



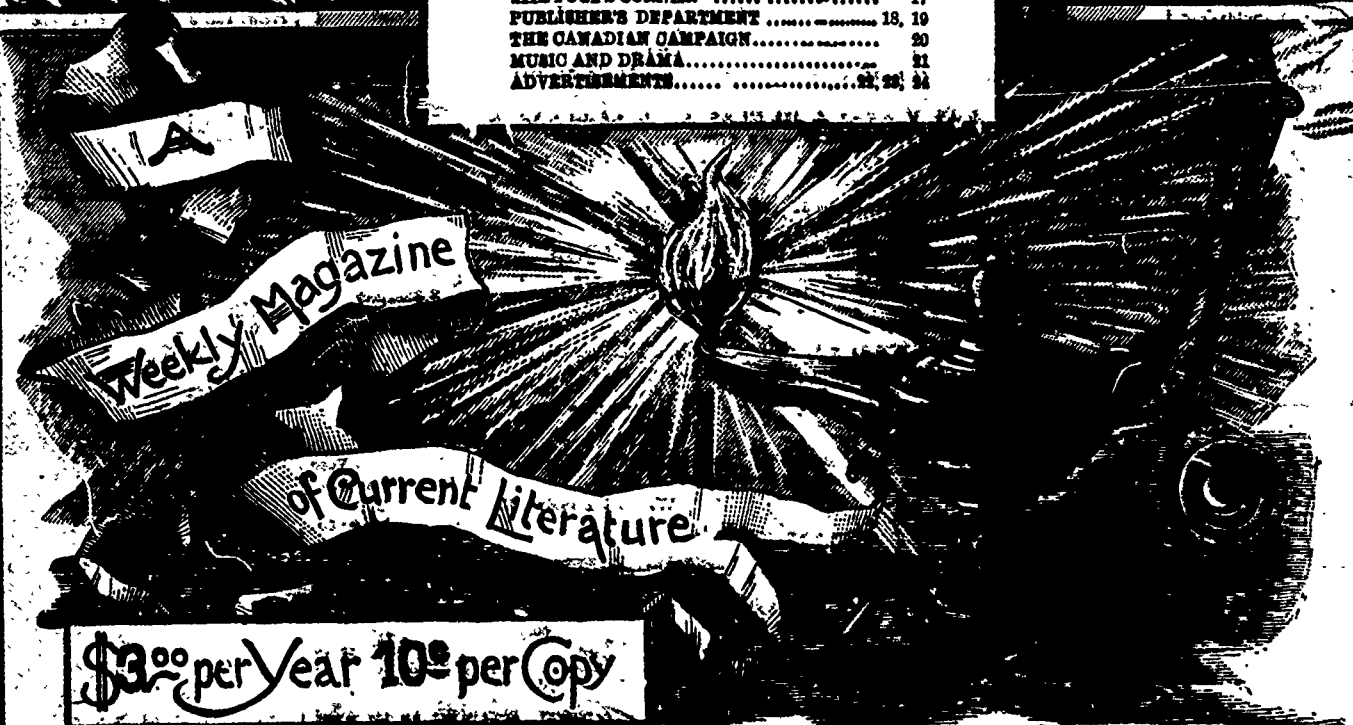
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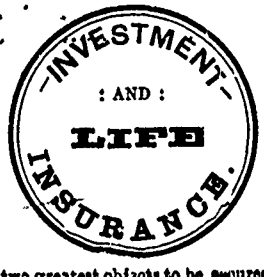
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Cash surplus undivided profits	\$13,925,053
Income for year 1885	16,121,172
Cash Assets (Funds Invested)	66,884,321
New Policies Issued	68,591,452
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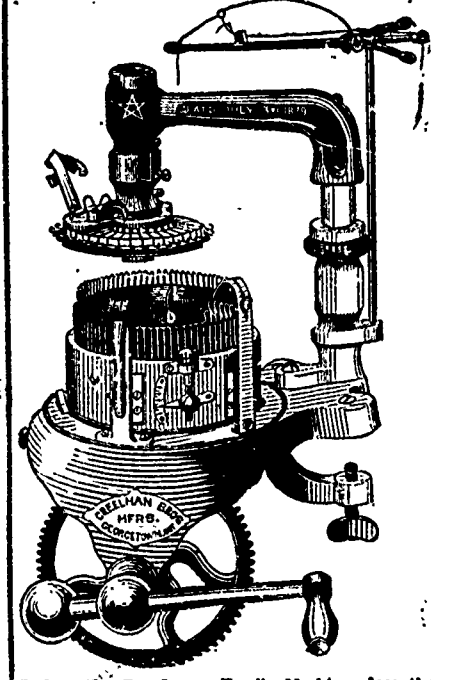
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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 282.



## SOCIAL LIFE AT OTTAWA.

Our artist to-day makes a most important presentation of social life at the Canadian Capital. He has truly grasped the inner agonies, as well as the rapture and delights, of the situation. We who live so far away from Ottawa have no idea of the woes of so large a number of the deserving people in that city, in connection with Rideau Hall;

and when we see a poor young girl, with golden curls, and the whole year's income of her father upon her back, lying overwhelmed with grief because no "invitation" came to her for the state ball, we may feel disposed to laugh; but laughter under such circumstances would be criminal heartlessness. It is pity that our artist seeks to

provoke by these sketches, and not merriment. Let us take that van in the top right hand corner. That represents a batch of "Society people" en route to the state ball. It costs six cents for a ride about two thirds of the way to the Hall, and at this point the car discharges its load, and the society people wade and

waddle through the snow, breast deep, for the remainder of the way to the ball. But the central sketch is the piece de resistance, as is petite Canadienne would say. It represents, above all things, the state-ball room. At the head are the Governor-General and persons of chief note, just after the

(Concluded on page 28.)

**"SOME (MORE) ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS."**

Some time ago we had an article with the above title, publishing the same as a sort of chart for persons of talent, who had literary ambition, and as a general antidote for that numerous class that only believe they have ability, and are ever clamoring to get into print. We believe that our article did good in directing some in the right way, and in killing off a host of others. The article was at once a shower of sunshine, and a killing frost—at least it was intended to be both; and we trust that if it helped some deserving ones that it did not fail to destroy a goodly number of the undeserving. We may be regarded as utterly without heart in writing in this fashion; but the truth is we are "crusl only to be kind." A person without any intellectual depth may dazzle people for a little while, but the shallowness is very soon detected; it grows monotonous, like the prattle of a shallow brook, and loses its former control. Many a young man afflicted with what the Romans called *Cacoethes Scribendi*, and which we translate as, the *itch for writing*, will desert his farm and undertake some purely intellectual pursuit. Lacking the abilities, he falls in the competition with others, and for the rest of his days ekes out a shabby-genteel existence, living from hand to mouth. It would have been an act of kindness had some outspoken editor, at the outset, informed the ambitious young man that in the domain of intellect he would fail, and then advised him to stick at the farm. It is certainly not a kindness to either print or praise literary work that is inferior, when to do so may be to allure the writer into a field for which he is not qualified, and in which he is sure to starve. Some weak-headed writers propound the theory that the "itch" for writing is *prima facie* evidence of ability; but it is really nothing of the sort. A man or a woman who has a message to deliver to mankind cannot be prevented from speaking, despite all the hoah about the "mute inglorious Miltons;" but this does not prove that every one who speaks or writes has a message to deliver. A great many people, in this age of free schools and general education, adopt the writer's calling; but it is a significant fact that there was as many great writers in a generation where only one in the hundred could read a book as there is now when ninety-nine in the hundred possess a common school education. Our educational system does not produce great men; but it does produce swarms a'lar swarms of mediocrity; and it is to kill off these, when they seek to climb into the place of greatness, that every influential editor should turn his attention. How much better off would not the public be from the standpoint of true culture if one of Beatha M. Clay's books had never gone through the press? How much better off would we not be if ninety out of every hundred of the works afloat had never found a publisher? We would read just as much, but the matter would be the best; and instead of being made worse as we are made now by the stuff which appeals only to nerves, we would have been made better, and raised to a proper study of the great problem, human character.

Several persons have written to us respecting the article with the same heading as the present one bears. Some say that they have been discouraged by it. Well, if they have, and if such persons belong to the concourse of mediocrity, we are glad, and glad for their own sakes, that they have been discouraged. One gentleman from Michigan writes to us in this strain, and his contributions exhibit

unquestionable ability. We publish his letter. Here it is:

DEAR SIR,—In TRUTH of Dec. 10, is "Some Advice To Young Writers," which has tempted me to ask advice of you, believing you will give, as I ask it, *justly*.

I, too, like the young lady mentioned, have "literary ambition;" but have been more successful in having my articles accepted.

I have led a wandering life, have written many incidents of my wanderings; have sent them to publishers; they have been accepted, and that was the end of it.

Much of my writing, and that which I am most fond of, is poetry; but I am not so insane as to believe I am a poet, (spelled with big letters).

When writing, I have tried to write plainly, correctly and true to nature; and what I wish to know is: what kind of articles come most acceptable, poetry or prose, stories, descriptions of nature, scenery, or what?

Enclosed you will find two poems, and please give your opinion of their merit; and tell me if I had better stick to my farm and let editors alone; or if there is a chance to get practice, make a little money, and possibly attain literary fame by writing for the papers and magazines?

Now, anybody can see who reads this letter, that its writer is no fool; that he has thought, and wastes on words in giving his expression. In reply to his letter we should say that good "poetry" and good "prose" are always acceptable; that "stories" written well nearly always find a market; and that descriptions of nature is one of the most inviting fields for the writer of prose or verse. With respect to the question as to whether he had better stick to his farm and "let editors alone," we should advise him to pay court to both. *Cincinnatus* was not above staying upon the farm; and our correspondent can woo the muse with just as much profit from the midst of his own clover, and under his own apple-blossoms, as he could from the top of Mount Pindar. Nay, indeed, the probability is that if he were to bid good-bye to the farm, and take up his residence in the town, his work instead of improving would grow worse. Therefore, let him cultivate his bees and clover, and the editors as well; and he will have the profits doubled in the end.

He sends us two poems as specimens of his work, and asks for our comments upon the same. We cordially respond to his invitation; while pointing out the fact that life is too short for us to read carefully, or to pronounce upon, all the verse submitted to our judgment. But we shall say once for all that the verses now under consideration—and which we shall soon publish in full—give evidence that their writer has a poetic soul, has passion, has fire, and the "seeing eye." But his work, in an artistic sense, is faulty; he has not, as Carlyle phrased it, in the fullest sense, the "capacity for taking trouble." Tennyson, when "at work," can produce upon an average, only twenty lines of polished verse per day; and he is a master of the craft, and one to whom the capacity for making verse must now be a "second nature." Let us take four lines from the first stanza of the poem, "In memory of Helen,"

"I noted her graceful, perfect form  
As they told her name and repeated lines  
Then I swung her round in the merry dance  
As if she the swaying forest pine."

There is an easy allit to this verse, but the image in the last line is not well-chosen. An image that is only half true, is of necessity half false; and that is precisely true of this simile. But let us see. A pine is rooted in one particular spot, and never moves its feet; and the picture of a girl upon the floor of a ball-room swaying like a pine-tree in the gale is also followed by the further application that her feet are stuck to the floor. If there is anything that ladies like to show in the dance, it is the

tripping of their daintily booted, dainty feet. If it were possible for such an image to be redeemed, the following four lines, occurring in the same poem, would redeem it:

"We talked of our life and now I know  
We revelled in joys all cynics miss;  
Of fancies and feelings and kindred thought;  
A hand soft-pressed or a thrilling kiss."

But in answer to the general question we have only to say, read the first article;—the advice there is based upon our own experience, and literary beginners would do well to follow it.

**A PEEP IN AT THE CANADIAN INSTITUTION.**

At the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening two important papers were read, the first by Mr. Boyle, showing traces of savagery in our modern civilization, and another by Mr. Bell, descriptive of the mounds in the North-West territories, as well as some of those below the boundary line. As might have been expected, Mr. Boyle's paper was lively, witty and therefore very entertaining; but it rather struck us that here and there the tone of the paper was not in the very best taste. For example, Mr. Boyle seems horrified at the idea of men and women eating meat with the blood in it. Even at the risk of being regarded foolhardy we feel disposed to tell Mr. Boyle that that is the "correct" way to eat meat. And it is the *correct* way to eat it for the simple reason that with the blood in it, it is more easy to digest. One may nearly as well sit down to a piece of sole-leather as to a steak, or a roast, cooked till it has become gray. Such meat can only be properly digested by railway navvies or others taking constant and laborious exercise. We should not have taken note of the fact had they not been delivered as utterances more or less scientific in spirit and in the forum of a scientific association. Another trace of savagery which Mr. Boyle finds among certain circles now is their penchant for certain kinds of meat when the same have become "gamey." He considers this disgusting, and he regards the "gamey" condition as simply a stage of decomposition. Probably it is; nevertheless we think that nature has permitted Mr. Boyle to come into the world without a certain very important function for enjoyment. Now, there are some birds of the grouse family, which, if eaten immediately after being shot, are positively insipid; and the same is true of venison, of quail, and of the other game which feed upon browse and berries. That decay sets in before the flesh is eaten, in the sense depicted by Mr. Boyle, is not accurate; the meat being simply kept long enough to be pronounced in flavor. If Mr. Boyle has never experienced the delight of that flavor, he has missed much; though probably his own reply will be, "I am glad that I have missed it." Of course, to eat beef, or mutton, or pork, or domestic fowls "high" would be a foul and revolting practice; and civilized people do not indulge in it. But the lecturer was general in his criticism of our unfortunate modern civilization. The manner in which our tasteful matrons and our pretty maidens trim their bonnets and deck their sweet forms was depicted, too; and a particular note of horror was struck when it was pointed out that this murderous set set off their beauty with the bodies of humming-birds. Now, we do not wish to raise the Humming-Bird question generally; but we assert this: If we were a humming-bird, partitioned only a brief space to shine and flutter above the sun-flower and the golden-rod, we should consider it a species of immortality to be taken and set in the

hat or the bonnet of some sweet maiden or some fair matron. If it is wrong to kill a humming bird in order to pin him upon a lady's hat, it is wrong to shoot a mallard in order to make pillows of his down; it is wrong to shoot pigeon or plover in order to make a pie. There was, therefore, no solid grievance in connection with the humming-bird; and Mr. Boyle was in that respect talking only clap-trap. The paper, as we have said, was, on the whole, interesting; but it possessed no permanent value, and was quite unworthy of Mr. Boyle.

Not so, however, the other paper by Mr. Bell. This was an interesting and a valuable contribution to our stock and information respecting the mound-builder; and we welcome it as a permanent acquisition to our scientific literature.

It seems certain that the French people of Canada are determined to maintain their recent attitude throughout the approaching session of Parliament. It was said by several of the Conservative newspapers that the break-away of the Bleus was only temporary, and that time would soon again bring them to their reason. But, as we ventured to suggest in the height of the turmoil, "Time but the impression deeper makes  
As streams their channels deeper wear."

The bitterness of the French-Canadians seems to be more intense now than at the beginning of the storm; and the general intention is to defeat the administration in the House of Commons. Sir Adolphe Caron addressed his constituents a short time ago, but they refused to hear him; loading his name with approbrious epithets; and heaping all possible sorts of insult upon him. The Hon. John Costigan, who speaks French with fluency, and has always been a favorite among that people, came forward and tried to obtain a hearing for his friend Sir Adolphe, but this was also denied; and the meeting broke up without hearing any of the ministerial explanations. It was Mr. Chapleau, Secretary of State who heard, suddenly, in the midst of his discourse the cry, Fire! Fire; and upon running out, lo! there was a fire;—and it consisted of the figure of a man, [dangling from a beam and enveloped in flame. There was no difficulty in ascertaining who the man was, for attached to him was the label, "Chapleau, the Hang-man." This may be an entertaining sort of work, and it may be witty; but is it wise?

The people of Canada are naturally much interested in knowing how far the prohibitory liquor laws, which are in force in some of the States, prohibit. The article by Rev. W. S. Blackstock in "Our Contributors" gives some valuable and suggestive information upon the matter. Mr. John Fraser in "John Grant's, the Scotch House," this week regales our readers with a reminiscence of early Montreal. A very entertaining little sketch of a once familiar aspect of colonial life is given by W. H. T. in "A Canadian Pan Picture." The closing article by our contributors is by our much-valued correspondent, Mrs. Annie E. Jack, whose thoughts on the beautiful "heart's-ease" will be especially appreciated by all who love the exquisite pansy.

We learn by a despatch from Ottawa that the Secretary of State has commenced to issue passports to individuals who propose taking part in the approaching pilgrimage of Abbe Provencher to the Holy Land. The Dominion Government, on receipt of \$1 accompanied by the necessary information, grant the required document. The cost of pilgrimage will be \$403. The steamer *Labrador* will leave New York on March 10th next with the pilgrims, and after reaching Havre, Paris, as well as the famous shrines, will be visited. The stay in the Holy Land will last fifteen days.

Mr. Gladstone has put all speculation at rest concerning the Irish question by definitely announcing that during the coming session legislation will be effected providing a measure of home rule for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone is not "ruled by his rhetoric," but once more gives confirmation of his right to the sobriquet, "the grand old man," by showing himself to be in harmony with the most enlightened and reasonable public opinion of the time. Justice and liberty will continue on the onward march, and those who try to oppose their progress will not go down to posterity as the guardians of the integrity of the empire, but as a wretched corporal's guard of Mother Partridge's, endeavoring with their small mops to dry up the rising ocean tide.

The story reaches us through the medium of a Chicago journal that Sir John has some very important announcements to make at the opening of the approaching session of Parliament. One of these announcements, it is foretold, will be with respect to the military future of Canada. An important military station is to be established at British Columbia; the chief aim of such a step being, we suppose, to prevent pig-tail invasion, or it may be an incursion of Esquimaux from the Hyperborean regions. We do not, for our part, favor the establishment of such a large portion of the expected military force at that point in our territory; but think that it would be much better if it were to be established at some point on the Labrador coast, so that it might be in a position to prevent the vernal procession of icebergs through the mouth of Baffin's Bay from the north. Fancy what a boon it would be to climate and to shipping to keep those roving monsters of the deep shut up in their own cold waters! Quebec is to be fairly set bristling with guns and bayonets; the object in this case being to fight the small-pox when that pet institution of our French-Canadian brethren makes its next appearance. Last but not least among the wonderful announcements which Sir John has to make, is a warlike declaration with respect to violation of our fishing waters by the Cape Ann and Cape Cod fishermen. At first we will say to the Yankee fish pirates, "Back from this ground." If they refuse to obey this peremptory order we shall then return to Sir Adolphe Caron and presently appear with muskets upon our shoulders, and swords buckled to our sides, making martial noises; walking up and down the land, and appearing upon the shores of our violated waters in this terrible and menacing way. If this display is not sufficient to drive away the insolent schooners, then—well then, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, "the resources of civilization are by no means exhausted." We shall straightway proceed to blow the Yankees off the face of the deep, which they have had the ill-starred temerity to violate. We have not heard how we are to accomplish the blowing off;—probably Sir John has some political influence up north, and he may so "work it" as to have a tempest of hail and wind let loose from that direction, ravaging all the sea before it, and swallowing up the insolent craft like so many bubbles. Notwithstanding all these rumours we give Sir John credit with being in perfectly right mind, old man as he is.

The latest tidings from Washington anent the fisheries question is to the effect that a party of Boston business men interested in fish appealed before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and urged that prompt action be taken upon the clause of the President's Message recommending a joint commission for the negotiation of a treaty with

Great Britain relating to the fisheries. They urged, as a reason for their request, their desire that the amicable relations existing between the United States and Canada should be preserved; that while the Canadian inshore fishing had not been of great value to American fishermen in the past, the privilege is notwithstanding of great value if the Americans choose to avail themselves of it. Mr. Hitt, of the Foreign Affairs Committee, was asked "What will be the probable action of Committee on the President's recommendation?" He replied, "There is not the faintest probability that it will be acted upon by the committee. The feeling among the members is that in the way the treaty negotiated affects our commercial interest, the United States has secured the worst of the bargain. It is also the opinion of the committee that the expensive diplomatic corps kept up by this Government, should be charged with the duty of negotiating treaties, and that if a renewal of the fisheries clause of the Washington treaty is desirable, it is the duty of the President to instruct Minister Phelps to enter into negotiations with the British authorities; then the Senate can pass upon it in the manner prescribed by law. It is safe to predict, the despatch adds, that the present Congress will do nothing towards carrying out the President's wishes with reference to the fisheries. In the meantime the occupation of the American fishermen along our coasts is not to be "gone." We are to have presented to us the spectacle of a fleet of schooners whitening our coasts with their sails, and taking the fish out of our waters in our teeth; unless, indeed, our marine patrol is strong enough to keep the prohibited areas clear. We are hardly able to believe yet that the American nation will, in deference to the noise of a few ignorant demagogues, commit itself to a policy of such contempt and insolence. We are not a very large nation, we Canadians, but because we are not so largely grown as our "too beastly prosperous" neighbors to the south, as Mr. Matthew Arnold phrases it, we have our rights just the same as if we were as numerous as "all the Russias." It is a question of national honor very largely; and the United States cannot afford to treat us with this injustice and insolence simply because she in stature, compared with us, what the man is to the boy.

It does not seem likely that his Worship, Mayor Howland, will be able to accomplish his project of curtailing the number of licensed liquor houses in Toronto. Alderman Pepler has fairly carried the Council with him in the other direction.

The hotel bills incurred during the late rebellion will alone reach between \$50,000 and \$60,000. A rebellion is a costly experience in a country.

It would almost seem as if there is some "special Providence" always operating to bring grit to the mill of our highly respected brother journalist, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. When tidings of Duck Lake came to us who could have imagined that any profit, thereby, was to come to Mr. Davin? But even so it is. Out of the general woe "bright guineas" is to come to the bard of Pile o' Bones. In this way: In a few days government will appoint a commission to proceed to the North-West to investigate and report upon losses sustained by the Hudson's Bay Company and settlers during the late rebellion. The Commissioners will be employed all next summer, and Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin will be secretary to that commission. Sir John used to tell a story in the lobbies of the House last winter

to the effect that Mr. Davin's attitude towards Mrs. Piapot, wife of the Indian Chief, was not as respectful as it should have been; that both the Chief and his wife resented it; and that, hence, more or less, the uprising. Perhaps, after all, the story is true; and that behind an Indian uprising Nicholas shrewdly saw a commission. The conduct then attributed to him by Sir John would be easily explainable.

A committee of the Toronto City Council have had under consideration a project for the establishment of a crematory here; and they have received propositions from one or two builders of incineraries. Some people seem shocked at the idea of fire in connection with the dead; but the repugnance, we believe, is due to the association of the actual burning with the idea of eternal punishment by fire. But looked at without superstitious sentimentality fire purifying, and delicate minds like Shelle would not tolerate the idea of their bodies being put into a pit to become prey for leathsome worms.

The Indian is rapidly disappearing, and the curse of his race, and his exterminator, is practically, our white civilization. We do not like to find fault, but we are constrained to agree with the *Mail* that these poor people have been most shamefully neglected in many cases, and most brutally treated in others. Once more we have to express our astonishment that Mr. Dawdney should be retained in his position with all the odium that hangs about his name; with the wreck and ruin, the sorrow and the blood that have been in no small degree laid to his door. During a speech delivered by Mr. Jackson in the North-West, that gentleman, who thoroughly understands the condition of affairs in the territories, referred to the starvation amongst the poor savages at Indian Head during the winter of 1883. From the speech we take the following passage: "Mr. Dawdney said there were so much provisions at Indian Head, I know they were there; but his fiat had gone forth not to feed them so much; that Pia-a-Pot was a bad piece of mullin; and that they must out down the rattens. And now, instead of five dying, it is a matter of my own knowledge—a matter that I can prove on oath—that instead of five dying there, ten per cent. of all the Indians on the Indian Head reserve died through starvation in six months (that is, 30 per cent. per annum); and I have it from no less high authority than a man who is as well qualified to tell the truth as Dr. Edwards or Mr. Dawdney, that Indians on that reserve placed the dead bodies round in trees until it resembled crows' nests in a rookery; and I am advised and believe that Mr. Dawdney had a private report of the true state of affairs." If this be true, and unfortunately it has the ring of truth, a grievous fault lies at the door of Government; not so much because this dreadful thing happened, as that Mr. Dawdney should be maintained in his place in the face of such deplorable, such frightful facts; should be maintained there in the teeth of aroused public indignation.

The announcement of the death of Lady Pearce Howland, which took place at her residence, Shrewsbury Lodge, Simcoe St., Toronto, on Sunday morning, will be received by all those who knew this estimable lady with profound regret. She had been dangerously ill for the past month, so that, to her friends, the event was not unexpected. Her loss to the social life of Toronto is a great one; for she had all those true and womanly qualities that can endear a woman occupying high social place, to the com-

munity. Her hospitality was dispensed always upon the most generous scale; her heart was kindly, and in her domestic as well as her social relations she was known as an ideal and a noble woman. When herself and her husband, Sir W. P. Howland, entered Government House, the office of Lieutenant Governor, under the Confederation, had only just been created; and as there was no precedent to guide in those numerous little forms of etiquette which have to be observed at Government House, the task of defining a course of procedure was difficult and required tact and judgment. Lady Howland accomplished the task with the most complete success, as those who afterwards attended Government House know. Lady Howland was the second wife of Sir W. P. Howland, she having been previously married to the late Captain Hunt; and she was the step-mother of his worship Mayor Howland. We extend our deepest sympathy to the family in their bereavement.

The vice-regal arrangements for the seasonal entertainments so far are: Lord Lansdowne will hold a drawing room in the Senate chamber next Saturday evening; a state ball at Rideau hall on Thursday, March 4, and an evening tobogganing party on Saturday, March 6.

The state of public feeling in England will be gathered from the following which we get from current cables and reproduce without apology: On Saturday last the Socialists marched from all parts of London and massed 50,000 strong in Hyde park. The leaders arrived at the reformers' tree at 3 p. m. in wagonettes. Mounted police patrolled the entrances to the park and strong reserves were held in readiness or any emergency. During the meeting 2000 roughs of threatening appearance gathered on Great Stanhope street, but they were vigorously charged and dispersed by the police. Speeches were made from three platforms. Resolutions were adopted expressing indignation at the delay of the government in commencing public works for the relief of men out of work. Burns in his address deprecated any attempt at looting or rioting. He attributed the previous rioting to the mockeries of the club men, and appealed to the audience not to take their ransoms prematurely, nor to give the police spies a chance to traduce them. Hyndman, Williams and Champion spoke in their usual strain but without using violent language although earnestly demanding a social revolution in the positions of capital and labor. When the meeting was ended the crowd moved in orderly manner to the exit at Hyde park corner. Then, without warning, bodies of mounted police made a furious rush into the crowd, especially in the vicinity of the leaders' wagonettes. Many blows were dealt and the police were hoisted. The temper of the crowd was rising, but in response to the appeals of the speakers they behaved admirably. A large section of the crowd escorted the wagonettes to Victoria street. The police continued their attempts to disperse the Socialists, and by the time Westminster was reached the crowd had been scattered and quiet prevailed in the streets. In the melee with the police several people were knocked down and slightly injured. Some stones were thrown by men in the crowd and several shop windows were broken in Westminster bridge road. It would almost seem as if modern society, industry and commerce were resting upon the crust covering a volcano. What the end will be no man can tell; but the sky looks very dark just now.

## Truth's Contributors.

## LIQUOR LAWS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

## I.

There is nothing perhaps in the current history of the United States which better deserves to be carefully studied by us than the working of their liquor laws; and there is scarcely any subject upon which it is more difficult to get thoroughly accurate and reliable information. Though the State of Maine is only separated from this country by an imaginary line, and though the Prohibitory Law has been in operation there for more than a quarter of a century, there is probably as much diversity of view among us, in respect to the effect which it has produced, to-day as at any time in the past. No one can have read the discussions which have taken place in the newspapers without being struck with the different conclusions to which different persons have come who have studied the subject with equal intelligence and attention, but with a somewhat different mental bias. Even the two accomplished journalists and "interviewers" sent by the *Globe* of this city some years ago to study this question on the spot, failed to shed any very clear and steady light upon it. The public mind in Canada, and probably throughout the civilized world, remained in about the same state, when their allotted task was finished, that it was in when their labours commenced. Through temperance men have no doubt in respect to the effective and beneficent working of the Maine Law; and that this is the conviction of a very large proportion of the people of that State is evident from the fact that they have recently incorporated it with the Constitution, and made it a part of the fundamental law of the Commonwealth. The opponents of Prohibition, with us, are, however, as far from being convinced on this point as ever.

In view of these facts, at first view, it appears to be almost hopeless to attempt to get at the truth. And I, for one, am not disposed to add a single word to what has been said and written on the subject of the working of this particular law. It may not be amiss, however, in view of the very deep interest which is taken in the matter of Temperance legislation by the people of Canada, to prosecute the investigation some what further, on a different field. Illinois and Iowa both have laws which, though different in character, are designed to accomplish the same purpose, to promote the sobriety of the people by limiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks. In the former of these States what is called the Harper Law, a high license law, is in force; in the latter, there is a Prohibitory Law, pure and simple. And thoughtful temperance men in every part of the Union are anxiously watching the effect of these laws, and comparing them in their working one with another. The *Christian Union*, for example, has sent out a series of questions to intelligent business men, ministers, judges, and other influential persons in the principal cities and towns both in Illinois and Iowa, and the answers which have been returned, and which are being published in that paper, deserve well to be carefully weighed.

One can scarcely gather from the reports from Iowa that Prohibition really prohibits in that State. In the smaller places where the Temperance sentiment is strong, the traffic in intoxicating drinks has been driven into holes and corners, and though drinking

and drunkenness among confirmed tipplers and toppers has not been diminished, good has been done by keeping the temptation out of the way of the young. In Bloomfield, for example, where there has not been a saloon for ten years, under the operation of a local option law, it is not surprising to learn that "there is very little drinking," though there is liquor "brought in in jugs," and some sold by the druggists. Cedar Falls, too, has an exceptionally good record. Less than a quarter of the liquor is now drunk that was consumed before the Prohibitory Law went into effect. Centre Junction, Clarion, and Columbus City, all small places, have a substantially similar record. Denmark, Grinnell, Hale Village, Hampton, Milton, Panorama, and Salem, all had no saloons before the Prohibitory Law came into force, and have none now. Of course, in these places there is but little drinking. Mount Pleasant has no open saloons; but has "secret rum-holes" pronounced "very bad," and though one correspondent thinks Prohibition has lessened the drinking by one half, another thinks "there is probably more drinking and drunkenness than before."

In some few places the report is decidedly favourable. In Pattersonville the saloons are reduced from two to one; and drinking and drunkenness is reduced nine-tenths. In Rockwell, another little place, Prohibition has wiped out the saloons, and there is very little drinking and drunkenness. Waverly has four saloons less; less drinking; and drunkenness and disorder almost unknown. In Stuart, the effect of the law has been to close all the saloons but two, "where liquor is sold slyly;" the character of saloons has been improved; and there is less drinking and drunkenness.

These are all small places, some of them having only a population of a very few hundreds, and the largest of them only two, three, or four thousand. I think one of them reaches the highest of these figures. The effect of the Prohibitory Law has not been nearly so good in the larger places. In Burlington, with a population of 19,450, the state of things seems to be worse, rather than better, since the law went into force. Only one of eight correspondents of the *Christian Union*, writing from this point, speaks at all favourably of its effects. The general impression seems to be that the number of saloons has been about doubled, and their character has greatly deteriorated. One writes that they "are all bad, ninety per cent. of these are very bad." Another reports "drunkenness and disorder increased; and the prohibitory law a damage to the temperance cause." Another says: "I voted for prohibition, but I am convinced that the law has done great harm to temperance in Iowa." The reports from Council Bluffs are equally unfavourable. Prohibition is represented as being "a dead letter." The number of the saloons is not lessened, neither is their character improved. Creston had four saloons before, nine now, and the character of the new ones is very low. From Davenport a correspondent writes: "Prohibition is a failure; it deprives the city of revenue, and does not prohibit, but demoralizes the respect for law." Another pronounces the law "worse than a failure." Another reports that the number of saloons has increased twenty per cent., that there is an increase in the amount of drinking; and that there is no attempt to enforce the law. Des Moines has fewer saloons than formerly, but the amount of drunkenness is about the same. Another report from this point is even less favourable than this. It summarizes the effects of the law thus: "Under the license law, 66 saloons; under prohibition 250; a full average of convictions."

The writer expresses his opinion, as the result of his observation, that "Prohibition in the large towns cannot be enforced. Dubuque had last year 124 saloons, at present it has 143; and there is fully as much drinking now as then. In Keokuk the law appears to have at first worked well. Several drinking-places were for a time closed. But, through the connivance of the Mayor, who holds the law to be unconstitutional, it has become a dead letter. "Liquor is to-day sold as openly and freely as before." One of the *Union's* Keokuk correspondents, as the result of his experience, has evidently become disgusted with the whole thing, and come to the conclusion that Prohibition, as mankind are, will breed a race of cheats, sneaks, and unmanly men," and in his desperation he concludes, "I believe I would rather see Iowa partly drunk than not free."

I give these statements respecting the working of the Prohibitory Law in Iowa just as I have found them. They are certainly not what I could have wished them to be. They reveal a state of things which every friend of temperance cannot but deplore. But nothing can be gained by the concealment of facts. It is evident that in Iowa legislation has got a little too far in advance of public sentiment, especially of the public sentiment of the large towns and cities. It is evident, too, that no law can be effective in a free democratic community which has not the educated conscience of the people at its back. If we are to have sobriety we must educate, educate, educate! The hope of success in this, as in every thing else that is good, is in the churches. Legislation has its place and its importance; but the gospel is the great means by which alone the foundation for moral reform of any kind can be securely laid.

## JOHN GRANT'S, THE SCOTCH HOUSE.

## AN OLD LANDMARK OF MONTREAL.

BY JOHN FRASER.

No. 18.

"Walk about Zion, tell the towers thereof, mark ye all her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." Such was the command to preserve and hold in everlasting remembrance the landmarks of Jerusalem. Let us attempt to follow in the footsteps of old and restore or point out from among the ruins of time and the wreck of surrounding matter the whereabouts of some notable landmarks in the city of Montreal now nearly forgotten.

John Grant's "Inn" or "Tavern"—the name "Hotel" was not known in those early days. This old house is still standing, and bears the number "47 St. Henry street." Fifty years ago this old house was a noted place. It was then the Scotch head centre of Lower Canada. There was not a Scotchman or a Scotch family then living within a radius of one hundred miles, embracing the Scotch Counties of Glengarry and Argenteuil, and the Scotch settled parts of Chateauguay, but had at one time or another slept within its walls or had partaken of its old-time hospitalities.

There was scarcely a Scotch merchant or trader in Upper Canada, half a century ago, in his semi-annual business visits to Montreal, who did not make this old house his home during his stay. Not to have known John Grant, or not to have been known to him, was ignorance which no Scotchman of that day would like to acknowledge. Those now living who knew him will never forget the kindly smile and the true Highland greeting of our old host. The old hostess, Mrs. Grant, died in the city of Montreal,

during the month of August, 1835, in her ninety-first year.

"We shall meet at Grant's," was an appointment often made by parties then living at the extremes of the Scotch Counties. This old house was well known in the Scotch Highlands, and it was a common practice in those early days for friends in Scotland having relatives living in Canada to address letters for them to "John Grant's, Montreal." Such letters never failed to reach their destination. The home or the whereabouts of nearly every Scotch Highlander or Scotch family settled in the Scotch-Canadian Counties, or serving in the Hudson Bay Company, was known at this old house.

During the troubles of 1837 and 1838, "John Grant's" was the Montreal headquarters of the two Glengarry Regiments then serving on the Phillipsburg and Napierville frontier, and also of the Lachine Brigade, and during the winter of 1838 it was the most noted military resort in Montreal. The writer recalls one night. It was, he believes, the 13th of February, 1838, during the illumination to celebrate the installation of Sir John Colborne as Governor General. About midnight, as the members of the Lachine Troop were leaving for home, an order reached Grant's for ten of the Troop to start immediately for St. John's. Within an hour they were on the ice, to cross to La Prairie, to be stationed by twos, every nine miles, to carry dispatches. The last two reached the old fort at "Isle aux Noix," the same evening by six o'clock. This was quick work, and a hard cold ride, the thermometer being below zero and the roads heavy with deep snow.

This old house was the town meeting place of the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company, whose headquarters were at Lachine, and old Sir George Simpson's gig or *caleche*, during his stay at Lachine, could be seen twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, entering the Inn yard regularly at ten, and leaving punctually at three. This was also the Montreal headquarters or meeting place of the Scotch lumberers from the Ottawa. They were noisy boys, and made things lively on their annual escape from their backwoods to civilized life. They were known in those early days as the "Grand River Roarers."

On the opposite side of the street, on the corner of St. Maurice, a noted and rising young Glengarronian (brother of the Hon. D. A. Macdonald, had his Montreal headquarters for many years in the front room in the second storey, just above the present number, "36" St. Henry street. This house was then known as "Anderson's Grocery." This was John Sandfield Macdonald's club-room or meeting place for his political friends in Lower Canada, and many a deep subject in politics was discussed in that room. Sandfield afterwards, in later years, transferred his quarters to the St. James' club, but the old room and his favorite arm chair were held sacred for him by Mrs. Anderson until his death, which she always called "Sandfield's room." Some of the older politicians of Canada will remember this room.

Time has changed everything in and around this old house. The dignity and the military bearing of the veteran officers of the Glengarry Highlanders, the dash and the swagger of the young bloods of the Lachine Troop of Cavalry, with their fierce-looking bear skin helmets, and the noisy but innocent revelries of the Scotch lumberers, fresh from their backwoods, are not now heard or seen there. Those days are gone and have passed away forever.

How changed is all around! This old house, for several years past, until very

lately, was the resort and the headquarters of horse-dealers. The Canadian trader in horses and the American buyer met there. The language in and around the old "Innyard" was changed! A frequenter of that old place of fifty years ago, were he to have stepped in there on one of those busy days during the horse-trading season, would hardly have appreciated the "horse slang phrases" that would have fallen on his ears. And should we enter this old house at the present day—now vacant and closed up—

"Its echoes and its empty tread  
Would sound like voices from the dead."

This short sketch may meet the eye of many old Scotchmen, now scattered far and wide apart, over the whole Dominion of Canada, who, perhaps, will heave a sigh while they call to mind the times of old and the days of other years when they and we were young! Let us close this by adding: Peace to the memory of John Grant! He was a good man—a good man of the old time—a true Highlander, a loyal subject, and a staunch supporter of the "Auld Kirk" of Scotland.

MONTREAL, QUE

## A CANADIAN PEN PICTURE.

BY W. H. T.

No 2.

In a western county of Ontario, some hundred and twenty miles from Toronto, lies a beautiful valley. It runs to the north-east, and from the western mountain which borders it may be obtained one of the grandest sights afforded on Canadian soil. At least so I thought when I viewed it for the first time some thirty years ago; and since then I have had opportunities of judging that my first impression was a just one.

It is not more than thirty-five years since that part of Canada was settled. Government business called me to make a tour through the backwoods one autumn, and I had been travelling along a rough forest path for hours, passing at long intervals small clearances. Late in the afternoon, as the sun was getting low, I reached the verge of a large valley, and the panorama laid out before me was one of the most beautiful I have ever witnessed. The valley was from two to three miles wide from mountain to mountain, rising in cliffs on either side, with sloping forest rising to each base. I looked down upon tree-tops, apparently level as a garden, and clothed in autumn colors more gorgeous than art will ever reproduce. Away down at the bottom of the valley ran a narrow strip of swamp, like an emerald ribbon; nothing but evergreen foliage there—pine, spruce, cedar, tamarac, balsam—yet gorgeous as a contrast to brighter colors of the hillsides. Far away, fifteen miles to the north-east, the vision wandered down this valley, and met the pale blue waters of the lake, which appeared to blend with the sky and clouds on the distant horizon. I thought then that no leveller's sight ever met the eye of a weary traveller. I saw a small break in the forest away below, and a thin, filmy wreath of smoke hovering among the tree tops. My destination was at hand, and surely it was worthy the description of Moore:

"Then I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;  
And I thought, if there's peace to be found in the world,  
A soul that is humble might look for it here."

It was not an historical scene I gazed upon; no noble deeds of valor had been recorded there, no conquering army had ever marched through its solitude. It needed not these to command the admiration of the one who

gazed. The mountains were its monuments of glory; and the heart could stand still with wonder as the shadow of the setting sun crept up the opposite side of the mountain, casting in premature gloom the deep depths below.

I passed down into the valley by a steep path, and after a half hour's walk arrived at the clearing I had observed from the mountain. It was a small patch of opening in the forest of probably four or five acres, and in it stood one of those primitive log houses so familiar to almost every Canadian. When I knocked at the door it was opened by a little girl of eight or nine summers. She bade me enter, and informed me that she was alone, "ferby Willie." Willie was two years her junior. Her father was away on business, but she expected him home shortly.

"Then is not your mother at home?" I asked. "Surely they do not leave two such wee housekeepers alone here all day!"

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, while a great sob seemed to choke her utterance, "mamma is dead! She went away one day to visit a sick woman, and never came back. She was lost in the woods, and—died. They found her last spring when the snow went away, and she is buried on that hill, under the elm tree."

I was told the whole sad story when the father returned; how they had searched night and day for two long weeks, until the snow came and forced them to desist; how they had found the remains in the spring, where the poor woman had ended her sufferings. It was an affecting story, and told with many tears. Lost and starved! Or did death come quickly through the jaws of hungry beasts? They never knew, and eternity alone will divulge the secret of that woman's sufferings.

Once more, a year ago, I stood on the verge of that same valley, and the sad facts I have related above arose vividly before me. But time had wrought his changes here as everywhere. Comfortable farm houses, fields and orchards had replaced the forest scene. Away below ran a pretty stream, meandering through meadows which once had been green swamp. Just beneath me nestled a little village. And while I was noting all this the sound of a steam whistle came floating up the vale, reminding me that it was evening, and that I must dream no longer.

TORONTO Ont.

## FLOWERS THAT BLOOM.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

If I could only have one packet of flower seed it should be the Pansy with its magnificence of color and rich velvet beauty. Some people see various faces in every pansy, but to me they resemble a young girl of piquante beauty to whom rich dress is becoming, and now and then I have seen a pansy girl. It is called *viola tricolor*, from the triple color of the flower, which derived its name from the French *pensee*, a thought, from its habit of hanging its head as if in a thoughtful attitude. The seed germinates easily sown in good garden soil, and the plants are not subject to insects of any importance, nor to disease, but require a cool and rather shaded position in the garden, as they do not stand drought, and I have known a whole bed to be lost through the intense heat of a few days in midsummer. They are readily propagated by cuttings, layers, or dividing the roots, and in some conditions the cuttings make the best plants, if broken where they snap easily and put into warm sand. Plants that are weak the first year often do their best the second spring, and the best protection

during winter is found to be leaves or evergreen branches. Some years ago a double pansy was introduced, but it was a monstrosity and possessed no beauty apart from the novelty of the flower. The first attention given to the pansy as a florist's flower was by a woman—a Miss Bennet, and in her father's garden she had a little bed where new varieties were propagated. From this small beginning the rage commenced for this beautiful flower, without which no garden is complete. A friend of mine to whom the pansy is the loveliest of flowers, has them in midwinter by keeping a small bed in a sheltered spot near the house, and keeping them covered with evergreen branches that are put on before frost destroys the blossoms and buds. During a thaw in winter, and sunny March weather, she can gather some of the flowers, a great pleasure to herself and a genuine surprise to her friends with whom she generously shares them. Faithful and true, sweet pansy; first to bloom in spring in our chilly climate, and last to leave us in the bitter autumn frost. Well worthy of careful culture is this constant flower.

CHEALTAUGAY, QUE.

## A Little Illusion Necessary.

On the danger of disillusionment after marriage, a writer says: It is human to have an idea which we are always struggling up to. As long as a wife is ideal she is beloved; when she ceases to be ideal she is either simply tolerated or despised. We seek to clothe everything with a captivating idealty. The young girl who goes forth for a husband is ideal. She hides the realities of her existence with scrupulous and innate care. She sails along in the clouds, peeps out half revealed from the mist, rises like a nymph out of the sea, sings like the nightingale afar off, arrays herself like the flowers, and is as gentle and comforting as the breath of spring. From this lofty pinnacle she coquets with all the world, which means that she conceals more than she reveals. It is this half ideal, half real sort of thing that keeps the whole race on the tiptoe of interest and excitement. It is the something in art that the artist is always trying to grasp. There was never a great picture that did not have about it the shimmer and gleam of a rich idealty. There was never a great poem that did not burn and throb with idealty. There is an ideal in architecture towards which every architect struggles. The sculptor is always trying to get away from the cold and lifeless marble to the contemplation of some spiritual intent and meaning that is above and beyond it. Even the gardener strives to find a new and prettier flower, the like of which he carries in his imagination, and the pursuit of which is one of the enjoyments of life. There is an ideal horse, to which every other horse is compared; and the actual horse is beautiful and valuable in proportion to his similarity to the one we can think of but never see. Why not live in square houses of stone, like the Egyptians did, when they had come but a little way from caverns? Why have gables and turrets and things that are not actually useful and needful? Why put up spires on churches? Why not ride in unpainted carriages, and why black our shoes? Why adorn and ornament anything, if not to please and cultivate the æsthetic sense? The æsthetic sense is the ideal sense, and æstheticism is idealty. The girl with her fans and perfumes, her sunny smiles, her sweet sayings, her fairy dress and her disposition to be happy and make everybody else happy, is the æsthetic, ideal creature of the race.

Dr. G. L. Fitch, who has been for five years in charge of Kakaako leper hospital in Honolulu, thinks that in fifteen years there will be only enough natives left to make curiosities. Liquor and leprosy are killing them off.

## The Power of Gentleness.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and goodwill to the rough ones in the household. She had power over animals also, as the following shows: The farmer was going to town next morning, and agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk said, "D'ok, go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go 'long." The whip crack-ed about the pony's ear, and he shouted: "D'ok you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand, but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and kicked the rebellious pony, but not a step would he move. At this crisis a sweet voice said, "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seeming insupportable animal and a simple low word was spoken; instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor D'ok," said the sweet voice, as she stroked and patted softly his neck with the child-like hand. "Now go 'long, you naughty fellow," in a half-hiding but in a tender voice, as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment, and started off at a cheerful trot, and there was no further trouble that day. The stranger remarked to the farmer, "What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" The reply was, "Oh, she is good! Everybody and everything loves her."

## Vanderbilt and the Preachers.

A correspondent writes that Commodore Vanderbilt did not like ministers, and never admitted one to his presence if he could help it. But after he became acquainted with Dr. C. F. Deems he liked him pretty well, on account of his off hand business like manner. He talked with him and urged him to call often. One evening the talk fell upon clerical beggars, and the two then agreed. "I've never asked you for a cent," said the Doctor. "That's so, Frank," said the admiring millionaire. "And I never shall," added the minister, "as long as I have the breath of life." The Commodore looked a little resentful. "If you have lived to your age," went on the Doctor, who really desired a church very much, "without having the sense to see what I want and the grace to give it to me, I shall never tell you; you will die without the sight." He went away, and within a fortnight the Commodore sent him \$50,000 in green backs with which to buy the meeting house which became the Church of the Strangers.

## About Shoes.

The immediate predecessors of India rubber shoes, for wear in the cities where paths were prepared during the snowy seasons, were articles technically described as "galoches." They were, in fact, leather over-shoes, save that the protection came to the sole of the foot rather than to other parts. The prototype of the shoes was the ancient "clog," which, indeed, was worn as a shoe or foot covering, instead of an extraneous protector. In later years the "paten" of England was kindred to the "galoches." There was always something natty in the appearance of this article, and the facility with which it could be donned was in its favor as well. Yet, woe to the individual who attempted the use of a new pair upon icy walks where the hard and smooth soles beguiled frequent down-falling to the uninitiated. The original vulcanized rubber shoes had a leather bottom, and it constituted an objection hard to overcome because they were so slippery. The use of bottoms came as a benison to the appreciation of this species of footwear.—[Shoe and Leather Reporter.

# THE WEDDING BELLS;

## OR, TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Miss Chester was speaking, and every word was heard clearly and distinctly. Her voice—a musical one, if somewhat metallic—rose and sounded perfectly audible in Grant Ellison's ears; and as he listened all the happiness died out of his face, which became white, and drawn, and haggard, like the countenance of a man in deadly pain.

Absorbed in the play, Clara's attention was concentrated on the stage, and she saw nothing of the anguish her companion suffered, and he was only too thankful to escape her notice, and the tender questioning it would have been so difficult to answer.

But as he leaned back in the shadow, Grant Ellison thought that all the anguish he had endured in those days of exile and privation was as nothing compared to this. Heaven only knows what bitter memories crowded upon him as he sat there!—only Heaven and his own tortured heart.

Through the long vista of years he saw himself once more as he was when he saw that beautiful face of the woman on the stage for the first time, young, careless, happy. Again he felt the mad thrill of joy which had shot through his brains when she told him that she loved him and would be his wife. Once more he lived again in a fool's paradise of which her smiles made the light. Once more he awoke from that dream of bliss to find himself discarded by his parents—shamed and disgraced by a marriage with a woman whose beauty covered a nature base, vile, debased—a woman in mind, in conduct, unworthy of an honest man's love and respect.

And then he remembered that miserable voyage to Australia, when his own misery at parting with the mother he so dearly loved, and the thought that he should never see his father again, was aggravated by the reproaches and reproaches of a disappointed woman; and once more he felt the mad thrill of anger and revenge he had felt when she had abandoned and betrayed him, and dragged his name in the foulest mud, in the basest dishonor!

As he sat, the theatre, with its crowd of animated faces, its brilliant gas-lamps, its mirth and laughter faded away from before his eyes, and in its stead he saw the Australian sheep-station, its rudely-built houses and the busy forms moving hither and thither; and he remembered in particular one night when, with half a dozen others, he had sat smoking his pipe, one of the men had taken out a letter, and was reading a stern and shipwreck described therein, and Grant was listening languidly, until his attention was suddenly roused by hearing the following sentence—it seemed to him that he heard it again now:

"The unfortunate woman who is dead turns out to be a young actress, who was married to Sir Douglas Ellison's eldest son, who, for his marriage, has been cast off by his parents."

He remembers now the sensation of passionate thankfulness which came over him as he heard the words which told him that he was free—that his wife was dead—and yet this woman—

Oh, it was impossible! It could not be! She was dead—he had seen the newspapers in which the death was announced—he had seen and spoken to the doctor who had attended her—the clergyman that had closed her eyes. He had stood beside the grave-stone in the little churchyard by the sea, and had read thereon: "In memory of Camilla, wife of Grant Ellison, Esq., aged 29."

She was dead—she was dead—and yet this woman was so strangely like her!

She had her eyes—the lovely, lustrous eyes of the woman who had died at Trelaron—it was her voice which spoke—the figure was hers—a trifle fuller, perhaps, but still matchless, graceful, superb. But it was only a chance likeness—he had heard and read of such things—of resemblances so wonderful that one person had been taken for another—had been imprisoned—had even suffered death in another's stead! This was one of those strange likenesses, of course!

He leaned forward out of the semi-light, and looked down at the stage. Miss Chester had just turned away from a small table at one side of the stage, and as she did so she looked up at the box, and their eyes met. For one moment the beautiful, lustrous dark eyes and the blue-gray ones met—the one pair full of mocking triumph, the other with a look of unutterable pain; the next, the curtain had fallen amid a storm of applause, and Clara uttered a little sigh of wondering admiration, and leaned back in her seat.

"How beautiful she is!" she said, dreamily. "I think I never saw so perfect a face! Did you, Grant?"

"Yes," he answered, unsteadily; "once." He had gone into the back of the box, and was sitting in one of the arm-chairs, leaning his head on his hand. Clara rose and went to his side, putting one little gloved hand on his arm.

"Grant, dear, what is it? I am sure you are suffering. Let us go home! How pale you are! Darling, tell me, are you ill?"

Grant lifted his head with a slight laugh. "That was a sharp twinge!" he said, lightly. "Have I frightened you, sweet heart? I am all right now. Why, pet, how white you look!"

"You frightened me a little, Grant," she said, forcing a smile. "Is it too hot for you here? Shall we go home? Never mind about the carriage; we can get a hansom."

"You foolish child, there is no necessity. I am all right now. Come and look at the house."

And he threw off the depression so successfully that Clara was completely reassured; and when in the next interval he said he would leave her for a few minutes to have a smoke, she had no misgivings. When he returned he looked very pale, and during the drive home he never loosed his close clasp of the little hand he held in his, and his good-night kiss had a passionate tenderness in it which sent Clara to bed, thinking herself the happiest and most fortunate girl in London, without even a cloudlet in her sky to prepare her for the terrible storm which was about to burst upon her.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### "MY WIFE AND I."

"Grant, old fellow, what is up with you?"

Sir Grant Ellison made no answer; he was standing in the dining-room with Ted Fetherstone, and as Ted asked the question he put his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder.

"Is anything wrong?" Ted repeated earnestly.

"What makes you think so?" said Sir Grant, curtly.

"Your face."

"Does my face show it already?" Sir Grant said, with a little bitter laugh.

"Show it! You look ten years older than you did yesterday. Surely you have seen Clara's anxiety."

Grant Ellison looked up with a start.

"Do you think the child has seen it?" he said, anxiously.

"Of course she has. She could not fail to do so."

Grant turned away despairingly, and began to pace up and down the room; then he threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Grant, old fellow, dear old fellow, what is it?" said Ted, anxiously. "Is it anything in which I can help you?"

"No one can help me," Sir Grant said, brokenly. "If I could bear it alone—but there is Clara. Great Heavens! how will she bear it?"

"What is it?" Ted repeated, anxiously, for the anguish on Sir Grant's face alarmed him seriously.

"It is this," his friend answered, huskily. "The woman I saw last night on the stage, the woman who calls herself Adelaide Chester, is my wife!"

"Grant!" Ted cried, starting back, and

staring at Sir Grant with startled, dilating eyes, "are you mad?"

"Once or twice during the last few hours I have thought that I am," the other answered, wearily, with a hoarse, bitter laugh. "No such luck, Ted. I'm as sane as you are for the present."

"Your wife!" Ted repeated, incredulously, trying to grasp the facts of the case. "Your wife?"

"Yes, Heaven help us, my wife!" Sir Grant echoed, despairingly.

"But, Grant, surely you are mistaken. Some strange likeness has deceived you," said Ted, his heart sinking within him, as he thought of the terrible sorrow in store for pretty light-hearted Clara.

"I thought so at first myself; but the wish was father to the thought," said Sir Grant, mournfully. "I have no room for doubt. As soon as I saw her, and heard her voice, I knew that it was she who sent Clara the box at the theatre, knowing that I should accompany her. Between the acts I left Clara for a few minutes, and sent a few lines by one of the attendants to Miss Chester, asking if I could see her. Almost immediately the man came back with this note—she had evidently prepared it in anticipation of my request."

He handed a little twisted note to his friend, who read these words:

"To-morrow, at my house, at four o'clock;" (and this curt epistle was signed),

"Camilla Ellison."

"There has been some terrible deception," Sir Grant said, looking up at Ted with an expression of intolerable pain in his blue eyes. "It must have been her sister, Harriet Bentley, who died at Trelaron, and, to suit her purposes, she chose that her death should be announced as Camilla Ellison's. What her object was, Heaven knows—I don't! However, I shall, probably, not be long in ignorance, as I am going to her now."

There was a silence; then Ted said, in a low tone:

"What are you going to do, Grant?"

"Do? about what?" Sir Grant asked, wearily.

"About Clara."

The look of anguish and misery deepened on Sir Grant's handsome face.

"I do not know—I cannot face her pain, Ted. The only thing that is clearly before me now is that we must part—that I must give her up, and the agony of the parting seems more than I can bear."

He turned away for a moment, covering his face with his hands; then lifting his head hurriedly, he said, hoarsely:

"I cannot face it—I cannot. My poor little darling—how will she bear it! I will leave her here to-night or to-morrow morning. I will tell my mother, and leave a letter for Clara. Good Heavens! to think that her young life should be shadowed by my folly and that woman's treachery!"

"Would it not be better to tell her?" Ted said, dubiously.

"I cannot—do not ask me. The very thought of her wretchedness maddens me."

"Where will you go?"

"Back to the old life," was the weary answer. And he continued with sudden energy, "Nothing in the world will induce me to allow that woman to take her place as my wife. She has brought shame enough on the old name; she shall bring no more."

"I understand that her conduct has been good since her appearance in London," Ted said; she has kept her reputation free from stain; the only thing against her is that men play high at her house, and do you know, Grant, that only yesterday Henry Gale was talking about her, and saying that Roseton was mad about her, and they feared he would marry her."

"She sets a high price on her beauty," Sir Grant said, with a sneer, and at the same moment the door opened, and Clara's fair, young face peeped in. A flash of terrible pain flitted over Grant's face at the sight of the unconscious, happy girl, but the next moment he had turned to her with a smile.

"Are you going out, my darling?" he said, going forward to meet her.

"Yes, we are going to make some calls, mother and I," she answered, entering the room and coming forward, a dainty figure in a costume of very dark green velvet and fur. "Are you going out, Grant?"

"Yes, dear child."

"I think the fresh air will do you good. You have been looking so pale and fagged all day," she said, a little anxiously. "I don't think London agrees with you so well

as Charnook. Ted, you will have Grace all to yourself this afternoon," she added, smiling.

Ted forced a smile in answer to hers, and the two gentlemen went out into the hall to put her and Lady Ellison into the carriage; and Grant stood watching them drive away with a world of passion and misery on his handsome, worn face.

"Now for St. John's Wood," he said, setting his teeth together for a moment, as he turned back into the house.

"Shall I go with you, old fellow?"

"There is no necessity," Sir Grant answered, with a grateful glance. "I feel like a man who is going from pure air into a foul, infected, poisoned atmosphere; but there is no need to take you into it."

He had taken his hat as he spoke, and returned to the hall-door; a servant, standing in the hall, came forward to open it, and Ted followed him out on to the steps.

"Old fellow, dear old fellow," Ted said, earnestly, with a tremor in his deep voice, "I wish I could help you."

"Thank you," Sir Grant said, huskily. "Be good to my mother—and to—to—Clara, when I am gone."

He turned from him and went down the steps, and the next minute Ted saw him hail a hansom and drive away, and he turned back into the house, with his heart heavy with the burden of Sir Grant's misery and Clara's sorrow.

Meanwhile Sir Grant had been driven rapidly to St. John's Wood, and had dismissed the cabman at the gate of Miss Chester's grounds, which were, although on a very small scale, beautifully kept and ornamental. A smart page in blue and silver, admitted him, and ushered him into a drawing-room, whose beauties were utterly wasted on Sir Grant, for he heeded none of them. A woman, in the same trouble, might have noticed the exquisite taste and coolness of the pretty room, but he saw neither.

"My mistress is expecting you, sir," said the page, placing a chair and leaving the room and Sir Grant to his sorrowful reflections.

Five minutes might have elapsed when the silken draperies across the door-way were moved aside, and Miss Chester entered and came forward, advancing into the room with a rustle of rich silk, which fell around her in heavy, lustrous folds.

Sir Grant started a little and turned, standing tall, proud, and stately until it pleased her to speak.

"You are punctual," she said, quietly, in her low, rich voice.

Sir Grant bowed slightly.

"Will you not sit down?" she said, smiling slightly, and, taking a seat at herself, she looked up at him with a half mocking, half triumphant glance. "Surely," she continued, lightly, "after such a long separation a husband and wife must have much to say to each other."

"Yes," he rejoined quietly; "we have doubtless much to say to each other, never theless I hope our interview will not be a long one."

She shrugged her shoulders, laughingly. "You hope?" she said, carelessly. "You are unlike most men, in a hurry to leave my society. My other visitors are good enough to think they cannot get enough of it!"

"I did not come here to exchange badinage," he said, sternly. "You must know that I came for an explanation."

"An explanation? Dear me. An explanation of what?"

"Of your conduct."

"Of my conduct?" she repeated, with a little mocking laugh. "How very gravely you say that; I feel quite alarmed. And what particular portion of my conduct do you wish me to explain?"

"How is that after having seen and read the particulars of your supposed death—having heard from Mr. and Mrs. Farrell that it was Camilla Ellison who died at Trelaron Rectory—having seen the grave-stone bearing your name—how is it that you are here?"

"There is nothing simpler," said the actress, carelessly. "It was Harriet who died, Camilla who lived."

"But why—why—"

"Why did I cause Camilla's death to be announced? That is equally simple. I was rather tired of being legally tied to a man who could not keep a wife, and the opportunity was too good to be lost. I felt that if I were once free, a better future might be in store for me. I knew my husband's love was not so great that his heart would be broken by my decease, and the good people at



Trelaron were too unscrupulous not to be easily taken in. The facts briefly are these: Harriet and myself were the only two saved from the shipwreck, and she was so seriously injured that the doctor at Trelaron—rather a gruff, original individual, by the way—gave no hope of her recovery, and stated from the first that in all likelihood she would die without ever having regained consciousness. I was in the same room with her, and once when we were alone I managed to slip my wedding-ring on her finger, and I told Mrs. Farrell that she was Camilla Ellison. I knew quite well that if, by a miracle she recovered, I could easily induce her to keep up the deception for a time; while if she died, I was free. She died, and was buried under my name. The announcement deceived the person chiefly concerned—yourself—and it answered my purpose well, for Adelaide Chester is a far happier and more successful personage than Camilla Ellison would have been!

She laughed lightly as she concluded, having spoken throughout without a change of voice or countenance, and without a touch of feeling.

"It is a creditable history," Sir Grant said, bitterly. "May I ask why it has pleased you now to unravel the mystery and to make yourself known to me?"

"I have several good reasons," she answered with a laugh. "You shall choose among them which you prefer. Perhaps I was actuated by a wish to prevent your rendering yourself liable to an action for bigamy," she continued, slowly, looking at him fully, with a strange, questioning, and yet mocking expression in her dark eyes. "Perhaps I may have got tired of my present existence, pleasant as it is, undoubtedly; I may have thought a change of respectability and a title would be agreeable for a time. It is no use jumping up and saying never," she added, with a slight laugh. "That was not my reason. I have not the slightest wish to be known as Lady Ellison."

She was silent for a minute or two, then she went on quietly.

"That girl you were with last night is the young lady who was to have the honor of being my successor, I think," she said.

"Leave her out of this discussion," Sir Grant said, pale with anger and pain.

"Is that possible? I am afraid not. I am sorry, therefore, that you do not think me worthy to mention her name."

"What has she to do with it?" he said, passionately. "Poor child, she has never sinned against you; at least you may spare her."

"Never sinned against me," she echoed, laughing. "I am not so sure of that. Has she not stolen my husband's love and aspired to my rightful place?"

"That is all over now," Sir Grant said, hastily, "and—"

But she interrupted him quickly. "Why should it be all over?" she said, quietly, and Sir Grant was so much surprised at her question, and the strange meaning of her manner, that he could not reply.

"I see no necessity for it to be all over," she said, in the same quiet manner. "And when I have said my say, you will not see any either. You love her devotedly, I suppose?" she continued, with a slight sneer.

Sir Grant made no reply, but there was none needed; the sudden love-light which came into the weary, troubled eyes was sufficient.

Miss Chester laughed again. "You need not speak—I see you do. Well, she's pretty enough, and fresh, and innocent, of course—just the sort of woman to take your fancy after your first experience," she said, lightly. "Besides, it is a most suitable match; for if you have got the title, I am told that my estimable beau-pere—what an obstinate old mule he must have been!—left her the estates. Now listen!" she continued, raising her hand for a moment to impose silence. "I have a proposition to make to you, and if you agree to it, everything can be most satisfactorily arranged."

"You and I have the misfortune to be tied to each other," Miss Chester said, after a momentary silence, during which she had apparently been considering things deeply; "but we need not make the bondage more intolerable than it is. It can't be undone now, for you won't—I remember that of old—hear of your name passing through that convenient institution called the Divorce Court. But as there is no love lost between us, as neither you nor I have any chance of conjugal felicity, if we could

shake up our minds to live under the same roof—oh! don't be alarmed! I have not an idea of suggesting such a thing—we had better think of some arrangement by which all parties—you and I, and that pretty little fiancee of yours—can be satisfied.

"There is no use in declaring war," she continued, carelessly. "We had better be neutral, and make the best of things. No one but yourself could identify Adelaide Chester with Camilla Ellison, so that there is no use in publishing the fact that they are one and the same person. What I propose is this. Leave Camilla quietly in her grave; so there will be no danger of discovery if we ignore the past entirely, and think only of the future. My proposal is this," she continued, leaning forward a little eagerly, "You shall be free to marry your brown-eyed Clara, if I, on my side, be free to marry whom I will."

Sir Grant looked at her fixedly for a moment, but said nothing. Then, as he understood clearly her meaning, a flush rose on his pale face and he turned haughtily away. She mistook the movement, and went on eagerly:

"You love this girl," she said "and even if you did not love her, it is in your interest to marry her. I, too, am anxious to marry, and Prince Schwaroff, the Russian millionaire, has made me repeated offers. If I wed him, I leave this country for ever, for we should pass all our time between St. Petersburg, Paris, and the prince's estates in the south, therefore there would be no chance of our meeting in society."

"Are you serious?" said Sir Grant, at last. "Do you really expect me to listen to this monstrous proposal?"

"Monstrous!" she said, rising in extreme astonishment. "I see nothing monstrous in it! Pray what had you intended to do when you came here to-day?"

"I had intended to accept the hard fate my own folly had brought upon me," he said, bitterly. "I had not intended to degrade myself by listening to such a proposal as that."

Her eyes flashed fire, and a passionate retort rose to her lips, but she checked it.

"But," she said, gently, in a moment, "if you could bear your hard fate alone I should hesitate to suggest anything; but your fate is inseparably joined to hers—to the fate of this young girl who loves you. Have you a right to inflict a lifelong misery upon her?"

Sir Grant paled to his lips, and as he turned from her, the misery on his face made her hope that, for Clara's sake, he would listen to her at last.

"Think," she said, earnestly. "Think how she would suffer. She loves you, the poor child; she loves you with all her heart and soul and strength, and it will kill her to know that she can never be your wife. Have you a right, having won her love, to cast it back upon herself, to lay such suffering upon her, and for what! For a foolish scruple. If the law had divorced us, you would not have hesitated. What is the difference? Think," she went on speaking, in low, impressive tones, as she saw how deeply her words moved him. "Think of the dreary life which is before her, separated from you—for friendship between you now is impossible. Think of her misery! Ah, if you love her—if you love her you will yield. It is but little—only silence on one point that I ask of you, and it is for your own sake, not for mine. It is out of pity for the misery I have been instrumental in bringing on that poor girl which makes me urge you."

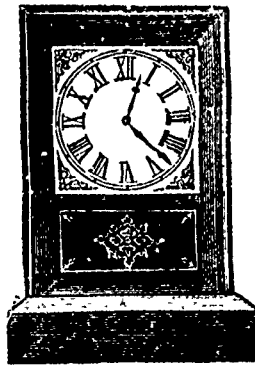
"Cease, for Heaven's sake!" he said, passionately. "Let me think—let me consider."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Sudden Calls."

A Washington correspondent tells of a death there recently which is sensational in its details. A young doctor, handsome, strong, and of great promise, was called to attend a lady in a carriage at his door. Receiving no answer to his greeting to the patient, he thought she had fainted. He stepped into her coupe and found her already a corpse. He drove by the side of the dead woman to her house and thence to the hospital, where he was expected to participate in a meeting of the managers. Apologizing for his lateness, he related his ghastly experience. Then remarking, "I feel faint," he fell, struck dead by paralysis.

The one answer to all criticism, the best test of all work is—result.



A LESSON FROM THE CLOCK.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Tick, tick; tick, tick,  
Time flies so quick,  
With ever ceaseless motion;  
Our moments pass  
Like sands in glass,  
Or wavelets of the ocean.

So moments go,  
For weal or wo,  
And none returneth ever;  
How mindful we  
Should ever be  
To spend with wise endeavor.

The life of man  
Is but a span,  
Short, transient, and fleeting;  
With here and there  
A joy or care,  
A parting or a meeting.  
Then let each hour,  
Like beautiful flower,  
Some fragrance send to heaven;  
To God above,  
In grateful love,  
Let random powers be given.

Too Frank

The Rev. Mark Pattison, who died a few months ago, and who was a typical Englishman and scholar, was once appealed to by a volatile American girl, as to whether he thought she could write a book. "I had to disappoint her, poor thing!" he writes. "I told her she was the most ignorant woman I had ever met."

Another young woman who had written some clever essays was astonished by his unasked criticism to the effect that she "considered her conversation extremely feeble." While he was dying he comforted his weeping wife with the remark,—

"Oh yes, my dear! No doubt! no doubt! But you'll soon marry again. I've arranged that you shall be comfortable until you do."

The lady soon, by the way, fulfilled his prophecy.

The terrible frankness is the trait which most widely separates the Englishman from his American cousin. The American is more sensitive and quick in sympathy. He is, too, taught consideration for his neighbors from his cradle, and however candid he may be, learns to keep silent concerning unpleasant truths affecting himself or others. But if the English boy finds a hole in his poorer schoolmate's shoes, he will harry him incessantly with chaff about it.

A noted English author, while travelling through this country, appeared at a large dinner given in his honor in a flannel shirt and business suit. Glancing round the table, he muttered,—

"Ah, evening dress! The custom at home. Quite so! quite so! But I did not know that you dressed like gentlemen here."

Canon Kingsley while in this country stunned the chairman of a literary club, who was welcoming him to a reception in somewhat florid terms, by staring at him and curtly saying, "I consider your remark in very bad taste." Then, turning his back on him, he walked away.

Truth requires that we should keep our own hearts pure and upright, and our words honest; but it does not send us to drag the covering from off our neighbor's weakness or to jeer at the mole on his face.

A Woman Kills a Panther.

Mr. George Greenleaf, accompanied by his wife, was returning home from Clayton, in the mountains of Georgia, one night. It was about nine o'clock and, as is the custom of the country, they both walked up of one the hills while the mules and wagon ascended, their little boy being the driver. Suddenly a rustle was heard in the bushes, and peering in the darkness could be seen what looked like two balls of fire. It proved to be a large panther. As if by instinct Greenleaf opened his knife, and as the beast sprang at him he made a plunge, only to drive the knife into his wife's arm, she having thrown herself upon him at the sight of danger. He dropped the knife and fell under the second spring of the panther. The beast, evidently maddened at the scent of blood, was about to insert its teeth into Mr. Greenleaf, when his wife, who had picked up the knife, acting under the inspiration of desperation, made a clean cut at the beast's throat. The panther gave a pitiful cry, rolled over, and died. The cry reached the ears of some hunters near by and soon a number of them were on the spot, to find that a woman had accomplished what they had been six weeks trying to do.

A little boy said he would rather have the ear-ache than the tooth-ache, because he wasn't compelled to have his ear pulled out.



Clerk: WHAT DO YOU WISH, LITTLE GIRL?  
L. G.: I WANT TO KNOW HOW MUCH YOUR BEST PILLS ARE. YOUR BEST PILLS!

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

# THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL,

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

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

## CHAPTER XII.

### OUR PLEASANT SINS.

Three days passed away and Alan received no answer to his two letters. In the meanwhile, he did his best to amuse Jim, who suddenly developed a taste for field sports, with which, of course, hitherto he had been quite unacquainted. Pheasant shooting was at its height, and Jim kept blazing away all day at the splendid birds in their gold and brown, to the extreme anxiety of Alan and the keepers.

At last the head keeper, an old hand, spoke to Alan on the subject.

"I think, Sir Alan," he said (they still always called him Sir Alan about the place) "that the young gentleman will be blown en some of our heads off, if we don't look sharp."

Upon this, Alan advised him to go out alone with Fox, the head keeper, who would give him proper instructions, and accordingly Jim was out betimes every morning, returning to lunch with a splendid bag, which the wary keeper allowed him to suppose he had filled.

"May I send a brace to the old woman, gran'ma?" he asked of Lady Lester, alluding to his own mother.

"My dear boy, they are your own," she answered, smiling.

"Well, I shot 'em, at any rate," boasted Jim, and the discreet butler who was waiting at table, smiled inwardly, as Fox had made no secret in the servants' hall that "the young gentleman hadn't brought down a single bird."

Still his good temper, his high spirits, his boyish laugh, and his open hand, had already made Jim Lester a favorite with the servants at Roden. His shyness was all gone now, and he was quite at home, and to "gran'ma," as he persisted in calling Lady Lester.

"My poor old mother," he told her, "taught me to call her 'mamma,' when I was a little 'un, and I've only got into the way lately of calling her mother, and I like the word gran'ma—it's pretty—it suits a pretty lady like you."

"You must not flatter me, Jim," said Lady Lester with her sad sweet smile.

"Oh, but you are pretty," said the lad; and Lady Lester, uncle Alan told me all about that awful upset, and how you were tall and strong and beautiful till then. It was awful for uncle Alan, he told me it turned him into an old man."

"I think it nearly broke my boy's heart," said Lady Lester softly.

Alan came into the room at this moment, and interrupted the conversation, and went up and laid his hand on his mother's shoulder.

"You two seem to be getting great friends," he said smilingly, looking down on Sir Jim, who was sitting as usual on his favourite cane chair.

"I like talking to gran'ma," said Jim, "it makes me feel—well, I can't express it—as if I were near something rare."

"Jim is certainly learning to be a most outrageous flatterer, among his other accomplishments," remarked Alan.

The lad got up with a smile and a blush, and bent down and kissed Lady Lester's hand.

"I could not flatter her," he said, and Lady Lester laughed, and laid her hand caressingly on his bright brown hair.

"It does no harm to flatter an old woman, Jim," she said, "but be careful how you flatter young ones."

"That's quite right," answered Jim, with a half comic, half-guilty look in his laughing blue eyes. "Oh, those young 'uns, they get us into nothing but trouble."

Jim was, indeed, suffering at this moment from the consequences of some soft words. The morning's post had brought him a most tender, ardent letter from Laura Davis.

She was "weary of waiting to see him again," she wrote. "Oh, Jim, come back to me; come back to me!"

The faithless Jim had no intention of going back to her on the terms she meant. He had been a little tired of this passionate, eager girl before he came to Roden, and at Roden he had got very tired. A shy, fair, girlish face had taken the place in his heart, or his imagination, of this dark-eyed syren, who met his love, to say the least, half-way, and who was determined to hold him to his word. In some weak moment Jim had promised to marry her, and he was now considering how he could best "back out" of this. He had made up his mind to do so the moment that he had discovered her mother's true name. Jim's morality and wishes accorded on this point. "I can't marry a girl whose mother was no better than she should be," decided the virtuous Jim, after he had seen fair Lily Doyne; but he felt he had a "tough business," as he called it, before him to escape from the toils of Laura Davis.

He thought more than once of confiding his troubles to "uncle Alan," but on consideration did not do so, lest if Alan were to marry Annette that his story might reach Lily, and prejudice her against him. So he temporized, as many a foolish man has done before him. He wrote a guarded letter to Laura; he admitted in his inmost heart that he was afraid to tell her the truth.

And while Jim was thinking of his two loves, Alan Lester was beginning to think very anxiously of his only one. Three days had passed since he wrote to Mrs. Doyne and Annette, and he had received no answer, but on the morning of the fourth day, while he and Jim were having breakfast alone, the post-bag was brought in, and there were two letters for Alan, one bearing the Scottish postmark.

He opened Mrs. Doyne's first, and read it, after a word of apology to Jim. I shall let it tell its own story; we will read the words that almost broke Alan Lester's heart.

"Dear Mr. Lester,—

"I received your letter, which is most creditable to your feelings, and I am glad your affairs are turning out better than you supposed they would. But I cannot for a moment entertain the idea of allowing your engagement to Annette to be renewed. It is indeed quite out of the question, and to tell you the truth the income you name would not satisfy my ambition for my dear girl. And even if this were so, I think it kinder to tell you that Annette has now accepted the proposal made to her after a very short acquaintance, of our young host here, and will shortly be married to him.

"This alliance is most gratifying to me in every respect. Sir Rupert Miles is immensely rich, is quite young, and has a splendid property here, and as you know has extensive estates in Midlandshire, and valuable coal mines in the north. He has also a town's house in Grosvenor-square, and the family diamonds are superb. All these will belong to my dear child, and I cannot but feel great pride and happiness in her splendid prospects. I regret, however, that this event may cause some disappointment to you, but we cannot help these things. And I remain, with kind regards to Lady Lester and yourself,

"Yours sincerely,

"L. DOYNE."

Alan read and re-read this letter without a word. His face twitched a little, and he grew very pale, but Jim, who among other youthful propensities was blessed with a prodigious appetite, never looked up from his cold grouse until he wanted a fresh supply of tea, and then he did glance at Alan.

"Can I have another cup?" he said. "Why Uncle Alan, you have let your bacon get cold!"

"Have I?" said Alan quietly, and then he

tried to swallow something and drank some tea, all the while that Jim ate and prattled on.

"You'll come out this morning and have a shy at the pheasants, won't you Uncle," he said, "as it is my last day!"

"Very well, Jim," answered Alan, "I'll be down directly." And he rose and left the room, going to his own, and when he reached it he looked the door and walked staggering forward like a man who has received his death shot.

He sat down and tried to think, turning numb and cold in his bitter pain. Good God! Was this to be? There was a dark curse handed down from generation to generation as well as their wealth, hanging over the family of Sir Rupert Miles. Alan knew this well, and probably Mrs. Doyne knew it. They were a mad family. It had broken out again and again, and the last baronet had died in an asylum, and this taint of blood had descended to the young heir as well as the coal mines and the diamonds.

It was horrible, too horrible, Alan thought, this mother selling her child to almost certain misery. Yet what could he do? He had no right to forbid the banes or snap the golden chains that perhaps his Annette was quite ready to wear. His Annette! A ghastly laugh broke from Alan's pallid lips, and echoed through the empty room.

Then came a thundering rap at the door. "Uncle Alan! Uncle Alan, are you ready?" cried Jim from without.

"In a minute, Jim, I will come to you directly," answered Alan, and he did go; shooting that morning with his usual steady aim, and wishing all the while that the gun would burst in his hands and still for ever the fierce pain that rent his heart.

And all day he bore it, and made no sign. Jim Lester was to leave Roden the next morning, and Alan could not bear that the careless boy should know anything of the dumb agony that he was enduring, made perhaps more bitter by Jim's idle talk of Lily and Annette.

"When you marry Miss Annette, won't I have a shot at Miss Lily," quoth Jim, quite unconscious of the pain he was giving. "You will ask me to be your best man, won't you, Uncle Alan?"

This happened to be one of the days when Lady Lester hid her face away from her son. She never allowed him to see her when the sufferings she so nobly endured were great enough to mar her serene expression with their cruel pangs. Thus Alan was able to keep his bitter secret even from his mother's fond eyes, and young Jim was quite content if he had anyone to listen to him, and plenty of alarct.

Presently he fell asleep in his easy chair, for he had seen out all day, and Alan sat looking at his boyish face, and envying him his light and careless heart. Yet Jim had his own troubles before him, of which he was quite aware. But his nature was buoyant—there was nothing intense about Jim. He was up early the next morning to catch the south train, and Alan came down to have breakfast with him. While he was eating his breakfast with his usual appetite, his eyes happened to fall on his uncle's head, and Jim at once called out:—

"Why! Uncle Alan, I never knew you were turning grey before."

"Am I?" answered Alan, a little bitterly. "Well, it's no matter."

Nothing seemed any matter to him then. All the night he had wandered up and down his room asking himself what he should do. Annette was but a girl, naturally swayed by her mother, and Annette probably knew nothing of that hereditary shadow that time after time mysteriously appeared, and turned to dust and ashes the wealth and honors of the race of Rupert Miles.

But the next morning something happened that decided Alan's course of action. The early post brought him a few lines from Annette, and no sooner had he read them than he determined to go at once to Scotland and try to save her from a fate which he knew might be too horrible even to think of.

Jim was ordering his pheasants to be packed, and looking after his guns, when the post-bag was brought in, and Alan had a few minutes alone to read Annette's brief words, and decide what he should do.

"Dear Alan" (she had written), "I must write a few lines to you—I must say goodbye to you, and tell you how unhappy I am when I think of you—when I remember the dear days that now can come no more. Mother has told you, has she not, that I am going to marry Sir Rupert Miles? It seems

all like a dream to me, but as you and I cannot marry for want of that horrid money that makes all the misery of the world, I have just let mother have her own way. But I will never forget you, dear Alan, and will always remain your friend.

"ANNETTE."

Alan read these words twice, and then went upstairs and asked to see his mother. But Lady Lester was not well enough to let her son look on her face, and Alan therefore wrote to her to tell her that he was going into Scotland for two days, and that he earnestly hoped her neuralgia would be better before his return.

This was the tender fable that Lady Lester invented to spare the feelings of her beloved son. She had neuralgia when her limbs were racked with pain, and Alan never guessed that she was deceiving him. It was his one consolation that she did not suffer from the terrible injuries he had so unfortunately caused her.

In another half-hour the uncle and nephew had started for the railway station, and for the present let us leave Alan on his anxious journey, and go with young Jim, who duly presented himself the next day at the "Barleigh Arms," for he had stayed one night on his way in town.

The familiar place seemed quite changed to him somehow as he entered that humble bar. Faugh! What a smell there was of beer and spirits, and the rough men who stood there drinking turned round and grinned and nodded at Jim, who had had keepers and superior servants cap-in-hand to him for the last two weeks.

Then his game hamper was carried in and his basket of grapes for his mother, and the rough men grinned more and more. Jim felt he was swaggering, and hated it all, and was even ashamed of the stout, homely mother, who took him to her capacious bosom in public, and kissed him and bade him welcome back home again.

"You'll have found no place like it, Jim," she said in her simplicity; and Jim had the grace not to tell her how dark, dingy, and dreadful the whole place seemed to him now.

He went up the narrow stairs to his own little room, and it had dwindled in his absence too; and he stared at the low ceiling and gaudily papered walls, and could scarcely believe they had not been altered when he had been away. Then he suddenly burst into a fit of laughter. It was not the poor old house, but himself that had changed! He had lived another life; the old vulgar, hateful one was over. He could never go back to it, Jim thought, and smiled; but the next moment his eyes fell on a letter directed to himself, placed in a conspicuous position on the mantel-piece, and as he stretched out his hand to take it he frowned.

It was from Laura Davis.

"I hear you are coming home to-day, darling," read Jim; "come to me at once when you get this—come, my dearest, dearest Jim."

"Oh, bother her! cried the ungrateful Jim; yet before the evening was over he actually went. It was so dull at home, and everything about the place worried and annoyed him. He did not mean to be different to his old acquaintances, yet he felt that he was so.

"Ah, Captain Dow is that you?" he said with a would-be affable air, but the old sea-captain answered him with a growl.

"Did ye think it was any one else?" said Daniel, looking at Jim with his blood-shot sullen eyes. He had seen Jim come swaggering into the bar, with his town-made clothes, his guns, and his game bags—the boy he had given many a cuff and a penny to—and he hated him with all his narrow heart.

Even the simple mother increased Daniel's wrath.

"Well, Jim is come out," she said with a gratified glance at her son; he looks quite the gentleman, Captain Dow; he's took to it uncommon quick."

"He's a conceited young jackanape," growled the Captain.

"It's only natural he should be a little uppish," said the mother, proudly; "and as I always say, his heart is in the right place, wherever his head is."

But whatever they thought or said about him, Jim found the parlour at the "Barleigh Arms" very dull. And presently he lit a cigar and strolled out to Davis' billiard-rooms, and before he was well upstairs his Laura was in his arms.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" she

cried, her dark eyes moist with tears of joy. She took his hand and led him into the shabby little room, and made him sit down on the shabby little couch, and laid her head upon his breast. She really loved him. It was no acting, this deep passion, for she felt if she lost Jim her life would be worthless to her.

"I would die for him, mother," she had told the anxious woman who had dared to whisper a word of maternal warning in her ear.

But Laura would not listen. "He has promised to marry me," she said, and Jim, sitting by her side, felt he would have been very much safer in the dull parlour of the "Burlleigh Arms."

She made him tell her about Reden, whispering, "Oh, Jim, I shall love it so;" and Jim felt he was making a fool of himself, yet what could he do? And presently Adrian Davis came in, and flattered him, and rolled his yellow eyes at him, and asked him to honour their "amble board" that evening at a little supper, which had already been provided for by Jim's lavish hand, as he had sent on the haunch of venison and a brace of pheasants to Adrian shortly after his arrival at Plymouth.

It pleased him indeed to be generous and kindly, and to give away freely of the good things that had so unexpectedly come to him. But Jim forgot he was raising hopes he never meant to gratify, and that just for the pleasure of the moment he was playing with very dangerous fire.

At last they persuaded him to stay, for the venison and the pheasants were already at the pastry-cook's, and Laura and her step-father would take no refusal. And Jim, always anxious to be grand and gracious, sent out and ordered in a case of champagne, and they made merry together, and Adrian forgot his digestion, and Jim his dead father. Mrs. Davis did not appear; she was ill, Laura said, and therefore her remarkable presence—the beauty dimmed, yet so striking, of a woman around whose past hung such gloom and tragedy—was not there to remind him of Lady Lester's words.

And so Jim laughed and boasted, and looked in Laura's dark eyes and forgot all his good resolutions, and how he meant to "back out" of an entanglement so completely unsuitable.

She was very handsome in a stormy passionate style of beauty, and her eyes were almost as bright as the diamonds glittering on her shapely throat, the diamonds Jim had given her. But as he walked home that night he wished he had never seen her, and that he could find some means of escape from this bitter folly.

It was starlight, and as Jim looked upwards he remembered two faces, and they made the scene he had just left coarse and hateful to him. They were the faces of his good angels, he thought—one the serene and lofty beauty of Lady Lester; the other the fair young girl he had called his wood-nymph.

CHAPTER XIII.—BUNTING.

As Jim Lester was slipping back to his old follies, Alan Lester was passing through one of those sharp experiences of life which always leave their mark, for though the wound may heal, the scar remains.

We need not follow him all through his dreary journey into Scotland. Miserable anxiety was his grim companion, and he felt that he would be a most unwelcome visitor when he reached his destination. Who would thank him for going to remind them of the gloomy spectre that might be stalking by the expectant bridegroom's side—his heritage, as well as the broad lands!

That Mrs. Dayne would be most indignant at his interference he felt sure; but would Annette? He asked himself this question again and again, and could find no answer. He believed that she had loved him, and yet Alan knew with how poor a love! She had let the cold blast of poverty blow between them, and had yielded almost without a struggle to her mother's counsel. She was going to marry Sir Rupert Miles because he was rich, just as she was going to marry Alan when he was rich. He did not deceive himself. Sitting gloomily, looking out on the mist, for the land lay hidden in white vapour as he was carried through it—Alan Lester told himself the truth. This sweet love of his was not worthy of the great love he had given her. And yet he could not thrust it away. For good or evil he had taken Annette to his heart, and to divorce her from it was beyond his strength. As ill luck would have it, in one of the

mountain passes in the Western Highlands, the train broke down. Some rooks and rubble had rolled down the cutting made for the railway line, and this had to be removed before the train could proceed. This delayed Alan's journey, and he did not reach the neighbourhood of Carron Castle until about three o'clock on the following afternoon. There was a private station on Sir Rupert Miles' property, and as Alan got out at it, he noticed that the whole of the place was gay with flags and bunting.

He asked the stationmaster, who took his ticket, the cause, and the young man gave a little laugh as he answered:

"We've had a wedding up at the Castle this morning, sir," he said.

"A wedding?" repeated Alan sharply.

"Yes, sir, and if you wait a few minutes, you'll see the bride and bridegroom, for they are to catch the down train," and he looked at his watch.

"Who—are they?" faltered Alan.

"Oh, the young laird, Sir Rupert, and a south country lassie—it's been a short courtship they say—she's been here about a fortnight or more, but anyhow he's married her. They were married this morning, and there's grand doings up at the Castle. If you'll come into the station you'll see the green arches she's to pass through on her way along the road here. But perhaps you're going on to the Castle yourself, sir?"

"No," said Alan; a cold faintness had crept over him; a physical weakness, and the stationmaster noticed the extreme pallor of his face.

"Are you not well, sir?" he asked.

"It will pass away in a minute," said Alan slowly. "I will go into the station and sit down."

He went, and the stationmaster brought him some whisky and Alan drank it, and sat there trying to realise what had happened. He had had his journey in vain. Annette was now the wife of Sir Rupert Miles, and so he might as well go home again—or—er—and for a moment there flashed a terrible thought across his brain.

But the next instant he had flung back the temptation.

"Am I such a coward," he thought, "that I cannot bear the pain?"

But it was bitter, bitter pain. To marry thus—in haste, almost in secret—when but the other day she seemed so fond! Alan remembered that last meeting in the park, when the warm, trembling, loving girl nestled in his arms. He had kissed her dewy eyes, and felt her soft round cheek, against his. And now—

Alan started to his feet and looked out of the window of the little station to distract his mind. He could see the battlements of Carron Castle from where he stood. It was a magnificent place. Standing in its amphitheatre of lofty hills and wood, this stately grey stone edifice, with its turrets and towers, loomed through the misty air. But now, on Alan's ears there fell, first indistinct, and then more clear, the sound of cheerin.

"They're coming now, sir," said the stationmaster from behind him; "the train's due in seven minutes."

Alan pulled his hat further over his brow, and stood there waiting. The bride was coming, and people came running along the road in front of the station, cheering and hurrahing. A little crowd seemed suddenly to appear. From the mud-built hovels on the hill-sides, from the cottages of the workmen on the property, emerged smoke-dried old women, rosy young ones, and sturdy men. They ran by the side of a carriage drawn by two handsome greys, and hurrahed when they were lucky enough to catch some of the silver that was being flung with a lavish hand from the carriage window.

It seemed like some dream to Alan, watching this carriage come nearer and nearer, and hearing those shouts of joy. The scene had a weird fascination for his eyes. He could not have turned away. The horses came prancing along the road, the little crowd ran merrily on. Then the carriage drew up before the station, and Alan shrank back, but he was close to Annette once more, close to the girl who had promised him her love.

A tall young man got out of the carriage, and Alan could hear his voice. This was Sir Rupert Miles. For a moment Alan thought him handsome, a lithe, strong, tall form, crisp chestnut brown hair and moustache, and fairly good features. Then Alan noticed his eyes; light, steely blue eyes, with a strange expression in them, and he

heard him speak almost harshly to his bride of an hour.

"Don't get out till the train comes up," he said, "I can't bear these fellows staring at you; why have you not on a veil?"

"What nonsense, Rupert," answered the finely toned voice that Alan knew so well. "Veil, indeed! I don't like a veil—why shouldn't they look at me?" And Annette's smiling, charming face was put out of the carriage window and, a moment later, her light slender figure was on the ground.

With a quick, annoyed air of proprietorship and anger Sir Rupert now offered her his arm.

"Take my arm, then," he said, "but mind, this won't do—you must go my way now, and I won't have you stared at."

He hurried her into the station, and they brushed close passed Alan that Annette's green velvet gown touched him as she went by. But she never saw him. A frightened look had stolen for a moment over her face. Sir Rupert's manner was certainly not reassuring to a bride on her wedding day.

They passed out on the platform and, by his orders, the station doors were closed, only their own servants being allowed to go through.

There was a window on each side of the station house, so Alan could still see Annette; could still see the tall, restless bridegroom, and hear his hard and dictatorial voice.

Then the train came up, and Sir Rupert handed Annette into the saloon carriage that had been reserved for them, and three minutes later the whole scene had vanished away. In this little station-house among the hills Alan found himself staring blankly at the spot where Annette had lately stood. Had she been there? Was she gone? He put his hand over his eyes; he remembered at this moment seeing them lift his mother's crushed form from the roadway, and the same horror that had struck him then seemed to fall upon him now. Life seemed all night to him—the blackest, darkest night—yet blind, stumbling, falling, he must still go on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

We would like to see a more general interest manifested in this department. We receive each week a large number of answers, but they are nearly always from the same parties. We do not wish the benefits which will accrue to those who solve the enigmas to be confined to a few. Let all, both old and young, do their best towards answering

No. VI.

Double Acrostic.

Two bodies of men opposed Christ and one another.

1. That which the apostles were not to take with them.
2. The king of Gerar.
3. Felix's wife.
4. A town left undisturbed by Manasseh.
5. The father of Bezaleel.
6. The governor of Syria at the time of Christ's birth.
7. The daughter of Lois.
8. The first witness of a miraculous power of speech.
9. One whose household Paul baptized.

ANSWER TO No. III.

The following is the answer to Enigma No. 3:—

NATHANAEL—ISRAELITE.

John i. 47; Rev. xiv. 1-6.

- |  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. N aom i . . . . .                         | Ruth i. 20; iv. 17.    |
| 2. A s s . . . . .                           | Prov. xxvi. 3.         |
| 3. T i g l i a t h - p i l e s e r . . . . . | 2 Kings xvi. 7. 8.     |
| 4. H o s e a . . . . .                       | 2 Kings xvii. 4.       |
| 5. A p p e a r a n c e . . . . .             | 1 Sam. xvi. 7.         |
| 6. N a f i . . . . .                         | Judges v. 26; iv. 21.  |
| 7. A i . . . . .                             | Joshua vii. 5, 11, 12. |
| 8. E g y p t . . . . .                       | Gen. xii. 54, 56.      |
| 9. L a n g u a g e . . . . .                 | Gen. xi. 1, 9.         |

The prize for the above is awarded to Mrs. George Whyte, Manilla, Ont. The book will be forwarded on the receipt of 12 cents for postage.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character. Husbands should show this to their wives.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The opening by Queen Victoria of the eleventh Parliament of her reign is a circumstance parallel to which cannot be found since the time of Henry VI.

No wonder that the bailiffs lately refused to serve 500 ejectment notices on Lord Carbery's estate in Cork, seeing that some of their brethren have actually been made to eat such notices.

Bull fighting for the expert must be very profitable. The chief espada of Madrid, Lartijo, is employed during the summer season for \$60,000 and last winter in the provinces he made \$10,000. He killed 345 bulls without a single accident to himself.

A high mass was celebrated on Christmas Eve in the chapel "Maria of the Black Lake," at the foot of the Matterhorn, fully 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is rarely that at this season of the year even the most intrepid chamolus hunter ventures to ascend so high.

An inquest on Sir Hew Pollok, Bart., last month brought to light that he died from intemperance, and since then the son of a well-known Duke has died suddenly from a similar cause; yet hard drinking is uncommon among the higher classes in England.

The King of Spain, for a couple of years before his death, is said to have kept a large insurance on his life of a conditional sort; the sum not to be paid if the sovereign died as King of Spain, and in any other than a violent or accidental way.

There is no diminution in musical product of Germany, 5,473 distinct pieces having been published in that country last year. Among the new opera composers who have taken high rank is Robert Schwalbe, who is said to have caught something of the spirit of Wagner.

M. Gambetta deserved, at least, a grave-stone; but France has not given him one, and his resting place is in a quite shameful state, unweeded, unfenced, and with the wooden covering rain-soaked and rooted. Why are the Parisian politicians and patriots so forgetful?

"There is a good deal of religion in nature," solemnly remarked a young Aberdeen clergyman calling upon a lady of his congregation recently. "There is," was the quiet reply. "We should never forget that there is a sermon in every blade of grass." "Quite true. We should also remember that grass is cut very short sometimes."

The *Indian Medical Gazette* describes the death from hydrophobia of a man who had never been bitten by a mad dog. His attending physician stated that the man, being a strict Brahmin, had never had anything to do with dogs, but the symptoms of his disease were identical with those of rabies. A similar case occurred in Paris some weeks ago.

The King of the Belgians has offered an annual prize of twenty-five thousand francs for the purpose of encouraging works of the mind, open to the competition of persons of all parts of the world. Although a comparatively small potentate this Belgian King seems to be doing much good in the way of advancing geographical and other science and the arts.

The Pope considers that England has not behaved well to him in the matter of establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and this being so, does not, there is reason to believe, now interfere with the friendly attitude assumed by the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy toward the Home Rulers—in short does not interfere at a either one way or the other.

Dr. Koch, the eminent microscopist, described as a medium-sized, slender man, with an earnest, inquiring countenance and whitening, but not white, hair, which makes him appear older than his age, forty-one. He studied microscopy under Cohn, in Breslau, and earned his first professorship through his investigations into wound infection and splenic fever.

It has been much noted of late years to what a remarkable degree of prominence members of the Jewish race heretofore almost exclusively occupied in money getting and music, have attained in other lines of life in England as soon as those were opened to them. An instance in point is afforded in the new Professor of Poetry at Oxford, whose father was by birth a Hebrew, by name Cohen, but who changed his name to Palgrave.



FIG. 2.—No. 3371.—LADIES' SUIT. PRICE, 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 6½ yards; 32 inches, 6¾ yards;  
34 inches, 6¾ yards; 36 inches, 6¾ yards;  
38 inches, 6¾ yards; 40 inches, 7 yards;  
42 inches, 7 yards; 44 inches, 7 yards;  
46 inches, 7 yards.



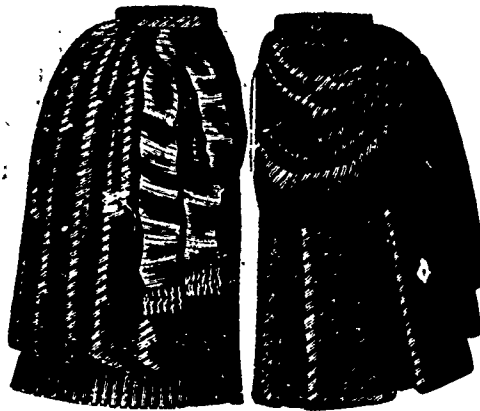
FIG. 17.—No. 3331.—MISSSES' SUIT. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
27 inches, 6½ yards; 28 inches, 6½ yards;  
29 inches, 7½ yards; 30 inches, 7½ yards;  
31 inches, 8 yards; 32 inches, 8½ yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
27 inches, 3½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards;  
29 inches, 4 yards; 30 inches, 4½ yards;  
31 inches, 4½ yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards.



FIG. 15.—No. 3383.—LADIES' POLONAISE. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 5½ yards; 32 inches, 5¾ yards;  
34 inches, 5¾ yards; 36 inches, 5¾ yards;  
38 inches, 5¾ yards; 40 inches, 5¾ yards;  
42 inches, 6 yards.



Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.

FIG. 10.—No. 3372.—MISSSES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
10 years, 5¾ yards; 11 years, 5¾ yards;  
12 years, 6¾ yards; 13 years, 6¾ yards;  
14 years, 7¾ yards; 15 years, 7¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
10 years, 2¾ yards; 11 years, 3¾ yards;  
12 years, 4 yards; 13 years, 4¾ yards;  
14 years, 4¾ yards; 15 years, 4¾ yards.

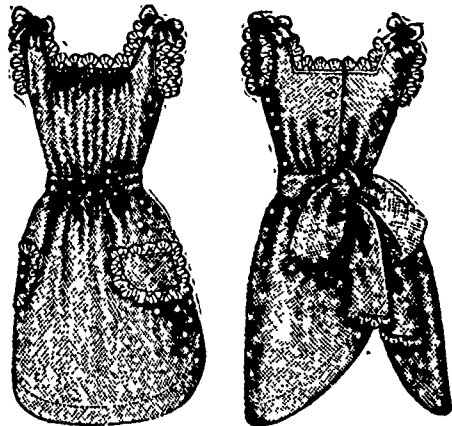


FIG. 18.—No. 3377.—GIRLS' APRON. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for  
22 inches, 1½ yards; 23 inches, 1¾ yards;  
24 inches, 1¾ yards; 25 inches, 1¾ yards;  
26 inches, 1¾ yards; 27 inches, 1¾ yards;  
28 inches, 1¾ yards; 29 inches, 2 yards.

## DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 2.—Pattern No. 3371, price 35 cents, is the model for the ladies' costume here depicted. One or two materials may be used with a garniture to match. Velvet for the collar and vest is admired, also velvet studded with silk balls, passementerie or beaded galloon for the sleeves, collar, outlining the vest, and to separate the box-pleats of the skirt. Four large box-pleats compose the front and sides of the skirt, which is thickly massed in the back in loosely falling side pleats; a short round apron crosses the front and sews in the side seams; a handsome sash finishes the right side. The postilion bagque is round, with the apron draped to give it a rather pointed front; a vest that is pointed top and bottom is set in a la Breton and outlined with the galoon, which also forms the collar and finish for the sleeves.

FIGURE No. 10.—Broad box-pleats form the tablier and sides of our design, with a short round apron gracefully draped over them; a narrow pleating extends across the back width under a full gathered drapery, that is also caught up on the lower edge, giving a puff effect. The spaces between the pleats are frequently covered with wide braid or velvet. Pattern No. 3372, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 15.—Velvet, woolen and silk fabrics are again made up into polonaises, the diagonal fronts in our cut being in high favor. They are frequently finished without garniture, or may have handsome buttons and clasps as represented; braid and galloon look well, or the V-shaped plastron, collar and cuffs are stylishly effective in contrasting velvet. The right front laps over to the left hip in a curved, graceful manner, the left front having the ordinary contour, with a V filling the space between. The fullness of the apron is gathered high on the left, while the right hangs with little extra fulness; the back is cut with extensions that are draped bouffantly over the tournure and plain below. Pattern No. 3383 price 30 cents.

FIGURE No. 17.—Pattern No. 3331, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for this neat appearing costume. The Jersey fitting basque has a Breton vest of the contrasting goods, cuffs of the same, and a sash draped over the edge and tied high on the back. The side pleated skirt has a large box-pleat in the front, which is apparently buttoned on either side.

FIGURE No. 18.—Linen lawn, cambric, Swiss muslin, etc., are suitable to make up after our design, with a trimming of platte "Val" lace or Hamburg embroidery. The front of the apron is shirred at the waist and low neck, slopes up in the back, is shirred again at the waist there, while the neck is plain; the fastening is in the back, where a sash bow is tied, coming from the shirring in front; arm sizes are left in the baby waist and the pieces tied up on the shoulders. Pockets are placed on either side of the apron front. Pattern No. 3377, price 15 cents.

## DOMESTIC ART.

Japanese applique work is fancied at present for cushions, screens, valances and piano backs. The design is usually taken from willow pattern china, or some picture, and the effect carried out in scraps of satin, silk and velvet worked up in silks of all colors. A design is sketched, and the scraps delicately gummed on, dried and pressed, and afterward worked round with strands of floss, stitched down at short distances, or else button holed, chain-stitched or herring-boned. A Chinese pagoda could be arranged with blue or black satin, worked over in gold, large standing and flying storks of red satin or velvet, flower receptacles of some other colored satin, bushes, flower and willow trees of any odd scraps. A large cluster of flowers, all in different colored satins, over-worked in silks, can be made very effective. The background should be of velveteen, satin or Roman sheeting.

Large yellow poppies in cloth, plush or velvet, worked with shaded silk, on a brown surge background; red ones of black or cream, or a bold leaf design in old-gold satin sheeting on brown velvet, with beads on the edges, are all fashionable fancy work. A traced design on plush or velvet, worked in gold and iridescent beads, instead of silks, is very popular for small table screens, ornamental bellows, blotting-book, glove and handkerchiefs sachets. Brown peacocks and claret are the colors used for the foundation, and any crewel or

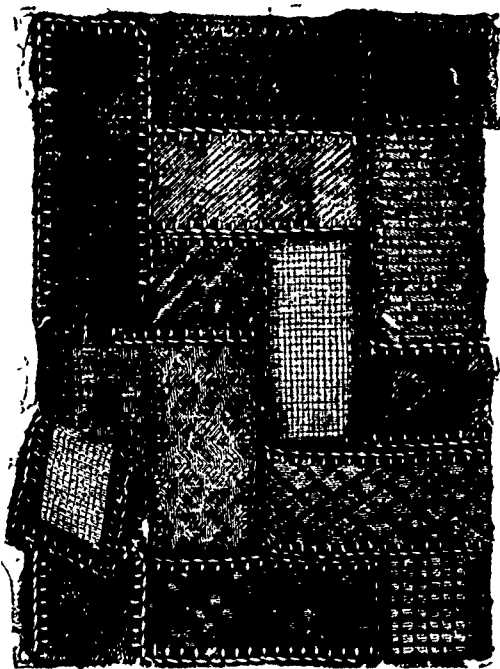


FIG. 38.

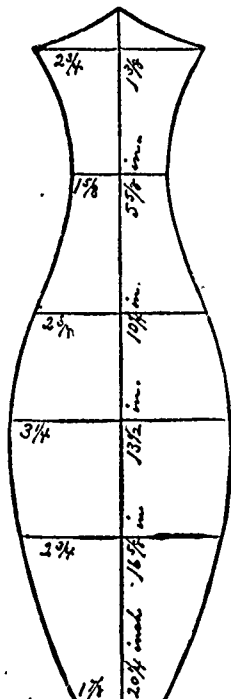


FIG. 35.

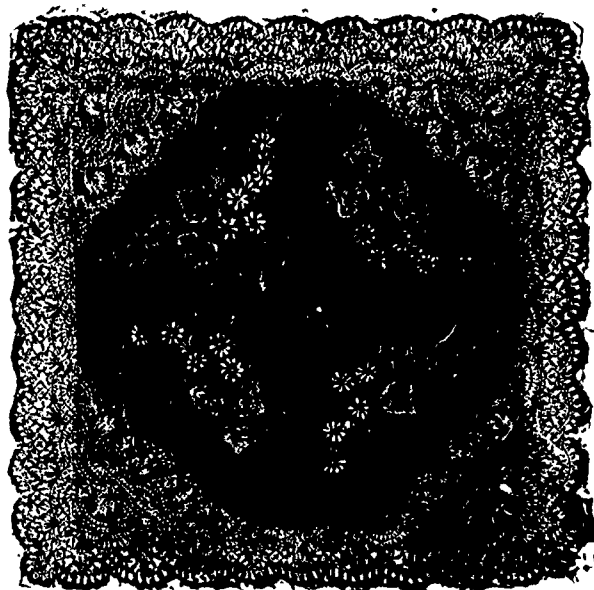


FIG. 33.

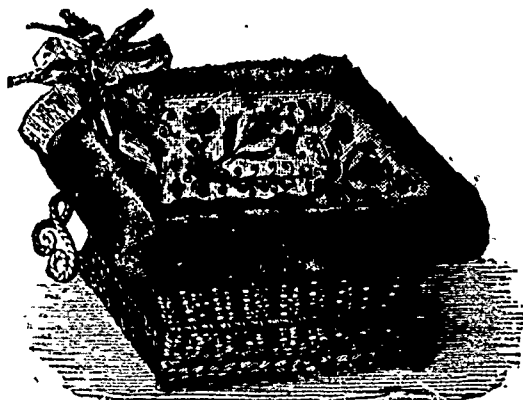


FIG. 34.

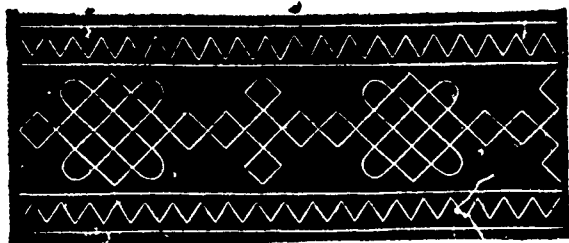


FIG. 37.

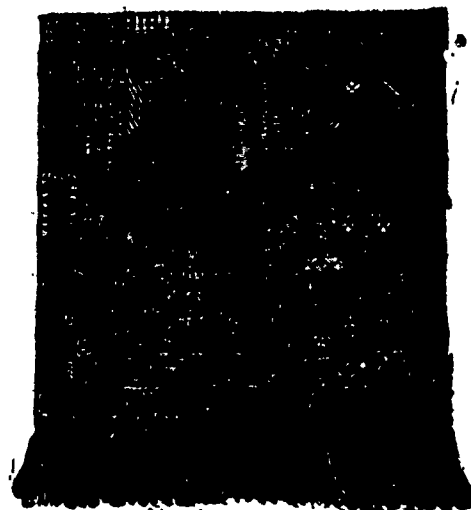


FIG. 36.

braiding design is suitable, especially a water scene with rushes, grass, kingfishers and water-lily leaves. Beads and silks are usually combined, the outlining being done with the beads and the veining, etc., with the silks, or vice versa. A pretty Celtic border, suitable for braiding or cross-stitching, is shown in Figure No. 37. The tidy represented in Figure No. 33 is of drake's neck plush or velvet cut square, edged with guipure lace, corners overlaid with the placed crosswise, and four sprays of applique flowers placed to form a square; others are without the sprays, and have a handsome monogram worked with silks and tinsel in the centre of the square.

Another kind of fashionable handiwork consists of going over lace designs with colored silks in chain stitch. A good, boldly defined pattern must be selected, and the lace need not be expensive. One colored silk is often carried over the whole. Flouncings, vests, and the front or panels of skirts are arranged thus. Cream lace, worked over in gold-colored knitting or ficelle silk, looks effective, especially if draped over gold-colored satin; also red over red, in the same way. Black lace may be used. For five o'clock tea cloths this chain stitched lace is now fashionable, some of it being worked up in colors, according to the taste of the worker, to an elaborate extent.

Small, round baskets have a lining and valance of brown Holland, the latter cut out in rounded vandykes, and worked in the centre with a small cluster of daisies, rosebuds, forget-me-nots, or some such little flowers. The design is traced in the middle of each vandyke. The tall, rough baskets, in the flower-pot shape, with handles, are ornamented with a colored fancy neck scarf passed through one handle beneath the others and fastened off in a loose twist rather low down. These can be used for odds and ends of work, waste paper, or for real flowers, fitted with a tin or jam pot. A quaint patchwork much in vogue with cottagers, is excellent for using up scraps of cloth, etc., and perhaps may not be generally known.

It is used for quilts, tablecloths and foot-stools, and consists of a centre of cloth patches laid a little over each other, and fancy stitched; then a border of common red flannel or sometimes cheap house flannel with rosettes of cloth dotted closely all over. The rosettes can be round or square, and consist of three scraps, each smaller than the other, secured by a stitch through the centre, just pinched up and sewn onto the foundation. The effect would not be considered artistic or beautiful by educated eyes but it finds great favor among cottage housewives, and is to be recommended for using up all sorts of sized scraps, in both a useful and ornamental manner.

Figure No. 36 illustrates a more elaborate style of patchwork. The article in question is intended for a bed sofa, or chair rug; has a soft woollen canvas foundation for the silk and velvet pieces, that are first button-holed around with coarse silk, edged with a border of velvet scraps overlapping each other, and a loop fringe of silk on either end. Figure No. 38 shows a section of the work and the manner of lapping the border over. Woollen scraps worked with single Berlin wool could be used for a good, every day rag. The key basket shown in figure No. 34 is made of wicker, glued, with a reversing edging and lining on the bottom of olive plush; the lining for the sides is of cream canvas, cut to fit each section, and embroidered in scarlet and gold, a narrow silk cord finishing the upper edge. A bow of the three colors is placed in one corner.

The "miller's corn bag" cushions require to be stuffed very full, in order to keep the proper shape, which is exactly like a bag of corn. One is twenty inches long by ten inches broad. Half a yard of plush, three-eighths of a yard of satin, two yards and a half of ribbons and the same of gold cords are required. The olive plush has the upper right hand corner cut off to show an embroidered corner of pale blue satin; the gold cord divides the satin from the plush. A tight band of old-gold plush (two and one half inches wide) is passed around the centre of the cushion and edged with gold cord on either side. The mouth of the sack

is lined with satin, which must be put on full, the edge finished off with gold cord, and then drawn up with ribbons of two shades knotted on one side. Watch cosies are convenient when the watch is put under the pillow, and prevents breaking in case of a fall. It should be out larger than the watch, and in shape like a square mouthed bag, drawn together by double strings, the opposite end of the bag being rounded. Make the outside of kid; paint or embroider one side, pad it well, line with chamois, and bind the whole together by a narrow ribbon.

Figure No. 35 shows the outline of the section, which when combined with four more exactly like it form a handsome vase for ferns, grasses, etc. The dimensions and shape must be enlarged according to our diagram and cut out of a stiff cardboard, which is neatly covered with cretonne, etc., and lined with the same or a contrasting material; the edges are sewed together and covered with a silk or gilt cord. If the bottom is also made of pasteboard it is a good plan to put a weight in it, or one might tack it to a piece of wood shaped and covered like the five sections. Handsome bows of ribbon ornament the sides. The figures on the side indicate the distance from the centre to the outer edge, and must be doubled to reach from edge to edge.

Very pretty are the mule or heelless slippers now worn in bedrooms. One, lined with pink and bordered with pink, had the foundation black Duchesse satin, worked with pink flowers; and pink kid slippers are edged with white fur.

Bassinette quilts are frequently given as christening presents. One is of white cricket cloth with a design traced on pink or blue twill flannel, chain-stitched with single Berlin wool of the same color around the edges, and then carefully cut away. The chain-stitch is first made by a crocheting hook and sewn on with silk. The centre is plain, and a wide border worked thus. The same style of work is done in satin

on cashmere or unbleached linen for cosies, tea-cloths and toilet covers.

Gold crochet hooks and knitting needles tipped with pearls are novelties of the day, as are gold or shell paper knives enriched with diamonds, embossed leather card-cases with the monogram in stones, and enameled gold match boxes.

There appears to be a fancy for old German glass and ironwork, and if it is not the real thing, the imitation is good. Nuremberg lamps, in dusky green dull glass, resting in twisted iron stands, and Nuremberg candlesticks, consisting of a length of curled iron rising like a snake from a shamrock-shaped base, are among the roccoco novelties. Dull green glass, with a well simulated look of age about it, figures as quaint-shaped glasses, water and wine jugs on well-appointed tables.

#### APHORISMS.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly; and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable nature.—[Marcus Antoninus.]

If thou hast done a wrong or an injury to another, rather acknowledge and endeavor to repair, than to defend it. One way thou gainest forgiveness, the other thou doubtst the wrong and the reckoning.—[Wm. Penn.]

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little minds and ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement.—[Addison.]

The general cry is against ingratitude, but sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity; none but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.—[Pope.]

## Health Department.

### Solid Hygienic Thoughts for Women.

In the series of able articles entitled, "How to Win," contributed by Miss Frances E. Willard to the *Chautauquan*, we find the following wise remarks on the subject of hygiene, with special reference to its relations to woman's success or failure in life, which we most heartily commend to the earnest consideration of our fair readers:—

"I believe the day is not far off when the symbolism of human features shall be so based on scientific research, that a rogue can by no means palm himself off as a saint, and the wolf in sheep's clothing will be a physical impossibility. We write our own hieroglyphics on our own faces as plainly as ever etchings are traced by artists. Perfect unity with God's laws written in our members, obedience to the decalogue of natural law, and the ritual of this body which was meant to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, would have made us all beautiful to start with; would have endowed us by inheritance with the fascinating grace of Hebe and Apollo,

"But generations of pinched waists and feet, of the cerebellum overheated by its wad of hair, the vital organs cramped, the free step impeded, and the gracious human form bandaged and dwarfed,—all these exact from every new-born child the penalty of law inexorable—law outraged and trampled under foot through many generations. When I note the mincing gait of fashionable girlhood, the betwisted ringlets, compressed waist, and overlying draperies; when I contemplate the fact that the edicts of the theater and the demi-monde, from which come the 'latest styles,' have deprived us of watch pockets, and burdened us with bustles, I am more nearly disheartened about women than anything else can make me. Like an irate physician of New York, 'I wish since those wasp-waists are so nearly asunder, I had a pair of scissors that the work might be completed.' A heathen woman in China, on seeing our abominable current fashion plates, exclaimed: 'You say we do wrong to bind up the foot, but you Christians kill God's life, when you bind up a woman's waist.' The grave-yards are full of victims of diseases that come of tight-lacing, and the hospitals groan with their degenerate offspring; while the puny physique and the delicate health of American women is a reproach among the nations; but I have yet to see a single one of our species who will admit that her corset is 'the least bit tight,' and no one seems to perceive that this claim proves her to be a downright monstrosity in form, since the ample and stately Venus of Milo is an acknowledged standard.

"But when women, now old, tell me of the brass stomachers, and terrific high heels worn by their grandmothers, and that in their own youth they 'strung their corsets' by making a fulcrum of the bed-post and pulling with all their might and main, I 'breathe freer,' metaphorically speaking, and think some women, at least, are coming to their senses, and keep urging the introduction of hygiene as a special study in all branches of the public schools. We need this as women hardly less than do our brothers; for I verily believe, and shamefacedly confess, that the corset habit among women is as difficult to break as the alcohol and tobacco habit among men. If the laws of God that seek the health of the body, were obeyed by but a single generation, the next one would be physically beautiful. I am always glad when one of our 'society girls' says to me, 'Coffee and tea hurt my complexion, so I have left off drinking them;' or, 'Greasy food coarsens one's looks, and I can't afford to eat it;' or, 'Buckwheat cakes and sausage make my "face break out." Though I love them dearly I they have been put aside.

"The motive might be higher. It should be grounded in a reverent purpose to know and do the will of God at the table where grace is so often said over most graceless food; but untold good will come from the simpler and more wholesome diet, no matter what is its procuring cause."

### Exercise Necessary for Aged Persons.

M. Bouchardat, Professor of Hygiene at the Paris Faculty of Medicine, protested in strong terms at a recent lecture against the advice given by some hygienists who re-

commend almost complete rest to the aged, in the following terms: "I protest against the oft-repeated adage that old age is the age of rest. This sentence has led to a very great error in hygiene. The regular general exercise of all the organs of nutrition and of locomotion is necessary to persons of all ages. The greatest attention on this point is all the more necessary that the tendency to rest brings on a gradual diminution of the strength. If the old man does not resist, his strength will visibly and progressively diminish, and the few days he may have to live may be transformed into just so many hours. In proof that regular daily exercise is beneficial to the aged one has only to observe the results in some of the handsomest old men, who take little or no rest. Moderate exercise, particularly walking, should be the leading precept of the hygiene of the aged, without which longevity is well nigh impossible." Professor Bouchardat also recommends that old people should maintain their intellectual faculties, or otherwise they will get into a state of incurable torpor. This is best accomplished by having some steady intellectual pursuit, and by taking an active interest in the events and progress of the day. In our boyhood we remember a very old man, who told us he kept in as perfect health as an old man can be by chopping wood for an hour or two every day. This he regarded as sufficient exercise for him. Another old man we know finds his health very greatly benefited by sawing wood with the ordinary buck saw.—*Herald of Health.*

### Causes of Erysipelas.

The causes which are usually said to produce erysipelas are both numerous and diverse. Certain individuals, and even certain families, appear to be more liable to suffer from the disease than others. What is the cause of this special susceptibility it is impossible even to conjecture. Erysipelas is common in newly-born children, but from the first to the twentieth year it is by no means common; after this period to the

fortieth year it is frequent as an acute disease; but in more advanced age it occurs chiefly as a chronic and less important malady. Gouty people have been found to suffer from it more frequently than others. Errors in diet, and especially eating certain indigestible substances, such as shell-fish and improperly smoked, salted, or preserved meats, are said to act as exciting causes. Violent mental emotions are also accused of being occasionally the cause, and it is said to have been brought on by anger and fear. Sometimes no cause can be assigned for its onset, but its occurrence is promoted by all circumstances that tend to debilitate the body—by intemperance, by previous disease, by low spirits and anxiety, by insufficient nourishment, and by foul air. Formerly, when less attention was paid to cleanliness and ventilation, it was much more common in hospitals and infirmaries than at present. Injuries to the skin, such as abrasions, scratches, wounds, burns, or blisters, wherever they are situated, may be the starting point of the inflammation. Sometimes even the presence of gout in a particular joint, or the irritation caused by diseased teeth in either the upper or lower jaw, may determine the seat of onset. It is probable that the most common cause of an attack of erysipelas is its communication from one person to another. In erysipelas the constitutional symptoms may precede the local, or redness of the skin may make its appearance before the fever commences. The former course is the more common.

### The Hygienic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption.

Dr. B. W. Richardson has revived, in his "Aselepid," certain rules for the hygienic treatment of consumption, which he enunciated as far back as 1856. At that time they found very little favor, being regarded as the ideas of a dreamer—that the fatal disease could be prevented generally, and treated specially by hygienic measures. To-day, under a revival of the old animal-

cular speculations as to the origin of some diseases from living forms,—the entity doctrine in a new dress,—the conception of the hygienic treatment of pulmonary consumption has been accepted in name as well as practice, as if it were new in word and deed, the height of practical learning and skill. So ideas change, and the disfavored of one generation is the favored of another. But it matters not how or by whom it is borne, so long as the torchlight of truth makes its way.

1. A supply of pure air for respiration is the first indication in the treatment of the consumptive patient.

2. Active exercise is an essential element in the treatment of consumptives.

3. A uniform climate is an important element in the treatment of consumptives.

4. The dress of the consumptive patient should be adapted to equalize the temperature of the body, and so loose that it interferes in no way with the animal functions.

5. The hours of rest of the consumptive patient should be regulated mainly by the absence of the sun.

6. The occupation of the consumptive patient should be suspended if it is indoor or sedentary, but a certain amount of outdoor exercise may be advantageous.

7. Excessive mental exertion should be avoided by the consumptive.

8. Cleanliness of body is a special point in the treatment of consumptives.

9. Abstinence from all habits of gross sensual indulgence is an essential part, both in the prevention and the cure of consumptives.

10. The diet of consumptive patients should be ample, and should contain a larger proportion of the respiratory constituents of food than is required in health.

Whenever distinct evidences of phthisis have set in in an individual of either sex, the marriage of such a person is wrong; while the marriage of two persons, both victims of the disease, is opposed to reason and humanity.



ON HIS OWN GROUND.

*Dr. Pillsbury:* SO YOU HAVE BEEN EATING TOO MUCH CANDY AGAIN. YOU WILL NEVER GET WELL AS LONG AS YOU DO THAT.

*Emma (who has lately taken up physiology):* OH, I GUESS I WILL! THE GHASTLY JUICE WILL CHYME IT INTO CHYLE WHEN THE AGITATION OF THE DIAGRAM WILL NATURALIZE THE INSPIRATION AND RESOLVE IT INTO SWEET BREA<sup>^</sup> OR PAN-GREASE, WHICH MERELY ACTS AS A SUPERFLIC,

Young Folks' Department.

Ned's Choice.

She has not rosy cheeks,  
Nor eyes that brightly shine;  
Nor golden curls, nor beech-like pearls,  
This valentine of mine!  
But, oh, she's just the dearest,  
The truest and the best,  
And one more kind you will not find  
In many a long day's quest.

Her cheeks are faded now;  
Her dear old eyes are dim;  
Her hair's like snow, her steps are slow  
Her figure isn't trim;  
But oh! and oh! I love her!  
This grandmamma of mine;  
I wish that she for years may be  
My dear old valentine.

Moppet's Valentine.

"Oh! oh!" said Moppet, with a soft little sigh. "I wish I'd have one. I never had one 'long's I've lived—not an honest-true one, you know."

"Yes, I know," said mamma, smiling. She had been reading Moppet a nice little valentine story from one of Moppet's own papers, which somebody was kind enough to send her—a story of a lovely valentine that one little girl sent another little girl to make up friends again.

"I shouldn't think she could have been mad any more, should you, mamma?" asked Moppet, eagerly. "'Cause 'twas so pretty—all posies and everything! Don't you s'pose 'twas orris pretty, mamma?"

"I wouldn't wonder, dear," mamma answered, putting down the paper and taking up her work. But Moppet wasn't through yet.

"Did you ever see one, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, a long time ago; but it wasn't like that, I guess."

Moppet looked sober.

"I didn't even see one, only what you made, mamma," she said. "I didn't even see a bought one."

That was very true, because in the little out-of-the-way town where Moppet had lived ever since she was a baby, people never thought of such a thing as sending a valentine. I don't believe, if you had shown one to Mr. Prime, who kept the village store, he would have known what it was, even.

So there were none to buy. If there had been, Moppet's mother would have bought one—one that didn't cost too much. And it was quite too late to send for one now.

"I guess you'll get one next year," said she.

But next year was a long time off, and the thought of what might possibly happen then wasn't much of a comfort to Moppet.

"I wish I could to-morrow," she said, soberly.

Mamma didn't believe she could, but you wouldn't have caught her saying so. She smiled, and began counting the stitches on the heel of Moppet's little red stocking.

Just then Mr. Frazer took his pipe out of his mouth. Mr. Frazer was a tin-peddler man, who often stopped for dinner, and sometimes for an after dinner smoke. He was a very pleasant looking man, Moppet thought, and he almost always brought her an apple or a piece of candy when he came.

"So you never had a valentine, eh?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Moppet, bashfully.

"And never saw one? Well! well! now that's a dreadful pity!"

Mr. Frazer's eyes twinkled. Was he laughing at her? Moppet wondered. But before she could quite settle the matter in her own mind, she heard a little tap at the window.

"Oh, it's Dovey Diamond!" she cried, forgetting for the moment everything but her pretty drab and white pet outside.

"And he's come after his dinner."

So Moppet opened the window, and got a handful of crumbs, and fed the dove half of them, and left the other on the table.

And nobody but Betty, the cat, saw Mr. Frazer put those crumbs into his great-coat pocket when he was ready to start. And Betty didn't tell; though maybe she wondered what he meant to do with them.

"Good-by," he sang out to Moppet, after he had harnessed his gray horse into his red pung.

"Look out for the valentine, now."

And then Moppet felt very sure he was laughing at her, and she hated dreadfully to be laughed at.

Next morning she had something else to think about. Dovey Diamond didn't come to his breakfast.

He didn't come to his dinner, either.

"Where do you s'pose he is, mamma?" asked Moppet, the tears just ready to fall.

"He's always come before every day this winter. O mamma! do you s'pose somebody's caught him, and baked him in a pie?"

"No, no, dear; I guess not."

"Then where is he, mamma?"

"I don't know, my child."

Then Moppet curled herself up on the lounge and had just begun to cry in good earnest, when "Tap! tap! tap!" came a sharp little beak against the window. She sprang up, almost wild with joy.

"Oh, it's Dovey!" she cried, flying to the window. "O mamma, come quick! What is that he's got on, mamma? Oh, look!"

Mamma didn't need to look—she knew without looking.

"I guess," said she, smiling, "I guess it's an honest-true valentine, dear."

"That is just what it proved to be."

Mamma let Dovey Diamond in, and untied a silken string which held the large white envelope under his wing. Then Moppet opened it, trembling with eagerness.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" she cried, too full of joy to do anything besides scream. "See the flowers, mamma! o-oh! and that little girl with a wreath on! Where did it come from? I never saw anything half so pretty! O mamma! mamma!"

And would you believe that that foolish little Moppet began to cry again with her arms tight round her mother's neck!

"I s'pose it's 'cause I'm so glad I don't know what to do," she said, beginning to laugh next minute. "O mamma, who do you s'pose sent it!"

Mamma knows, or think she does, which is quite as well. She thinks Mr. Frazer could tell more about it than any one else.

And Betty knows, too,—she knows what Mr. Frazer meant to do with those crumbs. But Moppet hasn't begun to guess yet.

A Warning.

It is apt to be too late to save a drunkard when his habits have driven him to *mania-a-potu*, but a New York paper tells of a shoemaker in Angelica, of that State, who minded the warning in time to escape. Going to his barn one day, he "saw snakes." One was a crooked stick, and the other a whiplash—but they moved. He tells the rest of the story as follows: The cold sweat of fear came out on my forehead. I wiped it off with my handkerchief, and sat down on the lower round of the hay-mow ladder, for I felt faint. Then I stared straight ahead at a corn stalk. It soon began slowly to wriggle and curve! With bursting eyeballs and all the strength of mind I possessed, I forced that corn-stalk back from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and then I staggered feebly out into the open air. I leaned against a fence, and for fear I should see more of those horrible twisting things, I clung to a post and closed my eyes.

"Time is called, Jim," I said to myself.

"Whiskey and you part company to-day;" and soberer than I had been for many months, though with no more strength than a baby, I managed to get back to the house.

There was a fight, though! I didn't tell my wife, for I had made a good many promises that hadn't been kept, and I thought I'd go on alone for a while. I got up in the morning, after a terrible night, with the thirst of a chased fox upon me. Water wouldn't quench it, and I tried milk. I crept into the milk-room, alighted a straw into the edge of a cream covered pan, and sucked out the milk until only the cream was left, lowered smooth and unbroken to the bottom. Then I tried another, and another, until the fierce craving was somewhat dulled. It was a household mystery what became of the milk. No cat could lap it, my wife said, and leave the sides and cream untouched, and where did it go?

I let them talk, for the struggle was too sore and fearful to be spoken of, and I went on drinking the milk.

The road from my house to my shop lay by the greggery. When I left my gate in the morning, I took the road, and on a dead run, as if pursued, I made the distance. I ran hard all the way home to dinner, and back after that meal, never, in fact, trusting myself to walk or even take to the sidewalk for months. The cure was slow. I keep all the brakes hard set yet. A single glass of hard cider would undo the work of all these years, but that glass doesn't touch my lips while the memory of those little crawling black reptiles stays with me!

"And did your wife finally learn what became of the milk?" he was asked.

"Yes," and his voice broke. "I told her on her deathbed."

"Jim, dear," she said, when I had finished, with her hand clasped in mine, "Jim, dear, I knew it all the time."

The struggle ended in victory, but who would be willing to enter upon a course that would impose upon life an experience like this?

The Dawn of Worship.

The "dawn of worship" is to be found in the flint hatchets and other rude implements deposited with the dead, as by modern savages, testifying to some sort of belief in spirits and in a future existence. This clearly prevailed in the Neolithic and possibly in the immensely older Paleolithic period, though the evidence for the latter is at present very weak, and the first object which can be affirmed with any certainty to be an idol or attempt to represent a deity dates only from the Neolithic period, as do the cannibal feasts, which can be proved to have not infrequently accompanied the interment of important chiefs. For anything beyond this we have to descend to the historical period, and turn to early monuments, myths, and sacred books. The earliest records by far are those of the Egyptian tombs of the first four dynasties, and they tell us little more than this, that with a highly developed civilization the idea of a future life was very much that of a continuance of the present life in a tomb which was made to resemble the deceased's actual house, and with surroundings which repeated his actual belongings, while the whole complicated Egyptian mythology of symbolized gods and deified animals was of later origin. If we turn to the earliest mythologies of the Aryan and of the mixed Semitic and races of Western Asia we find them plainly originating, to a great extent, in the personification of natural force, mainly of the sun, on which are ingrafted ideas of family, tribal, and national gods and of deified heroes. Sometimes, as the original meaning of the names and attributes of these gods came to be forgotten, the mythologies branched out into innumerable fables; at other times, among more simple and severe races, or with more philosophic minds in the inner circle of a hereditary priesthood, the fables of polytheism were rejected, and the idea prevailed, either of a unity of nature implying a single author, or of such a preponderance of the national god over all others as led by a different path to the same result of monotheism. The real merit of the Jewish race and of the Hebrew Scriptures is to have conceived this idea earlier, and retained it more firmly, than any of the less philosophical and more immoral religions of the ancient world; and this is a merit of which they can never be deprived, however much the literal accuracy, and consequently the inspiration and miraculous attributes, of these venerable books may be disproved and disappear.

Minerals up the G. P. R.

In the vicinity of Sudbury there have recently been great discoveries of ore of a high grade. The general character of the ore is very much like the lodes of Butte City, Montana, some in Colorado, New Mexico, and other well-defined mining regions. The "mineral belt" extends across the continent from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, and the veins cross it diagonally, chiefly at points of change of geological formation. The Iron Island vein, of nearly pure specular iron, is at right angles to those bearing copper and other metals. The Sudbury vein has been located from lot 5, front of 64, to lot 3, front of Snider, a distance of nine miles, on which eight rich outcrops have already been opened; and on a side vein those of Murray, Falconer, and McConnell have been slightly tested, the latter at its southern extremity being very rich in native copper and peacock ore. It here turns south-east into the main lode, the most southerly point of which abounds in native copper, gray ore, and some specks of gold. The colored rotten quartz, abounding along the whole of the veins, will probably prove at least as rich as in Montana. The percentage of copper in my selected specimens ranged from 14 to 75 per cent. iron, 50 to 60 per cent. sulphate antimony, and some silver, with traces of arsenic and gold. No thorough tests have as yet been made.

Born to blush unseen—Colored ladies

Auber.

Auber, the celebrated French composer, was one of the few people who seem able to perform a maximum amount of work, and yet to take a minimum quantity of sleep.

His public career was somewhat late in beginning; his first real success was attained when he was thirty-eight years old, but he had won that recognition by years of previous labor patiently bestowed. He rarely slept more than four hours, and once declared to a friend that he had practically done without sleep since his twentieth year.

It once happened that Sainton, a young violinist, was invited to play at the French Court, and that he consequently asked of Auber the privilege of rehearsing the music before him.

"Come at six o'clock," said the composer

"In the evening?" asked Sainton.

"No, at six in the morning."

The young man was punctual, but on arriving at Auber's house, he was surprised to find the composer already at work at his piano.

"Ah!" said the latter, calmly, when Sainton expressed his amazement at such industry; "I have been at work since five o'clock."

Indeed, it seems as if this man was incapable of fatigue. His physician once informed him that he must leave Paris for a fortnight, for rest and change of scene. He at once set out for the country, remained there five days, working from morning till night in his room, and then rushed back to the city, having thought of nothing during his absence but the score which was to follow the one he had just finished.

He lived to the age of eighty-nine, a young man to the very last, well deserving the title bestowed on him by a French critic, two years previously: "that adorable youth of eighty-seven." He never would admit that he was old. When some one showed him a white hair on his coat-collar,—"Oh," he said, "some old man must have passed me."

"Don't you think," a lady once asked him, "that it is very unpleasant to grow old?"

"Very," he said; "but until now it has always been thought the only way of living a long time."

He died during the siege of Paris, broken-hearted at being forced out of his habits and separated from his quiet ways of life.

The Expulsion of the Poles.

By an order which went into effect recently, the alien Poles of Prussia were expelled from the kingdom. These people are natives of Russian and Austrian Poland, who settled in the neighboring Prussian territory without becoming German citizens. By the laws of the German Empire every subject capable of bearing arms is required to serve seven years in the standing army. This duty the Poles escaped by refusing to become naturalized, and the Prussian government decided that they should no longer enjoy the advantages of a citizenship whose burdens they would not share.

The expulsion of the Poles was accompanied by great loss and suffering. Many of them were old and poor, and had lived long in their adopted country; but the order was enforced against all alike. Whole families re-entered their native land homeless and penniless. Committees were formed in the cities of Russian Poland to relieve their distressed countrymen. In Austrian Poland the action of Prussia provoked an intense feeling of hostility to Germany. German shop-keepers were boycotted and German laborers dismissed. The Russian Czar issued a decree commanding all unnaturalized Prussians to leave his dominions at once.

Even in Germany the action of Prussia was considered harsh. No sooner had the Imperial Parliament assembled than this question of the treatment of the Poles came up. Thereupon Prince Bismarck, who is both Chancellor of the German Empire and Premier of the Kingdom of Prussia, bluntly informed the delegates that they had no right to interfere in a matter which concerned Prussia alone, and was not of national importance. The Poles themselves denounced the Prussian order as worthy of a place beside such outrages as the persecution of the Huguenots and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

There is exported from Africa every year 1,875,000 pounds of ivory, requiring the destruction of 65,000 elephants.

# AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE BLACK FLAG OF DEATH ALMOST RUN TO EARTH.

Frank Donnelly spoke but the truth when he declared that they had no child's play before them, indeed, he might have expressed himself stronger still, but for fear of alarming his lovely girl companion needlessly.

So on they sped with the fleetness of the wind across the great brown waste, whilst the Bedouin horsemen again raised their terrible taqbir of "Allah Akbar," and then handling their long rifles sent a shower of leaden rain after the fugitives, whom they knew well enough to be Europeans by their dress.

But, happily, the aim of a horseman when in motion is seldom true, and though the young officer trembled lest a chance ball should strike the darling of his heart, or lame one of their horses, he did not suffer the keen anxiety that he felt to show itself on his countenance, but instead kept an artificial smile, stereotyped thereon, and affected to make light of the danger.

Fortunately, there were neither camels nor dromedaries among their pursuers, and, fortunately, also, their horses had gone through as much fatigue as their own, so that the chances of the race seemed about equal.

But then what if they reached the railway station at Et Tarranoh and no train was there! The European officials at such a place would certainly not be more than half a dozen in number at the very most, while their pursuers numbered at least three score, and would not scruple to shed their blood on the very platform or in the ticket office or waiting room.

But, this thought was more terrible than all that had preceded it, because it brought the extremes of barbarism and civilization into such close juxtaposition; but with an effort Frank Donnelly banished the horrid nightmare from his mind, for now, if ever, sufficient for the hour was the evil thereof.

Ah, a lining of silver even to this leaden cloud, for on the fierce desert warriors, discharging a second volley after them the bullets, instead of humming and buzzing past their ears, plinged into the sand close behind, which was a sure proof that they were gaining ground on their pursuers, at all events for the present, and even that was something to be thankful for.

On, on swept the mingled fight and chase, and to Nellie it seemed as though the ridgy sands of the desert swept under her horse's dull-thudding hoofs like waves of the sea. She felt terror no longer, but instead a kind of daze and stupor, as though the action of her brain had been stilled by a narcotic.

Their pursuers had by now divided themselves into two bodies, each trying its best to outflank and to head them, whilst at some little distance in their front rose a somewhat large village, such as are often met with in Egypt just on the confines of the desert, a village of one storied mud huts, thatched with straw, with a tumble down mosque and a bazaar as the only conspicuous buildings.

Such an everyday affair was the hamlet which they were so rapidly approaching under the white moonlight, and which it seemed to be the object of their pursuers to drive them right through.

But why this attempt? Had it anything to do with the great black flag that they now for the first time perceived, drooping heavily around a staff which appeared itself from the onion shaped dome of the mosque?

Frank Donnelly understood its grim significance in a single instant. The plague was there. That black flag was hung out as a warning to all people against entering the place, and their pursuers had divided in order to drive them right through the long single street whilst they themselves swept along on either side outside the town, and so comparatively secure from the infection.

Well they must have known that to seek shelter or hiding there not even the bravest would have dared, for the Egyptian plague of the present day is almost identical with that which almost desolated London in the sixteenth century, and is usually generated in the filth and crowding of the tens of thousands of pilgrims who annually resort to the Prophet's tomb at Mecca, and the germs of which they carry home to their native villages on their return.

To escape the death trap into which they were being driven was beyond the range of practicability, for to attempt to make a detour was to be overtaken and destroyed; and besides, that street lay right in their course, pointing as it did, straight as an arrow, toward Et Tarranoh which with its railway station Frank Donnelly guessed to be a little more than a league on the other side.

Well, as they had no choice at it they must go, and the Captain was fain to hope that at such an hour all the horrors that it contained would be hidden behind closed doors and drawn shutters, but it was not to be so.

The dead were in the streets, lying in every conceivable attitude in seething heaps of corruption.

The dead, too, were seated in open doorways, bound to the backs of chairs, with bows squeezed in between their stiffened legs, thus silently begging for offerings to defray the expenses of their own interments.

But they who, doubtless, just at the outbreak of the pestilence which had claimed them as its first victims, had placed them there, were dead within doors, and all probable contributors to such funeral funds had either fled far away or had themselves fallen a prey to the awful epidemic, for though, as a rule, the doors were wide open, not a living thing was to be seen, save here and there a jackal, that after a single sniff at some festering body or other would utter a lugubrious howl and trot away with his appetite completely gone, and it takes more than a trifle to turn a hungry jackal's stomach.

And yet the pure fragrant desert air, that swept around this village of death would prevent the contagion from being carried farther, except by human transmission, that is to say, the winds themselves would not bare it as they would assuredly have done in other countries.

Frank Donnelly both hoped and finally believed that their own flight therethrough would be far to rapid too make their contingency perilous to others if Providence willed it that they should gain the train in safety.

He did not tell either Nellie or Pat the nature of the grim visitor which, through the medium perhaps of a single returned Pilgrim, had brought down destruction upon the entire village, but he spoke to the darling of his heart such words of comfort and encouragement as he could think of amongst such horrible surroundings, and perceiving that, notwithstanding these, she was almost sufficiently overcome to fall from her saddle in a swoon, he urgently besought her to close her eyes whilst he guided her horse.

Those words restored her, for she felt that the safety and lives of others depended on her courage, so she said "No, no, I am all right," and gazing straight ahead between her horse's pricked ears, with reins as taut as the rigging of a ship she kept a as true to his course as ever such ship could be kept.

Her face was as white as marble, but it was equally as rigid and firm, until mosque, bazaar, and even the best houses of the straggling sheet were left behind, when she gasped:

"Thank God that is over. But how near are our pursuers?"

"No nearer than they were before, dear," exclaimed Captain Donnelly, cheerfully, after he had just glanced around. "They have united again and are following us in a com-

part body but we have only three miles more running to do now."

"Is that the smoke of another train over there beyond the palm trees, Frank?"

"Yes, darling, and it is coming toward St. Tarranoh, I declare. It is yet many miles away on the Cairo side, and that we may arrive at the station just as soon, pray to God that we may, Nellie, dear, and that the cars may either have a goodly proportion of armed male passengers in them, or that the train may be able to steam away before the Bedouins come up."

"Amen, Frank, I will," and not another word was uttered between them.

On, still on. Their horses were almost exhausted now, whilst the three score Bedouins who had commenced the chase, barely one score were now in it.

But these hung perseveringly on their track, and what if a single one of their horses gave in, for the rest could not abandon its rider, who ever he or she might be.

And now there came another trial. The desert vanished beneath their horses hoofs, and in its place the exhausted steeds had to reel rather than gallop over the soft brown heavy ground, where the stubble of last year's crops of d'hourra, maise and safra stuck up like so many bayonets.

By the mercy of heaven they still kept their feet, though their starting eyeballs were all bloodshot, whilst blood also mingled with the foam that they scattered in showers of seeming snowflakes over their moist, dark coats.

Now they sweep in turn through the tufts of sugar cane, under the low spreading branches of date trees, and past great tufts of balm shrubs, whilst half a mile in their front, gleaming like molten silver in the moonlight, they see the Nile, rushing by the feathery palm, and the flowering cawb trees, and nearer to them yet stands the little wooden railway station with its long extension platforms, both of which appear to be quite empty.

But ah! a shrill whistle and a vast levathan spitting fire as he comes racing with a roar along the iron road. God! the station is still more than a quarter of a mile away. Which will arrive there first?

The train slackened speed; that is something, for they tear along, if possible, at a greater rate than ever since they can't shake the Bedouins off or distance them in any degree materially, and may they not be guiding them on to the slaughter of all who are in the train?

Ah, down goes a horse.

It is Nellie's.

She on her back on the ground to all appearances stunned.

But in an instant Frank Donnelly is also on the ground, lifts her on his own horse, for her's will never gallop more, and mounting behind her the fight is resumed. Pat resolved that he will escape or die with his master.

Has that minute's loss of time sacrificed their lives?

The train is in the station, whilst they are still a couple of hundred yards therefrom, and the foremost of the Bedouins about twice as many in the rear.

But whilst Frank had been lifting up Nellie, his man had been fastening a cheap, cotton, gaudy Union Jack pocket handkerchief that he happily had about him, on to the head of his lance, and now he flourished it madly on high, at the same time shouting with the full force of his lungs.

The train had begun to move on, but happily both guard and engine driver at the same instant saw all and comprehended all.

Knowing that there were some revolver-armed Europeans and Americans within the long line of cars, they ventured on their own responsibility to stop the train.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### STREAM AGAINST HORSEFLESH—ALEXANDRIA.

No sooner were the cars again at a standstill than the stationmaster and the two European porters dashed into them, declaring that they weren't going to remain there to be massacred, for by now the fugitives were spurring their horses on to the platform, and the wild Bedouins were in full view, coming crashing through the sugar cane with oath and yell, a rolling of eyes, a gnashing of teeth and a wild brandishing of lance and rifle.

"Allah Akbar! Dour! Dour!" they shrieked, rather than shouted, fully believing that they were yet in time.

Brave as any of the dauntless three who in olden times held the bridge at Rome

against Lars Porsena and his countless hosts, was the gallant English railroad guard or conductor, who stood alone on that empty platform, with the door of his van open behind him, and the whistle in his hand one blow on which would have sent his train whirling along the iron rails to certain safety and almost as brave was the grimy engine driver, who in such a terrible moment did not urge his great steam horse forward even without orders.

But, instead of yielding to craven fears, he just said quietly to his stoker, "Shovel in more coals, Bill. I think I'll have time to light my pipe," and light his pipe this remarkable cool chap did, while at that juncture the guard shouted out:

"Women and children crouch down in the cars. Men who have firearms stand to the window and use them if you see occasion."

Then he ran forward, laid hold of Nellie Trezzor, lugged her off the saddle in front of her lover, and whilst running with her towards his car and shouting "Quick!" he itched or rather launched the still unconscious girl into his van, (for there was no time to lay her down tenderly.)

Then he blew his whistle shrilly as Captain Donnelly and Pat Monaghan rushed in after her, and dropped it with a shriek as a Bedouin rifle rang out and a bullet passed through his arm at the elbow.

Another instant, however, and Pat and his master both had hold of him by the collar, and lugging him into the car between them, Frank closed and fastened the door as the train went puffing and panting on alongside the platform.

The Bedouins were mad with chagrin and rage.

They had missed their prey by not more than half a minute at the most, and the capture of their horses seemed to afford them very inconsiderable satisfaction.

With yells and howls they tore along the platform, some thrusting their long lances in at the windows and others firing their rifles into the carriages, but the greater number trying their utmost with those same rifles to shoot the men on the engine, who, however, squatted as much as possible beneath the stout iron work, and so effectually cheated bullets of their intended billets.

You would have thought that those swarthy warriors of the desert were devils instead of human beings, so truly demonic were their faces and their actions, but that they were mortal was evidenced by the manner in which some of them were knocked over by the few bullets that were now discharged at them from the train window, for the general disarming of Europeans at Cairo in the morning had prevented firearms from being very plentiful amongst the passengers, whilst Captain Donnelly and Pat Monaghan made the discovery at the same moment that all their ammunition was gone, which would have been most awkward under other circumstances.

The train, however, had now taken up the running, and was clear away, rapidly increasing its speed from twelve to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty and from twenty to twenty miles an hour, and with no further hurt than a slight splintering of wood and a wholesale shattering of glass bade its Bedouin assailant's a snoring, rumbling, steam-blowing, fire-spilling, all together scornful good-night.

Out into the dim and silent night. What a change of scene!

The desert had been as completely left behind as the desert warriors, and the moon shone down on the silvery waters of the Nile, flowing between verdant banks, where an almost continuous fringe of sycamores, acacias and tall feathery palms nodded towards the rippling on murmuring waves.

Now and then a village of mud walls and straw roofs would appear on the right or the left of the line, with the dome and minarets of its mosque rising from the centre of a grove of date trees, or the tomb of some saint would flash whitely for an instant on one side or the other and disappear.

But neither Captain Donnelly nor Pat Monaghan cared ought for the passing scenery, for the latter was fretting over the death of one horse and the loss of another, since a good soldier loves his horse as he loves his mistress, while the young officer's whole attention and anxiety was centered in Nellie, who seemed as though she never intended to come out of her swoon, and who looked deathly pale by the light of the little smoky paraffine lamp that was hung up in the car.

As for the brave guard himself, Captain Donnelly and his men had seen to his wound between them had skilfully got the bullet



out of the arm, and thereafter bandaged up the limb in such a fashion that the effusion of the blood was wholly stopped, and the pain rendered at all events bearable.

Directly he could stand it they eagerly questioned him concerning the latest doing at Alexandria and at Cairo, for Captain Donnelly doubted not that he had been in the former city during the preceding day, when he knew that he must have quitted the capital several hours later than themselves.

"Yes, the train had left the terminus at Cairo at three in the morning, but nothing of much moment had occurred during the night, except that more soldiers had come into the city, and order had been somewhat restored. Some of these troops had been dispatched by the war minister to protect the European refugees; the railway station from the mob, and to see that the rails were not ripped up or the trains wrecked in any way."

Then he added "that every train was searched by the soldiery, ere it started, for a young lady who had run away from her parents, rich banking people, called—well, he had forgot exactly what they were called, but that was no matter, and anyhow she must have been a brave girl to leave her parents at times like these."

As may be imagined, Frank Donnelly lost no time in shifting the scene (or rather his inquiries) from Cairo to Alexandria at this juncture.

"Quiet? No I can't say that matters are over quiet there, if it comes to that," was the reply of the wounded guard. "The storm hasn't broke yet, but 'tis hourly expected to burst, and when it does it will be something more than a passing squall I reckon. Anyhow that seems to be the general opinion, for all who can get away from the place are getting away as fast as ever they can. But, Lord bless you, there are not ships enough to carry them."

"The deuce there are not. Think you then that I shall be detained there?"

"If you succeed in getting to sea in less than a week I shall be surprised. Why, whole crowds rushed off this morning in the hope that the earliest arrivals would be able to book places aboard the P. and O. mail steamer at Port Said, and more than nine-tenths of 'em had to return disappointed."

This was sorrowful news indeed, for up to that moment Frank Donnelly had looked forward to being married to Nellie with the dawn, and their eating their breakfast together aboard some vessel or other bound to some port of Europe at the very least if not to England direct.

He looked the disappointment he felt to the very full, and his face might have borne the expression longer had not his lovely charge at last almost suddenly recovered her senses and exclaimed in wondering tones "Why, where are we?"

"In a train my darling, and also close to the end of our journey, thank God!"

"That indeed we are in," said the guard, "for there's Lake Mariut on our left and Lake Abukir on our right, and if you look out of the window straight ahead you will see the Pharos lighthouse and the blue sea beyond it."

"There do you hear all that, Nellie?" said Frank encouragingly.

"Yes, dear, and I'm waiting for you to add that our troubles and dangers are nearly over."

"Assuredly, darling, assuredly; as much over as the night is over, for don't you see day's gray dawn in the East? The sun will be up in a few minutes."

"Oh what a fright I shall look going through the streets in broad daylight with my arms bare to my shoulders and this most comical head-dress on."

Frank laughed, for he knew that when a woman once begins to think of her personal appearance she is literally free both from pain and terror.

"There are plenty of close babe in which you can shrink from public observation until you are engulfed in a private room of a European hotel, from whence you can send out and in a very short while supply any deficiencies of your wardrobe. Why we are in the heart of civilization again."

"Barbarism veneered with civilization, you mean, Frank. Oh, give me in preference the frailest skirt in the most temper-tence sea. I have been through that this night which all my life through will cause me to shudder and turn pale whenever the word Egypt is mentioned in my hearing. But we shall be on the sea in an hour, shall we not Frank?"

He was saved from uttering a soothing

falsehood by the train at this instant rumbling into the station, so he said instead, "Here we are at last!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MERRY MOMENTS.

Money doesn't make the man; and it isn't every man who makes the money, either

The clergyman having remarked that there would be a fine nave in the church, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.

Nurse (to young husband)—"I am glad to announce, sir, that you have a beautiful, bouncing son." Young husband (excited)—"Er—boy or g—girl!"

She—"So you are writing a novel?" He—"Yes." She—"And what will it contain?" He—"Four divorced women and a society scandal." She—"Won't that be lovely!"

A little girl was seated at the table opposite a gentleman with a waxed moustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has got smellers, too!"

Wife, before a lion's cage, to husband—"What would you say if the bars were to suddenly break and the lion to eat me up?" Husband (drily) "I should say he had a good appetite."

A certain actor appeared in a pantomime upon all all fours, performing the role of a donkey. "For the first time," said his critic, "Mr. X. has failed to present worthily the character of an ass!"

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?" Village Pastor—"No; but I have sometimes wondered what the Duke would do if he had mine."

Teacher—"Now, Klaus, if I say the father blessed his six children, is that active or passive?" "That is active." "Correct; and what's passive?" "The father was blessed with six children."

A clergyman who married four couples in one hour the other evening remarked to a friend that it was "pretty fast work." "Not very," responded his friend; "only four knots an hour."

The man who thaws himself out with a Tom and Jerry when the thermometer is hugging the zero notch, Brother Beecher says, is a better citizen than the prohibitionist who goes to bed cold and shoves his wife's feet out of their warm place.

Mrs. Gruffy was a guest of Mrs. Goodsell. One morning Mrs. Goodsell saw Mrs. Gruffy using the wrong toothbrush. "Bless me, Mrs. Gruffy, you are using my toothbrush!" "Am I? Wasal, now, you'll excuse me; I thought it was the chambermaid's."

Judge to prisoner—"Your name?" Prisoner—"Henry." Judge—"That's your Christian name. What's your family name?" Prisoner—"My father was a Polo. I have never been able to pronounce his name."

Mr. Fogg (reading from morning paper)—"Why, my dear, this is very sudden. Our friend Mrs. Smith, has died." Mrs. Fogg—"Mrs. Smith? You don't say so! How very glad I am we had her to tea last week!"

Lady (to applicant)—"What wages will you expect as nurse?" Applicant—"How could it be the baby, mum?" Lady—"Seven months." Applicant—"Without laudanum, mum, two dollars an' a half a wake; wid laudanum, two dollars."

There is a singular incongruity about the human race. A man will never hire an auctioneer unless he is continually "knocking-down," but a clerk that does the same thing is discharged.

"Why didn't you come when I sang?" said a Texas lady to her servant. "Because, I didn't heah de bell." Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so." "Yes'm."

Sewing girls are paid seventy-five cents a dozen for making shirts, and yet a married woman won't sew a button on one until she has been promised a pair of diamond earrings and a sealakin saque.

"George Washington offered himself to five women before he was accepted." Well, no wonder; it got out that he never told a lie, and the women, of course, thought he wasn't quite right in the upper story.

An exchange says: "The Chinese have no humor; they cannot understand a joke." This explains why the Chinamen get mad when hoodlums smash their windows. We have always had a suspicion that John couldn't understand a joke.

The Poet's Corner.

Gold.

- For Truth.

BY KARL BLOOMCOURT.

[The following is by a German gentleman whose familiarity with English is yet somewhat limited. Notwithstanding this disadvantage the poem contains undoubted evidences of true poetic genius.]

How this word gold seduces all mankind,  
Renewing evil as drink, senses blind,  
The dearest friend becomes your greatest foe,  
And rooks the soul in dark and constant woe.  
Slaves to affluence, the heart we consign,  
From feeble childhood down the steep of time,  
Struggling and grasping, e'en begrudging God  
Thanks for existence, whose bounties we plod.  
A little gain inflames the feeble mind,  
And rouses that passion which, to judgment blind,  
Finds no pleasure but to augment the purse,  
Reckless grasp oft the better feelings curse;  
Then self-interest displays its beastly part,  
For we seldom good to others impart;  
But revel in pomp, of millions debate,  
And scorn the poor wretch of lowly estate;  
Little possessors of the virtues of life  
Are those that for pow'r and opulence strive;  
Devil's conscience, unfeeling sense,  
Charity to each seems a rank offence;  
For when poverty gasps for breath at their door  
It's politely invited to hades dark shore.

Charity above all should be our guide  
And use it oft to sun some darksome night.  
The wide mercy of heaven gives us day  
So rich to poor can great blessings convey.  
Many with gold cover their weaker part  
And with fair display strive to mimic heart;  
Thus the sponge, when pressed, the liquid flow,  
And again absorb when dip'd below  
So many give poor for a passing blind,  
Then retake again the same measure prim'd.

Cold charity thus, in compulsive streams,  
May yield a moment then again redeem  
The current of its former gaudy flow,  
And glide unperceiving thro' a world of woe.  
But wretch is he when conscience disclose  
That Heaven's bright eye his counterfeit knows!

O why, then, yield to superficial art,  
And from the soul let truth sense depart,  
When on th'alone our high hopes rely  
To reach the land beyond the azure sky!  
Then happy they who few riches possess—  
Appar'd in nature's conscience find'st rest,  
For they who shun this intoxicating fold  
Find truth their servant, and wisdom their gold.  
But what numbers rebel when God would guide  
Their golden streams where poverty preads.  
Still hard as the metal forever their heart,  
Till death alone rends that life could not part.  
Festive burns give rich their heights sublime,  
Then give again, add seconds to their time.  
Should we expect the lamp to give us light,  
Experience teach to oil e'er it's night?

How unjust we are, what convincing display  
Is render'd by nature's e'er righteous way!  
Rivers, amassing the boundless ocean  
Resemble poor life in constant motion;  
And so would labour with diminishing strain,  
Didst not the sea succor its current again!  
O, unexpected roll these shadowy clouds!  
With sorrow, remorse, e'en with death empower'd.  
Then study well what may and may not be,  
Forego your gold you must, to reach eternity.  
And remember'd is he when, 'neath the sod,  
Who gave free his bounties and trusted his God;  
And no monument more splendid prize,  
Than this, "I have lived, and help'd others rise."

On the Hurry of This Time.

AUSTIN DOMON.

With slower pen men used to write  
Of old, when "letters" were "polite,"  
In Anna's or in George's days  
They could afford to turn a phrase  
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light  
Not yet had dazed their calmer sight;  
They meted out both blame and praise  
With slower pen.

Too swiftly now the hours take flight!  
What's read at morn is dead at night;  
Scanty space have we for art's delays,  
Whose breathless thoughts so briefly stay.  
We may not work—ah, would we might!  
With slower pen.

Don't You Think So?

BY MARGARET STYING.

It's all very well to be jolly  
When everything's going just right:  
When, in summer skies showing no hint of  
A shadow, the sun's shining bright;  
When around you your merry friends cluster  
With many a laugh-bringing jest,  
And wherever you turn you discover  
The world in its gala robe dressed.  
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly  
When mirth-loving spirits have fled:  
When your path is in gloominess shrouded,  
And the tempests bellow over your head;  
When fainter hearts beg you to cheer them,  
Though your own heart be lonely and drear,  
And you scarce can help doubting if ever  
The darkness will quite disappear.

The bird that sings sweetly when golden  
The earth is and gentle the wind,  
When the bees hum their joyous honey  
That, hid in the flowers, they find,  
When, lying in beauty and fragrance,  
Red roses and white lilies grow,  
And butterflies, splendid in raiment,  
Through their airy realm fit to and fro,  
Is a dear little songster but dearer  
Is the bird that its joy-giving strain  
Undaunted thrills loudly and gayly  
In spite of the chill and the rain;  
For that to be jolly 'tis easy  
In sunshine there isn't a doubt;  
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly  
When there is naught to be jolly about.

Twilight.

The day is done, now is the time  
To hush the voice of mirth;  
Twilight unfolds her gentle wings  
And spreads them o'er the earth.

Sweet hour of meditation!  
Would thou didst linger last!  
'Tis now that memory bears us back—  
Back to the happy past.

Forgetful of all bitterness  
That mingled in life's stream,  
Only of all the brightest flowers  
Weave we our twilight dream.

Beside the hearth the magic veil  
Of years, soft rolls aside;  
And, with a saddened wisdom gained,  
Span we a chasm wide.

Oh recollections sweetly sad!  
All, all life's brightest rays—  
The sunny hours of childhood—  
Flown with those by-gone days.

Within the busy slogs of day  
Old memories bring no thrill;  
No other hour so stirs the soul  
As twilight, calm and still.

The Present.

ROBERT GARY.

Waste not moments—no, nor words—  
In telling what you could do  
Some other time; the present is  
For showing what you should do.

The Sculptor's Christ.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

'Twas Dannecker, the sculptor great,  
Who toiled through years, nor thought of rest,  
To make a statue of our Lord,  
Of all his work to be the best.

The last stroke made, a child he called,  
And slow unveiled the statue high;  
'Who is this image, child?' he asked,  
And watched the face and wondering eyes.

"Some great man it must be, I know!"  
And shook her head with childish grace;  
Then turned away and left him sad:  
He'd failed, 'twas not the Saviour's face.

Again he wrought with cunning hand,  
Once more he called the child from play  
To where the marble statue rose;  
And asked again, "Who is it, pray?"

Her eyes grew light with dimpled smiles:  
''Tis 'Suffer little children,' Re—  
The very one, He says it now;  
His face, you see, 's 'Come to me.'"

The sculptor bowed his head in tears,  
'Tis finished now, no more I ask;  
The best this hand can carve is made;  
My day of life has wrought its task."

True Faith.

BY MARY R. SLEIGHT.

"You tell me that your child is dead,  
And yet you greet me with a smile,  
And let the sunshine flood your room,  
And with a song your grief beguile!"

"And why not smile? If she had gone  
To dwell in sunny Italy,  
To gaze upon those placid slopes  
And wander by that summer sea;

"Would I not joy to follow her  
In thought beneath those classic skies,  
To note with every changing scene  
The rapture in her glad young eyes?"

"Yet with my winging joy, alas!  
Always a brooding fear would mate,  
Not knowing where along the way  
Some nameless foe might's in wait.

"But now for her, with love enphered  
No evil thing can work its spell;  
Safe talkemared from ill she treads  
The fields where living fountains well.

"Then why not smile and open wide  
My windows to the blessed light,  
Since she forevermore abides  
In that fair land that knows no night?"

Deeds Not Words.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If words could satisfy the heart,  
The heart might find less care;  
But words, like summer birds, depart,  
And leave but empty air;  
The heart, a pilgrim upon earth,  
Finds often, when it needs,  
That words are as little worth  
As just so many weeds.

A little said—and truly said—  
Can deeper joy impart  
Than hoars of words, which reach the head,  
But never touch the heart;  
The voice that wins its sunny way,  
A lonely home to cheer,  
Hark! on the fewest words to say;  
But oh! those few—how dear!

If words could satisfy the heart—  
The world might hold a feast;  
But words, when summoned to the test—  
Oft satisfy the least!  
Like plants that make a gaudy show,  
All blossom to the root;  
But whose poor nature cannot grow  
One particle of fruit!

Publisher's Department.

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Notice to Prize-Winners. Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won.

LITERARY NOTES.

We are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, for a copy of that clever poem, "The Bunting Ball." This satire on New York life and manners is one of the most delightful books of the season.

The repressed and unhappy are in tenfold more danger from temptation than those who feel they are having their share of life's good. The stream that can not flow in the sunshine seeks a subterranean channel; in like manner, when circumstances or the inconsiderate will of others impose unrelenting restraint upon the exuberant spirit of youth, it usually finds some hidden outlet which can not bear the light.—E. T. R. c.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition, No. 16.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. Where are the following three words first mentioned in the Bible? 1st. PAN. 2nd. INK. 3rd. PAPER.

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

In addition to the spoons, which are given to all competitors, whether their answers are correct or not, there will be distributed the prizes named in the three following lists in the order the correct answers come to hand.

- THE FIRST REWARDS. 1. One fine square rosewood Piano by a celebrated maker. \$500. 2. One fine cabinet 12-stop Organ, by Bell & Co. 250. 3 to 7. Five fine extra silver plated Tea Services, four pieces. 250. 8 to 12. Five fine Gold Watches, ladies' or gentlemen's, as may be preferred. 350. 13 to 16. Five gentlemen's coin silver hunting or open face Watches. 125. 17 to 23. Seven Family Bibles, beautifully bound in morocco, with places for portraits, family registers; contains Cruden's concordance, weights and measures of Bible times, also the old and new version of the New Testament side by side; 3000 pages about the size of Truth's. 140. 24 to 26. Two Edison family Knitting Machines. 120. 27 to 31. Five fine Wausser Sewing Machines. 300. 32. One fine English breech-loading double barrel Shot Gun. 75. 33 to 40. Eight extra quadruple silver Plate Teaspoons. 80. 41 to 44. Two gold neck chains, with lockets complete, and one silver neck chain. 40. 45 to 50. Five Alarm Clocks; one walnut clock 51 to 62. Twelve extra silver plated crust stands 63 to 179. One hundred and eighteen fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings. 490. 180 to 235. Forty seven fine solid gold Gam Rings, size to fit winners. 470.

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

- THE MIDDLE REWARDS. 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold. \$100. 2 to 5. One Cabinet Organ, 12 stops, by Bell & Co. 250. 6 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, newest design. 200. 10 to 15. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, hunting cases, handsomely engraved. 420. 16 to 18. Three sets Chambers' Encyclopaedia, 10 vols to set, well bound. 180. 19 to 22. Four English Breech loading Double Barrel Shot Guns. 280. 23 to 56. Thirty-five satin lined imitation morocco cases, containing complete dessert set of half dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and tea spoons. 425. 57 to 80. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver-plated butter coolers. 150. 91 to 135. Forty-six elegant silver plated pickle cruet. 184. 136 to 200. Sixty-six fine silver plated Butter Knives or Sugar Shells. 66.

So as to give even the most distant persons an opportunity, the following list of consolation rewards has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post-marked not later than the 30th June, (the closing date,) will be given number one of these rewards; the next preceding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards, till all these rewards are given out.

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. One rosewood square Piano, by the Dominion Piano & Organ Co. of Bowmanville, or a piano equally as good. \$500. 2 to 4. Three ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches, extra good movements. 180. 5 to 7. Three extra silver Tea Services (4 pieces). 150. 8 to 21. Fourteen fine extra heavy silver-plated Cake Baskets, (new design). 156. 22 to 31. Fifteen extra silver-plated Crusts. 150. 32 to 51. Seventeen fine heavy silver plated Teaspoons, choice design. 170. 52 to 151. One hundred extra fine rolled gold Brooches. 300.

Fifteen (15) days after closing date, 30th June, will be allowed for letters to reach TRUTH office from distant points, that is if letters bear the postmark of 30th June, they will be eligible to compete.

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

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

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

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

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

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

- Among Thousands in the Possession of "Truth." I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Pitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated. E. RANKIN 19, Hanover Street, Montreal. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it. THOMAS W. CRAIGHEAD, Campbellford. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Cabinet Organ you kindly sent me as my prize for Bible answers. I am highly pleased with it and return my sincere thanks for such a handsome instrument. W. E. WALKER, Galt. Rev. S. H. Dyke, late Publisher Canadian, Septist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition. W. J. Turnbull, Paris Manuf. Co., Paris, Ont., acknowledges receipt of a handsome, square, rosewood Piano of magnificent tone and compass. E. E. Phillips, St. Catharines, acknowledges receipt of one hundred dollars, gratefully, &c. &c. The piano won by my son Benson in Bible Competition No. 6, and which came to us a year ago, proves to be in every respect a superior instrument. The Tuner, a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people during the year have called at the manse, examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised. Mr. Wilson has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offers, which are both numerous and liberal. T. SMITH, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Markham, Ont. Jennie E. Smith, Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of Solid Gold Watch. MARRINGBURST, Man. — S. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto: you shipped me six weeks ago a beautiful Cabinet Organ. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks also for the five years' warranty sent along with it. MAGGIE JACKSON. Geo. Zincker, Cape North, Nova Scotia, thankfully and delightfully acknowledges receipt of an elegant Gold Watch. Kingston Whig says:—Among the winners of prizes in this locality under the Bible competitions are: J. Galloway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Stanley Chant, Collingby; Viola Hunt, Birmingham; Jennie Price, Newburg. J. Brydon, Okanagan Mission, British Columbia, sends thanks for beautiful Gold Hunting case watch. Elderslie, Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland.—I must apologize for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 9. JOHN HENDERSON, Oswego, New York, says: Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting-case Elgin watch for prize story No. 9 in TRUTH. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy C." I wish TRUTH the best of success. C. M. STARK, New Haven, Conn. JAMES GORDON, Lancaster, Pa., also wondering and delightedly acknowledges receipt of ladies' gold Elgin Watches; also, in the same strain, Mr. Lums, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Marshall, Ad., Ohio, acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services. C. GROVER, Seattle, Washington Territory, L. RIDDLE, Kansas City, and G. ROBINSON, 416 Clay St., San Francisco,

Cal., received gentlemen's fine gold hunting case watches, with which they were very much pleased. SOME BIG PRIZES. The Bowmanville Statesman, of Dec 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the TRUTH and the LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competitions carried on by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Toronto. In addition to the list below several others have received valuable gold and silver watches, handsome silver cake baskets, gold rings, and brooches, books, etc.—Mrs. A. L. Vansone, Organ, 10 stops; M. Mosette James, Silver Tea Service, LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—Mrs. Jno. Van Nest, W. J. Host, Fred Bray, Amanda Bond, Thos. Sheridan, SILVER WATCHES.—Mrs W. R. Bond, Mrs Thos. Sheridan, Minnie Werry, Mrs. W. McKowan, Mrs. Smith, Mrs J. H. James, Mrs. Wm. Jewell, Mrs. M. Dayman, W. W. Tamlyn, M. A. The total value of above prizes amounted to \$1,100. Address in all cases, S. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto, Canada.

THE WINNERS NO. 16.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named.

- THE MIDDLE REWARDS. 1. A fine 10 stop Cabinet Organ, by a celebrated maker.—1, Olivia Littlehale, Sussex Vale, Kings Co., N. B.—2 and 3. Two gentlemen's Gold Open face Watches, newest design.—2, Lizzie Millar, Grafton, Carleton Co., N. B.; 3, Marsha Huffman, Canifton, 4, 5 and 6. Three ladies' gold Open-face Watches, newest design.—4, Edward Bunnett, Corbyville; 5, Mary Burnlee, Chatham; 6, John Schulse, New Dundee; —7, 8 and 9. Three double barreled English Twist Beech-loading Shot guns.—7, Dora Vester, Blenheim; 8, James Joyce, Kingsville; 9, Mrs. J. A. McEwen, St. Henri, Montreal.—10 to 40. Thirty-one fine extra heavy silver plated Cake Baskets, elegant pattern.—10, Rubie Bruner, Olinda; 11, David Cooper, Elizabethtown; 12, Annie Bowers, Kincairdine; 13, W. H. Cooper Elizabethtown; 14, Mrs. J. Fair, Brantford; 15, Mary Dallas, Theford; 16, J. R. Page, Fonthill; 17, Maggie Shaw, Dalhousie, N. B.; 18, F. Hartman, Odessa; 19, C. H. Cochran, Windsor, N. S.; 20, Mrs. D. McLellan, Annapolis, N. S.; 21, Jas Hopewell, Marchmont, Ont.; 22, John Prince, Moncton, N. B.; 23, Irvine Devise, Bearbrook, Ont.; 24, Mrs. T. Wilbur, Enfield, Ont.; 25, S. Hartshorne, Guysboro, N. S.; 26, T. R. Johnston, Washington, Pa.; 27, Alvin Berry, East Troy, Me.; 28, Wm. Hadden, Johnston Centre, Wis.; 29, Nellie Nash, Great Falls, N. H.; 30, R. J. Moyers, Port Lambton, Ont.; 31, Miss C. McLellan, Baltic's Corners, Ont.; 32, Miss J. Etches, Chatham, Ont.; 33, Lida Walker, Winnipeg, Man.; 34, I. G. Hamilton, Bay Verte, N. B.; 35, H. Butnam, Clandyboys, Ont.; 36, W. Mackey, Lileury, Ont.; 37, Jas. Arnott, Egerton, Ont.; 38, Joseph Wright, Liverpool, N. S.; 39, Alice Parry, Braosebridge, Ont.; 40, Mary Mackintosh, Walkerton, Ont. 41 to 90, fifty-eleven Gold Rings, 20 different patterns.—41, Jas. Aylsworth, Tamworth; 42, Nettie Keirstead, Milltown, N. B.; 43, Jas. Scrogger, Barrie; 44, F. R. Brown, Bowmanville, Ont.; 45, Nettie Blackburn, Orono, Ont.; 46, M. M. Drew, 2 Plant St., Utica N. Y.; 47, Philipp Hoover, Evan Mills, N. Y.; 48, Jodie Crouse, Knowersville, N. Y.; 49, D. R. Emerson, Crystal, Man.; 50, Kate Stead, 653 Yonge St., City; 51, Janet Gibson, 15 Crocker Ave., City; 52, John Rouse, 9 Mercer St., City; 53, S. McConnell, Long Lake; 54, A. McLellan, Little River, N. S.; 55, Tom O'Donnell, Lakeview, N. B.; 56, Mrs. B. Bradford, Montreal, Que.; 57, Emma Orpen, 256 McWilliam St., Winnipeg, Man.; 58, Mrs. H. Moore, Beatrice, Ont.; 59, E. McKinnon, Hampton, P. E. I.; 60, J. Mullikin, Equality, S. C.; 61, D. W. Black, 33 Grove Ave., City; 62, Mrs. S. Aharan, Douglstown, N. B.; 63, Minnie Faulkner, Hammond Vale, N. B.; 64, George Crick, Clinton, Ontario; 65, Thos. Gamble, Moncton, N. B.; 66, Wm. Ward, Cape Canoe, N. S.; 67, Chas. Stanbury, 25 Elm St., City; 68, Justina Harrison, 131 Beverley St., City; 69, Thos. Lee, Qu'Appelle Sta., N. W. T.; 70, Robt. McCaffrey, Patterson; 71, J. G. Henderson, Arthur; 72, James E. Robinson, 33 Grove Ave., City; 73, J. N. Smith, M. D., Hampton, N. B.; 74, J. P. Lee, Med. Hat, N. W. T.; 75, A. S. Harmer, 122 Colborne St., Kingston; 76, Emily Cameron, Chance Harbor, N. S.; 77, Alf. Bovingdon, Korah; 78, A. R. New, Renfrew, Ont.; 79, Jas. Reurke, Iroquois; 80, Jessie Bigby, Hammond's Plains, N. S.; 81, John Walker,

Clover Hill; 82, Abram Miller, Arnprior; 83, Wilson Dow, North Lenoir, Maine; 84, Geo. Pennie, Vinal Haven, Maine; 85, E. A. Robinson, Exeter, Maine; 86, Ida Thayer, Union Hill N. Y.; 87, T O Duros, New Lisbon, N. Y.; 88, Neel Prondeau, Joliette, Que; 89, Jno. Ryan 16 Kaye St., Halifax, N. S.; 90, Wm Webb, Scarborough; 91 to 133. Forty-two Fine Rolled Gold Brooches, newest designs.—91, Lavinia Loyd, Milford, Man.; 92, W. S. Howson, Pickering Ont.; 93, Mrs. R. L. Macfarlane, Almonte, Ont.; 94 Mrs. J. B. McDonnell, Penetanguishene, Ont.; 95, Seymour Addison, Minden, Ont.; 96, Jane Smith, Egmondville, Ont.; 97, Allen Stines, Phillipsville, Ont.; 98, Sarah McCallum, Ballinafad, Ont.; 99, Hugh Crossen, Camborne, Ont.; 100, Mrs. Job White, Ashburne, Ont.; 101, Rev. A. McCann, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 102, Edith Patchen, North Constantia, N. Y.; 103, Rosie Melhinch, Ogdensburg 104, Elizabeth Gee, Lowell, Mass.; 105, N. Finch, Lebanon, N. H.; 106, Anna Riey, 6 Irving St., Lowell, Mass.; 107, Fred Marshall, Windsor, Ont.; 108, Jeremiah Proulx, Bethel, Que.; 109, Jas. Dayman, Bowmanville, Ont.; 110, W. Saudercock, Bowmanville, Ont.; 111, John P. Pooley, Bowmanville, Ont.; 112, Mrs. C. Foster, Hamilton, Ont.; 113, Wm. Hawkstone, Marchant, Ont.; 114 Mary Mulhern, Michell, Ont.; 115, Theo. Merz, 426 Hope St., City; 116, Arthur Caselton, Victoria, B. C.; 117, Chas. Richardson, Thamsaville; 118, Mrs. Jos. Lee, Brantford; 119, Elmer Cole, Calusville; 120, A Aikens, Thorold; 121, E. J. Mann, Aylmer; 122, Jas Messer, Bluevale; 123, Jas. R. Haun, Port Colborne; 124, Mrs. W. Quinn, Stanleydale; 125, Richard Evans, 545 Grey St., London, Ont.; 126, John Morgan, Wales, Ont.; 127, Jessie Swinton, 759 Nctre Dame St., Montreal; 128, John Reid, Osceola; 129, Rebecca Smithson, Dunboyno; 130, Jas. McLaughlin, Murdock; 131, Mrs. Frances Leonard, Cruickshank, Ont.; 132, John Irvine, Lobo, Ont.

**Marshal Bazaine's Life in Madrid.**

Bazaine has been living in Madrid for many years, in comfortable circumstances, with the income of Mexican property. Mrs. Bazaine inherited from her mother, who died a short time ago, and she herself had some property in Mexico. Mrs. Bazaine has stood by her husband and brought up her children, and she at one time mixed more with Madrid society than at present. She was to be seen, often accompanied by Bazaine himself, in balls and receptions of the Castilian nobility, and they were both until very lately at the Royal Opera House in two orchestra stalls—butacas, as they are called—every four days.

Bazaine was received in Madrid society on account of his wife's connections and friends and one of the houses where they were constant visitors was that of the late Mexican Minister, Gen. Corona, the very officer who received the Emperor Maximilian's sword at Queretaro, by the by. The presence of Bazaine in Madrid drawing rooms led to some fracas a few years ago with a French Ambassador, Admiral Jaures, who made it a point of instantly leaving any reception where he met the ex-Marshal, a scene of this sort causing much sensation one night at a ball at Duke Fernan Nunez's.

There is no foundation in the report that Bazaine lives in poverty or has separated from his wife; but she is, on the contrary, very much pitied in Madrid, because she, for her children's sake, overlooks much of which she has good reasons to complain. The Bonapartists and the Empress Eugenie decline to have anything to do with him. His personal appearance has much altered, and he is so aged, so stout and bloated, so neglectful of his attire and outward appearance, that he is a wretched sight as he shuffles along the Recoletas promenade or a sidewalk in the Retiro, and this leads many people to fancy he is in worse circumstances than in reality.

His last efforts at intellectual work were a book on his Mexican campaign, and a lame defence of his conduct at Metz, upon which he worked for years. No one would recognize in this strange wreck the once-upon-a-time brilliant soldier of the second empire. The present income of Mme. Bazaine is estimated at £1,400 a year. Her eldest son is a volunteer in a crack "Cacadores" battalion in Madrid garrison, and she herself has still retained much of her dashing Mexican style and good looks. Bazaine is now 74 years old.

**LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION.**

No. 11.

**THE FIRST REWARDS.**

1. One elegant Square Piano, by a celebrated firm ..... \$500
2. One fine toned 12-stop Cabinet Organ ..... 250
- 3, 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) ..... 150
- 6 to 9. Four Ladies' fine Gold Hunting case Watches, elegantly engraved, first-class time-keepers ..... 280
- 10 to 13. Four celebrated Wamsor Sewing Machines ..... 24
- 14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets ..... 100
- 21 to 25. Sixteen fine quadruple silver plated Crue Stands ..... 16
- 26 to 50. Sixteen ladies' fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets ..... 240
- 51 to 75. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners ..... 300
- 76 to 85. Fourteen fine extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons ..... 84
- 90 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners ..... 15
- 101 to 155. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches. 11

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

**A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.**

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

**THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

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

Where are these four words first mentioned in the Bible?

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

**THE MIDDLE REWARDS.**

1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black Silk Dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good point dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Pettley's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., or if preferred, cash. .... \$ 75
- 2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) ..... 100
- 4 to 7. Four ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches new designs ..... 50
- 8 to 21. Fourteen fine extra quadruple Silver plated Cake Baskets ..... 140
- 22 to 33. Seventeen extra fine quadruple plated Crue Stands ..... 170
- 34 to 57. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each ..... 228
- 58 to 90. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, or a value ..... 50
- 91 to 110. Twenty-one solid Rolled Gold Brooches newest Designs ..... 87

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

**THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.**

1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 12 stops, beautifully finished ..... \$250
- 2 to 4. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) ..... 180
- 5 to 9. Five ladies' solid Gold Watches, elegantly engraved ..... 450
- 10 to 12. Three fine celebrated Wamsor Sewing Machines ..... 180
- 13 to 29. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains ..... 204
- 30 to 51. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plush lined cases ..... 320
- 52 to 90. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Teaspoons ..... 78
- 91 to 131. Forty-two fine half dozen sets solid silver plated Teaspoons ..... 24

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

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



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$250

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

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

**SILVER SPOONS.**—Mrs. J. Heckman, Bridgewater; Mrs. R. W. Neville, Warkworth; Mrs. F. Miller, Montreal; R. Kennings, Napier; C. MacDonald, Napanee; Mrs. Fawcett, Bruce Co.; G. McMichael, Utterson; E. Le Fanore, Stamford; H. Ferris, Harrow; Mand Hicks, Exeter; L. Anderson, Elmvale; Mrs. Woodman, London; Mrs. McPae son, Woodstock; H. Holden, City; S. Graham, Chesley; B. Sanson, Yarmouth Centre; Miss Duncan, Wyoming; Mrs. Buchanan, Wyoming; D. McCurdy, City; W. Hossack, Renfirth; R. Atkinson, Stratford; Mrs. Baldwin, Welland; M. Walsh, Dunkerron; F. Jacobs, Lunenburg; J. Riddell, Calgary; Mrs. Martin, Ridgetown; W. Cowe, East Linton; Mrs. Burns, Niagara Falls; J. Daan, St. Stephen; E. Killington, City; Mrs. Day, Pine Grove; Mrs. Plewes, Brantford; Mrs. Shirum, Williamsford; S. Wikoff, Aylmer; A. Jack, Montreal; B. Shirk, Preston; Miss Cockburn, City; Mrs. E. Tyron, Newburg; Miss Roseler, London; Miss Hourigan, Dundas; E. Powney, Norwood; Miss Grierson, Dundas; F. French, Iowa; Mrs. Scott, Lachute; Mrs. McAdern, St. Catharines; Mrs. Mather, Batham; Mrs. E. McEwen, Montreal; Mrs. Rice, Coaticook; M. Littlejohns, Highland Creek; Mrs. Webster, Brussels; Mrs. Glener, Stella; Miss Walton, Wolfville; Mrs. Carlisle, St. Catharines; H. Small, Bowmanville; Mrs. Campbell, Hamilton; J. Williams, Menominee; Mrs. Oliver, Claude; T. White, City; Mrs. Dounan, Cathcart; A. MacMillan, City; E. Strange, Princeton; Mrs. Sutherland, Oak Ridge; S. Smith, Strathroy; Mrs. Scatherd, Newburg; J. Kyle, Orangeville; J. Kerr, Chicago; A. Parsons, Stayner; M. Holliday, Medlands; L. Burden, Pngwash; Miss Perry, Braosebridge; E. Hobden, Strasburg; W. Sutherland, Grantley; Mrs. Johnston, Markhamville; J. Rina, Montreal; Mrs. Foster, Hamilton; Mrs. Finlayson, Thorold; Miss Rutherford, Burlington; Mrs. Cameron, Lounersville; L. E. Bragg, Manville; R. McKenzie, Cow Bay; M. Ashton, Haydon; C. Powell, Cobourg; W. J. Anderson, Strathroy; S. Foxley City; Mrs. Robinson, Kingston.

**GOLD RINGS.**—Mrs. Kirby, Montreal; Mrs. Mayraid, St. Andrews; Mrs. Robinson, Kingston; Mrs. Lahmer, Carrville.

**SILVER CAKE BASKETS.**—Mrs. Mackie, Winterbourne; M. Wilson, Montreal; A. Peterson, Berlin.

**WATCHES.**—T. A. Gerrie, Whitty; Mrs. Neelands, Wingham; Mrs. Lahmer, Carrville; Mrs. Freeborn, Topping; L. McGarry, Ashdown; A. N. Sherman, Petrolia; M. Micklejohn, Chatham.

**The Far Reaching.**

Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At druggists.

**Unlimited Power of Memory.**

The following case given by Dr. John Abercrombie, much abbreviated for want of space, shows most strikingly that memory is a power unlimited in its operation, and that in its unconscious workings it is most vigorous and overmastering where its subjects are least cultured and nearest the condition of the animal world. A girl of 7 years, employed in tending cattle, slept in an apartment next to one occupied by an itinerant fiddler, a musician of considerable skill, who frequently spent the night in performing pieces of a refined description. She fell ill, was taken care of by a lady, and eventually became her servant. Some years elapsed, and the family were often surprised to hear music during the night. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping room of the girl, who, fast asleep, was warbling in a manner exactly resembling the sweetest tones of a small violin. It was found that after being two hours in bed she became restless, and began to mutter to herself; then, uttering noises resembling the tuning of a violin, she dashed off, after some prelude, into elaborate pieces of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner. A year or two passed away, and she began to vary her performance by imitating the sounds of an old piano in the house, the singing of the inmates, and further on she began to discourse on a variety of topics. The justness and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquiring information. She was known to conjugate correctly Latin verbs and to speak several sentences in French. During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to wake her, and when her eyelids were raised and a candle brought near the eye she seemed insensible to light. About 16 she began to observe those who were in the apartment and answered questions put to her with astonishing acuteness. This affection went on for ten or eleven years. She was, when awake, a dull, awkward girl, slow in receiving any kind of instruction, without any turn for music, or apparently any recollection of what passed in her sleep. At the age of 21 she became immoral and was dismissed. It is believed that she afterward became insane. \* \* \* Dr. Moffat relates that after preaching a sermon on "Eternity" to some Africans he heard a simple-looking young man repeat it all over again to a group of natives with uncommon precision, the very gestures being reproduced. On telling him that he had done more than the original preacher could do, repeat the sermon verbatim, the savage touched his forehead and said, "When I hear anything great it remains there."

**The Sacred White Elephant.**

A correspondent writes from Mandalay just after the deposition of Thebaw: "Next morning I obtained admission to the palace, and for several hours wandered my way through the endless succession of buildings. It is impossible to attempt here any detailed description of the mingled magnificence and squalor, filth and splendor which I witnessed. . . . I found myself in the Lord White Elephant house. He had been left without food or water. The magnificent silver vessels which held his food had been laying about unprotected. The royal monster seemed in a very bad temper (no wonder). He was chained by the fore feet to a massive pillar. Unless you were told that he was white you would not perceive it. In the dusky light he seemed much like any other elephant. On closer examination he seemed of light mouse color, with large white blotches." The same correspondent describes a most disgraceful scene of plunder. The crown jewels narrowly escaped.

We asked you to "Watch this Space." Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, can furnish you work that you can do at great profit, and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Asa P. Sand, Westboro, Mass., writes us that he made \$60 profit in a single day. Every worker can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards per day. All is new. Capital not required; you are started free. Full particulars free. Send your address at once.

# The Canadian Campaign.

## PART II.

I fear I should weary you if I were to go into the details of our journey from Toronto to Winnipeg, therefore I shall spare you the uncomfortable recital. We arrived at Winnipeg on April 7, having been some eight days on the road, and after a short rest were marched aboard our trains for our several destinations. The half-breeds and Indians in overwhelming numbers were on the warpath, thirsting for the blood of Canadians.

The actual position was perhaps about as follows: Away north of the Canadian Pacific Railway some 200 miles, Riel, the leader of the rebellion, had his headquarters and had gathered about him a large number of Half-breeds and Indians, estimated all the way from 500 to 2,000 men. Their base of supplies was at a point on the South Saskatchewan River, called Batoche's Crossing, and there in an almost impregnable natural fortress they awaited our coming. Farther to the north, situated on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, was Fort Carlton, which had hitherto been the headquarters of a small force of mounted police under Colonel Irvine. Finding, however, that an outbreak was imminent, and not having sufficient provisions to withstand a protracted siege in so isolated and exposed a situation Colonel Irvine wisely decided to evacuate the post and proceed to Prince Albert, which would be easier to defend, and was the center of a larger settlement. The fort, therefore, together with every thing likely to furnish aid and comfort to the enemy was committed to the flames, and the little garrison, now augmented to about 260 men by volunteers from the vicinity, marched out into the midst of the enemy's country, and after some tribulation reached Prince Albert in safety. Some 90 or 100 miles west of Fort Carlton lay Battleford, situated on the Battle River, about two miles above its confluence with the North Saskatchewan. Battleford was a thriving village of 300 or 350 inhabitants, was once the seat of a territorial government, and is still the headquarters of a troop of mounted police and several government officials. Ninety-eight miles north west of Battleford was Fort Pitt, in charge of Inspector Dickens, son of the great novelist, and about 25 men of the mounted police. The points above named were all situated in the midst of the Indian and Half-breed country, and were the centers of important settlements of farmers and others from the east and from the old country who had taken up land in their vicinity with the intention of making homes for themselves. The insurrection, it may well be imagined, struck terror to the hearts of these poor people, who had abandoned the advantages of civilization, built themselves houses on the prairie, and set to work with high hopes to carve out for themselves a little spot on earth which they could really and truly call "home." They knew, of course, that they were going into the heart of the Indian territory; but the red-man had been peaceful and friendly for years, and if they harbored fear at all it was dismissed as unworthy of men who were the descendants of Canadian pioneers and the sturdy sons of the "old sod."

Suddenly the war-whoop of the savage rang in their ears, and they knew that he and his brother, the Half-breed, were on the warpath against the invaders of their soil. The forts were the only places of retreat, and hurriedly throwing together such articles as could be transported they made their way as swiftly as might be to Fort Pitt, to Battleford, to Prince Albert, and other points promising a degree of safety from the savage foe.

When General Middleton, therefore, marched his little army he found that he could command about 4,000 men of all arms, and that this was the work he had to do: First, to dislodge the rebels from their main stronghold in the neighborhood of Carlton and Prince Albert. As I have said, the numbers with Riel were absolutely unknown. Couriers from the disaffected district told all sorts of stories, but it was generally believed that his force was not less than 1,500 Half-breeds and Indians. It was said that Montana Half-breeds had come across the border; that dynamite was to be freely used, that all the rebels were armed with Winchester rifles, and were provisioned for an indefinite period; that they were strongly intrenched in the heart of an almost impassable territory, and that they were re-

solved to fight to the bitter end. Second to relieve Battleford, where, in the fort near the village, some 600 men, women and children were surrounded by savages and expecting every hour to feel the edge of the Indian scalping-knife. Third, to send a force to Edmonton, far to the west, where a number of settlers with their families had taken refuge. Besides all this there were the outlying posts to be protected, bases of supply to be established and maintained, a transport and commissariat service to be whipped into shape, men and munitions of war to be forwarded through a country known to be hostile, and where enemies were said to be in waiting in every coulee and behind every bush. But General Middleton was an old warrior, accustomed to face difficulty and danger, and before his indomitable will obstacles fell away and dissolved themselves like the snow which was now melting from the trail he was about to follow.

The main body, as I have said, was to march from Qu'Appelle, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, into the northern wilderness. The Manitoba troops had been mustered on the first news of the outbreak, and by March 30 were stationed at Fort Qu'Appelle, seventeen miles north of the railway, to await the arrival of the eastern troops. On the 6th of April, when only a portion had arrived, the general determined to advance, and at 5.45 A. M. on that morning, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the little army filed away on their perilous journey. Perilous, indeed, it proved to be, not because of assaults by the enemy, but because Nature herself seemed to have taken up arms against the invaders. Through snow and slush, swamp and coulee, in the teeth of the fierce northern blast which charged down upon them in merciless fury, they struggled on for the first day, and when, tired and footsore and cold and hungry, they came to a halt at last, they found they had endured all this fatigue for a pitiful advance of some twelve miles.

It would have been small wonder if these raw youths, fresh from peaceful occupation, almost untrained and called for the first time to undergo the hardships of such a march as this, had manifested symptoms of "funk" as they waded through the snow-drifts to prepare their camp that night. But there were none, and next morning saw them again on their way, stiff and sore no doubt, but with undiminished ardor.

It is not my intention to describe their journey. Overtaken at intervals by the several divisions from the east, they arrived at their rallying point on the Saskatchewan about the 17th or 18th of April and went into camp to await the arrival of supplies and reinforcements, which were expected by steamer as soon as the condition of the river would permit. These not arriving, however, General Middleton resolved to attack with his present force, numbering some 950 men, and on the 24th of April saw the so-called battle of Fish Creek, in which the Canadian troops suffered severely, having seven killed and forty five wounded. They held the ground, however, and drove the rebels from their fastnesses, halting at last when darkness prevented further advance.

Seven killed and forty-five wounded may seem a small number when we recall Gettysburg or Chattanooga, but it was enough and more than enough. There was many a mournful home in Canada when the news of the fight came, telling that although we were victorious it was at the cost of some of the best blood of our young Dominion.—*Our Youth.*

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

### The White Elephant.

After the British had conquered Burmah, one of the four sacred white elephants died at Mandalay. The Burmese have always expected some national disaster when one of these sacred animals die. The earliest traveler in Burmah, as far back as 1532, speaks of this reverence for the white elephants as having had even then an ancient and remote origin. When one of these royal beasts expires, the same honors are offered up to it as to a dead queen. The queerest part of the business is that there probably never was an entirely white elephant. The one that has just died had some white about the eyes, but the body was black or brown. It is passing strange how even a semi-intelligent people should for generations have paid such marked honors to a beast so far inferior in every way to the human race.

### Two Years in the Jungle.

When Professor Ward, of Rochester, selected Wm. F. Hornaday as a collector of wild animals in India, for his museum, he made a happy choice. Few men are to be found who so well unite the qualifications of hunter, collector, taxidermist and naturalist, and to collect successfully for a great museum, a man should be all these. Besides these, courage, physical strength and endurance, and patient skill in managing wild men and savages are all required. As a hunter Mr. Hornaday attacked the tiger in the jungle, the wild elephant and bison in their native forest in India, and this on foot, with his life entirely depending on his accuracy of aim, and the certainty of his weapon. Besides these lords of the forest Mr. Hornaday brought to bag the bear, the wild boar, crocodiles, and many species of deer and monkeys in the forest of Bengal.

In Ceylon he collected many of the peculiar fishes of that island, with other curious marine forms of life. The jumping fish, which comes ashore and feeds on the rocks; holothurians, resembling brown sausages six inches long, covered the beach, and much prized in China under the name of *beche de mer*. Also skates and rays in great numbers and variety, though none were seen as large as the great devil fish (*Manta*) of our southern coast. Specimens, however, of this gigantic ray are not wanting in these seas, for the writer saw one in the Indian Ocean which would have measured at least twenty five feet from tip to tip of the bat-like wings. Our traveler also procured a specimen of the tiger-shark (*Stegostoma*) six feet long, tawny in color and spotted black. This species grows to an enormous size in tropical seas. One played about our ship when becalmed in the Indian Ocean, which was longer than our ship's beam (28 feet) and as large round as our long boat, a formidable looking creature, and perhaps the largest of fishes—as most people now know that the whale is not a fish. Another rare fish collected by Mr. Hornaday was a shark-ray (*Rampobatis*) seven feet long, which has a spin crest like a sturgeon. Flying foxes, a large species of bat, were so abundant that fortyfour were killed in five shots, as they hung in clusters like pears from a tree top. In Ceylon the crocodile is abundant, and unlike their relatives, the gavials, are often dangerous. The largest specimen was twelve feet long, though many larger ones were heard of. So in Florida we hear of sixteen-foot alligators, but they seldom measured more than ten feet when killed.

A most interesting part of the world is the island of Borneo. Many tourists and sportsmen visit British India and Ceylon, but the interior of the great island of Borneo is almost a terra incognita. The principal object of Mr. Hornaday's visit was to procure specimens of the orang-utan (*Simia*), an animal little known, but of which strange tales have been told by romancing travelers. Its home is in Borneo, about which, even in Singapore, a meeting place of all races of men, the grossest ignorance prevails, as we are told by Mr. Hornaday, and as Borneo is 850 miles long, and 625 wide, there is a large field for exploration.

The orang-utan is arboreal in habits, and rarely comes to the ground, where it is weak and slow, but it is at home in the lofty tree-tops, where it builds a sort of nest of branches. These forests are swampy and not easily traversed, either on foot or in a boat, yet this indefatigable American hunter collected forty-three specimens of both sexes, and of all ages, seven of which exceeds the maximum size of orange as given by Wallace, the well known English naturalist. Mr. Hornaday's largest specimen measured four feet six inches from head to feet, and almost eight feet in extent of out stretched arms, and his weight was estimated at 135 pounds. It was the largest that the native hunters had ever seen, and they called him the "Rajah." Mr. Hornaday says he felt as if he had killed some terrible wood demon, or satyr. It was shot from a boat in a submerged forest, and two shots from a Maynard rifle brought the great ape down from his tree. Three baby oranges were captured, two of which refused to live in captivity, but the third was a mild and tractable infant, which became a tame and affectionate pet, and was Mr. Hornaday's constant companion as long as he remained in Borneo. It had many human traits, one of which was that like human infants, it could not swim, but sunk helplessly when put in the water. The full grown orang is enormously muscular and active, and would probably easily overpower any unarmed man.

### SOME USEFUL FACTS.

A cubit is two feet.  
A pace is three feet.  
A fathom is six feet.  
A span is 10½ inches.  
A palm is three inches.  
A great cubit is 13 feet.  
A league is three miles.  
There are 2,750 languages.  
Oats, 35 pounds per bushel.  
Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.  
A day's journey is 33½ miles.  
Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.  
Two persons die every second.  
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.  
A square mile contains 640 acres.  
A storm blows 36 miles per hour.  
Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.  
Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.  
A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.  
The average human life is 31 years.  
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.  
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.  
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.  
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.  
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.  
Slow rivers flow five miles an hour.  
Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.  
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.  
Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.  
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.  
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.  
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.  
The first lucifer match was made in 1848.  
The first horse railroad was built in 1828-7.

A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards in length.

Corn, rye and flaxseed, 26 pounds per bushel.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

Wheat, beans and clover seed, 60 pounds per bushel.

The first use of a locomotive in the States was in 1829.

The first almanac was printed by Geo. Ven Parbach in 1640.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

### Stained Hands.

Young men are sometimes deterred from pursuing a vocation to which they are inclined by the fear that, being "unfashionable," it will exclude them from "society." An eminent mechanical engineer began his life-work by filing iron in a machine shop.

At night, after his first day's work, he looked at his soiled hands and broken finger-nails, and thought, "How can I go into society with such hands as these? What will the young ladies think of my finger-nails?"

Then came the temptation to abandon the shop, and become a clerk. He resisted, gave up society, devoted himself to his trade, and in a few years was constructing ships. He had the courage to give up society that he might acquire skill in mechanics.

Ampere, the great French chemist, though one of the most intellectual of scientists, found that he could not be both in "society" and in his laboratory. He once went to dine with a fashionable lady, who made a point of gathering notable persons about her. His hands were stained by a harmless drug which blackens the skin for a few days. Ampere wrote to his wife,—

"She declared that my hands looked unclean, and ended by leaving the table, saying she would dine when I was at a distance. I promised not to return there before my hands were white. Of course I shall never enter the house again."

Ampere became great; the vulgar woman is unknown.

Wife (reading the paper)—"Well I declare, if that isn't the queerest thing I ever heard of." Husband—"What's that?" Wife—"Why here in the paper is an announcement of a wedding up in Massachusetts, and among the wedding presents was a bull terrier, given to the bride by her father." Husband—"I don't see anything odd about that; she was the old man's youngest daughter, wasn't she?" Wife—"Yes, but what's that got to do with it?" Husband—"Why, of course, if she and all the rest were married he had no further use for the dog."

Music and Drama.

The "Romany Rye," which is well known in Toronto, holds the boards at the Grand this week.

The "Mikado," which played a week or two since to such overflowing houses, will be at the Grand again next week.

Jenny Lind, it is rumored, will give a series of concerts in London. She is now in her 65th year.

Mme. Judic has been extremely successful in Havana and has charmed the luxurious folks of the West Indies.

Madame Christine Nilsson has been communicative on her future plans in London. She thinks the land of fogs the finest on earth.

Threatened Danger. In the fall of '84 Randall Miller, of Mattland, N. S., was prostrated to his bed with an attack of incipient consumption.

Threatened Danger.

In the fall of '84 Randall Miller, of Mattland, N. S., was prostrated to his bed with an attack of incipient consumption.

Restlessness, Morbid Anxiety, and a fretful disposition, are usually met with in the dyspeptic.

It don't matter how much benevolence a man professes, unless he puts ashes on his sidewalk in icy weather.

Weather Probabilities. The probabilities are that we shall have much damp, chilly, sleazy weather during the coming season.

"All men are born free and equal," but the difficulty is that some men are born equal to a half a dozen others.

EPPS'S COCOA - GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition."

Let a man be ever so ungrateful or inhuman, he shall never destroy the satisfaction of my having done a good office.

When a man dies in the Society Island, they paint his body, but in this country his character is the thing that is frescoed.

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

The Old and the New.

The old-style pills! Who does not know what agony they caused - what woe!

Delicate diseases in either sex, however induced, speedily cured. Book, 10 cents in stamps.

Very "taking" in its way - smallpox.

The Ruddy River

of life is the blood. From it the system receives all its material of growth and repair. It bathes every tissue of the body.

People who "went South for the winter" this year, have found it.

There is no excuse for your suffering any longer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., when you can get a remedy guaranteed to cure, and which is perfectly safe.

Love is a passion which frequently comes we know not how, and it quits us just in the same manner.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists.

If Japhet is still in search of his father we suggest that he look in the front row of seats at the opera bouffe.

Catarrhal Headache, hawking and spitting up phlegm, etc., are once relieved and cured by the use of Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure.

Teacher of Bible class - "In what book of the Bible is the expression found, 'All flesh is grass'?"

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Biliousness, Impure Blood, Pimples on the face, Biliousness and Constipation - such cases having come under my personal observation."

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

First Patron - "Do you know where Barber Jenkins gets his conversational powers?"

C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "I have sold at retail, 156 bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction."

A recent song has the following refrain: "Oh, hug me closer, closer still." Of course there are frequent rests, to give a fellow a chance to comply.

The Faith Cure.

This new theory of cure is rapidly growing in fashion but is illogical in reason and sentence. Faith without works is dead.

When a man dies in the Society Island, they paint his body, but in this country his character is the thing that is frescoed.

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

REDUCTION IN WOOLS AND Fancy Goods

- Berlin Wools, all colors.....10 cents per ounce.
Shepherd Wools, all colors.....10 cents per ounce.
Australasian Wools, all colors.....10 cents per ball
Baldwin's Fingering Wools, all colors, 10c. per skein.
Crewel Wools, extra quality, 4 cts. per skein.....40 cents per dozen.
Embroidery Silks, all the plain colors.....15 cents per dozen.
Embroidery Silks, shaded colors.....25 cents per dozen.
Silk Arrasene, American make.... 5 cents per skein.
Silk Arrasene, (imported), large skein.....15 cents per skein.
Macramé Cord, 1/2-lb. balls.....12 1/2 cents per ball.
Panel Rods, plain brass, 8, 10, 12, and 14 inches.....20, 25, 30, 35c each.
Panel Rods, twisted brass, 8, 10, 12 and 14 inches.....25, 30, 35, 38c each.
Brass Ornaments, two sizes, plain .10 & 18 cts. per doz.
Brass Star Ornaments, large size...25 cents per dozen.
Brass Bangla Ornaments, 7c each...75 cents per dozen.
Flush Ornaments, small size, all colors.....50 cents per dozen.
Flush Pompons, very pretty....50 & 35 cts per doz.
Flush Pompons, large double drop, handsome tassels.....\$1 20 per dozen.
Chenille Cord, (chenille over silk trim) all colors.....10 cents per yard.
Stamped Tiddles (figures or flowers) all fringed.....25 cents each.
Stamped Toilet Set, (5 pieces) figures or flowers, all fringed.....35 cents per set.
Stamped Splashes, 20x45, newest designs.....50 & 60 cents each.
Woolen Java Canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors.....50 cents per yard.
Linen Fichette, all sizes, 4 cts per skein.....40 cents per dozen.
Brussels Net for Damask Work, 36 and 72 inches wide.....30 & 50 cts. a yard.

Also a Complete Stock of everything for Fancy Work. A Full Line of "Briggs" Stamping Patterns in stock.

All letter orders receive prompt and careful attention. Ladies should write for price list, as 25 per cent will be saved on purchases, and we can send goods to all parts of Canada.

HENRY DAVIS, DIRECT IMPORTER, 232 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

DR. REEVE M: C. P. S. O.



BOW LEGS - My appliances for the cure of this deformity are unsurpassed. CLUB FEET - Special attention given to these cases. See my Truss for Erupture - Never fails. Piles Cured Without Operation, thus avoiding all pain and danger, from which no operation by knife, or otherwise, is free.

Protrusion Anal, or protrusion of the bowels, effectively cured. Constipation - My treatment restores the parts to their healthy, natural state, and thus cures whatever Nervous Debility, from any cause whatever, thoroughly and permanently cured. Epilepsy - My familiarity with this disease enables me to treat it with a very unusual degree of success. Tapeworms - My specific never fails to remove it. Catarrh, Lumbago, Hemorrhoids, Rheumatism, St. Vitus Dance, Scrofula, Richest, Yaws, Dyspepsia, Deafness, and roaring noises in the Ear, Head, and other Diseases of the Skin, Kidneys, Liver, Blood, Stomach, Bowels, Bladder, Nervous System, Bone and Joints successfully treated. Consultation free. Send for Circular. 148 KING ST., Cor. Jarvis, Toronto.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY. Electro Plate. Goods stamped Meriden Silver Plate Co., are not our make. If you want reliable goods insist on getting the made by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., HAMILTON ONT.

GARDEN, FIELD, TREE, AND FLOWER SEEDS

Sterling Worth and Quality Have Made SIMMERS' SEEDS the most popular brands. Sow them and you will use none but Simmers'. All Seeds Mailed Free on receipt of Catalogue price.

J. A. SIMMERS, SEEDSMAN TORONTO. ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.

S. D. DOUGLAS & CO. (Successor to the late Alex. Hamilton.)

Our Spring Importances of WALL PAPERS, BORDERS and DECORATIONS

Are constantly arriving, and surpass anything we have ever shown. Give us a call and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Also in stock, Prepared Paints, Prepared Kalsomine, in all the latest artistic shades. Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Japans, Turpentine, Gold Leaf, Etc.

PURE WHITE LEAD

Wholesale & Retail.

183 King Street East, Toronto.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY:

E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., TORONTO.

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

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

Treatment on Compound Oxygen free on application. E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete Restoration to Health, Vigor, and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

LADIES! COMPOUND PILLS OF TANSY are perfect always effectual. Particulars (sealed) 2 cents. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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(Continued from page 3.)

opening quadrille has been ended. An A. D. C. with an eyeglass out out of the pure plain window-pane, advances down the ball-room to look for his partner, when a person with one very curious looking leg accosts him saying, "I'm tryen to get sumun for a vissy vee. Get a girl an' jine us." The A. D. C. looks attentively for a moment through his eyeglass; at first there is only a vague recollection in his mind; then the impression grows more distinct;—at last the full horror of the circumstance comes upon him like a flame—this is the man who carries the coal-oil to Rideau! We shall not endeavor to lay stress upon the atrociousness of such an occurrence; but we would ask our readers to ponder it well; and extend their sympathy to that poor A. D. C. To the left of the picture if the indulgent reader will turn an eye, there is to be seen another group represented by Mickey Doyle be jabbers, an' his wife Peggy Mulkahy from ouid Limerick. Through the influence of Mr. Curring, M. P. from Muntryhall, they got an invitation to go "begorra, an' to dance among the big folks" Mickey meets a civil servant who prospers, and in fact dazzles society on \$350 per year. "He's a gran' lookin' gentleman that Peggy. Let us ax him to give us the pleasure of his company in a jig. We're all aqull here, ain't we, sir?" he said as he went up to the young buck; but the buck turned upon him with that feeling of disdain which we hope to see cultivated in this country. Then he said simply, but the depth of his feeling was apparent from his tone, "My Gawd!" There is likewise to be seen at the top of our picture a long, solemn, and desolate looking table. Once upon a time this table groaned with joints of mutton, surleins, and turkeys that would have made the lips of a sultana moist. But these have all disappeared. The income has been applied to the purchase of real valencianes, of brocades, of tulles, and stuffs that take their colors from the dyes of Tyre and Sidon. A large dismal loaf of bread stands prominently upon the table; and a little spray of flower in a pet to give poetic emphasis to the culinary desolation stands at the other end. The porridge is eaten out of the old-time silver dishes;—but the fruit knife is put to the ignoble work of peeling potatoes. Indeed such a thing as meat is practically unknown in the most fashionable Ottawa houses now. But look at the poor girl, that sweet belle of 21, lying prostrate upon her bed. Up to the very last hour she hoped and listened for the foot fall of the orderly with an invitation. She had even dressed herself and stood in all her brilliant beauty arrayed in the greater part of her father's earnings. But the card did not come; and in overwhelming agony she threw herself upon her bed. Look at her share, gentle-hearted reader, and if you have pity in your heart pity her. Cast your eye to the right and there you will see a scene depicting the close of the ball. One "fashionable gentleman" is intoxicated; and he is trying to get home. If you could see, you would perceive one sleeping a Bacchanalian sleep upon the stairs; and you would perceive another feeling and commenting upon the plumpness of the shoulder of the governor's wife. Think over all these things and see what a glorious thing it is to live in Ottawa and to go to Rideau.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, Express and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Peace in a sinful course is one of the greatest of curses.

The men who are running a paper in State's Prison will be saved the bother of applications for places as editorial writers by green college graduates.

M. Boudon, of the Cantonal Industrial school of Louzanne, Switzerland, reports the discovery in Lake Lemna of a bright green moss growing in the bottom of the lake on the calcareous rocks, two hundred feet below the surface. No other moss has been found at so great a depth under water, and how chlorophyll could have been so richly developed so far from the light is a problem.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INQUIRER, Windsor.**—The Queen opened Parliament in person in February, 1871, when Mr. Gladstone was Premier; also in 1877, when Mr. Disraeli held that office.

**R. K., Arthur.**—Large cattle ranches are confined to no particular section of the West. Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and many portions of our own North-West contain many of them.

**ASPIRANT, City.**—If you adopt literary pursuits expecting to become speedily wealthy you will certainly be disappointed. Literature as a profession is an exceedingly precarious way of making a living. Pope was the first man who acquired anything like a competency from literature.

**DISPUTES, Black Creek, Wis.**—We have several times in these columns enumerated the seven wonders of the world. We repeat them again for your benefit: (1) The pyramids of Egypt; (2) the mausoleum or tomb built for Mausolus, king of Caria, by Artemisia, his queen; (3) the temple of Diana at Ephesus; (4) the walls and hanging gardens at Babylon; (5) the vast brassy image of the sun at Rhodes, called the colossus; (6) the ivory and gold statue of Jupiter Olympus, by Phidias; and (7) the pharos, or watch-tower, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt.

"Pat, what time is it?" "Ol don't know, Mike; but let's guess at it, and then the man as comes furthest off can go out to the kitchen and look."

**S. Chadwick, of Arcadia, Wayne Co.,** writes: "I have had severe attacks of Asthma for several years. I commenced taking Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The first dose relieved me in one hour. I continued taking it in teaspoonful doses for a few days, and have not had an attack of it since, now nearly one year."

When Fogg heard the landlady below stairs pounding the beefsteak, he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to the boarders.

Joyful News.

It is certainly glad tidings to the poor invalid to be informed of a remedy that will give prompt and sure relief in case of painful suffering. Such a remedy is Hayward's Yellow Oil, adapted for internal and external use in all ordinary aches, pains, lameness and soreness. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, croup and all inflammatory pains.

**Aunt.**—"Has any one been at these preserves?" (Dead silence.) "Have you touched them, Jammy?" "Jammy"—"Pa never lows me to talk at the table."

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

**Boarder.**—Why is that spring chicken like a favorite brand of brandy? Landlady—I am sure I don't know, Mr. Tibbs. Boarder—Because it's old hen, I see.

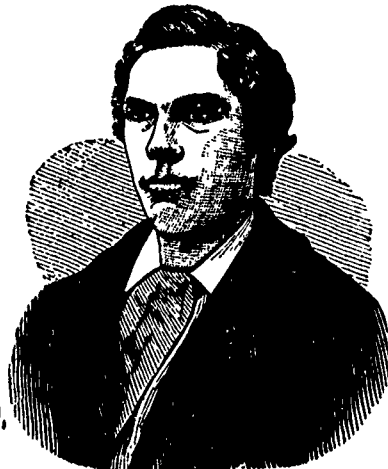
Of Vital Importance.

It is just as essential that the human body should have pure blood, as that a tree or plant should have sap to nourish and invigorate its growth. Nearly all our bodily ills arise from unhealthy blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies this fountain of life, and regulates all the vital organs to a healthy action.



**W. STAHLSCHMIDT & CO.,**  
Preston, - Ont.,  
MANUFACTURERS OF SCHOOL OFFICE,  
CHURCH AND LODGE  
**FURNITURE.**  
**THE MARVEL SCHOOL DESK**  
(PATENTED JAN. 14, 1885.)  
The Latest and Best. - Send for Catalogue.

Cured of Catarrhal Bronchitis  
—AND—  
NASAL AND PHARYNGEAL  
**CATARRH**



The subject of this sketch lives in British Columbia, one hundred miles from any doctor; his first trouble was Acute Catarrh of nose and throat, causing profuse discharges, frothy, then yellow, and at last droppings into the throat. A terrible cough set in and Catarrhal Bronchitis was established with wheezing and shortness of breath. He then rapidly ran down, and, using his own words, "My breathing is laborious and attended with a wheezing or rattling sound as if the air was forced through a narrow aperture, clogged with a tough fluid, and the phlegm I spit is like the white of eggs. My breath smells. My ears feel as if filled with matter." This young man is a total abstainer, using neither liquor nor tobacco. Before his illness he weighed 165 pounds, and fell from that to 141 pounds, when we took up the case. We sent him three months' treatment, after taking which he writes: "I have lately purchased me a shell and had a three-mile spin at a good pace, and could breathe freely. I wish I had the means to visit your institution I shall write you some time. With best wishes for your institution, I am, yours truly, your afar off patient, JAMES N. J. BROWN, Empire Ranch, British Columbia.

We never saw this man, and treated him by letter and photo. We have cured hundreds of similar cases, as well as Asthma and many of confirmed Consumption. We treat all chronic diseases of men and women. We cure mistakes of youth and old age, and cure and correct every kind of Deformity. We cure Rupture, Piles, Rheumatism, and every kind of Stiff and Aching Joints. CONSULTATION FREE. Mention this paper. Address,

**S. Edward McCully, M.D.,**  
Medical Director, 283 Jarvis St., Toronto, or  
**G. Gerrard Potts, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.,**  
Medical Superintendent.

A Word Of Explanation.

The liver secretes bile to move the bowels; the kidneys secrete urine, to carry off uric acid, which would poison the blood; the stomach secretes gastric juice to digest or dissolve the food, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon these organs and purifies the blood by cleansing all the secretions of the system.

**NEW  
SPRING  
SUITINGS  
AND TROWSERINGS,  
At J. Sinclair's,**

245 YONGE ST., TORONTO.



Welland Canal Enlargement.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office, from mechanical, skilled, practical contractors, until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the FIFTH day of MARCH next, for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, etc., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Fort Dalhousie and Thorold.

The works throughout will be let in sections. A map showing the different places, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after Tuesday, the 3rd February instant, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works will be supplied at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold.

Parties tendering are requested to examine the locality and bear in mind that the season and circumstances under which the works have to be done render some of them of an exceptional nature.

Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates or prices stated in the offer submitted. The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
**A. P. BRADLEY,** Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,  
Ottawa, 17th February, 1886.

**ANTI-CORPULENE PILLS** Positively reduce a superfluous flesh 15 lbs a month. Cause no sickness contain no poison; and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. **WILCOX SPECIFIC MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**HEALTH FOR ALL!!**  
**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT**  
**THE PILLS**

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

**THE OINTMENT** is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Throat it has no equal. **FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings,** and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 73 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 32s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 73 New Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Paste This in Your Hat.

The people who are admitted to vote under the new Franchise Act are: Property owners, cities, \$300; property owners, towns, \$200; property owners, villages, \$150; property owners, townships, \$150; income, \$300 Farmers' sons in counties. Sons of persons owning and occupying real estate in cities and towns. Tenants of any real property who have paid one year's rent at \$2 month, \$6 quarter, \$12 half-year, or \$20 year. Tenants renting any property assessed high enough to qualify owner as a voter. Fishermen owning land or personal property, value \$150.

A.P. 269

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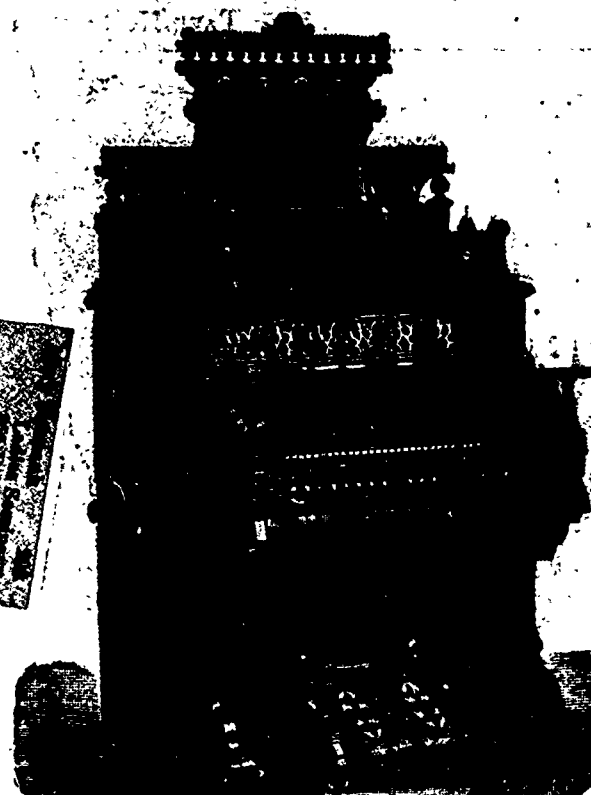
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