "Up and be a here!"

What, the fate has fixed thy lot To the lowly russet cot, Though thou are not worth a great Thou mayest be a here!

High herolo deeds are done, Many a battle's lost or won Without either aword or gun, Up, and be a hero i

Not to gain a worldly height, Not for sensual delight Not for sensual delight
But for very love of right,
Up, and be a here i

Follow not the worldling's creed, Be an honest man indeed, God will help thee in thy need, Only to a here!

There is seed which must be sown, highly truths to be made known. Tyrannics to be o'erthrown, Up, and be a here!

There are hatreds and suspicions, There are social inquisitio s, Worse than ancient superstitions, Strike them like a hero!

In the mighty fields of thought, There are battles to be fought, Revolutions to be wrought, Up, and be a here I

Bloodless battles to be gained, Spirits to be disenchained, Holy heights to be attained, Up, and be a hero.

To the noble soul alone, Nature's mystic art is shown, God will make his secrets known, Only be a hero!

If thou only art but true, What may not the spirit do, All is possible to you, Only be a hero !

Light in the Future. BY SEC. C. CRESSEY.

The leaf may fade and wither, The dower may fade and die, The barren forest shiver Beneath the wintrysky.

The heart of man may falter, And hope may disappear, A victim on the altar Of gloomy doubt and fear.

But spring is surely coming When winter's wrath is spent, And faith relieves the mourning Of hearis by trouble ront.

The mind may dwell with sorrow Upon its cares to day, Forgetting that the morrow May drive these cares away.

The future lies before us, its juge we cannot read; The month's fly swiftly o er us, The years in turn succeed.

And though we all may tremble, lictore the fading light, Which must to us resemble An exertastic guight;

There'll come a clorious morning
To dissipate the gloom; A bright and perfect dawning To light the opening tomb.

"Suffer the Little Children."

Suffer the little children
To come unto Me, He said,
And laid his loving fingers
Upon each innocent head;

Of such is the Father's kingdom in the land of light and grace; And the God of the good, the great, the wise, foreth e-ch little face.

•

Then a man with a wicked purpose kose up with a brimming howl, And cries, "I blafor the children— A bid for every soul,

"In behalf of Satan's kingdom,

"And who speaks for Christ's kingdom?"
Crici an angel robed in whits,
"And who will lead these children
Away from the realm of night?"

Then rose up a temperance worker, A woman fair and sweet: 'Ill care for the little children, I'll guide their tender feet."

Then and grathered them under her banner, he little once and all. The sign was a cup of water, The scene was a temperance hall,

A Wife's Appeal. MES. J. BATRIEL

You took me, William, when a girl, into your home To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful purt;
And tell me have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or plued there was not joy for me when you were
sunk in woe!
No! I would rather share your tear than any other's

gire,

For though you're nothing to the world, you're all
the world to me.

You make a palace of myshed, thierough hewn bench
a throne.

There's unlight for me in your smiles, and music in

and soul,
Oh, look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou can'st
make him whole;
And when at last relieving sleep has on my cyclids amiled. How off are they forbade to close in slumber by our

child.

I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest.

And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long.

And it may sooth thee when I'm where the wretched And it may soot thee when I'm where the wresched feel no wrong; I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind I ask not for a life more gay—if such as I have got Buffice to make me I'ur to thee, for more I murmus

not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you suchuba bestow. clube bestow,

Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not
something know?

Bubtract from meetings amongst men each eye an

hour for me, Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be,
if you will read, I'll sit and work; then, when you're
away,
Less tedious shall I find the time, dear William, of

your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for o'en your studious hours, And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage

flowers; And it we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind, And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

Col. F. G. Burnaby.

[Killed at the Battle of Abu-Klea in the Soudan an. 17, 1835.]

Jan. 17, 1835.]

Brave Burnaby down? Wheresoever 'tis spoken The news leaves the lips with a wistful regret, We picture that equare in the desert, shoos led, broken, Yet packed with stout hearts, and impregnable yet, and there fell, at lest, in close meles, the fighter, Who Death had so often affronted before. One deemed he d no dark for his valorous slighter Who wuch a gay heart to the battle front bore. But alsa! for the spear thrust that ended a story, Romantic as Roland's, as Ilon Heart's brief, Yet crowded with incident, gilded with glory, And crowned by a laurel that's verdent of leaf? A later-day Palanin, prone to adventure, With little enough of the spirit that sways? The man of the market, the shop, the indenture? Yet grief-drops will glitter on Burnaby's bars. Faat friend as keen fighter the strife-blow preferring, Yet cheery all round with his friends and his focs: Content through a life-story, short, yet soul-stirring And happy, as doubless hed deem, in its close.

And happy, as doubties no a deem, in we would have the hard for post, who seemed to fee and fear, Bidst hunt for Death, who seemed to fee and fear, How great and greaty fallen thou dost lie, Siain in the desert by a nameless span i "Not here, alsa!" may England say, "not here, In such a quarrel was it meet to die; But in that dreadful battle drawins nigh, To shake the Afghan mountains lone and sern! Like Alsa by the ships, abouldst thou have ste od, And in some pass have stayed the stream of fight, The bulwark of thy people and their shield.

Till Helmund or till tora ran with blood, And back toward the Northhands and the Night, The stricken esgless extitered from the field!

A Hard, Olose Man. A hard, close man was Solomon Ray;
Nothing of value he gave away;
He boarded and saved,
He pinched and shaved,
And the more he had the more he oraved.

The hard, earned shillings he tried to gain Brought him little but care and pain; For little out care and pair,
And all he lent
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray,
The years went by, and his hair grew gray;
It is checke grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the pound he worked to win.

But he died one day, as aif men must,
For life is fleeting and men butdust.
The heirs were gay
And laid him away,
And that was the cud of Solomon Ray.

They quarreled now who had little eared For Solomon Ray when his life was spared; His lands were sold, And his hard earned gold All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yes men will cheat and pinch and save Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave; All their gold some day Will melt away Like the selfen savings of Solemen Roy.

A Sermon for the Sisters. BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I nebber breaks a colt afore he'sold enough to trab-bel: I nebber digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grab-I netber digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grab-bel; An' when you sees me risin' up to structily in meetin'. I's fust clumb up de knowledge tree and done some am's, apple-satin'.

I sees some sisters prusint, mighty proud o' whut dey wearin', It's well you ian't apples, now, you better be de-dayin'! For when you heared yo' markit-price, 't'd hurt yo

There's sunlight for me in your sunter, your tone;

Jook upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears

grow dim—
I cry, "Ob, Parent of the poor, look down from beeven on him;

Behold him toll from day to day, exhausting strength
and soul.

I lubed so of-time russets, dough it's suldom I kin
strike tem: strike'em; An' so I lube you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' ffot yo' graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it tan'es.

> Is dey a Sabbat scholah heah? Den let him form his mudder How Jacob in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey brudder! Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he struck de prieon; Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat ob his'n.

> My Christian frien's, dis story proobes dat eben man is He'dhad a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd a' been a 'coman. De cueddness ob showin' off, he found out all about An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever shouted.

> It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to git his riches Dey didn't so for stylish coats or Philadelphy breeches! breeches!
>
> He didn't was his money when experince taught him better,
> But went aroun' a lookin' like he's waitin' for a let-

> Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say, won you take alesson,
> an 'min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy
> dressin' ?
> How much yo' spen' upon yo'se'f! I wish you might
> remember
> Yo' preacher aint been paid a cent sence somewhar
> in November.

> I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's kinder hittin'; A.whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near whar dev's a-sittin'; To look at dem, and listen at dey onrespec'iul jab-ber, ber, It turns de milk obhuman kinaness mighty nigh to clabber!

When the Baby Came.

Always in the house there was trouble and conten-Little sparks of feeling flashing into flame, eigns of irritation.

So sure to make occasion For strife and tribulation—till the baby came.

All the evil sounds full of crucl hate and rancor, All the angry tumult—nobody to blame! All were hushed so sweetly, Disappearing fleetly, Or quieted completely—when the haby came.

Faces that had worn a gloomy veil of sadness
Hearts intent on seekine for fortune or for fame—
Once again were lightened,
Once again were brightened,
And their rapture heightened—when the baby

All affection's windows opened to receive it, I'ure and fresh from heaven and give it carthly

Pure and fresh from neaven and give it carmy name.

Clarping and caressing.

In arms of leve, confessing

That life had missed a. *..aing-till the baby-came

Homes that were in shadow felt, the gentle sun-

shine,
Smilling, as if anxious their secret to proclaim?
Grateful songs were swelling,
Of mirth and gladness telling,
And Love ruled all the dwelling—when the baby

Hearts that had been sundered by a tide of passion, Were again united in purpose and in aim; In the haunt sectuded, Fesce divincty brooded, Where discord had intruded—till the baby came.

Little cloud dispeller I little comfort bringer!
Baby-girl, or baby-boy, welcome all the same!
Even o'er the embers
Of bleak and cold Dece abers,
Some foud heart remembers—when the baby came.

Song of the Chattahooches. BY SIDNEY LANGE.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
i hurry again to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow, or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Hare in the valleys of Hall,

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes or of abide, abide,
The willin waterweeds held me thrati,
The wasing laurel turned my tide,
The forms and the foulding grass and stay,
The dowberry dippet for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed abide, adide,
liters in the hills of Habersham,
liters in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Voiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair takes of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the wainut, the pine,
Overleaning, with filekering meaning and
alon.

aign, Said : Pass not, so cold, these manifold Deep shades of the hill of Habersham, Here in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the bills of Habersham. And oft in the bills of Habersham.
And oft in the valleys of Hall.
The white quartz shone and the white broe
Did har no of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone—
Crystals clear or a cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming ston
in the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham. And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail; I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toll and be mixed with the nuain main;
The dry fields hurn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally years,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Halersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

The Light That is Felt. BY JOUN O. WILLTIER.

A tender child of summers three, Seeking her bed at night, Paused on the dark stan timidly, "Oh mother, take my hard," said she, "And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to light before;
And only when our hands we lay,
bear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness evermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days Wherein our guides are blind as we, And faith is small and hope delays; Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise, And let us feel the light of Thee!

How the World Goes. BT ANDREW M. LANG.

While I in thought am eitting With books all spread around,
What is the whole world de ing,
How do earth's voices sound;
And what are men pursuing,
On what great mission bound.

Each has his thoughts of pleasure, it is thoughts of work and play, And some life's cladness keeping, the singing all the day; And some are weeping, weeping, Quite baffled in life's fray.

Ry woodland and by river, Men stroll and roam about, With merry makings lauching, They dance and sing and shout; The cup of pleasure quanting, They cast away all doubt.

Tis thus the wild world gorth,
Each man his own way goes.
Still through the world's great highway.
Life a laughing current flevs.
Still life grows vaster,
And to perfection grows.

Mistake.

W. W. STORY.

How your sweet face revives again, The dear old time, my Pearl, If I may use the pretty rame I called you when a girl.

You are so young, whi's Time of me Has made a cruel prey, It has fongotten you nor swept One grace of youth away.

The same sweet face, the same sweet smile, The same lithe figure too!
What did you say? "It was perchance
Your mother that I know?"

Ah, yes, of course, it must have been, And yet the same you seen, And for a moment, all those years Fled from me like a dream,

Then what your mother would not give, Permit inc. dear, to take, The old man's privilege—a kiss— Just for your mother's sake.

A fellow who lived in our village Was bent upon stealing and pillage So he stole a sweet kiss From a dear little miss, Then went back to his farm and his tillage.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Don't expose me! Just this once! This was the ust and only time, I'll swear-Look at me !--see, I's nee! !-- the only time, I swear, I ever cheated."-Baowsing.

"Tam o' the Lin grew dourle and douce, And he sat on a stene at the end o' his house; 'What alis auld chief 'His looked haggard and thin. 'I'm no v rv cheery,' quo Tom o' the Lin.

'l'm no v rv cheery,' quo and 'l'm no v rv cheery,' quo and 'Tam' o' the Lin lay down to die, And his friends whispored softly and wotully, 'We'll buy y. u some masses to scour away sin a' 'And drink at my lyke-wake,' quo' Tam o' the Lin.

— Tam o' the Lin.

It was in the last days of August that old Dick took ill, owing to a fall he got when standing on a cart full of wheat-sheaves, helping to pitchfork them into the upper barn, and stopping back a little too far. It was a heavy fall, and injured his back badly so that he could only lie without doing a stroke of work that autumn.

Here was a chance for Rachel Estonis to be once more useful, and she immediately elzed it.

Hitherto, the longly sister had

Hitherto, the lonely sister had seemed during the past months of the summer as one only half awake from a terrible, troubled one only half awake from a terriole, troubed dream, however sweetly her great dark eyes smiled on those around. Or again, looking at her pale and worn, though still nor?? features, you might fancy her a nun who, after spending the best of her life in solitary seclusion and religious contemplation, had been by some chance brought back to the world and set down by a happy hearth. She seemed in a strange land, and stilly smiled on its ways and domestic happiness, but was on its ways and domesto happiness; but was too old herself to learn them; there was no spring-time for her. She moved among them like a statue almost, finding nothing of a place or need for her services in that easy-ordered household, where none had much work, and all only strove to spare her; where no one was alling.

When old Dick took ill, however, Rachel

when old Dick took ill, nowever, Rachel got her call. She went daily to his cottago—a thirfdess, untidy place it was, though he had a wife, but no children at home. Rachel doctored him, cooked and tidied, read to him, even sat up there at nights often. And, above all, she bore patiently with old Dick's crossness and churlish nature. New energy and her old independence seemed to return with this charge to her body and mind. For three weeks Rachel was thus busied;

but old Dick showed small signs of recovery. His back might be somewhat better, but in mind he only grew more broken down and hopeless of health: he slept little and badly, being troubled with terrible dreams, from which he would wake up trembling and all in a cold sweat, so his wife told, who was a weak minded, helpless sort of creature, as good soul enough. Old Dick swore so fear-fully at her for saying this that Rachel severely reprimanded her. Though grumb-ling, Dick had come to adore the latter in a frightened, awed way as his good angel, the being who alone brought comfort and help to his dark hours. Yet at first it had help to his dark hours. Let at that it had been only by Blyth's own presence and firm desire that he could be prevailed on to let "the black witch" examine his injuries, and lay the pillows more easily for his sore

5. Dick grew worse and worse, sinking daily from being a tough and hale old fellow into a feeble dotard, only showing vigor in

into a feeble dotard, only showing vigor in his flashes of ill-temper; and even these, mourned his wife, grew fewer.

One September night, Ruchel, who had just lain down to sleep, was roused by a message that old Dick was dying, and wished to see her at once. Hastily dressing, she hurried down the lane with Joy, who having, heard the news likewise, had sprung up to accompany her; and Blyth, who, not having yet gone to bed, came to take charge of both.

such demonstrations of affection in a way old Farmer Berrington quito failed to understand.

Although they began by speaking of Dick

Although they began by speaking of Dick and his possibly approaching end with pry, somehow soon the broken talk took a more tender turn. Blyth was saying,
"In one fortnight now, dear—Have you finished sewing the wedding-dress?"
A woman's sharp call rang out from the cottage. It was Rachel's voice. The door was flung open, and the light of the cottage interior glesmed in the lane. Both ran to the threshold, where Rachel was steadying herself by the door-post, her breast heaving. herself by the door-post, her breast heaving, saying, with strong self-enforced outward quiet, yet as one whose mind was almost beside itself.

"Come in here—listen! Dick says that Magdal.n is not dead; that he helped her to escape beyond Moortown!"

It was true enough. They harried in,

but the fresh witnesses to Dick's repeated confession only confirmed its evident truth. The miserable old man declared, between games for breath, that he could bear the tortures of his conscience no longer, and would make a clean breast of it all; for his fall, he reiterated, was a punishment, he knew—ay he knew!—and yet he had told no lie either, nor hust the woman. But still when Mistress Rachel had prayed and read to him, he had felt like one of the damned, knowing what she had suffered with grief for her mad sister's loss. So, as he had been taken that night as if death was coming, he would tell first—ay, ay!

Blyth bide him—on, then, and be quick about it. would make a clean breast of it all ; for his

The day Magdalen was lost, Dick related, he had been sent to Moortown with the he had been sent to Moortown with the wagon in the afternoon. And so, when about some three miles on his way, he saw a woman-creature dragging herself over the moors like a hunted hare. She made frantic signs to him to stop, but he would pay no heed at first, recognizing her, and thinking it was merely some silly-Sally craze; till she kept running along the road beside him. At last, plainly ready to drop with fatigue, she showed an old-shapped bag she held strung over her arm under her clock, and took out a gold sovereign from it, which she held up.

held up.

This seemed so strange an act, that Dick cried whoa! to his horses, out of pure curiosity, he avered. He turned to a good one. cried whos! to his horses, out of pure curiosity, he averred. He turned over the gold piece, rang it, thought it a good one. Meantime, Magdalen implored him so urgently to give her a lift in the wagon, saying ahe was so tired, so tired, and that Farmer Berrington, her good friend, would not refuse her such a little service, that Dick compliant. complied.

After resting a while in the wagon, get ting near Moortown, she began making minute inquiries of Dick as to the neighbor hood and roads, and how to go to London. As he got suspicious at this, and spoke of drivhe got cuspicious at this, and spoke of driv-ing her back, Magdalen prayed and be-sought him not to tell she had gone away; adding a wild, confused tale of having been ill-used by the Hawkshaws, whom she hated, and that she was merely going away for a short time, a very little while! It was so dull and lonely in the glen.

If only Dick would help her, she would give him time house source in the she.

into a feeble dorard, only showing vigor in in flashes of ill-temper; and even these, incumed his wife, grow fower.

One Soptember night, Rechel, who had just lain down to sleep, was roused by message the told Dick was adjung, and wished to see her at once. Hastily dressing, she hurried down tho also with Joy, who having the through Moortown, she was sitting back to her siter.

So he agreed; and at her request drove the red on the lane, where the seem at once it was dark down the lane, where the trees, still in full leafsgo, though yellowing in patches, met overhead. But they all remembered afterwards how the hunter's moon, hanging overhead in the sky in a great silver disk—seeming larger than any other month-shed a soft radiance over the houghts and hopefulness only; not for though the orders and hopefulness only; not for though the and hopefulness only; not for though the orders. Bifty hand Joy waited outside in a pleased way to herself, and told pick was going to lendon, and had not proved the coach was going a cell be red than any other month-shed a soft radiance over the houghts and hopefulness only; not for though the and hopefulness only; not for though the orders and hopefulness only; not for though the order and hopefulness only; not for though the order

the Red House, being late and his horses were all of a lather—Master Blyth might recall speaking sharply to him about them,

That was all he could tell. Good Lord

That was all he could tell. Good Lord I he knew no more.

And, oh! (with a heart-rending groan) let no one ask him to give back the money; for it was all spent in drink or tobacco, or if not spent—Dick, fearing he was dying, writhed between the torments of his greed and his conscience—they might find some of it hidden in a hollow of the earthen floor, under one of his bed-tosts. But surely folk might leave it to him until he died, at least; for now he had told all, and cleaned his for now he had told all, and cleaned his soul to the best of his power. Ah, Mistrese Rachel need not look at him like that, with Rachel need not look at him like that, with those eyes of hers, in represent. He was only a miserable old man, who had neant no harm. Speak up for him, Miss Joy dear! and let him keep the money, for he loved it; and sak the young master—who was always cruel hard upon him—to let him die with a roof over his head.

This was Dick's confession.

(*Gar oh how did my mother gat all that.

"But, oh, how did my mother get all that coney!" asked Joy, innocently, in wonder.

Blyth touched her gently, in secret signal not to inquire more then; for Rachel and clasped her hands to her head at that question. The girl had never been told that last dark detail of her father's flight' from the cottage.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A lover's parting! It is hard and sad enough at all times, yet how much worse when it is not the will of a remorseless fate, weighing equal's heavy on both, but the deliberate wish of one who still loves, and is opposed by the other.

"You shall not go. I will not hear of it, Joy; I will not bear it! Or else I will grant this much—marry me first, and then

grant this much—marry me first, and then go and search for your mother."

"Oh, Blyth! dear, dear Blyth don't wring my heart with opposing me in this. How could I, a daughter marry you and feel have marry and a search of the latest and the latest now could, a daugater marry you and feel happy—marry and expect a blessing from Heaven on our union, if I had neglected or even delayed my first duty, to find my poor, unhappy mother!"
"But Joy, think of me. Those two years I was out in Australia, I was only

years I was out in Australia, I was only waiting, hoping for you, thinking of you. And now, when I come back and find happiness, almost in my grasp, almost to ask me to give it up I Any man would think this table here!

too hard."
"But I shall come back to you and the Red House, Blyth, if I live. Then remember my promise to my mother. She solemnly made me promise not to leave my Aunt Rachel till she returned / Oh, dear love, do you think I don't feel it too?"
"Don't cry, darling; that is like the last straw. What a miserable, tantalizing life it is on earth! Yes! you will come back, if it lies in your power—that I believe. But what changes and chances every day brings, especially in separation; illness, dangers, and troubles of all kinds, perhaps coldness and loss of affection. For there! you are beautiful, Juy—and you have not seen the beautiful, Joy-and you have not seen the

world."
"I have not neen it. I am going out into "I have not neen it. I am going out into it a poor, homeless, houseless wauderer, Blyth; searching for another strayed soul. And, if I thought you could trust me with as great trust and love as mine, dear towards you, it would cheer me up; for peract love, I have heard, casteth out fear. But if you doubt me, and distrust me, then..."

adament to Blyth's anger. It hurt her oruelly, but she would not flinch.

So now, being sahamed of himself, feeling that in her self-sacrifice the weman was far braver and higher and 'nobler than himself, Blyth bowed his head and said, huskily,

"Then go darling. I will not hinder you by another word. But God knows when you will come back to me!"

"Yes, God knows," answered the girl he loved, with a simple, firm trust, as she echoed the words, that made him feel still more self-leproved.

Blyth and Joy were togother in the farm parlor during this scene. It was the morrow after old Dick's atrange confession, and the day was now wearing to late afternoon.

In the early morning Blyth had risen and ridden to Moortown, without waiting for breakfask or telling his purpose. He wished to make inquiries, as the mail-coach passed through Moortown that morning on its down journey, as to whether anything could be discovered further as to Magdalen's flight. When he rode back to the farm through a steady drizzling rain from the hills, Blyth carried the news that, so far as could yet be When he rode back to the farm through a steady drizzling rain from the hills, Blyth carried the news that, so far as could yet be known, the woman described by him had certainly gone towards London. In his heart he then felt he had done what was right that norning, and dererved Joy's thanks, which were always so sweetly given. He struggled bravely against dim and evil promptings of the worser human rature that promptings of the worser human nature that is in us all, which whispered that this future mother-in-law of his was like a clog round his neck; and that for her own sake as well as his happiness and that of her daughter, it was almost a pity she had been saved from the Blackabrook that right she ran off from the Blackabrook that "ight she ran off to the "cold country!" or, however horrible a fate, the poor soul night have had as praceful an end, perhaps, had she indeed been sucked in living into the black mud of one of those dreary morasses to which the country folk gave the terrible name of the "stables of the moor." Better that than to be robbed and murdered, maybe, for her money in London.

be robbed and murdered, maybe, for her money in London.

Blyth was of a disposition that grudged no time or labor, provided a good result came to be shown for it. But it vexed him now to think how he had wasted a week's fine weather and the work of many men scouring t's country far and wide for a woman who had got clear away—and old Dick, no doubt, laughing in his sleeve, the heary villain!

Still as he trotted Brownberry home, Blyth urged his lagging mind up to a dogged resolve on starting himself with Miss Rachel to London. He would not fail in his efforts to find Joy's mother now at the end. Even their wedding might be delayed one week; for if, after a fortnight afresh search, they could discover no trace of Magdalen, they could discover no trace of Magdalen, well, then it would be a useless job trying further. Meanwhile, he would trust Joy to look after his father's health—ay, better than himself; while the old man would care

than himself; while the old man would care his best for her, the darling.

Thus Blyth had all settled within his breast; then old his news and proposition to Rachel, who was out in the rain waiting for him down by the cottage (where Dick was still alive). She had divined the young man's errand in her heart. She carnestly thanked him, but said no word more; neither to approve. The poor woman was dazed in her mind by the want of sleep and the multitude of new thoughts that had whirled in her head through the night. She had only been able to tell heraelf that but one thing was cleaf—her our duty. Let Jor settle for heraelf; and Blyth with his heart. Rachel must not come between these lovers.

Now at the had loce hard elf genero romptings rive in the Blyth die He had son fir away 8t inherited th ancestors, others' will rom the ea A.L. So non. ru torely There v emed, a l ez in the c racght hu rould rain omld de ati might isht to lea

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Now at that hour before supper, a man ho had a long ride in the morning, and one hard work all afternoon, and felt himdone hard work all alternoon, and felt him-wil generous in his battlings with selfish remptings, does not feel in the meed to re-vire in the best manner disagreeable news. Blyth did not best opposition very well. Rehad something rugged in his nature; a furaway strain of fierce Northman's blood, interied through long generations from his in away strain of theree Morthman's blood, iderlied through long generations from his treators, and made him chafe when fate or elter wills crossed his; a different nature from the easy-tempered, idolent folk of those

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lor, where told him,

erself, and

So now, though Joy had won the day, he

Snow, though doy had went the day, he vistorely vexed at heart.
There was silence in the parlor for, it kmed, a long time. The tall clock standing in the corner ticked on. The rain patter. d down with ceaseless pertinacty, Bl Blyth recht hinself thinking sulleniy that it wold rain for days now, probably, and that tecould do little good at work on the farm, it might as well be away; except that his idiather was not strong enough for it to be libit to leave him if Joy were gone. Several key rain, and bad for delicate women to have required which to the threship his parneying: while to the threshing his sence would make little difference. Says well-known but defamatory rhyme of that or-country,

or-country,

"The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind cold and west together;
The south wind surely brings as rain,
The north wind blows it back again."

The north wind blows it backagain.

Etter, patter! drip, drip! And still Joy ut without stirring at one side of the large rangany dinner-table, looking away out of kelow, wide window fringed with her twoite creepers, whose wet tendril-fingers appet the panes; her thoughts directed run far, further than the distant gaze of her

and still Blyth Berrington sitting at the dot the table, on which he had planted hellow in a sturdy. aggrieved manner, and his head in the hollow of his hand, rathing her. He seemed to note as never fire the details of the old room he had hown from boyhood; for he was asking inself how it would look soon without that askems to which his awas always invodmelt how it would look soon without that we figure to which his eyes always turned, sherers she might be, as to their centre of fraction. The walls wainscoted in dark sod, and low ceiling, whitewashed, but resel by beams of wood unspoiled by paint; is deep window recesses, with their cupard seats and heavy lattices, generally in each so opened outwards into the garden, tile loy's roso-leaves were dried on the fil

It was a dark room pleasant to him hither-

it was a dark room pleasant to him hitherbe it might easily become gloomy.

The heavy table filling all the centre of
kroom shone with a mellow, dark glow,
belly answering to the care and frequent
bur grease of many years. The same tale
has lently told by the solid square armburs and the big side-board on which stood

and allow the solid square armburs and the big side-board on which stood me allver cups won at the agricultural bus and at wrestling matches. Two indicates heads and some brushes, the couls of his own youthful exploits, adorned to mantle shelf. Some shelves of old-whited books, some on farriery, the others may godly, and that had belonged to his admitter, represented the literature of the Peringrap household. Rerrington household !

Not confortable; most respectable!
Est of lightness, of color, of beautiful outor ought to cheer, the eyes, what was
ten in the room but Joy herself—with her we in the room but Joy nerself—with nearly glorious eyes, her rich complexion, requisite poise of her beautiful head, eithe noble, casy grace of her figure as at there so still? She was like a raidid erotic flower, a tropical bright-marshird under a stay northern sky the was going away I who knew for how

The was going away I who knew for how 12?
A sigh from Blyth broke the silence.
Is started if thrilled at the light sound.
"You are wet, you are all wet, Blyth, all have been keeping you here. How the started in the light sound in the second of the second

doy's cheeks glowed of a beautiful crimson as lew seconds.

"You are always so kind, always so generous!" (Ah! was he? That amote him in the conscience.) "But indeed we have been already far too much like the plagues of Egypt upon you. Aunt Rachel and I have got some money truly; enough to last us for some months."

for some months."

"Plagues of Egypt 1 What an idea ! More like the Israelites, who were a blessed people, for whom the plagues were sent because thoy were ill-treated. But excuse me, Joy dearest, you can't have much !"

"Indeed, dear Blyth, though I must not explain how, we have got a good deal. If it is not enough, then indeed I might borrow some because I can repay it from my little fortune when I come of age."

"For some months—and then more ! How long, in Heaven's name, do you suppose you

long, in Heaven's name, do you suppose you will be away? A year?—say two years just as well! Well, well, well! I will say no more against it all."

no more against it all."

Thereupon Blyth rose, and, walking heavily, went out of the room and up the shallow, dark stairs; each of his steps echoed dully by the beats in Joy's heart.

(TO RE CONTINUED.)

The Bleasings of Beauty.

One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall, white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits till they melted and mouldered away in a dust or blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be over shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is oil, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yot it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwiad, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire; but in the still small quake nor in the fire; but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of un obtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm, and the perpetual; that must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is throw h these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

On The Study of Words.

There are few who would not acknowledge that mainly in worthy books are preserved and hoarded the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which the world has accumulated, and that chiefly by aid of these they are handed down from one generation to another. I shall urge on you something different from I shall urge on you something different from this—namely, that not in books only, which all acknowledge, nor yet in connected oral discourse, but often also in words contem-plated singly, there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and indignation laid up—that from these lessons of infinite worth may be derived, if only our attention is roused to their ex-istence. I shall urge on you how well it if only our attention is roused to their existence. I shall urge on you how well it will ropay you to study the words which you are in the habit of using or of meeting, be they such as relate to highest spiritual things, or our common words of the shop or the market, and of all the family intercourse of life. It will, indeed, repay yeu far better than you can easily believe.—

Archbishop Trench.

Discontent with one's life as it is and ambitious endeavor to make it is and ambitious endeavor to make it better is a wholesome state when kept in due subjection to reason and common-sense, but wholesome only when we can really do something to help ourselves, not when we merely fume and complain and refuse to make the bost of what we cannot possibly change, growl and pretest as we may.

The End of Great Soldiers

Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed page of miniature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places were Alexander, Hannibal, Casar, and Bonaparte. I had seen them unnumbered times before. but never did the same sensation arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander-after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temple bound with chaplets, dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another world for him to con-quer—set a city on fire and died in a scene

Hannibal—after having, to the astonish Hannibal—after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—after having put to flight the armies of this "mistress of the world," and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, hated by those who had exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him Hanni Baal—and died at last by roisen, administered by his own hands. poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept in a foreign land.

Casar—after having conquered eight hun-dred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes—after hav-

dred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes—after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth—was miserably assassinated by those he considered as his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte—whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name; after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, or could not, bring him aid!

Thus, those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world call great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to the very centre by their simple tread—severally

very centre by their simple tread—severally died, one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine; one a suicide; one assassinated by his friends; and one a lonely exile!

Genius and Hard Work.

There is in the present day an overplus of raving about genius and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common sense. Common sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers and not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a phrenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success that the thing they make the thing the same of the the things they undertook unless they devoted their whole energies to the task. Would Michael Angelo have built St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe had he allowed his brush to hesitate? Would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? Would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engressed with that to which they were so averse?—G. H. Leues

One of the commonest mistakes made by parents is to ignore the fact that their children are growing up. They remain simply boys and girls to their fathers and mothers, while everybody else sees plainly that they are already menaced by the dangers which beset the early maturity of life.

PEARLS OF TRUTH

No man ever offended his own conscience. but first or last it was revenged on him for doing it.

If the key note of all your conduct to others had its spring in a fine self-reverence, there would be no discourtesies.

Many a man shall never coase talking about small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who an sacrifice everything and ay nothing.

Only the true man can really be brave, only the righteous man walk through the darkness and face with a serene soul the mystery of life.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers which hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

"The greatest folly," said Sancho, "that a man can commit in this world, is to give himself up to death without any good cause for it, but only from melancholy."

Far awooter music to a true woman than the tone of a harp or a piane touched by her hand are the cheerful voices of husband and children, made joyous by her presence.

Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know your work and do it, and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world-the idle man.

The difficulties of education lie deeper down than the criticism. It is not so much finding out what to teach that is needful; the all-important thing is how to develop the mental and moral energies.

Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.

Enthusiasm is the glow of the soul; enthusiasm is the lever by which men are raised above the average level and enterprise, and become capable of goodness and benevolence which, but for it, would be quite impossible.

He that has never changed any of his opinions has never corrected any of his mistakes, and he who was nover wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will assur-edly not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

Our powers are limited. No one ever saw the whole of anything, however simple it may appear; and the more compler the object, the smaller the fraction that we behold. If we but realize this fully, it will go far toward dispelling prejudice and brodening our outlest. ing our outlook.

If we would avoid moral intolerance, we must cultivate our imagination, widen our sympathies, search for excellence rather than defects, and give a generous and ready honor to those virtuous qualities which we ourselves lack, and which, from habit, we have come to esteem lightly.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted not with for-ests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

The sorrow which appears to us nothing The sorrow which appears to us nothing but a yawning chasm or hideous procipice may turn out to be but the joining or cement which binds together the fragments of our existence into a solid whole. That dark and crooked path in which we have to grope our way in doubt or fear may be but the curve which in the full daylight of a brighter world will appear to be the brighter world will appear to be the necessary finish of some choice ornament, the inevitable span of our majestic arch.

The great art-not duty-which women The great art—not duty—which women have to lear, is, says a living writer, how to make the leat use, in its own time, of the various linds of attraction, the various sorts of che ms practicable by them, each beautiful in its way, but only perfect when in harmeny with age and condition. For instance the simplicity of a child is silliness in a full-grown girl; the unsuspecting frankness of a girl is loose-lippedness and undignified want of reticence in a woman; the instinctive coquetry and desire to excite admiration and love in a matten become folly and heartlessness and a fixed habit of inconstancy and, as time goes on, a ghoulish stancy and, as time goes on, a ghoulish craving in a matron; and so on through the whole list.

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. A = infor-mation gladly received. Address T. W. CART, G. W. B., Editor, Napanes, Ont.

Still Greater Victories.

As the voting goes on in county after county in this Province for the adoption of the Scott Act, the majorities in its favor grow larger and larger. On Thursday of last week the voting took place in the United counties of Northumberland and Durham, and hough many looked for a close vote

and many artis folt sure of a temperance defeat, the Act was adopted by the magnificent majority of nearly 3,000.

Northumberland and Durham are among the wealthlest and most intelligent counties in Canada, and the question having been agitated there for months past, has been fully discussed and understood. The result is the deliberate variet of the nearle. the deliberate verdict of the people. Scannot the liberate verdict of the people. Scannot the licensed liquor interests of Canada cannot fail to see the hand writing on the wall proclaiming its destruction.

On Compensation.

A valuable contribution has just been made to the literature on the temperance question, by the publication of a well written pamphlet on "The Liquor Traffic and Compensation," by William Burgess, of Toronto Mr. Burgess has given the whole temperance question much study and thought, and few question much attidy and thought, and few men in our midst are better quantied to write on it. Now that compensation has become a burning question a well written work of this kind ought to be exten-sively circulated and read. It is almost needless to say that the writer is opposed to compensation, and he presents his case in the attractory and clearest manner. The strongest and clearest manner. The whole subject is carefully considered and well presented. Sand 10 cents to the author, Win. Burgess, 33 Hayden St., Toronto, and get a copy.

A Novel Temperance Society.

On the night of December 31, 1883, three young men sat around a tavern fire in Georgetown, a little village in Connecticut. They were intoxicated, and were watching the old year out. As the clock struck twelve, one of the young men said: "Boyc, the new year is here; now let's awear off, and form a temperance society." The others, in a spirit of fun, agreed. The articles of association were then and there drawn up. They were similar to the rules drawn up. They were similar to the rules of other temperance organizations, with one exception. The clause containing the pledge had the following penalty attached: "And any one of us who shall drink any intoxicating liquor, for any purpose whatsoever, between now and midnight of December 31, 1834, shall be tarred and feathered."

1834, shall be tarred and feathered."

This clause, becoming known, gained the club the name of "The Tar and Feather Temperance Society." Meetings of the society of three were frequently held. Gradually applications for membership began to pour in, and before six months had passed the society numbered thirty members. The year of abstinence expired on new year's eve, and a grand ball was given by the society, to which a large number of the rat people f the place were invited. The fall was filled. At nidnight the president announced the pledge had expired. By a unanimous vote it was renewed for another announced the pledge had expired. By a unanimous vote it was renewed for another unanimous vote it was renewed for another year, and some twenty names were added to the roll. The poculiar penalty proves an attractive advertisement, and the matter is the talk of the neighborhood. Nearly every resident wears the society's badge. The budge is a blue ribbon, with a lump of tar filled with chicken feathers ettached.

A Ban Outlook .- The Montroal Witness says:—The wholesale liquor trade is suf-fering from a depression "all its own." The retailers refuse to order goods which, in view of the approach of local or national prohibition, they do not expect to be able to tell. Their actions shed a somewhat sar-

NEWS AND NOTES.

BEER AND TEMPERANCE.-The New York Voice makes the following remark to those Americans who still contend that the use of beer and other "light drinks" will tend to drive out whiskey:—
"Who now believes that beer is crowding

out whiskey, since during the last nine years both have increased more rapidly than ever, such about one hundred por cent. more rapidly than the population. Are not all now satisfied that the old methods are not sufficient to root out this stupenduous evil ?

CARDINAL MANNING. - Admittedly CARDINAL MANNING. — Admittedly the ablest and most prominent dignitary in the Roman Catholic church in Great Britain today is Cardinal Manning. He is an earnest temperance worker and a prohibitionist, In a recent able speech in England, he said: "It is mere mockery to ask us to put down the said of the said of the said of the said." drunkenness by moral and religious means when the Legislature facilitates the multiwhen the Egulature receives the intemperance on every side. You might as well call upon me as the ca 'n of a sinking ship and say, "Why don't you pump the water out?" when you are scuttling the ship in every

Nor A DRINK.—Probably few men living have given so much carefu! at 1dy to the whole temperance question as Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, England. He has recently written the following:—Alcohol, contrasted in all its physicles.—properties with water. written the following:—Alcohol, contrasted in all its physiological properties with water, cannot rationally be regarded as drink, any more than as 'coo', since the one purpose of drink—that of acting as a vehicle or menstrum of digration and circulation—is contracted exactly to the extent to which alcohol is introduced into the system of any living thing, whether vegetable or animal. Even the amallest amount of alcoholised water ourself when you are a mustard will water poured upon crees or mustard will bleach the plant and arrest its growth.

THE SERFENT'S BITE.—The London Lancet is doing good work these days in speaking out as plainly as it does in regrad to the physical evils of tippling. Here is one efits last warnings:—"The Bishop of Exeter, and others, have been declaiming against moderate drinking. It is terrible to see how soon, by thoughtlees drinking, a man is made a drunkard, and how complete often is his physicial destruction before he comes under medical notice. Jaundice or dropy, or albuminaria, or delirium tremens may have been reached, before friends, unwilling to a limit what they fear, will send for the medical adviser and make a clean breat of it. Alongside of all the tectotalism that exists, there is an appaling amount of tip-THE SERPENT'S BITE .- The London Lancet exists, there is an appaling amount of tip-pling that does not distinctly intoxicate, but saturates the principal organs and destroys them more quickly than would an occasional debauch.

THE S. ARMY.—A very large and enthusiastic Scott Act meeting was held in the Toronto Salvation Army barracks, Richmond street, last week. The meeting was conducted by the Army, and a number of its members related their own experience in connection with the terrible drink trade. Probably few instrumentalities have been more successful under God's blessing of rroughly few instrumentaintee have been more successful, under God's blessing, of reclaiming instrictes than the Salvation Army. Every member appears to be thoroughly sound and earnest on the temthoroughly sound and earnest on the tem-porance question. Nearly two thousand, were present at the meeting. Several "outsiders" saisted in the meeting, in-cluding Rev. Messrs. Green, Church of Eng-land; Wallace, Presbyterian; and Messrs. Arthur Farley and F. S. Spence. The Armymay be depended on to render valuable assistance whenever the time for voting may arrive in Toronto.

arrive in Toronto.

Law in Africa.—The London Daily Necessays:—The Cape licensing law contains a curious provision which has recently been put in force for the benefit or punishment of a coolie. The Act includes a clause which permits the magistrate of any district, in cases where three previous convictions for drunkenness have been recorded against a person during the last three months, to issue an order forbidding all publicans to serve that person with liquor, under a penalty of £5. Accordingly the magistrate of Cape Town has issued an order prohibiting publicans from selling liquors to Riobe, the coolie, and notice has been given to every coolir, and notice has been given to every hotel, bar, and canteen in the town. The catic lighs on the words, the mety and color with the motion also took cloquest words, in which they have prophies with him the prisoner against whom the color that prohibition will not be carried order was made, so that the publicans might ont, will not interest with the sale of liquest know the man. There is surely a refine-

ment of cruelty in marching a " totally pro-hibited" drunkard to every drinking saloon

THE BEER CONSUMED .-The consumption of beer is increasing rapidly everywhere but, unfortunately, the number of arrests for drunkeness does not decrease on that account. The Lever publishes the following statistics in regard to the beer busi-

The following are the number of brew-eries and the number of gallons of beer manufactured in each of the countries

	mber of rewerles.	Number of
ngland	27,000	990,000,000
ormany	25,10 O 8,000	601,000,010
isuce	8,000 8,008	167,600,000 231 000,000
elgium	1,257	210,240,00

This gives every man, woman and child on the globe an average of nearly two gallons of beer per annum.

"TEMPERANCE AND JINGOISM."—It is not often that a notice of a temperance recech is deemed of sufficient importance to send it by Atlantic cable. The London correspondent of the Mail cabled the following for last Monday's issue:—"Mr. correspondent of the Mail cabled the following for last Monday's issue:—"Mr. Wm. Sproaton Caino, the newly appointed Lord of the Admiralty, and member of Parliament for Scarborough, presided to-day at the weekly meeting of the Young Abstainers' Union in Exeter hall. Mr. Caine is not young, and is not an abstainer, but he made an excellent temperance speech. He especially glorified the spread of abstanence in the British army and navy. He said that the great majority of the gallant followers of General Lord Wolseley, who are now traversing the deserts bordering the Nile, were making that toilsome march with no stronger stimulant than water largely diluted with mud. The brilliant charge at Tel el Kebir, which crushed Arabi's rubellion, was made on cold tea, and the bravest of the men who were under Admiral Seymour at the bombardment of Admiral Seymour at the bombardment of Admiral Seymour at the commandment of Alexandria, were among the 8.000 total abstainers now enrolled in the British navy. This clever mixture of jingo and water immensely delighted the auditors, who shook the hall with applause, and at the conclusion of the speech the thanks of the society were unamiously voted to Mr. Caine."

C++4 Wemplays.

Splendid Results.

Col. J. J. Hickman, of whom mention has been made several times before in these has been made several times before in these columns, has been meeting with splendid success of late in his work as a Good Templar organizer and lecturer. Here is a record of a single week, as furnished to us by Bro. T. Lawless, G. W. C:—

On Wedlesday, 18th, Col. Hickman lectured at the village of Enterprise and organization of Cold Templar believed the 7 charten

ized a Good Templars lodge with 67 chapter members; Sirst-rate material.

On Thursday, 19th, he lectured at Yarke, and formed a lodge with 47 members; good

and formed a longe with 47 members; good prospects for future success.

On Friday, 20th, lectured at N. wheigh and organized a lodge with 32 charter members, with some of the best temperance workers in the localty.

On Saturday, 21st, lectured at Selby and started a lodge there with 34 charter members of the best best series.

bers of the best people in the place
On Sunday lectured at Bath to a full
audience, and gave the lodge there a good attring up.
On Monday lectured at Centreville and

or monday lectured at Centreville and formed a lodge with 40 charter members. Certainly very few men could have been so successful. Col. Hickman has long been noted for his good success as an organizer.

-Toronto Lodge has been making an excellent record during the past year, having fully doubled its membership as well as its average attendance. There were 19 initiations during the last quarter. D. Wood, W. C. T., J. Impey, W. S., Sister Bailey, W. V.

BRO. HICKMAN.—Bro. J. H. Flagg. G. W. O. T., Mitchell, writes:—Col. Hickman lectured how under the auspices of Fortress Lodg.. He took well. Everybody liked him and his lecture. Five new candidates were initiated after the lecture.

Other lodges would de well to obtain his

Music and Drama.

CRAND OPERA HOUSE .- The Amales Christy Minstrels gave a performance in the bonefit of the Orphan's Home on Welnesday evening. Their former effort having been so successful, a very large and ence greeted the company. The performance was in every way pleasing, and showed careful proparation. Many of those who took part displayed a versatility and netural stage ability which was really surpli-

The ever-welcome "Uncle Dan'l" n ceived a very hearty reception on Thursday night of last week. The audience was m. usually large, and showed that "The Musenger from Jarvis Section" still holdes warm place in the hearts of Toronto play. goers. The support on this occasion va not as good as on former visits, there being several glaring hitches in the performance.

This week the beautiful drama "In the Ranks" is being produced.

MONTFORD'S MUSEUM. - A really rich and amusing bit of comedy was given at the Museum last week. Lang's Company is one of exceptional merit, and pleased the large audiences well.

The Bairnafather family of Scottish re-calists gave two concerts at Shaftesbury Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week. Mr. Bairniafather is exceedingly clever, possesses a fine voice, and sings the "guid auld songs" with a naturalness and "guid and songs while a large state all heart.
The members of the family are fully a clever and versatile as the "faither," and clever and versatile as the "s won many friends in Toronto.

The Sunday evening performances at the Chicago theatres are likely soon to be discontinued. This has been found necessary owing to the strong feeling displayed in some quarters against the theatres being some continued. open on Sundays.

It is said that Tom Taylor is the author of "The Unequal Match" in which Mr. Langtry made her first appearance in this

Dion Boucleault will locate permanently in New York.

Frederick Hawkins states that Tempon's "Becket" was submitted six year son's "Becket" was submitted six year ago to Irving and declined as then unwitable for representation. The writer hint that the part of Rosamond was elaborated with especial view to its portrayal by Elles Terry.

O. B. Frothingham writes at some length and with considerable clearness of perception in the Century for March to prove that "to purely spiritual insight Shakespear will ever seem defective." The lovers of will ever seem defective." The lover of Shakespeare will hardly quarrel with the conclusion that their idol was a poet and not a preacher of morals.

William Archer warns dramatic critics of the many dangers that beset their path instone that might be employed by a financial writer who would labell in a magazine article to prove that it was not prudent for bank clerks to play faro.

Lawrence Barrett has recently been in Boston, where he appeared as Lancioti in "Francesca da Rimini."

The New York Philiarmonic Society is in trouble. Petty jealousies among some of its members is the cause.

No one sees the wallett that is on his own back, though every one carries two packs-one before, which is stuffed with the fault of his neighbors, the other behind, which is filled with his own.

The Oriterion, a very neatly printed weekly journal, has just been issued in this city. The design is to furnish the public with a The design is to furnish the public with a weekly report of the religious services in the various city churches, society news and norse and comments on the leading secular and religious subjects of the day. It is edited by Rev. John W. Treen, who certainly wields an able pen. Judging from the numbers already issued the Octorion give much promise for fature success and useful ness. It has selected a field peculiar to itself. Davy r open tho side. T Goblin h was & 8111 theund through this hole Goblin, s what the country, keeper a His co ful trans

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rinted weekly in this city. public with a services in the sty news and ading secular to day. It is n, who certainging from the friterion gives and useful depoculier to

Our Young Kolks.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRYL

CHAPTER XII.

A WHALE IN A WAISTCOAT.

Davy rushed up to the clock, and pulling open the little door in front of it, looked inside. To his great disappointment, the Goblin had again disappeared, and there was a smooth round hele running down into the sind, as though he had gone directly through the beach. He was listening at this hole in the hope of hearing from the Goblin, when a voice said, "I suppose that's what they call going into the interior of the what they call going into the interior of the country," and looking up, he saw the Hole-keeper sitting on a little mound in the sand, with his great book in his lap. His complexion had quite lost its beauti

ful transparency, and his jounty little paper tanic was sadly rumpled, and, moreover, he had lost his cocked hat. All this, however, had not at all disturbed his complacent concoit; he was, if anything, more removes than ever.

How did you get here," asked Davy in asto 'ele ent.

'a.n banished," said the Hole-keaper heerfully. "That's better than being boiled, any day. Did you give Robinson my letter!"

letter?"

"Yes, I did,' said Davy, as they walked along the beach together; "but I got it very wet coming here."

"That was quito right," said the Holekeper. "There's nothing so tiresome as a dry letter. Well, I suppose Robinson is expecting me, by this time,—isn't he?"

"I don't know, I'm suro," said Davy. "He didn't say that he was expecting you."
"He must be," said the Hole keeper positively. "I never mentioned it in my letter.

tively. "I never mentioned it in my letter—so, of course, he'll know I'm coming. It strikes me the sun is very hot here," he added faintly.

The sun certainly was very hot, and Davy, looking at the Hole-keeper as he said this, saw that his face was gradually and very curiously losing its expression, and that his nose had almost entirely disap-

"What's the matter?" inquired Davy, anx

"The matter is that I'm going back into the raw material, said the Hole-keeper, dropping his book and sitting down help leasly in the sand. "See here, Frinkles, he continued, beginning to speak very thickly. "Wrap me up in my shirt and mark the packish distingly. Take off shir quigly!" and Davy had just time to pull the poor creature's shirt over his head and

spread it quickly on the beach, when the Hole-keeper fell down rolled over upon the garment, and bubbling once or twice, as if he were boiling, melted away into a com-

pact lump of brown sugar.

Davy was deeply affected by this sad accident, and though he had never really liked the Hole-keeper, he could hardly keep back his tears as he wrapped up the lump is the paper shirt and laid it carefully out the hie lunck. In fact, he was so disturbed in the paper shift and faid it carefully on the big book. In fact, he was so disturbed in his mind that he was on the point of go-ing away without marking the package, when, looking over his shoulder, he suddealy caught sight of the Cockalorum standing close beside him, carefully holding an inkstank, with a pen in it, in one of his

"Oh I thank you very much," said Davy this g the pen and dipping it in the ink.
"And will you please tell me his name?"

The Cockalorum, who still had his head
done up in flannel and was looking ratier

ill, paused for a moment to reflect, and then nured, "Mark him Confectione y.

This struck Davy as being a very happy ide, and ho accordingly printed "Confex loxar" on the package in his very best maner. The Cockalorum, with his head turned critically on one side, carefully inmarking, and then, after ear-neatly gazing for a moment at the inkstand,

was setting off along the beach again, when he heard a qurgling sound coming from bo-hind a great hummock of sand, and peeping cautiously around one end of it, he was cautiously around one end of it, he was startled at seeing an enormous Whale on the beach lazily basking in the sun. The creature was dressed in a huge white garment buttoned up in front, with a bunch of nicht buttoned up in front, with a bunch of live seals flopping at one of the button-holes and a great chain cable leading from them to a pocket at one side. Before Davy could retreat, the Whale caught sight of him and called out in a tremendous voice, "How d'yo

called out in a tremendous voice, "How d'ye do, Bub?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," said Davy, with his usual politeness to man and beast. "How are you, sir?"

"Hearty!" thundered the whale; "never felt better in all my life. But it's rather warm lying here in the sun."

"Why don't you take off your—," here Davy stopped not knowing avactly."

here Davy stopped, not knowing exactly what it was the Whale had on.
"Waittooat," said the Whale, condescendingly. "It's a canvas-back, duck waistcoat. The front of it is made of wild duck, you see, and the back of it out of the foretop-sail of a brig."

foretop-sail of a brig."

"Is it nice, being a Whale?" inquired Davy curiously.

"Famous!" said the Whale, with an affable roar, "Great fun, I assure you! we have fish-balls every night, you know."

"Fish-balls at night!" excl imed Davy.

"Why we always have ours for breakfast."

"Why, we always have ours for breakfast." Nonsense!" thundered the Whale, with a laugh that made the beach quake; "I don't mean anything to eat. I mean dancing parties."

"And do you dance?" said Dany, think

"And do you dance?" said Davy, thinking that if he did, it must be a very extra-

ing that if he did, it must be a very extraordinary performance.
"Dance?" said the W ale with a reverberating chuckle. "Bless you! I'm as
nimble as a sixpence. By the way, I'll
show you the advantage of having a bit of
whalebone in one's composition,' and with
these words the Whale curled himself up then flattened out suddenly with a tremendous flop, and shooting through the sir like a flying elephant, disappeared with a great splash in the sea.

Davy stood anxiously watching the aput

where he went down, in the hope that he would come up again; but instead of this, the waves began tossing angrily, and a roaring sound came from over the sea, as though a storm were coming up. Than a cloud of spray was dashed into his face, Than a and presently the air was filled with lob sters, eels, and wriggling fishes that were being carried in shore by the gale. Sud denly, to Davy's astonishment, a dog came sailing along. He was being helplessly blown about among the lobsters, uneasily jerking his tail from side to side to keep it out of reach of their great claws, and giving short, n.rvous barks from time to time, as short, h.rvous parks from time to time, as though he were firing signal-guns of distress. In fact, he seemed to be having such a hard time of it that Davy caught him by the ear as he was going by, and landed him in safety on he beach. He proved to be a very shaggy, battered-looking animal with a weather-beaten tarpaulin hat jamined on the side of his head and a patch ever one the side of his head, and a patch over one the side of his head, and a patch over one cye; and as he had on an old pilot coat, Davy thought he must be an old sca-dog, and so, indeed, he proved to be. He stared doubtfully at Davy for a moment, and then

said in a husky voice: "What's your name?" as if he had just

mentioned his own.

"Davy—" began the little boy, but be-"Davy-" began the little boy, but be-fore he could say another word, the old sea-

dog growled:
"Right you are!" and handing him a folded paper, trotted gravely away, swag-gering as he went, like a sea-faring man. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Tim's Prayer Was nawered "It's a staving night for a supper, a hot supper, too!" said Tim Mulligan to himself, as he stood on the street corner, in the piereing wind and sleet. "A staving night," he reiterated, as he peored wistfully into the bakers windows across the war. He had

"It's a bad night," he said, as a gust of wind nearly took him off his feet. "The worst I ever knew," which was saying a good deal, for Tim had known some pretty rough nights in the course of his short life "There isn't much show of my getting any-thing to-night. Guess I'd better be turnin' in, pervided nobody's gone and took posses-sion of my 'stablishment."

But just as Tim was bracing himself up to face the storm, some one came driving down the street at a furious rate, stopping so close to Tim that he took a step to get out

of the way.
"Here, tub, hold my horse for me," said the gentleman, springing out, and handing the lines to Tim, he disappeared.

the lines to Tim, he disappeared.

"Melbe he'il give me as much as five cents," thought Tim, when he had thoughtfully o' eyed. "If he doe, I'll have a plate of het beans and biscuits. Pr'aps he'll give me ten. Wouldn't I have a reg'lar square meal then? But 'taint likely."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Tim's hands were pretty thoroughly benumbed when at last the gentleman roturned in as much haste as he had gone away.

much haste as he had gone away.

"Here's something for you," he said, dropping a couple of coins into Tim's hand, then spiniging into his buggy.

Tim went under the nearest gas light to

examine.

Je-ru-sa-lum!" he gasped, as he saw two bright silver dimes in his rather grimy hands.

Twenty cents scemed a small fortune to Tim, for there were so few things a poor little hunchback like him could do. He would have such a supper, baked beans, biscuit, and a cup of coffee, and even a doughnut; he could have all that, and still have some money left for to-morrow. The richest man in the whole great city would have felt poor beside Tim, as, clutching his treasure, he crossed the street. Incre, crouching in the doorway, he spied two miserably forlorn little figures.

here?"
"Nuthin," replied the oldest, briefly "What makes you stay here then?

don't you go home?" continued Tim. "Hain't got none," was the reply; then, feeling the hearty, though unspoken sympathy of one of their own sort, the little wait added, a. he drow his jacket sleeve across his eyes, "they carried mother up to the graveyard yonder," pointing in the direction of the pauper burial ground, "and we hasn't anybody row, nor nowheres

to stay."
As Tim stood deliberating, the bakery door opened and a most appetizing odor came out, reminding Tim of his promised treat

"Hungry?" he asked
"You bet," was the inclegant but an

phatic response.

Tim reflected on his own real good fortune Ho could get biscuits, cold beans, and per-haps doughnuts enough for them all.

"Tell you what, follers," he said magnifi-

cently, I was just a goin' to order my bill of fare. I'll increase my order a little, have a

lare. I'll increase my order a little, have a party, and invite you two. As it's rather suddint, we won t none of us bother 'bout party cloes. 'Greeable?'

"Reckon we sir," was the qukk response,
Tim made a dive for the bakery, trying hard not to smell the coffee, nor think how much better a plate of hut beans would be than the same cold.
"Now," he said, reappearing, "all a

"Now," he said, reappearing, said aboard. Follow me sharp."

You may be sure the two little ragamuffins

did as they were bidden.

""Taint much further," said Tim, at length. I'm a little s'lect in my tastes, you see, so I live rather out of the way o' folks," laughed ho.

Presently they struck the railroad, and

Presently they struck the railroad, and then, in a few munutes, he stopped before an unused, dilapidated flag house.

"Walk in," he asked, politely holding of en the door, which was only a plank.

There was certainly not much room when they were all in, but then they were abel tered and all the warmer for being obliged

other invitation, didn't they "pitch in !" Tim watched them with solid satisfaction, contenting himself with one small biscuit

and half a doughnut.

It did not take very long to clear up,

oven to the last crumb of Tim's spread.

"Now, sirs," said the brave little host, when it was gone and his guests showed signs of departing, "my accomendations are not so very grand, but they're better than the storm. You'd better stop over-night."

As his guests made by ready a head for this suggestion, he made y grands a head for

this suggestion, he mady ready a hed for them—a little straw and a part of an old them—a blanket.

"You bundle up together, and you'll stand it, I guess," said Tim.

I. was cold over by the door, which did not quite fit, and Tim missed his blanket, but did not say anything. Something camo to him as he lay there shivering. Someti neshe had a cept into a church because it was warm there; he had caught at such times suatches of sermons about one who once lived on earth, was homeless, poor and lonely—"like us felters," thought Tim. But now this materious one was great, rich, and powerful, and had a beautiful home. And those who would love and try to please Him could go and live with Him. He thought it over, as the bitter wind and storm came through the cracks upon him. He drew as far away as possible, up beside his little visitors, who lay sleeping so peace

fully.
"I wonder if Jesus'd listen to a poor hunchy like me." And clasping his stiff little hands, Tim knelt and made his first

prayer:"Dear Lord, I don't know who yo or where you live, but I wish you'd take me to your home, for I'm so tired, and hungry, and cold. And I'll do everything I can, if you'll tell me how. Won't you plesse the not? please take in. ! Amen."

Then Tim lay down again, and somehow he did not mind the cold as before

"I—wonder—when—Ho'll take me—and how I'll get there," he thought, dreamingly. It was broad daylight before the two little visitors awoke, threw off the blanket

and sat up.
"Hello!" said Speckle-Face, but Tim did not atir.

"Hedo!" piped Red-Top.
Then Speckte-Fare shook him, but still Tim's eyes did not open, and Red Top put-ting his hand out on his face, started back in terror. "He's cold, like sho was," he sobbed.

Tim's prayer had been answered; he had gone to that home where they shall hunger no more. And I think he had found that, in smuch as he had done it unto the least of carth's sorrowing ones, he had done it unto

Easy Things.

There are some boys who do not like to learn anything that is hard. They like easy lessons and easy work, but they forget that things which are learned easily are of comparatively little value when they are larned. A man who confines himself to easy things must do hard work for small pay. For example, a boy can learn to saw wood in five minutes; any boy can learn to saw it in the same time; any ignorant per-son can learn it just as easily; and the result is, the boy who has only learned to saw wood, if he gets work to do, must do it in competition with the most ignorant class, and accept the wages for which they are

willing to work.

Now, it is very well for a boy to know how to saw wood. But suppose he knew how to build a steam engine? This would be much harder to learn than sawing wood; be much harder to learn than saving wood; but when he had learned it he would know something which other people do not know, and when he got work to do other people could not come and get it away from him. He would have a prospect of steady work and good wages; he would have a good trade and so be independent. Boys should think of this, and spend their early days in learning the thing they need to know in after years. Some however very account. reterated, as he peered wisfully into the sering spring for a moment at the inkatad, party drank the vest of the ink and offered the empty inkt and to Davy.

"I don't want it, thank you," said Davy, backed, stunted figure, with dull blue eyo, and little hump-backed, stunted figure, with dull blue eyo, and lorm, and to saing the inkstand into the het, it is lothes, ovidently olds and ends — for the pants were too large and long, while the Davy, after a last mournful look at the package of brown sugar, turned away, and her reterated, as he peered wisfully into the package of wisfully into the package of wisfully into the level and all the warmer for being obliged to keep close together.

"Reckon we'd better interduce before grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at learn; but this is not always beet. It is grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at learn; but this is not always beet. It is grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at learn; but this is not always beet. It is grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at learn; but they is often nore important that loys should grub, should they pour scrvice, an' happy to meet you."

"The boys in the alley call us Speckle. Face and Red-Top. I'm Speckle-Face and they learn when they are older much they like het grub, your scrvice, an' happy to meet you."

"The boys in the alley call us face. Trop," said the spokedman.

"Now were all right and old friends," in things the thing they intered away in his usual clumsy fash—they are close together.

"Now were all right and old friends," in the part were often nore important that loys should learn. When they are joing they can earn but little, but they can learn much, and if they lear things thoroughly when young, they will earn when they are older much

PRIZE THE STORY.

NO. 15.

One lady or gentlemen's Bolld Gold Watch, valued at abor \$16, is offered every work as a prize for the best stray, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—let. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. Ind. The sender must become a subscriber for Tauri for at least four remoths, and must, therefor, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first cs-received at Tauris office will have the reference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any story, original or selected, which may fail to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will see paid for such story when used. Address—Enrou's Pains Snow, "Tauri" Office, Tomoto, Canada.

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

LOIS.

SENT BY MISS ELLA MITCHELL, WINDSOR, ONT.

An old red farm house, with its roof slop- faith, looking up to the sunburned face with ing toward the road, and rambling off at loving eyes. Those sweet eyes! As he looked down at by the great barn, whose open doors showed them and thought how soon he should be befull mows and made a dark setting for the youd their light, he leaped the fence, and, vista of blue hills beyond. Along the side of the house were ranged somewhar and ly to him. full mows and made a dark setting for the vista of blue hills beyond. Along the side of the house were ranged squashes and pumpkins, absorbing their last allowance of sunshine, and the wide south porch was hung with strings of pepper and braided cars of corn. The front door with its fanlight and iron knocker, opened on a narrow with landing down to the and better the setting of the setting the setti path leading down to the road between rows of prim China asters; but the iron knocker was apparently seldom raised, for the path was grass grown, and an arm of the tall rose bush had reached quite across the door-

South of the house the orchard stretched South of the house the orchard stretched away, the pyramids of gathered fruit making vivid spots of yellow and red against the hrown grass. Through the still air came now and then the mellow thud of a falling apple or the sound of distant chopping, and over all lay the soft haze of an October day, darkened here and there by the smoke of a brush fire. The house faced the west, and just now all its little old fashioned panes were winking and blinking at the action; just now all its little old fashioned panes were winking and blinking at the setting run as though there was a good understanding between them. The place seemed the very beart of content; but down where the orchard aloped to the road a strowfall little drama was being enacted. It was a common cas,—merely the parting of two young hearts,—something we smile overevery day, thinking how soon it will be outlived; and the actors were no tragedy king and queen, only a little New England girl of sixty years ago and her farmer lover.

There had been toars and vehement pleadings, but they were over now, and the two

ings, but they were over now, and the two ings, but they were over now, and the two stood gravely regarding each other across the old rail fence. The girl's clasped hands rested on the fence, and the young man corered them with his atrong brown hands and made a final appeal:

"Lois, think what you have chosen; think what it will be to be abutup therewith your rean lengther."

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THE PARTY OF THE P

gran imother."
"I know what it will be better than you can tell me; but that doesn t alter my duty,"

can bell me; but that doesn talter my duty,"
answered the girl steadily.
"But is it your duty?" urged the young,
cager volce. "Your father is well able to
hire a housekeeper to look after things and
take care of your grandmother. There's Sam
Johnson's widow, she'd jump at the chance
of such a house."

ly to him.

But even the sweet sorrow of parting was to be shortened, for while the girl clung to him there came a shrill call of "Lois! Lois!" followed by a weak, impatient blast on the dinner-horn.

With a few hasty words of farewell, she broke from his detaining hold and ran swiftly through the orchard. When she reached the great flat door-stone, she stood a mothe great flat door-stone, she stood a mo-ment with her hand on the latch and looked back. Up the road went a solitary figure. How far he had gone already! The sun was down, the fields looked gray and lare, there was a chill in the air, and as she shut the door behind her she zeemed to shut out forever youth and bops and

Grandma Dunn was in one of her worst noods. "Where ye been, Lois!" was the

sharp inquiry.

"Down in the orchard," answered Lois, holding out her names to the b'aze in the fireplace, for the chill seemed to have crept

"Was je alone?" I thought once or twice I heard voices." And the old woman looked suspicionaly at her.
"David Price was there," said the girl

quietly.

"David Price was there, was he?" echood

"Well if David Price "David Price was there, was he?" echoed the shrill voice. "Well, if David Price wants to see ye he'd better come to yer father's house. In my day young men didn't expect gells to go philanderin' 'cress luts to moet 'em; and I shall tell him so the next time he comes here."

"He won't come again," Lois answered toh, with what a heavy heart!). "He's going away."

ing away.
"Where's he going nose?" demanded
Grandma Dunn, as though the young man's
life had been one round of travel, whereas
he had never been forty miles from his native town.

"Out to his uncle Micah's in Ohio. His uncle is going to take him into business," answered Lots.

"Hum: "said Grandma Dann; "'a rollin' ston gethers no moss." Then, with a thought of her own comfort. "Are ye ever goin' to set the table? I'm jest a famishin' to my suppose."

A wan little smile glanced over.

A wan little smile glanced over.

and 'Miry Johnson would agree" she maked

**Well, then, couldn't grandmago to your unde 'Might's."

"No, Beris," was the answer. "You know she stied that once of couldn't stand the children; besides, she was born in the old home said says she shall die there. It's no use tabling: mobady except father and mo will bear with her, and we must look after her as long as she lives."

"And the Dams live to be hinety," said the young man.

Iter face jaled a little, but she mid "Yes,"

"And the Dams live to 'e hinety," said the young man.

Iter face jaled a little, but she mid "Yes,"

"And the Dams live to 'e hinety," said the young man.

Iter face jaled a little, but she mid "Yes,"

"And the Dams live to 'e hinety," said the paled, and with close shut lips she walked quickly from the room.

"Johnsy," quavered Grandma Dunn, "ye ought to take that gell in hand. She's gettin' more high-headed ev'ry day. She's goin' to be the very pattern of her mather."

"There, there, mother!" answered the farming high look.

"The more she grows like her the more she grows like her the more she grows like her the sides.

mother the better it'll please me." For Joshua Dunn held in very tender remembrance the young wife who had given her life for her baby's.

Lois did not come down to supper, but when her father brought in the milk she came and took care of it in her deft, quiet

Way.

He stood and watched her, his one owelamb, his motherless child. How dear she was to him, from her shining brown bair ane was to him, from her sinning brown pair to her willing feet! He was a man of few careases, but by and by he went over to her and laid his rough haud gently on her head, and said, "Father's good little girl." and laid his rough head, and said, "Father's good little girl,"
Then, as though frightened at this unwonted exhibition of affection, he gathered the milk pails together and hurried

The touch and the words cased the heart-The Souch and the words cased the heartache a little, but that night, lying with wide
wakeful eyes fixed on the square of moonlighton the floor, Lois said over and over,
"The Dunns live to be ninety," "The Dunns
live to be ninety." And she was only twenty. How could she bear this for seventy

But nature is kind to the young, and Lois had forgotten her thouble long before another pair of eyes colsed in the farm-

house.

Joshua Dunn pondered long and sorrowfully. He had not been father and mother
both for twenty years without having his
perceptions sharper 2 where his child was
concerned, and, remembering David Price's
if frequent visits, and certain loiterings in the
old porch, and sundry tender glances, it was
not officult to comect Lois's sober face
with the years man's going away. In his
immost heart he was thankful that he was
immost heart with other stories,
and a familiar namic caught her eye, and
were, among the marriage notices, she read
this: 'In this city, 10th inst., by the Rw.
Daniel Simpson, Mary, only daughter of
Cleveland, Ohio."

She held the paper a few minutes, the
folded it smoothly and laid it away. He
brief sunshine had clouded over.

After a while, urged by her lonelines, not called upon to give her up; but some-thing must be done to cheer her. If only her mother were slive! But he must do his

She should have some new dresses. She should have some new dresses, she must have young company; he would take her up to the village oftener. But also for the tender planning! The next time Joshus. Dunn went to the village he was carried there and laid beside his young wife.

It had happened very suddenly. He had gone cut to the barn in the morning, and, not coming in to breakfast, Lois had gone in search of him, and found him lying under the feet of a horse he had lately bought, the road, kind face transled out of recor-

the feet of a horse he had lately bought, the good, kind face trampled out of recog-

Well, we can live through a great deal, and after the first bewilderment was over

and after the bist bewilderment was over Lois took up her old duties aga n. Joshua Dunn had been a well-to-do far-mer, and everything was left to Lois. There was to be no anxiety about ways and means; was to be no anxiety about ways and means; there was nothing to do, except to live, with all the brightness of life gone. Grandma Dunn, in the face of a real sorrow, stopped fretting for a while, and Lois had a faint hope that their mutual loss might bring them nearer together; but after a few weeks things fell back in their old courses, her grandmother repining and upbraiding, and Lois cared for her in a cold, mechanical

Then the keen New England consciences awoke. Was this the spirit of self-sacrifice?
Had she given up aer love merely to do the
work a bired servant might do, and with the
same feelings? Was she not cheapening
her sacrifice by withholding a part of the

price?
So the lonely girl goaded herself until by prayers and tears as a grew into a softer frame of mind, and the silent haddference with which she had borne her grandmother's sharp speeches changed to pity for the poor cross-grained nature. If Grandma Dann moticed the change, she gave no sign; but it made life more tolerable for Leis. At the best, time dragged very slowly at the old fram-house. The mornings were bearable, for the care of the house kept ber busy; but in the long summer alternoons, when her grandmother deads in her chair, and in the long winter evenings, when she sat alone by grandinding dearn and the case, and in the long winter evenings, when she sat alone by the firs, ahe grew to have the feeling that they had lived in the same way for a hundred years, and would live on and on indefinitely.

lint after ten years had worn away a new interest came into her life. One day a paier face saled a little, but she raid "Yes,"

"Joshusy," quavered Grandma Dunn,
quietly.

"Oh, Lois," he burst forth, "don't do it! She's gettu' more high-headed ev'ry day,
It will be a living death. Come with me.

Now, that I have this spleadid chance, I want you to share my success, for I know
I shall succeed."

"There, there, mother!" answered the farlabalis succeed."

"There, there, mother!" answered the farlabalis succeed."

"There, there, mother!" answered the farlabalis succeed."

"I state the girl alone. She's well
what and their county weekly. One little story
labalis succeed."

"There, there, mother!" answered the farlabalis succeed."

"There, there, mother!" answered the farquietly.

"I do not know the paper
her-elf in a comfortable home, and lacedry
point to take that gell in hand.
I both hill. Lois did not know the paper
her from Boston strayed up to the roi home
on the hill. Lois did not know the paper
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her for leave the roi home
all human probability lay belore her.
"She's gettu' more high-headed ev'ry day,
hoth a the first rank in the literature of the
chy, but she felt the difference between it
and their county weekly. One little story
labalistic and high would be a county weekly.

"There, there, mother!" answered the farpal human probability lay belore her.
"She's gettu' more high-headed ev'ry day,
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chy, but she felt the difference between it
hoth a mile and the work in the literature of the
chy, but she felt the difference between it
her-elf in a comfortable home.

along as naturally as one friend might talk to another, and the thought came to her, why couldn't she write a story? So, on afternoon when Grandma Duna

So, one afternoon when Grandma Duna was safely off in her nap, Lois sat down in the shady porch and wrote her first story. It was only the story of a life which had been lived in her own village. There was no attempt at fine writing, no romance, no tragedy,—unless the story of a broken heat is always a tragedy,—but the story was told so simple and tenderly that it seemed like a quiet brook running at twilight between banks of fern and alder, until it is lost in shadow.

shadow.

With many misgivings she sent it to the Boston paper, and the editor, a man of quiet tastes, read it himself, then took and read it to his invalid wife; and the result was that in a few weeks Lois received a paper addressed in a strange handwriting, and in it her little story; and not only that, but a letter came containing a check and a few words of praise. With a heart lighter than it had been since her father's death, also took the paper and letter to her room. She turned the check over and over.—her own. took the paper and letter to her room. She turned the check over and over,—her own noney; the first she had ever earned, and carned in such a delightful way! Then she read and re-read her story, and wondered how it sounded to others. She looked the paper over to compare it with other stories, and a familiar name caught her eye, and was a support the marries or to the same and a familiar name caught here eye, and

brief sunshine had clouded over.

After a while, urged by her lonelines, she took up her pen again; and in all the years that followed she found it a refuge and comfort, not only to herself, but to others; for her writings, though often crude had a simplicity and naturalness which touched other hearts; and besides the most

touched other hearts; and besides the mesest money return there came to her once is
a while a letter from some stranger whis
words of kindly appreciation.

One day, when her grandmether was musually restless, Lois, to entertain her,
brought down her first story and readit
to her. Grandma Dann had often listened
to her stories without suspecting the author,
and her blunt criticisms were amusing as
sometimes helpful. "Hum!" she said at
the end of this one; "that woman had seter the same life as M'lissy Peters—she that
was a Shepley; only nobody would think of ter the same life as M'lissy l'eters—she that was a Shepley; only nobody would think of puttin' M lissy in a story,—a poor, shi'les thing. If she'd 'a' had less look lamin'sad more common sense, Job Peter's folks would 'a' liked her a deal better, and she woulda' 'a' been badgered to death by 'em." Thus, with sudden irrelevancy, "Ye ought to be married, Lois. There ought to be childre about the house. Ye'd 'a' done better is hev taken that David Price that used to hang round here. Somebody was a tella' of me the other day that he was reel for handed out to Ohio. But gells never knew what's best for 'em." And she went off its an inarticulate muttering. an inarticulate muttering.

For a moment Lous felt a wild impalm ! tell her grandmother only she had not zer-ried David Price, to lay open bof-ce her the long years of loneliness, the starvational heart, which had been endured for her sake but the life-long habit of re-leence was not easily broken, and the words died away without unterance

without utterance

Afterward she was glad of this silence—
for that night the querulous voice stopped
suddenly, and the chain that had bound
Lois for twenty years was broken. She was
free. But what was freedom worth to be?
The zent was gone out of life; she had
grown away from her old friends and made
to year onest there was no tiends and made grown away from her old friends and made no new ones; there was no tie to bind hat a Hillsborough, and she felt the full exteat a her loneliness when she realized the fad that she had no ties in any place in the world. But she could not stay in her all home; so after a while she sold the fam and moved away to a small flown near Barton, guided in her choice only by the fat that from this town had come some of the friendly stranger letters. Here she settle here-elf in a comfortable home, and faced recolutely the thirty or forty years which is peace at asked l opened common alactic careful houseke Sadd her han port. mual c gatheri him, " ness !" stiffly; good b child : DCAS. eral di this. money like so: ough, v But "Gook steps.

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out, so she laid down her pen and went down to him.

The man stood looking through the open door into the wide, old fashioned hall. It looked very cool and inviting after his hot tramp, and Miss Lois, coming down the stairs, fair and sweet in her soft gray dress and lavender ribbons, stemed a part of the peace and quiet of the house.

She saw that he looked hot and tired, and sated him in setting the large hall chair

shed him in, setting the large hall chair for him. Ho dropped into it wearnly, and opened his stock without the volubility common to his kind. It consisted of the successful manifestation of pins, needles, and tape with the careful deliberation of a New-England

housekeeper.
Suddenly she turned very white, and laid her hand on the stair rail as though for support. It was over in a moment; and when the pedler looked at her again she wore her unal calm face, though the hands counting the money trembled a little. As he was gathering his wares together she saked him, "Have you been long at this business?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, rising stiffly; "only a year or two, I used to do a good business in Cleveland, Ohio, and had good business in Cleveland, Ohio, and had a bone as pleasant as this, and a wif and child; but I failed in business; then my wife and child died, and I had a lot g sickness. After I got up from it I tried several different things, but finally came to this. Thank you, ma'am," putting the money in his thin pocket-book. "You look like somebody I used to know in Hillsborough, where I was raised."

But Mias Lois made no answer, except "Good afternoon," as he went down the

When the gate closed behind him, she went up to her chamber, unlocked a drawer inher bureau, and, taking from it a thin package of letters, ant down with them in her hand.

merage of letters, and down with them in her hand.

There was no need to read them; she haw every word in them. They had come at leng intervals during the first nine years of waiting; she could tell the very day the latter came. She satthere very quietly satil her little maid called her to toa; then she put the letters back in their place, smoothed her hair, and went down. And seither Polly nor the friends who came in the evening suspected that Miss Lois had men a ghost that afternoon.

The next morning Polly returned from the grocery in great excitement. A pedler had had a bleeding spell there the night before: they had made him a bed in the back room, and that afternoon the selectmen were going to take him to the poorthuse. Polly had seen her with her own type.

Mis Lois finished pasting the paper over the last tumbler of currant jelly, then washed her hands calmly, took off her apron. and went up-stairs. In a few minutes she came down with her hat on. "I'm going out for a little while, Polly," she said; "and while lam gone you may make up the hed in the cast chamber,"

Polly was amazed. Of course nobody in the town would come to stay all night; and

Tolly was amazed. Of course nobedy in the town would come to stay all night; and the town would come to stay all night; and this loss had had no letters for a few days; brilles, tiners had been no extra cooking. What could it mean? But, being an obsidest little maid, she did as ahe was bid. Bed making was an exact science with Polly, who had been carefully trained in it by Miss Lois; so the feather bed was rolled and thurped until it stood up a great fluffy mound, to be laboriously and critically levisled with the broom handle, Polly's are besided with the broom handle, really laid as, with due regard to wide hem and narrow hem, the homespun blanket, with its similar and tnoked under the amouthly related edges, shid over all went the big with the end of a pillow between her teeth, but had very far back, trying to alipthe pillow case on, when there was a sound of wheals at the door. Without letting on the pillow, she managed to apply one eye to the state. It was the public carriage, and, wealer of wooders, the doctor get out, then there was a sound of wheals at the door. Without letting on the pillow, she managed to apply one eye to the state. It was the public carriage, and, wealer of wooders, the doctor get out, then

One afternoon, some eight years after her coming to Springvale, Miss Lois, sitting in her chamber, writing, heard the gate creak, and, looking out, saw a pedler coming up the walk. He walked feebly, and she noticed that as he neared the steps he atraightened himself with an effort. Her little maid was out, so she Inid down her pen and went down to him.

The man stood looking through the open dor into the wide, old fashioned hall. It looked very cool and inviting after his hot tramp, and Miss Lois, coming down the

herself.

But Miss Lois's kindness was not to be taxed long. The man failed rapidly, and another hemorrhage made the end certain. He was delirious most of the time, and talked much of "Mary," and "Willie," and names strange to Miss Lois; but as the end drew near he ceased muttering, and lay apparently unconscioue. That night as she sat beside him, he looked up suddenly, his even bright and clear.

eyes bright and clear.
"Why, Lois !" he said.
"Yes, David," she answered quietly, laying her hand on the one fast growing

He made an effort to speak, his eye-lids quivered, a breath—and a second time he had gone on a long journey, leaving her be-hind him.

When the town authorities came to make arrangements for the funeral, Miss Lois asked that he might be buried in her own lot, for in the first months of her homesickness she had had the remains of her father and mother brought from their bleak hill-side graves to rest near her. So he was laid beside his old townsman, and a few months after a plain marble alab was placed at his head, bearing only the name "David Price," with the date of death, and his age, "52

years."

When MissLois wore the gray dress again, Polly noticed that the lavender ribbons were gone, and about this time people said to each other that Miss Lois was beginning to show her age. Not that she grew gray and wrinkled suddenly; but there was a change. It was not her heart that was about the forther finded from the ways and wrinkled. changed, for her friends found her more and more delightful, and her house was the favorite stopping-place for young and old. She seemed to have a special tenderness for She seemed to have a special tenderness for young girls, and many confidences, blushing or tearful, were poured into the sympathetic ear, and many were the lovers' quarrels healed by her gentle counsels. She used to say sometimes, in a wistful way, "I want them to have all the happiness I have missed." But her sympathies were not confined to the young; they overflowed on all who needed them. Discouraged men and women slouched into her gate at nightfall, and came out with their faces lifted and fresh hope in their hearts. Naughty boys, who deserved and dreaded the rod, knocked meckly at her back door for help, which was always given, mingled with such wholesome reproof that a boy seldom came twice on the same extrand. Even hurt and homeless animals seemed to know by instinct where to find an exylum, and took the shortest routs to Miss Lois's door, and not one was turned away unhelped.

away unhelped.

So the peaceful years alipped away, until one day her friends gathered to keep her eightieth birthday; and they said to each other how well Miss Lois was looking, and that they hoped to keep her for another ten years; and the house was gay with flowers and little children, and Miss Lois learned on them until her face seemed transfigured.

That night, as Polly, now grown staid and elderly, went up to her room, she stopped to see if her matress was comfortable for the night. She found her sitting in her great arm chair, her head resting lightly against the cushions, and her eyes closed as

THE SPHINX.

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

Address all communications for this de-partment to E. R. Chaabourn, Lewiston, Maine, U.S.

NO. 45.-A GENIAL FRIEND.

I have a hard, unyielding face, But that I glow with inward grace— All those whose feet have sought my aide, In friendly circles should decide. Sometimes my energies burn low,
Reluctantly my friends then go.
How well they in my presence fare,
Their hesitating steps declare.
I wake to life much kindling thought, I wake to life much kindling thought, And when my genial warmth is caught, Go forth, my triends, seek out the sad, With like mild influence make them glad. For many like me you may find, Who only, solely were designed To radiate the warmth and cheer, And mellow all things cold and drear. 8. E. A. L.

NO. 46.-A CHARADE.

A worthless fellow, I declare, Was first, who tried to catch a hare; He was not second, so the chase Was nothing but a meless race. Than he came also and a line. Then he grew sick and failed quite fast, And, no great loss, he died at last; His ailment was not whole, 'twas said-And no one mourned when he was dead, NELSONIAN.

NO. 47.—DIFFERENT VIEWS.

[Entered for Prize.]

A heterodox once gave utterance in pre-ence of a thoroughly orthodox man to the ollowing, "God is no where." The orthofollowing, "God is no where." The orthodox to vindicate his principle answered him, using the same letters that had been used by the former, and by so doing showed a belief diametrically opposite. What did he G. S. W.

NO. 48.-AN ANAGRAM.

Try to excel; do not deplore
What you may seem to need;
Should "a mute lion" try to roar
Perhaps he would succeed. Tis rivalry that leads men on To struggle till the prize is won.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 49 .-- A DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Two castles grand their turrets rear, Each is a prison just as well; In one my primals four appear, My finals in theother dwell.

One castle's gate required a catch, A sort of fastening or latch.

Some kind of molding, I conjecture, Adorned of each the architecture.

111.

A skillful mason one day went The walls to plaster or cement.

IV.

For nibbling mice as well as moth Wore depredating on the cloth.

KELSONIAN.

M. H. K.

NO. 50.-A CONUNDRUM. [Entered for Prize.]

What is that which is as old as the world, the same day and night, treats all classes of society alike, and is wasted and ill-treated by some?

NO. 51.-A CAPTIVE'S ESCAPE. Marblo wall—curtains of silk; Golden ball—river of milk; In this palace alone doth dwell A'captivé who daily consumes his call.

When the earth hath twenty-one Sumoreaults turned before the sun, He with his trusty salve of hone Shall carre his way through wall of stone.

Then the palace sphered and fair, Shall seem a rim all broken and bare; Gone forever the curtains of silk— Golden island -river of milk !

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be pre-sented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1835.

2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the beat variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize. No. 1 to be excluded from trial for

this premium.

Favora should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

ANSWERS.

33.—Swedenborgianism. 34.—AlbicI TyranT HANNO Ecition Nanvil

ARIANA

35.—Colorado.
36.—Noise.
37.—Reverc her ever.
38.—Anagrams I detest.
39.—Time.

PRIZES.

The following prizes have been awarded for the best answers appearing before February. 1. Dr. Geo. W. McNamara, Tara, Oat., "World's Cyclopedia. 2. Geo. L. Gray, Ausable Forks, N. Y., Chamber's Dictionary. The parties can have these books at once by applying to TRUTH office, or by mail by sending 15c. for postage.

The Editor of this Department writes: "Correspondence for 'The Sphinx' now arrives from every part of Canada and a large number of the States, evincing much interest."

SORIPTURAL ENIGMA.

Some little time ago we propounded several scriptural enigmas, exercises, &c., to our readers. As they met with much appreciation, as was testified by the immense number of answers we received, we shall continue them from time to time.

NO. L.

The initials of the subjoined give the scene of the most terrible and majestic revelation of the Almighty to mankind.

1. The mother of the Hebrew race.

2. The child born when the glory had demonstrate from Level.

parted from Israel.

parted from larget.

3. The minor prophet who penned these beautiful words: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him."

4. One of the sons of the Cyrenian who was compelled to bear the cross of Christ,
5. The father of the Arab race.

For a Scriptural clock take the word 'Call."

A prize consisting of Chambers' Etymological English Dictionary will be awarded to the person sending the correct solution of the Enigma and the best clock within ten

"Many Men, Many Minds."

"Men's minds are like the pieces on a chemboard in their way of moving. One mind creeps from the square it is on to the next, straightforward, like the pawns. An other sticks close to his own line of thought. other sticks close to his own line of thought, and follows it as far as it goes, with no heed for others' opinions, as the bishop awens the board in the line of his own color. And another class of minds break through everything that lies before them, ride over argument and opposition, and go to the end of the board like the castle. But there is still another sort of intellect which is very apt to jump over the thought that lies next, and come down in the unexpected way of the knight. But that same knight, as the chess manuals will show you, will contrive to get onto every squire of the board in a pretty series of inoves that look like a pattern of embroidery, and so these sigragging minds will sooner or later got back to the square next the one they started from, "I—Oliver W. Holmes"

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

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

Every week a prise of luvnity dollars in gold will be given to the actual subscriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pus, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. Out it from any paper, copy it from any paper, and set let it much exceed thirty lines. Besure and send with each fifty cents for two months what ription to Trum. If not now a subscriber Trum: Ill be sent regularly for that time; if already a subscribed in the service of these Tid-bits will be published in this page ever, week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number of the week is his or her favorite. The number receiving the largest vote will be awarded the premium. A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Cut this out, ill up your favorite number and paste it on a post-card, or put it in an unscaled envelope and send to Trum effice at once. It will only cost you one cent of postage in either care.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count.
You are invited to send in your vote, Also to send in your Tid-Bits end subscriptions. Please also invite your friends to try their skill. This page is the subscriber's page, and it ought to be the most inseresting of all.

TID-BIT AWARD.

The voting for the favorite Tid-bit in TRUTH of Feb. 14th, was lively and pretty well scattered, but there is a clear majority for No. 17, the production of Addie House, of Delhi, Iowa. The prize will therefore be paid to her on application. Number 25 came in for a good second, and several others received a handsome number of votes. The award for the best published on the 21st uft, will be amounced next week. Send in your votes at once. at once.

Advice,

I must do as you do: Your way, I own, is a very good way; and still, There are sometimes two straight roads to a town, One ores, one under the bill.

You are treading the safe and well wern way, That the princent choose each time; And you think me rish and reckless to-day, Bocusse I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mint; We are not the peas in a ped, Conyelled to lie in a certain line, Or class be scattered abroad.

Twipe a dell old world, methinks my friend, If we all went just one way: Yet our paths will meet, no dente, at the end, Though they lead spart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun; You like an even place. I like to mix with the throughold run, And then rest after the race.

I like danger, and storm, and strife; You like a peaceful time; I like the passion and surge of life; You like its gentle rhyma.

You like butterenps, deut suret And erecuses tramed in snow I like the roses tom of the hear And the full carnations give.

The Sailor Boy's Farewall to the Family
Fleet.
Walt, wait provided, shile I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet,
When station is at home:
Oh! wait the scaloy's samest praper,
And bet in oil to whipered there,
While other clames! roam:

Farewell to father—generous bulk!
Who, spite of netal, spite of bulk,
Mustoon his callestip!
Fut, ero he's broken up. 1'll try
The flag of gratitude to fly.
In benor to the ship.

Farmell to mother—first rais she,
Who launched me on life's storm; see,
And right one fore and all!
May Providence her timbers spare!
And beep her full in good treats
To tow the smaller craft!

Farewell to ablier—lovely yacht! Whether aboil he minned or not, I cannot any some saip a tender prova, Well found in store of faith and love, . To take her under tee!

Farewell to George—the jolly-hoat!
And all the little craft affect
In life's delightful bay;
Until they reach maturer age,
May wisdom take the weather gage
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main! Ferchance we neer shall meet again. Through stress of stormy weather! Till, summoned by the licard above, We may unite in peace and love, And all be moored together.

Mark 1111

**Mar. W. R. S.

Box 108, Hinsdale, Ill. Man. W. H. Sawall.

A Model Woman.

I know a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman ske—
Who never runs her usighbor down
When she goes out to tea.

She nover gossips after church
If dresses or of hate;
She never meets the sewing school
And joins there in their spats.

She never beats a miceman down Nor asks for pretty plaques; She never asks the thousand things Which do his patience tax.

These statements may seem very strange— At least they may to some— But just remember this, my friends, The woman's doef and dumb. FILL DISHER

North Pelham, Ont.

The Great Sheepfold.

De mass ob de sheepfol'.
Lat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' mead:
Whar de long night rain beginSo he call to de hireiln' shepa'd,
Ia my sheep, is dey all come in f

O, den esys de hirelin' sheps'd, Dey's some dey's lûsck a-d thin, Aud some dey's po' o' wedda's, But de res' dey 's all brung in, But de res' dey 's all brung in,

Den de massa ob de skoepfol', Dat guard de ebeerfol' bûn, Goes down in de glooserie' meadows, Whar de long night rain begin— So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof', Come in, Come in, Callin' sof', Come in, Come in t

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows, Tro' de col' night rain and win', And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf, Whar de sleet fa' pie'din' thin. De po' los' sheep ob de alsorpio! Dey all comes gadderin' in. De po' los' sheep ob de alsorpio! Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Gotlerich, Ont.

R. G. RETROLDA

- Selected

A Kingly Heritage,

The rich man's son inherits carse;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burn't his babble sharm,
And soit, whise hands could handly sern
A living that would serve his turn;
A beritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to bold in ice.

The rich man's con inherite wants;.

His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
(of tolling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearles in his easy chair;
A heritage it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's som inherit!
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier heart;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things.
A rank adjudged by toll worn merit.
Content that from employment springs.
A heart that in his labor sings?
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of below poor;
Courage if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the out-sat blees his door;
A heritage, it seems to me.
A king might wish to hold in fee. Port Maria, Jamacia, FRANCE LAULD.

The Stab-[The following little poem, written by Will Wallace Harney, was first published some years ago, when the writer thereof was one of the editors of the Louisville Betweent. George D. Prentice pronounced it a "perfect gem."]

On the road, the lonely road, Under the cold white moon; Under the raged trees he strod Whistled and shifted his heavy lo Whistled a roalest time.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed:
A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
Like a splinker of daylight downward thrown,
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good
The barn fowl woke and crowed,
Then roughed his feathers in drowny mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood,
That a man lay dead in the road. S. J. CROSST. Princeton, Ont.

Three Lessons.

There s to three lessons I would write, Three words as with a golden pen, In travities of eternal light Upon the hearts of men.

Have Tops I though clouds saviron round, And aladness hides her Isse in scorn, Fut thou the shadow from thy brow, No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! where'er thy bark is driven, The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth, know this, God rules as hoats of Heaven, The inhabitants of earth!

Have Love! not love alone for one, But man as man thy brother call; And scatter, like the ciroling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul,
Hope Faith, and Love; and thou shall find
Strangth, when life's surges maddest roll,
Light, when thou class wert blind, EFFIR CAMPERLL. Woodlands, Ont.

Dedicatory Acrestic.

-Original

Tauris, thou greatest 'mongst the virtues, Regal power is held for foce, Entired wils, flexes and demons Thrust their suares along thy way. Mold thine own and fear no svils, Satan o'er thee can't get sway.

whe and long they've stormed thy fortress, all reports they've raised to shame, Eightbouchy thou've mide thy progress, Till now, they tremble at thy hame. I've thy power, O'Tavun' till thins Exalted readers forth shall shine, Secreely bleat by thee, before the Guide divine, DONALD J. MACHILLAN.

Turtle Lake, Parry Sound, Ont,

A Sweetheart's Luggestion.

Pat Rellly was tabing a rido
On an elegan' numer's morning,
And Kathleen stelese by his side,
Eright smiles ser face addraing.

And she looked so tidy and next, Her figure so plump and trim, No girl half so pretty and sweet Had ever appeared to him.

Said Pat: Your eyes are so blue And your lips so temptingly red, They're the purtiest Lever anew, And belong to the colleen I'd wed.

"Ahl dariin", if it warn't this baste That's pullin' my poorarms apart, They would tenderly shteal round your waist, And yourself be pressed to my heart.

"For my love's that powerful indede Widout you I cannot survive." The Kathleen clushed and said: "Mr. Itally, perhaps I could drive !" Owen Sound, Ont. W. A. McClear.

An Acrostic.

This ninctes nth century can boast of books, a formidable boot—
Mode critics sway the public mind,
Upinions are not always kind.
No book in its complete address:
Takes rank with Taurie's weeses,
Or in its wide spread usefulness.

Teaching the young to search the Word alway, Maising a flag whose emblems plainly may I not each heart on danger's awful heink, That nothing on he half so vile as drmk. Home thus becomes refined by Trum, I think. 22 Young at, Hallfax, N. S. Mas. J. Hossox.

Acrostic and Prayer.

Ehartoum has fallen. Ah, and news.
How angland's heart with grief it rives,
And statemen, warriors, ralle now,
Eoused into action. Holy them, Heaven;
To Thee may every British heart,
Oh, Lord, send up a cry, for Thou
Unio the needy lucks an ear;
May Thou, Lord, answer speedy now.

Oh, Thou who mad'st thy power known in Egypt's land in days of yore, Hear us, ch Lord, and shew thy might, And auto Thy people as before.

The race is not always to the swift, Nor yet the fattle to the strong. But to the Lord of Heets, always, All power and majesty belong.

Oh, cover our soldiers with Thy cloud, By firy pillar staids their way, And may beave Wobsley victory gain— The great I Am his strongth and siay. Box 152, Kineardine, Ont. Man. Jour Burrot. വയ

Alliterative Pootry. THE RIDOR OF BRIGHADE.

An Austrian army awfully atrayed,
Boldly by battery besigged Belgrate;
Commanders, command

Cascades, P. Quebec. NEIL ATKIXSOR.

Truth and Light-

Pen and truth in beauty bold, As if entwined in lands of gold, The pen to mark the fleeting hour, And truth to guide the mighty power.

And then a lamp to give us light Through the dark and dreary night, Fit emblems of the honored name That gained for thee a world-wide fame.

And when we overturn the leaves, We find them filled with golden sheaves; Sheaves of prose and absaves of rhyme, While each Tarru marks a week of time,

Then with and light go hand in hand.
And sow pure seed throughout the land.
Now, I leave thee to thy duty.
"As I saw thee in thy beauty."
The Morris Ont. Glen Morris, Ont.

ROLT. ROLL

"Honor to Tid-Bits." An aunt of mine a hearth-rug made, Of cloth she cut and knit bits; And when upon the floor 'twas isid, It made me think of The-Birs.

For anot had well arranged her rog, In corners she had fit bits, And shaped it out all neat and snug, Just like a page of TIP-Brrs.

The sources wheree the rug was drawn Were various, like the wit bles That point the morals and adorn The tales we reld in Tu-Brrs.

The sallor's jacket might be traced, And from the soldier's kit, bits My sur: litained, and nicely placed, Lik streedotes in Tip-litrs.

The colors ranged from gay to grave; Sometimes she had to split bits, And all her friends were asked to save, Like those who send to Tre-Bris.

The hearth-rug scemed to cure your wose; it made you want to ait bits, And rest your limbs, and warm your toes, The while you read your In-lims.

Sure such a hearth-rug ne'er was planned, And such a look ne'er writ; bus Have found their way from many a land, To fill them both with Tip-Birs.

To each we wish a long career, That when this scene we quit, bits May still be found from year to year, In hearth-rug and in Tus-Bris.

Isancia H. Rosseros. Portage la Prairie, Man. _Selected.

Mixed up Slightly.

Here is a little article from the per of Mark Twain giving an account of a visit while in New York, to the great Bible House:

Still on the fifth floor is a huge room with nineteen hugo Adams steam presses, manned by women, (four of them uncomment) pretty too) snatching off Bibles in Detch, Hebrew, Yamyam, Cherekee, etc., at anis that was truly fructifying to contemplate

(I don't know the meaning of that work, but I heard it used somewhere yesterses); and it struck me as being an unusually good word. Any time that I put in a word that doesn't balance the sentence good, I would be glad if you would take it out and put as

be plant if you would exent tour and prothat one.)

Adjoining was another buge room for
drying the heets, (very pretty girls in there
and young) and pressing them (the sheets)
mean, not the girls.) They use hydralic
presses, (three of the prettiest week
curls, and never a sign of a waterfall

able to a pera pre ng to, c

-Selected

eyes, an I havo g little, nine. if it was

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ground. (126)Neve prosper

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the girls I mean) - and each of them is able to dance with the almost incredible wright of eight hundred tons of solid almon perspective, (the hydraulies I am reforming to, now, of course) and one has got blue eyes, and both the others brown. Ah, me I have got this hydraulies business tangled but I can awear that it is no fault of You needn't go to blame me about inc. You needn't go to blame me accurate. You have got to pay just the same as if it was as straight as a shingle. I can't aford to go in dangerous places, and have my wages docked into the bargain.

Mrs. Moroan.

God!

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-Selected

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Suitable For All Seasons.

Sings the early cucumber and melon "We're cramping to night on the old cramp-ground."

H. E. ROUNDS. Associate Editor Peck's Sun.

Appearances Deceptive.

Never trust to appearances; it is the most prosperous dentiat that looks most down in London, Ont.

B. S. SWITZER.

-Selected.

(127)Topnoody.

Mr. Topacody went to the ministrels last night, and the funny conundrums and jokes he heard set him to thinking. So at breakfut he legan on Mrs. Topnoody. She was vam and not very much in the humor for pleasantry, but Topnoody sleahed away.

"lay, Mrs. Topnoody, can you spell hard water with three letters?"

"No, I can't; I might, though, if you had then me to the minstrels last alght." This stagered him a little, but not seriously, "And you can t spell it? Well, i c-e, ain't that hard water?"

Mr. Tojmoody never smiled, and Mr. T.

"Now spell 'money' with four letters."
"Iden't know how," she said.
"Ila, ha, that's too good. A woman sever can get at this tort of thing in the sme clear-headed way a man can. Well, the way to spell it is, c-a-s-h, ain't that remery."

Again did Mrs. T. fail to smile, and Top

cody started out with another.
"Hold on a minute," she replied, looking
"by; "I've got one; let's see if you can
fair. Spell Topnoody with four letters." scratched his head and gave it

"Ha, ha," laughed Mrs. T., "that's too god. A man never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a womin can. Well, the way to spell it is f-o-o-l, waithat Tepnoody?"

Est Topnoody never smiled, and the kuklast was finished in silence except an economia chuckle from Mrs. Topnoody's edefthe table.

Mrs. Sarah Hartshorn. Gepshoro', N.S.

-Selected Olever.

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked smileman of a 4-year-old one day. "No," keselbed in reply; "but my mother is." "Aid how does Charlie like going to about, kindly inquired a good man of a jurille who was waiting, with a tin can in his hand, the advent of a companion. "I like you' well enough," he replied; "but I don't like staying after I get there."

Terreta. D. 0'N.

All a Mistaka

An observant editor says:-It always Paint us to see on- contamporaries referring to the rep that cheers. The cup, we have becoming tried to explain, never cheers. It is the man who fills and empties it too often

who does the cheering.
Lizzie Hunnson. INN. Pearco St., Chicago.

The Very Reason. Q Why did not the Toronto Detectives attre Lie man who shot Constable ArmA. Because he was A. Little too smart

DAVID LINDSAY. Box 36, Walkerton, Ont.

—Original. From A. T. Pott-

Ed. "Tid Bits,"-I have great pleasure in regularly receiving TRUTH every Saturday ; yet I do not consider TRUTH a weakly.

Should mustard be classed among "drawing materials" by the Customs?

My friends tell me that when I get a little heated I am always in danger to "boil

Let that be as it may, I hope to become one of your prize winners.

Garden Island, Ont.

(132)—Selected. A Tribute to Woman.

John Ruskin says :- " Ah! the true rule is a true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of the highest he can hope, it is here to promise; nighest ne can hope, it is ners to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must atrengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace."

Eaton, Quebec, ADELINE A. JOEDAN.

"As a Refiner."

"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple. But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap, and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of ailver."-Malachi, 3rd, 1.2.3.

Some months since a few ladies met to read and converse upon the Scriptures. They were reading the above verses, and one of the ladies gave it as her opinion, that the "refiner's fire and fuller's soap" were only the same image intended to convey the idea of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ. "No," said another lady "they are not the same image; there is something remarkable in the expression, 'He shall sit as a refiner.""

a renner.

This lady promised to see a allversmith and report what he said on the subject. She went, and without telling him the object of the said harved to know the process of rewent, and without telling him the object of her visit, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. But do you sit sir, said she while you are refining? O yes madam. I mus sit with my eye atcadily fixed on the furnace, for if the ailver remains o long it is sure to be injured. She at once saw the beauty and comfort too of the expression "He shall ait as a refiner." Christ sees it needful to not his children in the furnace of affliction. put his children in the furnace of affliction, put his children in the turnace of annexen, but he is seated by the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifica-tion; and his wisdom and love are engaged to do all in the beat manner. As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, saying he forgot to mention one circumstance, which was that he only knew the process of purifying to be comple e when he saw his own image in the silver. So when Christ sees his image in his children; the work of purifying is accomplished.

Hawksburg, Ont. Mrs. C. M. HERSEY.

Magro Philosophy.

"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort .- "Had a little taste of it, sah." "Stood your ground, did you?"- "no sah; I runs."-"Run at the first fire, did you?" I rans."—"Run at the first hre, did you!"
"Yes, sah; would hab run sconer if I had known it was comin!"..." Why, that's not very creditable to your courage."..." Dat isn't my line, sah—cook'n' my perfection."—"fat the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer isn't my line, sah—cook'n' my perfection."—"of a Stirling farmer.
""Squire," replied the farmer, "do you reputation?"—"Reputation's nothing to me by the side ob life."—"Do you consider your head and Limpty.
"Why don't you hold up your head in the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a Stirling farmer.
"Squire," replied the farmer, "do you head and Limpty.
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"Squire," replied the farmer, "do you head in the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a Stirling farmer. worth more to me sah," M. G. W.

-Selected A Doctor's Joke.

A well-known physician, in a certain city, was ver; much annoyed by an old lady, who was always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him when he was in a very great hurry. "Ah! I see you are quite feebit," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She oboyed and the doctor moved off, leaving her standing there for some time in this ridiculour position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

Newtonbrook, Ont.

Fot that Kind. (136)

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. "Shure, marm, said an Irish lad, "It's a hole in the kittle."

MARY G. M. DOCKS. 3600 Lake Av., Chicago.

—Select<mark>ed</mark>. Had Met Before.

At a ball the other day, a young medical student came auddenly face to face with a dear. kind, fatherly-looking gentleman, with white hair, and of highly respectable appear-They both stood transfixed. "Your ! ance. face is familiar to me—very familiar—but 1 can't remember where we have met so often."
However, the riendly impulse was carried out. They shook hands warmly and departed, still ignorant of each other's name parted, still ignorant of each other's name and occupation. But the youg man was determined to solve the problem, and he seized on a waiter and said to him. "Tell me, waiter, who is that distinguished atranger, with the long white hair?" And the waiter whispered, slowly: "Please, sir, that's the

A. S. MUTTER. 1346 St. Catharine St., Montreal.

-Selected. Needs Bolting.

A railway pointsman, caught napping at his post and convinced of wilful negligence, asid to the jailer who was about to lock him up, "I always supposed that the safety of a railway depended on the soundness of its sleepers." "So it does," retorted the jailer, "but such sleepers are never safe unless they are bolted in."

Maitland, N. S. J. A. Roy.

(139)–Selected. Wisdom with Age.

"This is my last call," remarked a flippant young gentleman to a young lady who was soon to be married, on a recent occasion. was soon to be married, on a recent occasion.

"I never call on married wemen or unmarried ladies after they have reached twenty-five." "You do well, sir" gravely remarked an elderly lady present. "At that age, and after marriage, they begin to know the value of time and do not like to waste it."

JOHN PERKINS. Winons, Ont,

"Stey, Lady, Stav."

Stay, gentle readers, and listen; of corset s rude to say that a narrowness of waste betrays a narrowness of mind.

betrays a narrowness of mind.

Better to have good lungs and what Damo
Fashion considers a bad figure, than a
better (?) shape and worse constitution.

When a pair of stays comes in at the
door, health paired with happiness flies out

of the window.

She who, from tight lacing, cannot draw a long breath will probably in no long time have no breath to draw. Give me the unmaking of a lady's corset and I care not who makes up her dresses.

Orchardville, Oat. JAMES CUMMINGS.

Elevated and Empty.

KATE CUDEIE,

Clanwilliam, Manitoba.

(142)An Unsanctified Smell.

A Christian worker from Boston was holding some evangelistic services in a neighboring town. At the conclusion of one of the meetings a deacon of the church came to him and said,—
"So you think you are sanctified, do

"Well, yes, I rather think I am."

"Then you think that you can't sin any "Oh, no! I do not think that. I am afraid I shall."

"Well," said the deacon, "I don't think I

"No," replied the deacon, "I don't think I am sanctified."
"No," replied the brother, with a little hesitation and deliberation, "I should not think you were; you don't smell like a sanctified man."

The deacon was soaked with tobacco from head to foot. KATE WATSON.

Temperance-st., Toronto.

(143)-Selected. Not a Delivery.

A minister forgot to take his sermon with him to church. His wife, discovering the mistake, sent it to him in charge of a small

boy, who was to receive 10c. for the job.

Presently he returned for the money. "You delivered the sermon did you?" she asked. "No mum, I jist guv it to him and he is deliverin' on it himself."

Perry City, N. Y. M. VANBUREN.

Was Not Sure.

A gentleman who was slightly inebriated was holding on to a lamp post one rainy night and gazing intently into a puddle which had formed in the ditch. Bye and which had formed in the ditch. Bye and bye another gentlemen heve in sight who was also laboring under a full carge. The man who was holding the lamp-post stopped the other and pointing into the water where the mean which had just emerged from behind a cloud was reflected, said. "Sheer boss, What's that? The other cock-

ed his eye knowingly, and after a moment's deliberation said, "Why that—that's the Shun to be sure." "Noshnot," said the first man. "Thought it was the shun myshelf at first-now think 'smoon.'

Then commenced a discussion which for eloquence would put politicians to the blush. In the heat of it they espied a meek-looking man coming down the atreet and when he approached he was clutched by the collar, his head shoved in the direction of the d tch and asked whether that "was the shun or the moon-h?"
"Gentlemen," said the meek man as he

looked at the reflection, and then at the two astronomers, "you really must excuse me, ah! The factis," and he wiped the sweat from off his modest brow—"the fact is—I am a stranger in this town.

R. A. Widdowson.

89 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

-Selected.

A Faith Test.

Erasmus borrowed a horse of a German Prince. The said prince believed in the new "faith" theory of the sacrament, which Eraamus didn't. The prince sent for his horse, and Eraamus sent back, not the horse, but the following epigram:—

Tou have told me my friend,
Now times withoutend,
Relief, to procure is quite able;
So now in reverse,
I say of your horse,
Beliere, and he stands in your stable. Holland, Mass., Mer. M. D.

(146) Why He Didn't Believe Her.

"Who was that woman you were talking with on the steps?" asked a husband of his wife as she entered the house.

"A professional beggar."
"She didn't look like one."

"She didn't fook into one."
"Oh, you cannot judge from appearances. She said her husband kad recently died leaving her without resources and with three little children to provide for. But I didn't believe a word of it."

"Why not?"
"Because if her story about her husband

"Because if her story about her husband having just died were true she would be dressed in mourning."

St. Catherines.

T. EATON & C

Established in the Interest of All Cash-Paying Customers.

190, 192, 194, 196 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

OUR SYSTEM IS CASH!

OUR MOTTO "The best way to further our own interests is to study the interests of our customers."

Reasons for the Success of Baton's Cheap Store.

- 1st. All goods are bought and sold for Cash, thereby saving interest on goods, securing goods on lowest cash basis, and saving the enormous losses by bad creditors entailed in credit stores.
- 2nd, T. Eaton & Co. handle such a large quantity of goods that their expenses are considerably lessened, and consequently profits can be lessened accordingly.
- 3rd. The Firm make it their endeavor to give the best value to their customers that can be had, and in order to do so scour every market in the world where the best and newest goods are to be had at lowest cash prices.
- 4th. No bankrupt or shelf-worn goods. Lots of light. No dark corners. Everything on broad daylight principle at Eaton's.

The New Carpets

Are coming forward. This week we have opened a small assortment of New Union Car pets of the newest designs, light ground, with large patterns, 50 cents a yard, 36 inches wide. These goods are extra heavy, and in a variety of patterns.

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Is all excitement over the first shipment of prints. To hand, choicest patterns, newest designs, and fast colors. We say conscientionaly, fast colors. We do not warrant them, nor do we try them, but our customers that have bought them say they are perfectly fast, and therefore, we say fast colors. Prices to begin, 5, 6, 71, 9, 10 cents a yard.

Two and a half inches wide Tucking, with 3 plait and frill edge, Sc. a yard.

Four inch wide Tucking, with bias plaits and frill edge at 10c. a yard.

Four inch wide Tucking, with 4 plait bias centre frill and lace edge, 12c. a yard.

Four inch wide Tucking, with lace centre and puffing, at 13c. yard.

Four and a half inch wide Tucking, with wide lace edge, at 15c. yard.

Tuckings, all patterns and widths, at 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 14, 20c. to 35c. yard.

The above goods are suitable for making up ladies' and children's under-garments, and are 50 per cent. less than Manufacturers' prices.

Swiss Embroideries.

EMBROIDERIES REDUCED TO 1 CENT A YARD.

**	4.	3	**	"	
44	44	5	44	"	
**	44	7	**	44	
44	44	9	44	66	
64	46	12	66	**	

Wide widths in Embroderies reduced to 15, 17, 20, 25, 30c. yard.

Eaton's Embroideries are acknowledged by every one to be cheep. Call and see them.

Orders for Samples Promptly Filled.

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190, 192, 194, 198 Yonge Street.

Important.

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& HOAR. MADILL DISPENSING CHEMISTS, 256 TONGE ST. Have a large assortment of French and America. CutGlass Rottles suitable for coverings.

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER. Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and decodorised by isrchment & Co. Then have your closets convert into dry earth closets, which we will do free a cost, and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHMENT & CO., City Contractors, 9 Queen Street, East

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Accordeons, double bellows, and 3 rows, large bugies only \$5, Violins, Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, etc., at a large reduction, Organization sold on weekly payments. Clarkon's Rusio Store, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto. Telephone No 339

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A FULL LINE IN

Plush in all Colors GUN REPAIRING

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THE NEW SATIN PLUSH

IN ALL DESIRABLE SHADES.

Also a Large Assortment

Tassels, Pompons, Crescents, &c. AT See Our Prices for These: Th

Round Plush Drops, 40c. dosen. Small Crescents, all Colors, 40c. dozen.

Large Crescents, all Colors, \$1.00 dozen Large Plush Spikes, 3 inches long, \$1.00

Pompons, large double drop, very hand ome tassel, \$1.25 dozen.

Chenille Cords, all Colors, 10c. per yard. Chemille & Tinsel Cord, Best Quality, 15c.

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Berlin, Shetland, Andalusian, Saxony and ice Wools,

which we sell at 121 cents per oz. for ALL COLORS.

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DIRECT IMPORTER.

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We have, during our extensive alterations belts new workshop, which, in addition to our old est; the largest and best in the Dominion. It is seally arranged for light, and is fitted up with the seess and most perfect machinery, and a staff of silied mechanics from Birmingham, England, We here also built a combined Blueing and Case-Bardesieg Furnace, and have special facilities for Restokieg, Choke and Cylinder Boring, Barrel Browning, Is-jointing, Tightening, Berrel Browning, Is-jointing, Tightening, Burn out anything in reparks at the lowest figures, and in the best manner possible.

It would be next to impossible to give a co price-list of the numerous repairs. We, he quote below a few of the most common repair Re-stocking Mingle M. L. Guss from

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Re-stocking Double M. L Guns from	S EE rie
Re-stocking Double B. L. Quas from	7 W 🛋
Choke-boring a Single Barrel	1M '
Choke-boring a pair of Barrels	1 M
Re-browning a Single Barrel	156
Re-browning a pair of Barrele	\$ # 0
lightening or re-jointing B. L. Cuns	
from\$1 00 to 1	
Fitting New Hammers from	Tic W
Pitting New Waln Speing from	

CHAS. STARK

52 Church St., Toronto.



LADIES

HAIR REMOVER

A QUIQK SHAVE.

4 Death Blow to Superfuces Make

rhen you are distipated with superfit on then or arms, buy a boots of DORENWENDS,

"EUREKA" HAIRD ESTROYER.

Lace di Tage C Lill dress

£a:

Sansha The or rived thi Marab Velvet rell as v Sleeve lores as Hats v f honne

Etami omes as Among with len Tulle :

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And Aller And Andrews Andrews

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k,

fashion Department.

FABHION NOTES.

Flowers trim many ball dresses. Lace dreases will again be worn.

Lace over satin is the favorite bride's

Velvet and gauzy tissues are combined in all dresses.

Sarahs are restored to popular and fash-

The organ-fluted muskmelon waist is reired this spring.

Marabout trimm'ngs are very fashionable r ball dresses. Velvets come with spring dress goods as

rell as with fall fabrics. Sleeves of evening dresses are as short and bres as long as ever.

Hats will be worn almost to the exclusion bonnets in the spring.

Etamine striped and broche with velvet comes among spring novelties.

Among other fanciful bodices are some ith length wise organ pleats.

Tulle makes a much more becoming bridal cil than lace, real or imitation. Gold and silver braid will be used to ex-

es in trimming spring cashmeres.

Soft Surah sashes are worn around the wait under zouave and Eton jackets. Watered silk is again in vogue as a com-bination with cashmeres and camel's hair

hirior.

Tis pity, but 'tis true; the hair is worn higher and higher on the head from week to mek.

The cashmere broches brought out this spring are among the prettiest goods of the

Feecing is again spoken of as a fashion-ble amusement and gymnastic exercise for The evening colors of the passing moment was believrope, ecru, and rose in many differ-

For morning and daylight wear the favor-the colors are browns, dark blues, Bordeaux sizes, greens, and fawns.

It is said that when the real spring bon-its appear they will be in bolder and ligher shapes than ever. Figures and plain tricotine satins that

imala'e jersey webbing come among dress Gold and silver braid and all sorts of gold domaine objects trim many hats and bon-

attaintended for early spring wear. The Eton is a new cutuwny jacket, point-dis the back and very short on the sides, stereit barely reaches the waist line.

Even elderly ladies will wear hats in the sping, for all the bonnet shapes are very mill, eccentric, and suitable only for evenof wear or for very young faces.

Many black cashmere suits for spring war have plain stoff skirts, made in plain, implestyle, kilts preferred, over which is wwn stastefully looped polonaise of cashera broche.

The newest finish for zonave and Eton jectals is to edge them all around with very factancy gold, silver, or other metal but-less, set on so class as to touch, but not oreship, one the other.

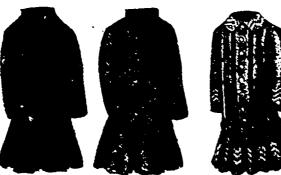
America farnishes enormous quantities of america formance enormous quantities of the and other garment linings and tailor's timmings to Europe in the form of the filbert twills, three-leaf cottor fabrics in twety-eight varieties of weaving, and untumbered shades of color and fast black.

A vary handsome costume made by Worth is femed of dark Neapolitan blue Ottoman sik trimmed with wide bands of golden town plush. A Louis NIV. coat of the sik opens over a very deep waistout of the plush, and a narrow ruffle of the same shows testalt the panels and kilt pleatings on the skirt fronts.

An exceedingly beautiful fabric of shot ath, shading in the sunlight from deep cinson to palest gold, was recently made into appen toilet for a lady in Washington. This costly material was combined with a very deep shade of wine-colored what, the latter fabric forming the pettical, which was richly embroidered in silk in abades of red from palestrose to deepest cinson.



3162 Ladies' Russian Jacket. 7 Sizes. 3174 Ludies' Trimmed Skirt. 6 Sizes. 3174 Ludies' Trimmed Skirt. 6 Sizes. 2100 20 in., Walst Measure. Price, 25 cents. 1710, 230 cents.



tivated taste. The "all-over" needle-work fabrics are in greater demand than ever for sacks, jackets, apron-overskirts, draperies, panels, frocks for children, and yokes of dresses. The straight tucking and plaiting favor the use of needle-work in bands and borders, and white dresses, as well as white underwear, is almost wholly composed of tucking and needle-work. Underskirts are little wider than formerly, and what fullness there is is massed at the back. For wear with gray woolen dresses, a useful skirt is made of gray drilling, which is plain in front but ruilled up the back to the top; some have springs a part of the distance. Pretty and useful skirts for wear with black silk are of black satteen, arranged with one narrow knife-plaiting round the bottom and five up the back to the waist. They are cool, and can be worn in summer under grenadines as well as in spring under black silk or cashmore. Gray satteen may be utilized in the same way. tivated taste. The "all-over" needlo-work

Ohildren's Dress.

It would, undoubtedly, be well if mothers spent less time in copying and decorating the ordinary styles of dress for children, and more in thinking out and perfecting the details necessary to their health and comfort. There is a vast amount of energy spent on dress that might be avoided, or put to better use. The child insensibly acquires the habits and tastes which are cultivated in its childhood, and if good sense and judgment guide its clothing, if it is taught that health, sanitary necessity, modesty, and permanently good qualities of material and color are preferable to capricious changes and flimsy ornamentation, it will retain such ideas throughout its whole life. Much more consideration than has been de-Much more consideration than has been devoted to it requires to be given to the subject of comfortable underwear. Many mothers will not allow, or rather will not provide, warm knitted or flannel undergarments for their children, because it will prevent them from wearing thin low-necked dresses to balls and parties. This is surely the height, or depth, of folly. Some profess a pri-ciple in regard to it, and declare a belief that children are better for a "hardening" process; this is only a form of cruelty to them. Children have been the subject of theories to parents and those who have had them. Children have been the subject of theories to parents and those who have had control of them since the world began, and could never have survived them had not Nature fortunately been stronger than theory, and theory sometimes given way to common-sense. Doubtless there is something to be said, some concession made to social necessities and the elegancies of politolife. But these need not and should not be allowed the interference of the principle or

life. But these need not and should not be allowed to interfere with any principle or any law in regard to health.

A square finish to the neck of a dress is one of the simplest ways of imparting a dressy appearance, and is particularly becoming to girls. It may be filled in with lace, or tucked muslin, or insertion and tucking, or a gathered front, or it may be left open and trimmed with lace; but whichever way is adopted, it need not interfere left open and trimmed with lace; but whichever way is adopted, it need not interfere
with a well-cut under-vest. If suitable
garments cannot be bought, a better way is
to make them, than to buy those that are
not snitable. Very pretty "combinations"
can be made of pure wool cashinere flannel,
cut square or heart-shaped, rather short in
thesiceves and legs, but sufficiently roomy;
buttonholed upon the edge with purse silk,
and they will be found delightful wear.
Combination chemises are not necessary
with these.

3186 Boys Dreas. 6 Sizes.

2107 years.
Price, 20 cents.

The above patterns may be obtained by enclosing price, and addressing S FRANK WILSON, TRUIT Office, 70 cents, Onc.

Underwear.

Cotto. petticoats, or underskirts, are many think to the consideration of the first and intended in the full ness necessary to the full ness necessary to the intended and form all the fullness necessary to the intended and intended and

Realth Department.

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

The Use and Abuse of Dumb-Bells.

Some fifteen years ago the surgeons in the British Army were astonished at the immense number of cases of anourism which came nder their notice, the sufferers being mostly young officers-though a few cases were found amongst the rank and file. The medical men set to work to discover the cause of this particular complaint and it was finally found in the use of heavy dumb-bells.

Now, we shall not say a word against the proper use of bells of a proper weight, the latter of course, being regulated in proportion to the weight and strength of the user, and it may be laid down as a protty good rule that dumb-bells weighing an eighth of the weight of their user are quite heavy enough. This, however, would be far too heavy for a young man who had never had a pair of any description in his hands before It is always the salest plan to commence with light belis and gradually take up heavier ones as the strength increases.

There can be no doubt, we think, that dum't-bell exercise taken in mod ration is highly beneficial; it is the overdoing the thing that is injurious. A ve , good example of this was to be seen in the late Colonel F. G. Burnaby, who was at one time, in about the years from 1866 to 1870, co sider ed the most powerful man in the British army. It is true that his muscular development was enormous, and when stripped. he appeared a perfect Hercules; but at that very time his physician told him that if hedid not discontinue his playing with such toys as dumb-bells weighing 170 lbs. apiece, his life was not worth a year's purchase. He had, simply, developed his muscles at the expense of the rest of his system. The gallant colonel-at that time only a captain-being desirous of far longer than a year s enjoyment of life, followed the doctor's advice, gave up his favorite dumbbells and sought consolation in all sorts of dare-devil feats, amongst which crossing the British Channel alone in a balloon on more than one occasion was merely looked on by nim as a pleasant way of pessing the

One of the most powerful men we ever maw, practised with the dumb-bells daily but never used those over 25 pounds each in weight, He measured 173 inches round the bicepe, his chest measurement being 45 inches; height 6 feet. A physician who had examined him in order to pass him for a life insurance policy, pronouned him sound as a bell. This was last year. Well, that man informed the writer that ten or cleven years ago his life had been almost despaired of and he had been looked upon as a victim to consumption. He had, however, conceived a fondness for long walks in the country, makinga practice of breathing only through his mose and thoroughly filling his lungs at each inspiration. He found before long that his health was rapidly improving; he resolved to add light dumb-bells to his pedestrian exercise, and before eighteen months had elapsed he was about as unlike a consumptive man as can well he conceived. He com-

ly heavy weights merely to say that he could do it and never used bells exceeding twenty-five pounds each. Now, this was a case where a judicious use of dumb-bells re. sulted most happily; doubtless the long walks in the open air and that habit of taking deep inspirations were half the battle; that is, half the secret of this man's restoration to sound health, but we think the dumb-bells had much to do with it.

Col. Burnaby was an example (or would have been if he had not stopped in time) of the injudicious use-that is, abuse of dumb-bells; he "went in" for the cultivation of muscle merely to enable himself to to say that he was the strongest man in the army; well, he succeeded, but he nearly runed his health completely.

We cannot say too much in favor of the practise of drawing into the lungs deep breaths of pure air. We have known men to increase the girth of their chests from 38 to 43 inches in six months, simply by making a habit of doing this; and certainly the more room the lungs are given in which to perform their functions his sounder they they will be. Regular dumb-bell exercise, if properly taken, has also the effect of increasing the size of the chest, but there is a right way and a wrong way of using dumb-bells and if the wrong method is adopted the would-be athlete were better if he had not touched them at all. Full instructions may be obtained in William Blaikie's little book "How to get strong and remain so," and this little volume should be in the hands of all intending dumb bell practisers.

It is not the mustles of the arms alone that are to be benefitted by the use of dumbbells. Every muscle in the body should feel the effects of a half-hour's practice with them. No man should aim at developing any one particular muscle, as that one will be developed at the expense of the rest, and a man with two large bloops muscles looks ridiculous if his lower arm or leg muscles are not developed in proportion. Now proper dumb-bell exercise will give every muscle of the arms, legs, chest and back something to do, and they should all get their fair abare of attention without any favoritism being shown to any one in particular. Another important matter is reqularty in practice; it is useless to "pitch in" heavily one week and do nothing the next, through this is a plan often adopted by young men. The best way for any one wishing to derive benefit from the use of dumb-bells (or any other gymnastic appliances, such as parallel and horizontal bars. rings, &c.,) is to set spart a certain period of time for this practice each day, and faithfully adhere to his rule to exercise regularly-and in the open air whenever practicable Obtain a few instructions at the commencement, from some competent person, and then go shoad, and we shall be purprised if you do not feel the better for it, but always bear in mind that it is better to have nothing whatever to do with dumb bells than to use them to excess, for your health will certainly pay for it, and you will be worse off than if you had never touched them.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

JACK, Bass River.-lincture of Iron. e from ten to fiften drops three times s day in a wine-glass of water after meals. The best plan to take this is by sucking it through a quill, as the iron, otherwise, has a very bad effect on the teeth.

Box 14c, Durham .- If your health and menced with dumb-bells soven pounds in specific are good, you need not despair of weight and gradually took up heavier ones; be never made a practise of lifting immenses, drops of tincture of iron daily, in a wine-

glawful of water. If your habits are such as to produce the discase with which you as to produce the discase with which you are affected, you should change them at once otherwise you will never recover. Any competent phyrician you like to consult could deal with your case. Avoid quacks.

S. J. H., Omemee.—From the description of your symptoms, there does not appear to be much the matter, and probably a gargle of of two cents worth of chlorate of potash, discolved in a tumbler of water, and used frequently will and wount-mails. used frequently, will end your trouble. A flannel handage should be worn round the throat, and be careful to avoid sitting in a

Anxious, Port Hope.—There is no tolling how lung it will be before your ankle regains its strength, but one thing is certain and that is that the more periect rest and quiet you give it, the sooner you may axpect to get about. An excellent plan to ngthe it is to sit with it under a tar of cold water falling from as great a height as possible, two or three times a day, for half an hour at a time. This often works like a charm.

Tic, Port Credit.—No good. Have the coth out. It's much the shortest way. Any other treatment will only be putting off the evil day a little longer, and you will have to lose your tooth at last. Screw up your courage and have it out now.

PECTORIA, Hespeler.—Try the effect of a good, brisk walk in the open air daily. Walk as if you meant it, and no slouching Begin with a couple of miles or so and details. gradually increase till you can do ten with ease; breathe only through the neatrils. inhale deeply, being careful to fill the lungate each breath. If you have no organic disease this treatment with generous diet will effect a cure. Drink plentifully of fresh zweet milk, or fresh buttermilk if you like it. like it.

A. McG., St. George.—Put a few drops of castor oil into the ear every night, followed by cotton-wool saturated with diluted cam

The address of S. Salinagrove, is wanted by Thos. A. Rupert, Essex Centre P. O.,

R. H. F., Mount Forest.—Are you sure you are suffering from congestion of the liver and weak lungs? It is possible that iver and week lungs? possible that all your trouble arises from the stomach and that the blood comes from there. It would be impossible to give you any advice without obtaining more information from you on many points. Your symptoms are such as out obtaining more information from you on many points. Your symptoms are such as often arise from the too free use of alcoholic stimulants, though of course we don't say yours are of that nature. If, however, you are in the habit of indulging too freely in spirituous liquors, leave off that habit and you will soon feel the benefit of having done

A SUBSCRIBER, Hamilton.—Your simplest and probably most efficacious plan would be to try hot applications, as the cold ones have failed to produce the desired effect. Wring out a large flannel in boiling fect. Wring out a large fiannel in boiling water and apply, having another hot one ready to take the place of the first as it begins to cool. Inflammation may run into an abscess and it is quite possible that you are suffering from one; if so an early and free incision should be made. At any rate you should let a physician see you and there are a number of good ones in your city.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Port Arthur.—One of the best preventives of cholers is not to be afraid of it. Amongst the many reciper recommended, the following has been found very effective: Hoffman's anodyne, 2 ounces; essence of peppermint, 2 ounces; ounces; essence of perpeturint, 2 ounces; tincture of ginger, I ounce; tincture of optimm, 1 ounce; spirits of camphor, 1 ounce; tincture of capsicum, 1 ounce. Dose from a tea to a tablespoonrul according to symp-

LLEWELLYN, Shediac Bridge, N.B.—Your case is apparently similar to that of "Box 149, Durham," whose questions are answered above: The same treatment will apply to your trouble. Nothing will cure you unless you help yourself.

Spring Winds and Colds.

Our early spring weather is peculiarly trying to delicate persons, and no one who has any affection of the chest, or bronchial tubes, should expose himself to high winds,

if moderate weather is accompanied by a winds, then beware. Nervous people it usually find a headache, and general departure of the whole system, to be the rente a walk on a cold, damp, windy day, is there are many whose business calls the out in all weathers, and to these we related the theoretical terms are taken the greatest mains to tone the say, take the greatest pains to tone them tem so as to resist cold, and protect is body against addden changes. Chatpa tectors of silk, changes kin, or evenly of newspapers, should be worn bothled and front, for the lungs lie nearest shoulders than the chest. It is the feel which is digested that supports life. It is good plan, too, to dash the neck, chai, good plan, too, to dash the neck, coes, as arms, every morning with cold water, ni-bing them vigorously afterward, with cough towel dipred in alcohol. Hot late should only be taken at night, and call ones in the morning. When a creepy, chromatory is the first worst. should only be taken at night, and only ones in the morning. When a crcepy, chily sensation is felt, and the first symptom of a cold appear, three or four drop of camphor on a lump of sugar, or in what will often produce a reaction, and frequently ward off the threatened attack. Help ul sleep is Naturo's great restorer, and the should always he procured, but by rational means alone; narcotics, except in extra cases, are always to he avoided. A bired s bowl of oat-meal porridge, or gluid warm milk, taken on retiring, will alla rawing the blood from the brain, and to trawing the blood from the brath, and produce sweet, healthy drowniness. Redomesthould be well ventilated and confortable and the bed-clothes warm, but not ban, It is said that colds are often contracted a hed, and those with weak chests will well to wear the lung-protector at night, a well as by day, as the portion of the frame most frequently unprotected is that belves the shoulder blades.

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Value of Bran as Human Food.

Bran is rich in albuminoids and fat: à therefore becomes a quistion of expedien whether economically it is better to separa the bran in the manufacture of flour ard m it as food for cattle, or to employ for hims food flour prepared from the entire gain, a "whole meal" as it is called. As then-result of his researches, published in the Bied Cent., 1883, M. Rubner finds that the amount of whole meal bread digested in the body is less than that of bread made a medium or of the finest flour; yet that is the former case there is a quantity of autritious matter utilized in the intesting both from the whole meal and the brance tained in it. So far, therefore, no objects can be raised to its use, but the authordserves that, if it is so used, it should be ground ninch finer than is usually deser From an economic point of view, howers, the use of whole meal is not to be nonmended, as thereby animals which candigu the bran much more completely than huma heings would be deprived of it; less would therefore be derived from it.

Walking.

Every healthy person, man or women should be a good walker, able at any times walk from six to twelve miles a day at leat, and for double that distance when graduly Brought up to it. The points to be attacked to are to see that the walk be blik ud vigorous, not of a loitering or daugling list that there has me object in the walk lesis its being a routine "constitutional" (i.e. its being a routine "constitution not like the staid promoused of thodox ladies' school), and, if possible the it be in pleasant company; that there less tight clothing, whether for the feet or ber which will constrain or impede the name movements of the limbs and trunk; and that the walk be taken, if it be peculia is the fresh country air.

How to Avoid Colds.

To avoid catching cold requires some little thought and care. Wet feet are sure to produce bad results. A boot which lets is water lets in the doctor too. Thin sale boots are equally had. So sitting ours fire and then going out into the cold and Many severe or fatal "chills" are cards after dancing parties. Always restable before leaving such an assemble for the streets, and, if possible, take a buther soup or collect But individuals must see for et to street the series of the complete the street of the series o

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The Bump of Order.

It really seems as though the organ o Order were but very illy-developed in an immense number of the members of the female ex: in some it appears to be absent altogether. Of course this remark will cause some fair ones to "rise as one man" and cell us a "horrid, spiteful old thing;" they will, doubtless, further add that "men are the most untidy, disorderly creatures in the world " and though this may, to a feminine mind, appear to be an unanewerable argument in favor of the gentlersex, still, looked at in a calm, unimpassioned way, it is only a feminino argument; ergo, no argument at all. Granted that a large number of men are untidy : the fact still remains that a very large number of women are afflicted in a like manner. The fact that men are untidy does not at all prove that women are not.

By the term "untidy" we do not mean, for an instant, to allude to the person or dress of the fair sex, but to their domestic habits. If we are to judge the whole sex by their appearance in the street, we should be compelled to admit that nearly all women are tidy, but the street is not the place to form a correct estimate of feminine charact ter. Ladies have an object in looking "nice" when out-of-doors and flieir appearance abroad is very often the exact opposite to what it is in their own houses, and were we to pounce in unexpectedly on some fair being in her own home, whom we had admired on the street as a paragon of neatness and propriety, our sense of the latter might, ressibly, be subjected to a very rude shock indeed.

of Order and its partial absence in many women. Amongst these females the first class is that comprising those who never know where to find anything they want, They may believe in the excellent maxim. "Have a place for everything"-but there their creed ends. They have the place for everything, but, unfortunately, the article which should occupy that place seldom does io. It is almost incredible what an immerse amount of time is wasted in hunting for little things, such as scissors, thimbles, and so forth, simply because their owners allow themselves to lay them down just wherever they happen to be using them, instead of putting them back in their appointed places. This habit of order may be amuired, and, when once it is, is seldom parted with. It will grow stronger the more it is practiced, and a woman will actually feel uncomfortable until she has replaced whatever article she may have had occasion to use in the receptacle or spot set apart for it.

We commenced by alluding to the organ

Habits of disorder are a proline source of domestic squabbles. We will say the mascaline-pardon-the "lord of creation" is in a huny to leave home; he has found an unsemly "ravel" at the cuff of his shirtskere and wants to cut it off; he dashes to the work box of his wife; no scissors. "Maria?" he roars out, "where are your scissors?" "The seissors," come back the shriller tones of his better half, " why, is my work hox of course, where they ought to be." "Yes," is the impatient reply; "you're right; where they ought to be, but that is quite sufficient reason for them not being there" "Oh! but they must be there," regumes the lady, coming into the room, "for I put them there myself," but they are not in that work-box and the angry kmband, who has been furning and fretting

in his pockets to conceal the ragged cuffs; and the good lady discovers her scissors on the kitchen dresser, where she had thrown them down after cutting the string of a parcel-(which she should have untied, by the way, but who ever saw a woman untie a parcel-string when an edged tool was to be procured ') and she triumphantly exclaims: Why, here they are ; I know they couldn't

Mind, no one had ever said those scissors were lost, but they might just as well have been t. all intents and purposes, for they weren't to be found when they were wantcd, simply because that estimable woman had not acquired the excellent habit of order.

Now the above is only a very alight ex ample of this evil and its consequences. If a woman is liable to mislay her scissors or for get to put them in the place ordained for them (by the way, we are making "scissors" a plural noun and are aware that we are liabie to a rap over the knuckles from some of those very ladies, whose little short-comings we are reproving, for not saying "a seissors), she is just as liable to mislay the medicino for her infant's croup, a delay of a few minutes in the administering of which might prove fatal, or to place a bottle of laudanum in the corner of the shelf set apart for the syrup of squills, and there is no telling where the mischief may end.

There is no better school-though it is a very severe one-in which to teach a woman the value of "a place for everything and everything in its place" than the quarters of a married military officer, these quarters consisting, in some cases, of but one small room. Everything has to be in its place here, or inconceivable confusion ensues. The peg allotted to the warrior's sword and belt must be used for that purpose and nothing else; it would be a pretty thing if our gallant son of Mars were to wake some morning just as the regiment was falling in for parade and not be able to find that deadly symbol of his calling, and so render himself liable to be censured for appearing late on parade, and, after hunting about for ten minutes or so, to discover it doing duty as a hed-slat, to which use his ingenious lady had put it on the previous day. It is wonderful how space can be economized by a due attention to the rules of order, and the number of articles that can be contained in a very small room would astonish anyone who had nover practised them, but of which facts no lady who has over "soldiered" can possibly be ignorant.

The mislaying of a simple little thing like a pair of scissors, or a reel of thread may seem a small matter, but if it is to give rise to a domestic hubbub, it becomes a very big one; and as anything that tends to proserve peace and harmony in the household should be carefully studied, we beg to draw the attention of our fair readers to the cultivation of the very important habit of Good Order.

THINGS USEFUL.

Plant, will be in bloom a month or two carlier by planting the seeds in boxes in the

Creameures sunburn on some complexions, lemon juice on others, and cold water still others best.

Brown bread cut into slices and fried in nam gravy makes a good addition to a dish of ham and eggs.

SCALLOFED CHICKEN.—Take equal parts of cold chicken, boiled rice or macaroni, and tomate sauce. Put in layers in a shallow dish, and cover with buttered crumbs; lake till brown. Cold reast turkey, usi g stuffing and gravy, may be prepared in the same way.

same way.

GRUEL—l'ut a pint of water on the fire;

mir leto the

consistency of cream, with a little cold water; when the water on the fire boils, pour the meal to it, and let it boil ten minutes; then add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of moist sugar.

When roasting a chicken or small fowl there is danger of the legs browning or becoming too hard to be eaten. To avoid this take strips of cloth, dip them into molted lard, or even just rub them over with lard, and wind them around the legs. Remove them in time to allow the chicken to brown delicately.

APPLE SNOWBALL .- Boil half a pound of rice in milk till nearly cooked, then strain; peel and core some large apples without dividing them. Put a clove and some sugar into the centre of each apple, and the ric round them. The each up in a cloth separately; boil for three-quarters of an hour, remove the cloth and place on a warm dish.

The value of crushed ice [as a dressing for burns and scalds, first pointed out by Sir James Earle, is confirmed by Dr. Richardson. The fee, after being reduced by crushing or scraping to a fine state of division as dry as possible, is mixed with fresh lard into a reason, which is placed in a thin cap. into a paste, which is placed in a thin cambric bag and laid upon the burn. This is said to banish all pain until the mixture has so far melted that a fresh dressing is necessarv.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING. - Eight ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of flour, four of suct, a teaspoonful of baking powder, the same of ground ginger, half a teaspoon ful of mixed spices and the same of salt six ounces of treacle, one egg, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Mix all the dry ingredients first; warm the treacle, and atir it well in with the eggs and milk. Boil in a greased basin (leaving a little room for the budding to swell) for three hours. Currants, rations or chonnel figs will improve this raisins, or chopped figs will improve this pudding.

CORN BREAD.—A writer in the New York Evening Post says: "The best recipe for corn broad that I have ever seen is here given:—Beat two eggs, the whites and yolks separately, take one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, warmed so that it will mix readly with the other ingredients; a little salt. Mix all these together well with the exception of the whites of the eggs. Put two thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, absolutely free from lumps, into a pint of corn meal and sift and stir them into the milk ctc.; then, after beating the whites of the eggs, add them also. Butter a pan thoroughy, and bake in a moderate oven.

The Origin of the Thimble.

The thimble is a Dutch invention that was first brought to England in 1695 by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thumb and bell, being for a long time called thumble, and only lately thimble. Old records say that thim bles were at first worn on the thumbs; but we can scarcely conceive how they could be of n.uch use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years, steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory, and even pearl and glass, have all been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China, that were exquisitely carved, of pearl, and bound with gold, and the end also of gold These pearl thimbles are quite as costly and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. Usually there is a pearl sheath for the seissors, and a dainty needle-book of pearl, edged with gold, to accompany the thimble, and the whole is enclosed in an exquisite little pocket-case shaped like a book and bound in tatin and nearl.

A thimble owned by the queen-consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country, and almost everything about the court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her parvice. It was a bridel gift from the at every moment's delay, finally dashes Greek.—Fut a pint of water on the fire; king, who, having seen the English and the house with his hands deep then half an ounce of catmeal; mix it to the American ladies at his court using thimbles,

took this method of introducing them among

took this method of methods.

In Naples very pretty thimbles, composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius, are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, being, from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken. I hear also of thimbles made of asphaltum hear also of thimbles made of asphaltum from the Daud Sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree of Cambridge, Mass, under which General Washington stood when taking command of the United States army in July, 1775; but I do not suppose that any of these were ever intended to be used in sewing.

In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles, thin plates of metal are introduced into the decement the purched into

silver thimbles, thin plates of metal are in-troduced into the die and then punched into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. Pieces of very thin sheet-iron are cut into disks of about two inches in diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are struck by means of a punch into a succession of holes of a gradually increasing doubt to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented around its outer surface with trny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation, then tempered, scoured, and brought to a blue color. After all this is completed, a thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by a mandrel, while gold leaf is attached firmly by pressure to the outside, the edges being seamed in a small groove made to receive them. This completes the thimble that will last for years. The steel used in its construction will acarcely wear out in a life-time, and the gold, if wern away, is easily replaced.

Where the Danger Lies.

Men must be peculiarly guarded in their intercourse with young women, lest their intentions be misconstrued. They are usually ignorant how girls note and weigh the attentions they receive, and they impart the details of such homage to sympathetic-if envious-feminine ears, thus giving body to vague nothings; and brooding over trifles till they gather shape. Meanwhile the man. having said the pretty things his idea of politeness has prompted, goes away forgeting them and their recipient, while she is expecting a declaration as the result of a few soft nothings, a squeeze of the hand or tender glances. Women are not aware, on the other hand, how sincerely he may like and admire a girl without a thought beyond mere good will. And it is precisely the better kind of man who falls into the misfortune of raising false hopes; the man who believes in the simplicity and candor of who believes in the simplicity and candor of women desires their sympathy and values their regard. A man of the world has the instinct of self-preservation developed arrangly enough for his protection. The sense of safety is the real bond of many of the alliances new so fashionable—sometimes alutant often mischarages. salutary, ofter mischievous-between men and married women. Kept within bounds no suspicion attaches to them, no hopes are built upon them. The lady receives the small attentions dear to the female nature, which the husband of long standing often neglects; the man receives the sympathy grateful to the masculine creature. Men icel this without analyzing their sentiments, and it is a common complaint among them nowadays that it is impossible to become well acquainted with a girl without exciting the too lively anxiety of her friends. And no wise man proposes without knowing the character of the girl he wishes to marry. The methers who are so eager for their daughters' establishment are wise, although this precipitation is not only feelish, but in-

The current of hate will wash way the foundation of love.

Almond sauce is very nice with cettige pudding. Pound one and a half ounces of blanched sweet almonds and vo bitter almonds; add to these half a mt of sweet cream and a tablespoonful r a half of sugar. Put them into a sa an; add the yolks of two heaten eggs; a rall together over boiling water until thick as custard.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

He, standing on the further side of the stile, looks up at her, and calmly holds out the hand she has accepted,—for the second time. There is a careful politeness about his whole manner that makes her heart sink within her. Why had she made that silly within her. Why had she made that silly speech, that had betrayed for him a positive preference? It seems a very paltry thing about which to feel such strong emotion, yet the agony of shame she is enduring at this moment is hardly to be describe.

at this moment is hardly to be describe."

She has mounted the stile very slowly, and now looks down at him, deep distress and entreaty in her beautiful eyes. The blood "flushes guilty in her cheeks," and for this soft blush she hates herself; she, the cold, self-possessed woman, to be thus betrayed into the acknowledgment of the fact that she is but a nervous girl after all!

Her avec grow more carrest, more imple-Her eyes grow more earnest, more implor-ing. Surely, surely he will understand her ing. Sure

"Are you coming ?" asks Clontarf, gently. He has indeed marked the expression of her eyes, and the crimsoning of her pale cheeks, and has drawn a degree closer.

and has drawn a degree closer.

"I think I can get down by myself," she says, making a desperate effort to recover her usual calmness, and failing hopelessly.

"Nonsense!" says Clontarf, almost roughly. "I suppose my touch can't contaminate you!"

And with this hat takes her elevator forces.

And with this he takes her slender figure in his arms, and brings her to the grass be-

She has had no time for decisive protest, and now the deed is done, can find nothing to say. A terrible feeling that he has had every right to do this thing—as great a right to take her in his arms as Brian had to take Monica—oppresses her and renders her durch

dumb.

"Well," says Clontarf, "are you much the worse for that?" His tone is half angry, half mocking, but she makes no reply to it.

A hitherto unknown shyness is overpowering her, together with a desire for help of any sort, but Monica (she is very fond of Monica) is too far ahead to be of any use. She had been crying a good deal all last night, in spite of her assertions to the contrary, and now she is doing fierce battle with a desire to burst into tears anew. She is not well, she tells herself; she will be all right again to-morrow. But she wisher earnestly she had not called him "Donat" to his face. They have been married now for his face. They have been married new for nearly six weeks, but she has never called him by his Christian name before; she has indeed found a terrible difficulty about so doing, and has often waited a full minute to catch his eye, rather than be compelled to

catch his oye, rather than be compelled to address him in so familiar a fashion.

"I am sorry you did not sleep last night," says Clontart, presently, breaking the silence again. His tone is quite changed now. It is at least kindly, and there is in it a sort of carefully-subdued concern. "I am sorry, to, that Vera should have even thought you had been issuin."

to, that vers should have even thought you had been crying."

"loes one smile when one is sorry?" saks she, looking straight before her. "I watched you just then as Vers said that, and—Why did you smile?"

"At your evident harror of being suspected capable of feeling of any kind."
"To feel is to super. One returnly shrinks from that. My honest desire is to

discover myself a being devoid of feelir of

discover myself a being devoid of feelir of any sort."

"Determination won't aid you there," says Clontarf. "Nature must be blessed—or cursed—for that."

"True; but at least I can say I have not, up to this, been overburdened with sensibility," says Doris, coldly. "I have gone, so far, into my life without any great feeling of any sort."

"You should count yourself fortunate."

"You should count yourself fortunate."
Then, abruptly, "What were you crying about last night?"

about last night?"

To this—regarding it as being possibly meant to give the lie direct to her last words—she makes no reply.

"Tell me," persists he.

"You heard what I said to Vera. I had not been crying."

"I heard,—yes; but that did not decieve me; I could see for myself. Are you unhappy?"

"No."

"That means you are happy?"

"Certainly. Why should I not be?"
"Your marriage with me has not caused you any regret?"
"Regrot?"—haughtily; "why should it?

I was neither coerced nor persuaded."

"And besides, you might add, it isn't enough of a marriage to cause that," says Clontarf, with a short laugh. "As far as Clontarf, with a short laugh. "As far as I can see, it is only those people who have married from pure affection who ever bicker and fight. We shall be spared all that."

"It your theory prove a correct one."

"You have your doubt, then?"

"Of our escaping the bickering and fighting?" asks she, quickly.

Clontarf laughs.

"Well, no; that is hardly what I meant," he says; but he does not pursue the subject.

They have come up with the others now, at the further end of the field, and all stand for a moment to admire the pretty river that flows at their feet. Then they pass over stepping stones, and find themselves in the Moyne grounds, to Dicky Browne's ever-

lasting regret. He has had quite a good time of it crossing the field, and is sorry it is over. He had enjoyed himself more than I can say, and had found an unalloyed pleasure in rushing up noiselessly every now and then behind Mr. Mannering to give vent to a hideous bellow in his car. He had been quite delighted with his own performance,
—which was really excellent, as any bull
might well have been prond of the abominable row he made,—but was perhaps even a
good deal more pleased with Mr. Mannering's reception of it. The sudden springs
into the air, and the low moans of terror
that emanated from that persecuted man,
upon every repetition of the noiseless rush
and accompanying bellow of Mr. Browne,
were most eminently gratifying to the latter. He had varied his entertainment by
crying "Look out!" and "Here he comes!"
at such moments when it had seemed to him quite delighted with his own performance at such moments when it had seemed to him that his victim was growing sentimental in the converse with Miss Beresford,—thereby doing Neil Brabazon much incalculable ser

But now it is all at an end, the Rubicon— the boundary-line between Coole and Moyno—is passed, the treacherous field and its willows lie behind them, and Mannering

"is himself again."
"How nice the old house looks,"

"How nice the old house looks," says Monica, fondly, as they come up to it. "I do hope they are in,"—meaning her aunts.
"Why, see! there they are," cries Kit, pointing to a charming old-fashioned garden on their left; and straight as an arrow from the bow she darts from them, and is soon in the arms of two old ladies who are pottering up and down among the late flowers.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And sickerly they were of great disport, And full pleasant, and amiable of port."

Warmly, if with difficulty, they embrace her,—one being armed with a frowel, the other with a garden-fork, with both which dangerous weapons they threaten every inster to dig, or pierce, the intrepid girl. Happily, however, no tragedy occurs, and by the time the others come up it has provident "y occurred to the Misses Blake 21 the earth will be a safe resting-place at their warlike accoutrements. Therefore they stand them very upright in the ground, lest, a small shower coming presently, the insalles should be rotted to a pulp.

They are not presty old ladies; and they haven't at all the snowy hair neatly banded, the aquiline noses, and the heavenly miles that evidently distinguish all the old ladies in the world except those I krow. I am afraid the Misses Blake are ugly old ladies, if anything; but, for all that, they have their own charm, in the kindliness and carnestness of their expression. If they are of any Warmly, if with difficulty, they embrace

"Yes, if you will have us, auntie."
"Tut, tut! Now, that is very nice of you," says Miss Priscilla, looking round upon them ali. "And we"—with a beaming eye—"can have tee brought out here, because the evening is so beautiful, and no midges to speak of."
"Were you gardening, auntie!" asks

"Were you gardening, auntie?" asks
Kit.

"Why, yes, my dear; sometimes we like
to look things up a bit. Dennis is so careless; he requires perpetual spurring. Only
just now we found five weeds in these beds;
five, I assure you! We counted them."

"Yes, indeed, five, my dear," says Miss
Penelope, who is her eldest sister's echo on
most occasions. "Lord Clontarf, don't
throw away that cigar, please. It will do
the plants good, I'm told."

"If so, two cigars will do them twice the
good," says Mr. Browne. "Did you hear
that too, Miss Penelope!" Whereupon
Miss Penelope laughs and tells him he is "a
naughty boy."

"You now all the had accounts in the

niss Penciopo laughs and tells him he is "a naughty boy."

"You saw all the bad accounts in the papers this morning, auntie?" says Monica.

"Oh, my dear, don't talk of it," exclaims Miss Priscilla, lifting her mittened hands on high. "Your Aunt Penciope and I were literally electrified with horror. That shocking my dear to the control of the control interary electrined with norror. Instances-ing murder in Westneath, and that outrage on those poor inoffensive cattle in Kerry! You have heard too, of course, how the telegraph wires between this and Clonbree were cut last night, and how some of the posts were leveled with the ground?"

Clonbree is a small town about seven miles from Rossmoyne, where a detachment

of the 30th Regiment is quartered.
"It looks as if these Land Leagures are desirous of cutting off communication between us and the soldiers in Clonbree," says Desmond.

Desmond.

"My dear Brian, do you really think so?" says Miss Blake. "What a terrible thought! Well, there is the Almighty always to defend the weak. And it these miscreants do attack our houses, we must only defy them to the last, and then die like good Christians." As the intrepid old lady says this, she turns her calm eyes on Mories and smiles gently.

lady says this, she turns her calm eyes on Monica and smiles gently.

"Nobody would dream of harming you; you are to well beloved," says Brian, sitting down beside her. "I should think this is the safest house in the country."

"Then why not come here, my dear boy, you and Monica, and that darling child?"

"What and desert our posts, and miss the fun?" says Desmond, laughing and kissing her withered cheek. "What!do you take us for? Besides, I am only talking idle nonsense. They have no idea of attacking any one, and least of all The Desmond in his den. The old man has proved himself too much for them, long before this."

this."

"Will you take me in, Miss Blake?" asks
Dicky, in a trembling tone. "Oh, do! I'm
a harmless stranger, and half an orphan;
and unkind friends have inveigled me on to
your Irish soil; something ought to be done
for me. I feel a settled conviction that

for me. I feel a settled conviction that Coole is going to be attacked at midnight by a surging mass of rioters, and I can't bear the idea of having to face the fury of the mob in—in my night-gown"

"Really, Dicky!" says Monica.

"I can't help my modesty," says Mr. Browne, reproachfully; "I was born so; surely you wouldn't like to think I could bear the idea, would you? Miss Blake,"—mildly,—"have I your permission to ask Miss Beresford the cause of her ill-timed merriment?"

"I was only thinking what a charming pict we you would make (in the costume you rention), flying before the infuriated foe," says Kit, in an ecstary of delight over some fanciful sketch in her own brain.

some fancisti session in her own brain.

"Your humor is no doubt your atrong
point," says Mr. Browne, loftily, "but I
fail to see where it should come in here.
'Levity of behavior,' says Seneca, 'is the
bane of all that is good and virtuous.' I am
profoundly sorry for you.'

"How does your new maid get on

"How does your new maid get on auntic?" asks Monica.

own charm, in the kindliness and carnestness of their expression. If they are of any
"world worldly," it must be of a very old
world and one rich in all the virtues.

Doris they greet with many marks of faovery one they give it to be understood that
their coming is to them a great pleasure.

"Wery well, my dearest,—very well indeed—though a little too fond of her walk
after dinner. I don't blame her for that,
of course, but I don't know how it will be
overy one they give it to be understood that
their coming is to them a great pleasure.

"Well, now, my dear, I hope yow have
all come to spend the afternoon with us,"
I particularly mentioned the 'good daylight."

"Bridget's brother, my dearest girl,"—this
to Monica, who is always her "dearest
girl,"—and he has gone to day for our
letters."
"Gone! Haven't you got your letters
yet;" asks Kit.
"No, my dear. Madame O'Conner always send us the 'Iriah Times,' that is how
we knew about the shocking occurrences we
were talking about just now. But the
'Cork Constitution' and the 'London
Times,' which we always take, have not yet

fault," says Lady Clontarf, "you may com

fault," says Lady Clontarf, "you may count yourself very fortunate."

"Well, there is something else, my day—a trifle too, no doubt, but rather trying to one's patience. The fact is, she is rather troublesome about the post-boy."

"I don't blame her for that," says Mr. Browne; "I hate post-boys myself; they are the malicious tools of insolent trade-postle."

are the malicious tools of insolent tradepeople."
"How fraught with feeling is the elequence of our Dicky!" says Mr. Desmond
"But Matilda doesn't hate him," says
Miss Blake. "I am afraid she
does the other thing. It is Michael, you
know, Monica—that tall fair young man;
he—but I beg you will sit down, my dear
est girl; you know how it goes to my heato see you ntanding, now you've got that

and—but I beg you win sit down, my deer est girl; you know how it goes to my heat to see you standing, now you've got this big boy to call upon yon," This last in the softest whisper; whereupon Monica, blushing a beautiful crimson, sits down beside the old auntie and slips her hand into hera. "Talking of Matilda, my love, you see she will go to the door every morning when the post arrives, she says to get the letters (though that is plainly Ryan's duty), but we know it is to speak to Michael. That too is very natural; but why keep us waiting for our news for fully a quarter of an hour! We timed her yesterday."

"Yes—quite a quarter of an hour," says Miss Penelope, sadly.
Clontarf and Br'an are laughing heartlessly. Dicky Browne is as grave as a judge.

Ciontari and Biran are laughing hearlessly. Dicky Browne is as grave as a judge. "Why don't you circumvent her?" he says; "why don't you get to the door before her? When I come to you on that visit we spoke of a few minutes since, I'll sy how d'ye do to Michael before his Matilda has time to grasp the fact of his being there?"

has time to grasp the lact of his competer."

"We have expostulated with her," says Miss Blake, "many times. I said, 'Matilda, why not bring the letters first to us, and then go back to speak to Michael if you must?" That was milk, my dear Brian, wasn't it? But I assure you she quite lost her temper about it, and cried to such an extent that she terrified us, and wouldn't leave off, until we had induced her to drik two classes of sherry. She said she didn't two glasses of sherry. She said she didn't want ever to speak to Michael, and that the

want ever to speak to Miehael, and that the delay was caused by gravel getting under the hall door, which prevented her shutting it. But I don't think, my dear, there can be gravel under if every morning; do you?"

"I should think you will be very glad when ahe marries him. She is going to marry him, isn't she?"

"Yes, my dear, next Shrovetide, I believe. I made her mother confess so much; but they hate confession to their confess."

but they hate confessing to their engage

"Why has she gone into service at all, if she means to quit it in a few months?" asks Lady Clontarf, idly; she is watching little Vera in the distance as she flits to and fro, a sunnier sunbeam than those around her.

"To learn housekeeping, my dear, cl course," says Miss Priscilla, vaguely, "Young people going to be married, in my time always learned how, to make soups, and metheglin, and jellies, and omelets,

"Soups, omelets!—my dear Prizcilla! I don't think Michael will be able to afford

don't taink hichael will be able to allow all these; consider their station in life," in-terrupts Miss Penelope, mildly. "Ah! true; yes, of course," rays Miss Blake, somewhat hurriedly, whose thoughts had been running to regions far removed from Matilda. "Well, at least she might learn not to keep people waiting."
"And at the same time she can learn to

wait herself—a great thing if she ever means to enter service again," says Mr. Browne,

to enter service again," says Mr. Browne, suggestively.

"Sho is rather put out to-day, because Michael is laid up with a bad cold, and, a decent substitute being difficult to get, the postmaster has begged us to send a mesenger for the post, for the next few days. Of course it is no trouble, and we hope Michael—auch a respectable young man, my love—will be up and about again shortly. So we have draited in a boy of the Cantys',—your Bridget's brother, my dearest girl,"—this to Monica, who is always her "dearest girl,"—"and he has gone to-day for our letters."

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i He seems slow, cortainly, the toy, doesn't he?" says Miss Blake, ingher watch. "He has been gone iff-past nine, and it is now twenty. Dear me I that sounds a long time, eng the village is only a mile and a

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on this.

The hois in love with Michael's sis
Tys Dicky. "If so, he could hardly
than drop in, to know how his future
in law is getting on."

The think it is that, "says Miss Pene
"Y Law is getting on."

don't think it is that," says Miss Pene-enously. "I have myself a strong ion that he has dropped the letters resealong the road, without know-and is now afraid to come here and offit. He looks as if he couldnot

arthing tightly."

In looks as it no couldn't arthing tightly."

Les she says this, an apparation at the sate attracts the attention of all. It to a frowsy youth, red-headed, and inded though not in a criminal senso in a high state of perspiration and

nion.

Ap, there he is," says Miss Priscilla. reby! what a state of fatigue he is in! mt have been running all the way.

Canty,"—graciously—"you have

es miss," wiping his brow, which is definite, which has brow, which is definitly in need of that refreshment, —"I've brought it, miss," cries he tri-untly, with a smile that once seen is forgotten, so surpassing is it in ex-

to ugliness.
Well, I'm glad of that, though I think tiel, in giad of that; though I think right have been a little quicker about by Miss l'rincilla, with mild censure. Fair I couldn't miss. Ye don't know I was like, when ye spake like that, uso heavy we thought we wouldn't be tobring it at all at all."

Hary! Give it to me, says Miss.

a with a view to solving her amaze-

Ikit it in the front of the house, miss." issis in the front of the nonse, miss."
What for?" says Miss Blake, with sublindignation. "Was that a proper
electit? Was there ever so impossible
the form of the control of the control
the control of the control of the control
that is the control of the control of the control
that is the control of the control o

na hear 9 Here, miss is it?" asks the froway boy. lice, interpretation of the control orning it, will you, my dear?" to Lady

ath has barely time to say, "Oh, no!" athe sound as of something ponderous glagged along the gravel walk makes theard. Then Canty's head again ap-n, and the heads of two other men, bea and finally an immenso piece of tim-rounded, and blackened with tar. very one rises, and strains his or her

in a wild endeavor to discover the

ing of this travesty.
"What on earth is that?" demands Miss rilla, straightening her arm majestically

silla straightening her arm majestically pining at the timber with her fore"What do you mean, Canty by sing that pole to my garden?"
Why, yo towld me, miss?"
Itold you, hoy! To bring that dirty fall, maypole, must (what is it, my dear ma) into my garden? Canty, this is at a diagraceful piece of impertinence, froidence has seen fit to make your interest less than they were."
Tax an indeed, miss, ye did tell me, yintlemen will bear me out in that,"
It the discomfited Canty, almost in tears.

the discomfited Canty, almost in tears, the discomfited Canty, almost in tears, tother two men, atanding silently by, to find a fund of amusement in scratch, of their heads. Canty looks mockly all him, but the "gintlemen" upon whom the foodly reposed his trust basely fall his his need. ain his need. They are all silent from the need. They are all silent from the need and the silent from the need to the silent too, but from a totally difference. He is, I regret to say, speech with lambton.

with laughter.
"What did I tell you to bring?" asks a Priscilla, with the calmness of des-

"Why, the post, to be sure, miss, an"— is another (but now rather watery) gleam intemph—"here it is!"

The telegraph post?" says Miss Pris-in a faint voice, sinking back into her

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Iters is no moment of this life that we sliving which is not vital with possibilities agod.

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Matthew Arnold's later estimate of America is highly satisfactory to Americans.

The nurse of the Brentes, Nancy Wain-wright, is in the Bradford work house in England.

Moncure D. Conway will shortly return to America, where he proposes to settle down to literary work.

The famous "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, is the last royal author, having published his diary in the Orient.

When Ruskin was fourteen years old there was no doubt felt that he was going to be the leading poet of the generation.

The Sultan has ordered the imperial scribe to translate Gen. Lew Wallace's novel, "Ben Hur," into Turkish.

In his seventy-eight year Mr. Seward Dill, of Phillips, Meine, is lumbering among his men, chopping, rolling, and loading with the best of them.

Edmond About had sparkling, shrewd black eyes, florid face, and iron gray hair; he was quite stout for his height, and was noted for a hand like a woman's.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's new novel "Ramona," is being eagerly sought after by Bostonians, and we are told to expect to find evidences in it of another George Ellot.

Kate Greenaway's father is a fine wood-engraver, who does a good deal of work for the London Illustrated News. She began to exhibit in black and white some dozen years

ago.

The Rev. Dr. Burchard was present at the recoption given Senator elect Evarts by the Union League Club, of New York, Friday night, but he made no speech concerning the

punch.

Mr. David Dudley Field's recipe for preservation is exercise. He walks from his
house to his office every day, a distance of
three miles and a half, and is in sound health at eighty years.

Sergt. Gunning, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, is dead. He tracked many prominent Fenians in 1867, and among others arrested Moriarity, the leader of the Kerry rising, and Noonan.

Mr. Archer, who has just painted the portrait of Mr. Blaine, has, among others, painted the portraits of Macauley, Lord John Russell, Sir Theadore Martin, Irving, and the Jeffersons.

Simplicity is the order of the day. Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, at a late famous ball, wore a perfectly fitting costume of gray and steel, with no jewels, and Mrs. Frederick Neilson wore black satin with silver balls and no other ornaments.

Field-Marshal Halstead is urgently pro-posed as the man to overcome the Mahdi. There has never been seen a more unanimous press on any question of international im-portance. His exposition of the proper thing has been most wise.

Susan B. Anthony offers a word or two of encouragement to the working girls. She began active life as a teacher at \$8 a month, and in fifteen years accumulated a surplus of \$300. To be sure, times have changed somewhat since she was a girl.

Edwin Booth's house in Boston has purple glass in the windows, a bronze bust of himself stands in the hall, the lower floor is devoted to his own use, and Miss Edwina receives on the second floor. The whole house is charmingly furnished, has a conservatory, and a small garden in front.

Mr. Moody the even police and his mother

and a small garden in front.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, and his mother, recently celebrated their birthdays on the same day, he being forty-eight and she eighty. The mother is a sprightly little body with sparkling eyes, who, being a widow, brought up her children through a hard struggle, and has reaped a rich reward.

A fact not generally known is that Charles Dicken's list of pseudonyms included "Tibbs," and "W. P.," in addition to "Boz," "Quiz," and "Godfrey Sparks." Soveral of his carly MSS, have never found Several of the carry also, have never found their way into print. These are a burlesque called "O Thelle," "Proposals for a National Jeat-Book." "A Monopolylogue," which deals with the adventures of a tailor and his friend at Epping Hunt, and a song called "Sweet Botsy Ogle."

Basques are long in the waist, but short in the skirt, which is frequently only from an inch or two inches below the waist line, and finished in a short organ pleating in the

PROGRESS!

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

This time the proprietor of the Ladres' Journal exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the Competition that the opportunity for each com-petitor is better than ever before. In fact there is a valuable reward FOR EVERYBODY correctly answering the following BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word Liva

2. Give first reference to the word Draww

in the Bible.

Rewards will be given the senders of correct answers in the order they are received at the Ladras' Journal office as follows:—
THE REWARDS.

PIRST SERIES. 1.—Fifty dollars in gold.
2 to 5.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold Watches.
5 to 12. Eight Ladies' Coin Silver Watches.

very neat.
to 409.—Three hundred and eightyseven Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings.

SECOND SKRIES.

D.—A Fine Grand Square Rosewood

Piano.
501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold.

501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold.
502, 3, and 4.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold
Hunting Case Watches.
505, and up to the Middle correct answer of
the whole Competition, will be given a
Fine German Oleograph Picture, 14x20.
T

given on a HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN.

From and after the middle, and up tonumber 400. will be given a volume of fiction, very interesting, bound in paper.

FOURTH SERIES.

401 to 900.—A volume of Poems richly bound in cloth and gilt, worth at retail

about \$2.25.
901.—A Fine Cabinet Organ, 10 Stops. 802, and up to LAST CORRECT ANSWER received, another of those Beautiful German Oleograph Pictures, an exact copy of a famous oil painting.

CONSOLATION REWARD.

famous oil painting.

CONSOLATION REWARD.

To the last correct answeak received in this Competition (which closes on July 15th) will be given \$50 in Gold Coin. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the Labies' Journal Office from distant points. The letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for this consolation roward. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the Ladies' Journal, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTE CENTS, the regular yearly subscribers will have Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one...llar for two years'subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

OUR PLAN.

As fast as answers are received they are numbered in the order they come to hand. A letter containing one dollar will be given two numbers—for instance, numbers 499 and 500. The sender will therefore have a double opportunity to gain a reward. If in doubt about one answer being correct, those sending a dollar may give two answers, and their letter will be given two numbers as above stated, and will therefore have a double opportunity of gaining a hand-some reward. some reward.

OUR PLAN.

price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the Lauriss' Journals for one year and one of those elegant volumes of poems, or one of those beautiful elegraphs, or an interesting volume of fiction, or an elegans solid gold gem ring, as well as a chance of securing one of the other still more valuable and costly rewards referred to above. Everything will nositively be given exactly as and costly rewards referred to above. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. The LADIM' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the proprietor of it has Been in business nine years. prietor of it has seen in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught elseinthe future. Address, Editor "Labitz' Journal," Toronto, Cauada.

Folds are used instead of flounces to trim dress skirts, and these folds frequently over-lap one the other, and extend from the bot-tom of the skirt almost to the waist.

Is your hair turning gray and gradually falling out? Hall's Hair Renewer will restere it to its original color, and stimulate the follicles to produce a new and loxuriant growth. It also cleanses the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and is a most agreeable and harmless dressing.

The waist is pinched very small, the hai worn very high, the bustle huge, and the shoulders square and high by very fashion able women.

Good Advice.

If our renders will accept proffered advice, they will always keep a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil at hand for use in emergencies, such as Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Lameness, Croup, Chilblains, Rheumatism, and all varieties of aches, pains and inflammations, it will ever be found reliable.

Dress fronts made entirely of passemen-terie, Angora lace, and braid in lace designs will be a feature in spring fashions.

Mrs. O'Hearn, River Street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for her cowe, for Cracked and Sore Teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the Epizotic with the very best results. Do not be persuaded to take any other Oil in place of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Fichus, scarfs, plastrons, and all sorts of accessories of lace are used to transform plain costumes into dressy toilets.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

There is a tendency to revive the old bourctto and boucle effects in fabrics, but they appear in different forms.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICAL ENLIGHTEN-MENT has led to the abandonment of many antiquated remedies of questionable value, and the adoption of newer and more ration and the adoption of newer and more rational ones. Prominent among the latter is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the justly celebrated Blood Purilier, a comprehensive family remedy for liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, loss of physicial energy, and female complaints.

Entire skirt fronts of Angora lace come among early spring importations.

Compelled to Yield. Obstinate skin discases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all the secretions.

The Vice of Egotism.

Alas! how prevalent is the vice of egotism, how prone are all men who talk about their own affairs, their adventures, their characteristics, their eccentricities. Aro and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new mustic, full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Scrial Stories, Household Hints, &c. &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee askod. It is only because we have such a large (52,000) and well established circulation that we can afford to place the subscription at this low

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, & PAULY, moved every Saturday, 7 cents per sinch cope, y, as per year. Advertising rates—30 cents per line, single insortion, one mouth, \$1.00 per line, there months \$2.00 per line; as morths, \$4.00 per line; is the months for per line.
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and all payment of arrearages is made, as required in law.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following parties acknowledge receipt The following parties acknowledge receipt of prizes in T will and Lables Journal commentations: Mrs C Phillips, Wisbeach; William Jamieson Moorcheld; Mra Walton, Weeden Bognor; H Lohghurst, Hamilton; S Bridgeader, Dr. sden; L Maclarlane, Charlotetown; Mrs H. Talbot, Ottawa; Mrs J R deshaw, Haverhill; George Temperley, What Cheer, Keckuk Co., Iowa; Medern Nokes, Bowdanvide; Ettice E. McTs arts 76 Bedouth St. Mantrall, Mr. McTa.girt, 76 R-douth St., Montreal; Mr., B. Smith Otter Lake; Avard A. Elli-Bescick, Kings Co.; D. J. Miclonald, Ni ol. Vade., B. C.; James Rosamond, Amonte: Mrs. Emery Mannel, Knowles-A monto: Mrs. Emery Mannel, Knowles-voll-; E. A. Greighton, Halifax; Louisa Wilson, Braodon; A Perkins, Upper Keswick, R. Ada as, Torouto; John Stacey, Bowasanvil-; Louisa Falconer, Shelburne: Mes. R. R. S., Wonora; Geo. Hawkins, Stratfort: Nettic Kennedy, Colong; Mrs. C. H. Sompa n. N. worstet: Louise Frost. Huntingethe; C. B. Jacks n. Gretth; Geo. A. Machan, Oakeurn. John E. Alexander, Maxander, W. H. S. rapadl, Glen Walker; Bessie A. Mooro Vieteria Cross, P.E.L.; Make Aver, S. ckulle, N.B.; Mrs. J. Baxtor, Halifax, N.S.; T. A. Harvey, Colourg.

Erratum.

A arrious typ graphi alerror hasoccurred in giving the answer to the second question in Lances' Journal competition No. 9. The in Latify directal computition of the correct answer is Gore is latchap, 24th verse, not 25th as at present diren. We regret this quatake as the word cattle is distinctly mentioned in both verses, but of course in the 24th verse tires, which is there fore the correct answer, and the apsace up a which we prepared the list of Prize

THE WINNERS

OURGREAT BIBLE COMPETITION

NUMBER 13.

FIRST REWARDS.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards given below in the order named:

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible? 2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible?

1st ans., yes; Exodus, 4th chap., 25th

verse.

2nd ans., yes; Genesis, 11th chap., 29th verse, as well as several other places, any of which are equally correct with above.

First great reward, \$1,000 in gold, Georgina J. Black, Notre Dame street, Winnipeg, Man. 2, 3, and 4—Three magnificent grand square planes. 2, F. R. Clark, Main st., Buffalo, N Y.; 3, Laura Conkling, St. Catherines, Ont.; 4, B R. Lowe, Brantford, Ont. 5, 6, and 7.—Three Lowe, Brantford, Ont. 5, 6, and 7 .- Three Lowe, Brantford, Ont. 5, 6, and 7.—Inred fine toned 10-stop cabinet organs. 5, Emma Carson, Brantford, Ont.; 6. A. Thompson Peterboro, Ont.; 7, Mary Morgrn, London P.O., Out. 8 to 15—eight gentlemen's gold. stem-winding and atom-setting genuine El-gin watches. 8, Mary L. Lawson, Belle ville, Ont.: 9, M. M. Jordan, Kingston, Ont.: 10, D. C. Dexten, Sherbrooke St., Montreal: 11, Minnie Col. Peterbore, Ont. 12, Martha A. Duncan, Chatham, Ont.; 13, J. L. Laurison, Kingston, Ont.; 14, Nora Kingsford, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; 15, L. M. Riddle, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; 16 to 28 —Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.—16, Mrs. W. McKowan, "Statesman," Bowmanville; 17, Mary C. Duffield, Windsor, O; 18, M. J. McLean, St. Thomas, O.; 19, Frank Frebilcock, Bowmanville; Windsor, O; 18, M. J. McLean, St. Thomas, O.; 19, Frank Frebilcock, Bowmanville; 20, J. R. Farquhar, Dundas-st., London; 21. Elenere Recsor, Winnipeg P. O., Man.; 22. J. C. Judah, Winnipeg P. O., Man.; 22. J. C. Judah, Winnipeg P. O., Man.; 23. F. M. Noxon, Buffalo, N. Y.; 24, Kate Lømon, Ottawa, O.; 25, Maggie Dixon, Ottawa; 26. J. C. Kultz, Buffalo, N. Y.; 27, Alico Kent., Bowmanville, O.; 28, D. R. Arthurs, Pt. St. Charles. 29 to 40.—Twelve Solid Quadrupse Plate Silver Tea sets, six ploces.—29, C. O. Carter, St. Catherines, O.; 30, Miss Lucy Sinclair, Boeton, O.; 31, Mary A. Lambe, Ningara Falls, O.; 32, J. C. Ferguson, Nisgara Falls, O.; 33, M. C. McLean, Nisgara Falls, N. Y.; 34, Lottie Thompson, Tonawanda, N. Y.; 35, Belia Thompson, Tonawanda, N. Y.; 36, W. Laverty, Cobourg, O.; 37, Mary R. Marr, Winnipeg, Man.; 38, M. Clarke, Cobourg, Ont.; 39, J. G. Rogers, Barrie, O.; 40, Minnie Mann, Collingwood, O. 41 to 70—Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches.—41. Alfred E. Uttech, Preston, O.; 42, Martla Kerr, Hagtreville P. O.; 43, C. C. Thompson, Hamilton, O.; 44, Mary D. Baxter, Hamilton, O.; 45, Carrie Lennox, Stratford, Ont.; 46, Mattie Murton, Hamilton, O.; 47, Annie Kerr, Napance, O.; 48, Jennie J. Funston, Napance, O.; 49, C. J. Cardwell, Nisgara Falls O.; 50, A. M. Campbell, St. Thomas, O.; 51, Mirs Mary Ann Watte, 359 King W. ance, O.; 49, C. J. Cardwell, Niagara Falls
O.; 50, A. M. Campbell, St. Thomas. O.;
51, Mies Mary Ano Watte, 359 King W.,
City; 52, Caroline M. Clayton, Cornwall, O.;
53, Mertha Kuffman, Morrisburgh;
54, Ella Rutherford, Princeton, O.;
55, M. A. Rodney, Bowmanville, O.; 50, J.
B. Perry, Ot aws, O; 57, Geo. Christic,
Ottawa, O.; 58, W. H. McRee, Aylmer;
59, A. McMillan, St. Johns, N. B; 60
Caroline Peters, St. John, N. B.; 61, M. C.
Peters, St. Joht, N. B; 62, Annie Hincks,
Pictou, N. S; 63, Arthur Luxton, Chatham, N. B; 64, M. B. Laurence, Moneton,
N. B; 65, Dora laurence, Moneton, N. B; 66, F. Filmore, Yarmouth, N. Vas. Sc. tia.;
66, F. Filmore, Yarmouth, N. Vas. Sc. tia. N. B: 65, Dora l'aurence, Moncton, N. B.; 66, F. Filmore, Yarmou'h, N. va Sc. tia. 47. Daisy Baytell, Brockville, Ontario; 68, A. W. Baker, Oakwood, O; 69, M. Frazer, Moncton, N. B.; 70, George Braithwarte, Unionville, Ont.; 71 to 100. Thirty gentlemens's solid gold aluminum watches—71 R. Roach, Petriboro', Ont., 72. W. Dunion, Simcoo, Ont.; 73, M. McCormack, Cleveland, Ohio; 74, L. C. Allen, Cleveland, Ohio; 74, L. C. Allen, Cleveland, Ohio; 75, C. Darmour, Black Rock, N. Y.; 76, M. Funston, Black Rock, N. Y.; 77, D. D. Cameron, Rochester, N. Y.; 78, M. Locke, Waterloo, Ont.; 79, J. Strune, Fort Eric, Out.; 80, J. Henry, Montreal, 100, Market of the control of the control

Que.; 81, Alex. Royal, Welland, Ont.; 82, J. Roy, Paris, Ont.; 83, C. Hendry, Jr., Stirton, Ont.; 84, Thomas Buller, Kettleby; 85, Nellie Sherman, 336 King St. W., Toronto; S6, Mrs. G. Elmslie, 202 Argyle St. City; 87, Aggie M. Logan, Meaford; 88, F. R. Watta, Queen W., City; 85, E. H. Boye, Baden, Ont.; 90, J. Robinson, Amherathreg, Ont.; 91, C. M. Bothwell, Almonto, Ont.; 92, M. J. Jeffery, Halifax, N. S., 93, H. A. Johnson, Chippawa. Ont; 94, Louisa Burges, Grahamaville, O.; 93, Mrs. C. Hendry. Box 40, Stirton O.; 96, Mrs. E. Jarrett, Pino Grove, O.; 97, Mrs. Thomas Cross, Dallar P. O., Ont.; 98, Hiram Keestor, Glayow, O.; 99, R. H. Ashbury, Stirton, gow, O.; 99, R. H. Ashbury, Stirton, O.; 100, Miss M. Watson, Baden, O.; 101 to 135.—Thirty-one Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets.—101, N. Morloy, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; 102 D. Morloy, Niagara Falls; 103 Rodney Moore, I Nassau St., Toronto; 101 Carrie Scott, Newmarket, Ont.; 105, M. R. Dixon, Halifax, N. S.; 100, D. M. Dixon, Halifax, N. S.; 107, M. Cole, Char-Dixon, Halifax, N. S.; 107, M. Cole, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; 108, D. M. Carter, Charlottetown, P. I.; 109, C. C. Block, Picton, N. S.; 110, M. Morrison, Beden; 111, J. G. Shaw, M. D., King, Ont.; 112, F. P. Spints, Kottey, Ont.; 113, Luallan H. Johnston, Mount Forest; 114, W. H. Erbach, Baden; 115, Thos. Willy, Vellore, Ont.; 110, Archy Spoers, Sheswich, Ont; 117, D. H. Wilkins, Winnipeg, Man.; 118, C. Banks, Kingston, Ont.; 118, G. Banks, Kingston, Ont.; 118, G. Banks, Kingston, Ont.; 120, J. Shaw, St. Catherines; 121, D. Casey, Hamilton; 122, D. Turner, London, Ont.; 123, Mary C. Duggan, Baden; 124, Tily Caley, St. Thomas; 125, Norsh Whetham, Waverly, Ont.; 126, W. Ewing, Mulmer, O.; 127, E. Currie, Stellarton Mines, N. S; 129, A Werden, Stato St., Albany, N. Y.; 129, Alex, Fraser, Buffalo, N. Y.; 131, Mrs. Jos. Wanatter, St. George, O.; 132, Carrie I. Ingeden, Uswilton Ont.; 13, J. L. N. S.; 123, A Werden, State St., Albany, N. Y.; 129, Alex. Fraser, Buffalo, N. Y.; 130, M. C. Fraser, Buffalo, N. Y.; 131, Mrs. Jos. Wanatter, St. George, O.; 132, Carrie J. Lamsden, Hamilton, Ont.; 133, J. L. Larter, Kingston, Ont.; 134, Julia S. Finch, Collingwood; 135, J. M. Duggan, St. Catharines. 136 to 305.—One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons.—136, Maggie Cameron, Maceville, Ont.; 137, J. Fisher, Exeter, Ont.; 138, J. Love, Salem, Ont.; 139, M. Blight, Garafraxa, Ont.; 140, James Kennedy, Garafraxa, Ont.; 142, Mrs. Sinclair, Cannington, Ont.; 142, Alfred Apps, Brantford, Box 15, Ont.; 143, Airs. Chas. Lacey, Niagara Falls. South, Ont.; 144, Henry Greenwood, Mitchell, Ont.; 145, S. A. Huntington, Sen., Westmeath, Ont.; 146, A. McVicar, Lieury, Ont; 147, W. Nattress, Maceville, Ont.; 148, Wm. Balten, Solina, Ont.; 149, J. McFadden, Millbank, Ont; 150, E. McIntee, North Bluce, Ont.; 151, A. Braiden, Shelburne, Ont.; 152, J. Fell, Welland, Ont.; 153, Mrs. J. Devereaux, Hepworth, Ont.; 154. J. Srigley, Newmarket, Ont.; 156, R. Downey, Listowel, Ont.; 157, M. Renson, Cannington; 158, Mrs. W. Leadbetter, Kincardine; för, T. Barker, Doncaster; 162, C. McBain, Fergus, Ont.; 165, Wiss H. Doten, Green River, Ont.; 171, Thomas Beare, Whitevale, Ont.; 172, F. A. Poarson, Georgeville, Ont.; 173, H. Pringle, Cohourg, Ont.; 174, Mrs. G. W. Barbour, 203 M. Caul at., Toronto: 175, Robert Dickson, Peepabun, Ont.; 176, Jane Scriver, Coursoul's Sidiog, Ont.; 177, Nancy F. Hilts Liverpool Market. Ont.; 178, Jas. S. Dolgaty, Centralia, Toronto: 175, Robert Dickson, Peepabun, Ont.: 176 Jane Scriver, Coursoul's Siding, Ont.: 177, Nancy F. Hilts Liverpool Market, Ont.: 178, Jas. S. Delgaty, Centralia, Ont.: 179, James Young, West Mill, Ont.: 180, Florence A. Dick, Ash Grove, Ont.: 181, George Forth. Wyevale, Ont.: 182, W. J. Jordan, Newmarket, Ont.: 183, Emma Hilborn, Newmarket, Ont.: 183, Emma Hilborn, Kettleby, Ont.: 183, John J. Allen, Georgetown, Ont.: 185, Mrs. Lavinia Maxwell, Lakeport: 187, Nellie Brown, Deseronto, Ont.: 188, George Bung, Bobcaygeon, Ont.: 189, Herbert Thomson, Bowmanville, Ont.: 191, Jas. T. Campbell, Box 37, Whitby, Ont: 192, Francis Smith Hope, Garden Hill, Ont.: 193, Maggie A. Witherspoon, Humber, Ont.: 194, Johnston McFaddin, Millbank, Out.: 195, Wm. Batten, Solina: 196, Mrs. L. Hearts, Teester, Ont.: 197, House I Ruge, Canal.

port, Ont.; 200, Jennie Thomson, y Shanty Bay.

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Successful competitors, in applying in their prizes, must, in every case, state to number of the competition in which the and the zation of the prize won. Attotion to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and treble. As many of the prize wincers omit is send the amount required for postage of send the amount required for postage of packing, when applying for prizes, we demit necessary to remind them that most should accompany all applications as follows:—sewing machinos, \$2.00; guns and tea-services, \$1.50; baby-carrages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods, 50 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and rable feaks 6 cents; butter knives and rable feaks 6 cents. pickle forks, 6 cents.

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Advertisements under this head are inserted at the Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to Taviru 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 decliding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions, effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the securacy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending the articles called for.

A magio lantern, nearly new, shows a clear 2-foot picture, for Indian x-lice or sea curiosities. C. O Brien, Sc Eagle St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Will give a splendid pair of opera glasses, (only used a couple of times); a pair of best quality acme spring club akates, size 114 inches; and a complete sit of Roys Our. Paper for 1834, all in good order, for a good bango, or the best offer. Address Wh. O. Morrisox, Wilness office, Montreal P. O., Canada. A relable collection of SOs different foreign and

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John, N. B.
I want to exchange a number of point lace patterns,
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of handsome lace patterns, copied with marking ink
on cambrio, ready for use, for one dollar, "Amen
Gaster, Ben 21, hake Genera, Wiscensin.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will C. M., Oakland, Ont., send his or her name? Tid-bit received, but to whom should Tuttit be sent?

J. Nelson Browne, Belleville, -We have no such binders as those you enquire about, but we are thinking of getting them.

GEO. HERBERT. —Thanks for "A Contrast." It contains excellent sentiment, but it is hardly up to the mark for publication.

CHARLES WHITMER.—All stories received fird their way to publication within a week or so. The others are soldom returned by the committee.

JAMES F. FASTER, Claremont, Ont .- Poem received: it is very good, but obituary poetry is of so little general interest that we must decline it.

SUBSCRIBER, Port Perry.—Almost any large dry goods store keeps the article you ask about in stock. Try Messrs. W. A. Murray, & Co., Henry Davis, 232 Yonge St, The latter is sure to have it.

A. P. S., Petrolia. - You can compete as often as you like in connection with the prize story offer. Each time the conditions must be complied with. The extra paper may be sent to whoever you wish.

J. L. HICKMAN.—Competitors sending stories should keep copies of them, as it is a difficult matter to return them from this office after they have passed through so many hands, a d have often been some time on consideration. We fear yours cannot now be found.

M. A. HABGOOD, Niagara Falls.-Should like to oblige you and the little boy, but if we made a practice of breaking our rules there would be no end of giving prizes Though the answers may have been quite correct, if they were sent in too late they would be debarred from gutting a prize.

T. Collins. - Your story may have been quite good enough for publication and may not have been rejected on that account. A good many that come are really good an we would be glad to see them published, but only one can be selected each week, and the most suitable of several good ones is taken and well paid for. This is all we can do.

A. S., Montreal.-It is quite true that your answers are correct, but you will see by looking at he conditions of No. 12 that it was not periods for every correct answer to get a first class prize. The prizes were tairly awarded to such answers. In the present competition every correct answer will receive a prize, but of course every one cannot get the first prize.

R J. Fesserton, Ont.—The stories are all submitted to the hands of the committee to be judged on their merits, and one award is made each week, but not always necessarily out of those sent during that week. No enquiries are made of the committee. Every competitor has fair play. The publication of the story is the only announcement of its acceptance. All are treated exactly alike.

It is now pretty well understood to be a dangerous practice to attempt to palm off worthless imitations of the "Myrtle Navy" worthless imitations of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco for the genuine article. In former years that practice was the cause of much annoyance, and Messrs. Tuckett & Son were compelled to resort to the law courts to put a stop to it. Though they have not met with any cases of the kind lately, it is always a safe precaution for the purchaser to see that the t-ade mark T. & B. in bronze letters is atamped upon each plug, no plug ever leaves the factory without it, and to appropriate the trade mark is a punishable

Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

Koung Men t Read Tate.
The Voltrie Belt Ob., of Mushall Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Volatic Belt and other Electric Appliances volute Bett and other Richtle Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or eld) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and menhood, and all kindred roubles. Also for recompatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other discuses. Com-plety restoration to health, vigor and man-hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is sllowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free. Amusing the Ohildren.

Let your daughter, with a little advice, cut up a few yards of calico, and make aprons, drosses and bedquilts, even if there be a little waste and poor ats. She will be likely to see her mistakes and profit by them. Let her make some cake and bread, and broil some meat, and boil some corn, no matter if she does have to throw some of it into the swill-pail. It is better to make a few mis-takes while young, in acquiring an education, than to grow up without experience. They must learn something, or make great blunders during a portion of their lives, when left to rely on themselves. In many respects children are not trusted enough. They are "bossed" to much.

Catarra-a new a commonstant in Special in the most extraordinary success, and in Special in the most of a mode a science has been attained by the Dixon Frestment of Catarra that of 1,000 patterns treated during the past ax menths, fully almost per cont. Inso the past ax menths, fully almost per cont. Inso the past incoming of this stubborn insandry. This is mone he less starting when it is remembered that of the par cont. of the patterns presenting homeenves to the return past incommon and ther advertised, after pasted incommon and ther advertised, are seen never record a cure of the starting with the catarra new gen. Any fellowed by the cost of the transfer in our that we does so is due to the pasted of the cost of Catarin-A New Wienimols

DRAFT HORSES.

The following is a symposis of a lengthy article which appeared in the Chicago Tribune, coinsisting of interviews of its reporters with the leading draft horse desires of America. Is was headed as college:

which apressed in the Chicago Tribahe, consisting of interviews of its reporters with the leading draft borse desires of America. It was headed as follows:

"Breeding of Draft Horses—One of the important Industries of the Day—Experience of Dearra who Handle 60,000 Horses Annually—Relative Merits of Fercheron, Clydesdale and English Horses—Optitions of all Leading Dealers in New York of the Chicago. They are unanimous in presenting at Experience of the Landing Dealers in New York of the Chicago. They are unanimous in presenting at Experience of the Chicago. They are unanimous in presenting at Experience of the Chicago. The Probuse reporters were instructed to procure optitions as to the rotative merits of the different breeds of draft b-reso being raised in this country and soid in their markets. The experience of dealers who soil perhaps 40,000 horses annually directly to those who buy them so wear out was thus obtained. This information is of Innocense value to those engaged in breading horses.

Mr. I. R. Babiman, of New York Cify, said: "I handle between 9,000 and 10,000 horses annually. Of the draft orses I bandle, the greater proportion—nearly sill—are Norman-Percherous. These horses are decile, intelligent, cassily broken, steady in harness, powerful and compactly built: They are shorts in the back, deep in the body and broad in the chest. They have the bost feet of any horses in America. I do not want it understood that all Norman horses have these good qualities. I have seen some imported that were as badly shaped borses as could be found. Long in the back, narrow waistod and not worth their reight from France hers. This class of horses as couly imported by people who buy them to sell and not to seed. In recard to the Crydesials horses her table and as a could be found. Long in the back, narrow waistod and not worth their registrom France hers. This class of his draft is would recommend them to ruse.

O. & H. Hayman East 24th Street, New York was conference on the read of the fluor of the produced and ad

ROSES For all best varieties of the brid, perpetual, more, tea, or elimberg AISO our unrivaded cellection of Standard, fancy, p mpone and DAHLIAS, Standard, fancy, p impose and the latest English prizetal.ors; else STRAW BERRY PLANTS in twenty best varieties Greenhouse and bedding plants in great variety. Send for care ogue

to WEBSTER BEQS., Floriete, Hamilton, Out. Men-

tien " Truth."

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI:

AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Soon as it was night, out we choved; when we got her out to about the middle, we let her alone, and let her float wherever we let her alone, and ict her noat wherever the current wanted her to. Then we lit the pipes, and dangled our legs in the water and talked about all kinds of things. Sometimes we'd have that whole river all

sometimes we distribute and to ourselves for the longest time. Youder was the banks and the islands, across the water; and may be a spark,—which was a candle in a cabin window,—and sometimes on the water you could see a spark or two, on the water you could see a spark or two, on a raft or ascow, you know; and may be you could hear a fiddle or a song coming over from one of them crafts. It's lovely to live on a raft. We had the sky up there all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss them that was made or only. on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made, or only just happened. Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened. I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim said the moon could 'a' laid them; well, that looked kind of reaso_able, so I didn't say nothing against it, because I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done.

Once or twice of a night we would see a

Once or twice of a night we would see a steamboat slipping along in the dark, and now and then she would belch a whole world of sparks up out of her chimneys, and they would rain down in the river and look awful pretty; then she would turn a corner, and her lights would wink out and her pow-wow shut off and leave the river still again; and by and by her waves would get to us, a long by and by her waves would get to us, a long time after she was gone, and joggle the rait a bit, and after that you wouldn't hear nothing for you couldn't tell how long, except may be frogs or something.

After midnight the people on shore went to bed, and then for two or three hours the shores were black—no more sparks in the cabin windows. These sparks

shores were black—no more sparks in the cabin windows. These sparks was our clock—the first one that showed again meant morning, so we hunted a place to hide and tie up right away.

One morning, about daybreak, I found a cance and crossed over a chute to the main shore,—it was only two hundred yards,—and paddled about a mile up a crick amongst the cypress woods to see if I couldn't get some berries. Just as I was passing a place where a kind of cow path crossed the crick, here comes a couple of men tearing up the where a kind of cow-path crossed the crick, here comes a couple of men tearing up the path as tight as they could foot it. I thought I was a goner, for whenever any-body was after anybody I judged it was me—or may be Jim. I was about to dig out from there in a hurry, but they were pretty close to me them, and sung out and begged me to save their lives; said they hadn't been doing nothing, and was being chased for it; said there was men and dogs a coming. They wanted to jump right in, but I says:

"Don't you do it. I don't hear the dogs and horses yet. You've got time to crowd through the brush and get up the crick a little ways; then you take to the water and wade down to me and get in—that'll throw the dogs off the scent"

the dogs on the scent."

They done it, and soon as they were about I lit out for our tow-head, and in about five or ten minutes we heard the dogs. and the men away off, shouting. We heard them come along towards the crick, but couldn't see them; they seemed to stop and fool around awhile. Then, as we got fur-ther and further away all the time, we couldn't hardly hear them at all. By the couldn't hardly hear them at all. By the time we had left a mile of woods behind us and struck the river, everything was quiet, and we paddled over to the tow-head and hid in the cottonwoods and was safe.

One of these fellows was about awenty, or upward, and had a bald head and very gray whiskers. He had an old battered up slouch at on, and a greasy blue woolen shirt, and ragged old jean britches stuffed into his boot-tops, and home-knit galluses—no, he only had one. He had an old long-

no, he only had one. He had an old long-tailed blue jeans coat with slick brass but-tons flung over his arm, and both of them had big fat ratty-looking carpet-hags. The other fellow was about thirty and dressed about as onery. After breakfast we all laid off and talked, and the first thing that come out was that these chaps didn't know one another.
"What not we into trouble?" save the

"What got you into trouble?" says the baldbead to tother chap.

"(Vell, I'd been salling an article to take the cartar off the teeth—and it does take it off, too, and generally the enamel along with it; but I staid about one night longer than I ought to, and was just in the act of sliding out when I ran across you on the trail this side of town, and you told me they were coming, and begged me to help you to got off. So I told you I was expecting trouble myself and would acatter out icith you. That's the whole yarn—what's yourn?"

"Well, I'd been a runnin' a little temper-

ance revival thar, bout a week, and was the pet of the women folks, big and little, for I was makin' it mighty warm for the rummics, I tell you, and takin' as much as five or six dollars a night—ten cents a head, children and niggers free—and business a growin' all the time; when somehow or other a little report got around, last night, that I had a way of puttin' in my time with a private jug, on the sly. A nigger rousted me out this mornin', and told me the people was getherin' on the quiet, with their dogs and horses, and they'd be along proty noon and give me bout half an hour's a . and then run me down if they coul and if or six dollars a night-ten cents a head, then run me down if they coul and if they got me they'd tar and feather no and ride me on a rail, sure. I didn't wait for no breakfast—I warn't hungry.

"Old man," says the young one, "I reck-on we might double-team it together; what do you think?"
"I ain't undisposed. What's your line—

mainly!

"Jour printer by trade; do a little in patent medicines; theatre-actor—tragedy, you know; take a turn at meamerism and phrenology when there's a chance; teach phrenology when there's a chance; teach singing-geography school for a change; sling a lecture sometimes. Oh, I do lots of things—most anything that comes handy, so it ain't work. What's your lay?"

"I've done considerable in the doctoring

way in not time. Layin' on o' hands is my best holt—for cancer, and paralysis, and sich things; and I k'n tell a fortune pretty good, when I've got somebody along to find out the facts for me. Preachin's my line,

too; and workin' camp-meetin's; and mis-alonaryin' around."

Nobody never said anything for a while; then the young man hove a sigh and says: "Alas Ì

"What're you alassin' about?" says the haldhead.

"To think I should have lived to be lead ing such a life, and be degraded down into such company." And he begun to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag.

n't the company good enough for mays the baldhead, pretty pert and "Ain't the

you?" says the baldhead, pretty pert and uppish.
"Yes, it is good enough for me; it's as good as I deserve; for who fetched me so low, when I was so high? I did myself. I don't blame you, gentlemen—far from it; I don't blame anybody. I deserve it all. Let the cold world do its worst; one thing I know—there's a grave somewhere for me.

The world may go on just as it's always
done, and take averything from me—loved
ones, property, everything—but it can't
take that. Some day I'll lie down in it and

take that. Some day I'll lie down in it and forget it all, and my poor broken heart will be at rest." He went on a wiping.
"Drot your pore broken heart," says the baldhead; "what are you hearing your pore broken heart at us i'r? He hain't done nothing."
"No I know you heare!" I wink him.

"No, I know you haven't. I ain't blam-ing you, gentlemen. I brought myself down-yes, I did it myself. It's right I should suffer-perfectly right—I don't make any moan."
"Brought you down from whar? Whan

was you brought down from?

"Ah, you would not believe me; the world lever believes—let it pass—'tis no matter. The secret of my birth."
"The secret of your birth? Do you mean

"Gentlemen," says the young man, very solemn, "I will reveal it to you, for I feel I may have confidence in you. By rights I am a duke."

country about the end of the last century, to breathe the pure air of freedom; married here, and died, leaving a son, his own father here, and died, leaving a son, his own father dying about the same time. The accordance of the late duke seized the title and estates—the infant real duke was ignored. I am the lineal descendant of that infant—I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater; and here am I, forlorn, torn from my high estate, hunted of men, despised by the cold world, ragged, worn, heart-broken, and degraded to the companionship of felons on a refer in

Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did I. We tried to comfort him, but he said it wrn't much use, he couldn't be much comforted; said if we was a mind to acknow, ledge him, that would do him more good than meat anything else; so we said we would, if he would tell us how. He said we ought to bow when we spoke to him, and say, "Your Grace," or "My Lord," or "Your Lordship,"—and he wouldn't mind it if we called him plain "Bridgewater," which he said was a title, anyway, and not a name; and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner, and do any little thing for him he at dinner, and do any little thing for him he wanted done.

Well, that was all easy, so we done it All through dinner Jim stood around and waited on b m, and says, "Will yo' Grace have some o' dis, or some o' dat?" and so on, and a body could sen it was mighty

on, and a body could see it was migury pleating to him.

But the old man got pretty silent by and by—didn't have much to say, and didn't look pretty comfortable over all that petting that was going on around that duke. He seemed to have something on his mind.

He seemed to have something on his mind. So, along in the afternoon, he says:

"Looky here, Bilgewater," he says, "I'm 'nation sorry for you, but you atn't the only person that's had troubles like that."

"No."

"No?"
"No, you ain't. You ain't the only person that's been anaked down wrongfully out'n a high place."
"Alas!"
"You are ain't the only person that's had

"No, you ain't the only person that's had secret of his birth."

And he begins to cry.

"Hold! What do you mean?"

"Bilgewater, kin I trust you?" says the

old man, still sort of sobbing.
"To the bitter death!" He took the old man by the hand and squeezed it, and says:

"The secret of your being; speak!"
"Bigewater, I am the late Dauphin!"
You bet you Jim and me stared this time.
Then the dute says:

"You are what

"Yes, my friend, it is too true is lookin' at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry An-

tonette."

"You! At your age! No! You mean
you wine late Charlemagne; you must be
six o seven hundred years old, at the very
leart."

Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble hs done it; trouble has brung these gray harts and this premature balditude. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on, and sufferin' rightful King of

France."
Well, he cried and took on so that me and Jim didn't know hardly what to do, we was so sorry—and so glad and proud wo'd got him with us, too. So we set in, like we done before with the duke, and tried to comfort him. But he said it warn't no use, nothing but to be dead and done with it all could do him any good; though he said it often made him feel casier and better for a while if him any good; though hesaid it often made him feel easier and better for a while if people treated him according to his rights, and got down on one knee to speak to him, and always called him "Your Majesty," and waited on him first at meals, and didn't set down in his presence till he asked them. So Jim and me sot to majestying him, and doing this and that and t'other for him, and atanding up till he told us we might set down. This, done him heaps of good, and so he got cheerful and comfortable. But the duke kind of soured on him, and didn't look a bit satisfied with the way things were going; still, the king acted real friendly toward him, and said the duke's were going; still, the king acted real friendly toward him, and said the duke's great-grandfather and all the other Dukes of Rilamantanana and All Theorem 1988. of Bilgewater was a good deal thought of by his father, and was allowed to come to the

sour? It'll only make things one sour? It'll only make things once able. It ain't my fault I wan't be duke, it ain't your fault you wan't be king—so what's the use to worn? the best o' things the way you find 'en I—that's my motto. This ain't ne bel that we've atruck here—plenty graba casy life. Come, give us your hand, I and less all be friends."

The duke done it and limit everyt

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The duke done it, and Jim and a pretty glad to see it.

It didn't take me long to make mind that these liars warn't so kin dukes at all, but just low-down has and frauds. But I nover said no nover let on; kept it to myself; it never let on; kept it to mysdl; it best way; then you don't have no que and don't get into no trouble. It wanted us to call them kings and dihadn't no objections, 'long as it world peace in the family; and it want a to tell Jim, so I didn't tell him.

They saked us considerable many tions; wanted to know what we come the raft that way for, and laid by daytime instead of running—was Jima away nigger !

Says 1:
Goodness sakes, would a ruraway: un south?

No, they allowed he wouldn't !

to account for things some way, so I a "My folks was living in Pike occur. Missouri, where I was born, and the died off but me and I'a and my brother Pa. he 'lowed he'd break up and go and live with Uncle Ben, who's got a one horse place on the river, forty-fee below Orleans. Pa was pretty por had some debts; so when he'd square had some debts; so when he'd sound there warn't nothing left but sixtend and our nigger, Jim. That wan't of to take us fourteen hundred mile; ded sage nor no other way. Well, whe river rose, pa had a streak of lack or he ketched this piece of a raft; so we oned we'd go down to Orleans on it luck didn's hold out; a steamboat ruthe forward corner of the raft one and we all want, overlayed and dere and we all went overboard and dore the wheel; Jim and me come up all but pa was drunk, and Ike was only years old, so the; never come up no Well, the next day or two we had on able trouble, because people was a coming out in skiffs and trying to this away from me, saying they believed it arunaway nigger. We don't ran day no more now; nights they don't better the company of t

The duke says:
"Leave me alone to cipher out a we can run in the daytic, if we wa I'll think the thing over—I'll invent a that'll fix it. We'll let it alone for to because of course we don't want to that town yonder by daylight—it my be healthy."

Towards night it begun to darken; look like rain; the heat lightning aquirting around, low down in the six, the leaves was beginning to shiver; a going to be pretty ugly, it was early that. So the dune and the king we overhanding our wigwam, to see whe beds were like. My bed was a triv—better than Jim's, which was a cordstick; there's always cobe around about shuck tick, and they poke into you hurt; and when you roll over, the shucks sound like you was rolling ore Towards night it begun to darken: shucks sound like you was rolling o shucks sound like you was roungue pile of dead leaves; it makes such it ling that you wake up. Well, the cil lowed he would take my bed; but the allowed he wouldn't. He says: "I should 'a' reckoned the different rank would 'a' sejected to you that!

shuck bed warn't just fitten for me to on. Your Grace'll take the about yourself."

Jim and me was afraid there was to be some more trouble amongst the

we was pretty glad when the duss and "Tis my fato to be always ground the mire under the iron heel of oppositions and the state of the Misfortune has broken my unce in spirit; I yield, I submit; 'tis my in am alone in the world—let me sufer; boar it."

We got away as soon as it was got dark. The king told us to stand we towards the middle of the river, as show a light till we got a long way is the town. We come in sight of the bunch of lights by and by—that we town, you know—and slight he about a am a duke."

Jims eyes bugged out when he heard that, and I reckon mine did, too. Then the baldhead says:

"No! you can't mean it?"

"Yes. My great-grandfather, eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater, fled to this water, and so what's the use of your being come on to rain and blow and lights are some on to rain and blow and lights.

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T Farl

everything; so the king told us to both stay on watch till the weather got better; then him and the duke crawled into the wigwam and turned in for the night. It was my watch below till twelve, but I wouldn't 'a' turned in, anyway, if I'd had a bel; because a body don't see such a storm as that every day in the week, not by a long sight. My souls, how the wind did scram along! And every second or two there'd come a glare that lit up the whitecape ter a half a mile around, and you'd see the islands looking dusty through the rain, and the trees thrashing around in the wind; then comes a h-rack/—bum! bum to bumble numble um-bum-bum-bum-bum—and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling ble-umble-um-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling aray, and quit; and then rip comes another fash and another sockdolager. The waves most washed me off the graft, sometimes, but I hadn't any clothes ou, and didn't mind. We didn't have no trouble about anage; the lightning was garing and flut-tering around so constant that we could see them plenty soon enough to throw her head this way or that and miss them.

By and by the storm let up for good and all; and the first cabin-light that showed, I rousted Jim out and we slid the raft into

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all; and the first cabin-light that showed, I rousted Jim out and we alld the raft into hiding-quarters for the day.

The king got out an old ratty deck of cards after breakfast, and him and the duke played seven-up for awhile, five cents a game. Then they got tired of it, and allowed they would "lay out a campaign," as they called it. The duke work down into his carpet bag and fetched up a lot of little printed bills, and read them out loud. One bill said, "The celebrated Dr. Armand de Montalban, of Paris," would "lecture on the Science of Phrenology" at such and such a place, on the blank day of blank, at ten cents admission, and "furnish charts of character at twenty-five cents apiece." The dekesaid that was him. In another bill he was the "world-renowned Shakesperean tragelian, Garrick the Younger, of Drury Lune, London," In other bills he had a lot of other names and done other wonderful things, like finding water and gold with "disjunction" "the mitch witch." fel things, like finding water and gold with a "divining-red," "dissipating witchspells," and so on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lifting by the Fingers.

A writer in the Scientific American says Two persons stand on each side of a fifth, who is scated in a chair. The four raise their hands (which are clasped with the forefingers extended) as high as possible over their heads, at the same time inhaling desply. They then simultaneously bow as low aspossible (always facing the sitter), bending the body from the hips, and swinging the extended arms from the shoulder till the extended arms from the shoulder till the hands touch the knees, at the same time inhaling as strongly as possible, these motions being repeated three times together. As they rise from the last position for the third time, the extended forefingers are placed under the knees and arms of the sitter, and he is lifted high in the air as light as a feather. In this way I have seen four young school girls, under sixteen years, lift a man of 150 pounds with no more apparent exertion than would be required to lift a pound weight. To one who tries this experiment for the first time the result is very surprising. very surprising.

Care of Watches.

A few remarks on the care of watches are made by a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. A good watch should be oiled once a year, and cleaned once in three years. If a jeweller tells you that that there is any scrious trouble or break in your watch, which will cost several dollars to get rewhich will cost soveral dollars to get re-paired, ask him to take the watch "down" and let you see the trouble. It is better to wind one's watch in the morning than in the evening, since, if you wind at night and expose the watch to the cold, the chilling of the tightly wound mainspring may break it. Frequently empty out the dust that accumulates so quickly in your watch poc-ket. It will not injure a watch or clock to turn the hands backward.

Two of the Harvard Faculty, Professor Farlow, and Professor Asa Gray, have gone on a four months' trip to Mexico.

"Maryland, My Maryland." "Pretty Wives, Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife !"

" Who !"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow !"

"Holloweyed !"

"Withered and sged!"

Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of billiousness, and it occured to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had

"Lost !"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to day, has gained her oldtimed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says "I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship," and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain.

C. L. James.

BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 36th, 1883.

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

A Voice from the United States.

I have suffered for the last 20 years with Dyspepsia and General Debility, and tried many remedies, but with little success until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, when relief was quick and permanent. A. Lough, Alepena, Mich., U.S.

Cream velvet hats, trimmed with the cream white wings of doves and sea gulls, will be much worn by children.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and worts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

White hats, trimmed in white, will be the fashionable wear for little people in the spring.

Without Doubt.

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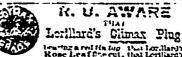
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