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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

NEW SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

prize story accepted by the committee was found to be too long for the disposal in this issue, and we are compelled to hold a portion of it for our next. "A Singular Accusation" is a highly absorbing and interesting, and we assure our readers, after they have read the story, will justify us in giving it to you.

One would think, to read the articles in the Montreal papers that Lord Garmoyle is a young man of unimpeachable character and great wisdom, and his opinions many and most important matters is as if they were really worth something. Lord Garmoyle is certainly a light of the world just now as, in addition to being an earl's son, he has behaved as if he were the blackguard offspring of a terribly vulgar person, in his recent marriage with Miss Fortescue, and Montreal is falling down at the feet of this young man with all the devoutness of a young aristocrat.

Why do we Canadians despise titles and nobility, and feel the most contempt for aristocracy, and yet we do get a chance to hob-nob and dine with a lord don't we make donkeys of ourselves? Oh, my! Much as we despise titles, I don't hear of Canadians refusing to be knighted if they get a chance, and I do really believe that we are terrible flunkies.

Years ago 'the land of Egypt was a land of awe. Its gigantic temples and pyramids date beyond the records of history; its myriads of pyramids and pyramids; its gorgeous tombs and its mummies preserved for more than two thousand years, with the names, residence and professions of the defunct as accurately inscribed in hieroglyphics as the epitaph on a tombstone. Yesterday, naturally extending of veneration that were common in the mind by the biblical associations which the banks of the Nile are.

This country, which was but two centuries ago a land of awe and mystery, is no longer so. Steam and the telegraph have dispelled many of the mysteries in which Egypt was shrouded and now-a-days all modern and intelligent people regard the Pharaohs with but little more respect—certainly with no more awe—than they do any other distant country, and especially, no one has any extraordinary leading ignorance concerning it, and maps of the country are before our eyes in every newspaper and account at all. The eyes of all the world are turned in the direction of the banks of the Nile, and, especially, it is eagerly looked for, both by our friends and enemies of England, and it is a prediction that before we shall cease to

anxiously expect tidings from Egypt, the torrid sands of its deserts will have drunk deeply of the blood of many of England's bravest men.

Already the sad news of the murder of the modern Bayard, General Gordon, of whom it may truly be said that he was—as was said of *le preux chevalier*, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," has arrived; gallant Fred Burnaby has yielded up his brave spirit, fighting for the honor of his native country. General Earle has met a warrior's death whilst leading his command to battle, and many a brave officer and man has already breathed his last beneath the fierce sun of Africa. And the end is not yet, and what disasters may be still in store for our troops cannot be contemplated without the most gloomy forebodings. That the death list will be swelled to a terrible extent seems certain. Though the object of the Soudan Expedition was to relieve the gallant Gordon, who is now beyond the reach of earthly aid, thousands of troops must now be poured into the country to avenge his death. And it will be done. There can be no reasonable doubt, that, in the end, British arms will be victorious—but at what a fearful cost, not only of life, but of money.

It is to be hoped that the end will be accelerated by all possible means; every day's delay adds to the power of the Mahdi, surrounded as he is by hordes of fanatics who believe him to be endowed with supernatural powers, and which belief will be strengthened by every victory he attains, and tribes, who would have joined the ranks of his enemies had he been routed at once, will rally round his standard as the belief that he is invincible becomes more firmly impressed upon their minds.

Considerable discussion has been taking place lately, both in the newspapers and elsewhere, regarding the propriety or impropriety of physicians' prescriptions being written in so-called Latin. One argument in favor of the present system, put forward by a medical man, appears to have a good deal of reason on its side. The physician referred to says that, were some patients to know exactly what medicine was prescribed for them, they would, conscious of their own wisdom, refuse to take the medicine. Then there is a class of people—and a very numerous one—which utterly rejects any simple medicine, and cannot be persuaded that anything which does not cost considerable money can ever be efficacious. These people would look with scorn on any doctor who would give them a prescription running thus: "Salts, one ounce in half a tumbler of warm water: Drink freely of warm water afterward," and declare that such a commonplace remedy for their disease could never do any good. It would only cost about a cent or so. But let the doctor prescribe thus: "Epsomi sal. ʒ. i. oz. syr. simp: dras. ʒ. dist. q. s. vii. oz." and despatch them to a drug-store to have the potion made up and be charged fifty cents or so therefor, and they will be quite satisfied; and as faith on the part of a patient

in what he takes is said to be one-half the cure, perhaps the Latin prescription is the best.

That faith in one's physician and his medicines is a great point in favor of those medicines doing the patient good, cannot be denied. As an instance of this let me relate a little anecdote to the point. A certain soldier had a sore throat. The regimental doctor was not to be found, but the hospital sergeant was, and he told the man to go and gargle his throat with salt and water; the man went away, evidently distrusting so simple a remedy, but he presumably obeyed the sergeant's order. Next day he presented himself before the doctor, with no improvement as regarded his throat, at the same time telling that officer what the sergeant had prescribed. The doctor saw the kind of a man he had to deal with, so, turning to the sergeant, he said, "Make this man up a mixture of chloride of sodium cum aqua as a gargle." This the man took and used as directed, evidently much impressed with the learned words of the medical man. Next day he was quite well, and greeted the sergeant with, "That doctor knows something, but it 'ud a been a long time before my throat wud have got well wid yer salt and wather!" He had, however, used nothing but that remedy disguised under a Latin name. Many people are in precisely the same fix as that warrior.

Upon the whole, then, I think that things are best as they are with respect to the writing of prescriptions, for it matters not in what civilized country a Latin prescription is presented to a druggist, he will understand it, whereas were an English physician to prescribe in English, his prescription would be next to useless in Germany or France, and *vice versa*.

A resolution was passed recently at a meeting of the Toronto Medical Society recommending the appointment of a Plumbing Inspector. Such an appointment, I think, would be a step in the right direction, which is that pointing to the diminution of cases of typhoid fever and malaria. Such cases have been very prevalent this winter, and the cause, in many of them, was ascertained to be defective drainage. An immense amount of money is thrown away by householders on plumbing. They are not made aware of the fact that it has been thrown away till serious illness, perhaps death, occurs in their families, the direct consequence of bad and dishonest work on the part of plumbers. As matters are at present, the ways of the plumber are dark. He spends many hours—and charges for many more—doing something or other,—what no man but himself and his assistants may know, for he hides his work with plaster and boards and other materials—towards the rendering of defective drains effective, but in many cases his efforts are very marked failures. The drains he has repaired and put in order are soon as much out of repair and order as ever, and we are in his power—because we are not all plumb-

ers, and cannot say whether he is doing his work properly or not till it is too late, and a case of typhoid fever proves that it was not rightly done. But if a competent, reliable man were appointed as inspector of plumbing, many defects would be seen to and remedied at the proper time, and much money, now wasted, would be saved if the plumbing were done according to a scientific system. Householders have been far too long at the mercy of dishonest plumbers, and it is high time that they asserted and obtained their rights. Turn and turn about is fair play.

One thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in the economy of this world, is the large number of people who can tell the way to do any particular thing much better than the man who is doing it. I need only walk half a dozen blocks to find as many men who could show Gladstone just where he is wrong about every question concerning the British Government. There are men to be found at almost every saloon who could give Wolsey pointers about his management of affairs in the Soudan. As for the men who could "run" newspapers in a way vastly superior to that adopted by the editors themselves, why, their name is Legion. And yet these men never seem to be able to "run" themselves. How is it? To hear them talk one would imagine that there was nothing that they were not able to do better than the people who are doing it; but there is one thing they cannot do, and that is to prevent their hearers from classing them as donkeys of the most long-eared kind.

Though there is a large number of persons who believe that water is purified in the process of freezing, it is pretty generally understood now that it is not, but that ice from impure water is just as unwholesome as the water itself. This being the case it is satisfactory to note the action of the local board of health in this city, in fixing a limit within which ice shall not be cut within five hundred yards from the shore. As ice for drinking purposes in the summer has become an absolute necessity with us, it is only right that those who supply us with it should be forced to obtain it in as pure a state as possible. I doubt whether ice from any part of the bay can be called absolutely pure, but there are degrees of badness, and if the City Commissioner enforces his authority, we shall probably be supplied with ice that won't do us a great deal of harm.

Popular sentiment is adverse to the encouragement of the short-haired, broad-chested, and brawny limbed apostles of the "manly art of self-defence," and they will have to go—and a good riddance, too. It used to be contended by admirers of pugilism that prize-fighting was a good thing, as it forced its votaries to lead temperate lives if they wished to attain any great honors in the roped arena. Even were such a fact, which it is not—for example, behold John L. Sullivan, champion bruiser of the world and a notorious drunkard,—who cares who

ther such men as those who care to make a living by prize-fighting are temperate or not? They are of no use to society at large, and the more they drink the sooner the world would lose them—and no great loss. That it is a good thing for a man to be able to use the weapons which nature has given him for his own defence when called upon to do so, no one, I presume, will deny, but, when a man makes the pounding of his fellow men for the sake of gain, a "profession," he oversteps the mark.

Mr. J. L. Sullivan is, certainly, a fine animal and is, perhaps, entitled to some admiration from those who admire physical development, but he is infinitely less worthy of it than a fine horse or a fine dog—and if he doesn't like what I say, I hope he won't come to Toronto.

Those almost omniscient British sages who laughed the idea of employing Canadian boatmen in Egypt to scow, must now see that they did not know quite as much as they thought they did. Our voyageurs have proved themselves to have been, essentially, the right men in the right place, and their work and general behavior have called forth the highest praise from all in connection with the Soudan expedition. They performed acts of which, probably, no other body of men would have been capable, and showed that Canadians are just as good as, and perhaps a little better, than any other people.

Certainly English writers on Canada and the Canadians do make the most ludicrous blunders sometimes, but ignorance is at the bottom of most of them. That learned writer who located one end of the Victoria bridge in Detroit and the other at Niagara Falls should be sent to some school for adult ignorance to study geography, and these Britishers who imagine Canada to be a land of perpetual snow and ice should be rigged up in buffalo coats and fur caps, and started out on a pedestrian tour from Toronto to Hamilton during a July blizzard. Then they might alter their tune. The popular idea amongst Englishmen at home concerning Canada is much strengthened by the conduct of their friends out here, who seem to think it necessary, even in summer, to be photographed in fur coats sprinkled with salt or flour to represent snow, and these photographs are looked upon, in England, as correctly portraying Canadian costume all the year round. I trust that the recent visit of the British Association to this country will do something to dispel the peculiar fancies that people on the other side of the Atlantic entertain concerning us and our country.

Senator Alexander insists upon Sir David Macpherson removing the huge portrait of himself from the walls of the lobby in the Senate. Sir David says he won't do it, and so the matter stands for the present. Mr. Alexander's principal objection to the picture is its immense size, which is nearly twice that of any one of the others that hang upon the wall, and he asserts that as Sir David, instead of doing twice as much for the good of his country as the other gentlemen whose portraits grace the lobby, never did half as much, he should not have such a big picture in so prominent a position. It was certainly a piece of ostentatious snobbery on the part of Sir David to have that immense portrait painted and hung where it is, but surely it does no harm. It can't speak, and, if Mr. Alexander feels aggrieved about it, why doesn't he hang a portrait of himself up, three times as big as Sir David's? Our Senators must have mighty little to do when they spend time

in wrangling over one another's counterfeit presentments.

I would beg to make a suggestion in connection with the rules and regulations of the Toronto Free Library, which is, that there should be some discrimination shown in the length of time a borrower is permitted to retain a volume. As far as I can see, the set period is two weeks; well, that is ample time for anyone to get through some books, but, in the case for instance, of Chamber's Journal, two volumes of which, each containing 416 pages of closely-printed reading matter, are bound in one, two weeks is not long enough to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest their contents, for I hold that every line of Chamber's Journals are worthy of perusal. If two weeks is considered by the powers that be a sufficient time in which to read 832 pages of two columns each, of close type, then a couple of days or so ought to be enough for any reader to get through a volume of 300 pages, large type, but the same rule (at least in every book I have seen) is pasted in all.

I think I am pretty safe when I say that the number of good private libraries in Toronto is small. That an extensive taste for reading exists amongst our citizens is proved by the number of books borrowed daily from the Public Library, but by far the greater number of these books are novels and works of light literature.

I am far from agreeing with those people who so boldly declare that novel reading is nothing more or less than mental poisoning. Much information as well as entertainment can be derived from the perusal of Captain Marryatt's works—novels, all of them—and I really cannot see what harm the novels of Thackeray, Dickens, and Sir Walter Scott can do anyone, but I do see that great benefit can be derived from reading them. But to the readers of those villainous dime volumes entitled "Eighteen Toed Jim or the Ruthless Avengers of Gory Gulch," and the like, I would say "Go to; ye be fools, and by your perusal of such works (!) do men see it."

The fact that Hanlan beat Clifford, the Australian, by six boat lengths in a three mile race, rowed during the hottest season of the year, encourages me to think that Mr. Beach, the champion of the world, won't have quite such an easy thing of it with the Toronto boy, when the race for the championship takes place, as he seemed to anticipate. Clifford has been looked on as nearly, if not quite, as good a man as Beach, yet Hanlan walked away from him pretty easily.

It is announced that Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, will marry Princess Clementine of Belgium. It is not stated what this is going to cost the British people, but it strikes me that, by the time the Egyptian business is paid for, the people will not feel like voting any very big grant for the benefit of a young man who is strong, healthy and intelligent, and quite able to earn a respectable living.

I see that Stanley Huntley, an American newspaper man, and the writer of the Spoopendyko sketches has been made chief of a tribe of Sioux Indians. This is, probably, the first instance of a newspaper funny man being elevated to such a position. It is now in order for Chief Huntley to select a squaw from the dusky maidens of his tribe, and, if the Sioux young women are anything like the other Indian females, I have seen, the chief is likely to have much of the Spoopendyko knocked out of him. Since Hiawatha's Minnehaha stole away to

the happy hunting grounds, the Indian maiden has advanced in homeliness with the march of civilization and the increasing cheapness of the death-dealing fire-water. On the whole, I don't think I envy Chief Spoopendyko much.

It is fearful to think of the terrible mental and physical strain to which our Dominion Senators are subjected. A few days ago they actually sat for thirteen minutes. The next day they wrestled with the mighty subjects that came up for four minutes and thirty-five seconds. No man, however great his mental calibre, can stand such wear and tear as that. If this sort of thing continues our Senators will be brought down to a state of complete uselessness, and uncharitable people say that they are already come to it. However, I shall not despair as long as I hear of these mighty laborers being able to crawl up to the time-keeper for their time, and their ability to draw their hard-earned salaries.

The London Standard published an article on tails a short time ago, contending that a tail is by no means an unornamental superfluity, a fact which is acknowledged by many human beings who attach artificial caudal appendages to their dress and bodies, the Lord Chancellor and debutantes in Court attire being given as instances. I partially agree with the Standard (this will be very gratifying to that paper), and I think that if those creatures known as dudes were to attach something in the form of a simious elongation of the coccyx of the pelvis, they would look far more natural. At present there is a something lacking beside brains about a dude. That something is, undoubtedly, a tail.

I see that Mr. Joseph Hatton states that F. C. Burnand, editor of London Punch has "a quaint fund of humor." It is uncommonly mean of him not to use a little of it sometimes in the columns of his paper. Burnand is evidently one of those editors of comic papers who never contribute to their papers; merely edit them. It would be well for him to bear in mind that the object of a funny paper is not so much to reconcile its readers to death and the silent tomb, as to cause them, occasionally to laugh. Many funny editors overlook this fact. Mr. Burnand is one of them.

It would be a hard matter to designate any shipwreck a blessing, but I think that if the vessel in which Mr. J. L. Sullivan and Mr. Paddy Ryan are to sail for England, were to go to the bottom of the ocean, many people would think it a mighty good thing, and if all the passengers were to escape with the exception of the two "professors" mentioned, it would be a still mightier good one.

Parisian Masonic circles are considerably excited over the alleged expose of Masonic secrets by an ex-Prefect of Police, and he is threatened with most terrible things unless he holds his tongue. As one of the penalties which menace him consists in the tearing out of that unruly member, he will not have much difficulty in keeping silent if he is punished as he is threatened.

I see that an echo has been discovered in Silicia that repeats the sound of a bugle (or anything else) seventeen times. This is certainly a remarkable one and quite caps those famed Irish echoes of which we hear so much. A most extraordinary echo once came under my own notice, and as its character was so unique I feel justified in describing it.

A certain opera company were billed to appear in a city where I was residing,

They came, as advertised, but unfortunately the person who personated Echo in a certain beautiful song fell sick, and the city was scourged for a substitute, who at length found in the person of a Scotchman who possessed a beautiful tenor voice and a very broad accent. He was placed in position behind the scenes, and the audience waited in high expectation for the celebrated echo song.

At length its turn came, the tenor sang verse, the last line of which was

"And murky darkness flies away."

Echo was ready for his work and responded in clear and ringing tones, "Flee away." This rather excited a titter amongst the audience, but the song went on. The verse ended with

"The land I love too well, too much."

Nothing daunted the Echo responded manfully to the call, and out upon the stage rolled the words, "Over well, over muckle." This was too much for the gravity of everybody. The tenor tumbled from the stage and the audience burst into roars of laughter, and poor Echo was ignominiously thrust forth into the cold street. So much for echoes and lack of preparation.

Hamilton is called the Ambitious City and undoubtedly its citizens are ambitious. Lately some of them were seized with a laudable ambition to help the Girls' Home in their city. With this end in view an amateur opera company was organized, a leader was engaged who received \$150 for his services, and much money and time spent on rehearsals and getting into working order. The managers of the Girls' Home, in the meantime, looking forward to the donation that the Institute was to receive. The amateurs gave five performances which cost (with rehearsal &c.) \$967.97. In return they took \$850.00, and made the Girls' Home poorer of what remained over, namely, a deficit of \$117.97. Thus it will be seen that the ambitious citizens made the Home poorer in the first place of a hundred dollars than that institution would have been benefited whereas now it is no better off than it was before.

I don't suppose the Hamilton people are particularly anxious to pay to see an amateur company perform an opera that they often seen before played by professionals but they patronized the affair under the impression that they were doing something sweet charity's sake. The leader, who received \$150 for his services, seems to be about this ambitious scheme of the ladies and gentlemen of the Ambitious City.

I observe that a "zeer" has prophesied that Queen Victoria will die on Sept. 1, 1889, the Prince of Wales on Jan. 1, 1891, the Emperor of Germany on May 10th, 1890, Prince Bismarck on May 1, 1890, by assassination, and the Czar on Nov. 1, 1900. All I have to say is that one in authority should prophesy that "zeer" will die a violent death on Sept. 1, 1885, and take precious good care that the prophecy doesn't hang fire.

The methods adopted by spirits in shuffling off this mortal coil are as various as they are, in some cases, peculiar. I noticed that a man put an end to his existence the other day in London by drinking a quantity of the much advertised poison, "Rough on Rats." One of the tags claimed for this poison by its

tors is that its victims "don't die in the house," but the man I refer to died, which shows that we can't always believe patent medicine and other "ads."

After a life of exposure to numberless perils, General Gordon has fallen a victim to the knife of a cowardly assassin in Khartoum, and his murder calls aloud for revenge, which will, doubtless, be meted out with no sparing hand on those who have caused it. That the British will, finally, teach the Mahdi and his followers such a lesson as will last them for some considerable time cannot be doubted, but this course of tuition is going to cost an enormous amount of money. The \$45,000,000 at which the cost of Wolseley's expedition was estimated, will be but a drop in the ocean, but the British people have been aroused to such a pitch of fury by the details concerning Gordon's death and the fiendish outrages on and massacre of defenceless females in Khartoum, that they are prepared to pay any sum that may be required.

The news of General Gordon's death will be received with almost universal regret, the only party to whom it will bear any comfort being that class of people who were so ready to prophecy that it must come to pass on account of Gladstone's dilatoriness and Wolseley's mismanagement and disregard of advice from such experienced men as Sir Samuel Baker and General Stevenson. The great mistake made by Gordon seems to have been the placing of any trust or faith in a people who were so utterly undeserving of confidence as the Arabs, a race so notoriously treacherous that it seems strange a man of Gordon's vast experience should ever have placed any trust in them at all.

The number of men (to judge from their letters to the papers on the subject of the Toronto detective force), who know just how to do the work of a detective, must be enormous. I am surprised that these men are content to hide their light under a bushel. Why don't they come boldly forward and practically show the detectives the proper way to catch criminals, instead of sitting down and writing a lot of complaints about the inefficiency of the force? It does look as if there were as many people cut out by nature—in their own minds—for detectives, as there are men who feel that they were born to be editors.

I see that a fund has been started by the *Irish Tribune*, published at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the Irish people who have been thrown out of employment on account of the prejudice created by the dynamitards. Hundreds of innocent Irish men and women have been dismissed by their English employers in London, and thousands have been similarly treated throughout England. It seems to me as being rather unjust to fix upon a race the faults of a few individuals. Unjust or not, the poor Irish in England are having an uncommonly hard time of it just now.

It is related in the New York correspondence of the *Philadelphia Record*, that the Rev. Mr. Rainsford, who at one time officiated in St. James' Cathedral in this city, may be seen, any morning before sunrise, running round Stuyvesant Square in New York, followed by his curates, all togged out in regular athlete costume. This is Mr. Rainsford's way of keeping himself in that physical trim which enables him to perform so much excellent mental work, and if an early morning trot would ensure good sermons on the part of every clergyman who indulged in that exercise, I fancy

some Toronto congregations would not be loth to see their spiritual pastors scampering round the Queen's Park at about sunrise.

Grumblers and Grumbling.

A systematic history of grumblers, arranged into classes, general species and varieties in the manner adopted by learned systematists who thus arrange the productions of nature, animate and inanimate, would be a curious, perhaps an instructive work. There are some general distinctions, however. There are grumblers at everything:—These may be looked upon as the parties in whom the organ of discontentedness must be very fully developed; though candor compels us to state that, hitherto, phrenologists have not located any such organ, or, if they have done so, they have failed to acquaint us with its whereabouts in the human anatomy. Then there are partial grumblers: People who grumble at nature and people who grumble at art, either because the latter bears a strong resemblance to the former or because it does not. Then there is the positive grumbler who is aggrieved because something is, and there is the negative grumbler who complains because something is not. In short there is nothing done or not done that will not furnish food for grumblers of one genus or another.

But grumbling must not be looked upon as altogether a bad thing, for, like nearly everything else, it has a good and a bad side. For instance a man grumbles on the right side when he is dissatisfied at his own exertions in a good cause or in any undertaking having the welfare of his fellow-creatures as its object. He grumbles on the wrong side when he vents his spleen on the rest of the world because his appetite is poor or because he fails to rest comfortably at night on account of cold feet—either his own or his wife's!

It may be said that the disposition to grumble is inherited by every true-born Briton and it depends, in a great measure, on the general direction which is given to the youthful British mind, whether its owner will exercise his prerogative in a right or a wrong way. But, though it is universally admitted that the British people are more addicted to grumbling than any nation under the canopy of heaven, it is, doubtful as it may seem, by strict adherence to the maxim "Grumble and get on" that the British nation has become the foremost in the world. Grumbling has the effect of keeping the system of things alive and is at once, in part at least, the foundation and defence of British prosperity.

By keeping up the excitement of society, grumbling is useful, as, unless the attention of those in whose power it lies to remedy certain defects, were not called to those defects, the remedy might never be applied.

It is well known that the best sailors in the navy and the most efficient soldiers in the army are those who grumble the most, though we do not say that their efficiency would not be equally great were they to refrain from grumbling. But if it be "the nature of the beast" to grumble, why, by all means, let him grumble, as long as he keeps within decent bounds. If the sailor or the soldier were not grumbling, they might be doing something else far more reprehensible, and they merely grumble because it is their nature so to do and they mean no harm by it, though certainly they do sometimes indulge their natural proclivity for most trivial causes. We have actually heard a grizzled old veteran in the army, when asked at meal time by the officer of the day whether he had any com-

plaint to make as to the rations served out, and finding he had no real cause for complaint, grumble because his mess had not as much "thick of the coffee" as another: by "thick of the coffee" meaning "grounds!" Surely that was grounds for complaint, with a vengeance!

The maxim "Grumble and get on" is not altogether a bad one provided that the grumbler does get on, but it must be admitted that some grumblers merely act up to the former half of that maxim and neglect the latter.

Fearing that our readers, if this article be continued to greater length, may feel disposed to avail themselves of the privilege of the Briton alluded to, and grumble at our prolixity, we bring these remarks to a close by saying that though the grumbler is often an almost intolerable nuisance he is frequently productive of good results, and should, therefore, to a certain extent, be tolerated.

What is a Mahdi?

Mahdi, or mabadi, as D'Herbelot spells it, is an ancient title in the Moslem world which at first signified simply director of the faithful. But in the course of Moslem history, and especially Moslem history in Africa, it came to have another signification related to an accepted prophecy of Mohammed. It necessarily refers to the African part of Arabic history. By this secondary significance of the word the mahadi is a certain ancient leader come again. His appearance is the "second advent" of a prophet who lived in the old days, and who in all the meantime has been with the immortals. Mohammed, the twelfth imam, and the twelfth in descent from Ali, is the real original. He is the mahadi who comes again every now and then. He was hidden from the world at an early age and communed only with his disciples through his lifetime, and finally did not die but "went up" with the fixed intention of returning to revive the glories of Moslem. As in the Christian theory, and even in the history of several monarchies, this legend of a prince who is to return has afforded a favorite pretext for no end of impostors, so it did in Islam. The most famous of these in past ages was Abulcassem Mohammed Ben Abdallah, the founder of the Fatimite dynasty in Africa. Mohammed had prophesied that in three hundred years the sun would rise in the west, and as Abulcassem's glory was in 296 of the hejira, it was held that the prophecy referred to him, and since then the idea of the Mahadi has commonly had relation to a revival of the glories of Islam in that western world of Moslemism, the provinces of Africa held by the Arabs.

Proverbs of Affection

Hot love is soon cold. Faults are thick where love is thin. Where pride begins love ceases. Love and a cough won't hide. Sweet is the love that meets return. The heart's letter is read in the eyes. Love and lordship make no fellowship. Love lies in cottages as well as in courts. The remedy for love is—land between. Kind confidence begets confidence, and love begets love. Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens it. Love can hope where reason would despair. In the husband, wisdom; in the wife, gentleness. Nothing is more tender, nothing more violent, than love. The science of love is the philosophy of the heart. Love cannot be bought or sold; its only price is love. Solid love whose root is virtue can no more die than virtue itself. All truest love is consecrated by the Divine Love.

Recalls an Incident in the Editor's Youth. Reading in this nineteenth century how Capt. Phelan was enticed into an office in New York, and stabbed by a false friend while he was asking after his (Phelan's) health, recalls another stabbing affray which occurred 4,000 years ago, and was written up by the reporter of that time as follows: "and when Abner was returned to Hebron, Joab took him aside in the gate to speak with him quietly, and smote him there under the fifth rib that he died."

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Wachtel, the famous tenor, has lost his voice and left the stage.

Andrew Jackson's last words were, "Be good children and we will all meet in Heaven."

Prof. Jaeger, of Vienna, the celebrated oculist died recently at the age of seventy-seven years.

Mr. John C. Eno lives at Quebec in an expensive way, but is not received into any society there.

The wealthiest United States Senator at present, Mr. Philo T. Sawyer, never made a speech in the Senate.

Professor Huxley's health at Naples is by no means satisfactory, and he is compelled to live in absolute seclusion.

Joseph Hayden, the composer, was the god-father of Fanny Elssler's sister Teresa, who became themorganatic wife of Prince Adelbert of Prussia.

At a recent dinner of the Leather Trade in Boston Mr. Howells was an honored guest, and was introduced as the son of the Nestor of the leather trade.

Secretary McCulloch is a large, squarely built man, loose-jointed, with thin, sandy gray hair, a high, broad forehead, shrewd small gray eyes, and a most kindly expression.

Emma Thursby cancelled all her engagements in Germany, England, France and Italy, and returned to this country in November, in order to be with her sick sister Alice, who has just died.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, went home to Northfield, Mass., to celebrate his mother's eightieth birthday anniversary, which occurred on Thursday last. He is presently going to Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.

Mrs. Fawcett, the widow of the late British Postmaster-General, is a sister of the Misses Rhoda and Agnes Garrett, who have won prominence as house decorators. She is now going to live with Agnes, Rhoda being dead.

Madame Basile Migneault, the grandmother of Albany, died and was buried in Montreal recently, the mass being sung by her nephew, Father Laceneuse. Her maiden name was Rachel McCullough, and she was born in New York.

The Rothschild family have bought the old homestead in Frankfurt, together with the adjoining house, and after setting them back to conform to the new street line, they will fill them with the Rothschild relics, and make them the headquarters of the administration of the Rothschild Asylum.

At a recent state occasion in Washington the coat of the German Minister, Baron von Alvensleben, was entirely covered with bullion, except for a part of the sleeve. He wore the red sash of a German order also, and fourteen other decorations, each with its colored ribbon; crosses and stars of gold, silver, and iron, jewelled, enamelled, and engraved, the decorations extending to the ribbon of his sword hilt, and ending only at the last button on the back of his coat, where hung the gold key of a court chamberlain.

Success in Life.

It is a great mistake to measure a man's success by the wealth he accumulates. Some of the most unsuccessful men in the world, as men, have been and are the wealthiest. Socially and morally they were and are miserable failures. Rich men are rarely happy. They are so occupied with their possessions that they have no time to enjoy life. When they are not striving to get more they are troubled with fears of losing what they have, so they are ill at ease at all times. He who has reasonably good health, a clear conscience, and a disposition to enjoy life is the successful man. Therefore in choosing a profession or business the opportunities it affords for amassing wealth should not be the features considered. Is it respectable, healthful, pleasant, can it be made profitable to the world at large, and is it favorable to intellectual and moral growth? The avocation of life that yields these is all that can be asked, all that is necessary. Some men are so constituted, however, that they spit silver spoons out of their mouths as fast as they are put in. These are doomed to failure, and the only possible use they can be put to is posing as horrible examples and friendly warnings for those coming behind.

Truth's Contributors.

TYPHOID FEVER.

Nature of the Infection—How Produced and Propagated.

BY DR. CANNIFF, MEDICAL HEALTH OFFICER,
OF TORONTO.

The subject of typhoid and other forms of low fever is one of increasing importance. Typhoid fever, and low fevers with typhoid symptoms, are rarely absent from many communities; and yet they may be regarded as preventable diseases. It is not always possible for the physician to distinguish between genuine typhoid and certain febrile diseases, possessing sometimes a few, and sometimes most of the characteristic features of typhoid. Still, true typhoid is as distinct in its nature and origin as a potato is from a turnip. What then is typhoid fever? It is regarded by the medical scientists as a specific disease, due to specific germs planted in the human system which had their origin in a pre-existing case of typhoid fever. It has been shown in a former paper how difficult it often is to follow the track of the contagion of scarlet fever. It is far more difficult in typhoid to follow the often devious channel by which the seed is conveyed from one person to another. Still there is no difficulty in many cases to discern the very probable road which leads from one typhoid case to another.

Typhoid is not what is called a contagious disease. There is no evidence, and no reason to believe that the disease is ever contracted simply by contact with, or contiguity to, the affected person. Individuals do not catch the disease by entering the sick room. Even the nurse rarely takes the disease from the patient. Two or more of a family often have the disease, sometimes one after another; or the nurse may be stricken down with it; but in these cases all have become affected from a common source. The specific germs, the fruit of a case of typhoid, are not cast off by the lungs, nor the skin, nor the kidneys, although the excretions therefrom are impure, and inimical to health, making disinfection of them a necessity.

In the typhoid disease there is found, at a certain stage, ulceration in a certain portion of the bowels. Patches of ulcers form by the breaking down of small glands, with the adjoining mucus membrane. It is during this process that the typhoid germs are multiplied and developed.

These remarks clear the way for understanding the mode by which the germs are transmitted from individual to individual. Each case of typhoid usually produces a good harvest of germs, the seed of the disease. They are carried in the fecal matter, and with it cast out of the body. It will be well to notice here how important it is that the discharges should be promptly and thoroughly disinfected. The disinfectant used should be a germicide so powerful as to effectually destroy all vitality in the specific germs. When such disinfection is practiced all danger of propagating the disease is at once removed. But too often not only is disinfection neglected, or imperfectly done, but feces are deposited where the specific germs may in several ways, in course of time, find channels by which they again reach the human system. It is a matter calculated to excite disgust; but it is a recognized fact with which the public should become acquainted. The length of time before transmission from one to another is accomplished is often uncertain. The period is often so long that the connection between the two cases cannot be traced. The vitality of the germs is probably very great, and like vegetable seed may be inactive for a long time. If the discharges from a typhoid case are thrown into a privy-pit, it is very probable that the whole mass contained in the pit will become leavened. That this fertilized specific poison from privies frequently pollutes wells there can be no doubt; that it may contaminate food and milk is equally certain. But, perhaps, the typhoid discharge, without being disinfected, is thrown into a closet with water service, and is carried

away. Whether it shall become the parent seed of other typhoid cases will depend on circumstances. If it passes into a running stream it will, after a time, become so diluted as to render it innocuous. Should, however, any one drink a cup of water from the stream a short distance below the point where the sewer empties into the stream, he may in that cup have the typhoid germs in sufficient quantity and concentration to plant the disease in his system. Again, it is quite possible for the typhoid excreta to find its way by a more indirect route. For instance, the foul discharge from a typhoid patient is thrown, without being disinfected, into a water closet and carried by drain and sewer to, say the Toronto bay, where it is mixed with water already foul, so that the poison is unlikely to become diluted; on the contrary, it may find a place for further development. This specific poison may, under certain conditions of wind and weather, be carried out through the gap, and to the source of the water supply to the city. Or, what is more probable, by an accidental leak in the pipe which lies at the bottom of the bay, the poison may be sucked into the pipe and conveyed in the water to the reservoir, to be served to the citizens; and it may reach one or more in sufficiently concentrated forms to beget the disease. This is no doubt possible; but not very probable. The greater danger is contamination of the city water by sewage without the presence of typhoid germs, whereby various other ailments, as low and remittent fever, and diarrhoea are produced, and acute affections of all kinds made worse.

Typhoid fever finds entrance to the human system always by the mouth and stomach. We have seen that through the agency of drinking water the germs may obtain entrance to the system; but the food may constitute the vehicle by which they are carried into the stomach. Outbreaks of typhoid have been traced to milk which had been polluted by the excreta of a typhoid, either from the cows drinking affected water or by the use of such water in the dairy. Other articles of food may also be the vehicle of the germs. The typhoid excreta may become dry and then pulverized and be blown about so as to lodge on articles of food. And possibly, when thus floating in the air, a sufficient quantity may find lodgment in the mouth and then be carried into the stomach, to sow the seeds of typhoid.

By whatever means the typhoid germs reach the stomach, they pass with the aliment from the stomach without any known effect upon their vitality by that organ. There is no evidence that they are absorbed by the stomach. They pass along with the contents of the bowels until the point is reached where they find a suitable nidus for development, in the process of which the patches of ulcers form, of which mention was made.

True typhoid fever, the nature of which has been discussed, is often simulated, and up to a certain stage of the development of febrile affections no one can be sure of the type. It may form the subject of another paper to consider such forms of fever as bear resemblance to typhoid, and their causes and prevention.

The means by which typhoid may be prevented are sufficiently indicated above, as well as the mode and importance of disinfection.

Phrenology.

BY WALLACE MASON.

As the subject of phrenology is being more and more discussed, allow me to furnish you with a few facts connected therewith. Professor Daniel Wilson, in a recent paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, says:

"Consistently with the recognition of the brain as the organ of intellectual activity, it seems not unnatural to assume for man, as a rational animal, a very distinctive cerebral development. One of the most distinguished of living naturalists, Professor Owen, has even made this organ the basis of a system of classification, by means of which he separates man with a sub-class distinct from all other mammalia."

"No one, I presume," says Darwin, "doubts that the large size of the brain in man, relatively to his body, in comparison to that of the gorilla or orang, is closely connected with his higher mental powers."

In that very able and thoughtful paper,

Professor Wilson gives a great many measurements of the brain and skull from eminent authors, and although his figures clearly show that men with great mental power had always large brains, yet much of his data seems very puzzling, as it shows that many people having large heavy brains do not manifest a corresponding amount of mental ability. He clears this difficulty, however. The quality of the brain, he shows to be an important consideration, and in conclusion he says: "But it seems by no means improbable that certain marked distinctions in races may be traceable to the very fact of a prevailing difference in the specific gravity of the brain or of certain of its constitutional portions, to the greater or less complexity of its convolutions, and to the relative characteristics of the two hemispheres."

Now this is just the point the educated phrenologist insists on. The difference in quality of brain, the depth of the convolutions and its relative size in the different hemispheres, even Professor Wilson, who may or may not be an advocate of Phrenology, recognizes the fact that to the frontal region belongs the intellectual faculties. This being so, no matter how large the other portions of the brain may be, the mental being small, the individual possessor will not show much intellectual power. The faculties in the upper part of the head are the moral, in the back, social, and in the side the organs of force, or the ability to look after self. These are not judged of by "bumps," vulgarly so called, but by the length of brain from the medulla oblongata, which lies at the top of the spinal cord. There are, no doubt, many self-dubbed "Professors" who are simply bumpologists; who know nothing about anatomy or Physiology, but depend upon the credulity of mankind and bring the whole science into disrepute. Forty years ago there were many ignorant teachers; but that did not affect the great foundation truths in the least. A college is now in existence in New York, chartered by the State Legislature for the purpose of scientific instruction in phrenology, where students who have passed a course receive a diploma. This college is not under the management of O. S. Fowler, as many suppose, but is in the hands of a company, Mr. Fowler having separated from it over thirty years ago.

In reference to the *World's and Grip's* attack on Phrenology, it is an open secret that the almighty dollar, properly presented to the selfish propensities of their editors, would have a powerful effect in drawing their moral and intellectual faculties in favor of phrenology or any otherology.

The Golden Legend.

BY COL. D. WYLIE, BROCKVILLE.

In a recent paper for TRUTH something was said of the Legend of Nicodemus. Perhaps it may be of interest to your readers to learn of another legend which appears to have been more popular among the clergy of the fifteenth century than the sacred meetings. In 1483, Caxton, who stands first as a printer and publisher of his day, but who, it is said, never produced a Bible for fear of falling under the censure of the church, printed an edition of the *Golden Legend*. This work, he says, was "accomplished at the commandement and request of the noble and puyssaunte Erle, and my special good Lorde Wyllam, Erle of Arondel." This work has many wood cuts, and contains an account of all "the high and great fates of our Lord, the fates of our blessed Lady, the lives, passion, and miracles of St. George and many other saints." It is said by Dublin to be, without exception, one of the most elaborate, skilful, and magnificent specimens of printing ever issued from Caxton's press. There were three editions of the work printed. Three copies, in an imperfect state, are in the library, at Cambridge, but which of the three editions is not mentioned by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorn, who notices the fact.

At the beginning of the book, as well as the end, it is observed respecting the title, "The Golden Legend"—"for like as it passeth gold in value all other metals, so this legend

exceedeth all other books," superior, therefore, to the Holy Scriptures. In 1449, Walter, Lord Hungerford, bequeathed the legend to Margaret, wife of his son, to show how highly it was appreciated, and in the year 1655 the learned Claudio D'Espence was obliged to make a public recantation for calling the legend "Legend Ferreo"—or the Legend of Iron.

Baronius has given the lives of many apocryphal saints; for instance, of a Saint Nisioris, whom he calls a martyr of Antioch; but, it appears, Baronius, having read in Chrysostom this word, which signified couple or pair, he mistook it for the name of a saint, which never existed. This, it is said, is not an uncommon blunder, but then it is only fools who laugh. Let us here record another most extraordinary incident given as a legend. Two pious maidens, residents of a nunnery, the night of the nativity of Christ, after the mass, retired to a solitary spot till the second mass was sung. One asked the other, "Why do you want two cushions, while I have only one?" The other replied, "I would place it between us, for the child Jesus; as the evangelist says, where there are two or three persons assembled, I am in the midst of them." This being done, they sat down, feeling a most lively pleasure at their fancy; and there they remained from the nativity of Christ to that of St. John the Baptist, but this great interval of time passed with those saintly maidens as two hours would appear to others. The abbess and her nuns were alarmed at the absence, for no one could give any account of them. On the eve of St. John, a cowherd passing by them, beheld a beautiful child seated on a cushion between the pair of run-away nuns. By her they were found with the child playfully seated between them, who with blushing countenance inquired if the second bell had yet rung. All were astonished that the pair had been in the same place from the nativity of Jesus to that of St. John. The abbess asked them about the child which sat betwixt them, when they solemnly declared that they saw no child betwixt them, and persisted in their story. Such is one of the miracles of the "Golden Legend."

It is also recorded that monks imagined holiness was often proportioned to their own faithfulness. St. Ignatius, say they, delighted to appear abroad with old dirty shoes; he never used a comb, but let his hair clot, and religiously abstained from paring his nails. One saint attained to such piety as to have near three hundred patches on his breeches, which, after his death, were hung up in public as incentives. St. Francis discovered by certain experience that the devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, and one of their heroes declares that the purest souls are in the dirtiest bodies.

St. Macanuis, the Golden Legend relates, happened "to kill a flea that bit him," and when he saw the blood of the flea he repented, un-clothed himself, and went naked in the desert six months and suffered himself to be bitten by flies. It is also recorded that St. Austin, the apostle of England, arriving at Strode in Kent, was pelted from the town with the tails of fishes. For this treatment St. Austin called down the curse of the Almighty, and after that all the children born in the town had tails, till the inhabitants repented. The record ends thus, "but blessed be Gude, at this daye is no such deformyte."

A story from the English translation may entertain the reader, although he may question the lesson of morality taught. "There was a man who borrowed of a Jew a sum of money, and swore upon the altar of St. Nicholas that he would render and pay it again as soon as he might, and gave no other pledge. When the Jew, after waiting a long time, asked for payment, the borrower said he had paid him. The Jew took the man to law. The borrower was placed in the witness stand. He carried a hollow staff with him, in which the money was hidden. The staff he asked the Jew to hold while the borrower took the oath, receiving the staff back again. He then swore he had given the Jew more than he owed him. On his way home the borrower was run over and killed, and the staff broken, and the money scattered, which opened the Jew's eyes to the trick which had been played upon him. The people advised the Jew to take the money which was his. This he refused to do, but said that if, through the merits of St. Nicholas, the man was restored to life, he, the Jew, would become a Christian,

and be baptised." St. Nicholas' merits being thus appealed to, the man was restored and the Jew became a Christian. The letter is described in Belvo's Anecdotes of Literature. The curious may gather much interesting matter concerning the manners of the times from these singular narratives, which were much more sought after than the sacred Scriptures, from the fact that the clergy viewed the perusal of such works in preference to searching the Scriptures, as is seen in the mandate of Berthvor, Archbishop of Mentz, issued in 1486, against translating the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue.

The Poet's Page.

Why Truth Goes Naked.

BY R. D. GREEN.

Falsehood and Truth, "upon a time," One day in June—pellucid weather, ('Twas in a distant age and clime.) Like sisters took a walk together. On, on their merry way they took, Through fragrant wood and verdant meadow, To where a beech beside a brook Invited rest beneath its shadow. Now, while in voluble discourse, (On this and that their tongues were running, As habit had them speak—perforce The one is frank—the other cunning. Falsehood, at length impatient grown With scandals of her own creation, Said, "Since we two are quite alone, And nicely screened from observation, Suppose in this delightful rill, With all around us so propitious, We take a bath?" Said Truth, "I will—A bath, I'm sure, will be delicious!" At this her robe she cast aside, And in the stream that ran before her She plunged—like Ocean's happy bride—As naked as her mother bore her. Falsehood at leisure now undressed, Put off the robes the limbs that hamper. And having donned Truth's snowy vest, Ran off as fast as she could scamper. Since then the subtle maid, in sooth, Expert in lies and shrewd evasions, Has borne the honest name of Truth, And wears her clothes on all occasions; While Truth, disdainful to appear In falsehood's petticoat and bodice, Still braves all eyes from year to year, As naked as a marble goddess!

To Mary.

M. A. MAITLAND.

Sweet Mary, if this feeble pen Could all my dearest thoughts unfold, Nor slack nor stay, Till close of day, My love for thee would scarce be told. For as to storm-tossed barquo the star, That through the drifting cloud is seen, The light that lies Within thine eyes, Unto my longing soul hath been. To thee, dear love, within my heart I'll build a sacred, secret shrine; For here below, Too well I know, I may not be thy valentine. Stratford, Ont.

A Christian Home.

BY DR. MCLINTYK.

A Christian Home! no dearer words are known, On earth none heavenlier, and none more our own; For where its love-enclustered columns rise, All best affections, blended, meet our eyes. Of worldly strife the tumult and the din, Cross not the threshold as we enter in. The doubts and sceptic darkness gathering stern The light dispels; faith's golden years return, As when by sin unsoiled, from sorrow free, We said "Our Father" at a father's knee. All else has changed, youth's promise, manhood's too, To others hardened, to ourselves untrue. Life's treasures vainly lavished, lily lost; Too late to draw the stakes or count the cost! So kind, so pure, so noble I long ago We might have been I did the years find it so? But here lost youth returns, and manhood's powers For good, for purity, once more are ours. Here and forever, with no wish to roam We keep the kindred hope of Heaven and Home. Toronto

A Stranger.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

An old man went by the window, Shrunken and bent with care; He'd a scythe swung o'er his shoulder And white were his beard and hair. My little one earnestly watched him Up the hilly roadside climb— Then said, in a tone of conviction, "Mamma, that was Father Time!"

The Worker Gone.

J. A. KNOWLES.

Ambitious, o'er fretting, yet never regretting The weariness labor did cause; Content to work on till the prize he had won Of his fellowmen's grateful applause. And is it not right that those who stem fight And give up for our good their life's pleasure Should, when life's race is run, when the day's toll is done, Sleep smilingly, knowing the treasure Of a n'er dying fame, attached to their name, Will reward the discharge of their duty? And when laid in their grave no need be to crave A marble shaft carved into beauty. To attract to their life, amid earthly strife, Attention from each generation; Men will think oft with love of him who's above, So worthy of their veneration. Who told truth to their heart which n'er will depart, Since to them they have lessened life's sorrows; And their faces smile sweet as they hope him to greet Should God call them home on the morrow. Their griefs they'd forgot, in the songs which them taught, How to lay all their cares on Another, Who came down upon earth, to win by his birth, A share in men's grief as their brother, Toronto.

Sympathy.

BY R. D.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove, While each was in quest of a fugitive love; A river ran mournfully murmuring by, And they wept in its waters for sympathy. Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore, Oh, never was maid so deserted before,— "From life, and its woes let us instantly fly, And jump in together for sympathy!" At length spoke the lass, "twixt a smile and a tear, "The weather is cold for a watery bier, When the summer returns we may easily die; Till then let us sorrow in sympathy."

Temperance.

BY M. C.

Fatal effects of luxury and ease! We drink our poison, and we drink disease, Indulge our senses at our reason's cost, Till sense is pain, and reason hurt or lost. Not so, O temperance, bland when ruled by thee The brute's obedient, and the man is free. Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest, His veins not boiling from the midnight feast. Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes The joyful dawns of returning day, For which their grateful thanks the whole creation pay, All but the human brute: 'tis he alone, Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun, 'Tis to thy rules, O temperance! that we owe All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow; Vigor of body, purity of mind, Unclouded reason, sentiments refined, Unmixed, untainted joys without remorse, Th' intemperate sinner's never-falling curse.

"Gaudemus Ieritur."

GEORGE MURRAY.

Children of Folly I In harmony sing; Sour melancholy Away will we fling. Pleasure has never Caused tears to o'er flow: In our path ever Bright flowers it will sow.

Let us hereafter Abominate sighs— Only in laughter True happiness lies. Sweet is wooing Ere maidens are won— "Billings and cooing" Is excellent fun!

Old age is hurrying, Barren of sport; Let us cease worrying, Time is too short; All is uncertain, 'Tis vain to preface; To-morrow Death's curtain May drop o'er life's stage.

The Truth Seekers.

Eternal youth is pushing upwards still! Is the load lighter from the toll of ages? Does it get near the summit of the hill? And will ye toll on ever, O ye sages? When to the top the giant mass is taken Will it fall back and crush you? nay to know Perchance were worse than this sad work and pain, Push on! Push on! O mortals onward go! Immortal love is watching o'er each pang— Though ye are blind—from life's obscurity— When on the verge the quivering mass doth hang, Love will appear and your poor hearts be free! What do we know—if 'tis not love is near? What hope have we—but that love will awake The sullen surges of life's ocean drear, A glorious sunrise? Break, O morning, break!

And Thus a Gentle Woman's Life.

Down in our hawthorn meadow, where I sometimes stray, I hear a lone brook, out of breath, Running away To hide from all the prying eyes Of garish day, And, under covert reeds and rushes, Singing its lay.

Yet God's sweet sky beamed in its face And on it went; Music as out of wings and winds To it was lent; Fragrance of mountain and deep woods Was in its scent, And God's own flowers grew on its banks In glad content.

And thus a gentle woman's life Unknown abroad, May bless some still, secluded nook Been but of God— With tender flow of healing waves, By angels stirred, With fragrance of celestial bloom In deed and word, And music of the angel's harp, Set to life's chord.

The Signpost.

If you sit down at set of sun, And count the acts that you have done, And counting find One self denying act, one word That eased the heart of him who heard One glance most kind, That fell like sunshine where it went, Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the living day, You've cheered no heart by joy or nay; If through it all You've nothing done that you can trace That brought the sunshine to one face; No act most small, That helped some soul, and nothing lost, Then count that day as worse than lost.

Behind a Fan.

Just for a moment, in arch surprise, With brows uplifted in mock surprise, Comes one swift glance from saucy eyes Behind a fan.

Then sandal-wood and a bit of lace, Welded with artless airy grace, Securely guards a blushing face Behind a fan.

Ah, I love her! She knows how well I Does love for me in that bosom dwell? What fluttering thoughts now makes it swell Behind a fan?

O longing heart, cease throbbing so! She speaks, my love, so sweet and low 'Tnat I am sure she won't say "No" Behind the fan.

For Baby's Sake.

BY FRANK E. WATKIN.

Do you remember that morn in May, dear? Birds were singing and flowers a-glow; Out in the woods we kept the day, dear— Baby's birthday a year ago. Chasing the butterflies o'er the clover, Plucking the flowers a crown to make, For she was queen the whole world over, All was happy—for Baby's sake.

But the sunshine passed and the dark clouds drifted, Fell a shadow our lives between, And Baby's sweet little face was lifted, Wondering what could that shadow mean. "Father, kiss mother," Baby faltered; Oh, we wept till our hearts must break, As the old, old love came back unaltered, All forgiven—for Baby's sake.

Baby's gone to the golden weather, Over the shining mountain's brow; Through the dark mist we walk together, We have only each other now. Put your hands into mine and pray, dear, Pray that soon—morn will break, That God will be—us and show the way, dear, Safe into heaven—for Baby's sake.

The Monarch.

BY BIRCH ARNOLD.

Not he who leads the conquering host, Nor mounts the highest throne, Nor wins the loudest praise of man, Though he achieve alone.

Not he who braves the battle's front, When treason fierce assails, And dare's the deadly cannon's mouth, When only hope prevails.

Nor he who smites with all his powers The falsity of heart, That lurks in subtle reasonings, Or smiles in fancied art.

But he who strikes the foe truth, The part of self that keeps The noble aspirations drowned In mournful Lotus sleeps.

Who hears afar the angels call, And Titan-like he strives, Until, in mortal agony, He reads the iron gyves,

And stands at last a soul confessed, Unfettered, free, and grand; The victor over self, becomes The greatest monarch of the land.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

BY FANNY BARROW.

Golden head so lowly bending, Little feet so white and bare, Dewy eyes—half shut, half opened Lying out her evening prayer. Well she knows what she is saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep," 'Tis to God that she is praying, Praying him her "soul to keep."

Half asleep—and murmuring faintly "If I should die before I wake," Tiny fingers clasped so faintly, "I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken, Of the soul who wrote that prayer Children's myriad voices, floating Up to heaven, record it there.

If of all that has been written, I could choose what might be mine, It should be that child's petition, Itself to the throne divine.

When at last the words are uttered, "Faith to earth, dust to dust," My freed soul, on faith uplifted, Faith, and hope, and perfect trust.

Would approach Him, humbly praying, All the children clustering round— "Jesus—Father—take Thy servant, Give to her Thy children's crown."

Love is Blind.

BY H. L. WATSON.

Said the ancients "Love is blind"— Never you believe it! 'Tis a fiction most refined Can you not perceive it? Meant to charm away all fear, 'Tis a tribute to the ear.

Love is known to be a wit; When his straying fingers Over idle eyelids fit, An illusion lingers— By some magic undefined, Preato is love's victim blind.

Caliban instantly wears All Apollo's graces— Vanity assumes sweet airs, And deceit grimaces; For the eyes that cupid closes Never know the weeds from roses.

Dawn.

On the upturned face of the quivering sea Shimmered the dawn; White bars of light stole up in the sky, And the night was gone.

Was gone—with the fear of a followed dawn, To find in the shades of the forest glades A safe retreat.

The legions of stars that had w tched wearily Crept out of sight; Uprose the helm of advancing Day, And fast fled the Night.

A fresh wind blew from the edge of the sea, From the gates of the East, That plashed the tide on the feet of the land, And in the light increased.

And the glittering tips of a myriad spears Shot up from the sea, With guldons and pennants and lances of light— A splendor to see.

A hundred flags were upheld in the sky, And unfolded there— Banners of light that glimmered and gleamed In the morning air.

Then from the glowing East uprose The kindly sun, And the sea grew gold as a stool for his feet To rest upon.

Fishing.

KELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Maybe this is fun, sitting in the sun, With a book and parasol, as my angler wishes While he dips his line in the ocean brine, Under the delusion that his bait will catch the fishes.

'Tis romantic—yes! but I must confess Thoughts of shady rooms at home somehow seems more inviting. But I dare not move. "Quiet there, my love," Says my angler, "for I think a monstrous fish is biting."

Oh, of course it's bliss, still how hot it is! And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder every minute, While my fisher waits, trying various bait, But the basket by his side, I see, has nothing in it.

It is just the way to pass a July day Arcadian and sentimental, dreamy, idle, charming. But how fierce the sunlight falls, and the way that insects crawl Along my neck and down my back is really quite alarming.

"Any luck?" I gently asked of the angler at his task, "There's something pulling at the line," he said, "I've almost caught it."

But when, with a bilated face, we our homeward steps retraced, We take the little basket just as empty as we brought it.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XLIV.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon,
How restlessly they speed and gleam and quiver,
Striking the darkness radiantly!—Yes, soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever."
SHILLER.

As they went back to the cottage over the sun-kissed hills, while the valleys lay in shadow, going along the very track the two sisters from the cottage over yonder had paced so often on Sundays, Joy leaned more heavily than usual on Blyth's arm. She had sat up the last three nights with Rachel, against Hannah's entreaties, unable to sleep with thoughts of her mother's fate. Her springy step was vanished. For the first time in her life she felt tired out in mind and body.

Both were silent, their thoughts oppressed by the late scene they had left. Then Joy's eyes began to wander; gazing over the swells of moorland to where, in the heart of these, lay the dangerous quagmires and boggy grounds she had only heard of as impassable to human footsteps.

"Blyth I could my mother have strayed up there?" she asked pointing and drawing nearer to him, with horror of the thought. "I feel as if I would like to go away yonder with you now, and search, a search till I dropped down, unable to stir—or till I had found her."

"Joy, my dearest, you would not find her there. Our men are still searching; but, if alive, she must have wandered farther. If not—"

He broke off; but the poor girl understood the remainder.

If dead, those greenly treacherous bogs up yonder never gave up their prey; but the sundew would blossom, and the cotton grass wave over their pit, falls as if no harm to any creatures of God's earth lay hidden under the treacherous surface.

She began again presently.

"There is something on my mind to tell you, dear Blyth. It may be nothing, and yet—I wonder—could Steenie Hawkshaw have seen my mother after she left me at the farm?"

Blyth started violently, almost guiltily; then controlling himself asked.

"What makes you think that?"

"Think it, no; not that exactly. But there is a curious feeling on my mind that it might be so. To explain it a little, for it is only a fancy, I must tell you something that happened, Blyth the night of the storm after you left us."

Then Joy, faltering, with a modest country maiden's feeling, who does not think it right to boast her conquests, told of young Hawkshaw's words to her in the hut, and his anger at the revelation of who her mother was.

"Exactly. I thought as much," assented Blyth, with a curious reluctance to enter further into the subject; and as if that ended all to be said.

"But stay, you don't see; you can't understand," pursued Joy. "I told you a little of what she said to me that dreadful morning when I saw her last, but not all. There was something more; but all that day I could not tell you for it did not seem to matter, and you were so busy at the farm with the police. And ever since you have been searching these three nights and two long days. Oh, what years those hours have seemed! She was very angry, as I told you, to hear of our engagement, and cried out she had always meant me for young Hawkshaw, and urged and ordered me to have him instead of listening to what I said. I did not like before to tell you all her ravings, poor dear."

"Tell me now," said Blyth, in a suppressed, deeper voice than usual. "I have had something to tell you also, but it will keep a while."

To abbreviate the questioning and answers with which these two lovers naturally broke Joy's discourse, it may now be told without these interruptions, which one invited and the other gave, not necessarily, but in proof of mutual sympathy and affection.

On that sunny morning, then, when all nature seemed rejoicing, and the hay-making was in full swing in the meadows, Joy, finding Blyth an even old Hannah unaccountably absent (about their various work, no doubt, she thought), had betaken herself to a favorite occupation of nailing up some creepers, everlasting sweet-pea and morn-

ing glories, in the garden. As she gayly hammered her own pretty nails often enough, instead of the iron ones, she was singing at the top of her voice, while standing on a step-ladder.

Thus, being deaf to all around her, Joy all at once felt the ladder violently shaken, and looking down alarmed, while catching at the creepers for support, saw with infinite amazement, her mother.

Magdalen had never been inside the farm-gates all these years. She was no longer looking round alighted for fear of any stranger, however, but exclaimed, as if in extreme haste and impatience,

"Come down at once. Joy, come down. You made such a noise I could not get you to hear me. I want to speak to you immediately! Immediately!"

"Seeing the glitter of her mother's eye, and feeling the strangeness of this visit, Joy got quickly down, and, quietly taking her hand, endeavored to lead Magdalen into the parlor.

"We shall be alone there," she said, "the farm-servants often come by here, and you won't wish them to hear and you won't wish them to hear us."

But Magdalen resisted.

"Let all the world hear me; the world, and all that is therein! I fear nobody and nothing," she exclaimed in a loud voice looking defiantly, although wrapping her cloak about her with a secret air. "The devil is dead, child; he was drowned last night in the Chan. I went to get some water for poor Rachel this morning, and saw him lying there in the Deadman's Pool. Then I took to my heels, and ran down here to tell you."

"Oh, come into the house, mother, dear," implored Joy, to whom it was dreadful that this frenzied talk, as she believed it, should be overheard; and looking round in agony.

"Ha! you are cunning, I see. Yes, yes, as you are his child, it is wiser of you. I can be careful, too?" said Magdalen, whispering now, and sitting down on the bench in the porch, drawing Joy close beside her, with a tenacious grasp, wonderful in those slim fingers. "You think me mad, child, but I'm not. See, here is the little can I took, and this some of the water he was baptized in. Was he washed from his sins, do you think? I hope he was, but still I don't—oh, I don't want to meet him in heaven!"

With difficulty Joy persuaded her mother to allow her arm to be relieved of the can's weight, while still Magdalen kept her cloak closely huddled about her. But she went on more coherently, telling how that, as Joy knew, Da Silva, her father, was a convict; nay, more that he had been only some fourteen miles away all these years, in the moor-prison. She acted, unconsciously, the scene of his entering the cottage with such vividness, giving even the smallest details of her own and Rachel's behavior at first so naturally, that a sudden revelation that here was no insanity came upon Joy, and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed.

"Merciful heavens! it is true, then. Go on, go on, mother! Tell me all."

"What is there so much more to tell?" returned Magdalen, pausing suspiciously at once on being urged. "He mistook the ford last night, and is drowned; and we are free, free as the birds, now!"

Then she went on, rubbing the palm of her hand restlessly to and fro on her knee.

"I didn't kill him; no, I didn't, though I thought I would. And then he tried to kill us instead. Is that divine justice? Rachel is very ill now—she saved me from being stabbed by him. He always liked her best. There, now, be calm; do be quiet, Joy!" for the girl sprang up, horrified, with entreaties to know the worst about her aunt Rachel.

"She had to stay very quiet yesterday, and the fog made her worse; but now you shall nurse her. I was good at that."

"But him—the body! I must find Blyth at once, and he will help us," cried out Joy distracted.

"Blyth, indeed. No, you shall not tell him. I don't like him; from this time forth you shall not speak to him. A mere farmer's son and not fit company for you."

"Oh, mother! I am going to marry him—I have promised him," burst from Joy's lips,

who felt pained and vexed, even while suffering so much greater agony, to hear her Blyth underated.

"Marry him! now—now that we are free!" shrieked Magdalen, stretching out her arm and shaking her clenched hand against her child in violent denunciation. "You shall not do it—never! never! you will not dare to brave my curse by crossing me. I mean you to marry young Hawkshaw, and be a lady, and mistress of the Barton. I can come and visit you there, and we will travel and be gay and rich, and visit London and Paris again; but I could not condescend to enter a mere farm like this."

The poor soul looked round with a lofty air at the pretty Red House in its homely garden, and the fair view before her of the Chad valley and the fair hills around.

"Aunt Rachel had always wished it. Oh, mother, he and I have grown up together as if meant for each other," faltered Joy feeling cold with the dread of another dark cloud of evil drawing over her. "And as to Steenie Hawkshaw, dear, don't think of him. He does not want me for a wife. Blyth Berrington is too noble to mind my parentage; young Hawkshaw would."

Magdalen doubled herself up, rocking back and forward with a whimpering cry.

"All against me to thwart my wishes, you and Rachel, and even this young fellow. But no, he did want you; it must be some mismanagement. Go and tell him your father is no more, child. Say you will be rich, you will have a fortune. Men love gold; gold-mines is what they all want."

Joy pleaded, soothed, tried to reason with her.

"How can I beg a young man to marry me, dear mother? You love me, you love Aunt Rachel; do not make us both unhappy even to please yourself."

"Yes, yes, poor Rachel—of course. But still—oh, I do want to have my own way at last!" Magdalen returned, weeping in a low hysterical way, pitifully, like a vexed child.

"Such a miserable life as I have led, chained all these years under that great rock in the glen, fettered by fears. Rachel is a saint of goodness, but she always liked being dull. And now, if you marry your country clown, she will want me to settle down like herself into feeling a grandmother, I know; and will only be happy knitting socks for your babies, with no more change of life than an old tree. No, trees put off their leaves in winter, that's their change; we are more like sheep; just a woolly shawl on and a little miserable weather in winter—no other difference between the seasons."

"Mother, mother, only think that all this time we are leaving Aunt Rachel alone, and she so ill! We can talk of all this later; there is no hurry," implored Joy, in accents of the most agonized haste and distress, only controlled by fears of exciting her mother too much, even in a right direction.

"Would you give up your Blyth if young Hawkshaw did still ask you to be his wife?" Magdalen reiterated, only partly heeding her daughter.

"What does it matter whether I say yes or not? He will never ask me. Oh, mother, mother, let me go! Come yourself. Remember how often she has nursed you."

The last words seemed to restore Magdalen to some sense of the real situation of matters about her. She rose too, and said in a nervous, hurried voice.

"Don't think ill of me, dear child. There is no one like Rachel; but I do so hate sickness. I was with her all yesterday, and did my best, indeed" (that was true), "but now I feel so tired of being mowed up in the cottage. I want a little fresh air and liberty. Do you go to your aunt; promise me not to leave her till I come back, for I will only just ramble for a little way, and then return. Promise me."

So Joy promised, with hurried beseeching to her mother not to be late; then sought Blyth and Hannah with vainly flying footsteps till she heard from the servant-maid they had gone up the glen. Thither she sped after them, supposing they had heard the news; and avoiding the Chad and the sight of any human being on the farm, for she felt branded as a convict's daughter. It was her own father who had twice attempted escape, and who lay somewhere near—if not committed, murder in his drowned.

"Do you think she could possibly have tried to see Steenie Hawkshaw? Is it any clue?" asked poor Joy of Blyth, with anxious half-shame at her own idea, when she had ended.

"Yes, dear, we found that clue," said

Blyth, slowly and heavily. He felt himself a brute, well-nigh, in his inability to break the truth to her so gently as he could have wished.

Nevertheless, she was dimly aware of some of the great kindness and pity in his bosom as she grasped his arm closely now, trembling.

"We found she was seen going to the Barton, where she asked to speak to Steenie. Don't be hurt, dearest; but, whatever passed between them, he seems to have been rude, and insulting." (Blyth had some ado to say this quietly, though his face took a grim, sternly set expression.) "Anyhow, she was next seen hurrying out of the Barton gate, and taking her way up the hills as fast as possible, and over the moor. She may have passed across the Moortown road, and gone higher still. No one has seen her since."

"Is that all you have to tell me?" asked Joy, with suppressed passion that made lightning of her eyes, while her throat tightened and her heart beat violently.

"That is all I need tell you."

"Then it is his fault—young Hawkshaw's fault," said the girl fiercely, her quick Southern blood asserting itself.

"Blyth, for an answer, passed his arm round her waist and imprisoned both her hands in his, as if to keep her still! Then, looking down closely at her, he said,

"Remember your battles are mine, dear, so far as a man can rightly and lawfully fight them for you. Steenie Hawkshaw is ashamed enough now of his conduct, you may be fairly sure."

"But that is not enough. Ashamed I want him to be hurt too, remorseful punished as he deserves!" breathed the girl, passionately, stamping her foot.

"That vengeance is not ours; wait!" said the young man, with a stern inner belief that what sins are not otherwise righted surely avenge themselves by natural laws of cause and effect. Then, in a changed tone of sudden surprise, he exclaimed,

"Look! see! what is that?"

They had reached the brow of the moors immediately above Cold-home, and down in the glen they now perceived a crowd of little beings darting round the cottage hither and thither. A school seemed broken loose and run, as if in play-hour.

Not pausing to ask each other what such an unusual event might mean, only knowing it portended some news, whether good or ill, both ran down the path towards Cold-home at their utmost speed.

CHAPTER XLV.

"I'mna play at stane- chucking,
Nor will I play at ba',
But I will gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll warssell a fa',
They warred up, they warred down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of Willie's pouch
And gae him a deadly wound."

Old Ballad

If Blyth had not told Joy all the details of her mother's visit to Barton, it was a pious fraud. The truth he kept back was as follows:

When he heard the rumors of Poor Magdalen having been seen at Hawkshaw's it was the second day of the painful quest, and Blyth was then on the moor with one of the scattered search-parties. He galloped off on good Brownberry in hot haste to the Barton, eager to ascertain more, and suspecting no ill there.

Blyth saw old Hawkshaw, distinctly, shambling behind the close clipped cherry-laured hedges, in what he was pleased to call his little pleasure ground (an enop grass-plot.) The old man must have recognized Blyth also, but disappeared into the house. The Barton had been rebuilt, and was now a pretentious sort of small villa, with whitewashed walls and a sickly "puzzle monkey" shrub or two edging its curving gravelled walk, or a few yards in length, in a forlorn manner. Tying Brownberry to the gate, Blyth pulled the bell at the front-door for some minutes without seeing or hearing a sign of life on the premises. Provoked at thus losing time, he strode round to the yard behind, equally empty, and there hammered so soundly at fastened kitchen-door that the echoes resounded. A mongrel sort of mastiff and a lurcher hereupon tore at their chains and howled at him, till their throats must have been sore.

At last came a rasping sound in answer. A rusty window was opened overhead, and a crows put her head out to ask what he wanted. But hardly waiting for

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young Berrington's explanations, she bade him go off; him and his search-parties be drafted! Her master said they would get no satisfaction from him, and advised the Berringtons, father and son, to try to find some wits for themselves before hunting the moors for a crazy beggar woman who never had any.

The window closed again with a snap, and Blyth was left alone.

He went off repulsed and chafed now, all the more resolved to inquire closely or bring the police. But at a wretched cottage by the roadside belonging to old Hawkshaw he got his information. A woman therein, smarting under notice of dismissal from her landlord, told how she had felt curious on seeing one of the visit sisters stealthily hurrying by cloaked and hooded, with an excited air as if afraid of being seen, and watched her going in at the Barton gate. This was so odd that the woman caught up her baby and went out to see what next might happen, wishing also to have a better look at one of the strange recluses whom she had never seen near. She had not waited a few moments when a terrible noise was heard inside the house. Steenie Hawkshaw appeared, pushing out the poor mad-woman, who resisted, clinging to him, and shrieking out entreaties to be heard. Old Hawkshaw stood by, roaring with laughter at the fun. Suddenly ceasing her impertinencies, Magdalen collected herself and walked to the gate with the dignity of the finest lady in the land. Then, stopping short and raising her arm like a play-actress, she pronounced words of such an awful curse upon the inmates of the house that the poor laborer's wife, listening, declared her blood ran cold! Even Blyth was appalled, hearing the anathemas but partly repeated; denunciation which in all her life she might swear Magdalen never could have heard. It was enough to make him believe in the old doctrine of possession, and that the den on with the frail, delicate form had cried out, not she herself. What followed was as terrible in a different way. Young Steenie then shouted out he would let his dogs upon her. And unfastening the iron house-dogs, although holding them by their chains, he called out two or three terriers from the stable, hissing them at Magdalen, and following them up himself with half-tipsy, brutal mirth. Screaming, the unhappy woman fled as for her life down the road, on and on, followed by the posse, snapping, yelping, barking at her heels; besides jeered by a troop of small urchins such as seem to spring up from the earth on all occasions of unusual events.

"The terriers didn't bite her, but law! she had the heart as frightened in her body as if they had," said the woman. "And if Steenie had not held in the big dogs with all his might, they would have torn her to bits."

Then in desperation, as it seemed, Magdalen climbed up the hillside that there led steeply to the moors, and so presently the chase dropped. That was all.

Blyth, on hearing this, only asked, "Where might Stephen Hawkshaw be likely found?"

The women said at the inn of Drewston (a little village popularly supposed to be called as a corruption of Druid's) that

Thither went Blyth, and Brownberry's reckless sides showed the paces as he drew beside after a mile and half's gallop. The inn then boasted a rickety billiard-table, which, however wretched, was a chief attraction to young Hawkshaw and a few other idle spirits lower in the social scale than himself. For he loved to be king of his company at times, or, as he expressed it, "cock of the walk." He was taking an afternoon drink at the bar now, with some of these companions, when Berrington came and curtly asked him for a few moments' private conversation. Hawkshaw returned rudely he wanted to hear nothing from him, or himself to say anything to him.

"Are you afraid of what I may have to say?" said Blyth, low, seeing his enemy gazed under his eye; being indeed tormented by visions he was trying to drown in drink of a dead woman lying in the bogs.

"Afraid?"

Hawkshaw fired up at that, and looked round for admiring scorn of such a charge from his backers, but out of respect for Blyth's request, whose favor it was not unwise to conciliate, they had all retired a few steps aside.

Seeking to command his temper, Blyth

demanded to know for what cause Steenie had turned out of his house, two days ago, the poor woman now lost on the moors.

"For what? Because she came and nearly worried the life and soul out of me. Would you like to know why she came, eh?"

And, exulting in the opportunity of giving a nasty wound to his successful rival Steenie jeeringly went on,

"You'll be interested, so I'll tell you as a kindness. She came to beg me to marry her daughter—there I wanted to bribe me with ravings of gold she would give me; ha, ha! I wish you good luck of your mother-in-law, if you find her."

"Hold your tongue, I advise you, since you may be responsible before God for her death," said Blyth in a tone so stern it brought a horrible conviction of guilt for a moment to his hearer's brain, though inflamed and confused by drink. Then adding, "You neither know who she was or what she was," he moved towards the door round which the men were grouped.

But Hawkshaw yelled after him, striking his fist on the bar among the glasses,

"What is that you say? Stop a bit—I'll tell you before these gentlemen here. Says I don't know who the old mad-woman is that he is hunting for through the country. Well, she called herself by the name of Steenie, and she's own mother to Miss Joy Haythorn, so-called, up at the Red House, who is said to be engaged, or likely to be, to our neighbor, Mr. Blyth Berrington here, and I wish him much joy of her. And as to what the old witch was—"

He uttered some coarse expressions, on which Blyth turning sharply back, caught him near the throat, and ordered him to take back his own words as a foul lie. Stephen wrestled violently. Stronger by far though Blyth was his opponent was muscular and quick as a panther. A few seconds the bystanders watched the struggle with breathless interest, then as Stephen, gasping still refused to retract his words, Berrington (having foreseen some such likely emergency) gave him a severe hasting with the short ridding whip he carried stuck in his pockets, then walked out of the inn, and rode away. In two days the fame of this exploit went far and near. Only Joy did not hear of it.

But ill-deadabred emulation still more than good ones, unhappily. And one of the boys who saw Hawkshaw chasing poor Magdalen it was that now had been fired to organize the raid on the cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mons Meg.

This cannon, exhibited at Edinburgh Castle, was fashioned at Mons, in Flanders, about the time of James IV. "This gun," says Scott in or of his notes to *Rob Roy*, "figures frequently in the public accounts of the time, where we find charges to grease Mag's mouth, withal ribands to deck her carriage, and pipes to play before her when she was brought from the castle to accompany the Scottish army on a distant expedition." "After the Union," continues Sir Walter, "there was much popular apprehension that the regalia of Scotland, and the subordinate Palladium, Mons Meg, would be carried to England to complete the odious surrender of national independence. As for Mons Meg, she remained in the Castle of Edinburgh till by order of the Board of Ordnance, she was removed to Woolwich about 1757. And in this very winter of 1828-9 she has been restored to the country where that, which in any other place or situation would be a mere mass of rusty iron, becomes once more a curious monument of antiquity."

NEW PUBLICATION.

The Methodist Annual is the title of a most comprehensive little work published and for sale by the Methodist Book and Publishing House, No. 78 & 80, King street east. The information concerning every branch of the Methodist Church in Canada, is most complete. Nothing, in short, appears to be omitted, and statistics are given concerning the church, not only in the Dominion of Canada but in various parts of the world. The little volume contains, in addition, much useful and miscellaneous information, and is altogether a good book of reference to have at one's elbow.

Household Superstitions.

"If you wish to thrive,
Let a spider run alive,"

Is an old household saying that many of us, when children, paid strict attention to, but now when we see a little black weaver running his thread amongst our bric-a-brac we dislodge him to the more modern words

"If you wish to thrive,
And with happy people bide,
Let your house be swept by three—
One to dust, one to tide,
And one to see no spider runs alive."

And so the old superstitions of our childhood are gradually disappearing, although there are many well-bred and educated people who, in spite of their reason, tremble at the breaking of a looking-glass or the upsetting of the salt-cellar, and would on no account cut their finger-nails on Friday. But when we remember that in Italy salt-spilling is never noticed, but a drop of oil is considered an omen of the worst kind, and there are people who not only pare their nails on Friday, but date all the fortunate events of their lives from that day of the week, we are easily led to believe that most superstitions have their origin in some social custom or act of usefulness, just as passing the salt in one country is a sign of sorrow, and in another friendship. The usefulness of many superstitions can easily be proven; for instance, a lady who was greatly annoyed by the carelessness of her pantry-maid said to her one day, "Maggie, you will never have a day's luck as long as you put the dishes away half wiped," meaning that she would never be able to keep her home if she neglected her work; but Maggie saw it in altogether a different light, and ever after attributed any trouble she had to a soiled dish that had escaped her notice. The feeling, also, which prompts a Scotch lass not only to clean her hearth before retiring for the night, but to carefully set the broom on end, is both a useful and economical superstition.

There is an old English rhyme which says that it is very unlucky to buy a broom in May, and declares that

"Brooms bought in May
Sweep the family away."

Donna forget the auld broom in changing your residence, or lend it to a stranger. It is thought to be annoying luck to step over a broom, and great good luck to accidentally walk under one. In Lancashire, England, there is an old custom or superstition, which is still observed, of taking a Bible, salt, and a little oatmeal into a new house. The first is emblematical of a good foundation, and the salt and oatmeal of plenty. Everywhere you will find the right-foot-forward superstition, especially on entering a new home; but should you be so fortunate as to enter a house for the first time well dressed, good luck is absolutely assured you. The parlor bell ringing while the clock is striking, the kitchen fire found alight in the morning, and the rocking of an empty chair are all signs of anger.

If the fire goes out just after it has been lit, your sweetheart is cross; if it burns brightly, he is in a good temper; if soot hangs on the bar of the grate and falls outward, he is coming; and should a coal drop immediately after, you can tell by its shape what he will bring. The misplacing of the shovel and tongs is a sign of jollity, but the falling out of the grate, the breaking of a dog-iron, and the spilling of coal are all bad omens. If you are thinking of any one and the fire suddenly blazes, it is sure evidence that the compliment is returned. If you wish for anything very much, poke the fire for fifteen minutes and think of your wish and nothing but your wish, and it is said you will surely get it.

It is unlucky to leave dirty water in the kitchen overnight, or the chairs and tables out of place. In Scotland the loss of a dish-cloth is equivalent to finding another home, and the accidental burning of a sheet or towel is the forerunner of sickness; it is also the greatest sign of ill luck either to

throw at or in any way touch a person with the dish-cloth.

Trouble attends those who burn green vegetables or bread; and in buying onions always go in at one door and out at another. Onions bought in this way, and placed under your pillow on St. Thomas's eve (December 21), will reveal to you your future husband. It is not good for soap to slip from the hand while using it, and it is equally unlucky to allow a lamp to burn out in utter forgetfulness. A sure sign of disappointment is to light a match and have it go out. If you break one dish, you will surely break three. Words spoken backward is a sign of company, and the accidental slamming of a door or window, of unpleasant company. A cup of tea and the salt-cellar afford innumerable signs of coming fortune. For good luck demands that the salt-cellar should always be clean and well filled; that you should never lend or borrow salt; that the salt-box must never be allowed to get entirely empty; that before using salt from a fresh box some of it must be burned; that salt which has fallen to the floor should not be used; that to exchange salt-cellars with a neighbor at table unbeknown to him, or to use his salt accidentally, is a sure sign that you will become fast friends. Be careful not to spill salt on Friday. It is possible to avert evil on any other day by throwing a bit over the left shoulder. Never give an old salt-box away, or leave it for others to use. If you wish to make a person think of you, burn salt, repeating his name; and never forget that the person who has once eaten salt with you is, no matter what he has done, lucky to speak of kindly.

If we know anything at all about "tea-cup-ology"—the name given by a Boston girl for peering into the future through a tea-cup—the temptation to practice it is irresistible. One of the commonest of signs are the little white bubbles which all declare to represent money. Do not let it melt away, but catch and drink it. A tea stalk floating on the top of a cup of tea indicates visitors; if it is soft, your company will be a lady; if hard, a gentleman. If a lady places the wet stalk on the back of the left hand, and strikes it with the fingers of the right, and it lies off at the first blow, they are coming in a day, at the second blow, in two days, and so on. If a gentleman, stir the tea bruskiy, and plant the spoon upright in the middle of the cup, holding it quite still, if the stalk is attracted to the spoon, he will come that day. A long or short stalk will determine the height of the expected visitor, and you may tell how long he will stay by balancing the spoon on the edge of the cup, and seeing how many drops of tea you can make it hold without upsetting. Tea drops counted in this way will also foretell the number of years before you will marry. In counting for your visitor, you may call the drops hours, days, weeks, or months. It is also a sign of company to forget to put the lid of the tea-pot on after the tea is made; and on no account must you put the milk into your tea before the sugar, or you will be crossed in love. If a fly fall into a glass or cup from which any one is or has been drinking, he or she will have good luck. It used to be thought not only ill-mannered, but a sign of bad-felting, for a visitor not to invert his tea-cup on leaving the table. Every one in the house must stir the Christmas pudding, beginning with the oldest, even if she be a servant. Do not sit on the edge of a table or trunk, else you will be disappointed.

If you wish to rise in the world, cut the top side of the loaf of bread first, and cut clean and even. Four slices of toast is the smallest quantity that can be made for luck. A good Catholic will always cross his knife and fork, although it is considered a bad sign to find your knife and fork crossed. To get a torn napkin at table foretells a fortunate journey, and the upsetting of wine or water a surprise. Do not eat a piece of bread or meat that has fallen to the floor in being passed to you, and on no account drink water that is given to you with a scowl. It is never unlucky to say "thank you," and the old rhyme of our grandmother that

"A clean house and smiling face
Bring right good luck to any place"

is a superstition that no one can find fault with.

Old-fashioned rings set with crystals, which were fashionable in our grandmothers' day, have again appeared.

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. An information gladly received. Address T. W. CASEY, G. W. S., Editor, Napanee, Ont.

Praying for Papa.

A few nights ago a well-known citizen, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet.

His young wife had besought him with imporing eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-timostories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries of the father of evil advances at such times from his credit fund, and went his way. But when he was a few blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it, without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet, there was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chilly, and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight knelt his child at the mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips whispered each word with distinctness, the father listened, spell bound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep: If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gate had long ago barred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; she heard her "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—and there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," prompted the mother softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one. "And—please send him home sober"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in clear, inspired tone: "God bless—papa—and—please—send—him—home—sober—Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon.

But that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mama, God answers most as quick as a telephone, doesn't he?"

The Royal Templars.

The annual meeting of the Grand Council of Royal Templars was held in the Temperance Hall, in this city, last week, and was well attended, representatives being present from the various organizations throughout the Province. The organization is one founded on total abstinence, with a special mutual benefit arrangement for the members, assuring money payments in case of sickness or death. Fair progress is reported during the past year, and the finances are in good condition. The following well known temperance workers were elected the officers for the coming year:—

G. Councillor, J. H. Flagg, Mitchell, V. C., Rev. H. Burns, Cannington; G. Chaplain, Rev. J. R. Gundy, Ridgeway; G. Sec., J. H. Laud, Hamilton; G. T., J. Cornell, Lyndon; G. Herald, Geo. Young, Trenton; D. H., W. Ross, Port Perry; G. Guard, I. Buchannan, Wingham; Sentinel, Thomas McKinney, Thornbury; Trustees, Rev. A. M. Phillips, Galt; James Hughes, Toronto; J. G. Y. Burkholder, Hamilton; Medical Examiner, Dr. V. C. Emory, Hamilton; P. G. C., Rev. J. Kay, Thorold. Mr. W. W. Buchanan, of Hamilton, has been appointed as general agent for the Province.

Col. Hickman.

Col. Hickman has been addressing meetings in various parts of the Province during this month, with very fair success, though the cold rough weather has been much against him. At Parkdale on Thursday evening of last week a pleasant meeting was held and an excellent address was given; James Johnston, Esq., occupied the chair. Arrangements are being made for two or three meetings on his return. Col. Hickman is now in the vicinity of Napanee, where meetings are being held each evening. After this week the appointments are as follows, so far as yet made:—

Bath, Sunday 22nd; Belleville, 23rd; Deseronto, 24th, Brockville, 25th and 26th; Merrickville, 27th; some meetings in Carlton County next that. Any parties desiring his services will please write to T. Lawless, G. W. C., Napanee.

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE NATION'S VICE.—A very valuable addition to temperance literature has been made by the publication of an elaborate work entitled "The Nation's Vice," from the pen of the late Dr. Grindrod, of England. It has been published since his death. In it he states that there are, in London, ten thousand drink shops, attended by half a million of customers. Large as these figures appear they are probably under the mark than above it.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.—Dr. M'Murtry, of Belfast, in his paper read before the Liverpool Temperance Congress, on "The Wise Physician's Attitude towards Alcohol," says:—I have not found it necessary to prescribe alcohol above half a dozen times during the last fifteen years, and that he has, always given it "pure, of known strength, in fixed doses, and at well-defined intervals, carefully watching its effects, withdrawing it as soon as the need for it has ceased, and adopting every other precaution against mischief from its use." We would be glad if our friends would take a note of this and mention it to their medical men if occasion requires it.

THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.—The Irish League Journal says:—St. Bernard was a wise and benevolent man. He had three questions which he asked regarding everything about which he had any doubt. Now, not many are fully convinced that using alcohol is wrong, nor do they think that it is right to abstain from it. They hesitate what to do. St. Bernard's three questions would help them out of their difficulty, if rightly used. 1. Is it lawful—May I (drink) and not sin? 2. Is it becoming in me as a Christian (to drink). 3. Is it expedient (to drink)? May I do it and not offend my weak brothers? An honest, prayerful use of these questions, when tempted or asked to take intoxicants, would save many from ruin and strengthen many who are weak.

A SEVERE TEST.—The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"We publish elsewhere our first notice of George Elliot's Life considered in its personal aspect. We cannot resist the temptation of at once transferring to our columns the following characteristic story of Carlyle and the House of Commons:—"I must tell you a story (says George Elliot) Miss Bremer got from Emerson. Carlyle was very angry with him for not believing in a devil, and to convert him he took him among all the horrors of London—the gin shops, &c.,—and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, 'Do you believe in a devil now?' He must have been a robust sceptic surely if his unbelief in the Evil One were proof against all the horrors of London, beginning with a gin

shop and ending as an appropriate climax in the House of Commons."

GERMAN GIN AND GUNPOWDER.—The Morning Post understands that "German official reports which have just been communicated in the Reichstag upon the extent and character of German trade with Africa, completely, though most unsatisfactorily, explain the resistance which German diplomacy offered to the British attempts at the Berlin Conference to restrain the traffic in intoxicating drink on the African coasts. The total value of German exports to Africa amounts to some 32,000,000 marks, or more than £1,500,000. Of this total no less than 12,000,000 marks, or nearly £600,000, represents the traffic in 'Nigger brandy' and 'Nigger rum' alone. Next in importance to intoxicating drink among the German exports is the scarcely more pleasing commodity of guns and gunpowder. German trade is, in fact, almost exclusively injurious to the best interests of the African population."

ALCOHOL AND HEART-BEATS.—Dr. N. B. Richardson of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said,—"Will you be kind enough to feel my pulse while I stand here?" He did so. "Count it carefully. What does it say?" "Seventy-four." "I will now sit down in a chair and ask you to count it again." He did so, and said,—"Your pulse has gone down to seventy." I then lay down on the lounge and said, "Will you take it again?" He replied, "Why, it is only sixty-four! What an extraordinary thing!" I then said, "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing of it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes different; and as the heart is throwing out six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of just thirty-six thousand ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog, you do not allow the rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and then, instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work until you have taken a little more of the ruddy bumper, which you think is the life of man."

PROHIBITION IN THE NORTH-WEST.—At a recent public meeting in South London, Mr. Peter O'Leary, formerly of Toronto, made the following statements to an English audience at a recent visit to America:—"On his visit to the great prairies of the North-west he found in operation a strong prohibiting law applying both to the whites and the Indians. There was on the ground a force of 700 mounted police, who confiscated any intoxicating drink they found, and

PROSECUTED THE WHISKEY TRADERS, who were punished with six months' imprisonment and a fine of \$200. In the great North-Western country there are at present about 35,000 Indians, and if they could get intoxicating drinks there would be constant contentions between them and the whites, whereas under the present system, life and property were perfectly secure. (Hear, and cheers.) He visited the tribes of the Blackfeet, the Crees, the Sarcees, and others, and none of them, happily, knew anything of drinking habits. On the famous Bell Farm, where 7,000 acres of wheat were growing, he found all the husbandry work being carried on by people who consumed no drink. The men employed in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway were absolutely prohibited from the use of intoxicants. He found in the ranching country, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, that the ranchers, cowboys and the drivers of the bull teams took no drinks. He paid visits to four Irish colonies founded in Minnesota by Dr. Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul's, and in them, no drink

being sold, the greatest happiness and prosperity prevailed. (Cheers.) Having found many other instances of the adoption of the total abstinence principle by Canadian communities, Mr. O'Leary, having testified to the general good results all over Canada, said that the absence of intoxicating drink was the salvation of the great North-west country, which in a few years would be the home of millions of men."

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from lodges for January: FOR TAX.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes May Flower, Greenock; Pine Grove, Dundonald; Riverside, Dawn Mills; Albion, Toronto; Loyal Canadian, Dundas; Ever Onward, Addison; Oxford, Ingersoll; Humberstone, Humberstone; Stratford, Stratford; Union, Carlisle; Burlington, Hamilton; Excelsior, Toronto; Cold Water, Coldwater; Preston Star, Preston; St. Clair, Corunna.

FOR SUPPLIES.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes Hope of Parkdale; Salamander, Kars; Omemee, Omemee; Beaver, Guelph; J. Solomon, Cape Croker; Maple Leaf, Kingsville; Salamander, Kars; Beaver, Guelph; Flowing Tide, Lombardy; Cheltenham, Cheltenham; Stratford, Stratford; Alliston, Alliston; Sydenham Valley, Alvinston; Flowing Tide, Lombardy; Pride of Warkworth, Warkworth; Refuge, Varney; Dunchurch, Dunchurch; J. S. Johnston, Toronto; Stratford, Stratford; Clinton, Clinton; St. Lawrence, St. Lawrence; Cookstown, Cookstown; Pioneer, Cockburn Island; Salamander, Kars; Water Lily, Kingsville; Sarnia, Sarnia; Victoria, Windsor; Excelsior, Hamilton.

[By a blunder this manuscript was relooked in the office a week ago.]

Good Templars.

Templar Anniversary.

St. John's Lodge, Toronto, was instituted fourteen years ago by Bro. J. H. Orm, W. G. T., of Massachusetts, and it has since occupied a leading position in the Order. It is now the largest lodge in the province. It numbers 150 members, and has now initiations almost every week. On Friday evening, 13th inst., the sixteenth anniversary was celebrated by a public entertainment in the spacious lodge room, corner of Yonge and Alice streets. The hall was well filled and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Refreshments were very fully served first, and afterwards a very entertaining programme was presented. By J. H. Macmullen, P. W. G. T., occupied the chair and gave a neat opening speech. The songs of Mrs. Masters and Miss Galloway, Spice, and Park, as well as the duets and quartets of the Misses Mills and Messrs. Mills and Ball were acceptably received, while Miss Allen's recitations were much applauded. The piano solos of Miss Mills and Miss Jenkins, and also violin and piano accompaniment by Mr. Drinkwater and Miss Mill, were highly entertaining. A very great interest also was the piano accompaniments of Messrs. Emery, Watson, and piano solo by Miss Foran, a promising young lady of about sixteen years. The anniversaries of St. John's are always interesting, and they continue to grow more so from year to year.

Our Young Folks.

The Children's Offering.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

What shall little children bring As a grateful offering For the ever watchful care That surrounds us every where?

Gathered in a happy fold Safe from wintry want and cold, Fed by hands that never tire, Warned at love's unflinching fire;

Sheltered by protecting arms From the great world's sine and harms; While a patience, wise and sweet, Guides our little wandering feet.

Thou who hear'st the ravens call, Thou who see'st the sparrows fall, Thou who hold'st safe and warm Lost lambs in thy tender arm;

Father! dearest name of all, Bless thy children great and small, Rich and poor alike are thine, knit by chaste divine.

Willing hearts and open hands, Love that every ill withstands, Faith and hope in thee, our King,— These shall be our offering.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRILL.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Davy looked around and saw that the dog, the goat, and the cat were seated respectfully in a semicircle, with the parrot, which had dismounted, sitting beside the goat. He seated himself on the sand at the other end of the line, and Robinson began as follows:

"The night was thick and hazy When the 'Piccadilly Dandy' Carried down the crew and captain in the sea; And I think the water drowned 'em, for they never, never found 'em, And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

"Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely When I found myself the only Population on this cultivated shore; Eat I made a little tavern In a rocky little cavern, And I sat and watch for people at the door.

"I spent no time in looking For a girl to do my cooking, As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews; But I had that fellow Friday, Just to keep the tavern tidy And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

"I have a little garden That I'm cultivating hard in, As the things I eat are rather tough and dry For I live on toasted lizards, I rickety peals and parrot gizzards, And I eat really very fond of beetle pie.

"The clothes I had were furry, And it made me froe and worry; When I found the moths were eating off the hair; And I had to scrape and sand 'em, And I belled 'em and I tarred 'em, Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

"I sometimes seek diversion In a family excursion With the few domestic animals you see; And we take along a carrot As refreshment for the parrot, And a little can of jungleberry tea.

"Then we gather as we travel Bits of mud and dirty gravel, And we chip off little specimens of stone; And we carry home as prizes Funny bugs of handy size, Just to give the day a scientific tone.

"If the roads are wet and muddy, We remain at home and study,— For the goat is very clever at a sum,— And the dog, instead of fighting, Studies ornamental writing, While the cat is taking lessons on the drum.

"We retire at eleven, And we rise again at seven, And I wish to call attention as I close To the fact that all the rebolars Are correct about their collars And particular in turning out their toes."

Here Robinson called out in a loud voice, "First class in arithmetic!" but the animals sat perfectly motionless, sedately staring at him.

"Oh! by the way," said Robinson, confidentially to Davy, "this is the first class in arithmetic. That's the reason they didn't move, you see. Now, then!" he continued sharply, addressing the class, "how many halves are there in a whole?" There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Cat said gravely, "What kind of a hole?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Robinson, impatiently.

"Oh! hasn't it though!" exclaimed the Dog, scornfully. "I should think a big hole

could have more halves in it than a small one."

"Well, rather," put in the parrot, contemptuously.

Here the Goat, who apparently had been carefully thinking the matter over, said in a low, quivering voice: "Must all the halves be of the same size?"

"Certainly not," said Robinson, promptly, then nudging Davy with his elbow, he whispered, "He's bringing his mind to bear on it. He's prodigious when he gets started!"

"Who taught him arithmetic?" said Davy, who was beginning to think Robinson didn't know much about it himself.

"Well, the fact is," said Robinson, confidentially, "he picked it up from an old adder that he met in the woods."

Here the Goat, who evidently was not quite started, inquired, "Must all the halves be of the same shape?"

"Not at all," said Robinson, cheerfully. "Have 'em any shape you like."

"Then I give it up," said the Goat. "Well!" exclaims Davy quite out of patience. "You are certainly the stupidest lot of creatures I ever saw."

At this, the animals stared mournfully at him for a moment, and then rose up and walked gravely away.

"Now you've spoiled the exercises," said Robinson, peevishly. "I'm sorry I gave 'em such a staggerer to begin with."

"Hooh!" said Davy, contemptuously. "If they couldn't do that sum, they couldn't do anything."

Robinson gazed at him admiringly for a moment and then, looking cautiously about him to make sure that the procession was out of hearing, said coaxingly,

"What's the right answer? Tell us, like a good fellow."

"Two, of course," said Davy. "Is that all?" exclaimed Robinson, in a tone of great astonishment.

"Certainly," said Davy, who began to feel very proud of his learning. "Don't you know that when they divide a whole into four parts they call them fourths, and when they divide it into two parts they call them halves?"

"Why don't they call them tooth's?" said Robinson, obstinately. "The fact is, they ought to call 'em teeth. That's what puzzled the Goat. Next time I'll say, 'How many teeth in a whole?'"

"Then the Cat will ask if it's a rat-hole," said Davy, laughing at the idea.

"You positively convulse me, you're so very humorous," said Robinson, without a vestige of a smile. "You're almost as droll as Friday was. He used to call the Goat 'Pat,' because he said he was a little better. I told him that was altogether too funny for a lonely place like this, and he went away and joined the minstrels."

Here Robinson suddenly turned pale, and hastily reaching out for his gun, sprang to his feet.

Davy looked out to sea and saw that the clock, with the Goblin standing in the stern, had come in sight again, and was heading directly for the shore with tremendous speed. The poor Goblin, who had turned sea-green in color, was frantically waving his hands to and fro, as if motioning for the beach to get out of the way; and Davy watched his approach with the greatest anxiety. Meanwhile, the animals had mounted on four sand-hills, and were solemnly looking on, while Robinson, who seemed to have run out of tooth-powder, was hurriedly loading his gun with sand.

The next moment the clock struck the beach with great force, and turning completely over on the sand, buried the Goblin beneath it. Robinson was just making a convulsive effort to fire off his gun when the clock began striking loudly, and he and the animals fled in all directions in the wildest dismay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Decision Did

Make up your mind to a thing, and it is more than half done. For instance, John went to bed, but because he couldn't make up his mind whether he would get up at six o'clock or not the next morning, he did not rest well at all. Charles, on the contrary, made up his mind, upon retiring, that he would rise at six sharp. Consequently he went to sleep immediately, his head touched the pillow, and he slept like a log all through the night and until eight o'clock next morning. Oh! how the nothing like making up one's mind.

A Royal Physician.

In the summer of 1768 a poor woman lay moaning on her bed in the attic of a dingy house in one of the poor quarters of Vienna. The house and its surroundings gave evidence of the poverty of the inhabitants of that part of the gay capital. A glance at the interior showed the tenants to be busily engaged in their various occupations. Kind-hearted though these people were, yet their daily struggle in the battle of life left them but little time to give aid and comfort to their suffering neighbor. Too poor to pay for doctor or nurse, Frau Waldorf was dependent on her only child, a lad of twelve years, who dearly loved his mother. His heart would almost break when he thought how little he could do for her, and saw that she grew worse from day to day.

One day she said: "Franz, I can bear this pain no longer. See if you cannot induce some doctor to call here and prescribe for me." With a sad heart, and with but slight hopes of success, Frank obeyed. He called on several physicians and begged them to visit his mother, but in vain. They all declined because he was unable to pay their fee, which in those days was a florin for each visit. In despair, and not knowing what to do next, he stood at a corner drearily to go home. Just then a private carriage came slowly by, in which sat a distinguished-looking man.

This was no other than the Emperor Joseph II., a most kind-hearted ruler, who was always accessible to the most humble of his subjects, and was dearly beloved by them. He frequently mingled with the people, delighting to walk and ride about among them. On such occasions he was plainly dressed, so that no one suspected that he was the Emperor.

Franz stepped to the carriage door, and taking off his hat, said, humbly, "Kind sir, will you have the goodness to give me a florin?"

"Would not a smaller sum do, my little man?"

"No, sir," replied Franz, and emboldened by the gentleman's kind tone, he narrated to him for what purpose he required a florin.

The Emperor listened attentively, and then handed him the money. He also inquired of him where his mother lived, and questioned him about her circumstances. Pleased with Franz's replies, he then dismissed him, and bade his coachman drive to the given address. On his arrival he wrapped himself well up in his cloak to avoid any possible chance of recognition. Then he ascended the stairs and entered the sick woman's room. She, supposing him to be a physician whom her son had sent, told him of her illness and of her poverty and struggles.

"My good woman," said the Emperor, when she had finished, "I understand your case perfectly. I will now write you a prescription, which I am sure will do you good."

He sat down at the table, and, after writing a few moments, folded up the paper. "When your son comes home he can attend to this."

He had hardly left the house when the door was again opened, and a doctor, followed by Franz, entered the room.

Frau Waldorf was surprised at this second call, and explained to the new comer that a physician had just visited her and had left a prescription on your table. The doctor took up the paper to see who had been there and what had been prescribed. He had, however, hardly glanced at it when he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said: "Madam do you know into whose hands you have fallen? This paper is an order on the treasury for fifty florins, and is signed, 'Joseph.'"

"The Emperor!" shouted Franz, with delight, while his mother invoked blessings on him who had befriended her in her greatest need.

But the Emperor did not stop here. He caused inquiries to be made about Frau Waldorf and her family, and was informed that her husband had been an officer in his father's army, and had served with distinction through the Seven Years' War. In one of the last engagements he had fallen on the field of battle while gallantly charging a battery. On learning this the Emperor at once gave directions that her wants should be thereafter provided for, and that Franz's further education should be at his expense.

A Plucky Lad.

"Yes," said a kind-faced old gentleman, "I have tenants of all sorts, but the one that I like best is a child not more than ten years of age."

"A child?" everyone asked.

"Yes, a little boy. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side at reasonable figures, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After awhile a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him. I told him it wasn't fit to live in but he said he would fix it up if I would let him have it cheap."

"Well," I said "You can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you."

"The first month he brought me \$2 and the second month a little boy who said he was this man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father."

"He's dead sir," was the reply. "Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took his money, but made up my mind that I would go over and investigate; and I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any. "Where is she?" said I. "We don't know sir. She went away after my father died and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about twelve years of age came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the house. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on the new now. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little and then said:

"My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you have begun and you'll not be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now, look at this."

I showed him a ledger on which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and told him it was all his with interest. "You keep right on," says I, "and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house of your own somewhere. That's the kind of a tenant to have."

Who is the Owner?

BY ALICE M. KELLACOG.

A pleasant way for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try and distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone.

Pin a shawl across the doorway about five feet from the floor. Cut two holes in a large sheet of wrapping paper, or a newspaper will answer the same purpose, which will show the eyes distinctly, but will not expose any other part of the face.

If any one present possesses a talent for drawing, the paper, which is to serve as a mask, could be further decorated with a mouth and nose put on with a brush dipped in India ink. This will add to the grotesque appearance, which the shawl, surmounting by the mask, will present. Eyebrows might also be painted.

When the paper is pinned above the shawl, the company should be divided into two parties, one to remain in the room as spectators and guessers, the other to go behind the scenes (otherwise the shawl is a performer). If there are over a half dozen of the latter, a line should be formed, the one at the head stands behind the mask so that his eyes are distinctly seen by those in the room, and another of the performers asks, "Who is the owner?"

If a correct response is given, the performers clap their hands. The one who has taken his cue goes to the feet of the line, and number two takes his place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places, and the fun is renewed.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 14.

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for *TRUTH* for at least four months, and, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story, the first one received at *TRUTH* office will have the prize. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Editor's PAID BOX, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

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

A SINGULAR ACCUSATION.

SENT BY CARRIE A. WOODS, BRANTFORD, ONT.

On a certain February afternoon nearly thirty years ago, I, Fred Weston, then attending surgery in the Paris hospitals, was seated at the window of my bachelor chamber on the fourth story of a dull old house in the Isle St. Louis, looking absently at the placid Seine, which flowed just beneath. I was meditating on a subject which had been disagreeably obtruded on my notice that day, namely, my own pecuniary difficulties.

Absorbed in my reflections on this momentous topic, I did not notice a curious scuffling noise on the stairs. My astonishment may be imagined when the door was suddenly thrown open, and there bounded into the room—a huge ape, of the orang-outang species, which after performing some fantastic capers, clapped a paw on my shoulder, and accosted me in the familiar voice of my friend Louis Dalattre.

To account for this startling phenomenon I must explain that it was Carnival time, and that Louis had assumed the disguise preparatory to joining the throng of masquers on the boulevards.

He was my fellow-student at the Hotel Dieu; like myself, a thorough Bohemian, though, luckily for him, his pocket were better furnished than mine, his father being a wealthy notaire of the Quartier d'Antin.

"Neat thing in costumes, isn't it?" he said complacently, removing his mask, and festooning his tale gracefully over one arm in the fashion of a lady's train. "Your old concierge nearly had a fit when I put my head into his lodge just now. But what's the matter?" he added. "You look as dull as a wet Sunday."

"Read that, and you will understand why," I returned, handing him a letter which had reached me that morning.

"From Isaac Ullach? I thought you had given him the slip when you had changed your lodgings."

"No such luck; read what he says." Louis perched himself on the table, and unfolded the document gingerly, as if it were something in the nature of a grenade, and might go off unexpectedly, he read it aloud:

"Monsieur,—When you quitted your old lodgings so abruptly a fortnight ago, you omitted leaving your address for inquiring friends, which was unkind to one who takes so much interest in you as I do—"

"Gets somewhat into the point of our concerns, the old Shylock," inter-related the reader.

"I have not lost sight of you, however, and I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you this day week, when I trust you will be prepared to meet your engagements; otherwise I shall be under the necessity of providing you with apartments free of expense—at *St. Pelagie*."

"Accept, meanwhile, the assurance of my distinguished consideration."

"ISAAC ULLACH."

Louis emitted a long, soft whistle as he refolded the money lender's letter.

"The old humbug doesn't mean it," he assured me, consolingly. "It's just a flash in the pan to frighten you. He knows that you have a rich uncle in England."

"Who will see me at the North Pole before he pays my debts," I interrupted, gloomily. "My uncle Probyu is a good-hearted old man, but he has the bad taste to be fonder of his money than of his promising nephew. Moreover, he has a horror of gambling; and if he knew that the greater part of what I owe had been lost at

cards, it would be all up with my 'expectations.'"

"Why won't you let me help you?" said Louis, reproachfully. "You know I have more money than I want. Will a thousand francs cover it?"

"No, nor three thousand."

He opened his eyes.

"You are more deeply dipped than I thought," he remarked.

After staring at me a moment in sympathetic silence, he gave the matter up with a hopeless shrug, and rose, putting on his mask again.

"Well, anyhow, don't stop moping in this suicidal hole," he said. "Put your cares in your pocket, and come out and see the fun."

"Not yet; I must write to my uncle. I don't expect he'll help me, but I'll give him the chance. I must do the penitent and pathetic."

"Write in a shaky hand, with plenty of blots, you know," he suggested. "Of course you will go with the rest of us to the Bal Masque to-night. Have you got a costume?"

"No; I meant to have hired one, but this affair put it out of my head."

"Well you can get one in the Temple market for a bagatelle. Come down to my rooms this evening; we'll dine at the Cafe Anglais for once in our lives. Au revoir!" And he took himself off, humming a student's song.

Left to myself, I took up the money lender's letter and read it through once more, trying in vain to find a gleam of hope "between the lines." I felt distinctly certain that my creditor would be as good—or as bad—as his word, and that in the course of a few days I should find myself in a debtor's prison.

Isaac Ullach was a Jew, whose mean little shop in the Place du Pantheon was almost as well known in that quarter as the Pantheon itself. Ostensibly a dealer in second-hand jewellery and silver, in reality he was a usurer, and one of the most grasping and rapacious of his tribe, as I had discovered to my cost.

I had flattered myself that, for a time at least, I was safe from his importunities, in the world-forgotten corner of the city in which I had taken sanctuary. For the last fortnight I had been lodging in one of a group of ancient and dilapidated tenements (long since swept away) which formed a sort of cul-de-sac, called the "Impasse du Cloitre." The one in which I dwelt was at the end of this "no thorough fare," and was built with the back wall sheer to the river, so that, leaning out of my bedroom window, I could drop a stone into the water. It was a graceful old house, damp and dark and close, with steep stairs and long tiled passages, and a pervading fragrance of mould and mildew.

A capital hiding place, however. There were no lodgers besides myself, no visitors, no passers-by; in the very heart of Paris I lived as solitary as a lighthouse-keeper. But if I had buried myself in the Catacombs Isaac would have managed to find me out.

Failing to extract any comfort from his letter, I threw it aside, and sat down to indite such an appeal to my uncle as should not only touch his heart but loosen his purse-strings. But the inspiration would not come at my call. I spilt half a dozen sheets of paper, scribbled my blotting-book all over with horse's heads, and then gave it up as a bad job. Being by this time

heartily tired of my own company, I resolved to take a stroll on the Boulevards, and write my letter when I returned.

The clock of Notre Dame was striking four as I crossed the Pont Louis Philippe. The river flashed and sparkled in the afternoon sunlight, reflecting a cloudless sky; the air was as mild as if the month had been May instead of February. Even nature seemed to sympathize with the universal holiday.

The Carnival was the Carnival in those days, not the dismal mockery it has become of late years, and when I reached the Boulevards the revelry was at its height. The pavements were lined with spectators, and the horse-road thronged with masquers on foot or in vehicles, their costumes forming a mass of variegated brightness which united in fresh combinations every moment, like the changing colors of a kaleidoscope.

Pierrots and Polichinelles, harlequins and diabolins, Turks and debardeurs; English mitrads, with shark-like teeth, sandy whiskers and Scotch caps; a shipful of sailors, a wagon-load of burlesque Pompiers, then a car of clowns and acrobats, followed by a great cage-full of monkeys, among whom I recognized my friend. Such a bright, gay, crowded scene, such frolicsome uproar and contagious gaiety that surely none but a misanthrope could have looked on in disapproval.

For the time, I forgot all my troubles and perplexities, and entered into the spirit of the scene as thoroughly as if I had not a care in the world. But when the crowd began to thin, as the afternoon waned, I suddenly recollected that I had not yet written my letter, and it was now nearly six o'clock. I was just about to turn into the Rue Richelieu, when I was startled to hear myself called by name in a voice unmistakably English. At the same time I received a violent poke in the back with the handle of a stick or umbrella. Turning round sharply to expostulate, to my astonishment I found myself face to face with the very person who had been in my thoughts at the moment—my uncle Probyu.

He was struggling to get through the crowd to my side, looking very much flushed and "flustered," and tightly grasped the umbrella with which he had assaulted me, and which, like himself, was of rather a plethoric habit.

"Why, uncle!" I exclaimed, as we shook hands, "I can hardly believe my eyes! Who would have expected to see you here?"

"No one who knew me. I should think," he returned, drily. "You won't catch me in a Carnival crowd again—Bedlam let loose! I am glad to see," he added, glancing at me approvingly, "that you have not made a fool of yourself like the rest of them."

"I feel very little in the mood for folly of any sort just now," I answered, with an ostentatious sigh, considering how I could best open up the subject of my difficulties, and wondering whether it was any rumour of them which had brought him across the Channel.

"Give me your arm, my boy, and let us get out of this racket," he said, pushing his way through the crowd with the help of the stout umbrella.

"Are you alone?" I enquired, when we reached the comparative quiet of the Rue Richelieu.

"My friend, Drummond, was with me a few moments ago, but I lost him in the crowd. He came over to see his son—you know Sam Drummond, don't you?—and I thought I might as well run across and have a look at you. But when I called at your lodgings yesterday they told me you had gone away and left no address."

Here was the opening ready made, and I plunged into it headlong.

"Why, yes; I was compelled to change my quarters for reasons which—the fact is, uncle, I am in a trilling difficulty."

He stopped short, tucked his umbrella under his arm, and glared at me through his spectacles.

"Does that mean that you are in debt, sir?"

Calling up as contrite a look as I could assume at so short a notice, I owned the sad impeachment, murmuring something incoherent about the expenses of my medical studies "the cost of books, and—lecture-fees."

"Books and lecture-fees!" echoed my uncle, with scornful incredulity. "Folly and dissipation more likely. How much do

you owe, sir? Come, you had better make a clean breast of it."

Taking my courage in both hands I named the sum-total. The torrent of indignation that descended on my devoted head would quite have overwhelmed me, if I had not been aware that my uncle's wrath, like a tropical thunderstorm, was brief in proportion to its violence.

His lecture lasted all the way from the Rue Richelieu to his hotel in the Rue St. Honoré; by that time he had talked himself out of breath, and was considerably calmer. A glass or two of Medoc and a rest in an easy-chair had such a happy effect on his temper that, after a little more gubbling, *sotto voce*, he called for pen and ink, and produced—his check-book. He had taken up the pen, and I was already beginning to pour out my thanks, when he paused—ah, that pause!

"On second thoughts, I won't give it you now," he said. Then seeing how my face lengthened, he added: "Oh, you shall have it, but I'd rather send it to you. Shall you be at home at seven o'clock? Very good; give me your address."

I complied, and as he did not ask me to stay, and indeed, for some reason, seemed anxious to get rid of me, I soon afterwards wished him good-bye. He was returning to England the same night.

For the life of me I could not understand why he preferred to send the cheque instead of giving it me at once; however, as I trusted his promise, I did not trouble myself to conjure his reasons for delay. It was enough for me that in another hour the precious document would be in my hands, and to-morrow I could free myself from the hateful bondage of debt.

Relieved of the weight which had oppressed them, my spirits went up with a bound; I found myself humming Louis' song, "*La vio a des attraites*," and executing an impromptu pas seul on the pavement. Would not I distinguish myself at the Opera Ball to-night! I felt as if there were quicksilver in my heels.

Before going to search for a costume, I resolved that I would drop in "permissively" on Isaac Ullach.

I halted the first empty fiacre that passed me, and drove to the Place du Pantheon.

His shop was open as usual—little cared he for fetes and holidays—and he was in the little dark den at the back, occupied with a couple of rather shady-looking clients.

I burst in upon him sans ceremonie.

"A hundred thanks for your billet-dox received this morning," I began. "I had no idea you knew my present address, so you may imagine what a delightful surprise it was to hear from you."

"Yes, I thought it would be," he answered, quietly, glancing at me under his bent brows. He had a hook nose, an obstinate chin, and a mouth that shut like a trap. In other respects he matched his shop, being small and dark, and not too clean.

"But this is a day of surprises," I went on; "I have just seen a relative of mine, who was the last person I expected to meet."

He was suddenly interested.

"A relative? Was it your uncle?" he asked quickly, coming forward.

"You have guessed. It was that worthy man, and he— but you are occupied," I broke off, pretending to be going. "It's of no consequence—another time."

"Of no consequence, dear sir?" the money lender exclaimed in a tone of plaintive reproach, becoming all at once conversely civil. "But everything that concerns my clients is of consequence to me."

"You take such a deep interest in their welfare—fifty per cent., eh? Well, then, to relieve your friendly anxiety, I'll tell you that my uncle has promised to send me a check this evening. So rejoice and sing *Te Deum*!"

"Chut, chut! not so loud!" he interposed in an undertone, with a glance at his visitors which was anything but flattering to them. "There's no need to announce it pro bono."

"Or for the benefit of your friends there, who are listening with all their ears; very true. I shall call upon you to-morrow. Au revoir!"

"If it is all the same to you, cher monsieur," he answered, with his sly smile, "I think I will call upon you to-night instead. The money may as well be in my pocket as in yours, hein?"

"Better; mine has a hole in it. Don't

be later than seven or I shall be gone—and the cheque too."

"I shall be punctual," was his reply, and I had little doubt that he would.

Half an hour later I was in the Marche du Temple, wandering in a wilderness of old clothes, and exposed to a running fire of shrill importunities from the marchandes, every one of whom declared (before I had stated what I wanted) that she had exactly the thing to suit me.

Resisting those temptations, and escaping with some difficulty from one old lady who wanted to invest me, nolens volens, with a bottle-green overcoat, I continued my search between the rows of little cabans, but for some time unsuccessfully. There were masquerade dresses in bewildering abundance, but they were all more or less tawdry, tarnished, and common-place. I wanted something bizarre, original. At last, after some rumaging in recondite corners, I lighted upon what struck me as the very thing for my purpose, though it was not intended a "travestissement," being, in fact, the genuine discarded costume of a Californian gold-digger (the gold-fever was just then at its height). How it had come there was a mystery, but there it was; the serge shirt, the great thigh boots, leather belt, and broad-brimmed hat; I should only need a wig and false beard to make the disguise complete. As I had just, so to speak, "discovered gold," there was a beautiful fitness in this costume which pleased my fancy. I struck a bargain on the spot; the wig and false beard I purchased elsewhere, and drove home in triumph with my spoils.

It was now nearly seven o'clock, and before going upstairs I asked the concierge—a surly, silent old man, whose nature seemed to have got soured with waiting for lodgers who never came—whether he had a letter for me. Yes, he said, grudgingly there was one; it had been left by an hotel commissionnaire a few moments previously; and he handed it to me with a distrustful glance, as if he suspected it of containing treason against the state.

I mounted the stairs three at a time, locked myself into my den, and opened the wello no missive.

There was a letter—but where was the cheque?

A dire foreboding seized me. My heart, figuratively speaking, sank into my boots, as I unfolded the note.

"DEAR FRED,—I thought proper, before sending you the money, to ascertain how that debt of yours had been contracted. Since parting from you this afternoon I have made some inquiries from an acquaintance of yours" (Sam Drummond, I suppose. Humph!) "which have enlightened me considerably on that, and other matters." (Oh, Samuel, my friend, I owe you one for this!) "As your own recklessness has brought you into this difficulty, your own ingenuity must get you out of it. You have nothing further to expect from

"Your indignant uncle,
"W. PROBYN."

This was a "crusher." I sat staring at the letter, quite unable at first to realize my position. Then, in a flash, as it were, I saw the precipice before me.

In a few moments Isaac would be down upon me, hungry for the spoil. I knew him too well to expect to move him by my piteous story, even if he believed it, which was doubtful.

Most probably he would jump to the conclusion that I had appropriated the money to some other purpose, and dire would be his wrath.

Already I seemed to see the walls of Ste. Pelagie looming before me, and once on the wrong side of them, when should I get out again?

My only safety lay in flight. I resolved to start at once, and to avoid an unpleasant scene.

I began my preparations in desperate haste, fancying every moment that I heard his footsteps on the stairs.

I hastily packed a few necessities in a carpet bag: the rest of my clothes, and a select library of medical works, I left him as a parting gift. There was a heap of odd things, however, which I could not take with me, and did not care to leave behind for him to overhurl.

It would take too long to burn them piecemeal, so I resolved to throw them into the river. I crammed them all pell-mell into an old leather portmanteau, putting in all the heaviest things I could find, including a pair of dumb-bells, to weight it.

I had just completed my task when I

heard—it was not fancy this time—a footstep on the stairs, and after a pause there was a gentle tap on the door.

I would have given a good deal to avoid the interview, but there was no getting out of it now; I must bear as best I could his reproaches, taunts, and insinuations; I only hoped I might not inadvertently knock him down.

I was just about to admit him when, glancing frowningly round the room, my eye fell on the "digger's" costume. A brilliant idea occurred to me. Disregarding a second more imperative summons at the door, I hurried on the clothes over my own, and assumed the wig and bushy beard, which were as complete a disguise as could be desired. Having done so, I opened the window and flung the portmanteau into the river, where it fell with a loud splash; then unlocked the door and confronted my visitor.

It was not the Jew. So much I saw at a glance, but I had not time to see more; for no sooner had I appeared on the threshold than the stranger, whoever he was, literally flung himself upon me and brought me to the floor, falling with me. Before I could utter a cry his hand was on my throat, the cold barrel of a revolver was pressed against my temples, and, with his face close to mine, he whispered—

"Where is the cheque?"

But the words had hardly left his lips when he started, looking at me more closely, then drew back with a sudden change of expression to astonishment and consternation.

"Diable!" he muttered, "it's the wrong man!"

He stared at me stupidly a moment, then took his hand from my throat, sprang to his feet, and in an instant was gone.

I was too beleverse by the unexpectedness of the attack to make any effort to detain him; and when I had picked up myself up (none the worse for the tumble) and collected my scattered wits, the ludicrous side of the adventure struck me so forcibly that I sat down and laughed till I was exhausted.

Thinking it over, I concluded that my late visitor was one of Isaac Ullbach's "ugly customers," who had overheard my incautious mention of the cheque, and had followed me home from the shop. It was easy for him to enter the house without being noticed by the concierge, who seldom put his head out of his loge.

[NOTE.—This story will be continued next week, being too long to appear all in this one issue.—ED. TRUTH.]

The Dowry of a Dairyman's Daughter.

Before Bob Wardlaw married Jane Gibb, he was told by her father that whoever married his daughter would get the best cow he possessed. Three months having elapsed since his marriage, and still no signs of the cow being forthcoming, Bob thought it time to ask if he was to get it. "Get it?" said Andrew Gibb; "ye'll certainly get it; but I dinna see whaur ye can pit it up." "Well," said Bob, "I hae nae convenient place to keep it, as ye say; but gin ye hie to gie's the value o't in sillier, it'll save you frae buyin' anither aye." "Na, na," said Andrew; "jist come awa' woon about, an' ye'll get the cow;" and he took Bob round to the back of the house where there stood a water pump. "There, now," said Andrew, "that's the best payin' beast I hae, an' it eats nae, an' ye can tak' it wi' ye if ye like;" and with these words he left Bob standing gazing at the "cow with the iron tail."

His Accomplishments.

George had proposed and been accepted. "Well," she said, "I can sing and play on the piano and harp, can paint, and at the seminary I was up in the fine arts and political economy and logic; and I can crochet beautifully, and play lawn tennis, and, and—that's about all, I think. Now tell me what are some of your accomplishments, George?" "I haven't got any." "Not a single one?" "Well," he said, with a sigh, "if the worst should come to the worst, I think I might be able to cook."

Do not speak of your happiness to a less fortunate man than yourself.

THE SPHINX.

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

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

NO. 33.—AN ANAGRAM.

"I never gains wisdom," said Sambo to one who talked about spirits, the spheres and the sun;

"I never gains wisdom from gemmen who preach

Oh matters an' tings clear out o' my reach. Yer tell me yer doctrine is sartinly true, Kaos its great 'postle jest told what he knew;

That he talked with the aperets an' angels on high,

An' got all his wisdom direc' from do sky; 'Tis contra' to reason, an' no mortal man Can make no b'lebe what I can't unnerstan'."

NELSONIAN.

NO. 34.—A CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

[Entered for Prize.]

A Grecian divinity, Primals unfold, Who invented the plow and the rake, we are told;

And the Finals her surname, derived from a town Where her worship began, as by history shown.

1. A warlike tribe of ancient Gaul, Courageous, wise, and strong.

2. A term applied to Pericles, But many think it wrong.

3. A common patronymic name, In Carthage once well known.

4. One of the famous Sparti, who From dragons' teeth had grown.

5. A people, powerful and brave. By Caesar's power brought low.

6. An Eastern country, little known, As ancient records show.

YARG.

NO. 35.—A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Bill Sampson was a very stubborn and determined young man, and when he decided to go west, he went in spite of all the efforts made to keep him at home. A friend of his mother's caused his application for a place as brakeman on a western railway to be rejected on the ground that he was 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 blind. Nothing daunted by this failure, he packed his trunk, and without more 6, 7, 8 started for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 to work in the mines.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

NO. 36.—AN ATTENDANT OF DAY.

[Entered for Prize.]

When night puts on her sable dress, It quiet down my temper some; But when Old Day, in gay attire, Comes forth to greet us like a sire,

'Tis then I make all nature hum, And with my presence do oppress Many a lone, unhappy soul.

But I can't help this, my friends, I vow, Ever so sorry though I be. In all the world none envy me,

Though from the first day until now, I've been at every winning goal. Whether in stately hall, at learned debate, Or in the world of commerce small or great,

Upon the field of battle, or of fun, Whether the cause be lost, or cause be won, I'm always there, and to myself is due

Much of the credit which the victor boasts. Though good behavior doth me'er eschew, Yet all I do surround, like unseen ghosts.

Now, if you can discern my name, I prither tell. And I will bid to all a kind farewell.

S. J. B.

NO. 37.—A PALINDROME.

I declare a filial duty Of the child toward th' mother, And the sentence that I utter Backward read's like an echo,

Or an angel's voice repeating. "Be true, and always walk to bed."

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 38.—A SENTENCE AND ITS ANAGRAM.

The first, often seen in print, is "confusion worse confounded," the clearing up of which helps to make one gray.

The second is one of the principal capitals of the world.

The third we are tempted to do to hateful things.

The whole is a pointed oburgation of the first.

Or, if an anagram we make it, It soothes a mad man; It pacifies his soul, I take it, "Greets it a sad man."

SEEMER.

NO. 39.—AN ENIGMA.

I many a thrilling scene unfold; I turn to silver pale your gold; I steal your brightest gems away, I hide them from the light of day; I make your wisdom folly seem; Your brilliant past a faded dream, And though my touch is hard, you say, I kiss your sharpest pangs away; But, if you sue me faithfully, Your bright reward will come in me.

R.

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.

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

Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

FOR FEBRUARY ANSWERS.

To the reader forwarding the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" published during February will be presented a copy of Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, a volume of 600 pages, embracing every word in the language, with its derivation, pronunciation and meaning.

Each week's solutions should be forwarded within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 21.—Cobweb. 22.—Mous(e)-(at)tache. 23.—Metaphysician. 24.—Incomprehensibleness. 25.—A-theism. 26.—1. George, St. Mark. 2. May, orange. 3. Florence, Pearl. 4. Charles, Cod, Haas. 5. Georgia, Sandwich, Milk. 27.—A doll.

PRIZES AWARDED.

For the best lot of answers given to "The Sphinx," published before February 1st, the World's Universal Cyclopaedia is awarded George W. McNamara, Tara, Ont. For the next best list, Chambers' Etymological Dictionary is presented to — Yarg, Ausable, N.Y.

The puzzles were so difficult that other readers who succeeded in solving two thirds of them, or more, deserve "special mention."

- Such solvers are: Mrs. E. Glidden, Kingston, Ont.; Enny Meah, Toronto, Ont.; F. J. Don, Rockport, Me.; Edith Marden, Baltimore, Md.; Bella Ritchie, Mohr's, Corners, Ont.; Thomas E., — N.Y.; R. G., London, Ont.; J. S. Comer, Montreal, Que.; N. L. C. R., Halifax, N. S.; E. A. Henning, Ottawa, Ont.; A. R. Belan, Montreal, Que.; Lizzie A. Boyd, London, Ont.; Mrs. W. H. Sewall, Hiram, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. Meak, Petaluma, Cal.; E. Green, Manchester, In.; Dix, Hamilton, Ont.; and C. H. T., London, Ont.

Many of the other solvers gave up the competition for a prize the first week, and still more furnished solutions for only two weeks.

The publication of a cheerful spirit depends as a first requisite that the conditions of health be observed. The detection that claims sympathy on the ground of some supposed hardship is a less its origin in indignation. A sensible observance of hygienic laws is frequently the one thing needful to transform a dejected man into a bright and cheerful one.

my vote," answered Spurgeon. "Oh, Brother Spurgeon, you should not vote," said the Plymouth man; "you are not a citizen of this world." "True," replied Spurgeon, "but there is some of the old man in me; and he has some rights down here." "Oh, but, Mr. Spurgeon," said the Plymouth man, "you should crucify the old man." "That is just what I am going to do," replied Spurgeon; "the old man is a Tory and I am going to make him vote the Liberal ticket."

Toronto. T. H.

[47] Working it Out by Subtraction

A jolly set of Irishmen, boon-companions and sworn brothers, had made up their mind to leave the "old sod" and wend their way to "Ameriky." There were five in number—two Paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them. At length honest Teague exclaimed: "Arrah! I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain." But one of the Paddies vowed that it was anything but "gintel" to do that sort of thing. "You know, Teague," he said "that I am an arathnathian, and I can work it out by subtraction, which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to abide by the figures." All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded: "Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't, that's very certain; but, take Dennis from Murphy is easy enough, and you will find that Teague remains. By any faith, Teague, my jewel, and it's you that'll have to stay behind." Poor Teague was therefore bound to acquiesce in this remarkably novel decision.

St. George. F. HOWELL.

[48] A Strange Preacher.

There was once a minister of the Gospel who never built a church.
Who never preached in one.
Who never proposed a church fair to buy the church a new carpet.
Who never founded a new sect.
Who never belonged to any sect.
Who never received a salary.
Who never asked for one.
Who never wore a black suit or white necktie.
Who never used a prayer book.
Or a hymn book.
Or wrote a sermon.
Who never hired a cornet soloist to draw souls to hear the "word."
Who never advertised his sermons.
Who never even took a text for his sermons.
Who never went through a course of theological study.
Who never was ordained.
Who was never even "converted."
Who never went to a Conference.
Who was he?
Christ.

Milton Point. Mrs. H. W. COON.

[49] Happy Temper.

Dr. Hugh, Bishop of Worcester, had a weather-glass which cost thirty guineas; his servant was ordered to bring it into the room to show it to some company, who, in handing it to his lordship, let it fall, and broke it in pieces. The good old man desired they would not be uneasy at the accident. "I think," said he, "it is a lucky omen; we have had a long dry season, now I hope we shall have rain, for I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low before."

Baltimore, Ont. Mrs. RICHARDSON.

[50] Queen Elizabeth's Gift.

When Queen Elizabeth rode through London, on her way from the Tower to be crowned at Westminster Abbey, at one stage of her progress a beautiful boy, intended to represent Truth, was let down from a triumphal arch, and presented her with a copy of the Bible. This was received by the Queen, who placed it in her bosom,

and declared "that, of all the endearing proofs of attachment which she had that day met with from her loving subjects, this gift she considered as the most precious, as it was to her, of all others, the most acceptable."

Mrs. ALEXANDER WILSON,
Fish Creek, Wisconsin.

[51] A Dead Loss.

Health officer: "Don't you know, sir, that all this dirty straw in your cars is inimical to the public health? Why don't you take it out?"
Street-railway official: "O, we can't afford it: out of the question."
"Can't afford what? Go without anything if necessary; only get rid of the straw."
"But I say we can't afford it. Taking the straw out would cut down our dividend."
"What in the world would you lose?"
"Lose? Great Caesar! We would lose all the money dropped in the straw by passengers while searching through their change for the odd cent."

Port Arthur. J. M. KENNEDY.

[52] Repartee.

"Have you finished your story, Mr. Serjeant Byles?" asked Mr. Barnes Peacock, Q. C., somewhat superciliously, as the Serjeant sat down in the Court, after an elaborate speech to the judges.
"I have," was the quiet reply, given with the quiet smile for which the Serjeant was noted; "and now, Mr. Peacock, you can unfold your tale."

Kingston. H. LOVE.

[53] How He Knew.

First Detective—"I've got the two men who committed that murder. Their names are Chinks and Kinks." Second Detective—"You don't say so! How did you discover them?" "I ran across Chinks one day and boldly charged him with the crime." "Yes. How did he take it?" "He changed color—a sure sign that he is guilty." "True—and the other?" "I saw Kinks soon after and boldly charged him with the crime." "Good! How did he act?" "He did not change color at all—a sure sign that he is a hardened criminal."

Montreal. R. H.

[54] Advantage of the Telephone.

"Yes, sir," Gubbins said, much excited; "he's a contemptible liar, and I told him so!" "That's rather a risky thing to do. I wonder he didn't knock you down!" returned his friend. "Oh, I told him through the telephone!" said Gubbins.

Belleville. J. C.

[55] Medical Conundrum.

Why is TRUTH such a healthy journal? Because it has such a grand circulation! 30,000 copies!

Peterboro. I. SANDERSON.

[56] A Model Love Letter.

To Miss—
The great love I have hitherto expressed for you is false, and I find my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I see of you, the more you appear in my eyes an object of contempt. I feel myself every way disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me extremely unhappy; and if we are united, I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents, added to everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow, but I do not desire you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to any one more inconsistent and

capricious than yourself, and less capable to do honor to my choice and family. Yes, Miss, I hope you will be persuaded that I speak sincerely, and you will do me a favor to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence, and you have not a shadow of good wit and sense. Adieu! adieu! I believe me so averse to you, that it is impossible for me even to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

Millersburg, Ill. D. L. NORTON.

[57] A Nice Point of Law.

According to the Rev. Mr. Scudder, a missionary in India, four men bought a quantity of cotton in co partnership. That the rats might not injure it, they bought a cat, and agreed that each should own one of its legs. Each leg was then adorned with beads and other ornaments by its owner. The cat accidentally injured one of its legs, and the owner wound a rag round it soaked in oil. The cat by chance set the rag on fire, and, being in great pain, rushed among the cotton bales, where she had been accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton was totally burned. The three other partners brought suit against the owner of the invalid leg to recover the value of the cotton, and the judge decided that, as the injured leg could not be used, the cat carried the fire to the cotton with her three remaining legs. They only were culpable, and their owners were required to compensate the owner of the injured leg for his share of loss.

Port Dalhousie, Ont. JOHN GIBSON.

[58] A Proper Toast.

Alphonse Karr, the gardener poet, has offered a *bon mot* to the world. He was present at a banquet given by the disciples of Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by everybody, when the president remarked, "Monsieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose, and modestly replied, "I propose the health of the sick."

Father Point, Que. J. McWILLIAMS.

[59] "Sleeping" all Round.

A country girl, being engaged by the housekeeper of a certain family, inquired if she might sleep all round. "Sleep round?" was the reply. "Yes, of course, you may sleep round or square, whichever you please, for 'what I care.'" However, after the lapse of a few days, the girl, having been kept up till ten o'clock, did not appear in the morning. The housekeeper, fancying she must be ill, went up to her room about nine o'clock, and, finding her fast asleep and snoring soundly, promptly woke her up, and began to scold her for an idle baggage. On this the girl began to remonstrate with an injured air. "Why, madam, you yourself told me I might sleep round; and as I was not in bed till ten o'clock last night, I ain't a-coming down till ten this morning."

Hamilton. D. J.

[60] In His Majesty's Absence.

It is related that many years ago a Mr. Morgan, who represented Westmoath in the House of Commons, when on his first canvass called on Father Mooney, an influential priest, and asked him for his vote. The latter replied: "Sir, I'd rather give it to the devil." "But," said the candidate, "in the event of your friend not coming forward for the county, what then?" He got the vote.

London. A. S.

[61] An Eye to the Chances.

"Tommy," said a fond mother to her boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed."
"Yes, ma; but 'posin he don't come. What then?"
Stratford. T. R.

[62] Taken at his Word.

"Mr. Smartman, that wretched dog of yours digs and scratches in my garden all day, chases my hens till they can't lay, and then howls and barks the livelong night."
"Oh, well, tie him up, then, if he annoys you, I don't hear him. Haven't time to look after him myself, but if he bothers you, tie him up."
Three days later. Mr. Smartman has been looking high and low for his dog the past twenty-four hours.
"Slowboy, I can't find my dog anywhere. Has he been about your place?"
"Certainly. He's in my barn, now. You told me to catch him and tie him up." Smartman goes into the barn and finds his dog "tied up" to a rafter fourteen feet from the floor, by a piece of rope five feet long.
Tableau, with red fire and slow curtain.
Hamilton. T. S.

[64] Tit for Tat.

A minister with a rather florid complexion went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishoners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink." "Ay," replied Thomas, with the utmost composure; "It makes the skin very tender."

Lindsay. J. S.

[65] She Didn't Cry.

"Now, Minnie," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "I want you to play with your little brother while I am down town."
"An' what will you bring me?"
"Never mind; I will bring you something, and now mind you, if he wants to play with your toys you mustn't cry."
"None."
When the lady returned the little girl ran to her and said:
"I played with my little brother. Now what did you bring me?"
"Mamma brought you an orange. Where's little brother?"
"He's sleep. Gimmo orange."
She took the orange and said: "When he grabbed my dishes I didn't cry."
"You didn't? Why, you were a good little girl."
"Yessum, an' when he grabbed my doll I didn't cry eiver."
"You didn't?"
"None."
"What did you say?"
"Nuffin, but I knocked him down wif the little chair."
Montreal. J. C.

[66] Daily Occurrence.

First Passenger (in railroad train)—Why in the world don't that man in the front seat shut the door?
Second Passenger—Just what I was wondering: the old fool.
First Passenger—Why, we will all freeze to death.
Second Passenger—Well, there's one consolation. He'll freeze first.
Prescott. J. B.

[67] Un Fait Accompli.

Little Pauline had been reproved for some misconduct, and was sitting on a small chair by the window, looking very disconsolate.
"Halloo!" said papa, changing to come in as two big tears were about ready to fall. "Look at Pauline! Why, what is going to happen?"
"It has happened," said Pauline, solemnly.
Dunnville. T. R.

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also cure all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but naturally their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills available in so many ways that they will not be able to do without them. But after all ask had

ACHE

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MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

Poco lento.

1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing, De darkey's mourn - ful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing,
 2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing,
 3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,

Happy as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de gras - sy mound,
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore
 Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I can - not work before to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I

CHORUS.
1st and 2nd Voice.

Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. } Down in de corn - field
 Now de summer days am com - ing, Massa nebbber calls no more.
 try to drive - a - way my sor - row, Pick - in on de old ban - jo.

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Health Department.

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

Save the Eyesight.

A very important but extensively neglected branch of school education is, how to use the eyes in reading and study without abusing them. This bit of physiological training should commence early and be pursued intelligently, both in school and at home, till the pupil is thoroughly trained into the best modes of economizing and preserving eyesight. The common school slate with its scratching pencil is a very objectionable piece of school furniture on account of the indistinctness of its markings and the effort often required to discriminate them. The modern use of piquets and pads of paper with lead pencils is greatly to be preferred for convenience, cleanliness, permanency of record, and ease to the eye.

The pupil should be early and persistently taught to read and study by day, with his back to the light. School-rooms are usually as badly constructed for light as for ventilation, and important rooms in county buildings, legislative halls, and church pulpits, are equally faulty. We have seen churches where the preacher encountered a blaze of light full in his eye from a huge or namental window in the end of the building opposite the pulpit, and other churches where the lights of the sacred desk were placed in such position in the rear or at the side of the speaker as to throw his features into shadow and thus deprive the discourse of all the power derivable from the play of facial expression.

Architects have much to learn in the way of lighting homes, school-rooms, churches, and public buildings generally. The best light is that from above. Pupils should be taught to use shaded lights by night, and, above all, steady lights, such as do not flicker. In this the German student lamp and other forms of Argand burners are superior as study lights to gas, which is apt to be unsteady.

Certain studies should be pursued by day light only; Greek and algebra for instance; and fine print should be avoided by night lights. No individual can judge for another. Some eyes, like stomachs, will bear anything. Other eyes will complain, and eye complaints should be instantly heeded and assiduously attended to. If the eyes itch at the corners, water and blur with certain kinds of stains, that strain should be seasonably taken off. Pocket bibles, pocket Shakespeares, and pocket dictionaries should be replaced by books of larger print, and should be consulted under proper lights.

Probably one of the worst habits of the day is reading in the cars, especially the finer printed columns of the newspapers. The cars usually have the advantage of strong daylight falling upon the page at the right angle, but the swaying and tremulous motion must keep the sensitive retina in a state of unhealthy agitation, and end in impairing its usefulness. The habit of car-reading should be indulged with moderation and discretion.

There is no doubt that many individuals come to the use of glasses much sooner than they would need to were some of the rules dictated by common sense for cherishing and preserving the eyesight more rigidly adhered to. Some practical knowledge of the eye and the laws of light, refraction and reflection, and the observance of their laws would save many from premature blindness, no doubt. There are dozens of ways in which people use their organs of vision that are quite as effective in injuring these organs as reading the fine print of the newspapers. For eyes that have been weakened by injudicious use, abstinence from that use and free lavations with pure water, warm or cold according to circumstances, are better than any or all the nostrums advertised by quacks at "a dollar a bottle."

The Gorm Theory.

The following is an abridgment of an interesting article in a recent issue of the *New York Independent*. It is becoming better understood every year that germs cause many of the diseases most fatal to mankind:—

The theory that specific fevers are caused by minute germs, until within a few years, was a vague one; but, since 1863, Pasteur, bringing his great powers of observation and his system of careful experiment, has demonstrated that not only the silk worm and other insects are carried off in epidemics, but that human life is exposed to the attacks of these organisms. There are multitudes of harmless bacilli and bacteria to be found in the blood and tissues of animals of all sorts; wherever germs and eggs or animals under the microscope begin to decay, they swarm with these organisms. The difficulty is to appreciate and prove the fact that certain kinds are deadly, all being in a sense parasitic forms. At the present time it is generally believed that *Bacillus anthracis* is the cause of splenic fever in animals and of malignant pustule in man; small-pox is considered to be caused by the presence of *Micropus variolæ*; the germs of diphtheria, of syphilis, of consumption, and of chicken and hog cholera have been identified and diagnosed, and now that of the Asiatic cholera is being exposed to thorough examination, with results which tend to prove that this dreadful scourge is due to one of these germs. The subject is involved in great difficulties; the germs have to be examined with high powers, such as a one-eighth and a one-fiftieth objective; much experience is needed in the use of such lenses; besides this the specific germs must not be confounded with the numerous harmless forms associated with them or liable to invade preparations under examinations. Ordinary physicians are not fitted to make such examinations. They must be made by expert microscopists, who, in this country, are rare. It is a very different matter from the examination of pork for trichina, which are colossal in comparison with a bacillus.

The life history of the anthrax germ was worked out about ten years ago by Dr. Koch, then an unknown country doctor near Breslau. Afterward, as head of the Imperial Sanitary Institute of Berlin, he investigated the bacillus of consumption; and the medical profession have adopted the theory, based on his rigid and careful experiments, that this germ is the cause, and not merely the concomitant, of this dreadful disease. Dr. Koch transferred the tubercle bacillus from the diseased lung to a nutritive fluid in which it could increase and multiply. With a speck of that crop he infected fresh pure fluid, and in that way cultivated the organism through many generations. With the bacillus thus obtained, various animals susceptible of tuberculosis were inoculated, and though the microorganisms were by the cultivation freed from their first impurities, the disease was infallibly produced. It has been for some years known that consumption was communicable; but the merit of Dr. Koch's work was his detection of the peccant organism and proving it by fastening upon it the responsibility of the disease.

Training.

The recognized arrangement of exercise, combined with certain restrictions and regulations of diet, constitutes what is understood as training, the object desired being the establishment of a concordant action between the heart and bloodvessels, so that there shall be no blockage to the flow of blood; especially through the lungs, and an improvement in breathing power, so that the oxygen inspired may be freely utilized. It does not mean "reduction," as many suppose. Weight and physique must be proportionately considered. It truly means, "healthy and vigorous living."

And the golden rules are few. Careful and simple diet, no alcohol, regular systematic exercise for lessening any excess of fat merely, and an increase in the actions of the eliminative organs, particularly the skin.

All athletic exercises should be carried

out slowly. We must be satisfied with a gradual progress, and not permit any violent or improper exertion.

Enthusiasm is all very well, but it is of more consequence to recollect that we are dealing with vital processes, and that it is far easier to pull down a house than to build one.

Excessive and ill-timed exertion will transform health and vigorous youth into premature debility and old age. Is not this somewhat the failing of the present period? The volunteer movement, as carried out, is often too severe for many of the younger men, who, from the external conditions and surroundings of their daily work, have but indifferently developed constitutions, unfit for any great expenditure of force. There are very many, who, expressing themselves fatigued by their work, will yet, under excitement, add, to what they have already done, several hours of positively harder actual labor under the name of recreation. And there are others who thoughtlessly strive to equal or excel older and more fully developed men. That is folly—for if achieved the victor is left exhausted, with his muscles and vital organs overstrained.

No possible good can come out of purely sensational feats of endurance, and many lives are cut short, crippled, and rendered miserable, because perchance, on one occasion the limits of normal energy have been exceeded.

Remember this golden rule: "While we may allow the work that is our real business to tire us out, we should never toil at the labor that is recreative, so as to produce any feelings of exhaustion."

Sleeplessness.

Troubled or disturbed sleep is really sleep during which the brain is not entirely resting. Sometimes, in exceptional circumstances, and especially when we have been over excited or over-stimulated in any way, the brain almost refuses to rest at all; and, even if we manage to drop off somehow for a few minutes, we are vaguely conscious all the time that the brain is still working of its own accord, so to speak, that flitting dreams are hovering about us in the midst of our imperfect slumber, and that the whirl and stir to which we have exposed ourselves now refuse to sober down at once into absolute quiet. In such circumstances the best relief is to bathe the head and brows in cold water until the feverish condition has partially subsided. This common and effective remedy better explains than almost anything else could do the true meaning and cause of sleeplessness. The blood is circulating too freely through the brain and keeping it up to its wakeful degree of activity—such activity being often in excess of ordinary excitement; by applying cold water the sufferer drives back the abnormal flow of the circulatory fluid, and so ensures the needful rest to the overwrought nervous centres. So simple a physical remedy as this proves often far more efficacious than all the purely mental nostrums, such as repeating over and over the same syllable, or counting the imaginary snop which leap over a gate—processes that frequently rather increase than allay the internal irritation to which the sleeplessness is ultimately due.

Preventing the Spread of Scarlet Fever.

Many homes have been devastated by this terrible infection, and we trust the following pertinent suggestions from the *Herald of Health* may prove efficacious:

"When this disease occurs in a family, it is a question of the greatest importance that its spread to other members be prevented. It is not always possible to send children away, nor is it always safe, as they may be infected and spread the disease elsewhere. The best method of preventing the spread of the disease to other members of the family is by means of disinfection; and by disinfection is not meant the use of special substances that destroy germs, but cleanliness. In the first place, keep the room in which the sick child is confined thoroughly ventilated; remove all superfluous furniture and carpets; destroy all rags and bits of paper used in washing the sick; put all

linen and toweling used in the room into boiling water and boil them thoroughly till every germ is killed. But still another thing must be done; a principal source of the infection is the skin, so bathing should be practised, and after the bath oiling the body all over. Oil serves to kill the germs, they do not develop in it, or if they do, cannot fly away into the air. With perfect cleanliness there will be little spread of the disease."

New Substance for Skin-Grafting.

A new use for the frog has been discovered. A medical correspondent of the *Lancet* says that, finding the treatment of granulating wounds by skin-grafting is, in country practice, liable to fall into disuse through the unwillingness of patients to part with the little bit of skin necessary, he has lately been induced to try experiments with other substances as a substitute for human grafts. As the outcome of these experiments, he finds that bits of skin from a decapitated frog make grafts which admirably answer all purposes, forming a source of supply always on hand in the country, except during the winter months, and being easily applied on account of their uniform thickness, and necessitating no pain to suffering humanity. The skin of a single frog yields grafts for an enormous extent of surface, and preserves its vitality so long that, if the patient is at a distance, the portion of the skin required can be carried by the surgeon in his pocket for an hour or more without injury, provided it is wrapped in gutta-percha or other waterproof tissue to prevent drying.

A Remedy for Diphtheria.

In view of the ravages of diphtheria among the children of the city any remedy which suggests even a betterment of the condition of the little patient will be eagerly sought. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* gives currency to the following, which one of the letter-carriers of that city tried in his family with marked success. The *Red-Dispatch* says that it is at least harmless, and nothing is risked in giving it a trial, and here follows the recipe:

Place black oxide to the depth of half an inch in an ordinary tumbler and pour enough muriatic acid to form a paste. This mixture should be put on the floor of the room, or what is even better, under the bed occupied by the patient. The fumes of the mixture will rise and be breathed by the sufferer; in this way the germs of the disease will be killed and relief will be afforded in a few hours' time.

Spirits of Turpentine for Diphtheria.

Spirits of turpentine is a specific for diphtheria, given in teaspoonful doses every eight hours in milk or coffee.

An outbreak of diphtheria can result from insanitary conditions only—whether in a royal palace or a Scottish cottage. Obviously, the proper treatment is the fullest possible action of the skin, by wet sheet pack or hot air bath, to relieve congestion.

Half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk will instantly relieve "heart-burn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet.

A FASHIONABLE VICE IN NEW YORK.—A terrible vice has crept in among the high sex of New York. Fashionable ladies from the "Fifth" and the adjoining regions of the high-toned may be seen entering drug stores, and calling in silvery accents for a glass of soda-water. Into this innocuous beverage white crystals from a wide-mouthed bottle are dropped and dissolved. The solution is gulped, fifteen cents are paid, and the elegantly dressed apparition vanishes. These ladies are known as "chloral fends." The drug is now imported into New York by the ton. This is, as a weakness, worse than opium-smoking, because more readily indulged in, and almost as revolting as the hypodermic injection of morphia.

Ladies' Department.

Beaver Fur Now in Fashion.

"Beaver skins are all the rage now, and the Hudson Bay Company has got rich on them," said a fur collector yesterday: "Beaver will be worn more than over this winter. At the last London sale the price advanced ninety per cent., a rise double that of any other known. The long run of seal skin continues, but it has not the popularity of the beaver."

"Is there no prospect of exterminating seal?" asked the reporter.

"Bless you, no! Seals can never be exterminated as long as the arctic circle exists and keeps crowding them down from sources where man can't reach. The polar country breeds them in swarms. Let me give you the rule of extermination. With the increase of population the larger species of wild animals decrease, because they must have a larger territory to roam in, but the smaller kinds increase because they require less space and receive more from what they get on account of its cultivation by man. We get a better quality of small furs from the Middle States than the aborigines did. We get a limited number of remarkable-sized furs from Alaska."

"When do your furs sell best?"
 "Furs are sold at all seasons of the year. Of course, the great London sales are in January, March and June. Furs sold there are rarely caught except in January and February; but it takes the Hudson Bay Company until the following December to get them to London, where Americans have to purchase what they want of their own furs. Manufacturers do most of their work in hot weather, which keeps up sales during that period. A novel feature in the trade was introduced this summer. Up at Lake George the ladies started the fashion of wearing fur trimming during the summer. The fashion spread rapidly, to the amazement of the dealers. This and other causes led to an advance in all furs. The advance amounted to thirty per cent. on otters; lynx, twenty-five per cent.; foxes, twenty; martens, thirty-five; bear, thirty; skunk, fifteen, and beaver ninety. There were one hundred thousand beaver and over two million muskrats skins sold at the last London sales. France and America made enormous demands for all skins."

"What are the muskrat and skunk skins used for?"
 "The muskrats are used for ladies' cheap trimmings, but more largely in the manufacture of gentlemen's felt hats. The skunk skins are deodorized, after which they are used for trimmings on ladies' dresses."

"Any further incidents of interest?"
 "Yes; the fur trade is exterminating the bear tribe. The most valuable fur is the Shetland seal of the South seas. It is nearly exterminated. The utmost number of its skins taken in a year is two hundred. It is the only fur of value from the South, and a sacque from it costs from six to twelve hundred dollars, and jackets from one hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars. The foreign skins used in the United States are the Russian sable, tiger, leopard, Siberian squirrel and ermine."

Practical Jokes.

"Auntie, do you think there is any harm in playing practical jokes?" This question was asked by roguish-eyed Susie Richardson. She was one of a group of lively girls whom Mrs. Clark had found engaged in a vigorous discussion about something.

"I will answer by telling my own experience," replied that lady, with a smile.
 "Oh, do!" cried several of the girls, simultaneously.

"Very well. But you must all become quiet, or I will be unable to think."
 Immediately the clattering ceased, and Mrs. Clark began:—

"Once when we were all at home—Rob, Clara, Josie, delicate Cousin Mary, and myself—Rob, Clara and I thought it would be rare sport to play a trick on brave Josie.

You know that your Aunt Josie never was afraid of anything. So we thought we would make an attempt to scare her, but how to accomplish our purpose we couldn't exactly tell. Finally Clara suggested that we should dress up a figure to resemble a man, and stand it in the hall, where Josie was sure to go before starting to bed; for she always did the locking up at night.

"Accordingly we studded some of father's old clothes, and made a figure that was pronounced by the manufacturers to be 'perfectly splendid!' 'Just like a real man!' The hall mentioned was at the side of the house, leading to a back staircase. Here there was a door which opened on a piazza, and it was this door that Josie always examined at night to make certain that all was secure. In the corner of the hall, in close proximity to the door, we stood our make-believe man. Then we took our books and sat around the table, pretending to read, but really waiting anxiously for Josie's bedtime.

"But Josie contumaciously refused to stir from her seat, even when impatient Rob mentioned that it was about time for retiring. She was writing a letter, and intended to finish it before she went to bed."

"A few moments after that a terrific scream was heard, then another, and ere any of us could stir, something or somebody was heard falling down the back stairs."

"Josie cried, 'May!' and rushed from the room, followed by father and mother. As for the rest of us, we felt too frightened to move or speak. We could readily understand what had occurred, and bitterly, bitterly repented our foolishness. We heard father say, 'What do you want, sir?' and then utter an exclamation of disgust as he discovered that the supposed man was only an effigy."

"Presently May was carried into the room, bleeding and insensible. It was a long time before we could restore her to consciousness, and when we did, she had a fit of hysterics which lasted nearly an hour. For several weeks then she was so ill and nervous that she could scarcely speak without bursting into tears."

"Of course father surmised by our actions that Clara, Rob and I were the guilty ones; but he merely remarked to the whole family that he thought the ones who perpetrated the cruel joke had been sufficiently punished, and he hoped we had received such a lesson that we would never again play a practical joke."

"And we never did, girls. From that time we amused ourselves in more innocent ways."

"I move that we, too, give up playing practical jokes," cried the now thoroughly sobered Susie.
 Motion seconded. Unanimously carried.

The Art of Making Soup.

The hand that can make a good soup un-faillingly has, says the *Caterer*, arrived at a stage in the culinary art not reached by any except a good cook. Therefore, when our correspondent can succeed in having her soups, not sometimes, but always, perfect, she need never fear in venturing among the other branches of cookery, because the very knowledge and fact necessary in the one case will be sure to guide her unerringly in the other.

To ordinary cooks the preparation of a soup is a mystery they don't seem to have the desire or ability to understand. Yet, when properly made, there is nothing more palatable and wholesome. Among the well-to-do portion of every community it forms a very important part of the dinner, and there is every reason why it should not be so generally discarded as it is by the poorer classes, for it is not only nourishing, but can be made to constitute a large portion of their diet, with quite as much if not more economy than is possible in the use of other dishes.

Every utensil used in the cooking should be scrupulously clean. The saucepan covers should be looked after, and their rims, and even handles, not neglected.

Watch your fire, and should there be the least smoke, always remove the saucepan to a safe distance when you have occasion to lift the lid.

The meat should be lean, and used as soon after killing as possible.

Avoid purchasing a piece of meat that

would require any washing before going into the pot.

Do not put the bones in until they are first pounded into small pieces.

Your meat and bones are fresh—that is uncooked—they should be put into cold water. On the other hand, when they have been previously fried or browned, boiling water only is the proper thing, and this should be added a little at a time.

Make your soup the day before it is wanted. Let it stand till cold, and then remove all the fat that has risen to the surface.

Beware of a hot fire. Simmering is the life, as boiling is the death, of any good soup.

If your soup is to contain vegetables, let these be boiled a little while in separate water before adding them.

In seasoning bear in mind that it is much safer to have too little than too much, a precaution especially needful when you are adding the salt.

Do not add cream or milk without first boiling them separately and straining them, and when added they should be boiling hot.

Whenever an egg is to be added, do not put it directly with the body of the soup; put a little of the latter in a cup, and after allowing it to cool for a minute, mix the egg thoroughly with it, and then pour it into the soup, a little at a time, stirring it while adding.

Keep your soups always in stoneware or china, and, when stirring or skimming them, use a wooden spoon.

Hand Screen.

A curious little hand screen is made of six sheets of pink tissue paper, a sheet of bristol or card-board, half a yard of pink satin, a yard and a half of quilled pink satin ribbon, three-quarters of a yard of pink satin ribbon, not plaited, a spool of pink sewing silk and a bottle of mucilage. For the handle cut from a small Japanese fan the long bamboo stick, which answers nicely and is stronger than wood of any kind. From the bristol board cut two circular pieces, each six or seven inches in diameter. Smoothly cover one side of each with pink satin and overhand them together, the satin side out. Make a slit about two inches deep in one end of the bamboo handle and insert the satin circle. Use pins as rivets to fasten the screen and handle together; one pin at each end of the slit, passing them through from one side to the other, and as the points will be too long cut them off with a pair of sharp pincers, leaving a small portion of the pin to be turned against the handle and hammered down flatly, thus holding the screen and handle securely together.

In the very centre of the circle paint with water colors a pretty design of birds or flowers. The tissue paper is then to be cut in strips about four inches wide, the entire width of the sheet; then fringe the strip quite finely, leaving half an inch at the top for the heading to be pasted to the screen; the fringe is then crimped with the scissors or the back of a knife by gathering or pinching it up between the fingers and knife, as a ruffle is crimped; each piece is to be done in this way, then unfolded and shaken out, that the fringe shall not be matted together; coat the plain heading of the fringe with mucilage and paste one piece at a time all around the outside of the satin circle. Then row after row, each one falling closely over the other until the satin is covered to the small circle which contains the painting or flowers. To finish the edge of the last row which is fastened to the satin, sew on the quilled satin ribbon; the plain satin ribbon is tied in a bow around the handle. In pasting the feathers on the screen it must be allowed to fall outward, as the feathers on a fan; and each side of the screen must be covered in the same manner.

The Art of Conversation.

The real fault we commit is our failure to recognize the pleasure that is given by the narration of even the most trivial incident in carefully apportioned words. No one in talking takes the trouble to form his sentences according to the most ordinary rules of grammar. Our national shyness has stamped us, among other vulgarisms, with

that false shame which makes us fear the charge of pedantry if we talk in other than the most clumsy and disjointed way. We are afraid to venture on a phrase—a combination of words that will convey our meaning of the moment until familiarity has made it commonplace, and then we drag it in by the head and ears on every occasion till it becomes nauseous from its frequency. There is a dreary heaviness in our conversation born of deficient imagination. We discuss or rather utter our words about the most ordinary matters with a solemnity which at first sight looks like earnestness, but we are not in earnest. We should resent the imputation. Every nation has its own peculiar snobbishness every nation, and each rank in that nation, and class in that rank, and each individual. One phase of it with us is the way in which we copy the habits or manners of the rank above us. The desire to copy implies deficient tact and power of observation, and the effect of the copying is very much that of the maid-of-all-work in a lodging house who tries to copy the dress of the ladies on whom she waits. She has neither the material out of which to make the clothes nor the power of wearing the clothes properly if she had them. The calmness and absence of emotion of patrician manners not uncharacteristically suggests imitation. People who from their birth upward have been accustomed to deference naturally acquire a manner which takes that deference for granted—an attitude from which the element of assertion is eliminated. The favored classes with whom that is the case have also feasts of other things besides the deference of their fellows. Treasures of many kinds are heaped upon them whether they will or not.—*All the Year Round.*

To Bone a Turkey.

It is not very easy to bone any bird from written directions, and a turkey is rather a serious thing to spoil. There are two ways of boning. Knives are sold for the purpose, but a sharp pocketknife will do. Lay the bird on its breast, and cut through the skin along the middle of the back. Keep the knife always close to the bone, and cut away the flesh on either side, turning it back as you go. Cut through the joints of the leg and wing bones, and keep cutting till you have separated the breast-bone, when the whole of the body will come out intact. The legs and wings are rather more difficult, but the only thing is to cut very carefully, and on no account to pierce the skin, turning the skin and flesh inside-out, like a stocking, as you go along. The legs should be cut off at the first joint, and the last bone of the wing is sometimes left in. When all the bones are out, fill the bird with tongue, stuffing, chestnuts, or whatever else you may have remaining it, as far as may be, into the shape of an unboned bird. Some persons prefer to lay it flat and turn it round, tying it with string. The other way is to make an incision at the back of the neck only, just as if the bird were drawn, and to take all the bones out there turning the skin back from the body as directed above for the limbs. The slits, whether intentional or accidental (and a beginner will probably have a few of the latter) should be sewed up with fine cotton.

Ammonia for Plants.

A writer in *London Gardener's Chronicle* says: Last year I was induced to try an experiment in chrysanthemum growing, and for this purpose purchased one pound of sulphate of ammonia, which I bottled and corked, as the ammonia evaporates very rapidly. I then selected four plants from my collection, putting them by themselves gave them a teaspoonful of ammonia in a gallon of water twice a week. In a fortnight a fine result was most striking; for though I watered the others with liquid cow manure they looked lean when compared with the ammonia watered plants, whose leaves turned to a very dark green, which they carried to the edge of the pot until the flowers were cut. As a matter of course the flowers were splendid. The ammonia used is rather expensive, as I bought it from a chemist's shop, this year I intend getting agricultural ammonia, which is much cheaper. I have also tried it on strawberries, with the most satisfactory result, the crop being nearly double that of the others; it is very powerful, and requires to be used with caution.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"No! There is comfort in that thought, certainly," exclaims Clontarf, with a curious laugh. Every one grows a little silent, until Dicky Browne, rushing in with one of his sweeping remarks, sets the conversational ball rolling again.

Brian Desmond, who has not yet lost the lover's trick of always finding himself by the side of the beloved object when walking in the company where she is, turns now to Monica.

"I think you are altogether wrong about Kit and Brabazon," he says. "See," pointing to where Kit is moving on before them with Mr. Mannering, "she wouldn't walk here with Neil, and now she's going back without him. That don't look like it."

"It only shows how little you know about it," says his wife, mournfully.

"But if she won't even speak to him!" Plainly Brian had been blind to that little promenade in the moonlight half an hour ago.

"There were times when I wouldn't speak to you," says Mrs. Desmond, with a forcible glance from her azure eyes. "But did that prove I didn't love you?"

"That's a poser, certainly," says Brian. "Well, he's twice the man that Mannering is, at all events."

"If he were a Hercules," says Mrs. Desmond, with deep melancholy, "it wouldn't improve matters, unless he had a decent income."

"That's true; that's true," says Brian, indifferently, seeing a discussion imminent; and, feeling that in this instance at least discretion will be the better part of valor, he abstains from further argument; besides, by this time they have reached the outer gates, and everybody is saying good-by to everybody else.

"You will come down to-morrow?" says Monica, holding Lady Clontarf's hand.

"Yes. Though I was going to see the Misses Blake in the afternoon."

"Well, why shouldn't we all go there together?" says Monica. And so it is arranged.

Then the Desmonds and their party bid a last farewell, and go up the silent road, their footsteps sounding ghostly in the calm, unearthly stillness of the night. So quiet is the air that a sense of solemnity seems floating on it. "A lone owl's hoot, the waterfall's faint drip," in the distance, serve only to heighten the effect of its tranquillity.

A mystic light is lying on all around; a yellow tinge from the high heavens is gilding the fir-tops, and whitening every stone.

"Lo! the beautiful moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure mead of heaven."

It is such a night as should create a glorious ecstasy in the minds of painters and of bards.

I am afraid there is little of the artistic element in the materials on which I have to work. There had been (I regret to say) something resembling a smart scuffle between Brabazon and Mr. Mannering, a moment since, at the gates of Kilmalooda. It arose from an unexpressed but perfectly understood desire on the part of both to be Miss Beresford's sole escort back to Coole.

Whether this unworthy struggle would have ended in bloodshed, there is no means of knowing—though the probability of it might well hold ground—because just at the critical moment Miss Beresford herself had come forward, and, in an apparently unconscious fashion, had settled the question by placing her hand (apparently by the merest chance) upon Mr. Brabazon's arm. At this Mr. Mannering had proudly withdrawn from the contest, and in fact the little skirmish was all over before any one (but Kit) was cognizant of it. Her hand once on Brabazon's arm, she had left it there. Whatever had been said during that short moonlight stroll among the Kilmalooda shrubberies, certain it is that the quarrel of the morning, between Kit and Neil, is now as though it had never been.

There is a cleverness that is inspired, and that belongs alone to lovers. It now enables Mr. Brabazon so as to contrive that presently he and Kit find themselves walking behind the others. Eyes mean death to those who love. It is therefore with the

most thankful uplifting of their hearts that they presently discover no one can possibly see them without an uncomfortable craning of the neck-muscles.

Those in front, incited thereto by Mr. Browne, are talking gayly. Our two friends in the rear, up to this, have been singularly silent. But silence, however eloquent, can't last forever.

"Kit," says Neil Brabazon, in as low a tone as he can manage, "you don't like that fellow, do you?"

"That fellow" is indicated by a scornful flourish of the hand in the direction of Mr. Mannering, who is trudging on in front, with head erect and shoulders doggedly square, and indeed a general air about him as of one breathing war. An inward conviction that he will presently have to slay either that contemptible hound Brabazon or that infernal ass Dicky Browne (so he styles these estimable young men) is lending quite a martial expression to his usually placid face.

"No," says Kit. Perhaps he had expected a somewhat warmer disavowal, because his countenance falls.

"I suppose," he says, gloomily, "if he were in my place now, and were to ask you that question about me, your answer would be just the same."

"No," says Kit again, turning away her head, "it wouldn't."

"And yet, when I asked you in town, last month, to—to—wait for me, to—give me a chance—you—"

"That is a very long time ago," says Kit, in a low voice.

"Oh, Kit, what do you mean by that?" asks he, forgetting everything and everybody in his agitation, he stops short in the middle of the road and tries to read her averted face. "You wouldn't deceive me, would you? It is horribly selfish of me, I know, to try to induce you to give up a—a—rich marriage—such as he could offer you," pointing again in the direction of "that fellow."

"But,"—desperately—"I don't care. I love you so much that it makes me selfish. I've heard and read a lot about renunciation, and fellows giving up for duty's sake the women they loved; but I am not like them. I can't give you up while there is the smallest chance for me—while—"

"Are we to stand in the middle of the road all night?" asks Miss Beresford, suddenly.

"No, only until you answer me." He is holding her hands, and she persuades herself that even if she would she could not escape. She is so silent, however, that his courage dies from him.

"After all, I have no right to keep you here," he says, sadly, letting her go. "I bore you, perhaps. That is why you remind me we should follow the others. That night—how far away it seems now!—when you refused to give me any direct hope, I should have brought myself to understand what it was you really meant. It was the beginning of my end, was it not? I should have looked upon you then as one dead to me forever. If I had—"

"If you had," interrupts she, tremulously, "you would have broken my heart."

"Darling," says Brabazon, in a tone that trembles even more than her own, "do you mean that? Are you sure?" There is a long pause, and then, "After all, Kit," he says, with a sudden great access of honest hope, "I suppose I shan't be always poor. I shall get on, you know. I shall make something in a few years. But—with a sudden descent into despair again—"I shall never be a rich man now my uncle has married. Does that frighten you? tell me truly, Kit."

"There is only one thing could frighten me," says Kit, "and that is the thought of ever marrying any man but you."

This charming speech certainly deserves an acknowledgment. The backs of Kit's pretty hands are considerably warmer by the time it is made.

"Then you will consent to wait for me a year?" says Neil; "and though you may be (compared with other people) poor all your life, still you will have a heart that will love you forever and ever."

"That will be better than all the money in the world," says the girl, so earnestly, and with such girlish trust in her large

eyes, that even before he is aware of it himself his arms are around her.

"You will be true to me, I feel it," he whispers, rapturously. Then he lifts his head and anxiously regards the party in front. "They—they have just turned the corner," he says, thankfully. "I think—diffidently—"you might kiss me once" (great stress on the "once") "before we rejoin them."

Kit hesitates, bites her lip, and laughs,—a low, faint laugh, not without embarrassment, yet not altogether without amusement too. Finally, blushing generously, she raises her face to his, and kisses him with all her heart.

"Now you are mine forever," says the young man, solemnly.

"I am very glad of that," whispers she back to him, with a grave sweet smile.

"There is something about you, Kit, different from any other girl I have ever met," says Neil, tenderly. "I have heard of men who were jealous of their sweethearts, and who, when away from them, were uncertain of their faith. But I should never feel a doubt of you. I can't explain why,—it is something in your eyes, I think,—but I know I never should. Now you have given yourself to me, I know you will be true to me. This morning I was—oh, how miserable I was! now all my anxiety and torture are at an end, and only an unutterable sense of happiness remains."

Lifting his hat, he looks up gratefully to the exquisite starlit sky above him. "I don't suppose," he says, slowly, "that I shall ever be able to tell you how happy I am."

"Oh, Neil," cries Kit, impulsively, turning to him a beautiful face bright with emotion, "that is just how I feel about—you!"

Was there ever so sweet a creature as she looks now, with her lovely face upturned, and her soft eyes filled with tears? Brabazon gazes at her as though he could never tire of so fair a spectacle, and indeed, in all human probability, they might be now so standing, in an ecstasy too deep for words, beneath the rays of the mystic moon locked hand in hand—but for an unlooked-for interruption!

CHAPTER VI.

"There as by a venture this Palamon
Was in a bush, that no man might him see,
For so feared of his death was he."

It was a rustle in the bushes near them! All along the right-hand side of the road, on the top of the high bank that skirts it, clumps of furze and hawthorn are growing, at unequal distances. Being thick in parts, they form a capital ambush for cavedroppers,—or for worse.

Kit and Neil, starting guiltily as they hear the stealthy sound, turn involuntarily in the direction from which it has seemed to come. But again all is silence; only the ripple of distant streamlets, and the low murmuring laughter of those gone on before, are wafted to them on the drowsy breeze.

"It was fancy," says Neil, at last.

"I think not," says Kit, nervously; "it sounded like something human. Ah! Look there!"

She throws out her arm with a little frantic gesture toward one part of the wild hedge, thicker than the rest. As Brabazon hurriedly follows her gaze, he distinctly sees the figure of a man move from behind a furze-bush. There is something in his hand that also attracts his attention. It is the gleaming barrel of a revolver! Caught by the moon's rays, it shines out clear and distinct for a moment, and then is gone. The man springing down from his point of vantage into the field behind him, the revolver disappears with him.

With a muttered exclamation Neil bounds on to the bank, and looks hurriedly right and left. He strains his eyes eagerly up and down the deep dike that lies at the other side of this bank,—a dike deep and dark enough to conceal a small regiment,—but his sight avails him nothing. There is not so much as a shadow in the field beyond, while the dike itself is wrapped in densest gloom.

He is just about to jump down into the field to prosecute his search more closely, when a little imploring cry from Kit detains him.

"Oh, do not leave me here alone!" she exclaims, piteously. "The others have gone ever so far away, and I am afraid to stay on the road by myself. Oh, do come back to me!" This anxiety is a good deal for herself, but a great deal more for him. She grows cold with fright as she pictures that

terribly suspicious figure, of a moment since, presenting his revolver at Neil from some dark corner.

"What is to be done?" exclaims Neil, distracted between his anxiety for her and his fear of letting the man escape. There is no help for it, however; he certainly cannot desert her. Scrambling down to her side once more, he catches her hand.

"Now, run your best, Kit," he says; and presently, breathless and excited, they come up with the others, and relate what they have just seen.

"Ha! a bullet meant for the Squire, no doubt," says Brian, vehemently. "They made sure of getting him to-night!"

"It was there, in that field, we saw him," goes on Brabazon, pointing in its direction. "He can't be gone very far yet; he would be afraid to cross the open field in this strong moonlight; why not try for him again?"

"Yes, why not?" says Dicky Browne, eagerly, taking a step forward.

"No," says Brian, shortly; "you and Mannering must stay here to look after the girls, whilst Brabazon and I try our luck with our friend of the revolver." So saying, he springs on to the bank, followed by Neil; and both, jumping into the field, are swallowed up by the dark shadow of the ditch beneath which they run.

Kit, pale and frightened, but calm and self-possessed, stands staring after them, trying to pierce the secrets of the night. Monica, who is trembling excessively, going up to her, clings to her fearfully.

"Oh, if anything should happen to him!" she says, thinking of her husband.

"If anything does, I shall never be happy again," says Kit, thinking of her Neil. There is, however, a certain joy in the thought that he is beyond fear,—he,—her hero, her Sir Lancelot, her knight, her—lover. It is a pity, no doubt, but, in spite of all the medieval legends she has been studying and adoring for years, she now finds this last appellation dearer to her than all the rest. "I think the other two might have gone," she says, petulantly, "and left them with us." Alas for Mr. Mannering! Even as she says this she casts upon him a revengeful glance.

Dicky has proved scandalously untrue to his post. Unable to refrain from the pleasures of the chase, he has disappeared over the bank long ago, and is now in full cry. All to no purpose, however. Returning after an exhausting but fruitless search, with Brian and Mr. Brabazon (both in whole skins and the lowest spirits), they confess their trouble vain.

"Not a sign of any one," says Neil. "It is the most extraordinary thing I ever knew. You saw him too, didn't you?" appealing anxiously to Kit as a witness that he has not been leading the others on a wild-goose chase.

"Distinctly," says Kit; "and his revolver. The moon shone full upon the barrel. I could not be mistaken."

"Well, come home now, at all events," says Desmond, discontentedly. He would have liked to spend the night searching for the culprit, but "the girls," as he always calls Kit and his wife, must be got back to Coole in safety.

"Do you think," says Mr. Mannering, cautiously, "that—er—it is quite safe for Mrs. Desmond and Miss Beresford to walk along the main road thus unprotected—eh?"

"Unprotected! Why, we are all here," says Neil, a little sharply.

"Of course, of course," haughtily, "but without weapons, as you may perceive. A bullet is a rather unanswerable argument at all times; and just now—why, it might strike any of us," with increasing earnestness. "Is it safe, I ask, therefore, again?"

"Safe?" says Mr. Browne, striking in here hastily in a tone of the most abject terror. "How can you talk so presumptuously of safety, Mannering, when you must know you are in the very jaws of death? Every one of those bushes on your side (I notice particularly they are thicker and more conducive to concealment on your side) may harbor Brabazon's man with the revolver; you're as good as walking on your own grave this moment. It is a solemn thought; this is indeed 'a most distressful country.' Oh, 'Appy Ampton,' 'ow I wish I could see you now! Don't you, Mannering?" This last in a perfectly different tone, replete with gaiety.

"It is really a very lawless land," says Mr. Mannering, in a weak voice, that very little more of Dicky Browne would reduce to a tremble.

"Ireland for the Irish!" goes on Dicky fully. "That is Parnoll's cry: why do it? Who wants it? They're well-to-do, say I; eh, Mannering?"

He has edged himself round, until he is walking quite close to the latter, who, said, by no means covets his society. There is a little silence, only broken by the sound of their feet upon the quiet road, then—

"Ah! oh! what is that?" shrieks Brown, in a tone of agony, pointing in a hazy fashion to a tall furze-bush that touches Mr. Mannering's elbow.

"What—where? where?" cries the latter, (whose nerves by this time are fully unstrung), beating about him in a mad way with his walking-stick, as he awakens from his paralyzed state, "Confound you!" he says to Dicky, with bitter wrath, seeing that the gentleman is speechless with laughter at the success of his little ruse. The others, are politely endeavoring to smother their mirth, so that altogether Mr. Mannering feels very justly incensed.

At Monica (who is really frightened) has in vain, so Dicky Browne is peremptorily told to desist from further practical jokes, and to (generally speaking) shut up, which he does with excessive meekness, confessing his contrition openly, and consenting to forgive himself only when Monica has disengaged her hand through his arm (having conquered her fears) smiles upon him.

Thus peace is restored.

"Whoever you saw, Brabazon," says Dicky, "meant his bullets for my uncle. He wasn't among the first lot of us turned the corner, he naturally supposed (having been privately assured before) I conclude, that the Squire was to go to-night to Kilmalooda) that you were there, and only discovered his mistake almost as the revolver was leveled at my lucky for you he discovered it in the shoulders, and with a most natural sense of self-satisfaction lays her hand upon Brabazon's sleeve. It is quickly red—the hand, I mean. Yes, he is here, and well, and—her own!

"But who could have told any one of our party to visit Kilmalooda to-night?" asks Monica. "It was quite a sudden declaration on our part."

"The worst foes of a man are those of his own household," quotes Brian, sententiously.

"But whom could you suspect, dearest?" asks Monica.

"Dicky!" says Desmond, promptly; "he has all the appearance of being an arch-conspirator. I'm certain if he went to Dublin, while these state arrests are going on, detectives would arrest him at once as suspicious looking character."

"I wonder how people manage to look so smart," says Dicky. "Do they squint their eyes, or stand on their heads, or?"

"That's it. They 'hoie,'" says Mr. Desmond, with conviction.

"Let them turn in the avenue gate, and soon standing in the hall of Coole.

"Where is the master?" asks Desmond, as he comes forward to help him off with his coat.

"In the library, sir. He said he would be with you returned."

"Not a word of this affair to him," says Dicky quickly to the others. "It would increase him, and do no good. But I shall see him. He has been lonely lately, no doubt. And a glass of champagne, darling," in a low tone to his wife, "do you and Kit good before going to bed."

She turns again to the man in attendance.

"I wonder where Connor put my cigar?" he says, carelessly; "I couldn't find it when I was going out. Send him to me."

"Yes, sir: when he comes in, sir."

"Comes in?" What does he mean by being out of the house at half-past twelve?"

"He said, after dinner, sir, as how his horse was took very bad with a stitch in its side, and he went up to Ard Irish Farm to bed."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dr. E. A. Osborn, of New Jersey, has a hundred thousand cocoa-nut trees growing on Biscayne Island, Florida, and is about to plant thirty-five thousand more. In four or five years they will yield annually from three to five dollars a

CHARLES CHERRYBLE'S CHATS.

He Touches Upon the Subjects of Slang, Would-be Genteel People and Affectation.

I fear that my younger readers will set me down as a prizing old fogey when these remarks meet their eyes, and I fancy I can hear them say, "Why, the old fellow seems to forget that he was once young himself." But I don't forget it, and I have no doubt that I was guilty, in my youthful days, of just such errors as I am about to point out, with the hope that, by doing so, those errors may be corrected.

Now, one thing that strikes me very forcibly as being quite unnecessary, is the immense prevalence of the use of

"SLANG"

by people, young and old, the former doubtless picking up the expressions they make use of from the latter, who ought, therefore, to be doubly guarded in what they say before their juniors. It does appear to me that it is very absurd for a young lady, who may wish to express her admiration of any particular thing, whether it be a flower, or a dress or anything else, to make use of any such phrase as "Oh, my! that's immense!" when she could quite as easily have said, "It is very pretty," or "very nice." Then again how one's opinion of a young woman, or rather of her sense of propriety, does fall, to be sure, when she declares such and such a young gentleman to be "a daisy!" and yet both the expressions I have mentioned are frequently used by people who are supposed to have been reared in circles having some pretensions to refinement. It seems as though the majority of young people took naturally to the use of slangy language, and though it may, in a certain sense, be harmless, still it is most objectionable.

A great many young ladies, against whose moral character not a word can be said, appear rather to glory in having it said about them, "She's a little bit 'fast,'" as though to be considered so were something quite in their favor; and in order to acquire the reputation of being "a little fast" they take pains to commit to memory any slangy expressions that they may happen to hear their brothers or others make use of.

This habit of using "slang" is as difficult to give up as it is easy to acquire, and I was told of a family whose younger members, having determined to abandon this habit, were very guarded in their speech in order to bring about the desired reformation. A lady having heard of their resolution, expressed her pleasure at it, and in speaking to them about it remarked, "And so you have quite given up the use of slang, have you?" Before the young people could check themselves, out came the words, "You just bet we have," which effectually proved that the habit was by no means as completely under control as they imagined it to be.

The words "awful" and "awfully" have quite lost their proper significations amongst the rising generation, and this unfortunate adjective and its equally unfortunate adverb are applied to pretty nearly everything that is spoken of. "It's an awfully wet day," "I have an awful pain in my little finger," or "That's an awfully pretty ring," are expressions which are as common as they are absurd. I fail to see how an article can be so pretty as to strike awe into the observer.

It is all nonsense to say that the use of slang is very prevalent amongst members of the "best society," as it is called; I know such to be true, however, but to my humble way of thinking this so-called "best society" would be very much better if its members eschewed the use of slang altogether.

I am far from wishing to see young people conduct themselves after the manner of little old men and women, but they can be perfectly nice and proper without being "old-fashioned," as it is termed. In conclusion I say, emphatically, that the use of slang in any shape or form is vulgar, and if a young marchioness chooses to interlard her conversation with slang phrases, she is a vulgar young marchioness, for my lady Guinevere Howard De Courcey may be

quite as vulgar as Polly Figgins, the wash-woman's daughter. As Burns has said: "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that," and Burns know what he was saying. The rank of a marchioness no more makes a lady of the bearer of that title than diamond earrings, gold chains and satin dresses, if worn by a female gorilla, would transform that animal into a lady.

I have seen more really lady-like behavior exhibited, very often, by very plainly-clad young women than by those the total of whose annual millinery bills footed up amongst the thousands, but who would be highly indignant if any one dared to assert that they were not ladies, and though an ostentatious display of expensive jewellery does a great deal to impress a certain class of people with an idea of the rank of the wearer I am very sure it is a class for whose opinion I would not care a snap of my fingers. A mind of purity and refinement is worth all the gow-gaws and external display of a person whose mental views are sordid and gross. A truly refined mind can never be taken away from its possessor, but a sudden change of fortune can sweep into dresses and jewellery away for ever, and very miserable creatures, indeed, would some of our wealthy people appear when shorn of such exterior embellishments.

I have heard "ladies," clad in valuable sealskin jackets and wearing ornaments whose value I should not like to estimate, speaking of "them there things," and "me and her wasn't there," and so forth, and though I could not but feel sorry for them, I was forced to smile. Doubtless had these "ladies" known that a plain old fellow like myself pitied them, I should have been told to keep my pity for those who needed it, that is, if they would condescend to speak to so humble an individual as I am; but for all that, I should still feel sorry for them.

Another very prevalent evil amongst our young people of both sexes is the cultivation of

AN AFFECTED MANNER OF SPEAKING.

One would imagine, to hear some young people talk, that they considered it a sign of great mental ability to show their utter disregard for the letter "r," which they give the sound of "w," or to pronounce the letter "s" as if it were "th." It sounds pretty enough to hear a little toddler of three or four years lisping out its words, but it always looks to me as if there was some deficiency somewhere when I hear a young man or a young woman talking about the "witho breetheth on the bay in thummer," and so forth. Now if any young persons have anything to say, for goodness sake let them say it in the manner nature intended them to do. If they have an impediment in their speech they are to be pitied; but if they merely affect to be so afflicted [they are worthy of twice as much commiseration. Why anyone should wish others to believe that he was born without a roof to his mouth, or tongue-tied, is a mystery to me; but that many such people do exist, must be apparent to many more besides

CHARLES CHERRYBLE.

How to Treat a Wife.

Patience and cheerfulness are the great requisites in married life. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world, but do not therefore carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials which, though of less weight, may have been as hard for her to bear. A kind word, a tender look, will soon chase all clouds of gloom from her face. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes, but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But, oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them as a matter of course and pass them by, and at the same time observe any admission of what you may consider due to you. Sometimes yield to your wife's wishes. She has preferences as strong as you, and, it may be, as trying to her to yield her choice as to you. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife may look up to you and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

In and out of Russia.

No traveller is allowed to cross the Russian frontier or enter a Russian port without a passport from his own government. When he reaches St. Petersburg, he is immediately deprived of his passport by the porter of the hotel, who sends it to the police station, together with any information about the guest that may be procurable. In due time it comes back with an endorsement in unreadable Russian to the effect that, the stranger's credentials being approved, he is at liberty to remain in the country. One would naturally suppose that after this his troubles were over, and that when he wished to depart a country thus jealous about letting him into it would be glad enough to see him depart to make him no further trouble. Not so, however, for it is rather easier to get into the country than out of it again. When the people at the hotel learn of the guest's intended departure, they make another demand for his passport, and when it returns a second time from the police station it is found that the officials have equalized the difference in tariff prevailing at the American and Russian Consulates at Berlin, by clapping about four roubles' worth of tough looking stamps upon it. They have also inscribed upon it a form to the effect that "the American Honorable So-and-So," having been in the country such and such a length of time, has now permission to leave, and there is also loosely pasted upon it another paper, which is addressed to the officer in charge at the frontier, and numbered to conform to the passport upon which it is affixed, and which he must tear off and return to the St. Petersburg office as earnest proof of the performance of his own duty, and proof that the traveller has been safely set down in the domains of some neighboring power. I imagine that all the authorities take a long breath of relief when it is known that the dangerous foreigner is safely dismissed, and I am sure that he does, when he sees the masts of the men-of-war at Cronstadt, or the walls of the frontier station, disappearing from his view. Owing to the general condition of things in Russia, all sense of security is thoroughly destroyed. All men live in constant fear, not only of what may at any moment happen to the person of the Czar and his officers from the Nihilists, but of what they themselves may be exposed to from the police. When arrests were published, and public trials, or inquiries by jury, were in order, there was some hope for a man unjustly suspected or falsely accused, but a present arrest means conviction, imprisonment, and imprisonment—who knows where it is suffered or what are its terrors? This much is known, however, that about two thousand arrests, most of them in St. Petersburg, occur every year. It is heard, perhaps, that on the previous night a man quietly asleep in his house has been awakened by an armed force of soldiery and police and taken away, and that he does not return. The charge upon which he is apprehended is unknown, the tribunal before which he is brought has no name nor known place of sitting, and on this account it is only too evident that it will preserve its secret at the easy cost of condemning to silence and oblivion all who appear before it here and there a friend of the missing man—perhaps his wife or son—seeks to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance. The questioner seeks the nearest police station, but no one there has heard of the case, although another department may give some information. This refers the searcher to a third, from which, in turn, he is sent to a fourth, fifth, and sixth, until wearied and hopeless, the search is abandoned, and the case is forgotten amid the host of others which it resembles. This policy adds a terror to Nihilism, which it surely does not need, but seems to furnish them no relief.

The granddaughter of Daniel Webster, Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, wore at the first reception given this season by the President a white satin court dress with flowing train, the front flounced with point lace, diamond buckles clasping the narrow sleeve bands across the shoulders, and a necklace of pal-amber with diamond pendants completing the toilette.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates: 50 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 Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

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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.

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KIND WORDS.

THEODORE ASHBATH, Woodstock, Minnesota.—I am much pleased with TRUTH. It is a much better paper than I expected to see. If my competition fails to secure a prize, I feel satisfied I will get well the worth of my money, any way.

REV. R. LOGAN, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.—As a clergyman I am very highly pleased at the plain matter of fact way of TRUTH in dealing with things in general, and shams in particular. I wish you unlimited success.

B. B. MILLER, 11 Stevens street, Chicago.—Accept my thanks for nice gold brooch received on Saturday. I am more than pleased, as I really did not expect anything so good.

A. E. GARNAGE, Brantford, Ont.—I received the gem gold ring awarded me, and must say that I was not only pleased but surprised at its value and beauty. I must also bear testimony to TRUTH. It is a splendid journal,—interesting, but not pernicious, like too many "family" journals.

JAMES A. GATES, Middleton, N. S.—I wish to thank you for the watch awarded to me in No. 12. It is all that it was recommended to be. With TRUTH I am well pleased, and consider it good value for the price asked without any prize being given.

HENRY PRINGLE, Belleville.—Received my prize all right, for which accept my best thanks. TRUTH alone is worth double the subscription, and well worthy of the patronage of all lovers of good reading, irrespective of the magnificent rewards.

H. M. VANEVERT, Fenwick, Ont.—The Chambers' Dictionary awarded to me came to hand safe. I am well pleased with my

investment, as TRUTH is good value for the money without the dictionary, which I certainly could not get here for the amount paid.

GILBERT FLYNN, J. P., Mountain Grove, Ont.—I take much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Chambers' Dictionary. We like TRUTH first rate, and wish you every success.

J. R. THOMAS, Bowmanville, Ont.—Received the "World's Cyclopaedia," and am much pleased with it, as it is replete with useful information.

MRS. G. HAMMOND, Delaware, Ont.—I duly received the black silk dress awarded me, for which please accept my best thanks.

JOHN WADDELL, 231 Richmond St. West, Toronto, says:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Eliza Cook's poetical works, bound in a beautiful manner, which I received a few days ago, as a prize in Enigma Competition. Also a splendid aluminum gold watch, which keeps good time, being a prize in Bible Competition No. 10, issued in TRUTH. I regret to say that the acknowledgment thanking you was laid aside and forgotten to be forwarded. I now desire to thank you kindly for the valuable prizes which I have received. Allow me to the liberty of stating that TRUTH is a prize very much welcomed at the end of every week. Viewing TRUTH in its moral and social aspect I contend that it is sound to the core, whilst its views on the principles of political economy are absolutely correct.

JOHN HENDERSON, Oawego, N. Y., says: Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting-case Elgin watch for prize story No. 9 in TRUTH. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy C.," I wish TRUTH the best of success. I have left a copy of TRUTH with both our city papers, showed the watch to them, and I will mail you copies of the same should they advertise it. Should I gain TRUTH any subscribers I shall feel very happy to do so without any commission whatever; you have acted honorably by me and I shall be very happy to aid your paper in any way I can.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following parties have sent in acknowledgments of prizes received in LADIES' JOURNAL and TRUTH competitions:—Mrs. John McQuarrie, Port Arthur; E. M. Heming, Ottawa; Joseph B. Bailey, Johnson's Mills, Ont.; Victor H. Bigg, Bloomfield; R. W. Kemp, Grimaby; A. E. Gamme, Brantford; Charles H. Tabb, Parkdale; M. Hollis, Riverbank; W. H. Hall, Markham; Philip Ramsay, Port Hill, P. E. I.; Stuart Jenkes, Parrsboro', U. S.; Mrs. Wm. Bond, Newmarket; Mrs. Jas. Gallespie, Berkeley; A. P. Shewman, Petrolia; Fannie Timlin, Vernonville; A. S. Nash, Winger, Ont.; Sarah C. Snider, Smith's Creek; Mrs. M. A. Allington, Chicago; Mrs. N. S. Drake, Houlton; Bella Smart, Calgary; Alice R. Dean, Morton; Mary J. Platt, Plattsville, Conn.; Amy Harris, Harris, Hegewisch; Florence Jacobs, Lunenburg; Mrs. J. H. Millward, Calgary; Barbara McKay, Edmonton.

Notices 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 the 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 omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—sewing machines, \$2.00; guns and tea-services, \$1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods, 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work.

"TRUTH" PREVAILS! NO. 14. BIBLE COMPETITION.

About two years ago we resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of TRUTH to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions. As the effort met with fair encouragement we have ever since continued, from time to time similar offers, determined to carry out every promise to the very letter, and promptly pay every prize offered. As our publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and we have staked our all in its success, we are fully alive to the fact that the scheme must be carried out fairly and honorably without favor or partiality to any one.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years we have among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions, have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of those names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. We have been in business for nine years as a publisher, and we have always honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all our promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet we are not dissatisfied with the result, as our journal has been splendidly established, and our own business reputation well built up. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that we cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out our promises, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

The following Bible Questions are propounded:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

Correct answers to these questions must be sent in not later than first day of July, 1885, (inclusive) accompanied by one dollar for four months' subscription to TRUTH.

THE REWARDS.

In order to give everyone, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in four sets as follows:

- FIRST SERIES.—All correct answers from one to six hundred. SECOND SERIES.—Correct answers from six hundred to the middle answer. THIRD SERIES.—From middle answer of the whole lot. FOURTH SERIES.—Consolation awards to the last two hundred received.

WHAT IS NOW OFFERED.

The first reward in each of above series will be \$100 in gold. The second reward in each series will be \$50 in gold. The third reward in each series will be a genuine solid gold watch, positively from the very best makers. The fourth reward in each series will be a fine, ten-stop cabinet organ, (worth about \$250.)

For all other correct answers to series a beautifully bound volume Shakespeare's complete works, or one of our great poets.

For all other correct answers in the Series a beautiful German oleograph picture.

For all other correct answers in the Fourth Series a volume of fiction, worth about 200 pages each.

HOW AWARDS ARE MADE.

In every instance when an answer received it is at once numbered in the book, and filed, and at the same time the correct answers are carefully checked and rewards are given, no matter to whom or to where they go. There is positive deviation from this rule. All may be of this. The Prime Minister of the President must take his chances with the school boy, or the Miss years.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up questions and sending them in, as your chance is equally good any time between now and 1st July. Send in each a money order for one dollar, or a letter with the money enclosed, and answer written out clear and plainly, your full name and correct address. Be sure every one must send a dollar for TRUTH will be sent for four months. If subscribers competing will have their names extended, or the magazine will be sent to other desired address.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

A valuable reward will be given to anyone correctly answering the Bible questions. Besides this you are sure to get ten dollars for four months for the dollar sent alone is well worth the money. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present subscribers assuring the publisher that they will be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. TRUTH is a Weekly magazine of current literature, containing large and well-printed pages each with such original and select matter as is of every taste, and not in the slightest objectionable to any, but of a high tone. Address, plainly, S. FRANK WILSON, 23 & 25 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Selling One Another as Slaves.

When we were passing through Filbert a town on the Fiheringa River, a party of thirty men belonging to a Bara tribe came down from the interior with cattle and with the people of Fiheringa. They were disposed of without any difficulty the Baras were told that it was a pity they had not brought any slaves down with them, as the people of Fiheringa were in need of more slaves. It was also said that very high prices would have been given for some of the Baras, upon hearing this they immediately put their heads together, and a conspiracy was formed among twenty of their number. These twenty, with their opportunity, overpowered the ten, and, after robbing them, sold the slaves. This business worked so well that another conspiracy was soon organized among twelve to sell the other eight of this the majority also succeeded. Twelve then started for their native land, but, I understand, reduced their number six before they had proceeded very far. The above is only one of many strange proceedings which are continually taking place in this land of robbers and murderers. Beside treacherously selling each other as slaves, it is quite common for men to sell their own children, and I have upon several occasions had parents offer me one or two of their children as slaves.

Mental pleasures never cloy; whilst of the body, they are increased by repeated approval by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

We are none of us infallible, though many of us fondly imagine ourselves so, but we have all much to learn, and we are all ignorant; and, if we are really sincere, we should be willing to be enlightened, even if it be by the aid of an antagonist. It does not, however, mean necessarily follow that we should thus led to adopt our opponent's view the contrary, we may, by a closer examination of his notions, gain only a clearer sight into any fallacies upon which they are based, and thus only confirmed in our view, and in a better position to enforce what we believe to be right.

Discoveries Made by Accident.

able discoveries have been made and inventions suggested by the voracious chemist while seeking to discover a...

about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint for exceeded his ability to supply it. A Brighton stationer took a fancy for...

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases of another; therefore, let them take heed of their company. Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. L., Seaforth. - Are sorry the committee were not of the same opinion about the story. Tastes differ so much that all cannot be pleased. The manuscript is not now available, or it would be returned with pleasure.

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—What is the true foundation of theatrical enjoyment? Is it to be found in the picture of human life—the play of mind on mind, of passion on passion, of wit on wit? Is it not the spectacle of mental action, which gives to the drama its fascination and power? We think so, and "The Wages of Sin," as produced at the Grand last week, answers in every particular these requisites. In point of moral tone, "The Wages of Sin," belongs to that class of drama which is entirely too rare. From the rise of tide curtain to its fall, in each act the terrible and inevitable consequences of a life of dissipation and sin are vividly and unmistakably portrayed. The cast of the play was almost faultless. Every performer seemed perfectly adapted to the part assigned them. Marie Prescott as Ruth is extraordinary, and it seems almost marvellous how a lady with so slight a physique can be possessed of such powers of endurance as the very heavy part demands in its portrayal. We cannot refrain from mentioning Mr. Maubury as "George Brand," the curate. His voice is magnificently deep, rich and full, and he uses his natural gifts as an actor to the very best advantage. Taken all round, "The Wages of Sin" is the best melodrama which Mr. Sheppard has brought on this season.

One evening last week at the production of "The Wages of Sin" at the Grand, and in the fourth act of the play, where "Stephen Marlor" is made to drag his wife by the throat across the stage, a gentleman in the orchestra chairs, forgetting for the moment where he was, rose to his feet, and in a voice and tone that breathed all to the brutal husband, called out, "Look a-here, you just leave go of her neck!"

MONTFORT'S MUSEUM.—The only, and original "Uncle Tom" was the attraction at the Museum last week. The audiences, especially at the matinees, were large, and though the play has advanced from youth to old age, it seems good for another twenty years yet.

Patti Packed in Woolen.

On a damp, chilly afternoon this week I was in a Central park restaurant, writes a correspondent. Simultaneously, two other riders sought the same success from the wet diversion. They were Nicolini and his famous Patti; and you are wondering what the great singer could have to present her in a new phase, considering how many columns have been filled with descriptions of her personally. The fresh point which this view enables me to make concerning the only woman in the world whose wages are thousands of dollars per day, was the care which she took to keep herself from damage. Without her voice, Patti would be a handsome little matron of 40, but of no public value. Therefore her very consequential throat was wrapped round and round with a silk scarf, which she removed on getting into the house. On the way from the carriage she had held a handkerchief to her mouth on saying something, so that no raw air should reach her vocal organ. Her feet were in Arctic overshoes, her ankles in baby like leggins, and her mantle enveloped her figure from neck to hem. But the oddest protection against catching cold was a wad of cotton in each ear.

"She must have the carache," I said to a physician who makes a specialty of throat diseases, who has some of the great opera singers for patients, and of whom I subsequently inquired on the subject.

"Not at all," he replied; "she seldom goes out of doors in the winter without plugging her ears. It is a strange fact that the vocal chords are susceptible to the slightest chill entering through aural passages. There isn't any affectation in Patti's extraordinary precautions. You wouldn't marvel at the fiddler who owned an old treasure of a violin, and carried it in cotton for fear of breakage. Isn't it sensible, then, for a prima donna to guard jealously the only voice she's got?"

I judge, however, that Patti's stomach is

composed of sterner and not less able stuff, for the beefsteak and onions which she washed down her rarely sensitive throat with a bottle of ale, were astonishing in quantity.

The Voice as an Instrument of Music.

She who taught the nightingale to sing, she whose early hymn the sweet lark warbles to the morning, she who pours forth the full melody from the deep throat of the thrush, and gives the little sparrow the pleasant, the articulated harmony, she also, when she gave to man a throat and breath, taught him to modulate. This is the work of nature, in harmony to the laws of nature's God. Thus far music is her gift. None of the "sweet-tuned instruments known to human invention equals the natural voice in sweetness; they are all harsh or they are rough, when compared with the pure tone, the mellow softness of the throat. What was the great praise of Martini, but that he made the hautboy emulate the sound of the human voice? Nature has given to man the first and finest of all instruments in his own frame. The ancients were employing their time uselessly when they endeavored to demonstrate in what country music first saw its origin. It is, doubtless, coeval with the human fabric, and natural to all countries where men have lived.

Janiich is fulfilling a month's engagement in New York.

Henry Irving's Philadelphia engagement was more than ordinarily successful.

Lotta is still popular, and is playing in the Western States to good business.

"Hazel Kirke," the original company, is doing a good business in the west.

Rhea appeared in New Orleans last week in her new play, "An American Countess."

Minnie Palmer, fresh from her European triumphs, is playing "My Sweetheart" in Chicago.

It used to be said of McKee Rankin when he was leading man at the Union Square that he was the only actor on the American stage who could put on a kid glove gracefully.

Theatrical business was never at so low an ebb in the interior of Pennsylvania as now. Demian Thompson played before an audience representing \$42 in Lancaster last week.

Another two years' engagement has been settled for Minnie Palmer in Europe by the ever faithful John R. Rogers. This will include the Vienna engagement and possibly one in Paris. But the most of her time will be passed in London and the English provinces.

Mr. Howe, the veteran actor of Mr. Irving's company, said the other day: "You may talk about Booth, or any other actor you choose, but after all the best all-round actor America ever sent to England was E. L. Davenport. I knew Davenport's wife when she was Vining on the English stage. She was one of the most magnificently formed women I ever saw. I had not seen her for twenty years until the other day, when she came to town with the Madison square company to play in 'Hazel Kirke.' I called to see her at the hotel. She happened to be in the hotel parlor, and I recognized her instantly, although her back was turned to me. Though twenty years had passed I had not forgotten those magnificent shoulders and that handsome waist."

Dr. Leopold Damosch, the distinguished musician, died Saturday afternoon in New York, aged 53. The event was unexpected. On Monday evening previous Damosch conducted a performance at the Metropolitan opera house, and seemed in his usual health. The next evening he undertook to direct a rehearsal of the oratorio society. In the middle of the rehearsal he was taken with a chill and was taken to his home. Pneumonia set in, but no unusual symptoms appeared until Saturday, when a sudden change for the worse occurred. About one o'clock Saturday afternoon he dropped off into a sleep in which he continued until two, when he died. Damosch came to America in 1872. While in New York he organized oratorio and symphony societies. Latterly he had been engaged as musical director at the Metropolitan opera house.

An Almanac of Ye Olden Tyme.

Concerning an almanac in the possession of Mr. Hall, of Chicago, the *Inter-Ocean*, of that city, says: "It is entitled *Riders 1666* Brittiish Morlin. Bedecked with many delightful varieties and useful varieties fitting the Longitude and Latide of all capicities within the Islands of Great Brittain Monarchy, and chronological observations of principal note to this year 1666, being the second after Leap-year. With notes of Husbandry, Fhific, Fairs and Marts, Directions and Tables to all necessary uses. Made and compiled for the benefit of his Country by Schardanus Riders.

The Almanack is in a fair state of preservation. The leather covering is crude, but substantial; the paper yellow but of good strength. In a Geographical Description of the World, this country is alluded to as America the fourth part of the world, and of the latest discovery confitteth of these two parts Mexicana and Peruana. A table of some length is given, showing a computation of the most remarkable Passages of the times, from the creation to this present year, 1666. The following are some of the passages: The creation of the world according to chronology 5615; The creation according to verity 0060; Noahs flood 3659; Sodam and Gomorrah destroyed by fire 3568; Julius Cefur conquered this Island 1077; The Bible translated into Greek by the seventy interpreters at the command of Ptolomy Philadelphus 1931; Tamerlane the Seythian flew 20000 Turks took Bazaret the Emperour, bound him in fetters of gold and carried him about in an iron cage 295; London bridge with thirty three years labor finished with stone 457; A great Plague whereof died in one year in London 3078—63; The Ballifs and York the Conftable of Huntingdon seized Sir Robert Osburns ragged colt for a sturgeon 42. Under the terms of court, the following appears:

Cuffeus sues at Law for Ganders Land
And Fox the Lawyer takes the cause in hand.

In the marginal notes of the calendar months certain observations are made, such as The best Physic is warm clothes, good Fires, warm Diet, and a merry honest Wife; Now advise with the honest and able Astrological Physician; it is good to purge and let blood. The benefits to be derived from total absence appear to have been regarded in the sixteenth century, as the following remark shows: The use of Physic becomes now feasonable, as also Purging and Blood-letting. It is good to abstain from Wine, for many diseases will be taken thereby to the injury of many.

Ne every Garden and Hedge affords the Food and Physic, Rise early, walk the Fields by (streams, the North and West sides, Seize and sweet butter an excellent breakfast. Clarified Whay with Sage, Scury Grafs, Ale and Wormwood Beer are wholesome Drinks. Green Whay excellent against choler. Get Rue, Wormwood, and Gall, to strow on your Flores to destroy Fleas. "The garments you last month hung on your backs in jeft, now Button them clofe in good earnest. Consult with your Tailors, as well as Physicians.

Boxing the Compass.

A vessel from America was at one time off the coast of Ireland in a heavy storm. She hoisted the signal for a pilot, and in the course of a couple of hours a rough man made his appearance, saying in very broken English that he could take the vessel into the harbor. The captain had his doubts as to the nautical lero of the pilot, and asked him if he could box the compass. Poor Pat knew only in a general sort of way that there was a certain jingle in boxing the compass, and if he began the work in English he would get the northwest and north-west by north, an west ne-west inextricably mixed, so he told the captain he could do it in Irish, and began in the unknown tongue: "My grandmother, my great-grandmother's mother, my mother; my mother's father, my grandmother's father, my great-grandmother's father, my father." At this point the captain declared himself perfectly satisfied, and the ship was delivered into the pilotage of Pat, who carried her in with perfect safety.

Home Politeness for Children.

As soon as children begin to lip "and "mamma," parents should teach courtesy, good manners, and correct-guage, guiding their efforts with loving attention. Everything vile, clownish, impolite, uncouth, ungrammatical, and all slang phrases should be closely guarded against, and all things honest, pure, just and lovely carefully and inculcated. In teaching children little sweet courtesies of life the same must be repeated over and over for a few years—"precept upon precept upon line," with, it may be, "seven or seven" corrections; but never fear, reward will come at length, when the laboriously taught will voluntarily accept the principles instilled, for courtesy have become a habit, than which nothing stronger. Said Dr. Johnson, "Theitive chain of habit is scarcely heavy to be felt until it is too strong to be broken. It is never safe for parents to overlook formation of bad habits, consulting solves with the thought that it can be readily abandoned as children older and go out into the world. Sedulusion is fatal. Unless, therefore, it is one they are not willing to see children form for life, the only safe is not to begin. Parents and all should remember that

"habits are soon assumed, but when they are to strip them off, 'tis belog stayed alie."

Who wants eternal sunshine or the Who would fix forever the cloud-wed Autumn sunset, or hang over him a lasting moonlight.

To our Readers.

If you suffer from headache, backache, biliousness, or humors of the try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a tested cure for all irregularities of the liver and kidneys.

The world is a looking-glass, and back to every man who reflection of the face. Frown at it, and it will in a surlyly upon you; laugh at it and it is a pleasant, kind companion.

Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion No. B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Elix is the best medicine I ever used for matism. Nearly every winter I am with Rheumatism, and have tried every kind of medicine without great benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Elix Oil. It has worked wonders for me, want another supply for my friends."

The great underlying basis of all the nity of human attainments, all the actor, ever has been and ever must abide and ever active idea of exligation. This must be the germ from all worthy motives emanate.

The rock on which many a cert goes to pieces is Dyspepsia. The vigor which this disease involves, ladies which accompany it, or is aggravated by it, the mental depression which it entails, are terribly debilitating stamina. Its true specific is Dr. & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery Peptic Cure, which likewise cures various maladies, female ailments, and coupled with impurity of the blood.

Value the friendship of him who by you in the storm; swarms of iss surround you in the sunshine.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial moved ten corns from one pair of feet out my pain. What it has done will do again.

The more honesty a man has, the affects the more of a saint.

The disfiguring eruptions on the sunken eye, the pallid complexion, that there is something wrong within. Expel the lurking foe with Ayer's Sarsaparilla was devised for the peso; and does it.

As you cannot avoid your own, make it as good as possible.

A Good Record.

Among the many thousand bottles of yard's Yellow Oil sold annually is not one has ever failed to give satisfaction. It cures rheumatism, colds, and all complaints and injuries.

The prolatense, a especially men in the grounds for it only bo secrets of would be profession business literary with their illuminati dents who tradesmen the ruin- who have visited by their doct tic circle, terrible at it persiste a monotor a "shinin wretchof there is ri yet famili denly cas the face t or serene ing or de board is daily life whom afflicted are even a load of sink nigh for its co companie has delig brilliant see him dark stu vague, di sue the j in court propriety the offen him, we floor of t under th that he u in sin t penal sen that poj by his f foundati dogmati tossing the livel perplexi ings of e

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The Age of Melancholy.

The prevalence of melancholia, mild or intense, among the cultured classes, and especially among educated and reflective men in these days, would, there are good grounds for believing, seem portentous could it only be faithfully set forth. Could the secrets of some case books be revealed, it would be found that men in high places, professional men in active employment, business men in prosperous circumstances, literary men who are delighting the world with their wit and genius, artists who are illuminating life with glowing colors, students who are gaining prizes and distinctions, tradesmen who have climbed to success on the ruin-heaps of competitors, and idlers who have only to amuse themselves, are all visited by melancholy, revealed only to their doctors and sometimes to their domestic circle, which darkens existence as with terrible storm clouds now and then, or robs it persistently of brightness, reducing it to a monotonous leaden gloom. Behind many a "shining morning face" there is deep, dull wretchedness; under many a stolid exterior there is racking mental misery. A curious yet familiar sight it is to see the mask suddenly cast aside in the consulting-room, and the face that but a minute ago was cheerful or serene gather into an expression of suffering or despair as the skeleton in the cupboard is disclosed. We are all meeting in daily life victims of morbid melancholy, whom we should as soon suspect of being afflicted with small-pox or jaundice, but are even in our presence struggling beneath a load of it, and who, when we leave them, sink nigh exhausted by the efforts required for its concealment. Could we in invisible companionship follow home that friend who has delighted us at the dinner table by his brilliant conversation, we should perhaps see him throw himself in his chair, in his dark study, and sit for hours absorbed in vague, dismal thought. Could we thus pursue the judge who has won our admiration in court by the logical precision and ethical propriety with which he has distinguished the offences of the criminals brought before him, we should perhaps find him pacing the floor of his bed-room and ringing his hands under the horrible, if fictitious, conviction that he is himself more guilty and steeped in sin than the wretches he has sent to penal servitude. Could we keep watch over that popular preacher, who has stirred up by his fervid words, and strengthened the foundations of our faith by his confident dogmatism, we should observe him perhaps tossing sleepless and distressed throughout the livelong night, haunted by doubts and perplexities, and by the incessant whisperings of a voice which asks:

Were it not better not to be, Than to live so full of misery?

Could we in disembodiment remain a little while with that good physician who has just given us such sound advice and urged us to fight against the despondency for which we have consulted him, we should perceive him, perhaps, as soon as he has dismissed his patients, hurry off to the house of a brother practitioner and pour forth in his ear, with tremulous anxiety, a description of the hopeless diseases from which he conceives himself to be suffering, and which exist only in his hypochondriac fancy.—London Medical Times.

Why should everyone try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible? Because it is company that he can never avoid.

To keep our feet steadily planted on this earth, in the ordering of life so that the simplest duties are daily performed, and our heads in the stars rejoicing in God, and communing with Him, is not an easy thing, it is true, but our privilege. This attainment is the sum of human excellence.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system, are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble— "For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters. And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1876.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them, Mrs. FANNIE GREEN.

\$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, "sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

So. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. BOON.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

As an article for the toilet, Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivalled. It cleanses the scalp and preserves it from scurf and dandruff, cures itching and humors, restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and promotes its growth.

It is dishonourable to live beyond one's means. No man should spend a year in luxury at the risk of breaking down and making a dishonourable ending.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The mind of childhood is the tenderest, holiest thing on earth. Let parents stand as watchers at the temple, least any unclean thing should enter.

Well as Ever.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever."

Seclusion is not conquest; it is crucifixion. Strong character, like strong muscle, comes from activity, from warfare, not from retreat.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

I will send a receipt free to any person sending me their address, that will effect a permanent cure, whether you are a moderate drinker or confirmed drunkard. It can be given in a cup of tea, if so desired, without the knowledge of the person taking it. Send 3 cent stamp. For full particulars address M. V. Lubon, 123 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

In condemning the vanity of women, men complain of the fire they themselves have kindled.

An Excellent Report.

Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"I cannot express myself in sufficient praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit."

Useful to Know.

Everyone should know that Hagar's Yellow Oil will give prompt relief; applied externally will stop any pain; and taken internally cures colds, asthma, croup, sore throat and most inflammatory complaints.

The grays of this season are not in the cold tones of those of the fall.

The heart, under certain circumstances, has surer tests than the head.

Danger in the Air.

In the chilling winds, the damp atmosphere and suddenly checked perspiration, colds are lurking. Hagar's Pectoral Balm cures colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending towards consumption.

Persuance is the foundation of the success of every undertaking.

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a 'ameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever used. It has been a great blessing to me." Frauds may imitate Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in appearance and name, but in everything else they are dead failures.

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50 Perfumed, Embossed, Hidden Name, &c., Cards, 61 Scrap Pictures and Agent's Sample Book, 10c., 15 packs cards and agent's large Album of samples, 21. Best inducements ever offered to agents. Send 5c. for pocket Sample book and special terms, Stevens Bros. & Co., Northford Ct.

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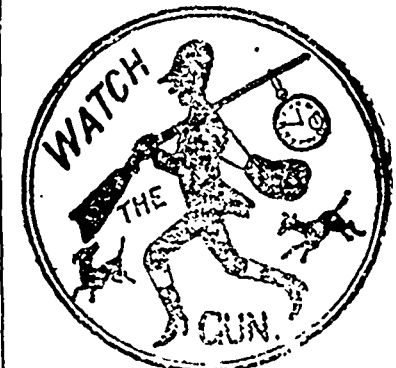
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