



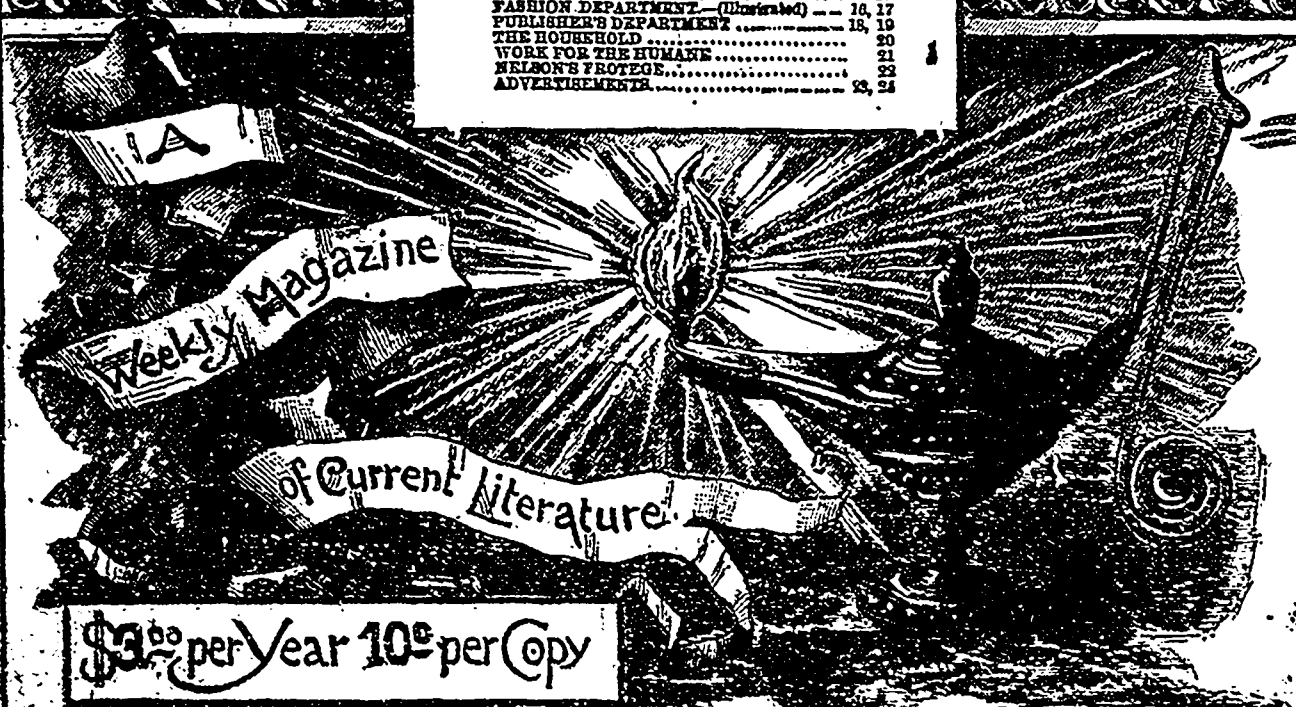
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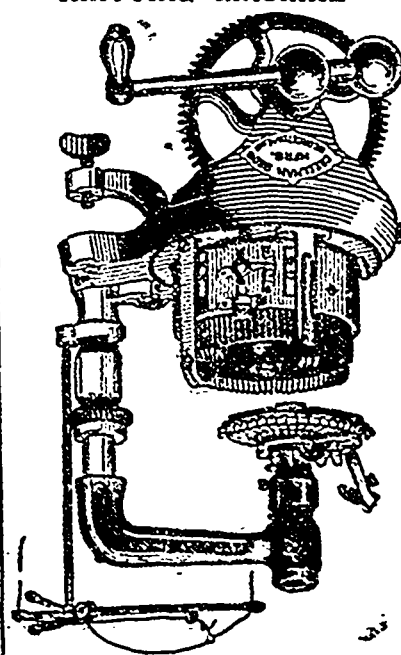


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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 15, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 293.

MR. BLAKE'S HOME RULE RESOLUTION.

We do not agree with those who declare that Mr. Blake has no heart in the resolution that he has moved, any more than with the assertion that Mr. Costigan has become faithless to the cause of constitutional freedom for Ireland. We are painfully aware that our public men, as a rule, are but too ready to adopt any sort of cry, or take any manner of step, to achieve a party gain; but we do not believe that Mr. Blake's motive in moving a resolution endorsing the principle enunciated in Mr. Gladstone's Bill with respect to Ireland, was insincere. We must before attempting a criticism of his act remember that the Premier of Great Britain has asked the Empire at large for an expression of opinion upon this point. This is the justification for the motion made in Parliament; the fact that Mr. Blake is himself an Irishman is the proof that his heart as much as his head is concerned in the resolution. Moreover a man with the views upon constitutional liberty held by Mr. Blake, and advocated with such passionate eloquence by his father, is not likely after being invited to participate to stand mute when any portion of humanity is engaged in a struggle for liberty. The Parliament of Canada is the fitting place whence an opinion of the proposed Imperial legislation should go forth; and since the change proposed by the British premier affects the empire, it is proper that from any portion of that empire criticism or opinion upon the change proposed should come.

It will be remembered that in 1882 Mr. Costigan moved a series of resolutions in much the same strain as that presented by Mr. Blake. But Mr. Costigan went farther than the leader of the Opposition. He did not content himself with pointing out how successful provincial Government under a central authority had proven in the Dominion of Canada; but the House of Commons was made to express the wish that the Home Government might deal leniently with persons then in prison for political offenses. With a portion of Mr. Costigan's resolutions no fair minded man could conscientiously disagree; but we think it was going too far when we undertook to advise the Imperial Government as to how it ought to deal with persons who had broken the laws. The Colonial Secretary rose to the full height of his stature, and gave us a chill and haughty snub. He pointed out that when Her Majesty desired advice upon matters coming under her immediate jurisdiction she would seek counsel of her properly constituted advisers. The London Times found an opportunity to become insolent, and made the most of its chance. But Mr. Huntington, who happened to be at London at the time, wrote a letter which cut the ground very completely from under the feet of the Times.

However, when Mr. Blake introduced his resolution the other day, the Hon. Mr. Costigan begged him to withdraw it, pointing

out that if it went through in its present form it must be on "division" which would be unfortunate for the object that the mover had in view. The following is the text of the resolution moved by Mr. Blake.—"That a humble address be presented to Her Majesty to respectfully assure Her Majesty that the interest and concern felt by the Commons of Canada and the people whom they represent, in the condition of Ireland, and desire that some means may be found of meeting the expressed wishes of so many of Her Majesty's Irish subjects for the granting to Ireland of a measure of local self-government, still continue as warm and earnest as in the year 1882, when they were humbly signified to Her Majesty by an address, to the terms of which this House affirms its abiding adhesion, humbly to inform Her Majesty that this House hails with joy the submission by Her Majesty's Government to the Parliament of the United Kingdom, of a measure recognizing the principle of local self government for Ireland, and humbly to express to Her Majesty the earnest hope of this House that the principle of the said measure may be affirmed, and that it may form a basis for such a settlement of this great question as shall conduce to the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the Empire." The spirit of this resolution is well enough; but there is a lack of tact shown in its construction, as there is in so many of Mr. Blake's speeches. The resolution has an extra judicial appearance about it, which feature would not have been visible had Mr. Blake said, that "in view of the success of the principle of local government as applied in our confederated colonies, and the invitation for an expression of opinion by the British Premier, the Parliament of Canada ventured to offer such and such prayers and suggestions;" and so on.

Inasmuch as these resolutions are giving rise to a considerable deal of comment we make no apology for reproducing the substitute resolution moved by the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue. It is as follows:

"The Commons of Canada desire to express their deep and abiding interest in the prosperity and happiness of their fellow subjects in Ireland and their adhesion to the sentiment expressed in the joint address to Her Majesty of both Houses of the Canadian Parliament passed in the session of 1882. That in such address the Parliament suggested that Canada and her inhabitants had prospered exceedingly under a Federal system allowing to each Province of the Dominion considerable powers of self-government and expressed a hope that if consistent with the integrity and well being of the Empire, and if the rights and status of the minority are protected and secured, some means may be found of meeting the expressed desire of so many of your Irish subjects in that regard;

"That in answer to the said address the then Secretary of State for the Colonies was commanded to state that Her Majesty will always gladly receive the advice of the Parliament of Canada on all matters relating to the Dominion and the administration of its affairs, but with respect to the questions referred to in the address, Her Majesty will, in accordance with the constitution of this country, have regard to the advice of

the Imperial Parliament and Ministers to whom all matters relating to the affairs of the United Kingdom exclusively appertain.

"That the House, having reference to the tenor of the said answer, does not deem it expedient again to address Her Majesty on the subject, but earnestly hopes that such measure, of such measures, may be adopted by the Imperial Parliament as will, while preserving the integrity and well-being of the Empire and the rights and status of the minority, be satisfactory to the people of Ireland and permanently remove the discontent so long unhappily prevailing in that country."

We regret that the substituted motion should have taken this non-committal form; but we believe it was dictated by a misapprehension of the situation. Mr. Costigan would seem to fear that if he allowed Mr. Blake's motion, in spirit, to pass, the Colonial Office would once more tender a rebuke; but it is not at all likely that the Colonial Office would have done anything of the kind. The case now is quite different from the case of 1882. At that time there was no such bill as the present one before the House; there was no legislation of any kind intended to touch the constitution before it; and the idea of affecting such legislation had not entered into the head of any British statesman. But now there is a bill aiming to change the constitution, before the House; the bill provides a form of local Government greater than that conferred upon one of our Provinces, and less than that given to the Dominion. It is purely an experiment. No man knows how it may succeed; and Mr. Gladstone appeals to men in all parts of the empire to give their opinion upon it. We may be sure that he appeals especially to us who have lived and thriven under a system somewhat resembling that which he proposes to give to Ireland.

Therefore an expression of opinion squarely upon the value of the measure before the Imperial Commons, by our Canadian Legislature, would be timely and proper; and not at all resembling the act of the Parliament in 1882.

The closing clause in Mr. Costigan's resolution it will be perceived is non-committal. This may be due to more than one cause. It may be that Mr. Costigan foresees that the programme of Mr. Gladstone is an utterly impracticable one; as we really believe it to be. It may be that it seems as plain to him as it does to us that there should be "no taxation without representation;" and that a scheme which violates the prime axiom of responsible government cannot be productive of harmony. The measure introduced by Mr. Gladstone is quite a different one from that proposed by Mr. Costigan; and it may be that an abiding faith in the merits of his own proposals now withholds his tongue from approving a scheme that has in its very vitals the seeds of disaster. If this be the case we consider the wording of the resolution to be extremely judicious; on the other hand if the Government believe that Mr. Gladstone's chart is a good one they have no excuse for withholding ap-

proval on the grounds which Mr. Costigan cites in his motion. In a technical sense the executive adopted a good way to get rid of the Blake resolution; but when the matter is looked into from another stand point the complexion of their case is altered; and the change is not for the better.

Of course it was out of the question that the Canadian Parliament should enter into a discussion of the merits of Mr. Gladstone's scheme; and if they believed that it was not a good one, they took a wise course in introducing their non-committal resolution.

It is true that ministers have always to give way to their chief; and this no doubt is the reason why the fossilized stuff about "the rights and status of the minority" is allowed to creep once again into the phraseology. Of course the "rights" of the minority will be preserved; but what on earth is meant by that word "status"? We suppose that whatever clouded brain suggested it—we are quite certain that Mr. Costigan never put it there—had the word privileges in his mind. But a privilege is either a right or an unjustifiable assumption;—wherefore then drag it into a thrice watered expression of opinion like this? Even the stupidest gentleman sitting in the Ottawa Cabinet knows that by Mr. Gladstone's scheme the Imperial Government reserves the right of veto; and that no measure trampling upon the rights, or abrogating the privileges or the "status" of the minority, would be allowed to pass. How ridiculous then do we not seem in showing such caution and anxiety in our little colorless Canadian resolution. Our opinion is that if you want to make a Canadian statesman thoroughly useless, and a genuine fool, give him a title, and cover his breast with a few stars and ribbons. He will first become over loyal, and in this cause say and do a number of childish things; then the loyalty will settle upon his brain and make him stupid and ridiculous at the same time.

On the whole, the resolution of Mr. Blake, affirming as it does the "principle" laid down in Mr. Gladstone's motion, is the better one of the two. The government's resolution will have no effect in Imperial quarters; Mr. Blake's resolution would have strengthened the hands of Mr. Gladstone. Whether such strengthening would have been for good or evil, let time decide.

FEDERATING THE EMPIRE.

We have several fairly clever men in public life in this country, and we have a number of very foolish ones. By "foolish ones" we mean those men who are ignorant of those events in past history which have lessons for the future; those who do not study questions for themselves, but rely upon the judgment and the dicta of others. It may be that this class take the conclusions of others for their own because they lack comprehension of the problems arising. If this be the case come under the category, for

Now men who will at this nineteenth century, with the our colonial form of Govern-

them, stand up and form themselves into a league for the purpose of facilitating the scheme of a federation of the empire, are nothing more or less than foolish. They are not wise enough to have any voice in the administration of public affairs.

For Federation, while in a poetic sense magnificent, is for the practical purpose of the people of the British Empire, absurd and impracticable. The first proponent of the scheme was Mr. Justin McCarthy who in the latter portion of his book, "A History of Our Own Times" thought it best to talk in a semi-prophetic strain with respect to the future of the empire. Then as he cast his glance into

"the future far as human eye could see" he perceived the federated might of Britain's empire. From the banks of the Ganges and the shadow of the Himalayas went representative Hindoos to sit in the Parliament of Westminster; South Africa sent its quota; and from Musakoka there hied away a wise statesman, and he sat in that ancient parliament and discussed once again the constitution of a scientific frontier between Great Britain-in-Asia, and the Dominions of the Shah. Now, per contra, imagine some stupid Hodge in corduroys standing up and telling listening England what route a branch line from the C. P. R. should pursue till it "tapped" James Bay!

There are now English, Scotch, and Irish peers, and the House of Lords seems to be a permanent wheel in the constitution. Now we should like to ask the simple hearted gentlemen who threaten to come to Toronto on the 27th of the present month to air 'Federation,' where the colonial peers are to be obtained. Clearly we shall either require such peers or the House of Lords must be destroyed.

And for the enlightenment of the dozen or so of more or less primitive-minded gentlemen who propose changing the current of the world's history in this high-handed way, we shall oppose a case. A father and mother bring up to maturity a large family of sons and daughters. In due time the sons take wives and leave the home of their father. Some of them go away and settle in San Francisco, and others establish themselves at the Cape of Good Hope. The daughters are wooed and won by foreigners, and likewise go abroad and settle themselves in their new homes. But after a little while it dawned upon the mind of some of the kindred who remained at home that it would be a capital thing to reunite, to federate the whole family again. "We shall live," this wise-acre says, "just as we did when we were all children. There will be the same domestic authority; we shall get our groceries at the same store, and our dry goods at the same shop." "But three thousand miles of ocean rolls between the masthead and the homes of some of the children," a bystander observes. That was nothing; what did distance amount to? But Sir John Macdonald, whose head has become a little turned by the imperial fancies conferred upon him—as his predecessor Sir Allan MacNab's for a like reason had been—actually gives the proposal his support. Straightway a hundred flaming tin swords are drawn from the thighs of doughty followers; and these gather in the public places and cry, "Federation must be." New Sir Macdonald has been in the habit of a good deal, perhaps too much—any way in this country; but he will not have any difficulty in getting even a part of the people to take kindly to a scheme which is the birth of over-governed vanity. When in the time the New England co-

lonies covered the feeble chord that bound them to the mother, and sat up housekeeping for themselves, their act was first declared treason and then revolution [Mr. Griffin declares that he is yet unable to admit that revolution is the proper term for that revolt.] Is it possible for any man whose opinions are entitled to respect to say that it would have been best for these New England colonies to have continued in subservience to the empire? Can any one believe that if they had so continued we would now be able to witness to the south of us a community of people presenting in numbers, intelligence, comfort and progress such a spectacle as civilization has never before seen?

So far as we are concerned we do not pretend to "advocate" anything with respect to a disposal of ourselves as a people. But any man who has watched the trend of constitutional events in this country; who has kept his eye upon the march of human progress, must know what the tendency is. It is sufficient to say that 'tis not in the direction of a federation of the empire. In conclusion we have only to say that we are surprised to see men like Walter Shanly, and D'Alton McCarthy mix themselves up in such a ridiculous an undertaking. We perceive upon the list the name of Sir Alexander T. Galt;—but this does not surprise us. For he is the same gentleman who at one time in Montreal, with a number of others, signed a declaration favoring the annexation of his country to the United States. Sic volere, &c.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has gone to England for the summer; and he will be in the thick of the fight over Mr. Gladstone's Irish measure. It is a great pity that the cables should take the trouble of conveying opinions of Goldwin Smith to and fro across the ocean; it is to be regretted that leading English newspapers should attach any weight to his utterances. If they know him as well as we do they would not bother their heads about what he says. He is probably the clearest, tersest and most polished writer of English living; but he has no convictions. He is "everything by starts, and nothing long." For years and years he has devoted himself to sneering at British connection; now he has turned a howling jingo. Every letter that he writes upon the Irish question now gives the lie to the opinions which he has been expressing for the past ten years. In England just at this juncture he is likely to do much mischief. He will be regarded by many as the very essence of colonial opinion; and when he disapproves of a measure of Home Rule for Ireland, Englishmen will look upon this as the disapproval more or less of the Colonies. It is a strange fact that while Goldwin Smith has devoted his life to criticism, to pulling down and picking to pieces, he has never been known to make one practical suggestion as to how things may be made better. He is out of harmony with the aspirations of Canada; and cries down above all other things, the system of Party. Well; it must be either two parties or one party. We have tried the one party system; Family Compactism was the lovely name that man gave to it. Is that what Mr. Goldwin Smith wants? Really we do not believe that he knows what he wants. He is simply bent on having his opinions printed and repeated; for fleeting popularity of this sort is the breath of his nostrils. For all his gifts and for all his worth he is one of the most mischievous men of the day. How well Dierael described him in Lothair in these words, "a wild man of the cloister going about the country maligning men and things."

Harper's Weekly is one of the few American organs of opinion that espouse the Knights of Labour movement in what is called its "beyonding" features.

The French Canadians are determined that their race shall be preserved in La Nouvelle France, as they would like still to call this western hemisphere. All the French Canadians in Canada and the United States have formed themselves into a union entitled "Alliance Nationale des Societes St Jean Baptiste."

A monument is to be erected to the memory of the late lamented Col. Williams, M. P., at Port Hope. A considerable sum of money has already been collected for that worthy object.

For a long period of time the Montreal Witness posed as "the only religious daily in Canada"; and for almost a like period Mr. James Beatty, M. P., Q. O., was held to be "the only religious member" in the House of Commons. But the Witness has lost religion and become partisan, and now and again violent. Mr. Beatty, too, has turned from religion and gone the ways of the wicked politician.

Chicago has been scourged with a socialist outbreak. The police were attacked, and retaliating fired upon the mob, whereupon the community seemed to become terribly inflamed. Some assassin socialist threw a bomb charged with dynamite, afterwards, among the police, several of whom were killed by the explosion.

There is great rejoicing among the Liberals of Vercherre over the election of a Reformer to the Provincial Legislature. There is no doubt that the stream sets just now against the interests of Le Malcom Bleu in Quebec.

The Government of Nova Scotia has introduced, through Provincial Secretary Fielding, a resolution into the Provincial Legislature which at first reading sounds like insanity. It gravely points out that Nova Scotia has been a sufferer by Confederation; and it desires now just one of two things; either that a maritime union be formed comprising the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; or that Nova Scotia be allowed to withdraw from the union and become once more a colony of the crown. The bore of some of the provincial politicians is not very large.

The city of Cologne was for so many centuries noted for the perfumes that exhaled from its midst that some French chemist in irony labelled a particular sort of scented liquid can de Cologne. We should advise some Toronto druggist, following the same plan to make a perfume, labelling it Eau de Toronto or Aqua Torontonensis. For most assuredly one of the finest-smelling cities in Canada is the fair "Queen of the west." These bright spring mornings, when the sun is hot, one who walks our streets—any street in the city—has a sense of horror that at the next step a foul stench may puff up in the face. There is surely some way of ameliorating this state of affairs. If the drain age is not sufficient it ought to be made so, and those in the employ of the health office should see that residential back yards or lanes, and other nests of foulness are made pure. There is another matter, too, which the health authorities should have an eye for. It is a usual thing in blazing summer weather to see a taxicab drive through the most public streets with a load of half-putrid, poisonous offal from the slaughter houses or large meat shops. Typhoid fever

has of late years found Toronto to be an excellent place to thrive in. It is the duty of those into whose hands the affairs of the community are entrusted to do everything in their power to make the city wholesome. There is never a sufficient flushing of drains here in the summer time.

If the "Grand old man" accomplish an acceptable and a good measure of constitutional legislation for Ireland, how revered he will be in the eyes of civilization. What a reception he would get if he could but come to America! Nor would Canada be behindhand with her pawns.

Brigham Young left \$1,000,000 when he died; but it did not go far when it came to be divided up amongst his children.

The appointment of Judges to the position of revolving officers the *Globe* describes as "debauching the bench." If there is nothing else in the phrase it is alliterative.

There is over \$450,000,000 invested in Canadian railways.

The coast guard-boat Lanadowne has captured a water pirate, an American fishing Schooner, and taken it to Digby.

The Ulster Orangemen are organizing to resist the Gladstone measure. We shall soon hear of Goldwin Smith turning up at Belfast. He is suffering for notoriety and law is his chance.

A Liberal picnic is to be held at Beaver-ton on the 22nd of July; and Mr. Blake will speak at it.

The Powers have ordered a blockade of the Greek ports.

Ploekicking on Saturdays at High Park has commenced. Fair hands gather there now arbutus, mayflowers, hepatica, violets, (*viola canadensis*) cowslip and one or two other rath blossoms.

Big Hearts in Little Bodies.

A blind man sat beside his hand organ. He raised his sightless eyes and appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one, as his remaining senses told him that a storm was brewing.

A small bootblack came round the corner. His trousers, being too long, were rolled up at the bottom. His coat was also made for a boy of larger frame. He stuck his thumbs under his dilapidated suspenders and relished himself of a mouthful of tobacco. Catching sight of the blind man, whose evident anxiety was pictured on his face, he ceased his swaggering gait and brought himself to a standstill.

"Is that you Willie?" queried the blind man.

"My name ain't Willie," replied the street Arab.

"Can't you take me home? I'm 'fraid it's going to rain and Willie is late," continued the organ grinder, getting ready to move at once.

"Bet your life I kin. Whar do you eat? Hain't you made nothing to-day?" continued the boy as he saw the man take two cent pieces from the tin cup on the organ and deposit them in his pocket. "Only made them two! Well, just wait a holy minute, till I call the kid."

A shrill whistle brought a still smaller boy, whose visible wardrobe was made for his companion. He had a cigar in his mouth. "What's de racket, Cully?" propounded the new comer as soon as he was within speaking distance of his fellow workman. The latter explained, and in a jiffy the two boys were out with caps in hand begging for the blind man, who stood as if half uncertain what was going on. The boys took different sides of the street and stepped every pedestrian, man and woman, and asked for a nickel to help the blind man.

As the rain began to fall they returned to their blind charge, and having coerced him to a neighboring store for shelter, turned over to him the money which they had collected. It amounted to \$1.65.

Truth's Contributors.

CANADA'S DRINK BILL

ABOUT SALES.

BY T. W. CASKEY ESQ., NAPANEE.

No. 4.

In previous papers in TRUTH it has been demonstrated by figures given from the official Government reports that during the past year there were, in round figures, two million gallons of foreign intoxicating liquors imported into Canada for home consumption, nearly a million bushels of foreign corn imported for distillation here, besides over twenty-two thousand bushels of foreign malt imported for brewing or distillation; the total value of these articles according to the importers' own statements was nearly two and a half million dollars, which was sent out of the country not to return, and to this cost may be added nearly two million dollars more of duty paid. It was also shown that the Canadian distillers paid excise duty last year on nearly four and a half million gallons of proof spirits, used for home consumption (representing nearly three times that quantity of the spirituous liquors sold at the bars;) and the Canadian brewers paid excise on over twelve million gallons of malt liquors, for home consumption. It was shown, too, from the same Government returns, that over two million bushels of grain was consumed in the manufacture, to which may be added an enormous quantity of hops, worth in all probability near two million dollars.

It will be seen from the foregoing facts that the liquor sellers of Canada must have sold, for home use last year, something like a million barrels of intoxicating liquors—a quantity quite sufficient, if placed in some great reservoir, or a lake, to drown the entire population of the city of Toronto at one time. This statement may seem like a very extravagant one, but it is easily enough demonstrated. Allowing the actual population of the city to be 110,000, which is, I believe fully up to the mark, it would make over nine barrels for every man, woman and child of the entire population.

ABOUT SALES IN ONTARIO.

I have not now at my command the figures I would like regarding the sale of liquors throughout the Dominion. Some here produced regarding the Province of Ontario, may, probably, be taken as a fair sample of the whole. This Province represents a little over one-half the entire population of the Dominion, and probably the people are very similar in their habits of drinking and abstinence to the rest of the inhabitants. Most of these figures may probably be regarded in order to make a calculation regarding the entire Dominion.

According to the Official Report of the License department for Ontario for last year there were about four thousand liquor licenses granted. The details are as follow:

Tavern licenses, all kinds.....	3,290
Shop licenses.....	675
Yeast licenses.....	14
Wholesale licenses.....	23

Total.....3,997

The total collection of license fees last year amounted to a little over half a million dollars,—in exact figures to \$540,290; and the total fines imposed to \$18,828. This year the license fees are considerably higher in the Province than they ever were before, and the legal minimum of fines for unlicensed selling is much greater, but in consequence of the Scott Act having gone into force this month in more than one half of all the counties of the Province the num-

ber of licenses issued will be far less than before.

THE LABOUR LOST.

As to the exact number of persons employed in the sale of liquors here it is not a very difficult thing to estimate. The last Dominion census states that 1,098 persons are employed in Canada in the breweries and the distilleries alone; of course that has no reference to the retail sale. In some of the licensed shops and wholesale liquor establishments of this Province a number of persons are employed, and the same is the case in some of the bars in the larger taverns. Allowing the moderate average of one and a half persons to each licensed selling establishment in Ontario the total number employed in the sale alone would be nearly six thousand, or in exact figures to 5,595.

In regard to the labor lost by the consumers it is not possible to arrive at anything like an accurate data. It is not an unreasonable thing to suppose that as much time must be lost in drinking liquor, as in the selling of it. Allowing any such basis the sellers and drinkers whose time is thus diverted from more honorable and valuable employment must be something over eleven thousand. In some bar-rooms a half a dozen men may be seen at almost any time lazily while away their time in a more or less fuddled condition, or uselessly hanging about without any reasonable excuse. Every day a large number of men are spending their time in compulsory idleness in the cells of our various prisons, as a punishment of crimes originating in drunkenness. Every day the time of a number of magistrates, policemen, and other officers of the law, is necessarily taken up in connection with the apprehension or the punishment of those addicted to intemperate habits.

THE NUMBER OF PRISONERS.

According to the figures published in the last report of the Ontario License Department the number of persons committed to the various county gaols for drunkenness alone during the past ten years is no less than 38,107. What an army of criminals thus supported at the public expense! No wonder the taxpayers of the Province have such enormous burdens of taxation to bear! Last year the total number of prisoners committed for drunkenness alone was 3,698 against 4,650 in 1834, showing a falling off of over 20 per cent. It may be here remarked that the Government returns of last year, show a falling-off in criminals for drunkenness in every county gaol in the Province where the Scott Act was in force after the 1st of May, without a single exception. This fact should not be lost sight of in considering the many statements afloat regarding the great failure of the Scott Act where it was in force.

A great many intemperate persons are committed not for actual drunkenness but for some of the many crimes brought about by their intoxication, and of course no mention is made of these in the figures above given.

DRINK AND CRIME.

According to the report of the Inspector of Prisons for Ontario for the past year the total number of committals to all our common gaols last year was 11,426, and of these 2096, or one third of the whole of them, was for drunkenness alone. The total gaol expenditure of the year was \$129,747, and one third of this, or \$43,246, is justly charge to this crime alone. This cost is merely for the imprisonment alone, after all the costs of apprehension and trials and the other many incidentals have been fully provided for.

To give some idea of what intemperance has to do with the entire amount of crime the following figures are full of significance: Last year, according to the same official report, of the total, 11,426 prisoners committed, no less than 2,111 of them were of intemperate habits, and 3,315 reported as temperate,—a disproportion of nearly two to one. How many of the one third "temperate" may have been total abstainers there is no means given of knowing.

It is sometimes asserted, and actually believed in some quarters, that the crimes coming directly out of intemperance are the "lesser crimes" such as are disposed of at our county gaols. The following facts in connection with the Central Prison—where more serious criminals are incarcerated—may as well be looked into: Since the Central prison was established, about ten years ago, the total number of committals to it has been 7,524, and of these 1,595 were "temperate" and 5,929 intemperate, or over three to one.

Possibly the reader is already wearied of so many official figures in one batch. In some future articles more significant statements from equally reliable authorities will be presented.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY A. B. GARMAN, B. A.

No. 2.

In the issue of May 1st, I endeavored to show that, judging from a merely human standpoint, it would be unwise and fatal to the cause of moral reform to throw open the franchise to the women. But this is not merely a question of expediency, a problem in probabilities; it is based upon the broad eternal principles of right and wrong. I presume we all admit the omniscience of God and the inspiration of the Bible. For those who reject these cardinal doctrines, this letter is not written, and with them it will not have weight. There may be a vast number of statements in the Holy Writ that are not aesthetically poetic and will hardly "square up" with the sickly sentiment of the times; but they are the utterances of God through the mouths of His inspired and devoted servants. God created woman to be the "help-met" of man, and in pronouncing His curse upon her after the Fall, He said, "and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." The Bible is very clear upon this question of ruling. Though the evangelical Churches of the day have grown too "mealy-mouthed" to tolerate that brutal word "obey" in the marriage service, still the sturdy old Bible writ did not hesitate to declare God's own truth in the plainest of language.

Hear them!

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the saviour of the body.

Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.—Ephesians v., 22-24

Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord.—Colossians iii. 18.

Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands.—1. Peter iii. 1.

There can be no doubt that, whatever fashion, chivalry in the shoddy and wind vane ecclesiastical may say, the Bible intended woman to be obedient and subservient unto man. This may not be polite, but it is unmistakably true. It is man's work to breast the storms of life, woman's to help sustain and encourage him in the fight. Longfellow covers this thought with

the flowers of his chaste genius until it is beautiful

"As unto the bow the cord is,
"So unto man is woman
"Though she lead him, she obeys him,
"Though she draws him, yet she follows,
"Useless each without the other!"

Now, no amount of squirming can escape the inevitable here. As it is unscriptural for woman to rule man, she cannot hold any office that in any way controls man. Nay, farther, she cannot dictate as to whether any particular man shall hold office or not, i. e., she cannot vote for or against any man for any office. She has a perfect right to her own opinions upon any subject and she may exercise persuasion, reasoning, or any other womanly means to carry her point; but the moment she attempts to dictate, rule or decide with authority (as she would at the polls), she steps beyond her sphere and over the boundary that God Himself has put upon her movements.

If there can still exist any doubt as to the intention of the Divine author upon this point, read 1 Timothy, ii. 11-12.

Let the women learn in silence with all subjection.

But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the men, but to be in silence.

The picture of the true woman is drawn here in plain, terse language, and the artist is all-wise and all-skillful. It is not hung up for our criticism or our approval, but as a model for us to copy. Let it hang there a moment.

If a woman votes, she should vote intelligently, and thoroughly understand what she is voting for and why she does so. Hence she must read up and discuss politics from the N. P. to the Riel question, and from the C. P. R. to the Inch Aran fiasco. What a broad field is opened up here for eloquent "silence!" Again, if it is right for woman to vote, she has certainly a right to be voted for. If she can make and unmake officials, she can hold an office, "and why," snap the extremists, "shouldn't she? What claim has tyrannical man to all the sweets of life?" Give woman the ballot and she will very soon query with the weight of her millions of voters why some of these velvet-oushioned official sinners should not be open to her and her sisters. Grant woman office; put her on the hustings; in the caucus and the Parliament; let her electioneer and lobby. Then paint her portrait in accurate colors and hang it up beside the one we julled from Scripture a moment ago.

"Let a woman learn in silence with all subjection."

On the right hangs God's work; and on the left, the product of the poll and the caucus. Many of our temperance friends say, and earnestly believe, that it is God's will and desire that women should vote. Let them look upon these two pictures, remembering that the one upon the left is the certain result of woman suffrage and knowing that God commands us to follow closely as possible His own pure ideal upon the right; then let them harmonize God's command stamped upon His own revealed Word, with the desire that they to-day impute to Him.

What mean you? Must the God of ages stoop to break down the divinely-ordained order of His creation and thrust home makers into the fury of that He may purify the race? Hand grown weak? Able to stand ready to reach out our hands to steady the ark of the trembling and totter, but unable to stand? This divine order of which I think has been

will effectually vitiate the woman vote in another direction. Wives must obey their husbands in questions appertaining to the franchise as in all other matters. Hence the woman vote will simply be an echo of the male vote, and will effect nothing for moral reform. I can, in fancy, see the scornful smile that is curling your lips as you try to think of a woman who would obey her husband in the old scriptural style. "Rot," you say, "such old-fashioned ideas are out of date." That may be, but for all that it is the direct command of God, the Eternal; and surely we, in our work for temperance and right, should be the last to advance our cause by the violation of Biblical commandments. It is much more out of date to do evil than good may come. God will not honor that kind of work.

In this day of Biblical study it is not necessary to prove that the whole trend of the Word, from Genesis to Revelation, is in perfect harmony with the passages quoted. God created man and woman to be as the complement of each other and apportioned to each a distinct sphere. Through His inspired writers He very clearly indicated the boundaries of these spheres, and urged with loving authority that they be not crossed. It is very cheap to denigrate this "old-fashioned" and "behind the age"; and in fact, it does seem as if God in His grand simplicity had fallen very far behind this rapid age of ours. We no longer drink the juice of the grape but a distillation of acids. Truth is "stupid," honor is voted a rustic solecism and honesty as something only fit for babes and to adorn a sermon. Rectitude is woefully out of taste and all the grand virtues of our forefathers are the laughing stock of this "smart" and clever generation. Loyalty and patriotism have become obsolete and the martyrs and U. E. Loyallists of the past are "treacherous cranks."

But in spite of this wonderful elevation of ourselves, God rules, and his plans have never yet come to naught. And it behooves us in our efforts to bring the world nearer to truth and right, to accept the plans of the All-wise and work in harmonious union with the Omnipotent. We may fancy from our little knoll of a few years that we see a strategic move that would rout the enemy, but the orders of the Great General who views the wide battle-field of the centuries from the lofty peak of eternity, say "no." And, like true soldiers, we must obey.

PERSCOTT, ONT.

"FOR FUN."

BY ARCHIE MAOR.

"I only did it for fun!" The dancing blue eyes and mischievous, eager face looked frankly up, as the words were uttered. The slight, girlish figure, replete with grace and willfulness, stood on the defensive, the half-pouting lips repeating, "I only did it for fun!"

Poor child, for she was scarcely more than a child, she had been flirting so much as to draw down a reprimand for her conduct. And yet she simply uttered the truth when she said it was only done in fun, not meaning harm to any one, pure, thoughtless mischief had actuated every act of the previous day; and, ah, how dearly some pay for their sins! The fact that it was unpremeditated does not make the matter one degree less sinful, does not take the sting and the bitter pain of after years, when it comes to the conscience when it is finally inflicted on some innocent, and all for the "fun" of a

Ah, girls, why do you not pause and think ere you grasp the "fun" for one evening, and the misery for months to come, to say nothing of a lifetime. Do you not know that every flirtation helps to rub the bloom from fresh young lives, leaves its impress on your character as surely as there is a heaven above you, transforms you into a hardened, cynical creature, young in years but old in the ways of the world, weary and heart-tired ere life has fairly opened to your gaze?

And, girls, there is one other point worthy of notice. The more you flirt the less likelihood there is of you ever inspiring a real affection, for anyone who is continually playing a false part in the great drama of life is certain to be judged as incapable of acting a true one. Now, I do not wish to be understood as advocating a certain line of conduct with the intention of "catching a husband," but I do appeal to the better judgment and heart of every girl, to refrain from the "fun" that lowers the standard of ideal womanhood, and causes the young girls of to-day to be spoken about and thought off in anything but a flattering way. And yet, I firmly believe the girls of to-day are as true-hearted and worthy of the highest affection as girls ever were, only this execrable habit is dimming their lustre and overshadowing their future as they go thoughtlessly on and on, dipping deeper and deeper into the maelstrom that every revolution makes a madder whirl, till at last they are swallowed up and irretrievably lost, or rather, I should say, their happiness is, and they are cast a hopeless wreck on the shore, within sight and sound of what was once to them "fun," but now is the moaning wail of lost peace and happiness.

Were you, my dear girls, to go into a rose garden to pluck a bud or flower, would you, I ask, would you choose the one that is soiled and jagged on the edges, which, though still a rose, has lost its purity and first bloom? No, a thousand times no! Nothing but the perfect flower in all its sweetness and purity would satisfy you, the least soil on its delicate leaves would utterly bar it from your cheeks, and yet, fair maidens, (the buds and flowers of God's earthly gardens) will soil and wilt their purity and sweetness by sowing a falsehood, by sowing a passion that when real is a gift from the Divine, but when otherwise is one of the many arts used by the arch-deceiver to lure weak human-kind to destruction.

In conclusion, I would merely say, let every girl's highest ambition be to be a lady, nay, rather a woman, in thought word and deed; by so doing she will help to stamp out one of the great evils of the day, and will raise herself in the estimation of every right thinking person; her own conscience will uphold her, and firm and devoted friends be her reward, a reward which will never follow an early life spent in flirting, whether or "fun" or otherwise.

A FLOWER TALK.

BY ANNE L. JACK.

The earliest flowers have bloomed and died. Snowdrop and crocus, hyacinth and narcissus, are of the past, and earlier shrubs are now making the air strong with their perfume. The yellow bell or forsythia is a golden beauty, and the mahonia or American holly is also covered with sprays of yellow blossoms. Shrubs are so easily propagated, and so little trouble that I wonder they are not more planted in door yards and gardens, for they will endure any manner of ill treatment.

The lilacs are beginning to give their

lovely shading and delicious perfume—one never tires of the restful color of their beautiful racemes, and there is a sentiment about this old-fashioned flower that none of the newer shrubs possess. Did we not gather it in childhood? Was it not amid its perfumed shrubbery that we first listened to "Love's young dream"? For, in the language of flowers, the sentiment is "awakening love," because perhaps it blossoms in spring time, and is such a favorite.

The Persian lilac has hanging clusters, and smaller foliage and flowers, but is not really so beautiful as the shrubby variety. The native place of this plant is Hungary, and its Latin name of "Syringa" is the name of a reed or rustic flute that can be hollowed out of the wood. The shepherds used to improvise upon this simple instrument, as they rested with their flocks, or wandered from one old to another, for the branches are, at this season of the year, full of pith, that can be removed by running a stout wire through.

The lily of the valley "Convallaria Majalis," is now coming into bloom. It should be found in every garden, but grows in the woods in crowns of perfect white flowers. In one part of England many acres of ground are covered with this plant, and the place where it grows is called "Via Gallia." The sentiment is "return of happiness." The Vinca or Periwinkle has passed away; its blue flowers alone the heart of the creeping vine are very pretty. The meaning of the word is from "vincio" I bind. The sentiment is Friendship. The Major is of larger and stronger growth, with variegated leaves.

"Friendship, our only wealth, our last retreat
and strength,
Secure against fortune and the world."

CHATEAUGUAY, QUE.

INFLUENCE.

BY MINNEHARA COPWAY.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more,
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or beautiful flowers.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to float,
We count them ever past,
Is the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

Influence is something which we all possess to a greater or less degree. The influence of some, (more gifted than others), seems almost infinite, while that exerted by others is not so great, but none are entirely without it. The great question is "Is it exerted for good or evil?" If our influence is for good, not only for the present will we have a clear conscience, but in after years we may look back and see that by living an upright life we have lured others to enter the path of rectitude and perseverance therein. If, on the other hand, our influence is a worldly one, (by worldly we mean degrading,) the probable result is a fearful contemplation. Let us pause and trace it out, if we can, to the bitter end. If only those with whom we come directly and personally in contact with were affected, the thought would be formidable enough, but its use may tempt others to a downward career, and these still others; and so the evil goes on, seeming never to cease, though very slight at first. Every step of our lives we are sowing seed on our way, and they come and grow up just like the seed we sow. In this world we sow and the next we reap. We are either pushing men toward perdition, or helping them upward in that shining path, which will

brighten their old age and eventually bring them to the ineffable glory of the World of Light. Every day we live leaves indelible impressions, not upon our own characters only, but upon those of others. "What manner of persons, then, ought we to be in all manner of conversation?" Not rash in our actions, but continually keeping in view the fact that we are sowing seed which will bear fruit an hundred fold in this world and the world to come. Merely gleaning at the daily effect, and never stopping to ponder, we often think and say that our influence is not worthy of mention, but upon closer examination, more than one may be found who imitate our example. Let us see whether this example is for good or evil. Giving a casual glance, we say, "I certainly do not try to lead others into evil." But look at the other side, and sum up the amount of good done, and there is reason to fear the result would not be satisfactory. The confession in nine cases out of ten would be, "I do not exert my powers very much to produce a beneficial effect." Then should we not pause and while trying to follow in fancy the awful future of those who may be led astray by our example, ask the guidance of One who is "mighty to save" to direct our steps. True, the effect of our lives upon the world for good or evil is small compared with that of some. If men of high position would throw the might of their word and example upon the side of truth and right, as persistently as the majority use it to entice young men to billiard and gaming tables, and other haunts of vice and iniquity, a great reformation would soon be effected in society. Still what influence we do possess ought to be used for the principles of religion and virtue, and will one day be required at our hands. Keeping this thought in mind, we should "live circumspectly," not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time,—that our lives may be one long rebuke to sin and defence of the right.

PORT DOVER, ONT.

She Required no Further Explanation.

At a recent dinner on one of their estates the Duke and Duchess of M—— happened to be present, when a son of the soil appeared in a state of great excitement. The duchess, inquiring the cause of his distress, was told that, having come a long distance, he had lost the rent on the way, but he—agreeable to them he would go back and look for it. A few days after he appeared with the lost money. The duchess asked him where he found it, and was answered in the following rather singular manner:

"Well, you see, on my way I stopped at the Banrigh stables to speak to a friend. I took out my pocketbook to give him a letter and must have dropped the money, for this is how I found it. Supposing his grace was the stables and your grace the manure and I was the rent. Well, you see—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted her grace, quickly; "that will do. I perfectly understand the whole affair."

Hopkinson's Hat and Wig.

Old Hopkinson was walking in a London street when a man suddenly approached, snatched off his hat, and bolted with it. Hopkinson gave chase, and another man, who had observed the outrage, joined him. Away they both ran. At last old Hopkinson stopped, being completely out of breath, but the man who had joined him encouraged him to go on. "Run a little longer, sir," said he. "No," gasped old Hopkinson, "I can't." "Can't you run a step further, sir?" "No, not a step." "Then," said the unfeeling rascal, "I'll have your wig," and he twitched off poor Hopkinson's wig and disappeared.

"There's no place like home," repeated Mr. Henspeck, looking at a motto, and he heard added, "I'm glad there isn't."

Young Folks' Department.

A PUZZLED TIGER.

A STORY OF BRITISH INDIA

Two men sat under a clump of palm trees on the bank of a small river in upper Bengal eating their tiffin (lunch) with the appetite of men who had been all morning in the open air. One of them, a tall, weather-tanned, black-mustached fellow, was evidently an English officer. His companion, who was a good deal smaller and slighter than himself, did not look much like either a fighter or a hunter; but the almost superstitious reverence paid him by the Hindoo servants showed that he must be a great man in some way.

In fact, there were few more famous scientists or more adventurous travellers than Professor Anneroyd, Fellow of the British Royal Geographical Society, President of the Calcutta Antiquarian Club, Honorary Member of the Russian Imperial Association of Scientific Research, with other titles too numerous to mention. There was hardly a corner of the earth, however remote or dangerous, into which he had not thrust his little bald head and gold-rimmed spectacles; and people who saw him for the first time, after having heard of his exploits, were greatly startled to see, instead of the big bearded, sun-burned fellow whom they expected, a slender, pale-faced little man, who looked as if he would be knocked up or knocked down by the first mishap that befell him.

In the centre of an open space just behind the two picnickers stood a large looking-glass, which the Professor had just been using in one of his experiments; and at this the native attendants were looking and pointing excitedly, although keeping their distance from it all the while as carefully as if it had been a packet of dynamite.

"See those fellows!" laughed Major Hampton, as he finished his second plate of cold chicken. "I'll be bound they'll take you for a magician of the very first class. Just now I overheard two of them having a discussion about what you could be trying to do. One would have it that you were at work to discover a buried treasure."

"So I am," chuckled the Professor, cutting himself a slice of bread, "but it's a treasure of knowledge, not of money. However, this can't be much fun for you, my dear Major; and it's too bad of me to keep you here all day doing nothing, just for my convenience. Couldn't you find a wild beast or two to amuse yourself with while I'm at work?"

"No such luck," replied Hampton, shaking his head. "This bit along the river here used to be a famous cover for the big game; but since they began to cut away the jungle you can't get a decent tiger here for love or money."

The words were scarcely uttered when, as if on purpose to give the lie to them, the native servants, who had been enjoying their long pipes in the cool shade of the trees that flanked the clearing, suddenly sprang up and fled in every direction with shrill cries of terror. Mingling with their outcries came a deep, hoarse roar, which the hardest sportsman never hears quite unmoved—the cry of a hungry tiger on the track of his prey.

"Up into that banyan-tree for your life, Anneroyd!" shouted Hampton, leaping to his feet, "for that fellow means business, and no mistake."

Up flew the Professor as nimbly as a monkey, and the next instant Major Hampton was beside him. But even in that moment of deadly peril the veteran sportsman had found time to snatch up his double-barrelled rifle and ammunition pouch.

Hitherto the flight of the Hindoos and the fearful sound that accompanied it had been the only signs of the terrible creature's presence. But the Major's keen eyes soon detected a stirring among the bushes, and then a great flat head and fiery eye gliding forth from them.

"Isn't he a splendid fellow!" whispered Hampton, as coolly as if he were looking at the beast through the bars of a cage in a menagerie. "He seems to be in want of a lesson, though, and I'm going to give him one."

But he had hardly loaded one barrel of his rifle when he suddenly broke into a fit of laughter so violent as almost to shake him off his perch. And well he might. The tiger was indeed about to get a lesson,

but such a one as neither he nor his two enemies had foreseen in the least.

The tall mirror was still standing in the middle of the clearing, just as the coolies (native porters) had left it; and the tiger, coming out right in front of it, saw (as he thought) another tiger advancing against him open-mouthed. His very whiskers bristled with rage at this defiance, and with a savage growl he drew back for a decisive spring. But in doing so he moved beyond the line of reflection, and instantly the other tiger disappeared as if he had never been.

This was evidently something quite new to the "royal Bengal." He stopped short, stared blankly around him, dropped his tail, and altogether looked so utterly bewildered and foolish that the two watchers almost burst their sides with laughing at him.

"Well," gasped the Major. "If this isn't the best fun I've seen since I came out, my name's not Dick Hampton."

Meanwhile the tiger seemed to have made up his mind that the puzzle lay in the mysterious looking-glass, and that it was his duty to examine it more closely. He crept cautiously toward it, and of course the other tiger reappeared at once. Now for it! With one tremendous bound he was close upon his enemy; but the shock of his leap overturned the mirror, and the phantom tiger vanished once more.

This second disappearance was quite too much for the nerves of the "jungle king." With a low whistle of dismay he turned sharp round, and was about to make off, when Major Hampton, who had no notion of losing his game so easily, levelled his rifle and fired. The sting of the bullet in his flank changed the tiger's fear to fury, and with a roar like thunder it darted toward the tree whence the shot had come; but instantly the second barrel sent its charge home, and the monster rolled over into the jungle grass, a harmless heap of black and yellow fur.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Silver that is used in frequent use will not tarnish if buried in oatmeal.

To remove paint splashes on window glass, moisten the spots with a strong solution of soda, then rub hard.

The amount of coal in the Pittsburg region is estimated by Professor Lesley, of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, at 30,000,000,000 tons. About 11,000,000 tons are now taken annually from the bed, of which two thirds are bituminous coal and one third anthracite. Professor Lesley believes that the oil and gas supply will practically cease ten or twenty years hence.

It is announced that Messrs. Appert & Orlby, France, have discovered a process that will make glass blowing by the mouth unnecessary. Many attempts have been made to get rid of this painful process in the operations of glass-making, but to this day in every bottle house may be seen pale faced men with their cheeks hanging limp in folds, the result of years of glass-blowing by the mouth. Cases have been known in which men's cheeks have been worn so thin that they have actually cracked, and it is a common sight in a bottle house to see blowers at work with their thin cheeks puffed out like the fingers of a glove.

The two comets that are approaching the earth are coming at a tremendous rate—as comets will—and promise to be objects of great brilliancy. Professor H. A. Newton, of the Yale Observatory, thinks they will be brightest about May 1, and will show well in the Northwestern sky. The one discovered by the French observer, Fabry, will come relatively very near—within a distance of only 15,000,000 miles, or but a little more than one-half the distance of the planet Venus. It is not yet certain that both comets will be visible at the same time in the same quarter of the heavens, but it is possible that that unusual spectacle may occur.

The South African Diamond Yield.

The total amount of diamonds discovered in the diamond fields of South Africa in 1885 is estimated at not less than 2,440,733 carats, valued at over twelve million dollars. The quantity is greater but the value less than the finds for the years 1883 and 1884. In 1884 the most valuable diamond now known was obtained, weighing, when first discovered, 457 carats, but which will be reduced, by cutting, to 200 carats.

SPRING SMILES.

Eggs are eight cents a dozen in Missouri. Jay Gould could get a big reception there at a small cost.

Somebody makes the remark that the most disagreeable month to a soldier is a long March. It may be, but when a soldier has been 'October by a bullet once or twice he changes his mind.

Customer (in restaurant)—"Here, waiter, this steak is too tough to eat." Waiter—"Sorry, sah; I'm too busy to argue 'bout dat steak now. If yo' wan's to argue will a waiter 'bout de roughness ob steak, yo' mus' come in when de noon rush is ober."

A woman may be as homely as a drove of camels, and as uninteresting as a counterfeit detector, but as soon as her husband is elected to Parliament, and they take up their residence in Ottawa and give receptions, she becomes "handsome and fascinating"—in the newspaper. There are no blanks.

A colored child had a fall from a second story window, the other day, and his mother, in relating the accident at the grocery store, said: "Dere dat chile was a comin' down feet first, wid every chance of bein' killed, when de Lawd he turned him ober, de chile struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a button off."

Cremation is evidently making headway. If ridicule could have killed this method of disposing of the dead it would have succumbed to the cartoon printed some years ago, depicting a small boy with a tin can in his hand standing at the door of a crematory and asking of the proprietor, "Please, sir, is dad done yet?"

"I've got a complaint ter make," said Jim Webster to his employer, a merchant. "What is it?" "De book keeper kicked me." "Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself."

Hall's Journal of Health says "Intense thirst is satisfied by wading in water." Here is an idea theatrical managers should immediately act upon. Let them provide a pool of water in their respective houses of amusement, for the benefit of young men whose intense thirst drives them out between acts. Managers should spare no expense to cater to the wants of their patrons.

Members of the Shakespeare class (reading)—"The sixth age shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloon." Another member (a young woman of hot air culture)—"I would suggest, ladies, that 'pantaloon' the word 'trousers' be substituted as less objectionable and more in harmony with the present age." This suggestion was unanimously adopted.

Miss Cynthia Mushroom—"Now, pa, do be careful at dinner and don't mortify us before Mr. Stuyvesant Sturtevant." Mrs. M.—"Yes, Phineas, do mind your manners, and remember your instructions about etiquette." Mr. M.—"Well, that's all right; you kin go ahead, and arrange things to suit yourself, but I'm hanged if I'll eat pie with a fork for anybody."

If you are unlucky enough to break a overhished fan or a paper knife, put it together carefully so that the break won't show, and leave it lying on the parlor table. Some guest is sure to pick it up, and when it falls in two pieces, if you preserve a discreet silence regarding the former mishap, he may think he broke it, and be induced to get you a new one.

"I wish I were yon star," he said dreamily. "So do I," she returned promptly, heroically swallowing a yawn. "And why, dear one?" he asked impulsively, "why do you wish I were yon brilliant orb?" "Because," she replied in cold, matter-of-fact Bostonese tones, "because yon brilliant orb is just 11,760,971 miles away." And he faded silently out like mist before a Summer sun.

An Eastern man, who was travelling in the Southwest, came across the railroad which was paying many of its employes, less than twenty-five cents per day, and he enquired why they did not strike. "Only makes matters worse," was the reply. "How could it?" "Well, we tried 'em when we were getting ninety cents a day, and the president got up together and made such a speech against labor grinding the life out of capital that we hired back to the company at seventy-three. We ain't the sort of fellows to get at it and squeeze the life blood out of a corporation paying its president only \$25,000 a year."

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

A lady has been appointed one of the directors of the People's Bank in Stockholm.

A new paper, the *Staatsburgerin*, has been founded with the New Year, in Germany, in the interests of working women.

Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the late correspondent of the *London Daily News*, has obtained the post held by her late husband.

It is stated that there are thirty-one women now in the Universalist ministry in the States; seventeen of them in charge of parishes.

A Swiss paper, the *Oroix Blanc*, reports that a lady of Neuchâtel, who possessed fields of abianth which brought her an income of 3,000fr. to 4,000fr., on learning all the evils caused by the consumption of this stimulant, has desisted from its cultivation.

The ladies' memorial to the late Mr. Fawcett (which is to take the shape of a granite fountain with a medallion portrait above) is to be placed against the wall of one of the blow-holes on the Thames Embankment, opposite the statue of Burns.

Princess Christian has been giving a series of free dinners to the Windsor poor, particularly boys and girls, of whom an average of two hundred are present, on very strict time, Tuesday afternoons. Princess Christian herself assists in serving.

The National bank in Denmark has for a long time employed women as clerks (tellers). The Landmand Bank has now followed this good example, and at the capital and in three of its branches four ladies are now employed. When thoroughly trained they will be taken as assistants.

Mrs. Oliphant has written a shilling novellette called "Oliver's Pride." Miss Florence Marryat's new novel, "A Master Passion," will be brought out shortly. Miss Gatty has written a memoir of high interest of her sister, Mrs. Ewing, under the title of "Juliana Horatia Ewing."

Lady Eden is furnishing with samples of artistic work, executed by the Working Ladies' Guild, a stall at the Old Edinburgh Bazaar, to be opened shortly in Edinburgh. Among other beautiful specimens of work will be exhibited and sold there frames, fans, etc., in "pearlino," a perfect imitation of mother-of-pearl, invented by Lady Eden.

Mrs. Mackay has done a kindly act to the Ladies' Work Society of San Francisco by ordering the tapestry of Prince Colonna, her first grandson, to be made at their repository, of which she is directress. The garments are remarkable for delicacy of work. The baby's basket is a white shell, bordered with a Valenciennes frill.

Miss Augusta Jane Gould has received an address of thanks from the Irish women of the remote and poverty-stricken village of Atha, County Limerick. This lady's efforts to revive the "woolting industry" among them has met with sufficient response from the public as to bring cheer to many.

Mrs. William Sharp, under the title of "Women's Voices," will bring out next spring selections from the poetry of English and Scotch women writers from 1685 to 1895. The editor will prefix to the compilation an introductory note on the place occupied by women in English poetic literature.

The Empress of Japan attended recently the opening ceremony of the Peereses School, and delivered an address, in which she expressed her high approval of a more thorough system of education for young girls, and their preparation for future responsibilities.

Two women have just founded in St. Petersburg a political, scientific, and literary journal, *The Northern Herald*. Miss Tobachnikoff is the publisher, and Miss Evroyinava the editor of this latest journalistic venture. This is the first instance of a woman being allowed by Russian law to fill the post of editor-in-chief of a newspaper.

A shawl strap has been invented by Laura A. Beatty, of Galenburgh, two bars having handles, straps to one bar and passed through the other bar, the bars being means for holding them together, being held by the also holding parcels firm of readily removing shawl.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel—By DORA RUSSELL,

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

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED)

"Oh how prett' it is," cried Lily. "You can see a good way about, can't you?" answered the Squire.

"Can you see—Roden?" asked Lily. "No, the court is too far away—Kimal looks pretty well from here, doesn't it?"

"Yes, very well, but it's such a fine old place."

"It's not a bad old spot; and have you ever noticed the trees, Miss Lily? Those elms in the west avenue are the finest in England. How well I remember when I was a little lad my father standing and looking at them one day. 'Ah, my boy,' he said, 'they've stood there these three hundred years and more, and if I thought any child of mine would lay the axe to them I would rather he had never been born.' But please God," added the Squire, "neither his child, nor I hope my children after me, are ever likely to interfere with them."

"It's so strange," said Lily, in her serious, half-childish way, "to think that trees live and live, and generations of men come and go, and yet they live and live and see the young grow old, and see the old die, and there's no change in the world."

"Yes. And the Squire's face grew for the moment a little sad. He too would be dead and gone, he was thinking, and there would be little or no change then in this sweet child by his side. Lily's innocent remark had reminded him of the brief tenure of human existence, and had also reminded him that he had crept on to middle age, while the girl near him was in her spring-time."

"Perhaps we ought to be thinking of my cousin Elizabeth now," said Mr. Harford, presently, looking at his watch, and shaking off his momentary gloom. "If we go along quietly we'll just about get there in proper time."

So the plebeian heads were turned, and before long they drew up before the gateway of Kimal Rectory, and Lily saw a long, low, picturesque, red house with gables, standing "enveloped with a ring of branching elms," which were almost as fine as those the Squire had boasted of.

The lady of the house, Lady Elizabeth Claxton, the rector's wife, was sitting on a rustic seat, placed close to one of the drawing-room windows, which all opened on the gravelled carriage drive that swept round the lawn in front of the rectory.

On either side of Lady Elizabeth were her two daughters—two, informed girls of twelve and fourteen—and on a little table near was a large cage containing a grey parrot, and at Lady Elizabeth's feet lay curled a long-haired, yellow Russian cat.

As Lady Elizabeth looked up and recognized the plebeians, her cousin and Lily, a pang shot into her heart. These pangs had been bought for her use, and no one before had ever used them since the Squire had purchased them. They had lived in Mr. Harford's stables because the accommodation at the rectory was limited, and because, perhaps, Mr. Claxton did not quite care that his wife should accept them as a gift from her rich cousin. But they had been virtual slaves, and with a momentary feeling of regret about to write bitterness, but there was no bitterness in Lady Elizabeth's face.

A natural regret, that her old lover, was now devoting himself to a young girl as unscrupulously as she thought, and the plebeians would pass away from her, too!

"Are you, Elizabeth," cried Mr. Harford, "we've borrowed your money for her thoughts! I must put it in the savings bank for you, Rod."

But Rod firmly declined this offer. The half-crown speedily disappeared into his little, baggy, white flannel trousers, and

one of those fine, sensitive organizations which reflect as in a mirror, as swiftly and silently, the feelings of those with whom they are thrown in contact.

He called out to Lady Elizabeth about borrowing her ponies just because he thought it would please her. And it did; with a blush and a smile she rose and went to the side of the phaeton, and warmly welcomed her cousin and his friend.

"And where are your father and brother, my dear?" she inquired of Lily.

Then Lily explained; Colonel Deyne had been obliged to go home, but "Frank" was coming for her at the rectory.

"That is all right, then," said Lady Elizabeth. "Do you know my girl? Phillis, this is Miss Deyne—Allice, my dear, shake hands with Miss Deyne."

The two girls put out their cold, almon, bluish tinted fingers, and smiled, but said nothing. They had lost the rosy charms of childhood, and had not yet reached the beauty of young maidenhood. But as Lily was trying to say a few words to them, a fine handsome little fellow, of between four and five years, ran out of the house, and seeing the strangers, made haste to bury his nose on his fond mother's lap.

"Well, Roddie, my pet, said Lady Elizabeth, stroking the raven curly head of her youngest born, and only boy. "Roddie must look up and give this pretty young lady a kiss—and Uncle Godfrey."

But Roddie firmly kept his nose buried, though he peeped round first with one blue eye and then the other at "the pretty young lady" he had been requested to kiss.

"Won't you kiss me, dear?" said Lily, laying her hand on his pretty, white, fat neck.

"No," said Roddie, digging a deeper hole with his nose in his mother's gown, "do away."

"Why you youngascal!" cried Mr. Harford, "if you were twenty years older wouldn't you jump at such an offer. I know you would."

"Ma," said Master Roddie, in a confidential undertone, "may I have a penny to buy slate-pen?"

"Yes, of course, darling," said Lady Elizabeth, stretching out her hand to reach her key basket, which was on the little table where the parrot's cage stood, and which contained some copper as well as the keys.

"Ma," continued Roddie, looking cautiously round at the click of the pence, "might I have twopenny?"

"But one will buy a slate pencil, dear."

"And I want toffy drops," replied Roddie, upon which the Squire put his hand into his pocket, and drew out half-a-crown.

"I wonder what that will buy," he said, "a kiss?"

Roddie looked doubtful. He eyed the half-crown, but finally the love of money prevailed.

"That's a fine little laddie," said Mr. Harford, giving the child a hearty kiss, who, however, rubbed his chin with a very dubious expression of countenance after the salute.

The Rector now came out of his study, the windows of which, like all the windows in the front of the house, opening to the ground.

A good looking man this, with a dark, clear, pale skin and good features, and almost black hair. He shook hands in a very friendly manner both with Mr. Harford and Lily, and then Roddie ran up to him, and embraced his father's knee.

"Look what he's given me!" he said, showing his half-crown.

The Rector shook his head.

"Far too much for a little boy to spend; I must put it in the savings bank for you, Rod."

But Rod firmly declined this offer. The half-crown speedily disappeared into his little, baggy, white flannel trousers, and

was seen no more. Already he had learned one of the lessons of life, and found it foolish to boast of wealth.

"And you've been for a drive this fine morning," said the Rector, turning to Lily.

"I took her to show her our swell view," said Mr. Harford, "and it's wonderfully clear to-day for the time of the year."

"The air is delightful to-day," answered Mr. Claxton; "by-the-by, Harford, do you know I am starting a fishpond to please the children?"

"Me show 'em the fishpond," said Roddie, who appeared suddenly to have got over his shyness, now approaching Lily.

"Will you, dear?" said the girl. "Well, I should like to see it."

Upon this Roddie took her by the hand, and started off at full trot across the lawn, followed by his two sisters.

"You had better go with them, Roddie," said Lady Elizabeth, frowning to her husband. "I am always afraid of the water."

The Rector took the hint, and went after Lily and the children, and thus the cousins were alone.

"Well, Godfrey?" said Lady Elizabeth, looking half-anxiously, half-tenderly in his face.

"What do you think of her now?" asked Godfrey Harford.

"I think she's a very pretty girl; a very sweet girl. You are right there, Godfrey."

"I'm so glad you like her, dear; nothing could make me so glad."

"But there's something I want to say. I want to give you a little warning. And Lady Elizabeth smiled rather a sad smile.

"Not about the child? Not about Lily?" asked the Squire hastily.

"Nothing against her, dear, don't be afraid, but I fainted last night, it may be fancy, you know, that she likes Alan Lester."

"Alan Lester?" repeated Mr. Harford, in the utmost astonishment. "Oh! what nonsense, Elizabeth!"

"It may be so, I don't say it's not; but there was something in her manner. I watched her when he did not come—when you expected him—and she is very shy with him."

"She is very shy with every one. What an extraordinary idea for you to have got into your head, Elizabeth! Alan Lester! Why, he's the last man I ever would have thought of."

"Why? He's a good-looking man, and though he has a very quiet manner he is rather graceful."

"Oh, I don't say anything about his looks, they're fair enough; but have you forgotten he was actually engaged to Lily's sister? Why, it's only the other day, Elizabeth, that you told me you thought the Deynes were thinking of the poor lad that was shot for Lily. They can't want every one."

"That poor youth's death made a great change in Alan's position you see Godfrey."

The Squire's dark skin flushed angrily as Lady Elizabeth made this not very sympathetic remark.

"And you want to make out," he began, and then stopped biting his lips, and walking a few hasty steps across the lawn away from his cousin, for he had perceived through the trees Major Deyne approaching, mounted on the chestnut mare.

In a few minutes the young soldier joined them, but Lady Elizabeth noticed the Squire's brow did not quickly clear. She had told herself she would give her cousin this hint to spare his feelings; it would be so dreadfully humiliating to them all if one of the Deynes were to refuse a member of their family; it might make Godfrey be more sure of his position before he committed himself, at all events, she had mentally argued. But now she felt grieved that she had vexed her cousin. At lunch she tried by little kindly attentions to his tastes to please him again. But she was not very successful. The Squire's appetite seemed to have failed him, and presently when he went up to the grey parrot's cage on the table on the lawn, after lunch was over, and stood looking (still moodily) at the bird's glassy, wicked, knowing eyes, Lady Elizabeth stole gently to his side.

"You are not angry with me, Godfrey, surely?" she said.

Then the Squire raised his kindly eyes and looked in her face.

"I didn't think you would have said it, Elizabeth," he answered, and over these few

words Lady Elizabeth afterwards shed some bitter tears.

CHAPTER XXXV.—LADY ELIZABETH'S VISIT.

The first thing that Major Deyne told his sister as he drove her from Kimal was that their mother had returned.

"She and Allice had a row, it seems," he said, rather in an abridged tone, "and now they want me to go up to town to speak to Allice; but it's an awkward thing, interfering between a man and his wife. My father's right there, and he told mother so too."

"And you don't think she's happy?" said Lily. "Poor Annette!"

"My dear, she does not deserve to be particularly happy; she behaved very badly to Alan Lester—quite unjustifiably—and yet I believe—"

But here the Major stopped abruptly and began pulling his heavy moustache with great energy. He had nearly said "And yet I believe he is fool enough to care for her still;" but he checked himself in time, remembering that this speech would not be likely to further his idea that Lily would make a better wife for Alan than Annette ever could have done.

For this reason also he did not tell his young sister that Alan Lester had wished to see him in the morning to urge on him the very same course that his mother wished him to pursue. With ill-dissembled anxiety of voice and manner, Alan had told his old friend that he had heard the most disgusting reports regarding Sir Rupert Miles.

"I don't care to speak of it, Frank," Alan had said, walking restlessly up and down as he spoke, "and I have no right to speak of it; but your sister is an old friend of mine at least, and from what I hear of Sir Rupert, I think he must be little better than a madman. His father died mad; I suppose you know?"

"I have heard so at all events."

"Your mother did not say very much about it, of course, but surely the way he has treated Mrs. Deyne speaks for itself. I think it's your duty to see after your sister; she ought to have some one to protect her."

Major Deyne would have resented such interference from any man except Alan Lester; but he knew all the circumstances, and though he was sorry to see the deep interest which Alan evidently still took in his elder sister, when he was so anxious he should marry the younger one, he yet thought perhaps it would be well if he took Alan's advice.

"I'll see what my mother says," he answered; and he accordingly at once went over to Fingford and heard Mrs. Deyne's story, who was in an exceedingly ruffled state of mind.

"To make a fool of me," she said indignantly, "before the whole neighborhood, as he has done! I won't tell you all he said, Frank; if I did, as you are a soldier, I don't know what you might do; but he reflected on my character! Said I was putting things into Annette's head that should not be there! What do you think of that? I, who have been such a good mother to the girl, though I say it myself; and he actually ordered me out of the house!"

"How did the quarrel begin, mother?"

"Simply by my telling him that Annette was very much shut up, and ought to have a little gaiety and amusement. But he's insanely jealous—can't bear her to look at or speak to anyone else."

"But does he ill-treat her, mother, that's the question?"

"If you mean does he beat her or starve her, of course not. He seems desperately fond of her—dreadfully fond."

Major Deyne began pulling his moustache.

"It's a confoundedly awkward business," he said; "if all that's to be said against him is that he's fond of her and jealous of her. By Jove! I think he's very likely to be cured by time of both faults! However, perhaps I'd best run up to town and see them."

"And I think you should speak, Frank, of the manner in which your mother has both treated."

"Very well," he answered with rather a grim smile; "though it's evident he's a young man who does not take advice."

And the Colonel also had a quiet word to say in his own ear on the same subject before he started for Kimal to bring back Lily.

"I expect you know, my boy," he said, with a knowing look at his son, "that the old lady has been coming at too strong. At I told her this morning young fellows don't like advice from their mothers-in-law. And he may be touched a bit in his head for anything I know—the old man died as mad as a hatter—but as I told you mother it will be the wisest thing for Annette to make the best of him. She chose to marry him, and she can't unmarry him. By-the-by, Alan Lester seemed rather glum last night, don't you think? He wanted to see you this morning. Was it anything about this, or was it about that confounded trial?"

"He spoke to me about mother coming home in such an odd way and said he had heard Rupert Miles was a very eccentric person. However, I've promised to look them up, and so I'll go to town in a day or two."

"What train did Alan Lester say he was going by?" now enquired the Colonel with interest. It had occurred to him that he might as well travel with Alan, and perhaps be Alan's guest while they were together, at Exeter on the same business. The Colonel had, as we know, an economical turn of mind, and never paid for himself if he could get anyone else to do so.

Frank Doyme, however, had not inquired what time Alan was going to start, and, after all, the Colonel misled him, and went the journey third class, and grumbled as he went. And the next day after the trial was over, Colonel Doyme thought it positively mean of Alan Lester not to invite him to dinner.

"Confound the fellow, and it was his own nephew too that was shot, and giving me all this trouble and expense just to say in Court that they expected young Jim to dinner. And he's such a stand-off air too, now, Alan Lester, just as if he thought no one good enough for him."

Such were the Colonel's thoughts after Alan had quietly shaken him off when the trial was over, and Colonel Doyme had slipped his arm through Alan's as they were leaving the Court-house, and had offered to see him to the hotel.

But Alan was in no mood to make merry with the jovial Colonel. The death sentence that he had just listened to for the first time was still ringing in his ears, and the condemned girl's declaration of innocence had strangely disturbed him.

As we have already seen during the same evening, his interest in the unhappy prisoner was yet further excited by her mother's interview with him. He had telegraphed the result of the trial to Lady Lester, and he wrote to her after Mrs. Davis was gone; but he saw no more of the Colonel, who returned home any day but pleased with Alan Lester.

And he showed this very plainly when he was relating the incidents of the trial to his wife and children.

"And did—Sir Alan come home with you, father?" asked Lily, and Major Doyme, glancing quickly at her face, saw the soft blush that he had seen before steal to her cheeks as the mentioned Alan's name.

"Come home with me," answered the Colonel sharply, "nothing of the sort. I scarcely saw Sir Alan except when he was giving his evidence, which he did in his languid way. The Judge complimented him, and the Counsel for the defence too, about the way he behaved to poor young Jim. For my part I liked the lad a deal better than I like his uncle."

"How has Alan offended you, father?" asked Major Doyme.

"Oh, he's not offend'd me, but I think he's a confoundedly odd fellow; and, considering we are relatives, and all that, he might have been a bit more civil."

"Come, he's a fine fellow; there is no one I think more highly of than Alan Lester," said the little Major speaking up for his friend.

"Well, I like a more genial man myself. However every one has their own taste, and mine's not to go to see a woman tried for murder, I can tell you! Fugh! It turned me all cold! This unfortunate wretch had tried to strangle herself in her cell the night before, and was carried into Court."

"Oh! father, how dreadful!" And Lily grew a little pale.

"It was horrid, my dear; and then it was no doubt he'd been engaged to be married to this girl before he came here."

"I don't believe he was engaged to be married to her," said Mrs. Doyme severely. "Oh, but he was though. Some quite respectable people came forward and gave

evidence that he used to walk about with her publicly, and he gave her presents, diamonds and all sorts of things, and he never denied he was engaged to her. That, Chaplin—the young lawyer fellow who came here to seek him this night, he was about, poor lad—said he knew he was engaged to be married to her, and then he wanted to break it off, I suppose because—"

And the Colonel stopped and looked at Lily. "It just shows the folly of making such acquaintances," said Mrs. Doyme; "he should have never entered these doors if I had thought he had any such connections as this. He had no right to come into a respectable house I consider—engaged to a billiard-marker's daughter indeed!"

"Well, my dear, you knew where he came from."

"I'm extremely sorry he ever came here, at any rate, extremely sorry! Of course with Lady Lester taking him up as she did, one felt bound to be a little civil to him; but he must have been a very ill-conducted youth."

"Oh! mother, it's not fair to speak of him in that way now!" said Lily with some warmth. "He was very kind and very nice, and I liked him very much."

"My dear it's not very nice to hear a young girl of your age talking in that manner of a person who has certainly disgraced himself. When he was asked here neither your father nor I had any idea that he had such low people hanging about him as he must have had, or I should never have allowed you to make his acquaintance."

"But we did make his acquaintance," said Lily yet more indignantly in reply to her mother's lecture, "and—and I am not going to speak against him now that he is dead!"

Lily went out of the room after she had said that, and her father looked after her rather uneasily.

"What's put Lily on? She couldn't have cared for this young fellow, did she?" he asked, looking at his wife.

"Nothing of the kind," answered Mrs. Doyme sharply, and the subject was dropped, and before the day was over something happened that quite restored Lily to her mother's favour.

This was nothing less than a visit from Lady Elizabeth Claxton, who had never before called at Kingsford. The Doymes were not in Mr. Claxton's parish, and Lady Elizabeth had in truth never cared to make their acquaintance, and this had been a source of considerable annoyance to Mrs. Doyme, who liked to know what she called "nice people;" meaning people of the highest social position around her.

Lady Elizabeth held this position from her rank, and also because she was a very agreeable woman. It charmed her to please, and to say pleasant things was quite natural to her. It had made her very unhappy to think that she had grieved her cousin, Godfrey Harford, by what she called "the little hint" she had given him about Lily Doyme liking Alan Lester. She was so unaccustomed to annoy anyone that it was absolute pain to her to think she had pained him.

She did not think so herself, but of no other person in the world would Lady Elizabeth have made such an unkind insinuation as she had done of Lily to Godfrey Harford. It was the unacknowledged feeling in her own heart that made her so quick to perceive, and so eager to point out, that perhaps now when Alan Lester had regained his lost position, that Lily would be ready to take her sister's old place in his love.

And she had told herself it was her duty to tell Godfrey that she thought this, but Godfrey had taken it very badly. He had left the Rectory at the same time that the Doymes left, and had sought no further explanation with his cousin. Lady Elizabeth had meant to be kind to this girl for his sake—very kind—and she had tried to be so. But would it have been kind to her cousin to let him propose to a girl that she had noticed seemed agitated at the mention of a name?

At all events she could not bear to be on bad terms with Godfrey, and the Squire had not only left the Rectory, with that half-repentant, half-sad look in those kind eyes of his, when Lady Elizabeth retired to her own room, and shed there some bitter tears. "How fond he must be of her!" she thought. "This child—what could he see in her but a pretty face?"

However, anything was better—anything than that the two should be on bad terms—

between herself and her cousin should be broken, or even riven a little apart. No, Lady Elizabeth was determined this should not be. So she sat down and wrote to Mr. Harford, and the Squire was not the man to resist her kind words.

"Dear Godfrey, "I fear I annoyed you this afternoon, and I have been grieving about it ever since. Surely you know that your happiness is so dear to me that I could have no motive for what I said but my great and anxious affection? No doubt I was mistaken—I watched your pretty little friend very closely for your sake, and you know how often we women fancy things! I think she is a sweet girl, and I pray and trust, if she becomes your wife, that she will make you very happy. If you like I will go and see her some day, and ask her over here—only believe always that whatever I may have said was out of my true and real regard for you."

"Your affectionate cousin, "ELIZABETH CLAXTON."

Of course this letter brought the Squire to her feet. She took it downstairs after she had written it and sealed it, and placed it in her husband's hand.

Mr. Claxton was playing with his little son as she entered her room where he was sitting, and when the child saw his mother, he lifted up his chubby little arms with a pleased cry.

"After all, how happy I ought to be," thought Lady Elizabeth, and she went up and laid her hand on her good-looking husband's shoulder.

"Would you send the boy with this note over to Godfrey?" she said. "I am afraid I vexed his mind on a certain subject—and something I said did not please him."

The Rector gave a little shrug and a laugh, and looked up in his wife's face.

"She's a pretty little girl," he said, "and men, when they come to your cousin's age, generally do not choose very wisely. However, we must all just try to make the best of it."

"What, 'en going to try to make the best of it?" inquired Master Roddie with interest.

"Of you, my dear, I hope," answered the Rector.

Lady Elizabeth bent down to kiss her little son, and then gently laid her lips on her husband's hand. How kind he had always been to her, she was thinking, how considerate in every way, and though she had always been true and faithful to him, she remembered at this moment with some self-reproach, that she had been jealous—or something very like it—because Godfrey Harford had fallen in love with a foolish girl!

"So I have written to tell him," she said, "that if it will please him, I will go and call on the young lady. I don't like her people—Major Doyme is rather gentlemanly, certainly—but if Godfrey has set his heart upon it there is no more to be said."

"But has the young lady set her heart?" asked the Rector, smiling and taking his wife's hand. "What a little matchmaker you are, Elizabeth! I believe when your own girls come out, you'll be hunting up every eligible man you possibly can hear of!"

"Of course I shall, my dear; it will be my duty!" answered Lady Elizabeth, with that charming smile of hers, and then she lifted her boy in her arms and carried him away, and the Rector saw at once about sending her letter to Godfrey Harford.

The upshot of this was that the Squire, sitting disconsolately alone at his well-spread table, suddenly recovered both his spirits and appetite. He had been very, very much hurt with Elizabeth. You see he regarded her as one of the best and noblest of women—remembering often those days so long ago, when he believed she had given up the love of her life, and the dearest wish of her heart from a sense of right and honor which he had been ready to sacrifice if she had yielded it so.

This knowledge, so soothing to the man's vanity, had made him place Lady Elizabeth in a pedestal, so far above all other women in his mind, that it had been quite a shock to him, had caused him a feeling of pained surprise, that she would have ever thought, much less said, what she had done to-day about Lily and Alan Lester.

Not that her words had any influence on the Squire's feelings to Lily. He was too loyal for that. He believed in this fair-faced love of his, believed that no change of for-

tune would make any difference in a pure girl's heart. But that Elizabeth should say a spiteful thing just like some common-place woman!

Therefore it was a relief, a pleasure, an absolute happiness to him to read his cousin's words.

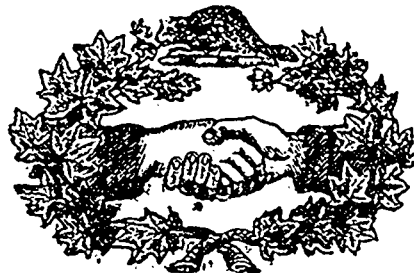
"Dear Elizabeth," he thought, and then a kindly smile stole over his face. "Had she been a little jealous, poor girl! Well it was not unnatural."

You see she was a girl to his mind still. Lady Elizabeth, with her own slim girl growing so tall—was yet to Godfrey Harford's heart the girl he had parted with beneath the spreading elms at Kilmel, one summer's night, that he or she had never forgotten.

They had loved each other, these two, and that old love had never died away. Godfrey regarded her as a dear and honored sister; a woman to be worshipped and admired for her beauty and her great goodness. And Lady Elizabeth—well, she regarded Godfrey as a brother too; a brother it must be admitted she was not a little jealous of; that she liked to look after and be first with—and it was, perhaps, not unnatural, as the Squire himself had just decided it.

He went to see her the same night. Lady Elizabeth was sitting in that warm, snug drawing-room of hers, with only her yellow Russian cat for a companion, for her Rector was writing his sermon in the study, and her children had gone to bed. She heard the house door bell ring, and she heard Godfrey Harford's heavy footfall in the hall, and she rose to greet him with as bright a blush as had mantled on her cheeks when they had been lovers all those long years ago.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



TO MY FRIENDS.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Friends of my earliest days and years,
Ye who dispelled my infant fears,
And o'er me spent your prayers and tears,
Father, Mother;
And let me say a tribute meet,
To those who watched my infant feet,
And showed me their kind kisses sweet,
Sister, Brother.

Friends of my school-days or of play,
When all was joyous, bright, and gay,
Companions dear of life spring-day,
Again we meet;
As memory paints the scenes anew,
In colours of the brightest hue,
When life was good, and pure, and true,
And friendship sweet.

Friends of those years when hopes were
high,
And hearts beat true, and love was nigh,
And echoes woke which ne'er shall die,
But echoes give;
While fleeting years roll on apace,
Within my heart there is a place
That bears the likeness of
And thoughts that

Friends dead and gone, friends
Friends tried and true, friends
Though parted far
Close to my
And all along life's path
The smile of friends
And hearts are you
grey;
Friends not

The Jewelled Casket.

"Is it true that that funny-looking old casket cost you five thousand pounds?"

"No, dear. But," added the old lady with a smile, "it is quite true that I once gave five thousand pounds for it."

"I see," she presently said, after enjoying for a moment the puzzled look of her questioner, "you will not rest till you have heard the whole story; and as it will be yours some day—nay, do not blush!—you ought to know it. No time like the present? No, but I will not like you, dear—with a glance round the firelit circle—"they have heard me tell it so often."

We all declared it to be a tale that was ever fresh; as, indeed, what tale of family romance is not to such a gathering, if there be but present one who is to hear it for the first time, and in whose interest we can feel our own almost as eager and fresh as ever. So the fire was poked, cushions arranged, seats settled into more comfortable, and the story began.

"It is close upon fifty years ago since I was thinking of that old casket as I was jolted along into London, one dark November night, in the Ipswich coach. A pretty object I must have looked, in my corner; for, though barely twenty years old, and possessing my full share of good looks, I was so hidden in the big hood and wraps that I might, for all anybody could see to the contrary, have been an old woman of—well, as old as I am now. My eyes were red and swollen with tears, for it was no journey of pleasure that I was taking.

"My father, long a widower, had died some weeks before. Since then, I, his only child, had been staying with his sister, a doctor's widow, at Ipswich, and I was now returning to London as a governess. My aunt would gladly have kept me with her, but she was poor; and I should have felt ashamed of living upon her scanty means, when I had the opportunity offered me of earning my own livelihood.

"I had left Ipswich with a bold heart, but before long the sense of past sorrow and present loneliness had been too much for me, and I was thankful for the friendly shelter of the hood, which exhorted me to cry quietly, unseen by my fellow-travellers. I was to be met at the coach-office by my cousin, a boy of seventeen, occupying a stool in the office of a Mr. Marshall, a wealthy merchant in the City, in whose house at Hampstead I was to be domiciled as governess.

"You see I was not altogether friendless in London; but in those days it was not so easy as it is now to go backwards and forwards between Hampstead and the City, and I could not go upon seeing Dick now and again by special favor. Then there was my old nurse living in London, at whose house I was to spend this first night. The reason of my spending it with her instead of going at once to Hampstead was, that the next day the greater part of the furniture of what had been my home was to be sold at auction, and nurse and I were intending to brave the bustle of an auction-room to see the last of sundry old favorites and the household gods.

"Over and over again during the long, dreary journey I had, in a vague, dreamy sort of way, passed in review every article. And now, as we were approaching our journey's end, my thoughts centered for the twentieth time on that odd-shaped silver casket with its deceptive jewels.

"Its history was a strange one, bequeathed as it had been from father to son in the same words for many generations. Ever since, in fact, a remote ancestor of Queen Elizabeth's time had died broken-hearted at finding the fine fortune he had dreamt of, and for which he gone through so much dirt and bloodshed, torn from him 'a

"In question had served returning from the famous court, had returned with him. How

"It was an unpleasant voice, and spoke in a sort of hoarse whisper, as if the fog had got into the speaker's throat. At three to the minute hand, and in the old corner, it said, 'Then the test shuffled again, and another voice muttered something inaudible. Then came more mutterings and shufflings, and apparently a period, and steps came close past me, stepping for a last word: "Did you ever find me mistaken? I know a real stone when I see it, and I tell you if those emeralds—ugh!"

in the upper row, to have taken it up to London, and offered it to a dealer in precious stones, who at once pronounced it to be false. Utterly dismayed at the intelligence, he returned home.

"But on the very day, hope revived. If the rubies should be false, might not the other stones be real? As he reached home, dug up his treasure, extracted some of the other stones and returned with all haste to London. Alas! every stone was ruthlessly condemned, and the shock turned his brain. He dug up the casket, now only worth the silver of which it was composed, sat down with it before him, wrote out his will, signed it, and destroyed himself.

"By that will he charged his son never except in the direst necessity to part with the casket, but to keep it ever with him, and charge his heirs to do the same, as a perpetual warning against that covetousness and lust of wealth that had wrought his ruin. That charge had been solemnly observed; the clause in the will had remained the same, and I knew every word of it by heart. But my father had had no son and little to leave, and had made no will; and I, with some sort of feeling that ill luck had always attended the casket, had, to nurse's surprise, handed it over to be disposed of by public auction.

"I had not dared to tell my aunt of what I had done till the last parting moment, and had left her almost speechless with horror; and now I was asking myself whether I had acted wrongly and rashly. Had I been too willing to assume that my father's omission to leave any charge as to the casket had arisen from some such feeling as my own, instead of attributing it to a conviction that a formal command was needless? Was I really doing wrong in parting with the wretched old sham?

"Worrying my brain with such thoughts, I at last suddenly dropped asleep, and on waking found myself alone in the coach, which had apparently come to a standstill. Jumping up, I started at the further consciousness that we were surrounded by a dense fog, through which the light of sun-dry torches with difficulty penetrated.

"Then I heard voices, Dick's for one, in an eager inquiring tone; then a very pleasant but somewhat indignant voice blowing up the guard for having been so careless as to forget me. Then a torch shone at the door, and the same pleasant voice said, 'Here she is, sure enough!' In another moment I was in the warm parlour of the inn with Dick, undoing my wraps, while the owners of the pleasant voice, whom I recognised as one of my fellow-travellers, was watching the mysterious process.

"I suppose he must have fancied the bundle in the coach corner to contain a little girl, for he seemed to be staggered at my appearance, and removed his hat with a slight flush and the air of apology, nodded to Dick and took his departure. He had scarcely disappeared when Dick suddenly asked, 'Mary is that yours?' pointing to a small leather bag lying on the table. It was not mine, and Dick, who seldom lost much time over anything, was off in a moment after the stranger.

"As there was a glass over the chimney-pieces I took advantage of Dick's absence to smooth my hair, and then sat down to toast my toes, which had grown cold enough in the coach; but as minute after minute went by and he did not return, I began to feel a little nervous and anxious at sitting alone in a strange inn.

"After a while I could bear it no longer, so I got up, opened the door and turned in the direction by which I thought we had entered. The passage was dark, but I could feel the odd air against my cheek, and in a moment the fog was nearly choking me.

"I suppose I must have turned the wrong way, for soon I found it was not the door we had come in at, but one opening on the street. As I leant against the post half frightened, I was startled by hearing a shuffling of feet close to me, with a man's voice speaking almost into my ear.

"It was an unpleasant voice, and spoke in a sort of hoarse whisper, as if the fog had got into the speaker's throat. At three to the minute hand, and in the old corner, it said, 'Then the test shuffled again, and another voice muttered something inaudible. Then came more mutterings and shufflings, and apparently a period, and steps came close past me, stepping for a last word: "Did you ever find me mistaken? I know a real stone when I see it, and I tell you if those emeralds—ugh!"

"Did you ever find me mistaken? I know a real stone when I see it, and I tell you if those emeralds—ugh!"

"The exclamation was evidently caused by some violent concussion, and the next moment I heard Dick's voice apologising. In an instant I was back, and apparently snugly settled by the fire as Dick came in, full of having lost, first the stranger, and then himself, in the fog, and finished up by knocking the breath out of an old Jew who was standing at the door.

"I need not trouble you with our adventures on the way from the inn to nurse's house, or with my reception there, for they have nothing to do with my tale; but through all our walk through the fog, and all nurse's kisses and welcome, I could not keep the last words of that old Jew out of my head. I called myself foolish for thinking of them; yet could not help asking myself the question, 'Could those stones be specks of be those in the casket? What if the sham jewels I had so hated the sight of should be real after all!'

"The idea would come back to me again and again as fast as I drove it away.

"Instead of going to sleep when I got into bed I lay tossing about from side to side. No sooner was one tormenting train of thought dismissed than another was ready to take its place. In vain I reasoned, telling myself sternly how improbable it was that the words referred to my casket. The man was no doubt a dealer in stones, and what more likely than among the many gems passing through his hands, or met with in the way of business, there should be some as to the genuineness of which doubts might arise.

"Then came the thought, 'If stones that had been thought of as imitation sometimes turned out to be real, might not these in the casket be so, even though the old Jew's words might not refer to them? What if I was going to dispose of, for a trifle, what might be worth hundreds of pounds?'

"If I had only some friend skilled in jewels to consult. Though the Jew's words had been in my head all the previous evening, I had felt subdued even to tell Dick what I had heard, lest I might show too plainly the current of my thoughts had been following, and laughed at for being such a goose as to imagine that, if the jewels were real, no one would have found it out all these years.

"In the midst of contending thoughts I fell asleep, but not before I had settled with myself that I would, at least, confide in Dick, laugh at me as he might. Even that would be better than carry the burthen of the doubt entirely on my own shoulders.

"But when sleep once laid hold of me he was unwilling to let me go; and nurse, thinking only how much good a long rest would do me after my long journey, and little suspecting how precious every moment might be in my eyes, let me sleep on; so that when at last she roused me, and after dressing quickly I found my way down-stairs the hands of the kitchen clock pointed to a quarter to twelve. My heart sank within me; Dick had been gone to his office hours. It was too late now to do anything—the sale was to commence at half-past, and it would take us all our time to get there. And, to tell the truth, when viewed by the light of day my hopes of the night before seemed a little bit chimerical. Still I could not give them up altogether; and although if Dick had been there it would have cost me no little struggle to tell him even a small part of all I had been thinking, yet his absence seemed to remove the last ray of hope. What nurse thought of my gloomy face as I hurried through my breakfast I do not know. But no doubt, if she thought at all, it was easily accounted for to her mind by the prospect of seeing my old surroundings knocked down to strangers.

"Out in the streets I managed at last to divert my thoughts from the one engrossing subject, and was chatting away merrily enough by the time we reached the auctioneer's rooms, for my poor furniture had not been thought worthy of a sale all to itself, and had been removed there for convenience, as the bills said.

"The sight of the place was not cheering, but Dick was on the step, eager to tell us how the stranger of the night before had turned out to be Mr. Marshall's brother, the great diamond merchant; and how he recognized him when he came into the office.

"And only think, Mary, that bag contained diamonds worth ever so many hundreds of pounds. He had not had it out of his hands all day, and cannot imagine how he came to put it down, unless it was in his surprise at what he thought

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was a little girl turning out to be such a blooming young lady. I believe you have made a conquest, for he quite flushed up when I spoke of you. I shouldn't wonder if he turns up here this afternoon, for when old Marshall told him all about that old casket he said he should like—but time's up, and I must be off."

"And away he went, leaving me in doubt as to what the unfinished sentence might mean, but with a pleasant consciousness that there was some chance of having some one at hand on whom judgment and assistance I might rely in case of need. We were in pretty good time, and took up our places at some distance from the auctioneer's desk, but where we should not be too far off to hear and see all that passed. I had never been at a sale before, and at first was too frightened at the crowd of strange rude-looking men and women to feel any amusement from their eccentricities of face and dress. But after a time my nervousness passed away, and I ventured to look about me, and began to wonder if the 'old corner' was in this room, and whether, among the many eager, inquisitive faces, there was one belonging to the voice I remembered so well.

"By the time the auctioneer was ready to begin I had surveyed all the corners pretty well, asking that if I could but see an old Jew station himself in one of them, I should then feel sure that my instinct had not been a wrong one, but that it was the stones of my casket about which so strong an opinion had been expressed.

"At first no one seemed to go into any corner, but to prowling about the room; so for a time I gave up the search in despair. When I looked round again, the room had filled considerably, but again I despaired. Every corner seemed to have its occupants, and those occupants seemed all of the Hebrew descent.

"The sale began; as lot by lot sold, my spirits went up or down according to the price realized, and my thoughts strayed from the absorbing thoughts of the casket. All this time I was glancing again and again at the door, watching for the friendly face and figure which I had been so thankful to think might come. At last I thought I saw him, but another instant showed me my mistake. The new comer, though very similar in height, was a much broader, bigger framed man altogether. He gave a hurried glance round the room, and then proceeded to elbow his way slowly, but surely, through the crowd till he stepped beside an old oak press, which stood against the wall, not two yards from me.

"Just then a fresh lot was put up, a thing of little interest or value, but it caused me to look at the catalogue to see how many more lots would come before the basket. Only two, and I felt my heart begin to throb with expectation. Looking up, I saw that the clerk above the auctioneer was just on the stroke of three, and instinctively I glanced at the door. And now I felt as if everyone must hear the beating of my heart, as the casket was held up for inspection, the auctioneer thinking it worthy of a little bit of a crack.

"It was, he said, an object of great antiquity, with a very romantic history attached to it. He hoped he should not exhaust our patience if he related a few facts connected with it.

"My heart almost stood still as I saw that the big man in the corner by the press had been joined by a wizened-looking old Jew, with a dirty grey beard and eyes like a ferret. The two were whispering together, and the eyes of both were fixed intently on the casket. My instinct had not been wrong: here were the 'voices of the mist.' But with the conviction came the necessity of resolving what to do. If they bid, and I were to bid against them, or get nurse to do so, how should I know when to stop? If only Mr. Marshall were here!

"For some time it really seemed as if I had summoned up courage for nothing, and that I must be mistaken. With the commencement of the bidding the interest of my neighbors seemed to cease, neither of them showing any eagerness or any intention of bidding.

"After awhile, however, I became conscious that the auctioneer's eyes travelled frequently in the direction of the pair in the corner in an inquiring sort of way. These appeals appeared to be unanswered, and at last the casket seemed in a fair way of being knocked down to nurse for seventeen pounds ten. It was a far higher price than I had counted on as I came up in the coach, and I bo-

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

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

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIKHILIST," "THE RED BROTHER," "THE BUKHARIAN BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LX.

THE HOUR OF HER SUPREME TRIAL—HOW WILL IT END?

Let us return once more to Nellie within the gilded bars of her harem prison.

As more and more days passed the enthusiasm of the Cairo population seemed to increase. There was one little window, closely latticed, from which she could obtain just a peep, a dimly visible bird's eye view, of the outer world, and at this window she was never tired of standing.

From it she could see some of the old glittering European shops, now closed and barred with great planks of wood across their fronts. From it, in the falling light of evening, she sometimes saw picturesque Arabs squatting in every conceivable attitude on the sidewalks, with curves of hate upon their lips and, upon their frowning brows, as they doubtless discerned in all its bearing some lying bulletin from the front, and more than once in the deepest hours of the night the rush of hurrying feet, the shrieking clamor of human voices and the red lurid glow of torches would cause her to rush thither, when as likely as not she would behold some hapless murdered European carried along on a cluster of planks or spear heads, with a rain of blood dropping on the beavers, whilst the surrounding crowd poured forth their hate in every curse and epithet that the Arabic vocabulary is capable of, and whilst casting every manner of abomination at the stripped and often cruelly gashed body of the dead, which was as often that of a woman or an innocent little child as of a strong and stalwart man.

It was impossible, whilst witnessing sights such as these, for Nellie to feel thankful that her parents and herself were housed as they were, or not to be aware that at the very least, all three owed their lives to the war minister, so that it was only when she came to remember the price that she, individually, would have to pay for that protection that she shuddered.

The settling day could not for long be postponed, she felt sure, and the never doubted that the Egyptian army, in its overwhelming numbers, was again and again beating the more handful of men that foolhardy English ministers always think sufficient to overcome an Oriental or African foe, forgetting how modern rifles and ordnance equalize the strength of contending soldiers by rendering a quick eye of far greater account than a strong arm.

When we are anticipating the terrible or the unwelcome time sometimes seems to fly and sometimes to creep, and so it was with Nellie. At last, however, late one evening, the Valide Khanoum came rushing into her little room in a state of great excitement and exclaimed:

"He has arrived! Ahmed is at home! He insists on seeing you immediately."

"Oh, I cannot see him to-night. Can you not tell him that I am gone to bed?"

"He will not take that as an excuse, and—oh—I dare not urge it as one. For the first time in my life I am afraid of him. I would not refuse him a thing for the world. I suppose his blood is still hot with the fighting and the victories he has won."

Nellie glanced at the elder wife and saw she was deathly pale, and trembling as she said:

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Nellie glanced at the elder wife and saw she was deathly pale, and trembling as she said:

"Oh, don't let him come in!" gasped Nellie. "Keep him out for a little while. Oh, what shall I do?"

"My dear, your shoes are not outside the door. If they were, he would not dare to enter."

"But a word from you would keep him out. Oh, do beseech him not to come in yet."

"I would not cross his will this night for worlds. He looks as though he had the evil eye."

And it was evident, from the way in which the woman trembled, that she was really alarmed.

But Nellie's terror was ten times greater, and her agitation made all her fingers throb, so the common saying is, so that she could neither clasp nor fasten anything properly that she was putting on.

At this juncture the footsteps had arrived just outside her curtain door, but the next instant her fears were allayed, if not entirely dispelled, by a calm voice saying:

"Directly you are ready to receive me, but not before, I wish to speak a few words to you. Do not be alarmed, little one. I come to you as a friend, nothing more," and hardly were the words uttered when the heavy footsteps were heard receding again. It was very strange.

But not less reassuring than strange, and Nellie's fingers lost their awkwardness and became dextrous and eager enough. The Valide Khanoum was now able to help her too.

"The dark fit has passed away, I suppose," she remarked. "He spoke gently to you, at all events, and I say this for our lord and master, that when he is gentle with one he is usually so with all. But I felt sure just now that an evil eye had been cast on him."

"I am quite ready now," said Nellie suddenly. "Let us go out and meet him."

"Would you wonder that he came in here?"

"Yes; certainly, my kind friend."

So the two women, or rather the woman and the girl, raised the curtain and issued forth into the vestibule, the further end of which Arabi Pasha was pacing to and fro with the quick, eager steps of a tiger in a manager's as footing time approaches.

"The dark hour is still on him I fear," whispered the Valide Khanoum as they approached. "Speak to him gently, my dear. Do not venture to oppose his slightest wish whilst he is thus."

regard me as some such vile bird of prey?"

"Indeed, no. I have never had an ill opinion of you. Far from it."

"Then you do not by your heart make me responsible for all the crimes and calamities that have attended this great national movement and for the frequent shedding of innocent blood?"

"God forbid that I should do so. All things of the people against tyranny, in every country and in every age, have been characterized by such crimes and excesses on the part of the more cruel of the population, but the leaders of such movements have never been answerable therefor."

"Here she came to a full stop, dreading what he would next say."

"I thank you. I sincerely thank you for this, your good opinion of me. Possessed of it I can defy that of all the world beside. But I am not yet quite satisfied. Tell me candidly how do you think that I have treated you. Do you consider that I have used you very badly?"

"If you will but treat me as well in the future as you have done in the past I shall have little reason to complain; yes, and I will daily bless you for your merciful forbearance."

At this point Nellie would have sunk on her knees before him had he but permitted her.

"Do you know, little white dove, that I begin to think the daily blessings and prayers of one so lovely, so innocent and so pure would be a richer prize than even her adorable face and person if unfreely given. When I made you my wife I thought that I could also soon make you very happy and teach to forget the English youth to whom your parents told me you were not married. I might have done—had Allah seen good to make me what I, my country's sake and yours, I yearned to be. But that dream has forever passed away; and so, though you are at this moment more absolutely in my power than ever you were in my pavilion at Hafr Dwar, and in my opinion every bit as much my wife, I will prove to you that the despised Egyptian can be generous and merciful, for I will give you freely up—and him you love—as well, little one and forget not your parents, for from this moment you will never see me more."

"Oh, this is good! This is brave! This is noble and magnificent indeed!" cried Nellie, feeling hysterically joyful, but struggling hard not to show it. "I cannot speak my thanks, for words could not express my gratitude and hearts, unhappily, are dumb."

"Happily, say rather, for had they the gift of speech they would lose their intensity of feeling. Yet, would to God that mine at this moment could find relief in speech, for then it would not be so likely to break. Think not that you are wholly responsible for my grief, for dearly as I have loved you I have loved my unhappy country even more, and now she is lost indeed. The crimes of your countrymen have rivaled her crimes stronger than ever, for victory has been theirs in every engagement, and in an hour they will be here and I their prisoner. But it is all as Allah wills, no praise be the name of Allah. I can at least say that."

"But can you not escape? Surely there is yet time," suggested Nellie, anxiously.

"My friends and companions in this great venture are already taken and I would share their fate," answered the war minister. "I go from hence to deliver myself up, and I go quickly, for I would not be suspected of trying to hide myself like a cowardly sneak. You and your parents had better remain here until your countrymen occupy the city in force, for not until then will it be safe for you to venture forth. I have still an hour to give to the good wife who has been fond and true to me for so many years, and who is the mother of my brave boy. So farewell once more and may God have you in his keeping."

And quickly raising one after the other of Nellie's hands to his lips, he kissed and dropped them and with a deep sigh, then took a hurried departure, whilst she whom he had thus abruptly quitted retreated to her room in tears, for it was impossible not to feel sorry for one who had behaved so gently to her.

CHAPTER LX.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE SPUR—THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

The march from the Suez Canal to Cairo deserved to be called the Lightning Campaign, for with three pitched battles and a

dozen skirmishes its accomplishment took but a fortnight and a day.

Twenty-four hours after the scenes recorded in our last chapter, but ere Sir Garnet Wolsey made the midnight little ally and under cover of "Egyptian darkness" led his little army within rushing distance of the Egyptian general's stronghold, taking Tel-el-Kebir in fifteen minutes by the clock, and with the bayonet only, a rare feat against rifled cannon.

Directly the "Impregnable" Tel-el-Kebir had collapsed like a burst balloon, it was the campaign of the spur and the sabre once again, and Major-General Sir Drury Lowe followed up the success by a splendid dash forward with the cavalry, thereby preventing the enemy from rallying in the direction of the capital.

The Irish Dragoon Guards led the van, and entered with such order into the pursuit that they soon distanced both the English and the Indian cavalry, and though men and horses were fast with hunger, paroled with thirst, and troops not infrequently dropping out of their saddles from the effect of sunstroke, they pushed on and on until a distant view of the domes and minarets of the great Mosque of Mohamed Ali, rising above the rocks of the Citadel, drew an enthusiastic cheer from the ranks.

Captain Donnelly had the honor of commanding the advance squadron of this brilliant vanguard, and though his little force consisted of but a hundred and forty-five men, and he knew that there were ten thousand Egyptian soldiers in the capital, and most probably by then the commandant-in-chief as well, he hesitated not to enter the city with blast of trumpet and rattle of kettle-drum, and before another hour had elapsed, in obedience to his summons to the officer commanding the citadel to surrender immediately, eight thousand Egyptian soldiers laid down their arms and filed out before him as prisoners of war; the most extraordinary occurrence ever recorded in history. An unimagined fact. Captain Darley was the real name of the Irish officer in charge.

The populace at first looked sullen and resentful, but no sooner did the blast of more trumpets announce the rapid approach of larger bodies of the foe than they grew civil and even obliging, and when at length the main body of the regiment came spurring in through the Gate of Victory, closely followed by the ferocious-looking Indian contingents, with their long lances swaying like a forest, and their bayonets fixed to the shafts of their spears, so that one would have fancied that that highly unpopular prince had always been idolized by them, and been in very fact the father of his people.

These shows, in which Tewfik's name was always loudly called, so as to prevent the slightest possibility of misconception, assailed Arabi Pasha's ears almost continuously as he rode through the crowded streets to surrender himself up to the first British officer whom he might chance to meet.

It must have been a bitter sound to one who a short month ago, even in a little less degree a short week ago, was the chosen of the people and the idol of the nation to hear a Gopet greeted by foreign arms thus greeted and proclaimed, while his own progress through the streets called not forth one single cheer of commiseration.

Some even blamed the fallen hero who had sacrificed all that he possessed for their sake, and it is very possible that worse indignities ere long might have been offered to him had he not suddenly come across a British cavalry patrol, which, as he observed that it was under the command of an officer, he at once approached.

He was within a half a dozen yards of the little party of red coats before he perceived who that officer was, but it was too late to retreat ere he was recognized in turn, not first of all by Captain Donnelly, but by Corporal Patrick Monaghan.

"Boded, yer honor, an' here comes Her Majesty's Pasha eager to make friends at last."

This was Pat's way of putting it, but no sooner did our hero recognize his discomfited rival than he related him "occasionally with his drawn sword, and then spurred forward to meet him, his handsome face full of unconscious commiseration for the while."

"Captain Donnelly, I would perhaps account that it was any one else, but what is to be will be, and at all events I could not surmise my sword to a braver man," said the war minister, as he detested his abashed

But the generous young Irishman heartily

depreciated the movement, saying: "No, no not to me; not to me; but allow me to conduct your excellency to the quarters of Major General Sir Drury Lowe, who, I am sure, will accept your surrender on parole and refuse to accept from you a weapon which he will feel, though he may not perhaps say it, that you neither drew without reason nor sheathed without honor." Then he motioned to his men to surround their prisoner.

Arabi Pasha seemed to be much affected by this courteous speech.

"Thank you," said he; "your words have blunted the keen edges of your countrymen's weapons. They have lightened my heart also, and furthermore made me wish to lighten yours in turn. As soon as your duties allow, go straight to my house (palace it was called in the days of my prosperity, but no matter, for palace or house, any one will point it out to you if you do not know it already), and therein you will find one who still in every way deserves your love and who with little effort has made a better man of me after, by great efforts, I had failed to make a worse woman of her. Take her again to your heart, well assured that she richly merits all the love that an honorable and proud man can bestow on her."

Is there any need for assuring the reader that Frank Donnelly followed this advice as soon as ever he had delivered Arabi Pasha over to General Sir Drury Lowe?

Attended only by Corporal Monaghan (whose serjeantry loomed in the near distance for many acts of personal gallantry that he had performed during the campaign, and which would almost to a certainty give him the bronze cross of honor as well) he rode through the streets to the war minister's late abode, and on reaching it entered it without any invitation, the color of his coat being under the circumstances of the case quite sufficient passport.

He was too delicate minded, however, to seek to pass behind the harem curtain in like manner, and so merely signifying to the aga of eunuchs what he wanted, and that she had better be brought to him safe and uninjured or that his life should answer for the consequences.

The threat was amply sufficient and the jet black Sudan negro screamed and disappeared, returning in less than five minutes with Nellie walking beside him.

Who shall describe the rapture of that meeting, wherein the husband and wife who had been separated almost as if were on the steps of the altar met again after a lapse of so many weeks, every one of which had been so full of perils to each of them?

So oblivious were they of their surroundings that Pat Monaghan felt himself called upon to keep a very close watch on the aga eunuchs lest he should play them some dirty trick or other with his scimitar or pistols, of which he seemed to be quite capable.

While the three were thus employed there came the sudden rustle of silk skirts and Mrs. Trezarr hove into view like an old-fashioned line of battle ship under full sail.

"Here comes the bitter after the sweets—the nasty phylax after the lump of sugar, instead of before it," thought Pat Monaghan to himself.

But for once the shrewd Irishman was mistaken, for instead of resembling a bitter stringent Mrs. Trezarr was as sweet as molasses and thanked Frank Donnelly so unctuously for his "rescue and preservation of them all," that he felt sure he was an accepted son-in-law at once; while the hearty and genial greeting of Mr. Trezarr, when he just as suddenly turned up in another direction, converted the decided impression into a positive conviction.

"You will protect the inmates of this house where I have been so kindly treated by one and all from any chance of insult or injury, won't you, Frank?" pleaded Nellie, anxiously.

"Certainly, my love, though they have only such a thing to fear from their own countrymen and most decidedly not from British soldiers. Yet, nevertheless, I will place half a dozen of ours to guard the house, and I'm sure such a precaution will meet with the approval of the general."

So, when Nellie had bidden a grateful and affectionate adieu to the Valide Khanoum and assured her that no harm could happen to her, to any of the other ladies, and that her husband was safe under the protection of one of the British generals and could not be surrendered up to the revengeful Khedive without a guarantee from that prince that he should be fairly dealt with (which items of information she had previously obtained

from Frank), the party of five made an immediate move from the war minister's palace to Shephard's Hotel, which was already open and doing a brisk business, and there, over champagne and other welcome refreshments, the Trezarrs and mere did the "Bless you, my children," business with an amount of gush and protestation that would have been highly comical and slightly disgusting had it not chanced to be also most particularly welcome, for such a father and mother-in-law could be patiently borne with for a short while for the sake of so beautiful and darling a bride.

A few lines more will conclude our tale. There is no need for us to enter minutely into events that have become matters of history. How the Sultan of Turkey played with the hare and ran with the hounds, and so lost the respect of all parties, is too well known to be commented on here; as well as that the Khedive Tewfik would have had his fallen rival murdered in secret, on the principle that dead men tell no tales, had not Great Britain taken the greatest care that such an act of barbarity and injustice should not be perpetrated.

But the tales that were told as a consequence of this convinced the English government, when too late, that they had made a most egregious mistake in interfering with Arabi at all and had been beguiled into mistaking a great national uprising and heroic struggle for freedom for a mere military rebellion conducted and set on foot by three ambitious colonels.

As for the Princess Zannah, the Khedive's sister, her fate is a mystery. She has never been heard of since the fall of her secret lover and affianced husband. She worked in the dark on his behalf like a noxious and venomous spider, and she is by now either buried alive behind the harem curtain or lying dead in the narrow prison house of the grave.

The sole token that she has left behind for the world to see and wonder and puzzle over is a bracelet exhibited in the window of the most famed goldsmith in Paris—a bracelet made from pure virgin gold sent by her to him along with the desire in which it was to be wrought, and in which the names of Arabi and Zannah are worked into a clever cipher on the inside of the ornament, whilst the outside is embossed with scenes emblematic of her lover's anticipated triumph and her brother's hoped for defeat and fall. Strange sentiments for a sister.

Major Donnelly and his fair young wife now reside on the former's estate in Ireland, whilst Sergeant Major Monaghan has quitted the army to become his butler.

THE END.

An Enterprising Woman.

Madame Astie de Valsayre, the female fencer, who called out and fought Miss Shelby on the famous field of Waterloo because the latter had called her an idiot, is evidently prepared to go anywhere and do anything. She was one of the first persons who offered themselves to be inoculated by M. Pasteur, and she is now in communication with a Swedish doctor who, it is said, frees people into insensibility and restores them to perfect health, strength and spirits after a year or two. Should Dr. Grusdibaach, the experimenter in question, retire to freeze the eccentric lady, she announces her intention of proceeding with her former antagonist, Miss Shelby, to help M. de Braxas to civilize the Congo blacks.

French Tales of Englishmen

A Paris paper informs its readers that the Prince of Wales's recent visit to the gay capital was for the purpose of borrowing a sum of £50,000. It further states that the Prince went on to Cannes, where he played baccarat with Lord Duppelin, that that nobleman advanced £250,000 on the occasion, and, being unable to pay, went home and blew out his brains. The imagination of the free press, unrestrained by fact and unblinded by considerations of probability, attains to a growth that rivals Jonah's gourd or Jack's beanstalk.

For the Year 1886

No better resolution can be made than to resist unyany any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only sure pop corn cure—Patanah's Palisades Corn Extract. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

The Poet's Corner.

—For Truth.

What Did It.

BY M. A. M.

I saw a heap upon the stair— A mortal with dejected air, And garments rent and soiled hair.

One hand hung limp, and told at sight He had been worsted in the fight; The other clutched a paper tight.

"Poor wretch!" I said, the while I thought That ill had all this ruin wrought— His rent was due, and he had nought.

So with a heart all pitying, I nearer drew and read the thing; Oh, horror! 'twas an "Ode to Spring."

I started, for within my vest Another "Ode" was fondly pressed;— It was my latest and my best.

And I might have been huddled there— Upon that "Horrid" office stair! This thought it was that blanched my hair.

—For Truth.

My Desires.

Two great desires fill my breast, And so completely do they hold All else beneath them, that it seems All others fade away like dreams; They are not worth the being told.

These two desires are so strong They hold my being in control, They wrap my heart as in a flame, I have in life no other aim, These only can my mind console.

They grow together like oak and vine, Each nourished by the parent earth, And each ascending toward the sky, The one, to adorn and beautify, The other, to impart the strength.

The one is holy, calm and clear, Stronger, I ween, though not so wild, It hath its answers in itself; 'Tis not the desire for gain or pelf, But to be wholly purified.

From sin, from evil desires and strife Made meet for the eternal life, This—this above all else I want; With my earthly lot to be content, Waiting to see my Lord's intent.

But the other is so wild and strong, I sometimes fear it leads me wrong; And yet— it leads me up in prayer To Him, Oh God and art thou near To hear thy children's cry!

I could not worship but a throne Where I could not unclasp the book Of my most secret soul, and lay Its every desire before the One Who hears and answers prayer.

And so I bring this one desire, With faith I pray, "Oh Father, give Of earthly love to me a share, Or grant that I no longer live With a heart so full of care."

And thus the strong emotions rise, And the question comes to me, Can faith survive a great test? Be still my soul! Be still and see Thy Master knoweth what is best!

Still let me worship at thy throne, And trust thee though thou slayest me; It is not all of life to live; The future, which by faith I see, Will bring the joys life cannot give. TORONTO, ONT.

The Wild Sower.

BY EDITH N. THOMAS.

Up and down the land I go, Through the valley, over hill; Many a pleasant ground I row, Never one I reap or till. Fan and flail I never wield, Leave no hayrick in the field.

Farmer goes with leathern scrip, Fills the barrowed earth with seed; In the self-same score I slip Germs of many a lusty weed, Though I scatter to his track, I possess nor bin nor sack.

He sows wheat, and I sow tare, Rain and sunshine accord toll; Tame and wild these sows share, Wrestling for the right of soil. I stand by and clap my hands, Cheering on my urchin bands.

Mine the cockle in the eye, Thorned thistle, large and fine, And the dairy's white fringed eye, And the dodder's emerald twine; Mine these sows five that blind Every blade, and stalk they find,

Mine the willow, hot and bright, Setting summer moods on fire, Mine the alkweed's spindles white, Spinning Autumn's soft attire. Golden-rod and aster then I bring up by bank and glen.

Whose fleeth to the woods, Whose buildeth on the plains, I, too, seek those solitudes, Leading on my hardy trains; Thorn and briar, still man's lot, Crowd around the frontier cot.

Many serve me, unaware,— Shavvy herds that ceaseless roam, And the rovers of the air Passing to their winter home; More than these upon me wait,— Wind and water bear my freight.

Thus, a sower wild, I go, Trafficking with every clime, 'Till the fruit fulfurn I sow That shall vex your harvest time; Otherwise, ye told stooped man, Eden's case were come again.

An Improper Story.

BY BURDETTE

It ain't just the story, parson, to tell in a crowd like this, Woth 'the virtuous matron a frownin', an' obidin' in 'the gigglin' miss, An' the good old deacon a noddin' in time woth his patient smiles, An' the shocked a'cast of the Cap'tal, stalkin' away through the doors.

But then, it's a story that happened, an' every word of it's true, An' sometimes we can't help talkin' of the things that we sometimes do, An' though good society coldly shuts its doors onto "Foamster Jim," I'm thinkin' 'ther's its worse people 'ere, an' bet'er know'n than him.

I mind the day he was married, an' I danced at the weddin', too; An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie—daughter of Ben McGrow, I mind how they sat up housekeepin' two young, poor, happy fools, When Jim's only stock was a heavy truck an' four Kain no'y mules.

Well, they lived alone contented, woth their little joys and cares, An' every year a baby come, an' twicest they came in pairs, Till the house was full of children, woth their shoutin' and playin' and equal, An' their sinvin' an' laughin' and cryin' made Bedlam within its walls.

An' Jim, he seemed to like it, an' he spent all his evenings at home, He said it was full of music an' light, an' peace from pit to dome, He jotted the church, an' he used to pray that his heart might be kept from sin— The stumblin' a'cast prayin'—but he, an' some hearts used to bow when he'd begin.

So, they lived along in that way, the same from day to day, Woth plenty of time for drivin' work, an' a little time for play; An' growin' around 'em the sweetest girls and the liveliest, manliest boys, Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was crowned with the homliest joys.

Wh? Come to my story? Well, that's all. They're livin' just like I said, Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the boys is dead, An' they're honest, an' decent an' happy, an' the very best Christians I know, Though I reckon in brilliant company they'd be voted a little slow.

Oh, you're pressed for time—excuse you! Sure, I'm sorry I kept you so long; Good-bye. Now we looked kind o' bored like, an' I reckon that I was wrong To tell such a commonplace story of two such commonplace lives, But we can't all git drunk an' gamble an' fight, an' run off woth other men's wives.

Say an Encouraging Word.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH,

Say an encouraging word to the weary, They to whom life seems all darkness and dreary, Or, kindly retrace their sad hearts may lighten, One smile of love their existence may brighten.

Say an encouraging word to the erring, Sin-biased, down-cast, crushed and despairing, Even when you are alone, One word in season.

Say an encouraging word to the lonely, When you are alone, One loving word in season.

Say an encouraging word to the mourner, When you are alone, One loving word in season.

Say an encouraging word to the sinner, When you are alone, One loving word in season.

JUDEA.

REV. DR. COPE.

The God of Abraham praise... Who reigns en-thron'd a-bove;

An-cient of ev-er - last-ing days, And God of love;

Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By heav'n and earth con - fess;

We bow be-fore the sa-cred name, we bow be-fore the sa-cred name,

We bow be-fore the sa-cred name, Deo ex - er - cist.

The God of Abraham praise,
By whose almighty hand
We travel safely all our days
To Canaan's land:
To Zion's sacred height,
Where God his throne maintains!
And glories with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays;
Thine are the heavens, with all their powers,
And endless praise.

PILGRIM BAND.

O hap-py band of pil-grims, If on-ward ye will tread, With

Je - sus at your Fel-low, To Je - sus as your Head.

hap-py if ye la-bour As Je - sus did for men: O

hap-py if ye hun-ger As Je - sus hun-gered then. A - men.

The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus wearth
He wearth it for you,
The trials that beel you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations,
That death alone can cure;

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

Benedicite, omnia Opera

O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: Praise Him, and

O let the earth, bless the Lord; ye, let Him, and



FRONT VIEW.

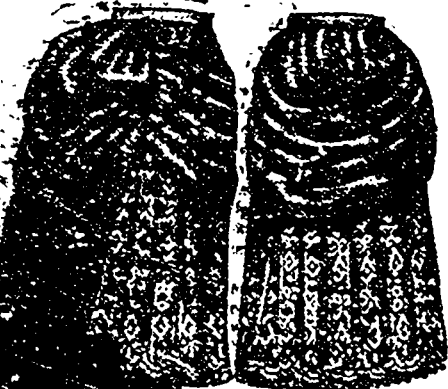
No. 3433 — LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for
30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/4 yards;
34 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 36 inches, 4 yards;
38 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 40 inches, 4 3/8 yards;
42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 5/8 yards;
46 inches, 4 7/8 yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for
30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards;

34 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/4 yards;
38 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
42 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 44 inches, 2 3/4 yards;
46 inches, 2 7/8 yards.

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

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide),
14 yards.

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



years, 5 1/2 yards; 16 years, 6 1/2 yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
10 years, 2 1/2 yards; 11 years, 2 3/4 yards; 12
years, 2 7/8 yards; 13 years, 3 yards; 14
years, 3 1/4 yards; 15 years, 3 1/2 yards.



FIGURE 9.—No. 3435.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for
24 inches, 7 3/8 yards; 26 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 7 5/8 yards; 30 inches, 7 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 34 inches, 8 1/8 yards; 36 inches, 8 3/8 yards; 38 inches, 8 5/8 yards; 40 inches, 8 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 8 7/8 yards; 44 inches, 9 1/8 yards; 46 inches, 9 3/8 yards; 48 inches, 9 5/8 yards; 50 inches, 9 3/4 yards; 52 inches, 9 7/8 yards; 54 inches, 10 1/8 yards; 56 inches, 10 3/8 yards; 58 inches, 10 5/8 yards; 60 inches, 10 3/4 yards; 62 inches, 10 7/8 yards; 64 inches, 11 1/8 yards; 66 inches, 11 3/8 yards; 68 inches, 11 5/8 yards; 70 inches, 11 3/4 yards; 72 inches, 11 7/8 yards; 74 inches, 12 1/8 yards; 76 inches, 12 3/8 yards; 78 inches, 12 5/8 yards; 80 inches, 12 3/4 yards; 82 inches, 12 7/8 yards; 84 inches, 13 1/8 yards; 86 inches, 13 3/8 yards; 88 inches, 13 5/8 yards; 90 inches, 13 3/4 yards; 92 inches, 13 7/8 yards; 94 inches, 14 1/8 yards; 96 inches, 14 3/8 yards; 98 inches, 14 5/8 yards; 100 inches, 14 3/4 yards.
Cambric for under skirt, 5 yards.



FIG. 4.—No. 3436.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for
30 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 3/4 yards;
34 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 36 inches, 5 yards;
38 inches, 5 1/8 yards; 40 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 42 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 44 inches, 5 7/8 yards; 46 inches, 6 yards; 48 inches, 6 1/8 yards; 50 inches, 6 3/8 yards; 52 inches, 6 5/8 yards; 54 inches, 6 7/8 yards; 56 inches, 7 yards; 58 inches, 7 1/8 yards; 60 inches, 7 3/8 yards; 62 inches, 7 5/8 yards; 64 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 66 inches, 8 yards; 68 inches, 8 1/8 yards; 70 inches, 8 3/8 yards; 72 inches, 8 5/8 yards; 74 inches, 8 7/8 yards; 76 inches, 9 yards; 78 inches, 9 1/8 yards; 80 inches, 9 3/8 yards; 82 inches, 9 5/8 yards; 84 inches, 9 7/8 yards; 86 inches, 10 yards; 88 inches, 10 1/8 yards; 90 inches, 10 3/8 yards; 92 inches, 10 5/8 yards; 94 inches, 10 7/8 yards; 96 inches, 11 yards; 98 inches, 11 1/8 yards; 100 inches, 11 3/8 yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for
30 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 5/9 yards; 34 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 2 7/8 yards; 38 inches, 3 yards; 40 inches, 3 1/8 yards.



FIGURE 5.—No. 3428.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for
30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 36 inches, 4 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 40 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 42 inches, 4 5/8 yards; 44 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 46 inches, 5 yards; 48 inches, 5 1/8 yards; 50 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 52 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 54 inches, 5 7/8 yards; 56 inches, 6 yards; 58 inches, 6 1/8 yards; 60 inches, 6 3/8 yards; 62 inches, 6 5/8 yards; 64 inches, 6 7/8 yards; 66 inches, 7 yards; 68 inches, 7 1/8 yards; 70 inches, 7 3/8 yards; 72 inches, 7 5/8 yards; 74 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 76 inches, 8 yards; 78 inches, 8 1/8 yards; 80 inches, 8 3/8 yards; 82 inches, 8 5/8 yards; 84 inches, 8 7/8 yards; 86 inches, 9 yards; 88 inches, 9 1/8 yards; 90 inches, 9 3/8 yards; 92 inches, 9 5/8 yards; 94 inches, 9 7/8 yards; 96 inches, 10 yards; 98 inches, 10 1/8 yards; 100 inches, 10 3/8 yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 40 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 42 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 44 inches, 2 7/8 yards; 46 inches, 3 yards; 48 inches, 3 1/8 yards; 50 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 52 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 54 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 58 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 60 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 62 inches, 4 yards; 64 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 66 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 68 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 70 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 72 inches, 4 5/8 yards; 74 inches, 4 3/4 yards; 76 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 78 inches, 5 yards; 80 inches, 5 1/8 yards; 82 inches, 5 1/4 yards; 84 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 86 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 88 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 90 inches, 5 3/4 yards; 92 inches, 5 7/8 yards; 94 inches, 6 yards; 96 inches, 6 1/8 yards; 98 inches, 6 1/4 yards; 100 inches, 6 3/8 yards.



FIG. 20.



FIG. 22.



FIG. 23.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPIECE.—The plate of this month shows a charming design for any except the thinnest goods, which is both simple and stylish for plain or striped fabrics, the latter now being favored in the fashionable world. Pattern No. 3437, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for the skirt, which is laid in broad kilt-pleats with a box-pleat on either side. A lining of the usual shape is worn underneath, with the edge finished by a narrow protective pleating. Boyadere striped etamine is the material shown, with a scarf of velvet-dotted gauze carelessly draped and knotted across the front. The basque is taken from Pattern No. 3438, price 25 cents, and is made of the same stylish fabric. Has a pointed front, high cut-hips and a postillon back; with pleated vest of plain etamine fastened in braton style, and outlined by long velvet-revers; the high collar and cuffs are also of velvet. Tan and brown canvas, with a tan-colored vest and brown velvet finishings, would be a stylish combination, or the vest and sash may be of moire, with velvet accessories and striped or plain woolen goods.

FIGURE No. 4.—Pattern No. 3436, price 25 cents, is appropriate for any ordinary woolen and silk goods. The fronts button diagonally to the bust, then slope off in rounding fashion to the postillon back; the Mollere front is shirred to a tight-fitting lining, sewed on one side, lapped over and hooked on the other, is shirred part way down, again on the lower edge, caught to the lining and hangs in two puffs. High collar and cuffs of velvet.

FIGURE No. 5.—Pattern No. 3423, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for a basque appropriate for silk or woolen goods; with a vest of beaded net, lace, velvet, striped or any contrasting fabric, or the vest and basque may be alike, with the revers and collar of velvet, and the V plastron of silk or piece lace. The back has a handsome postillon of three under box-pleats; the fronts are lapped over the pointed vest at the front darts, forming second points below; the second darts are also lengthened into points, giving five in all. The outside fabric is held by fancy buttons, the upper part of the vest turning back with revers likewise caught, and showing a V plastron in side pleats; a high collar and coat sleeves complete the garment, the latter being finished with cuffs of the two materials, buttons and lace ruffles extending up the seam all in the back.

FIGURE No. 9.—Boudle striped cloth is represented in our cut for the tablier, with plain woolen goods for a drapery pleated in the belt on one side, and looped in jabot form on the other; the apron hangs long on the left, where the pleats overlap each



FIG. 24.



FIG. 21.

other at the belt, while on the right it is draped to the back in crosswise pleats. Pattern No. 3435, price 30 cents.

FIGURE No. 17.—Pattern No. 3423, price 25 cents, furnishes a design suitable for silk or woolen goods, one or two fabrics. Our illustration shows the plain tablier covered by a deep flounce of Oriental lace over a tiny pleating; three rows of pleating extend across the back-breadth, the round apron drapes high on either side in overlapping pleats, round back drapery, bouffant in the centre and clustered in tiny pleats on either side. The lace front could be replaced by one of woolen lace, striped goods, striped with band, trimming, or be made of the self-embroidered goods. Judgment and taste will offer many suggestions when the foundation of the design is so practical in detail.

MILLINERY.

For travelling there appears pork-pie crowns of dark straw, with medium brims turned up on one side; two high resettes of gauze, yellow are placed in front, with a cluster of small wings; the veiling is continued as a long scarf, which passes around the skirt and to the back, to be turned through the loop located there; a fancy plaid fastens the other end to the side of the hat, to keep it behind the ear. The gauze is of the color of the hat, and both match the costume.

Other hats for this purpose are shaped like Figure No. 21, which is of brown straw bound with Ottoman ribbon in subdued stripes; a band and high bow complete the English shape.

The same idea is carried out in ribbon and straw of a shade with a cluster of the tiny wings, ever popular, of a contrasting color. Gauze veils tied under the left ear, after passing around the throat, remain in favor for traveling. The term Marie Stuart is applied to any hat or bonnet that bends over the face. Cheap and fine "pedal" straw are announced for every-day wear. Some of the crowns are moulded in melon shape, and one large hat, under the name of "Cherry Ripe," has the brim in front laid in large box-pleats. Figure No. 22 represents a fancy ecru straw with a peaked front and rounded back; facing of brown velvet, tiny bow in the back, full one in front, and band on right are of brown moire ribbon; tiny sunflowers poke up in algette fashion in front.

Tulle will be combined with velvet and plush, while there are many embroidered fabrics offered for the crown, which frequently differs from the remainder of the design. The coronet is an important feature on all spring shapes. Those of beads are especially handsome, and now light in weight. They assume the shape of a star, higher in the middle, of leaves with an algette, bird

or wings to match, and are seen on bonnets of every material. Bead-edged brims remain in favor. With a round face the centre is sometimes cut, and a bow placed in the split. Flower brims and coronets are promised to us for midsummer. Figure No. 23 illustrates a peaked capote of black straw faced with red velvet; high crown of black moire to match a costume, bow of red and black, ties of black moire ribbon; the brim is edged with a piping of red moire.

Figure No. 20 shows a new shape of plaited straw, ecru in shade, with brown velvet arranged as a blading, full, open pleats on top and ties; an embroidery of ecru and brown passes up either side and shows between the two plaits, while upright flowers and leaves are massed on top. Figure No. 21 represents a back view of the same design by which it will be seen that the straw brim seems to fold over the oval crown, which, in turn, is encircled by a field of the velvet; loops of velvet and embroidery are placed on top back of the flowers. Rustle straws in large plaits show several colorings. One of brown is trimmed in brown melro ribbon, with algettes of bronze beads. Navy blue ones are trimmed with cream canvas printed in colors, on opepy algette.

All sorts of striped and rustic straws are in vogue for children, especially combinations of yellow or cream and red or blue. For country wear are white or light-colored sunbonnets, with a Shaker of Normandy crown, smooth or shirred fronts, bow in the back, and strings of the material. India linen sunbonnets lined with pink satteen and decorated with pink ribbons are extremely attractive for little ones and their elders also.

Visitor: "How old is your girl, Aunt Lucy?" Aunt Lucy: "Dat chile am fi' year old, sah; on de fo' ob dis month." Visitor: "Indeed? Five years old? You will be soon sending her to a kindergarten I suppose?" Aunt Lucy (with virtuous indignation): "Nebbar one ob dem go noah one ob dem at 'lone sendin' a lile."



Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year, \$1.00 for 3 months. Advertising rates:—40 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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

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

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

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

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

WHEN COURTESY have decided that all subscribers, newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

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

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 150 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per single line; one month, \$1.85 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$18.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work. S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 25 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for trying regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 23 & 25 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

CIRCULATION: HIGH WATER MARK, 28,882!

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, &c., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Pianos, \$10; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, and Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresser, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Breeches, and other Small Prizes, 20c.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful study of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our country with a deliciously flavoured Cocoa which may save us many heavy burdens by the judicious use of it. It is by the judicious use of this diet that a constitution may be built up until strong enough to resist all attacks of disease. Hurdles are breaking around us, and wherever there is a weak or ailing man, a child, or a woman, a single sachet of this pure and nourishing food will be found to be a most valuable remedy. Made simply with pure Cocoa and Sugar. Sold only in packets of 10 each. JAMES EPPE & Co., London, Eng.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition, No. 16.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

1st. PEN. 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. To the sender of the first correct answer will be given number one of these rewards; to the sender of the second correct answers number two, and so on till these rewards are distributed.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One fine square rosewood Piano by a celebrated maker. \$500
2. One fine cabinet 19-stop Organ, by Ben & Co. \$250
3 to 7. Five fine extra silver plated Tea Services, four pieces. 250
8 to 12. Five fine Gold Watches, ladies' or gentlemen's, as may be preferred. 250
13 to 16. Five gentlemen's coin silver hunting or open face Watches. 125
17 to 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; 5000 pages about the size of Truth's. 140
24 to 26. Two Ecliptic family Kaitling Machines. 120
27 to 31. Five fine Warner 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. 25
51 to 62. Twelve extra silver plate crust made. 120
63 to 179. One hundred and eighteen fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings. 500
180 to 225. Forty seven fine solid gold Gem Rings, also to 23 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 Ben & Co. 250
6 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 piece, newest design. 200
10 to 14. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, hunting case, handlessly engraved. 420
15 to 18. Three fine Chambers' Encyclopaedia, 10 vols. 150
19 to 22. Four English breech-loading Double Barrel Shot Guns. 230
23 to 25. Thirty-five satin lined imitation Morocco cases, containing complete assortment of half dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and tea spoons. 425
26 to 30. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver plated butter coolers. 150
31 to 125. Forty-eight elegant silver plated pickle cruet. 154
126 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 proceeding 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 movement. 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 23. Fifteen extra silver plated Crusts. 150
24 to 31. Seventeen fine heavy silver plated Teaspoons, chased design. 170
32 to 151. One hundred extra fine rolled gold Brooches. 300

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

THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand, or more if required, half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons. \$500 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 21 1/2 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.

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

Rev. S. B. DYKE, late Publisher Canadian Baptist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition.

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

E. K. 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 the 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. BURR, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Markham, Ont.

JENNIE B. SMITH, Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of Solid Gold Watch.

MARSHMAN, KAN. — 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. MARVIN JACKSON.

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

KINGSTON WIFE SERVICE.—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, Collisbay; 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 apologise for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 2.

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

O. M. STARK, New Haven, Conn., JAMES GORDON, Lancaster, Pa., also wonderfully and delightfully acknowledge receipt of ladies' solid gold Eliza Watches; also, in the same serial, Mr. L. K. KANE, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. MARSHALL, Ada, Okla., acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services. C. GLOVER, Seattle, Washington Territory. L. EMMA, Kansas City, and O. ROSSIGNOL, 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, &c.—Mrs. A. L. VASKO, Urgan, 10 steps; M. Moseita James, Hurva Tea Service, Ladies' Gold Watches.—Mrs. Jno. Van Nest, W. J. Heard, Fred Gray, Amanda Bond, Thos. Sheridan, Hurva Watches.—Mrs. W. R. Bond, Mrs. Thos. Sheridan, Minnie Werry, Mrs. W. Makowan, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. J. H. James, Mrs. Wm. Jewell, Mrs. M. Dayman, W. W. Zamblyn, M. A. The total value of above prizes amounted to \$1,100. Address in all cases, S. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto Canada.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

SILVER SPOONS.—Mrs. E. Tindell, Bark Hill; J. W. Porter, Bedford, Mass.; Ellen E. Beason, Bowmanville; Jno. Winifrey, B. Hillville; Mrs. Scott, Ottawa; Mrs. Gayley, Brantford; Mrs. Jackson, Brantford; A. Stevenson, Stratford; M. B. Davitt, Buffalo; Mrs. Thomson, Chatham; Wm. Dalylest, Blair; Miss Emery, London; W. F. Wright, Toronto; Miss Bell, Chesley; E. J. McIntern, Brantford; Miss Mills, Bayveiw; John T. Shaw, Osnada; Mrs. Sheppard, Sorol; Emma Miner, Merrickville; Carrie Base, Lakeside; Georgina Hillwell, Quebec; G. S. Plumley, Greenhill, Conn; Mrs. T. Sheppard, Burlington; Peter Cavall, Brighton; W. O. Cray, Montreal; G. V. Kumber, Marion, Kan.; Miss Buxton, Cape Traverse; M. J. Meeces, Mutchahly; J. K. Hoyle, Dundas; Miss Toyer, Mohawk; Mrs. Nelson, Bryson; A. E. Livingston, St. John; Jas. Weeden, Bognor; W. C. Hughes, Lakeside; Mrs. M. Bantwell, Iowa; M. E. Robertson, St. Catharines; Mrs. Bray, Port Arthur, Mrs. O. S. Wyse, Lancaster; J. Hornhead, Chatham; Arthur Wright, Danversville; Mrs. Ogletree, Portage La Prairie; Miss M. E. Venotte, Mahone Bay; E. Makinon, Hampton; Neva Sanders, St. Thomas; Mrs. Scott, Silver Star; M. A. Brockman, Silver Star; E. Rose, Putmanville; Mrs. J. Neland, Wingham; Mrs. W. Postill, Mesford; Mrs. J. Morrison, Malakoff; T. A. Warner, London; Mrs. Moore, Balleville; Robt. Harvey, Coburg; Mrs. T. Home, Niagara Falls; Mrs. A. Gay, Parkdale; Miss Snider, Belleville; Eva Siringar, London; Alice Perry, Braxbridge; Maude Ingraham, Svidney; L. F. Empey, Harrison; Mrs. W. H. Lowell, Napinka; Marie Wright, Brantford; Sara Ward, East Jordan; Mrs. W. Mackie, Winterbourn; G. D. Perkins, Centreville; Mrs. H. Palmer, Ridgeway; Mrs. J. Bond, Hamilton; Barbara Sherk, Preston; Cora Corlett, Essex Centre; Mrs. Humerton, F. Brook; Alexander Potter, Halifax; Miss Aggie Stewart, Ramsay; A. L. Cockburn, City; Samuel Rogers, Streabore, O.; Thos. Galbraith, Indian Head, N. W. T.; D. E. McKenzie, C. over Valley, B. C.; Theodore Menge, City; Lydia F. Koster, London; Mrs. E. H. Bead, Ayr; Mrs. Ryan, City; M. S. Sale, N. J.; Mrs. John E. Seward, Ellendale, N. J.; Mrs. James M. Spencer, Lorne Vale, N. S.; T. M. Lilliarap, Bradford; Miss Lois Kinney, Baldwin, Mich.; Mrs. E. Albertson, Marlett, Mich.; Mary E. Snyder, Schuylkill, Pa.; Mrs. Geo. Pearson, Watuloo; Miss A. Johnston, Waterloo; Janet Galbraith, Montreal; Anna A. Galbraith, Montreal; Hettie E. Wroughton, Mt. Ayr, Iowa; Mrs. J. Q. Pallat, Kendallville; M. E. Robertson, St. Catharines.

CAKE BASKET.—Mrs. J. Feir, Brantford. BUTTER COOLERS.—Mrs. James Noble, Brantford; J. Hunter, City.

Silk promises to be in greater favor than for years, especially good grades.

To break up a cold or cough or its ill results there is no better remedy than Hayward's Pectoral Balsam.

Woolen ctamines with plush stripes are shown in soft and delicate colors.

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

Babies' cloaks of wool net over cashmere are pretty and drosy.

A Double Benefit.

Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, certifies to the benefits received from the use of Hayward's Yellow Oil as a cure for rheumatism and deafness, his affliction with these combined troubles being a severe one.

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 Waver Sewing Machines 24
- 14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 100
- 21 to 23. Sixteen fine quadruple silver plated Orms Stands 16
- 24 to 30. Sixteen ladies' fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets 940
- 31 to 35. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners 800
- 36 to 39. Fourteen half dozen sets extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons 84
- 40 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners 150
- 101 to 155. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches 110

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. { Where are these
- 2. DOVE. { four words first
- 3. HAWK. { mentioned in the
- 4. EAGLE. { 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 print dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Folley'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 350
- 8 to 11. Fourteen fine extra quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 140
- 12 to 15. Seventeen extra fine quadruple silver plated Orms Stands 170
- 16 to 17. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each 223
- 18 to 20. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, extra value 99
- 21 to 119. Twenty-nine 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. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 150
- 3 to 5. Five ladies' solid Gold Watches, elegantly engraved 450
- 6 to 12. Three fine celebrated Waver Sewing Machines 150
- 13 to 19. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains 204
- 20 to 21. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plush lined cases 220
- 22 to 30. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Teaspoons 78
- 31 to 131. Forty-two fine half dozen sets solid silver plated Teaspoons 84

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

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



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

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

The Brand on Cain

was not more fearful than are the marks of skin diseases and yet Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure for all of them. Blisters, pimples, eruptions, pustules, scaly incrustations, lumps, inflamed patches, salt-rheum, tetter, boils, carbuncles, ulcers, old sores, are by its use healed quickly and permanently.

Goods by the yard with inwrought beads will be high in favor.

If you are Lillous, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills, the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Lace examine is used in combination with the plain material.

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

Jet beads are in high favor, and in every style and shape.

One Dollar Against Five Hundred.

Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, Ont, was afflicted with chronic humor in the blood. He says one dollar bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters was worth more than \$500.00 paid for other medicines. It is a reliable blood purifier.

Amber supersedes all other yellow shades in general favor.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Rosary beads are going out of favor.

A Modern Miracle.

In a recent letter from R. W. Dawson, of Deioraine, Ont, he states that he has recovered from the worst form of dyspepsia, after suffering for fifteen years; and when a council of doctors pronounced him incurable he tried Burdock Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health.

There are promises of lace effects in veiling and albatross.

A Severe Trial

Those who endure the torturing pangs of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and similar painful complaints are severely tried, but there is a speedy relief in Ely's Yellow Oil as thousands who have used it joyfully testify. It banishes pain and lameness quickly.

Garnet beads vie with jet in public favor.

Messrs. Mitchell & Platt, druggists, London, Ont., 1881: We have sold Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil since its first introduction, and we can safely say, no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or given better satisfaction. We already feel safe in recommending it to our customers.

Just to Hand! CARPETS.

A LARGE STOCK OF BRASS for Fancy Work GOODS

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Brass Start, 3 sizes per dozen
 Brass Bangles, 3 sizes " "
 Brass Crocants, 3 sizes " "
 Brass Crocants, 2 sizes, ham-
 mard " "

10c.

Brass Toy Bells, 3 sizes, 10, 15, 20 cents per dozen.
 Star Crocants, 25 cents per dozen.
 Bangle Crocants, 2 large sizes, 75c & \$1.00 per doz.
 Brass Chain, 2 sizes, 15 and 25 cents per yard
 Banner Rods, plain brass, 8, 10, 12, 14 10 inches
 long, 20, 25, 30, 35 and 38 cents each
 Banner Rods, twisted brass, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20
 inches long, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 & 50c each.

Also in stock a Complete Line of Berlin, Shetland and Andalusian Wools, in all colors, at 10c. per oz.

Ice Wool, best quality, 10c per ball.
 Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per doz. skeins.
 Florals, best quality, 8c per skein, 85c per doz.
 Fine Embroidering Chenille, all colors, 5c per
 skein, 50c per dozen.
 Silk Arrasens, large skeins, 15c per skein, \$1.65
 per dozen.
 Tinsel, large balls, very thick, 10c per ball.
 Macrame Cord, 1-lb balls, all colors, 10c per ball.
 Plush fine quality, 24 inches wide, \$2 per yard.
 Plush Pompons, new styles, very pretty, in all
 colors, 50c per dozen.
 Plush Pompons, large tassels, quite new, in all
 colors, 85c per dozen.
 Plush Pompons, large double drop, very hand-
 some, \$1.00 per dozen.
 Chenille Cord, in all colors, 10c per yard.
 Chenille & Tinsel Cord very handsome, 15c a yd.
 Woolen Java Canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors, 50c a yd.
 Brussels Net, for darned work, 36 and 72 inches
 wide, 30 and 50c per yard.
 Linen Flourette, all sizes, 4c a skein, 40c per doz.

New Goods constantly coming to hand, as we daily receive the novelties in

FANCY WORK.

LADIES should write for our Price List, as they will save 25 per cent. by ordering from it. Letters orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent to any part of Canada.

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

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

The best woolen goods are shown in one color only.

A Pleading Duty.

"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert, P. Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

High-lustred silks are much shown.

Furred tongue and impure breath are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier.

Striped velvets are generally shown.

H. Gladden, West Shefford, P. Q., writes: For a number of years I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Two years ago I was attacked very severely. I suffered a good deal of pain, from which I was not free for a day, until last spring, when I began to use Dr. Thomas' Electric O.I., and I rejoice to say it has cured me, for which I am thankful.

Velvet holds its own among other materials in general favor.

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

Wilton
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At Wholesale Prices,

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WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE GREAT

LEADER LANE

Dry Goods HOUSE Dry Goods

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COOR.

The Household.

Breakfast Bills of Fare.

BREAKFAST NO. 3.

Codfish in cream. Pop-overs.
Dry Toast. Coffee.

CURDLED EGGS—Pour boiling water on to fresh eggs and remove the dish containing them to the back part of the stove where the water will keep warm and let them remain ten or twelve minutes. The white of the eggs will then be cooked uniformly with the yolk, and the whole will be superior in flavor and digestibility to an egg which has been boiled.

CODFISH IN CREAM—Pick up into small pieces, fish that has been soaked in cold water over night. Heat milk or cream boiling hot and add the fish with a spoonful of flour that has been mixed smooth with a little cold milk. As soon as it boils up, break a fresh egg into it and stir just long enough to cook the egg and then remove it at once from the fire.

POP-OVERS—One cup of flour, one cup of milk, one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and melted, and a pinch of salt. Bake in gem pans. Make the mixture perfectly smooth and free from lumps, by adding the milk very slowly to the flour, and stirring constantly. Beat the eggs and add last. Have the pans hot and buttered, and fill them half full of the mixture, then set directly into a quick oven. Fifteen minutes will take them, and they will justify the name by rising far above the limits of the pan. The secret of having pop-overs just right, is to have everything all ready before you begin, and then make quick work of the mixing and baking. These are also sometimes called egg muffins.

BREAKFAST NO. 4.

Dropped Eggs. Baked Potatoes.
Frieded Beef. Cold Graham Bread.
Coffee.

DROPPED EGGS—Have a frying pan filled with boiling water slightly salted. Lay 12 muffin rings and into each turn an egg which had previously been broken into a cup. As soon as the white is set they are done. Cooked in this manner they are not broken in pieces as when dropped into the water without the rings.

FRIZZLED BEEF—Have the dried or smoked beef shaved very thin, place in a stew pan with enough water to cover it, and when it boils add a spoonful of flour made smooth in a little cold water. As soon as it thickens add a generous piece of butter, a little pepper, and turn into a hot dish.

GRAHAM BREAD—Make a batter at night of one pint of milk or water, one pint of flour, and one-half cup of yeast. In the morning add one pint of Graham, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, beating it in thoroughly. Turn it into two pans. It will be a little slower in rising than white bread.

Little Perplexities.

A housekeeper who takes a sensible view of the minor trials of a woman's life, writes the following for this column:

Why cannot the housekeeper feel that her position is a noble one, and act accordingly? Why does she so many times look upon herself as a drudge? "Women are Statesmen" oftentimes in their management of affairs, even in the kitchen of a farm house; and if they would look upon themselves as such, even when weary and careworn, they would be happy.

It is not the large matters of the household that worry the woman as much as the little things of every day life; the washing, the baking are all expected to go smoothly along, but the dust on the woman's face, the woman long to pitch the window, as did Thoreau, to get a view of the sea. But what need of fretting about these things? A woman who has come to years of maturity, and whose life is full of little annoyances, must not expect to meet them with a placid countenance; but she should be able to meet them with a smile. I find that the most successful men are those who are able to meet the little annoyances of life with a smile. They will not be running about feeling

nothing but wonder why they don't come; you can wash the cooking utensils you have used getting dinner, the fry-pan, potato kettle, etc.; then you can do the work up quicker after dinner. Whenever about the cooking you are done with a dish, fill it with water whereby a minute or two may be saved in washing it. Keep calm and cool when hindered so that when dinner is at last served you may not be a "roasted lady" as Charles Lamb talks about, served with every course, but may make up by your pleasant manner and witty remarks any deficiency that waiting may have made to show in the food.

If first a woman likes to have dinner wait a few moments than to have the men wait for dinner. The latter stand round and hardly know what to do or say until the welcome voice calls them to the table. Have a paper, book or magazine at hand, and if you are getting fretful and nervous, go to reading and forget for a few moments your trouble. This is a curious world and we must learn to make the best of it and take all the comfort we can if we are farmer's wives.

Choice Receipts.

A HIGH PUDDING—Now that eggs are abundant this pudding will repay the outlay. Stir together in a saucepan on the fire the yolks of seven eggs, five ounces of sugar, and a large teaspoonful of flour until the mixture becomes a rather stiff batter. When it has cooled add one ounce of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little water, and a third of a pint of cream, well whipped, flavored with vanilla. Mix well and pour into a mould, and set it on the ice or in a cool place until needed. It will have the consistency of jelly.

HAM COOKED IN CIDER—Put a pint of cider and a cup of brown sugar, into enough water to cover the ham; boil three hours, until the skin will peel off easily. Remove the skin and cover with a crust of sugar, and bake in a slow oven three hours. Dissolve a cup of sugar in a pint of cider, and baste the ham frequently while baking. If the cider is very sweet use less sugar.

PORK CAKE—Take one pound of fat salt pork, chop fine, turn onto it one pint boiling water, add one teaspoonful of soda, one

pound of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, two of cinnamon, half of nutmegs. When cool add eight teaspoonfuls of flour, and then have ready one pound of raisins—take out seeds and chop; stir altogether, bake in bars.

CRACKER APPLE PIE—Break in pieces one and a half soda crackers, or one Boston cracker, and turn on a teaspoonful of cold water. Let it stand while making the paste. Put it in a pie plate with a little nutmeg; and a cup of sugar and the juice of one lemon; vinegar may do; and bake with a top crust.

COLD CAISUP—Half-peck ripe tomatoes, two red peppers, six small onions, chopped fine. Let it stand overnight, then drain off all the water possible. Two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of ground black pepper, one teaspoonful of cloves, one cup of white mustard seed, one small cup of salt, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of celery seed, two roots of grated horseradish, one quart of good vinegar. Do not cork or seal.

STEAMED BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING—This pudding is easily made, can be eaten either cold or warm, and is delicious. Spread slices of stale bread with butter and put in your pudding-dish in layers with fruit jam between. Then make a soft custard as follows: 1 quart of milk, 1 cup of sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs, and 3 teaspoonful of corn-starch. Pour the custard over the pudding and then steam it.

Home Hints.

Look out for the children's feet. This is the time for sore throats, scarlatina, and diphtheria. A little care in seeing that the feet are warm and dry at night may save a great deal of suffering and expense. Dry stockings in the morning are imperative, and if the little ones are hoarse give them a cupful of ginger or sage tea before going to bed.

Prof. C. E. Monroe of Annapolis states that the ordinary fruit acids, such as those contained in apples, tomatoes, rhubarb, lemons, etc., all act upon tin. Some cider which he examined, and which had been stored in a tin fountain, and contained 117

milligrammes of metallic tin to the litre in solution. One case was given where persons eating fruit preserved in tin cans were made violently sick, and tin only was found in the fruit.

A Philosopher. Not a Rooster

An old negro who had succeeded in securing an appointment as deputy sheriff and who was placed on guard near a machine shop to guard the property called on the sheriff.

"Why, Anderson, I thought you were on duty."

"I was."

"What made you come away?"

"Wall, I 'cluded dat I didn' need dat two dollars an' er ha'er day. Mighty good money an' all dat, but I must git erlang without it."

"You are not afraid, are you?"

"Oh, no, sah, ain't erfeerd, but somehow I 'e got too much judgment ter progro round. While erge some man da come erlang an' tole me dat ef I wanted er appetite fur breakfast ter-mor' dat I'd better drap dat gun an' g'way from dar. My brabery tole me ter stay, but my judgment den hopped up an' tole me to drap de gun an' I drapped it. Lemme tell yer, boss, I'd rather hab er ha'er peck o' judgment den er wagon load o' brabery. Brabery gits er man inter trouble, but judgment keeps him out. Brabery 'langu ter de rooster, but judgment is de property o' de flossifer. I 'e er flossifer. Thought I wuz er rooster, but I ain't; so new yer ken keep yer two dollars an' er ha'er day. I 'e gwine off down in de wamp an' ketch some fish."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, Exp'ture 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.

Cadmus was the first postman. He brought letters to Greece.



Patient: DOCTOR, I WANT YOU TO PRESCRIBE FOR ME.

Doctor (after feeling of her pulse): THERE IS NOTHING THE MATTER, MADAME. ALL YOU NEED IS REST.

Patient: NOW, AREN'T YOU MISTAKEN, DOCTOR? PLEASE STUDY MY CASE CAREFULLY. JUST LOOK AT MY TONGUE.

Doctor: THAT NEEDS REST, TOO.

Work for the Humans.

The American Humane Association directs the attention of the public to the barbarities and abuses continually being practiced in various portions of the country, and oftentimes in localities and cities which are deemed very highly civilized. In order that the friends of the defenceless and helpless may know the extent of this evil, and devise measures for their relief, mention is here made of some of the

EXISTING CRUELITIES :

Animals in freezing and starving condition in exposed localities on the Western plains, in the winter season.

Animals so horribly burned on their bodies, through careless branding, as to make wounds that never heal.

Animals severely wounded and tortured by clubs and long, sharp iron prods, when being loaded on stock-cars.

Animals so cruelly crowded, trampled, starved, and kept without water, when transported long distances by rail to market, as to make their meat unfit for food.

Horses compelled to endure excruciating torture by the over-check and other high check-reins, through the ignorance and pride of thoughtless drivers.

Dogs and cats driven to desperation and madness from want of water.

Horses ruined in health and limb through being over-loaded, lack of food and improper feeding.

Old, galled, crippled horses ill-fed, over-loaded, and generally abused by hard masters.

Cows compelled, through the penuriousness of their owners, to run the streets, in many cities and villages, quenching thirst from mud puddles, pounded by clubs, beaten by stones, and mutilated by dogs, when driven from yards into which the animals force themselves because of hunger.

Calves with feet tied and tortured, while being transported long distances, in distressed condition, over rough roads, by butchers and others.

Fine horses, outrageously high-checked and brutally over-driven by drunken, careless and cruel drivers.

Pigeons wantonly wounded, mutilated and allowed to linger hours before death comes to their relief, at shooting tournaments.

Horses left standing in exposed conditions, through severe storms, without covering.

Beautiful song and useful birds needlessly slaughtered by men and boys for sport.

Insects, birds and animals of various kinds cruelly put to death by thoughtless persons, when a little care would make death less painful.

The cruelty and savage insect aroused, by pugilism, cock and dog-fighting.

The useless, barbarous cruelty inflicted on hares and foxes in allowing them to be chased and hunted by hounds for hours, as sport.

The debasing, cruel effect on children by close confinement at labor, often in dark and unwholesome factories and other places.

The cruelties and beatings inflicted on patient, uncomplaining wives by brutal and drunken husbands.

The whippings and abuse endured by boys and girls who have been given into the charge of coarse and hard masters.

The starvation and neglect endured by infants and small children, when left by their parents with those who promise to care for them.

The privation, distress and degradation of little waifs of children, in the streets, who often have no one to protect them.

The deplorable condition of the horse, no longer useful, turned loose to starve and die; the child, whipped by the heartless parent; the discharged prisoner, when no one will employ; the little tired cash-boy and cash girl, that should have been, hours ago, in bed; the haggard, sunken-eyed, poorly paid sewing woman; the starving family, that can get no work; and many, many others not here mentioned.

Her Majesty has written a letter to Elizabeth Meust, the heroine of the Columbine, expressing sympathy with her in the sufferings she endured in her memorable voyage, and sending at the same time a check for £20.

Music and Drama.

We went to press too early last week to notice the splendid performance Gennod's "Mors et Vita" by the Philharmonic Society. The Pavilion Music Hall was filled to overflowing and the audience were delighted beyond measure by the almost faultless rendition of this grand oratorio. The chorus was singularly well balanced and throughout the whole performance there was a rhythmic precision which is only attained by careful training. We have not space to particularize, but we cannot refrain from mentioning the singing of Mrs. Luther, of Buffalo. She has a sweet, flexible voice, which careful culture enables her to use to the best advantage. As a musical performance the Philharmonic concert was a great success, and reflects infinite credit upon the conductor, Mr. Torrington.

Notwithstanding the downpour of rain on Monday night, the patrons of the grand gave manager Sheppard a very substantial benefit. Fedora, by the Fanny Davenport Company, was the attraction and the large audience were rapturous in their applause of this beautiful play. Fedora has made an immense hit in Toronto, and the week's engagement will be too short for all who would wish to see it to do so.

A copy of Dickens' "Strange Gentleman," one of the rarest of his productions, was recently bought by a small bookseller for three pence. By him it was sold for 15s to a young man in the trade, he in his turn disposing of the book to another person for £1. This last knew the value of his prize, and, in spite of its being imperfect, resold the volume for £5 to a well-known firm of booksellers, who now want somewhere about £12 for it. A perfect copy is worth £20. It is quite a small pamphlet, and has been reprinted—without the frontispiece.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the forerunner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

An instrument called the mehdrometer has been designed for the study of minerals in a state of fusion.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine Co., Ont.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ordinary iron rust. If the hands are stained there is nothing that will remove the stains so well as lemon. Cut a lemon in half and apply the cut surface as if it were soap.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY:

E. W. D. KING, 53 Church St., TORONTO.

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

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

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING, 53 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

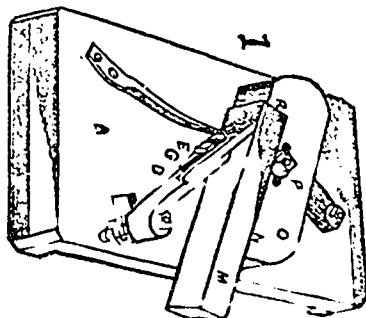
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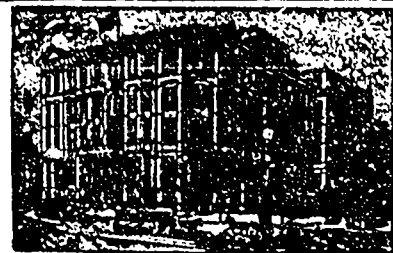
Mr. Wm. Miller, whom this cut represents, is a resident of Haliburton, Ont., but is now boarding at 281 Jarvis Street, where he will be for a few days. He was for several months a victim of a terrible attack of Sciatica, failed to get relief at Haliburton, and came to Toronto, fell into the Medical Ethics Party, was well bled financially, got no relief, and returned home a cripple. Hearing of our wonderful cures he tried again, and was benefited and the pain stopped by the first treatment. He is now quite well. Reader, we cure all kinds of chronic diseases, both of male and female, old and young, the errors of youths, and the mistakes and discretions of maturer years. We cure deformities of the limbs, remove tumors and cancers, external and internal. We cure hundreds of cases that we cannot publish because of the nature of the disease. We likewise make the whole medical profession mad because we publish some of our cures, and then their bile is poured out in denunciation and epithets such as advertising quacks, but the secret of the tempest is the exposure of their profound ignorance, and the refusal of the victim to die and be respectably buried by a regular (so called) medical man. Some of the profession of this city are decidedly open-mouthed. We invite these men to gently close their lower jaws or we will publish case after case that was dying in their hands and was cured by us, and give names of both doctor and patient. This is merely a gentle reminder to these gentlemen, some professors in the colleges, some hospital doctors, and other renowned men in private practice, to mind their own business and cease orthodox medical abuse. Mention this paper. Address,

S. Edward McCully, M.D., Medical Director Medical and Surgical Association of Canada. 283 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

To Woodworkers, Carpenters, &c.



Patent Picket Pointing & Shaping Machine. This machine will make one thousand or more cuts per hour, and a boy can do the work. It will pay for itself in a week. It can be adjusted to cut large or small pickets; will also cut square pickets. This machine can be adjusted to cut in any way desired. Send for circular. Agents wanted. Sole agents for the Dominion of Canada, TORONTO PICKET WIRE FENCE CO., 151 River Street, Toronto.



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OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

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

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

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

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

DISEASES OF WOMEN. The treatment of many thousands of cases of those diseases peculiar to WOMEN at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, has afforded large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and

DR. PIERCE'S

Favorite Prescription

is the result of this vast experience.

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

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

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

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



SICK-HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative. 25 cents a vial.

Ladies' Fine French

BOOT

Take The Last Sell at Very

W. P. L.

328—YON

NELSON'S PROTEGE.

The Wonderful Career of Edward Lee.

It was a bright morning in Spring, and the English fleet lay at anchor in Portsmouth harbor, awaiting the admiral's signal to start out on a cruise. The flagship, a huge, formidable ship of the line, with its dark sides bristling with guns, was all in commotion. The admiral, the most famous sailor of his day, was ready to receive him. Already the guns of the squadron were beginning to thunder forth their welcome, and soon the vessel was wreathed in smoke, and quivering beneath the discharges of her heavy ordnance, as Admiral Nelson touched her deck, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Standing near the edge of the quarter-deck, and watching the scene with intense eagerness, was a young lad of about eighteen. He was dressed simply but neatly, and his cheeks glowed, and his eyes kindled, as he watched the exciting event that was going on around him. As he returned the salutes of the officers, the admiral chanced to observe the lad.

"Who is this?" he asked, turning to the captain of the vessel. "He's a young lad that came on board a few hours ago," replied the captain. "He insists on seeing you, sir, as he says he has something of importance to say to you."

"Well, my lad," said the admiral kindly, "speak out freely."

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I've come to ask you to take me to sea with you."

"Is that all you have to say, you young scamp?" asked the captain, sharply.

"Let him alone," said the admiral, laughing.

"What position do you want?" he asked, turning to the boy.

"If you would take me as your cabin boy, sir," said the lad, "I should be very glad."

"That's a poor chance for you, if you wish to rise above it," said the admiral, kindly.

"It will be a begin'n'g," replied the lad.

"If you'll give me a start, I'll work my way up, sir. You did it; and I mean to do so, too."

The admiral gazed at him kindly but searchingly, and then said, with a smile, "I'll take you with me on this cruise; and if you want to rise, I'll give you a chance. What is your name?"

"Edward Lee," was the reply.

"Very well, then, Edward, I take you into my service," said the admiral. "I shall expect you to prove yourself worthy of the trust."

"I'll do it, sir," said the boy, earnestly, as he moved aside, respectfully, to let the admiral pass.

In two hours the Vanguard stood out to sea, followed by the squadron, to join Earl St. Vincent at Gibraltar. The young vallet of the admiral made a decidedly favorable impression upon the officers of the ship before the completion of the voyage.

"It's too bad," said the admiral to his first-captain one day, "that that boy should fill a menial's position."

The captain agreed with his commander, and the result of the matter was that, a few days after the arrival of the Vanguard at Gibraltar, Edward Lee was given a midshipman's warrant by Earl St. Vincent, at the special request of Admiral Nelson.

Then came the famous cruise in the Mediterranean, in search of Bonaparte and his fleet. In the terrific gale which dismantled the admiral's ship, young Lee proved that he merited the kindness his great commander had shown him, and won praise from all on board. Then came the brief halt at Syracuse, the arrival of the wished-for reinforcements, and the departure for Egypt. As the dawn of the memorable first of August revealed to the eyes of the English the tricolor of Alexandria, and the French flag in the bay of Aboukir, Edward Lee was standing by his chief on the deck of the Vanguard.

There they burst from a score of miles as the distant vessels came in view. "It matters not," said the boy; "and we'll be there to-morrow night."

"I'll be there for promotion for us all to-morrow night."

The fearful encounter of the 1st of August, the day that brought to these two young men the opportunity of a life-long friendship. Through the whole of the day, the young men were on the deck, and the admiral never left the ship. He remained in the ship, and the words in the text that greeted him that day.

request for a Lieutenantancy for young Lee was granted.

Steady devotion to his profession, and conspicuous bravery in times of danger, soon made the youthful lieutenant a noted man in His Majesty's navy. The battle of the Baltic was a memorable day to him. It was truly the greatest battle he had been in. Though severely wounded, he refused to go below, and stood at his post until the close of the action. When Sir Hyde Parker gave the signal for discontinuing the fight Lieutenant Lee reported it to Lord Nelson. The admiral, putting the glass to his blind eye, said, with mock gravity, "I really don't see the signal. Keep our flag for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

It seemed that the fortunes of the great admiral and his protege were mysteriously united, for this victory, which made the one a viscount, made the other a first lieutenant, though he had just come of age. He followed his commander, who had become warmly attached to him, through all the years that intervened, so that, when the great day of Trafalgar came, he was the second in command to Captain Hardy. As the action began, Lord Nelson approached him, and, placing his hand on his shoulder, said, "We are going to have a hard day, Edward. I hope you may pass through it safely."

"I shall try to do my duty, my lord," said Lieutenant Lee. "But," he added, pointing to the uniform and decorations which the commander wore, contrary to his custom, "why does your lordship render yourself so conspicuous to day? You will surely draw upon you the fire of some marksman."

"I have a presentiment," said the admiral, "that my race is run; so I have put on all my harness to-day. In honor I gained them," he exclaimed, proudly laying his hand on the insignia, "and in honor I will die with them."

The presentiment was realized. It was the last action of the great sailor. As he fell on the deck, in the heat of the battle, the captain and lieutenant of the ship sprang to him, in an agony of grief.

"Go back to your post, Edward," he said,

as the lieutenant knelt by him. Then he added, gently, "God bless you, lad."

With a sad heart the young man returned to his place. The fate which had seemed to unite his destiny with that of his commander, was fully realized on this day, for, just as the victory was gained, a heavy discharge of grape from a French ship of the line swept the deck of Lord Nelson's ship; and when the smoke cleared away, Captain Hardy saw his lieutenant lying almost in the same spot where the conqueror of the Nile had fallen, with his breast torn open by the terrible discharge.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has been for some time past interesting herself in providing cheap food for the poor population of the metropolis. With this object in view, she attended at the Burdett-Coutts Hall, Westminster, on Friday evening, the 5th, when a lecture on "How to Make Use of the Scraps," with demonstrations, was given by Mrs. Wilson, of the South Kensington School of Cookery. It was announced that a practical outcome would result from the gathering.

A.P. 260.

SUPERIOR FILLS AND RASPS—WARRANTED equal to best imported; all kinds of re-cutting. Galt File Works, FREDERICK PARKER, GALT P.O.

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

CARRIAGE LOBBIES FOR CARTERS, wholesale houses, manufacturers' first price Central Fair. Address M. D. NELLEMAN, Manufacturer, Hamilton.

\$800 50 Acre Farm—\$10000 Acre Farm —100,000 acolar pigs, 15 cents; 100,000 5 cent musk; instruments half-price. BULLAND, Toronto.

20 CARDS! Comprising Silk Fringed, Gold Fringed, Gold Edge, Glass, Transparent Christmas and Hidden Name, 10c. Address, Kuroka Card Co., Bolton, Ont.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

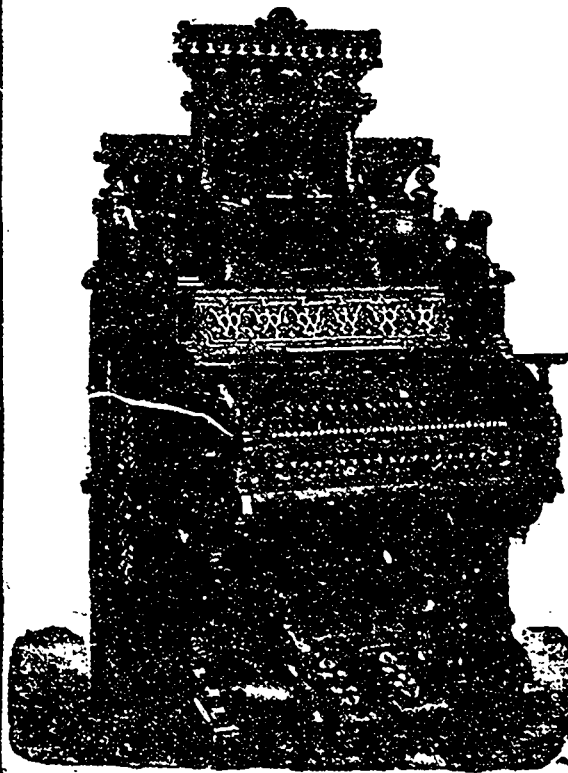
Mrs Winslow's SCOTCH SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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A MAN OR A WOMAN WANTED to sell Dr. Talmage's new book, "Live Coals." The best and most vigorous specimen of oratory ever written; nearly 700 pages; only \$2; full particulars of this and other new books from Schuyler Smith & Co., Publishers, London, Ont.

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NOTICE.

THE TENDERS for completion of Addition to Custom House at London are to be received on THURSDAY, the 20th May, not the 19th, as erroneously stated in a previous notice published in this paper.

A. GOBKIL, Secretary.
Department Public Works,
Ottawa, 7th May 1888

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

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JAMES PARK & SON, Pork Packers, Toronto. L. C. Bacon, Boiled Spice Bacon, O. C. Bacon, Glasgow Beef, Hams, Sugar Cured Hams, Dried Beef, Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tongues, Mince Pork, Pickled Tongues, Cheese, Family or Navy Pork, Lard in Tubs and Pails. The Best Brands of English Fine Dairy Salt in stock.

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AWNINGS SEND FOR PRICE LIST. Awning, Flag, Tent & Camping Depot 169 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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THE BANK OF TORONTO. DIVIDEND No. 40.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of 4 per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum and a bonus of two per cent. upon the Paid-up Capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st day of June next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included.

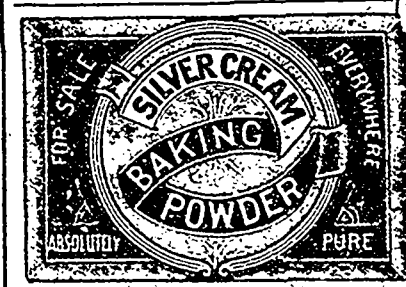
The Annual General Meeting of Stockholders for the election of Directors will be held at the banking house of the Institution on Wednesday, the 16th day of June next. The Chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board D. GOULSON, Cashier. Bank of Toronto, April 28th, 1886.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

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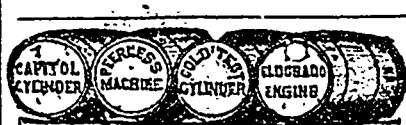
Below we quote prices for Genuine American Watches, Waltham, or Elgin.

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- 3 oz Hunting Case, dust-proof, Broadway... 9 00
- 3 oz Hunting Case, dust-proof, Elgin... 9 00
- 3 oz Hunting Case, dust-proof, P. S. Ba... 12 50
- 5 oz Hunting Case, dust-proof, Appleton, Tracy & Co... 24 50
- 3-oz Hunting Case, dust-proof, Dominion, (same grade as P S Bartlett)... 9 00
- 3 oz Hunting Case, Peerless Chicago, (same grade as P S Bartlett)... 9 00

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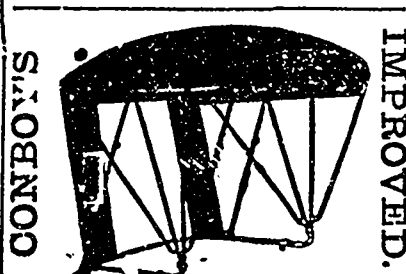
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The Board of Directors of the Temperance Colonization Society (Limited) request that every Scrip Owner this season select the land in the Colony to which his scrip entitles him. The resident agent at Moose Jaw to Mr. John A. Whitmore, and the resident agent in the colony is Mr. Thomas Copland, Saskatoon. J. C. WHITE, President. O. POWELL, Manager. Society's Offices: 114 King St. West, Toronto. Toronto, 24th April, 1886.



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Notice to Contractors.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for completion of the Custom House, London," will be received at this office on **THURSDAY, 15th May** next for the work required in the completion of the same.

CUSTOM HOUSE

LONDON, ONT.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Durand and Moore, Architects, London, Ontario, after Friday, the 20th April last, and the specifications provide for the construction of a portion of same. The construction are required to be completed by the 1st of May next. The work is to be done in accordance with the specifications, but the contractor is not to be held responsible for any delay or expense incurred in the completion of the same.

The work is to be done in accordance with the specifications, but the contractor is not to be held responsible for any delay or expense incurred in the completion of the same.

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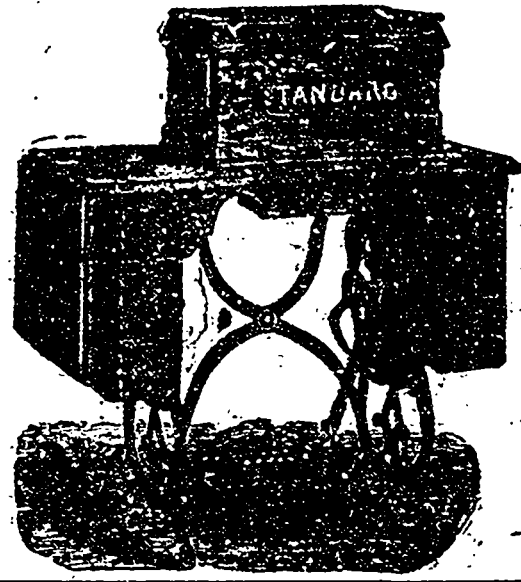
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THE "STANDARD CYLINDER SHUTTLE" SEWING MACHINE.



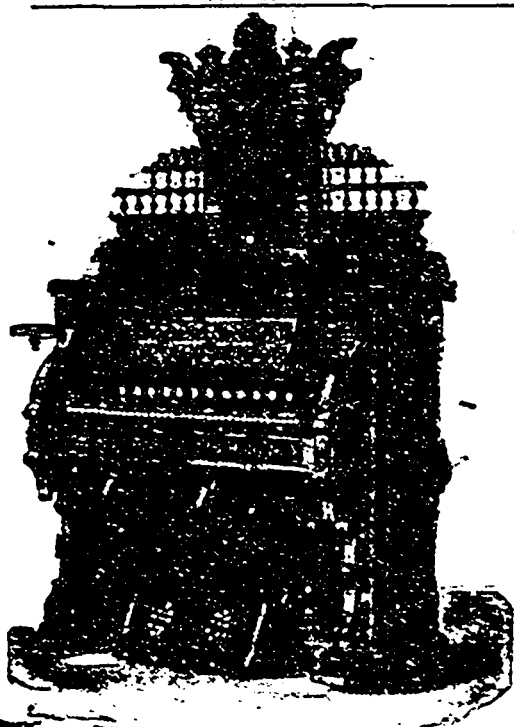
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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS. They lax, vomit and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incident to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they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

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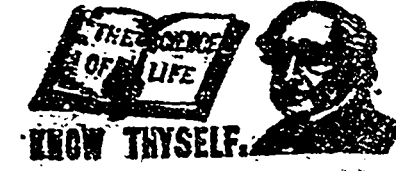
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