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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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## SPECIAL.

We hope to be able to give our readers exact location, street and number—and, perhaps, an illustration—of the residence we propose giving away in our Bible Competition, which will be found in detail in Publisher's Department in this issue. You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send in a dollar now with your answers to the Bible questions, and then another dollar with the answers a month or two hence, still another dollar, with answers, on, or before September, and you are all sure to get something valuable (perhaps the house), in addition to a continuance of the prize for another year, for the three years sent. Everything will positively be as stated. The opportunity of getting a fine dwelling-house, organ, tea set, or anything else valuable for so small an outlay may never occur again. TRY NOW.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

A building accident which occurred in New York the other day was extraordinary in many ways than one. In less than three hours a row of eight brick buildings, five stories high, fell ever like a row of bricks, without a foot of wall standing, nor hard a stick upon another. Fifty men at the time were buried in ruins. It appears that the contractor, whose name is Buddenseik, has frequently incurred the apparent displeasure of the authorities on account of the "skin" buildings he has been in the habit of erecting. He will be perished in the murderous course of being compelled to desist. Buddenseik, it is said, had reduced the "skin" buildings to a science, and on two or three occasions his buildings had collapsed before the workmen were out of them. The saddest and most regretful incident in the disaster was that the contractor was not included in the general destruction.

Loss to the business of the country during these disquieting times will be greater than many may now imagine. Thousands of men are being diverted from their regular business occupations either as soldiers or in some other capacity in connection with our public defence. Thousands have large business interests in the West, as farmers, manufacturers, or contractors, and to many of these the disaster means ruin. How much the regular interests of all kinds throughout our province, and those adjoining, may be affected it is hard to estimate. Coming, as misfortunes have, at a time of serious depression, the misfortune will be more keenly felt.

There was an error last week in intimating that the new Dominion Franchise Bill would give the right of franchise to the widows

and unmarried women. The bill as introduced by the Government proposed to do that, but it became evident that a considerable number of the Tory members are not as liberal on this point as the Premier, and so a vote was carried on Tuesday last nullifying that important reform in the new Franchise Bill. Sir John spoke earnestly in its favour but, it is said, when he saw so many of his usual loyal supporters would not follow him he weakened on the point and let things take their own course. In his speech he intimated that Mr. Gladstone was also personally in favor of female franchise but did not introduce it in his late Franchise Bill, fearing that opposition to that particular feature would jeopardize the entire measure. Quite a number of the Ottawa Reformers spoke and voted for the ill-fated clause, but their hostility to the Government is so well known that it would not have been safe to have carried far on them in a hard pinch.

It is possible that the clause may come up again and be restored to the Bill at some later stage, but the probabilities are against it, considering the opposition it is sure to encounter.

It is truly astonishing what a ready cry is raised by most men, even many Christian men—for war, and what contemptuous allusions are often made even by Christian Ministers, to anything that savours of a "peace-at-any-price" policy. Many a pulpit denounces Mr. Gladstone, because of the truly Christian horror he appears to have for war, and probably from the same pulpit earnest prayers go up in behalf of peace. The feeling is strongly abroad that it is a brave thing to show fight on the smallest national provocation. There is something painful in such exhibitions. Surely a Christian nation should not resort to war until all peaceful methods have been exhausted. Mr. Ruskin suggests that it was an ancient version of the Bible that taught: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God," and that the modern version is: "Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be adored by the children of men." There can be no doubt but "the spirited policy" of Beaconsfield and Palmerston was much more popular with a very great proportion of the Christian people of England than the peace-seeking policy of Gladstone.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have returned safely to England again after their official visit to Ireland. It is more than many expected. Their friends, large numbers of them, had great misgivings about their safety, but the Irish people, when depended on, as they were in this case, did not prove themselves so bloodthirsty as they are sometimes represented to be. There are, no doubt, many disaffected enough to do serious harm if a fair opportunity presented itself, but it has been demonstrated that this number is not nearly as large as some would have us believe. Had any real harm occurred to the royal heir it would have been a most unfortunate day for Ireland, as

the indignation of the world would have been against them, and many besides the really guilty ones would have been blamed. There has long been an impression prevailing that the Royal family have not given near as much attention to Ireland as it was judicious to do. Probably that impression is well founded. A Royal visit to Ireland each year, like that to Scotland, would, no doubt, please a very large number of the people and tend to soften down the feelings of thousands. The Irish are a sentimental people, and chivalrous to a large degree, and Royal visits are sure to please people of that stamp.

King George IV., great uncle of the Prince of Wales, made a prolonged visit in Ireland sixty-four years ago, and so well pleased was he with the good results that he declared, on leaving, his intention to revisit the country every three years, or, failing to do so, he would leave a recommendation to his successor to go often among the Irish people, as he would be sure of a loyal and enthusiastic reception.

The *Spectator* says that the old king never left his successor any wiser counsel than that. As an evidence of how the average Irish peasant's heart was warmed by King George's genial manner it is said that one brawny farmer, who had been in his company, was heard to say: "I was a rebel to old King George in '93, and I'd die now a hundred deaths for his son, because he's a rare king, and axes us how we are." The Prince of Wales is said to be inferior to his great uncle as a courtier, but few ladies have been so successful in winning the hearts of all with whom she may come in contact as the Princess of Wales. Her husband's popularity and success in Ireland and elsewhere, may be largely attributable to the grace and tact of his noble wife, who generally accompanies him on all public occasions.

There is a great agitation in Utah just now because of the successful prosecution and punishment of some of the polygamous Mormons. Polygamy has been against the laws of the United States for years, and there has been a great deal of denunciation of the system, but so far as the Mormons themselves were concerned, the law seemed to have no terror, simply because a Mormon under charge of the crime was tried by a jury of his peers—by men themselves guilty of the same crime, or in sympathy with it. Of course a jury composed even in part of such men would either disagree or acquit the criminal. Not long ago a new law was enacted providing that in cases of this kind men known to be in sympathy with polygamy are not eligible as jurors and may be challenged when called upon to act. Convictions can now be obtained in Utah where the evidence of polygamy is clear. Not long ago Budger Clawson was convicted and sentenced to a fine of \$500 and four months' imprisonment. Clawson appealed against the conviction to the supreme court of Utah, claiming that the new law was unconstitutional, but the conviction was sustained.

He then appealed to the United States supreme court—the highest and best legal tribunal—and the conviction was again sustained and there was no alternative left but to let the law take its course in his case.

Of course this conviction has brought great consternation in the camp of the Polygamists. It is now clear enough that hundreds of others are liable to a similar penalty, and what to do about it is causing great anxiety of mind. Another man has been convicted and sentenced, but seeing the fix he is in he is said to have promised to stop his unlawful mode of living at once and to make provision for the support of his "second family." With that understanding the sentence against him will not be carried out to its full extent. Whether others will arrange to escape prosecution in a similar way remains to be seen. It is greatly to be hoped that now that the courts have taken the matter in hand a clean sweep will be made of the disgraceful state of things so long tolerated in Utah. It looked at one time as though the nation would be powerless to stamp the iniquity out.

Gen. Grant is reported much better and stronger, and the prospects now are that he is going to get well again in spite of the assurances of eminent physicians that his case was a hopeless one. The doctors concerned are being a good deal laughed at about their mistake in his case; but it is well enough understood that a great many of the doctor's mistakes are no laughing matter. Whether the General "did not take his medicine regular," and so the case had not a fair chance of coming out as the doctors thought it would, or whether they were mistaken in regard to the nature of his disease, or whether he possessed a great deal more vitality than he was supposed to have, is not now of much consequence. The disease was supposed to be a cancer in the mouth, induced by habitual tobacco smoking, and the disease is considered all but incurable. The sufferer quit smoking, and appears to have quit in time to escape the usual penalty at such an advanced stage. As he is yet but sixty-one years of age, and possesses excellent physical powers, he may live many years. If his affliction will but prove a salutary warning to thousands of other habitual smokers, it may prove a great public blessing. Probably many a smoker will be much more careful in the future.

Summer is again at the door. The Queen's birthday is almost here. Plannings about the rate of holiday travel are again in order. This way, that way, every way the crowds propose to turn. Paris will take some, nay a great many. Cheap trips are tempting the most saving to be slightly extravagant "just this once." It will be something for a plain prosperous man with an ambitious wife and daughters to be able henceforth to refer to what took place when he was in Paris, and what he saw when floating down the Rhine. The cherished bit of fraud will be hugged to the bosom or rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue.

They will speak of London and Windsor,

of Edinburgh and the Trossachs; and will treat their untravelled neighbors with a compassionate patronage which may be slightly trying. All right. It is a great matter to travel. If people have money let them spend some of it in looking round them. It may not make them either ladies or gentlemen, but it will brush them up a little and render them somewhat more presentable. One can't go out even to Mimico without being the better for it. It gives one a number of new sensations. It tells that the world is bigger than might have been suspected and that even Toronto is not the whole. It is the best medicine and it is cheap as it is good, and good as it is pleasant. When will railway managers be wise and have cheap trips, not at rare intervals but all the time? It pays first-rate. It would put more money into the railway coffers, and bring brightness and beauty into many a dingy home.

Give the children the country air when ever you can. Even the street cars are something, but why don't they go farther? It is a perfect luxury to see the little ones in the Horticultural Gardens. It is life and health, and joy for the poor wee thing. A picnic oven in the Gardens is a first-rate thing, and with almost no trouble.

Come, you honest, hard working father, try it with the wife and little ones next Saturday. If you think you must go farther to have the idea of a rural feast then rig up your basket and be off to the Queen's Park. Plenty of room and plenty of country there for any number of picnics.

Why loiter about taverns when half the money often spent there would make the whole household sing for joy? Don't you see that house-mother's poor body is as tired and as faded as it well can be. Come, be gallant and liberal for once and propose, and carry out, a family holiday making.

The greatest pleasure and the greatest work some people seem to have is to level all down to themselves, or if possible below. For any one to be better in any respect than they are, or rather to be thought better, is an intolerable personal offence, which almost amounts to any unpardonable sin. To have more money, to appear more comfortable, to be thought more of, to be talked more about, to have more influence, to have ever a finer face, a more musical voice, or a more eloquent tongue, is something which stirs the whole bitterness that is in their nature, and makes them all but crazy with indignation and dislike. What business have they to have this, or to be that? They may be said to be whatever people please, but they are poor things after all. If it had not been for a mere chance, they would never have been anything. So it goes on, and all the while every word, every look shows a bitterness and a pain on the part of the levellers down. More like the experience of a scalded fiend than the feelings of an ordinary man. Are they at war with the sad and irrational inequalities that prevail all over the world? Not at all. It is merit, supposed or real, that awakens their hostility. It is superiority which they feel but will not acknowledge that is the cause of all their pain. Let any down below the level assert the privilege of common brotherhood, and try to be hand and glove with those denouncers of the wealthy, and those depreciators of the celebrated, and they will soon hear a different story. In theory they are extremists in advocating the absolute equality of man with man, and they are the bitterest and the most eager in plucking the wreath from the brow of the celebrated, but when it comes to practice, and the tradesman gives them a familiar nudge in the ribs, or the butcher's boy confidentially

asks: "How's the wife?" or the negro holds out his hand and looks confidently for the fraternal squeeze how they will draw themselves up, how they will denounce the impudence of some folks, how they could smite all such to the dust as with a thunderbolt, how, in short, they show that while they are most anxious to carry out to the full the process of levelling down, they have not the slightest stomach for the corresponding process of levelling up. It is self all over. "All this availeth me nothing so long as Mordecai sitteth at the king's gate." They have no objection to as many Mordecais sitting at the king's gate, and in as great poverty as may be possible, but that any of these should not rise up to do them honor! That's the mischief. What a knot seems to gather in their throats, when any one is praised! How their hearts throb with agony at the contemplation of the rank they cannot reach! How character itself, and purity, and courtesy "make them mad," as if some insult had been intended by the contrast, and some agony inflicted by the excellence. Are such people capable of an unselfish, generous thought or feeling? One could scarcely say they are, and surely it is not difficult to assure them, if they would but listen, that it is much easier to pluck a whole wreath from the brow of another than to plant a single leaf upon their own.

**Cultivate Cheerfulness.**

Life is essentially what we make it. A few are born invalids, or by reason of sickness are rendered incapable of coping with the world. But to every ninety-nine out of a hundred individuals is given the prerogative of determining their relative position in the scale of existence. They are "elected" to decide whether they will control circumstances or permit circumstances to control them. Upon the result of their resolution hinges their weal or woe. To be happy one must be on happy terms with others, and the difference between being liked and disliked represents the difference between the cheerful, good humored, and the ill-tempered, acrimonious disposition. The individual who uniformly carries a smiling countenance, and keeps his troubles, if he has any, to himself, is welcomed wherever he goes. He makes hosts of friends, and impressing others with a belief that he must be doing well to be so cheerful, inspires confidence, draws customers, and makes headway in the world, where one with more brains but less buoyancy fails. Some one truly declares that "cheerfulness and diligence are nine-tenths of wisdom." Old Dr. Johnson used to say that "a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year." Charles Lamb expressed the same idea in different language when he wrote: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market." "Cheerfulness," observes Samuel Smiles, "gives elasticity to the spirit; spectres fly before it; difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of success." Hume was wont to say, that "he would rather possess a cheerful disposition—inclined always to look at the bright side of things than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of ten thousand a year." We often hear the remark made: "Such and such an individual is a good fellow," "He must go with the party," or "We can't spare him." Study the character of the individual alluded to and you will find that he is cheerful, full of animal life and spirits, and always ready to join in a hearty laugh. If his face is ever welcome it is because it is full of sunshine and good nature.

Individuals often wonder why they are not liked by their acquaintances; why they are slighted by neighbors. Ten to one it is because they are so selfishly engrossed in their real and imaginary trials that they weary others with their presence. If deception is ever justifiable it is when persons conceal their troubles and make those around them believe that they are happy. Those who do this, who keep depression and low spirits at a distance, and in the midst of trials and reverses, however severe, still maintain a genial countenance and cheerful conversation, will never lack friends. Many think that their wives, their children and friends are morose, cross-grained and ill-natured. But let such persons resolve, on going home for a few evenings, to look smiling if they do not feel so; to speak a kind word to one and all; to abandon all thoughts of the shop; to enter into the sports and enjoyments of the household, and they will soon regard their surroundings in a very different light.

Nothing invigorates the weary mind or body more than cheerful conversation and mirth-provoking amusements. Let those individuals who come home at night feeling worn out by their day's labor and disposed to be ill-tempered, act upon this suggestion, and they will very soon experience a decidedly agreeable change in their morale. As Dr. Griffin, of Williams College, used to have his classes indulge in a round of boisterous laughter, to keep them, as he said, from becoming thin and dyspeptical, so should the man of business, and the brain-worker, restore the tone of mind and body with after tea recreation of a social character. The person who does this, who is not too selfish to devote some time to the amusement and enjoyment of his family, will add to his own enjoyment, and secure that recuperation which is so essential to the mental and physical machinery in resisting the wear and tear of life.

It rests with every one, as we have said above, to determine for himself whether he will, acting upon the above suggestions, insure for himself a happy, contented, and successful life. No disposition is by nature so untoward and unhappy that it cannot be schooled and disciplined. No one is too far advanced in years to develop that cheerfulness which will make him or her beloved in the home circle and in society.

**How to Become Deaf by Will.**

Some years ago, owing to illness and long residence in the tropics, I became morbid, sensitive to noises of every kind, and procured complete relief in the following way: I placed some spermaceti ointment in the centre of a little square of thin, limp cotton, brought the corners together, tied them with thread, and inserted one of the little plugs well into each ear, and after a little kneading and gentle pressure found that I was absolutely deaf to all ordinary noises, such as the loud barking of dogs and the loud rumbling of heavy carriages in the street. A couple of points must be carefully attended to. The ointment must not be too soft, the quantity about the size of a small pea, and the little bag must be somewhat larger than its contents, to allow the plugs to take the shape of the auditory canal. If the bag be too small, or its contents larger in size than a pea, it cannot be inserted into the ear, and if applied only to that orifice it entirely fails in its object. This little experiment is easily tried, and a daily experience of over twelve months warrants me in saying that it will be found invaluable in the sick room.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more work a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

**Truth's Contributors.**

**THE BEGINNINGS OF ONTARIO.**

No. 2—Other Trails to the West.

BY G. MERCEUR ADAM.

But besides "the pass by Toronto," and that by the waters of the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing, there were other avenues to the north and west which French exploration and the pursuit of the fur trade soon opened up. Just beyond Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, the Bay of Quinte gives access to the Trent river and the line of water and portage communication which connects Ontario with Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay. By this route Champlain and his Huron raiders made their hapless descent upon the Iroquois, and by the same route the great Frenchman, wounded and disabled, was fain to return for sympathy and succor to the missions of the Huron peninsula. By this waterway, also, or by the highway of the Ottawa, the French trapper or missionary would find his toilsome way to the Upper Lakes and the rich mines of Lake Superior; for already the mineral wealth of the region divided with the mission at Sault Ste. Marie the hopes and aims of French evangelization.

As yet little of the vast peninsula of Ontario was known to the French; two hundred years were still to pass ere it began to be reclaimed from nature and the savage. In 1626 Dailion, a Recollet friar, ventured from the mission forte of the Huron district as far inland as the beaver meadows of the Grand River and the Thames. Forty years afterwards came Chaumonot from the same mission, on an errand of love to the tribe of the Neutrals, and with him was Brebeuf, "the Ajax of the Huron mission," who a few years later was to thrill the world with the heroism of his martyr's death.

**LA SALLE.**

But a new name was to be emblazoned on the scroll of French exploration; for, in the year 1669, the eager-eyed La Salle was to decry for the first time nature's lonely solitudes at the *fond du lac*—as the western end of Lake Frontenac (Ontario) was termed by the French. Striking inland from the river St. Clair, and that earthly paradise of Frenchmen of the period, the northern shores of Lake Erie. With the adventurous young Norman, La Salle, was the Salpêtre missionary, Galinee, whose map, published in France in 1670, is the earliest chart to possess of the configuration of the Ontario peninsula. Galinee, who seems to have been an enthusiastic sportsman and lover of good cheer, speaks of the interior of the peninsula as a famous stalking ground for deer, and, he grimly adds, "a bear-pit of the Iroquois."

It was not till the year 1679, however, that the more ambitious attempt was made by La Salle to prosecute his discoveries of Ontario and the Far West. In that year, after receiving his patent of nobility from the Grand Monarque, with the first grant of land decreed by the Crown in the western wilds of Nouvelle France—the Fort of Signolery of Frontenac—La Salle laid

keel of his Brigantine, the *Griffin*, at Navy Island, just above the Falls of Niagara. His vessel built, launched, and provisioned, he set forth, with Father Hennepin as chaplain, to coast along Lake Erie, to build forts at successive intervals, and to claim the territory for the King.

After incredible toil and disaster, including the loss of his vessel in Lake Huron, La Salle eventually found his way to the mouth of the Mississippi, and crowned his achievements by the annexation of the whole country for Louis and France. Some years afterwards, as is well known, in referring to the scene of his exploratory triumphs, he fell by the shot of a mutineer in Texas.

WITH CHARLEVOIX'S VOYAGE

along the shores of Lake Erie, in the summer of 1721, and with the erection of Forts Gratiot (Pt. Edward), Ponchertrain (Detroit) and Michillimackinac, the scene of Pontiac's dire treachery, which earned for the dusky chief of the Ottawas Parkman's title of "the Satan of the Forest Paradise," we have no space at present to speak. The curtain of French occupation of the West, we cannot but regret, descends on a scene of humiliation enacted at Detroit in 1769, when the fort capitulated to Major Rogers and his Rangers, in obedience to the orders of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, which bitterly emphasized the close of French rule on the continent of the New World, and the fall of Quebec.

Full of disaster as was the rule of the French colony at Quebec, there was a time when hope beamed on the fruits of French exploration and settlement in the West. The daring and ambition of the young French noblesse nothing could daunt; and their enterprises laid the foundations, of that trade which led to the partial opening up of the Province, though it was ever and anon retarded by the rivalry of the English of the seaboard. In pursuit of

THE FUR TRADE,

that great source of wealth to the people of both nations, these trails to the west became avenues of commerce which it was important for the French to hold, and for the English to obstruct, or strive to obtain. To conserve the trade for the French Crown, as we have seen, a number of forts were early established in the West, which had Frontenac (Kingston) as their base of supply. As trade expanded, and rivalry grew keener, Fort Rouille (Toronto) was erected in 1749, to guard the passage by the River Humber.

On the south side of Lake Ontario the French had already a fort at Niagara; while the English had established a rival post at Chouegen, now Oswego. The Hudson and the St. Lawrence were then, as now, in direct antagonism in the matter of trade. Commerce sought the most advantageous market, and the restrictive imports of the French at Quebec, and the high price here of commodities offered in exchange for the products of the chase, threw much of the traffic of the Indians, by the valley of the Mohawk, into the hands of the English. This naturally embittered the feelings of the French for their hereditary enemies of the seaboard, and gave local zest to the contest, which was long waged between England and France. But the end of the strife between the two nations was at hand, and though the rival routes of trade were still to be fought over, French dominion in the New World was to pass into the hands of the English, and the Lillies of France were to give way to the Cross of St. George. But just before this happened, calamity overtook the four trading posts on Lake Ontario.

In 1756 Chouegen fell before the daring of Montcalm, and three years afterwards Col-

onel Bradstreet levelled Fort Frontenac with the dust. In the same year, after a short siege, Fort Niagara surrendered; while the French stockade at Toronto, to prevent its falling into the hands of the victorious English, was destroyed by order of M. de Vaudreuil, the Governor.

Of the importance of the trading-post which guarded "the pass by Toronto," and which now historically disappears, there is on record the statement of Sir Wm. Johnson, embodied in a despatch on Indian affairs, to the Earl of Shelburne, that for the monopoly of a season's trade with the Indians at Fort Rouille, could the post be restored, traders would be willing to give as much as a thousand pounds!

Such was the value attached in 1767 to the trade of "the Pass by Toronto," a value which its location and other advantages were increasingly to heighten, and a quarter of a century afterwards was to be turned to fresh account.

THE BAHAMAS.—No. 2.

BY REV. WM. ENGLISH.

In our utilitarian age, *cui bono* is being continually asked; and unless a marketable value is the reply, but little attention is apt to be given to it. There may be other considerations that are important in themselves and beyond all value as they affect health and morals, but unless we can show that there are cash values in our descriptions or representations, they generally fall upon inattentive ears. "The Charmer" charms uselessly, charm he ever so wisely. Now, against this earthy and worldly spirit we strongly and solemnly protest. It makes us too grovelling. It prevents the entrance of ideas which are accompanied with pleasures affording higher enjoyment than money can purchase. Nor can we bring ourselves to believe that these brief articles on the Bahamas in TRUTH are influenced by these considerations, but rather will welcome ideas of an æsthetic and spiritual nature.

We proceed, therefore, in our description of these Islands. They are important, and deserve to be more extensively known and more highly valued in a sanitary point of view. Free from those dense forests, impervious jungles and broad morasses which often in the West Indies proper, and in Demerara particularly, engender malaria, fever, and death, and which render those places deleterious to European constitutions. Constantly fanned by the breath of Old Ocean, which in the months of January and February is richly perfumed with the fragrance of thousands of wild flowers and the odor of shaddock and orange blossoms, and moderately supplied with the necessaries and conveniences of life, the Bahama Islands are some of the most healthy in the world, and the climate the most delightful imaginable. The summers there are rarely oppressive, while winter—if we may use the term where frost is unknown and sleep only occasional—brings with it a change sufficient to make its beneficial effect felt upon the constitution. We have been often glad to put on a light cloth overcoat, but generally felt the winter bracing and exhilarating in the extreme. Nothing can be more pleasant than a sailing excursion among the Bahama Islands. The water is as clear as crystal, so shallow that the white, chalky bottom is generally visible, disclosing its sea corals of exquisite beauty, its conches, sponges or fish, changing its hue with the passing clouds that sit across its surface—now tinged with deepest green, now shaded with brightest gold, and, if gently moved by the winds, flashing as though paved with

myriads of diamonds. At night the wake of the boat may be discerned by a stream of light for a hundred yards or more, caused by the infinitely small and numerous phosphorescent animals or insects abounding in the seas. The scenes are lovely; the region constitutes an earthly paradise, and we have known the most astonishing cures effected upon invalids by the magic influence of its climate.

One instance may be mentioned by us, as it will strikingly show the healthiness of these islands and their value as temporary abodes in the case of invalids. The case alluded to was that of an American gentleman, a M. D. by profession. When he came to Harbor Land, where we then dwelt, he was in a very enfeebled state of health; when he landed he seemed to be more dead than alive. He was suffering from a severe nervous affection, having his upper and lower extremities partially paralyzed. It was with the utmost difficulty he could move one foot before the other, or hold the lightest object in his hands. Now the gentleman, solely from the influence of the climate—for he used no medicine, and confined himself to fruit and vegetable diet, utterly discarding all kinds of stimulants—was so greatly benefited by a nine months' residence in the Bahamas that at the expiration of that period he was able to walk about Harbor Island with as much ease and agility as any man on the island; had nearly the perfect use of his hands, and had secured for himself the most extensive practice of any physician in the place. It was well known there that when he left at the end of nine months he took away not only his recovered health and strength, but also a nice sum of money honorably secured by his medical practice on the island.

We have met with several cases of longevity on these islands—individuals who have exceeded one hundred years—both among the white inhabitants and the black. This may be easily accounted for by the salubrity of the climate, from the temperate habits of the individual and from the industrious and cheerful way in which they spend their time.

It was a fine, clear day in March, no clouds obscured the skies. The sun shone with a brilliance peculiar to the tropics, and the light breeze bore us steadily toward the Bahamas, at the rate of eight knots an hour.

There were several passengers beside the mission family on board, all eagerly looking out for some signs of land. We had endeavoured to enliven the monotony of the voyage by reading, pacing the deck, watching the flight of sea gulls, flying fish, or an occasional game of chequers.

Suddenly one of the sailors on the look out cried: "there is a shoal of dolphins to windward." All was now excitement. A line and hook were soon procured, and with a suitable bait, an effort was made to procure one of these delicious fish for our dinner. With what eagerness we watched the bait, as it rose occasionally on the top of a wave toward our lee. Speculation was rife. Will the fish take the bait? If so, will the shark, so abundant in those waters, suffer us to land it on deck, or will it swallow it in its capacious maw?

A sudden tension of the line is observed! A jerk—a plunge to the right, and then to the left—and we knew that something had been caught. With considerable difficulty, for the fish made desperate efforts to free itself from the hook, we hauled it alongside of the good ship *Alberta*.

It proved to be a large dolphin, weighing about twenty pounds. After safely landing it on the deck, it was affecting to see its

changing hues as life gradually waned away, and the soft, plaintive look that would occasionally flash from its eyes. However, it proved a delicious morsel at our dinner, when the excitement and exertion of catching it had engendered a suitable appetite for its consumption.

After dinner we knew we were approaching our destination. The air coming from the land was heavily perfumed with the odours of orange, shaddock, and tropical blossoms. Land birds, of rich plumage, would occasionally be seen darting across our path. The sea became clear, and the seaweeds, filled with innumerable zoophytes, clung around the bows of our vessel. Occasionally a white sail belonging to those trim and swift schooners peculiar to the Bahama group of islands would appear on the horizon, or pass us with a loud and hearty cheer, given from their decks. Soon we beheld, what at first seemed a low cloud resting on the horizon to the west, then it took the form of a sand-bank, so little was it elevated above the surface of the ocean; and finally we could descry the giant palm with its tufts of feathery leaves, and the useful cocconut with its immense clusters of nuts, apparently growing out of the water. As we rapidly approached land the large residences of the merchants, the humble cottages of the labourers peeping out from between orange and sapodillo trees, with the palatial home of the Governor and the barracks of the soldiers and artillery burst upon our view. By this time we had come near the mouth of the harbour, (and, having been boarded by a pilot) had only to cross the bar which lies across its port, guarded by a light-house, when we anchored safely in Nassau Harbour in front of the town of the same name the *City of New Providence*, the metropolitan of the Bahama group of Islands.

Several Christian friends hastened on board to greet us, and bid us a hearty welcome to their beautiful city and hospitable homes. It did not take long to prepare for landing. A hasty ablution and a change of linen were welcome after a sea voyage, and then up the gang way, over the side of the ship, and into a well-manned gig and away we went to the spacious home of R. W., Esq. with whom we found royal entertainment while we remained in the city.

Our previous sojourn in some of the Caribbean Islands had somewhat prepared us for the sights which we beheld on the following days. Yet we were agreeably surprised to discover signs of intellectual and material improvement beyond our expectation. The streets on the afternoon were well patronised by white and coloured inhabitants. Many of both classes driving good substantial carriages and phaetons; with high-mounted, showy horses, occasionally a single horse, but in general a pair, with the driver seated in front, all evincing well-to-do, prosperous citizens, and indicating a disposition to enjoy the pleasures and refinements as well as the necessaries of life. The majority, of course, were pedestrians but all could be well dressed, respectful and smiling. The ladies arrayed in the height of fashion among the whites, and many of the coloured not far behind them in attire, whilst the labouring portion would have a spotless white muslin dress and a macassar handkerchief tied up in the form of an inverted pyramid upon their heads—graceful in appearance and becoming the shade of their faces. We found afterwards that the drives extended to about three miles beyond the city to what was called the *turn round*, all on the brink of the ocean, shaded with evergreens, while the

fashionable promenade was in front of the bank and market houses on the principal street of the city. But enough. In my next we may have something to say of the city of Nassau, with its industries and buildings.

### THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY T. D. ASHLEY.

The loyalty of our "Pilgrim Fathers" has been established, but much more could be said in support of this sentiment if necessary. As an auxiliary characteristic we may refer to the fidelity with which they adhered to

#### AN EXPRESSIVE NOMENCLATURE.

When they took possession of the country, an unsurveyed primeval forest was their inheritance. The establishment of districts, townships, villages, etc., necessitated the application of names to each. We must admire the determination evinced in this primitive christening to perpetuate the principle that actuated them when seeking homes in a Canadian wilderness. All along the shores of the St. Lawrence and Bay of Quinte we find a geographical nomenclature that leaves no doubt about the loyalty of the first settlers. A general reference is impossible with the limited space to be occupied. Kingston, when the Loyalists settled there in 1783, was little more than a military post, and was known as Cataract, or Fort Frontenac. As a first loyal obligation the village and adjacent township were named after His Majesty, King George III., who died in 1820, after an eventful reign of sixty years. The other townships along the Bay, going westward, were successively named after the King's children. Thus, the 2nd township was called Ernesttown, after Ernest Augustus, the 5th child; the 3rd township was named Frederickburg, in honor of Augustus Frederick, the 9th child; Adolphustown, next in order, commemorates the name of the tenth child of King George—Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge. Then we have Marysburgh, Sophiasburgh, Ameliasburgh, etc., all named after some member of the royal family then reigning. Other names are equally expressive of a fervid loyalty, such as Hallowell, Athol, Pictou, Thurlow, Sidney, Moira, Belleville, etc. The last mentioned name would suggest a French origin, signifying "pretty town," but we are assured by Dr. Canniff and others that it was given in 1816, by Lieut.-Governor Gore, in honor of his wife, Lady Bella Gore. Governor Gore had, a short time previous to the above-mentioned date, passed through the village and remained over night in a frame building that remained a conspicuous landmark until a few years ago, when it was taken down. He was asked by the inhabitants of the newly incorporated town, through a numerously signed petition, to select a more euphonious name than that by which it had been known since the first settlement, viz. "Meyers' Creek," and complied as above stated.

#### PRINCE EDWARD BAY.

The peninsular county of Prince Edward, soon to be made an island by the completion of the Murray Canal, has more than a provincial reputation for beautiful scenery, wealthy farmers and general intelligence. Perhaps it is not so generally known that the name is derived from Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of the present Queen of England, or at least the exact manner of derivation may not be generally known. In 1782 John Graves Simcoe, "the first Governor of the U. E. Loyalists," and "the pioneer Governor of Upper Canada," held forth his gubernatorial functions at Newark (now Niagara), in hearing of the

mighty cataract. He was a personal friend of Prince Edward, who was then with his regiment at Quebec, and soon after his settlement in the romantically situated capital he sent an invitation to the Prince to visit him at Newark and enjoy the sight-seeing. It was June when the Prince started on his long and tedious journey. He travelled from Quebec to Montreal in a *calashe*, drawn by a French pony, and thence by batteau, manned by French-Canadians. The Loyalists at Kingston and along the river were much interested in this visit of so distinguished a person, and made it an opportunity to demonstrate their loyalty in a tangible way. They fitted up a barge and a number of the hardest among them took charge of the heavy oars that forced the clumsy craft through the water. With this, gaily decorated, they descended the river as far as the present site of Prescott, where the royal party was met and escorted back to Kingston. This mark of devotion and the loyal reception received all along the route made a favorable impression upon the Prince, who promised the Loyalists that, when returning from Niagara, he would tarry some days with them and view the beautiful scenery that so much delighted him. His promise was faithfully kept, and the Loyalists were ready to do their part towards making his visit as interesting as possible. Several large batteaux had been prepared, and volunteer crews were waiting to offer their services for this novel pleasure excursion. The flotilla started from Kingston one bright July morning, and leisurely proceeded up the picturesque Bay, halting whenever the Prince desired to inspect a locality or indulge a pastime. The old settlers never wearied relating incidents connected with this mid-summer excursion by the genial Prince Edward. The rude cabins of the pioneers were visited by the august guest, the homely fare partaken of, and mementoes of the trip left as rewards for special acts of kindness. In this way the coast was followed through the "upper gap," westward along the south shore of Indian Point, and around the head of the large bay that divides the township of Marysburgh into two peninsulas. This bay covers an area of fully forty square miles, and at that early date, when the primeval forest was everywhere unbroken, must have presented an enchanting picture.

The party halted one day for dinner upon a rocky bluff of grey-colored limestone, and as this was to be the terminus of their explorations, an impromptu entertainment was organized. Congratulatory addresses were given, and mutual expressions of pleasure exchanged, the Prince taking a leading part in the merry-making. Before them extended the placid waters of the bay, several islands with their thick green covering filling the gap in the distance.

The Prince was asked to bestow a name upon the lovely sheet of water he had enlorged, and gave it the one it now bears—his own name. Subsequently, the adjacent district received the same name. This is not a romance, but an historical fact, attested by numerous witnesses and records. Dr. Canniff makes casual reference to "a rumor," but does not seem to have been satisfied of its reliability. The nomenclature of the Loyalists expresses how attached they were to the throne of England.

### MAGIC.

"The finest exhibition I ever witnessed was in Anam. I was travelling through the country with a party of German officials, when we stopped one night at an inn where it chanced that a number of magicians were resting. There were six of them, four men and two women, all very small, except one, who was a fleshy giant, resembling the typical wrestler. I soon made their acquaintance, as I was then greatly interested in

legerdemain, and soon won their good will. They were very eager for me to show them an exhibition of my skill. I did so, but in every case they caught me and laughed at my efforts, excepting one. At that time, though it is not known, of course, to the public, I was the equal of any prestidigitateur in this country, and had tried points with them all. I mention this to show how skillful these natives were, as I tried some of our best tricks upon them, and, curiously enough, the most stupid one of all fooled them.

#### THE PHAROS SERPENTS.

"It was this. You remember the old Pharos serpents that were much in vogue some years ago. They looked like peas, but when touched with a match began to glow and squirmed out into snakes six or ten inches long. I had a lot of these made of a large size, so that when they developed they were of the exact size of my fingers and of the same color, which was then a dark brown. I had little cups on the end of each finger to conceal them and when I tried the trick, which was in the evening, in the public room, I stepped over to the candle that stood on the floor and deliberately put my fingers into the flame. This caused a stir among all assembled, as they expected to see them burn, but I said as heat made the plants grow, so it would my fingers. Then each finger began to lengthen, slowly squirming out, inch by inch, crossing each other and twisting in the mysterious way these objects do until finally they were all fully ten inches long, presenting such a horrible appearance that the entire party started back and a number of the natives left the room. Seeing that I was going too fast to last, by a quick movement I knocked off the ashes and made my fingers assume their natural appearance. To say the natives were astonished hardly expresses it. They begged for the secret and before I left I exchanged it for the trick I showed you on the thumb nail.

#### THE MAGICIANS AT WORK.

"After I had finished the doors were closed and only those admitted who paid a regular admittance fee—a small sum—and soon the apartment being filled the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the enclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little and in a moment the woman's face began to be illumined by a ghastly light that extended quickly over her entire body. She then began to move round uttering a low murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillar-like form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped turned and began to mould the light with her hand, and though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs all moulded, and finally a face and head-gear. She next called for a light, and the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger a native seemingly evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand; his hands were moist, as if with perspiration and he was a very healthy spirit. After he had talked and drank a glass of rack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about.

#### A YADING FIGURE.

"The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few moments the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time, before the eyes of at least fifty people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterwards. Now this would be explained by the spiritualist as a materialization and by the psychological society as some new sense or power, etc., but between you and I, who know that all things can be explained by cold facts, it was merely a clever trick, so skillfully done that I did not discover it in any way or shape.

"The man next took his place in the ring, and, handing me a large, highly ornamented sabre, he said: 'In five minutes by the clock I wish you to behold me.' I objected, of course, but he insisted and said it had been

done a dozen times, so I finally agreed. He was searched, and in the dim light began to contort himself in strange positions until he seemed to grow perceptibly smaller and finally stood before us so gauzy that I thought I could see right through him. It was now five minutes, so I took the sabre and struck a light blow, only sufficient to knock a man over, when to my horror the blood spirted into my face and the head dropped with a thud upon the floor. As soon as it fell the body stooped and picked it up, held it in the air, then placed it upon the shoulders. The full light being turned on, there stood the giant, grinning and warm.

"The blood? That had faded away by the time the light was turned up, and, you must remember, that in all this though the light was dim it was not sufficient to prevent our seeing everything and seemed to be used only that we might observe the figures of light that were evolved so curiously from the mediums, as our spiritualists would call them.

#### ANOTHER MYSTICAL TRICK.

"The next trick was equally mystical. All the party now stepped into the ring and began to chat and move about. In a few minutes they ceased and we observed that one was missing, though no one saw him go. A moment after the whirling was repeated and another was found to have disappeared, and so on until in fifteen minutes only the giant was seen. More light was given us, a noise was heard at the door and, upon some one going to it; there stood the mystic five clamoring for admission. That ended the performance for the night and I sat up the rest of it, or well into the morning, trying to figure out how it was all done. The natives accepted it as magic without debate and I began to think that was about the easiest way out of it.

"The following day another performance was given at midday that was even more wonderful. The giant, as I called him, caused the audience to sit on a grass plat, leaving a circle of about twenty-five feet across, and in this the jugglers took their places, the giant opening the entertainment by taking a roll of ribbon and by a dexterous toss sending it up fifty feet or so, where we distinctly saw a small hawk dart at it and carry it up higher until we nearly lost sight of it. It then seemed to enter a cloud that, I assumed, was caused by something burning on the ribbon; but from the cloud came sliding down, first a dog, then a snake—a good big one, too—that wriggled off the moment it touched the ground and was captured by one of the men. Then a larger object was seen sliding along and one of the women leaping forward received and held it out of the crowd; a laughing native baby. The giant had all this time held the end of the ribbon and releasing it it seemed to disappear in the air; at any rate we saw it no more. A few moments later they all joined hands and began to move about rapidly. When they moved to the right I distinctly counted twelve persons in the circle; when they changed the movement we saw only eight and some one appeared to be standing in the centre.

#### A MISSING MAN.

"These are only samples of the marvels, as I might say, that they went through; but the last one puzzled me as much as ever. The party left except the giant, and he, taking a large native parasol, asked if I would carry it back to the inn for him. I assented, and he then politely requested me to take it in five minutes by my watch, and, mind you, he was surrounded by a dense throng. Proceeding to the center of the plat he squatted upon the ground and drew the umbrella down over him like a cone over dice, thus hiding himself completely. In five minutes I lifted the covering and to my amazement he was gone.

"Yes, it was empty, and the sod was solid under it. The crowd looked up in the air and yelled. I shouldered the umbrella, and, going directly to the inn, found my friend, the giant, smoking a cigarette on the veranda. He greeted me with a smile, thanked me for the umbrella, opened it with a quick motion, and, pulling down a seeming inner lining, motioned me to look in. Doing so I saw hanging on a hook my watch and chain, that I had not missed.

"We parted the next day, much to my regret, and I learned only a single trick, as you see, and the speaker held up his thumb, where the Arabic figure stood out in bold relief on the nail and slowly fading away before the eyes of the astonished witness.

## The Poet's Page.

## FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

## A SPECIAL PRIZE.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a prize of ten dollars gold for the best original poem having reference to her Majesty Queen Victoria, suitable for publication for May 21st, the length not to exceed a hundred lines. Any person may compete and the Publisher reserves the right of using any sent, whether awarded the prize or not. All competitions to be sent in not later than May 14th.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best original poem suitable for Dominion Day, (July 1st) to be sent in not later than June 15th.

The proper name and address to accompany each poem sent. Address all directly to Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto.

## THE AWARD.

The following neat little poem on "Kindness"—beautiful in sentiment and phraseology—is awarded the prize for this week. It was selected and sent by Mrs. Annie Innes, 378 W. Monroe St., Chicago, to whom the prize will be paid on application.

A large number of beautiful poems, original and selected, have been sent in, many of which cannot be published for want of space. TRUTH will endeavor to supply as large a variety of the best every week as this page can contain:—

## "Kindness."

How softly on the bruised heart  
A word of kindness falls,  
And to the dry, and parched soul  
The moistening teardrop calls.  
Oh! if they knew, who walked the earth,  
Mid sorrow, grief or pain,  
The power a word of kindness hath,  
'Twere Paradise again.

The wealthiest, and the poorest may  
The simple pittance give,  
And bid delight to withered hearts,  
Return again and live.  
Oh! what is life, if love be lost,  
If man's unkind to man;  
Oh! what the Heaven that waits beyond  
This brief and mortal span.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,  
In mimic glory shine,  
By words of kindness in the heart,  
It flicks the source divine.  
Oh! then be kind, whose'er thou art  
That breathest mortal breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life  
And sweeten even death.

## Life's Answer.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I know not if the dark or bright  
Shall be my lot;  
If that wherein my hope's delight  
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years  
Toll'd heavy chain;  
Or day and night my meat be tears  
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth  
With smiles and glee;  
Or I may dwell alone and mirth  
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand  
By breath divine;  
And on the helm there rests a hand  
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail  
I have on board;  
Above the raging of the gale  
I hear my Lord.

He holds me, when the billows smite  
I shall not fall,  
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,  
He tempers all.

Safe to land, safe to the land,  
The end is this;  
And then with Him go hand in hand  
Far into bliss.

## Answered Prayers.

I prayed for riches, and achieved success;  
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!  
My cares were greater and my peace was less  
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory, and I heard my name  
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men;  
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame;  
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;  
Through quivering heart and body and through  
brain  
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;  
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length  
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;  
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.  
Oh! had that prayer been first!

## Gentle Words.

A young rose in the summertime  
Is beautiful to me;  
And glorious the many stars  
That glitter in the sea;  
But gentle words, and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are better than the fairest flowers,  
Or stars that ever shone!

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew, the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour.  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving hearts,  
How beautiful is earth!

## If we Know.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless  
Through the crowded, dusty way,  
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness  
Close beside our pathway lay,  
We should pause where now we hasten;  
We should oftener look around,  
Lest our careless feet should trample  
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms are fainting  
For the shade which we could fling,  
If we knew what lips are parching  
For the water we could bring,  
We should haste with eager footsteps,  
We should work with willing hands,  
Bearing cooling cups of water,  
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew what feet were weary  
Climbing up the hills of pain,  
By the world cast out as evil,  
Poor, repentant Magdalenes;  
We no more should dare to scorn them  
With our Pharisaic pride,  
Wrapping close our robes about us  
Passing on the other side.

If we knew, when friends around us  
Closely press to say "Good-bye,"  
Which among the lips that kiss us  
First beneath the flowers would lie,  
While like rain upon their faces  
Fell our bitter, blinding tears,  
Tender words of love eternal  
We should whisper in their ears.

## Earth's Noblemen.

The noblest men I know on earth  
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,  
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,  
Hew down the woods, and till the soil,  
And win thereby a prouder name  
Than follow king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er their task,  
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,  
They bear upon their honest brows  
The royal stamp and seal of God;  
And worthier are their drops of sweat  
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,  
Who rest the cities of the plain;  
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,  
And drive the commerce of the main,  
God bless them for their toiling hands  
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

## A Temperance Appeal.

BY FONTANELLE.

"Good will bear ye for others!"  
Those words our Saviour gave;  
Then, let thy fallen brothers  
Now be thine aim to save.  
Those wretched, crushed, and lowly,  
Bound down by liquor's chain,  
With words, and tokens holy,  
Strive to upraise again.

With trust reposed in Heaven,  
Obey each needful call;  
God's help to thee is given,  
His care extends o'er all.  
Behold Christ's crowning glory,  
Ye aged, and ye youth!  
He sets His shrine before thee,  
Thy guide be Him and Truth.

Resolve with firm endeavor,  
The wine-cup to forego;  
And nevermore, oh! never  
Yield to that mocking foe,  
Then, where seemed woe and sorrow  
Upon Life's toilsome way,  
The dawning of to-morrow,  
Will banish far away.

And sweeter joys possessing,  
Will bide with him that roams  
And countless untold blessings,  
Will cluster 'round our homes.  
O! fathers, sons, and mothers,  
Behold the shining ray!  
O! wayward youths, and brothers,  
Pursue this heavenly way!

—For Truth

## The Volunteers' Song.

Up and arm you, one and all!  
Arm to guard our native shore;  
Sons of freedom hear the call—  
Arm you, as in days of yore!

Hearken not to them that say  
Let us have no vain alarms,  
War will never come our way;  
Hearken not, but grasp your arms.

Up to guard your country, arm you;  
Find a rifle every man;  
If they say "We will not harm you,"  
Make it "neither will nor can."

## The Separation.

A wall was grown up between the two—  
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;  
None knew when the first stones were laid,  
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were wide apart,  
Although they shared one board, one bed;  
A careless eye saw naught amiss,  
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,  
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;  
A hard indifference worse than hate  
Changed love, pure gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;  
Too proud to mourn, too strong to weep;  
The wall pressed heavily on her heart;  
Her white face told her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day  
Twixt man and wife, twixt friend and friend;  
Would they could know, who lightly build,  
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, not unkind though,  
A slight neglect, a taunting tone—  
Such things as these, before you know,  
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

## Truth.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

Before my dreamy sight  
A beautiful vision passed;  
A creature more divinely bright  
Her shadow never cast.  
Her throne seemed ivory,  
While o'er her robes of white  
Floated an azure drapery,  
Glittering with heavenly light.

A chaplet crowned her head,  
Composed of choicest flowers,  
Culled where the saints in glory tread,  
'Mid amarantine bowers.  
Each leaf and flower a gem,  
Whose lustre from afar,  
Sparkled upon her diadem  
Like morning's loveliest star.

Eternal youth had sealed  
Its impress on her face;  
The roses on her cheek revealed  
Of care and blight, no trace.  
Her form, no pencil's touch,  
Nor language can portray,  
Its symmetry, its beauties such  
As shine in heaven's own day.

In her right hand there gleamed  
The Spirit's awful sword;  
And at her side in glory beamed  
The symbols of the Lord.  
Celestial rainbows rose  
And spanned her with their view,  
Their blinded shades, in soft repose,  
A chastened halo threw.

Condensed in awful gloom,  
The clouds her footsteps were;  
Dark clouds, like those which crape the  
tomb

When Hope sinks in Despair.  
In solemn majesty  
She stood—the clouds beneath  
Were rolled onward, noiselessly,  
By the Almighty's breath.

## Ode to "Truth."

The following is from the pen of W. G. Rawbone Toronto, and was published in 1874:—

"Speak thou the truth, let others fence  
And trim their words for pay;  
In pleasant sunshine of pretence  
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact though clouds of night  
Down on thy watch-tower stoop,  
Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight  
Borne from thee by the swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem  
In shelter to abide;  
We were not made to sit and dream;  
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,  
Cry not the path is plain;  
His path within for those without  
Is paved with toll and pain.

One fragment of His blessed word,  
Into thy spirit burned,  
Is better than the whole half-hearted,  
And by thine interest turned.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,  
Who creeps to age from youth;  
Falling to grasp his life's intent,  
Because he fears the truth.

Show thou the light, if conscience gleam,  
Set not the bushel down;  
The smallest spark may send His beam  
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Be true to every inmost thought,  
And as thy thought thy speech;  
What thou hast not by suffering bought,  
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on! hold on!—thou hast the rock,  
Thy foe are on the sand;  
The first world tempest's ruthless shock  
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear  
We now see darkly through,  
And justified, at last appear  
The true in Him that's true."

—For Truth.

## Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer.

BY J. MRS. SMITH.

I.  
O born in sin and formed of death,  
Now formed anew by second birth,  
We on *Our Heavenly Father* call,  
God blessed for ever over all.

II.  
Thy Name be hallowed through the world,  
Thy Gospel's banner be unfurled,  
Till all mankind, in righteousness,  
Thy glorious Word and works confess.

III.  
Thy Kingdom come in power and grace,  
Till glory reigns in every place,  
And force and fraud no more combine  
To debase Thy temple's shrine.

IV.  
With watchful zeal Thy Will be done,  
By all that breathe beneath the sun,  
As angels do Thy Will above  
In flaming ministries of love.

V.  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And all our needs with grace bestowed,  
And be our highest feast supplied  
From Jesus and His crucifix.

VI.  
Wash me in His atoning blood,  
From sins that have Thy grace withstood,  
And teach us others to forgive,  
That in Thy smile our souls may live.

VII.  
And, lest we err and turn aside,  
Be Thou our Counsellor and Guide,  
Shield from temptation; save we pray  
From sin and Satan's subtle sway.

VIII.  
Thine is the Kingdom ever all,  
And each event Thou dost forestall,  
And order with unquestioned right  
All power and glory infinite.

IX.  
And since Thou dost Thy servant bless,  
Fulfilling all Thy promises,  
With timely hand we ask again,  
That Thou wilt add Thine own Amen.

Amen!

## "Spring Song."

Spring is abroad!  
There is life in the air,  
There is life in the cloud;  
On the earth everywhere  
There is life and to spare,  
Spring is abroad,

In the time of Spring,  
If the sun but fling  
A smile to the wintry sod,  
Her heart will swell,  
And in bud and bell  
She will bloom her joy abroad.

And gentle seeds,  
Like flowers, have seeds;  
From beauty, beauty grows;  
From eye to eye  
Smiles multiply,  
And joy's bright blossom blows.



"Let us earnestly pray that the rash photographer does not exhibit your carle in his window."  
 "Why?"  
 "If he does, my dear young lady, Barnabarn is irretrievably lost."  
 "I do not understand you." And she certainly did not look a little wonderingly into his grave face.  
 "There will be a universal breaking of the Second Commandment—"  
 "The Second Commandment?" she repeated.  
 "Yes," he returned, solemnly Barnabarn to a man will fall down and worship—"  
 "Pooh," she cried, "how stupid you are! Besides, it isn't original, and you've managed it very clumsily."  
 "The characteristic ingratitude of woman," he replied, with a shrug of his broad shoulders and this brought them to the invalid's cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Dress Plainly on Sunday.**

It is tasto.  
 It would lessen the burden of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.  
 It would lessen the temptation to dress beyond the income.  
 If everyone dressed plainly but neatly for church services, persons in moderate circumstances and the poor would be more likely to attend.  
 Moderation in dress would improve the manners of the congregation by preventing the wandering of the eyes and thoughts.  
 It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations of vanity.  
 It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations of envy, uncharitableness, and discontent.  
 It would relieve our means of a serious pressure and have more opportunities of doing good.

**Fates of the Apostles.**

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia.  
 Mark was dragged through the streets in Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.  
 Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.  
 John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death at Ephesus, Asia.  
 James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.  
 James the less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death.  
 Philip was beheaded.  
 Bartholomew was skinned alive.  
 Andrew was crucified and pounded while dying.  
 Thomas was run through with a lance.  
 Simon was crucified.  
 Matthias was stoned.  
 Barnabas was stoned to death.

**Recipes For Good Manners.**

Perhaps you never thought that manners were something to be got, but that they just came of themselves, or grow up inside of you, and somehow got outside, and that you need not show you had them unless you wore your best clothes and felt just like it. That is all a mistake. They have to be got, and then they have to be worn all the time; else they grow so rusty that they will not fit, and slip off when most needed.  
 There are a great many rules or recipes for them. Here are some;  
 For a Boy.—Hair parted in the middle; very high collar; big ring; tight pants; "tooth-pick" boots; crutch cane.  
 For a Girl.—Frizzles in front and bob-tail hair behind; bracelets instead of cuffs; huge "bouquet de corsage"; small waist; jacket made by a man tailor; narrow skirt.  
 These, of course, are expensive recipes. Here is another that cost nothing:  
 For EITHER BOY OR GIRL.—Sunny face; gentle voice; quiet colors; helpful actions; straight figure.  
 Good manners always make others feel happy.

**The Finger-Nails.**

While serving as a protection to the extremities of the fingers, well-preserved nails add much to the beauty of the hand.  
 On the contrary, nothing renders the hand more unsightly than thick, irregular and soiled nails. But another consideration, making a proper care of them of the highest importance, is the fact that every person who labors with the hands is liable to gather, under the free margin of his nails, foreign matter, which may be very poisonous to the tissues of the body. Many cases have occurred in which the slightest abrasions of the cuticle by means of the finger-nails have resulted in malignant, even fatal, inflammations.  
 If, from any cause, the nail becomes thick and inelastic, it soon becomes rough, and assumes the appearance of an excrescence rather than an ornament. In this condition it is much more difficult to keep clean. To avoid this, the hand should not be subjected to the action of strong alkalies, such as quicklime, etc.; neither should foreign substances be removed from the surface by scraping, as, from the peculiar manner of its growth, this will cause the nail to thicken.  
 To cleanse the surface and the margin adjoining the skin, a soft nail-brush, mild soap, and soft water should be applied once each day, while the foreign matter, accumulated under the free margin, should be removed as often as the hands are washed, by passing the rounded point of a small knife-blade once or twice beneath it.  
 This being done while the nail is wet, one movement will generally be sufficient to remove the substance completely; but care should be taken to detach no more of the nail, as this may, if repeated, cause the detached margin to recede until it is necessary to allow a wide growth to protect the end of the finger.  
 The paring should also be done while the nail is soft from washing, with an instrument which will make a perfectly smooth edge, and sufficiently often to limit the breadth of the free margin to about one-twelfth of an inch. This breadth is best, especially in the case of persons who have to do rough work with the hands, for two reasons: it prevents the breaking of the nail and also the accumulation of much foreign substance. The corners should not be very closely cut, or the troublesome condition known as ingrown nail may be produced.  
 To prevent the breaking of the cuticle near the root of the nail (commonly called "hang-nail"), the skin should be pressed—once scraped—loose from the nail at least once a week.

**Don't Mind Your Enemies.**

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man or woman who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark, "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Some people are born to make life pretty, and others to grumble that it is not pretty enough, but pray make a point of liking me in spite of my deficiencies.  
 Let death do what it can, there is just one thing it cannot destroy, and that is life. Never in itself, only in the unfaith of man, does life recognize any sway of death.

**BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.**

It is said that Mr. Bartholdi will visit New York next winter.  
 Ismail Pacha, Ex-Khedive, has subscribed \$500 to the Gordon Memorial Fund.  
 Miss Bayard, the bright daughter of Secretary of State Bayard, is one of the best horsewomen in Washington.  
 Oliver Wendell Holmes talked the other night about poetry before the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.  
 The latest additions to the membership of the Authors' Club are Mr. George Houghton, Mr. J. R. W. Hitchcock, and Mr. E. P. Roe.  
 I turns out that the most severe critic of Mr. Gladstone was the late Chinese Gordon, who denounced the Prime Minister angrily in a private diary.  
 The Duke of Westminster is exorting himself at present in behalf of the male children of convicts. He wants to have them properly maintained and educated.  
 Although it is not etiquette for Miss Cleveland, while she is hostess of the White House, to return calls, she has waived etiquette once or twice already.  
 A Japanese tea party was given last week at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Many of those present wore Japanese costumes, and each guest received a Japanese cup and saucer.  
 Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of one of the most popular books of the time, has been obliged to make a public appeal for help. He is poor, and in distress, and has no way to gain money.  
 Last week Mr. Arthur enjoyed himself night after night at Washington dinner parties. Mr. Arthur has now a chance to amuse himself, whereas Mr. Cleveland's strength and patience are sorely tried.  
 Thoreau is said to have amused himself on one occasion by putting cloth bandages on the claws of Mrs. Hawthorne's hens, that lady having complained to him that the animals were invading the family flower patch.  
 Thomas Dunn English, who was almost killed recently by a tumor, which was extracted from his throat with difficulty, is now in fair health. Mr. English was born in 1830, and published a book of poems thirty years ago.  
 It is said that when Mr. Cleveland is considering a candidate's fitness for office he invariably asks "How much does he weigh?" And the rule seems to be that the successful applicant must not only be a good man, but must weigh 250 pounds.  
 Professor George L. Raymond, of Princeton College, has just finished a long poem of singular interest. The subject is the death of an old poet who leaves behind him a number of manuscript poems written at different epochs of his life, and descriptive of his feelings and beliefs at those epochs—boyhood, youth, manhood, and so on, so that the work is a unity in diverse metres.  
 A new portrait of Queen Victoria represents her with brilliant blue eyes and a clever, thoughtful expression, standing on the highest of three steps, over which the rich folds of a black velvet dress trail to the ground. The folded hands hold a long fan and a large pocket handkerchief. A long veil of costly lace falls from the head, and the blue ribbon of the Garter crosses the breast.  
 Mr. J. L. Rogers, son of Mr. Thorold Rogers, M. P., has had a probably unparalleled career in mathematical study at Oxford. Before he was eighteen years old he was elected first of three Balliol mathematical scholars; he won on his first attempt the Junior University Mathematical Scholarship; he gained the "Mathematical First" in due order; and now has gained the Senior Mathematical Scholarship, on his first trial for it.  
 Mr. Gladstone: "When I first read in detail the *Life of Washington* I was profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness of his character, and I found myself at a loss to name among the statesmen of any age or country many, or possibly any, who could be his rival. If among all the pedants supplied by history for public character; of extraordinary nobility and purity I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice at any time during the forty-five years would have lighted, and it would now light upon Washington."

**The South Wind.**

One night, after she had crept to her bed of rags, bruised and sore from Old Nan's daily beating, she heard the South Wind softly blowing past the window, and she whispered:  
 "Oh! South Wind, have pity on me! I am beaten and worked and starved! Be kind to a poor orphan girl!"  
 "But I cannot soften Old Nan's heart," answered the breeze, "nor can I bring you food."  
 "You can take a message for me."  
 "To whom?"  
 "My mother in Heaven."  
 "What is the message?"  
 "Tell her that my days are full of misery, and my nights are long with sorrow. I want to be with her in Heaven."  
 "Sleep, child, and I will bear your message!" whispered the wind; and she forgot her wretchedness and, sleeping, dreamed of green valleys and such beautiful flowers that she cried out in tones of joy and awoke Old Nan.  
 "How dare you!" growled the hag; and she beat the child again and again for her dream.  
 The next night the South Wind whispered at the window, and the child rose up and asked:  
 "Did you find my mother?"  
 "'Tis a long way to Heaven!" answered the wind. "Have patience and sleep again."  
 The child slept, and in her dreams she sat beneath green trees and listened to such sweet music that Old Nan was again awakened by her words.  
 "Wretch! Ingrate!" cried the old hag in her fury; and she beat the child as if she meant to kill her.  
 On the third night the South Wind was late in coming. The child was alone in the gloomy room, and the fever was on her until she tossed and moaned, and fancied strange things.  
 "It won't come—it won't come!" she kept calling; but by and by she heard the rustle of the South Wind afar off, and she had her face to the window as it came up.  
 "Did you find my mother?"  
 "Aye! and she bids you come!"  
 "Now?"  
 "Wait a little while and sleep again."  
 And the child slept and dreamed of a path winding through a dark valley. She traversed it in fear and trembling, and more than once she would have faltered had not the South Wind whispered:  
 "Be of brave heart—Heaven is beyond!"  
 By and by the darkness was dispelled, and at her feet she saw the waters of a great river. On the other shore were gates of pearl and gold, and as they opened to the strains of sweetest music an angel issued forth and cried out to the cowering child:  
 "Be not afraid! I am thy mother!"  
 And as the South Wind spread its wings and bore the child across the silver waters her joy was so intense that she called out:  
 "Death! Mother! Heaven!"  
 "Didn't I tell ye!" screamed the old hag, who had just returned; and she knelt beside the bed of rags to beat the child.  
 "Too late!" said the South Wind, with its face at the window.  
 Aye! it was too late.

**The I'm-to-be-Photographed Look.**

It is the hardest thing in the world to get some folks into any kind of a natural position, or expression of countenance. They will put a kind of I'm-to-be-photographed look on their faces when they come into the gallery and it generally stays there. Then the way some women dress! They have an idea that the more colors they get on, the better they look, and the result is that when they see their photograph and the curious effect produced by the colors, they'll blame the photographer, though we tell them beforehand. Nearly all persons look better in a picture than in reality, except those having clear complexions. Some ladies, for instance, would be considered beautiful in side view of their features, while a front view is decidedly disappointing. Of course in photographing them, we take the side view. Some look better with a hat on and some in full outdoor costume. But there is one thing you may not know, and that is very few ladies look well photographed in white, yet the only pictures many have taken are in their graduation or wedding dresses.



Temperance Department.

Dangers of Moderation.

Prof. A. B. Palmer, M. D., LL.D., writing in a leading American magazine of the temperance teachings of science, gives the following striking instance of the dangers arising from the moderate use of alcoholic liquors.

Here is the case to which Prof. Palmer particularly refers:—

"I remember meeting a prominent medical gentleman of my acquaintance years ago, when the subject of the use of alcohol was introduced. In opposition to my views he contended that, 'when used temperately, it was not objectionable. He said that no man abhorred drunkenness or despised drunkards more than he. He said he was never drunk in his life, and to the end I suppose he never was.

"As for the example, he said he was not responsible for others' excesses, and, in fact, he said he set a good example by his moderation. He would therefore continue to have his whiskey bottle by his plate, and use it as he had done. No more favorable statement than this for its use can be made, and he used it in a manner as little likely to do harm, considering the amount taken in his continuance, as was possible.

"Taken with his food and mingled with it, and diluted with water, though probably neutralizing a portion of the gastric juice, it was not applied in a concentrated form to the coats of his stomach; and it produced but little or no irritation there. It was slowly introduced into the blood, and no sudden or strong impression seemed to be made upon the liver, the lungs, the heart or the brain. His sensations were more agreeable after each dose, on the same principle that opium, tobacco, and other narcotics than alcohol produce agreeable sensations. They all produce more agreeable feelings than those which are experienced when the accustomed quantity is omitted. These feelings of uneasiness, of depression, and distress, that result from abstinence from the indulgence, though produced by the habit, are wonderfully relieved for the time by a repetition of the usual dose.

But the alcohol, however taken, must be gotten rid of, and a large portion of it carried out by the kidneys. Its repeated and long continued presence in them is apt to tell upon these organs; and in the case of this gentleman, in two or three years after this conversation, he was reported to have

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and soon after retired from his city work to the country, where in a few months he died, in the prime of his years.

"This is not a solitary case. It is rather a typical example, and it illustrates the insidious manner in which this deceiver often produces in the end its evil effects."

A Discussion.

The leading officers of several of the total abstinence societies of Toronto published a challenge, a short time ago, to the officers of the new National Liberal Temperance Union, inviting public discussion on the question at variance between them, viz.; total abstinence and prohibition.

(1.) That alcohol is a food, and that while medical testimony, science, and experience show that the use as beverages of ardent spirits is a fruitful cause of intemperance and injurious to the health; the same evidence goes to prove that the use of natural, fermented beverages, such as beer and wine, is not, except in some cases, injurious to the health, and, in many instances, is beneficial.

(2.) That Scripture and Christianity warrant temperance in the use of wine.

(3.) That the substitution of beer and wines for ardent spirits would greatly reduce drunkenness.

(4.) That total prohibition is not successful.

These questions have been discussed scores of times by men of greater ability and higher scientific attainments, and probably every argument that can be produced on either side has been already well laid before the reading public. Whether much good can come, just now, out of earnest temperance workers, of any class, spending their time and energies in discussing such points with each other remains to be seen.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A MONEY ASPECT.—The Toronto Monetary Times prints at the head of its column of "Insurance Notes" the following:—

"The price, each day, of a single 'beer' Will pay insurance through the year; And one cigar a day the loss Insures your life and happiness."

OUT OF PLACE.—Dr. John Hall, of New York, says: "A cigarette in a small boy's mouth is a startling instance of matter out of place." He might well have added that a cigar or pipe in a large man's mouth is a striking instance of bad example to the small boy.

TEMPERANCE BOOKS.—The Editor of TRUTH will endeavor, at any time, to procure for temperance workers any book, pamphlet, tract or music on the temperance question obtainable in Toronto or New York, and will cheerfully send any information respecting such to any parties enquiring. No gain is expected from such an offer; it is merely made for the accommodation and benefit of those desiring such publications. Address, T. W. Casey, TRUTH office, Toronto.

GOUGH COMING.—The veteran temperance orator, J. B. Gough, is about to visit Toronto again. It is announced that he will lecture in Shaftesbury Hall on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, 13th and 14th inst. There is no doubt but he will be greeted by an immense audience. Mr. Gough has retained his great popularity as a temperance orator much longer than any other man. Thousands are more temperate, and consequently more happy to-day because of his eloquent and earnest appeals in former years.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.—The new Franchise Bill of the Dominion Parliament will be apt to have an important bearing in regard to future elections in which the temperance question is an issue. Some thousands of females—widows and unmarried women—will be given the franchise under the provisions of the incoming law, and it is a well

understood fact that a very large proportion of the women of the country are in full sympathy with the prohibitory movement. This reform measure will therefore add much to the strength and influence of the temperance reformers at the polls.

THE MILK OF THE COCOA-NUT.—We clip the following from the New York Advocate: According to the Baltimore American, one of the present devices of the liquor-sellers to demonstrate anew that "prohibition does not prohibit" is the "loading of coco-nuts with whiskey and selling them at fancy prices in the prohibition districts of Georgia." We venture the prediction, however, that the cocoa-nut whiskey traffic at "fancy prices" will never attain very large proportions. The cocoa-nut is no rival for the licensed whiskey-saloon.

BEER AND CRIME.—Those who are anxious to have it well understood that the introduction of beer as a popular beverage would be a public blessing have a good many hard matters to explain. Here is the experience of Judge Pitman, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, one of the ablest and best known judges of the United States. He says: "An experience of over twenty years in the administration of the criminal law shows to me also that, if beer is a less speedy and effective agent in producing absolute drunkenness, it is as potent an incitement to crime as the more overwhelming stimulants."

TEMPERANCE AT WHITE HOUSE.—There is a pretty strong temperance element in President Cleveland's new cabinet at Washington. Mr. Garland, the Attorney General, has been a total abstainer for years. It is said that he was once walking through a cemetery at Little Rock, Arkansas, and he had a sudden realization of the fact that almost all the young men with whom he began life, had died of drink. He stopped right there and then as a drinker. Mr. Endevott, Secretary of War, has been for years a regular contributor to the work of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. Miss Cleveland, the President's sister and housekeeper, was for years an active member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

THE OLD HALL.—On Saturday evening last the last public entertainment in the old Toronto Temperance Hall, Temperance st., was given, and it was very well attended. Mr. J. Wardell, President of the Temperance Reformation Society, presided, and a good programme was presented. This week the roof will be taken off the old building preparatory to the additions and other improvements being made. The walls of the new addition are up nearly full height. It is expected that in September the new hall will be completed, and that it will be one of the finest public halls in Toronto. In future the Sunday afternoon temperance meetings will be held in the Queen's Park, commencing at three o'clock.

HIGH JUDICIAL EVIDENCE.—The ablest of the more able judges of England is the present Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, a man respected in every country for his sound judgment, his great skill, and his extensive judicial experience. Here is a recent deliverance of his that ought to be read and carefully considered by all judges. We put this eminent authority in the balance against the feeble utterances of the many apologists for the continuation of the legalized drink traffic. Who can expect to see the deplorable effects removed until the great cause is first removed? Chief Justice Coleridge says: "Judges are weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but I cannot refrain from saying that if they could make England sober they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons."

DRINK AND SLAVERY.—See, said Dr. Deems, of New York, during the late Presidential campaign, what millions of money and what streams of blood were poured out to abolish slavery. Now, I know what that slavery was, and am prepared to affirm that I believe that more stripes have been inflicted, more blood shed, more arsons caused, more distress to bodies, minds, and spirits of men, women, and children, produced in one year by the general liquor traffic than were caused by American sla-

very from the day the first cargo of slaves was landed down to the proclamation of emancipation. There are a hundredfold more reasons for abolishing the general liquor traffic than for abolishing slavery; and the American people will see it yet, and then nothing whatever can restrain them.

HOPE FOR THE DRUNKARD.—"The poor, poor drunkard! When he comes into his house, his children listen and know by the footfall that their father is coming home drunk; and the little ones run away and hide from him as if he were some horrid demon. His wife begins to tremble. Many a time has that great strong arm been brought down on her weak defenceless body. Many a day has she carried about marks of his violence. He ought to be her protector, support, and stay; but he has become her tormentor. His home is desolate; there is no joy there. But every such one may hear the good news of help and hope from the hand of God—God can give him the power to hurl the infernal cup from him. God will give him grace, if he but asks for it, to trample Satan under his feet, and the drunkard will then become a sober man. Go to that house three months hence, and you will find it neat and clean. As you draw near you hear sounds, not of a drunken brawl but of singing; it is one of the songs of Zion. He has now become a child of God. His children are climbing on his knees, and his arms are around them. That once dark home is now a little "Bethel" on earth. God dwells there now, and is acknowledged—Christians, lift up your prayers for the poor drunkard. If such will try to lead a better life, one mighty to save, Christ the Lord will give them the victory; for strong as drink may be, Christ's grace is stronger." —D. L. MOODY.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

THE R. W. G. L. SESSION.—The Toronto Good Templars are taking hold most enthusiastically to give a pleasant reception to the members of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge at its coming session in this city, on Tuesday evening, May 28th, the first day of the session, it is proposed to give a conversation in the public hall of the Normal School building, providing a first-class programme. An efficient committee has been appointed to make the arrangements, and a very pleasant time is expected.

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from lodges for April:—

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes Hope of Maidstone, Essex Centre, Loyal Canadian, Dundas, Peninsula, St. Catharines, Balmam Grove, Peterboro, Hope of Parkdale, Parkdale, Marshville, Marshville, Sydenham Valley, Alvinston, Weston Star, Weston, Sarnia, Sarnia, Petahubun, Selwyn, Stratford, Stratford, Manotick, Manotick, Life Boat, Gorrie, Cameron, Ottawa, Riverside, Dawn Mills, Maple Leaf, Apsley, Mississauga, Roseneath, Excelsior, Nobleton, Fidelity, Romney, Magnum Bonum, Craighurst, Union, Carlisle, Royal Oak, Smithfield.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes Thos. Lawless, Napance, Peninsula, St. Catharines, Woodstock, Woodstock, Hope of Brampton, Brampton, Maple Grove, Escott, Petahubun, Selwyn, W. J. Beckett, Toronto, Toronto Union, Toronto, Cameron, Ottawa, Preston Star, Preston, Wellington, Lang, Yarker, Yarker, Star, Newmarket, Rescue, Hamilton, Evergreen, Singhampton, Codrington, Codrington, Brooklyn, Little Britain, Clinton, Clinton, Metcalfe Star, Metcalfe, Never Failing, Riverdale.

At last... ness; an they had Bolivar, into the venturous About voyagers signs of 'plore it. On the extensively long, by of it rose the level covered tween ti still fart lagoon As the the edge glassy crocodile and floa line of sharply "The Didn't I David. "Tw staring our cau "We warrant Let's br for a w If we rifles, v Half the low venture the is' clump; and tal shore t Nor appro saw a edge. "Th claime within Alm quetic headed lazily c "Hi David, lately, we go likely must c back c we get to the little e bank t him, a The execut this fe er. " column he lies gone. "Al for a woods we'll work. The left th tower was a down reach over. The water and it shot v slowly "S in a g "Y the e throo "B The stantl

Our Young Folks.

CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

AN ADVENTURE.

At last every thing was in perfect readiness; and on the morning of February 23, they bade adieu to their new friends in Bolivar, took up their paddles, pushed off into the stream and started on their adventurous trip down the river.

About ten miles below the city the canoe voyagers came to a locality which showed signs of crocodiles; and they landed to explore it.

On the south side of the river lay a very extensive, low sand-bank nearly two miles long, by half a mile wide. The lower third of it rose abruptly into an island as high as the level of the surrounding country, and covered with dense scrub jungle. Between this little island and the main shore still farther south, lay a deep and placid lagoon.

As the two hunters stood on the island, at the edge of the steep bank, and scanned the glassy surface of the lagoon, a huge old crocodile rose almost directly opposite them, and floated lazily at the surface, with every line of his scaly body and saw-like tail sharply defined in the clear water.

"There! Look at that now, will you! Didn't I tell you they were here?" muttered David.

"Twelve feet if he's an inch!" said Ben, staring hard at the reptile. "If we only had our canoe here now, eh!"

"We must get it here in short order. I'll warrant that lagoon is full of crocodiles. Let's bring our boat around, camp right here for a week and hunt these fellows regularly. If we don't find some work here for our rifles, we never will, that's certain."

Half an hour later their canoe glided into the lower end of the lagoon, and the adventurers were paddled along the bank of the island until they arrived opposite a clump of small trees. Here they landed, and taking a hasty lunch, set off along the shore to look for crocodiles.

Nor had they long to look; for as they approached the upper end of the island, they saw a dark object ahead lying at the water's edge. Ben levelled his glass at it directly.

"That's one, as sure as fate!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if he will let us within range!"

Almost as he spoke, as if in answer to his question, the crocodile turned about, headed away from the shore and floated lazily out into the deep water.

"He's no fool, I tell you!" exclaimed David. "Somebody has been shooting here lately, or he wouldn't be so wary. But if we go back and get out of sight, he'll be likely to come up to the shore again. We must climb up to the top of the bank, go back out of sight, and swing around until we get opposite where he is, then crawl up to the edge and shoot. Do you see that little scraggy tree yonder at the edge of the bank? Well, that must be about opposite him, and we'll come out close to that."

The proposed movement was cautiously executed. "We must make sure work with this fellow," said David in an excited whisper. "You know we've got to hit his spinal column, and we must kill him dead, where he lies, or he'll get off into the water and be gone. A miss is as good as a mile for him."

"All right," said Ben, who was also eager for a shot. "We'll crawl up to that bunch of weeds at the edge, I'll count three, and we'll blaze away together to make sure work."

They dropped quietly upon the ground, left their pith hats behind them, and crept towards the edge of the bank. The ground was almost bare, and the midday sun beat down fiercely upon their bare heads. They reached the edge and cautiously looked over.

The reptile was there! He lay in the water with only his head out in the sand, and it was plain to be seen that only a sure shot would stop him. Two rifle barrels slid slowly over the edge and rested there.

"Shall we let him have it?" said David, in a gentle whisper.

"Yes. Hit his spinal column, ahead of the shoulders. Ready now—one—two—three!"

"Bang! bang!" The huge saurian's long, slender jaws instantly flew wide open and remained so,

while the limbs quivered convulsively, as if the animal had received a powerful electric shock. Otherwise it did not move.

"Hurrah! He's our crock!" shouted David, as they sprang to their feet and reloaded.

"Don't be too sure now," said cautious Ben. "Better not say that until you get him by the tail. Look there now—if he isn't trying to get away!"

The crocodile was struggling, and had already turned a quarter-way round. A little farther and he would be headed for deep water.

"Give him another shot!"

They both fired again, but in their excitement their bullets failed to hit the vital spot.

"Go for him! Go for his tail, quick!" cried Ben, as he dropped his rifle and started. They had to run nearly a hundred yards along the bank before coming to a place where they could scramble down. Then down they went pell-mell at the risk of breaking their necks; and as they reached the lower level, they saw their coveted crocodile headed for the deep water and slowly disappearing. They raced along the sand at full speed, but by the time they reached the spot where the reptile had lain, nothing but the end of his tail was visible in the water. Foot by foot, he was getting away from them. There was only one way to recover him—and that a dangerous one.

"Come on partner!" cried Ben, recklessly. Without a moment's hesitation they rushed into the water and waded out till within reach of the tail.

"Now then!" shouted David; and together they seized the monster by the tail and began dragging him ashore. But it was a risky manoeuvre.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER CROCODILE.

It was indeed a risky manoeuvre. For no sooner did the crocodile feel their grasp on his tail, than he began a tremendous struggle to free himself and to snap at his assailants. It required all their strength to retain their grip on him, and prevent his wrenching his tail out of their hands.

"Hang to him, partner!" panted Ben. Steadily they backed toward the shore, gaining foot by foot, dragging the great saurian after them.

But by this time the reptile was thoroughly aroused, and struggling with great violence. Putting forth all their strength they were barely able to overmatch his efforts.

"Come in out of the wet, ye varmint!" shouted David triumphantly, as they dragged the struggling monster out upon the sand. "And don't you go near the water any more! Oh, you'd bite, would you?"

he added, as the crocodile gave a vicious snap sideways at him. Its bony jaws and cruel glittering teeth came together with a blood-curdling crash, but so long as his assailants held fast to his tail, he could not turn around far enough to catch them.

"Now we must have a rifle, David, to give him a finisher. You run up the bluff and get one, and I'll hold him," said Ben, determinedly.

"Why, man alive, you can't do it!" cried David.

"Well, I will do it, anyhow! You go on. Don't wait, but give him a shot from up there—he's such a thing to hold to—and be quick!"

David scaled the bank, ran to where his rifle lay, and reloaded it while he got in a position for a shot. The crocodile was now struggling more violently than ever, and snapping viciously first one side and then the other; but Ben held to it.

"Give it to him, quick!" he shouted, appealingly.

David dropped upon one knee, aimed carefully for the neck vertebra, and fired. Again the reptile's jaw flew open, but the eyes were tightly shut and the limbs stiffened and quivered. In a few minutes the creature was dead.

"That skin is worth thirty-three dollars, old man!" David exclaimed.

On the next afternoon, while David was busy at camp with the final preparation of the three crocodile skins, Ben unloaded the canoe and paddled off alone. He went down to the outlet of the lagoon, crossed the river to a low sand-bank they had observed lying a few miles below, and returned at night in quite a state of excitement.

He reported having landed on the other sand bank, which was of great extent; and having crossed it, he found a narrow lagoon lying between it and the main shore.

While walking along the bank, he came suddenly in sight of an immense crocodile, very much larger than the one they had already killed.

He tried to get a shot at it, but there was no cover of any kind, and in crawling over the sand, the reptile saw him and plunged into the water.

"To-morrow we will go after him, and bring him home," said David, confidently.

Accordingly, early next morning they paddled across the river, dragged their canoe up high and dry on the shore, and with their rifles on their shoulders, set out across the sand-bank. Ben christened it the "Little Sahara," on account of vast extent, utter barrenness and irregular, billowy surface. The day was hot, and the radiation from the dry, heated sand was like the breath of a furnace.

A DISCOVERY. Long before they could see the water of the lagoon, at the farther side of the little desert, they espied a crocodile lying on the sand. Dropping on their hands and knees, they endeavored to approach within rifle range, but the reptile was too wide awake. They were still two hundred yards away, when it suddenly started forward, slid into the water and disappeared.

The hunters had risen to their feet to go on, when Ben exclaimed, in an undertone,—"Down, David! down! There's the big one lying out below!"

He was right. A hundred yards farther down and well out upon the bank, lay an ugly, muddy looking old crocodile, of perfectly enormous size. He lay with his legs stretched out lazily, his head flat upon the sand, and his eyes shut, basking in the hot sunshine. His peculiar gray and weathered appearance, and the absence of bright colors on his scales, plainly indicated that he was "an old settler," while his plump body and limbs showed that he lived well. With but one exception he was the largest crocodile the hunters had ever seen, and they determined to have him.

Crouching low upon the sand, they planned the attack. There was not the smallest bush, weed, or tuft of grass to afford cover for an approach, and their only resource was to take what little advantage they could of the inequalities of the ground.

On hands and knees they made their way down, until they arrived opposite their game; then after carefully studying the lay of the hollows and the height of the ridges, they started forward.

At first they were able to advance along a hollow and behind a succession of ridges; but these all ended abruptly when the hunters were still a hundred and fifty yards away. Leaving their hats behind, they now lay flat upon the loose, hot sand, and with the back of the crocodile in full view, crawled slowly forward. All the while they were in dreadful suspense, lest the wily old saurian should suddenly take alarm, plunge into the water, and render that day's work fruitless.

But it was absolutely necessary for them to get nearer. Their rifles were of small calibre for such a huge animal; and bare-headed, hot and excited as they were, they knew it would be folly to fire at long range.

Slowly and laboriously they dragged themselves forward, until only a hundred yards separated them from their coveted prize. Would he wait longer?

It was too uncertain to fire at that distance, all things considered, and in sheer desperation they kept on.

The sand filled their clothes and covered their perspiring faces and hands, but they carefully kept it out of the muzzles of their rifles. Twenty-five yards farther, and the crocodile suddenly raised his head and looked about suspiciously. He must have thought a pair of big turtles were coming toward him, or he would surely have fled.

The hunters stopped instantly, and remained for several minutes without moving a muscle. It was high time to fire. Slowly, very slowly, they got their rifles in position, cocked them, and wiped the perspiration out of their eyes. David then whispered softly,—

"Ready! One—two—three!"

Their rifles spoke together, and instantly they sprang to their feet. Like an echo to the shots, the crocodile's jaws flew wide open, and shut again with a loud snap!

Then it ran quickly down the sloping bank into the water; but, to the astonishment of the hunters, it wheeled about and as quickly rushed out again!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Little Mother.

She had so many children she really did not know what to do. The home was too small or the family too large—she could not tell which. Then there was a good deal of unhappiness about dinners. If there were not quite so many of them, everything would be lovely and the dinners quite delightful.

She pondered this matter long and earnestly in her sober fashion, for she was not a talkative mother. Now the little mother knew there were other houses not far away where there were no children. Perhaps, if she took some of her family to the other houses, the folks would take them in and give them all good homes. She knew the people very well, though she had really never spoken to any of them. What better than to take her babies there, and leave them in the care of these good people? So she started off one day with three of her babies.

They could toddle after her, and were eager enough to go. She walked just as fast as she could, and when they reached the next house the poor things were tired out, and lay down on the door step as much as to say they really could not go any farther. The little mother seemed to think it was all right, and started to the next house. One of the babies could not leave his mother, and though very tired, followed slowly after her.

Presently the little mother reached the next house, and her baby came trotting after, and the moment he reached the place he lay down and fell fast asleep. Poor thing! he was very tired. The folks in the house came out to look at him, and the little mother said, as plainly as she could, "He is a good child, and I will give him to you if you will take good care of him." The people seemed to understand her feelings perfectly, and said the baby could stay. The next day she took two more of her babies, and going down the road in the opposite direction, she left one at a farm-house and one at the cottage of a widow woman.

There were three children left at home, and these she decided to keep. The next day the strangest thing happened—two of the other babies who had gone to other home back. The little mother was not pleased with this, and carried them back again, as much as to say that she wished them to stay in the nice places she had provided for them. After that she visited all her absent children once a week, and talked to them in her quiet way, and even played with them to keep them contented. She was indeed a wise and thoughtful mother, though only a beautiful settler with eight small pups.

An Animal Apple-Gatherer.

Gathering fruit is a frequent practice of animals, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of tooth-picks" called the hedge-hog, which is curious enough to deserve special mention. It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping apartment, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way: It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls, and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines, and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump, they have been seen to fall upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them; and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter homes.

Despair makes a desperate tiuro and descends from a mean original. 'Tis the offspring of fear, of laziness and impatience; it argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty, too.

o of slaves amation of undredfold general li-avery; and it, and then sem. "The poor, nes into his row by the ming home ay and hide rid demon. any a time ought down Many a day is violence, upport, and entor. His 7 there. But ood news of God - God the infernal im grace, if Satan under then become ouse three l neat and ear sounds, inging; it is as now be- children are is arms are homo is now God dwells lged—Tri- or the poor lead a better ist the Lord r strong as a stronger."

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Table with 2 columns: Amount and Description. Rows include \$7.25, \$6.23, \$4.13, \$2.50, \$4.69, \$6.00, \$3.22, \$1.59, \$4.00, \$1.15, \$12.60, \$2.35, \$3.92, \$6.44, \$1.54, \$1.63, \$2.10, \$13.56, \$4.41, \$3.65, \$4.20, \$4.48, \$19.00, \$2.00, \$50, \$35, \$1.25, \$1.10, \$4.00, \$1.00, \$1.90, \$10, \$20, \$60, \$2.00, \$6.20, \$35, \$5.00, \$70, \$1.00, \$1.00, \$20.

# THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 24.

One lady or gentleman's Fine Solid Gold Watch 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 be a subscriber for *Truth* for at least six months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar sent. If two stories happen to send in the same story the first one received at *Truth* office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall in a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—*Editor's Prize Story, "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.

## PETHERICK'S PERIL.

SENT BY LAURA M. JAMES, HAMILTON, ONT.

Each story of the Shelton Cotton Factory is fifteen feet between floors; there are seven such over the basement, and this rises six feet above the ground. The brick walls narrow to eight inches as they ascend, and form a parapet rising above the roof. One of the time-keepers of the factory, Jack Hardy, a young man about my own age, often runs along the brick-work, the practice giving him a singular delight that has seemed to increase with his proficiency in it. Having been a clerk in the works from the beginning, I have frequently used the parapet for a foot-path, and although there was a shere fall of one hundred feet to the ground, have done it with ease and without dizziness. Occasionally Hardy and I have run races, on the opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I became timid with increase of pace.

Hopelessly distanced last Wednesday, while the men were off at noon, I gave up midway, and looking down, observed the upturned face of an old man, gazing at me with parted lips, wide eyes, and an expression of horror so startling that I involuntarily stepped down to the bricklayers' platform inside. I then saw that the apparently frightened spectator was Mr. Petherick, who has been for some weeks paymaster and factotum for the contractors.

"What's the matter, Petherick?" I called down. He made no answer, but walking off rapidly, disappeared round the mill. Curious about his demeanour, I descended, and, after some little seeking, found him smoking alone.

"You quite frightened me just now, Petherick," said I, "did you think I was a ghost?"

"Not just that," he replied sententially. "Did you expect me to fall, then?" I inquired.

"Not just that either," said he. The old man was clearly disinclined to talk, and apparently much agitated. I began to joke him about his lugubrious expression, when the one o'clock bell rang, and he shuffled off hastily to another quarter.

Though I puzzled awhile over the incident, it soon passed so entirely from my mind that I was surprised when, passing Petherick in the afternoon, intending to go aloft, he said, as I went by:

"Don't do it again, Mr. Frazier!"

"What?" I stopped.

"That!" he retorted.

"Oh! You mean running on the wall," said I.

"I mean going on it at all!" he exclaimed. His earnestness was so marked that I conceived a strong interest in its cause.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Petherick. If you will tell me why you advise me, I'll give the thing up!"

"Done!" said he. "Come to my cottage this evening, and I'll tell you a strange adventure of my own, though perhaps you'll only laugh that it's the reason why it sickens me to see you fooling up there."

Petherick was ready to talk when Jack and I sat down on his doorstep that evening, and immediately launched into the following narrative:

"I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs on the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea-fowls made their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket-money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands,

would be lowered by the others to the nest.

"When he had his basket full, they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go."

"What ledge?" asked Jack.

"Oh!" said Petherick, after a pause. "I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation." Then, after reflecting for some moments:

"You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop six hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running in on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping, then some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top; under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting farther than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one would swing like a pendulum on the rope, and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop straight into it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging."

"Did the wind never blow it off?" asked Jack.

"Seldom, and never out of reach," said the old man. "Well, the ledge I reached was like this," illustrating with his hands. "It was some ten feet wide; it stuck out maybe six feet farther than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, five hundred feet below, ran in under it nigh fifty feet."

"As I went down, thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling round me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully a quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as that sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that countryside, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's time, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching almost as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the sea-fowls below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were millions on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out as in terror, and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

"The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed,

heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

"Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff, to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this, I looked down involuntarily through the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror! There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled! Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the edge. The fissure was widening under my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder and a groan and roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and five hundred feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and alighted birds.

"Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed along mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth with a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water! It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight forever.

"Not till then did my thoughts dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness! Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped! I felt the swooning helplessness of falling and the cold, upward rush of air!

"Still I pressed my back against the wall of rock, and through nearly faint with terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foot-hold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet!"

The old man paused long. Glancing sideways at Jack, I saw that his face was pallid. I myself had shuddered and grown cold—so strongly had my imagination realized the awful experience that Petherick described.

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think I did truly hear a voice after them very near me.

"Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

"It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey!"

I nodded to him silently.

"Shuffling sideways very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. You have the brick line to keep eyes on as you walk along the factory wall; do you

think you could move along it erect, looking down as you would have to? Yet it is only one hundred feet high. Imagine five more such walls on top of that, and you trying to move sideways—incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down, from end to end, yet, three times farther! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstasy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face-first at full length, clutch by your hands and with shut eyes feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but of course that was impossible."

"Still there was a wall at your back," observed Jack.

"That made it worse! The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighting you slowly forward."

Beads of sweat broke out over his white face at the horror he had called before him. Wiping his lips nervously with the back of his hand, and looking askant, as at the narrow pathway, he paused long. I saw its cruel edge and the dark gleams of its abyssal water.

"I knew," he resumed, "that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face towards it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing."

"In the depths below the myriad sea-fowl then rested on the black water, which, though swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while farther out it had begun to jump to white caps, and in beneath me, where I could not see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had risen. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but, save the deep murmur going out from far beneath my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still.

"Cautiously I swung my right foot before the other and carefully edged around. For an instant as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

"Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whir and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feelings, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the rock. Not daring to cast my head backwards, I drew it tortoise-like between my raised shoulders and chin against the precipice, and gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows.

"Far above the dead wall stretched. Sidewise glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no hope in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm as steel.

"A cautious step sideways made me know how much I had gained in ease and certainty of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should act on reaching it, and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up.

"Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon, that while almost in my clutch it might slip from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling

hands told me that it moved boldly towards me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and a chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my following foot striking hard against that before—sometimes on the point of stumbling stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in in mortal terror along.

"Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tip-toe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster, was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

"My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well-remembered edifice of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

"I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other—no rope! Almighty God! and hast thou deserted me?

"But what! Yes, it moves! it sways in sight! it disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glance. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little, time of the hungry air beneath—I offered deep thanks to my God for the delivery that seemed so near.

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent while, with closed eyes and bent head he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of deroutness.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway towards me? I could hope for that.

"But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached its edge, falling suddenly, at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake. Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

"Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and the nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a fearful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate! I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its swaying were not, as I had expected, slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind, it swung outward as though the air were eddying from the wall.

Now at last I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear.

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steadily, nerve beyond the best moments of my life, gazed for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyration by a strong leap.

"But could I grasp it? What use if it,

were not firmly secured above? But all time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

"By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave, gave, with jerks that tried my arms. I knew those indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in air, secure above the waves that beat below.

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering.

"So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall."

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given me such horrible nightmares ever since that I could no more walk on the high brickwork than along that narrow ledge in distant Cornwall.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. Annie L. Jacob, Chateaugay Basin, Que., writes: "Let me acknowledge the receipt of the gold watch for prize story. I wonder how you can afford to award such a pretty timekeeper. It will always be a pleasant reminder of TRUTH, which in its circulation is 'mighty and must prevail.'"

An Ancient Battle Called to Mind.

The excavations which have been going on under the famous Lion at Chéronée, where the Boeotians who fell in the battle with Philip of Macedon, August, 353 B. C., were interred, have thus far disclosed 270 skeletons. Among the most recently examined, two have been found transfixed with iron lances. Six of the skeletons more or less preserved, and remarkable for the fracture of their bones and the firm manner in which they died of their wounds, have been prepared to be taken from their place in plaster and transferred to the museum in Athens, where they will remain among its greatest curiosities and wonders. The face of the monumental lion, who sits with head thrown up, expresses rage, grief and shame, together with that moderation which is characteristic of all Greek art. Pausanias, who wrote about 150 A. D., says: "On approaching the city is the tomb of the Boeotians who fell in the battle with Philip. It has no inscription, but the figure of a lion is placed upon it as an emblem of the spirit of these men. The inscription has been omitted, as I suppose, because the gods had willed that their fortune should not be equal to their prowess." It is interesting that, after the lapse of two thousand two hundred and almost nineteen years, we are able to read in the bodies which have been thus exhumed, in the fractures of their bones, and in the iron lances by which they are pierced, the story of their heroic struggle to maintain the independence of their country.

REPUTATION.—A man's reputation, like his coat, may be soiled without touching the man himself, since the reputation is not the character, any more than the sleeve is the arm it envelops. The character can be soiled only by what the man himself does, while the reputation may have mud thrown upon it by any wretch unmanly enough to want to injure the standing of another. We are to see that our motives are pure, our principles honorable, and our outward life governed by them, and then to go about our duty calmly, confident that in the end they who unjustly seek to injure us will do us no harm.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 104.—AN ENIGMA OF THE TIMES.

Since this queer world's creation, In every age and nation, There's been some perturbation All peace to destroy. It's either magnetic, Or sourly ascetic, Or peripatetic Philosophy.

But with all this mythology, And black demonology, There's never been an ology So queer as this one; (I meant to say an ism— Excuse my solecism.) It's worse than the "Catechism On the path of the sun."

It's awfully confusing! If you ever take to musing On its themes you'll be losing Your head in no time; And the sunflowers will be dancing, And the lark storks go prancing, And you'll soon be romancing In the wildest of rhyme.

You'll be worshipping bric-a-brac, Or some little nick-knack, Or toiling through rick-rack, In small clover leaves; You'll perambulate storkishly; You'll moralize mawkishly; And stare around hawkishly, As the owl on the caves.

R.

NO. 105.—AN ANAGRAM.

'Tis something false, of bad repute, Unworthy of reliance; "I call a chemist" to refute The dogmas of that science. Its reasoning is sophistical, Its teachings dark and mystical.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 106.—A METALEPSIS.

(Entered for Prize.)

I.

From end to end of earth I go, A harbinger of weal or woe; I'm rooted firmly in my place, Yet often others do I chase; Whilst doing this I am quite dead, Though once was living and have spread Protection over many a stranger, Though doomed myself to be a ranger.

II.

Now in a forest I am seen, A poor wee thing is surely me, The children gather me with glee, When summer fades her dress of green.

III.

Again when ease gives place to mirth, And old and young around the hearth; Grow merry o'er the sparkling jest; My heart goes round to give them zest.

S. I. B.

NO. 107.—A CURIOUS EQUALITY.

I am two things in one. Science says that two things cannot be in the same place at the same time. Despite science, my first and my last are both at once in the middle. Stranger still, my whole is there also with them. Indeed, my first, my last and my whole are tantamount each one to either or both of the others.

SEEMER.

NO. 108.—AN ENIGMA.

(Selected.)

Look up, thou soul by sin oppressed, And let my light compose thy breast. I drive the clouds of unbelief away, And open the portals of eternal day. Religion is not my adopted name;

I am the base, religion is the frame. Death flees away whene'er I draw near, Loses his sting, excites no more the tear: God looketh down, and from his heavenly throne

Blesseth the meekest spot where I am known. MRS. W. S. WILLIAMSON.

NO. 109.—BEHEAD AND CURTAIL.

- 1. Behead and curtail a game of cards, The rest will wheel the dirt from your yards.
2. The same to an iron, muddy feet no'er scoring, Will change to a cloth very useful in mourning.
3. A man who uses the pen will be The place, when a child, my nurse laid me.
4. "Heavy of heart" at once may be seen To change into a useful machine.

YPSILANTI.

NO. 110.—SYNCOPE "O" N.

I am a sharper whom you hate, I falsify, interpolate, And try to get among my betters, In disregard of social fetters. Erase one letter and I show A preparation for a blow, And if you make one more expulsion, You may produce in me convulsion.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 111.—A RIDDLE.

Swifter than time we speed; More terrible than fate; To places never known we lead, And tales untold relate.

MRS. W. S. WILLIAMSON.

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. 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.

FORWARDING ANSWERS.

Answers in competition for the monthly prize should be forwarded within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 91.—Shadow.
92.—Mar-mot, wood-chuck.
93.—Conscientiousness.
94.—Ease-l.
95.—Misle-d.
96.—SALT-us; DAN-apolis; A-chilles; PA-oli; LUST-ration.

Temper at Home.

I have peeped into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are deal and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens," where the family live and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead; and I see that it is not so much wealth and learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station, as tone and temper, that make life joyous or miserable—that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and God's grace make life of what no teachers or accomplishments, or means or society, can make it—the opening averse of an everlasting palm; the fair beginning of an endless existence, the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, wax old or vanish away.

Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power.

Every week a prize of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subscriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit containing a moral, a pun, a point, joke or parody, either original or selected.

But it from any paper, copy it from any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head.

A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let it exceed thirty lines. Be sure and send with each fifty cents for two months' subscription to TRUTH.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count. You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-bit and subscriptions.

THE AWARD.

Number 303 in TRUTH of 18th April comes out ahead this time; not so large a vote was polled this time as before.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. E. Brown, Peterboro', acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of \$20, being the prize awarded her for the best tid-bit published in TRUTH of March 21st.

(374) Only One. -Selected.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky; Hundreds of shells on the shore together;

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn; Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;

(375) On the Same Footing. -Selected.

How much a man is like old shoes! For instance, both a sole may lose. Both have been tanned, both are made tight;

(376) The Herd Boy. -Selected.

Once there was a herd boy. Now this was wrong of him because good boys should be seen and not heard.

For whenever he went to herd the herd, the herd heard him herd them. He used to herd them with hurrahs, but the herd heard him without hurrahs, because of the herdiness of his herding.

For one day he heard a gurdy; And the gurdy he heard was a sturdy gurdy. In fact, a hardy-gurdy;

(377) Poetry of Life. -Selected.

The proudest poetry of youth is, "Would I were a man!" The golden years that lie between, Youth like a dream would span.

Thus, in the morn of life, our feet Would distant pathways find; The sun still face to face we greet,

With many a murmur slow and sad, The stream of life it flows on; That which we prize, not when we had Is doubly prized 'tis gone.

Miss J. H. DUNLEAVY. 507 West 46th St., New York.

(378) The Wandering Boy. -Selected.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor, And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;

The winter is cold, and I have no vest, And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire, A mother who granted each infant desire;

But my father and mother were scoundrel'd away, And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale, And no one will lift to my innocent tale;

(379) The Best of All. -Selected.

Fee simple and simple fee, And all the fees in tail, Are nothing when compared to thee, Thou best of fees—fe-male.

Winfield, Kan. Mrs. H. O. ALBRACK.

(380) A Gem. -Selected.

Better trust all and be deceived, And weep that trust and that deceiving,

Oh! in this mocking world too fast The doubling hand o'erturns our youth.

Serogft., Ont. Miss C. SHADLOCK.

(381) Recapitulation. -Selected.

Glass number one, only in fun, Glass number two, other boys do. Glass number three, it won't hurt me.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy, Don't begin early in sin;

New Canble, P. Q. Wm. H. SCOTT.

(382) What do we Get? -Selected.

Now that the dogs of war have been let loose between England and Egypt, and the process of scientific slaughter commenced,

When, after many battles past, Both, tired with blows, make peace at last,

When, after many battles past, Both, tired with blows, make peace at last, What is it, after all, the people get?

(383) The Competition. -Selected.

DEAR TRUTH: I take my little stool And sit down in the corner, With a much better end in view Than had the fam'd "Jack Horner."

For in my grandma's "Methodist," Which I so often read, I saw your noble Bible scheme,

For I am but a little girl, And only ten years old; But still I thought I'd try and win Some of your promised gold.

So with my bible on my lap, And heart intent on winning, I thought I'd scan each single verse Straight through from the beginning.

With patient care I searched each verse, And scrutinized each word Till "Husbandry" my vision crossed;

And so I hurry, pen in hand, With gladness in my eye, To tell you where I found the word, And, may be, gain a prize.

I'd like to have you note the day On which my search occurred;

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope To be placed on the list Of those whose true answers in, And not of those who mislead!

And, lastly, to embrace your terms, To me a real treat; You'll find inclosed the dollar bill!

And, now, when it shall come to hand, I surely can't resist From adding all the names I can To your subscription list.

New Moscow, Ohio. D. H. OOLA.

(384) What is Heaven? -Selected.

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child; "All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with care oppressed: "All suffering o'er, Oh! Heaven, at last, is rest!"

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed: "It must be love!" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art: "Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his raptur'd heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul aflame: "His glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting for release— A halo round her, low she murmured, "Peace."

So all may look with hopeful eyes above, 'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace, and love!

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment I pray, Manhood Town lies where—can you tell the way?

O, by telling and trying we reach that land— A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand To their fair estate in the Grown-up Land.

249 St. James Street, Montreal. B. BARRA.

(385) Good Signs. -Selected.

Where spades grow bright, and kiln swords grow dull, Where jails are empty, and where bars are full;

Where the old and the young are multiplied; Where these signs are, they clearly indicate A happy people, a well-governed State.

Adam Day, Esq., married Martha Week, and the local poet struck off the following lines on the occurrence:—

A day is made, a week is lost, But time should not complain, There it soon be little days enough To make the week again.

Turtle Lake, Ont. R. J. MACMILLAN.

(386) Alphabetical Acrostic. -Selected.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen; B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;

Downsville, Ont. CAROLINE LOUISA BASSETT.

(389) The Drunkard's Wife. -Selected.

In a hospital ward a woman lay Painfully gasping her life away;

Said one who ministered to her need: "None but a coward could do this deed; And what bitter hate must have nursed the arm That a helpless creature like this could harm."

Oh, fathers who hold your daughters dear, Somebody's daughter is lying here. Oh, brothers of sisters, come and see What the fate of your precious ones may be;

You have legalized crime, you have the gold, Now hand them over, the souls you sold—

(390) Rewarded. -Selected.

GENERAL GORDON, KILLED AT KILMURCUM, JANUARY, 1855 The Desert's immemorial sleep is done, Her centuries of silence have an end

Nay, turn in silence from the soothing town, Retread your desert path and leave your quest;

(391) The Burial of the Turkey. -Selected.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, As his corpse on the table was hurried;

No man's coffin inclosed his breast, Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;

We thought, as we followed his cranberry bed And smoothed down his over-ruffed pillow,

But half of our heavy task was done, And the turkey was fast disappearing;

Yveson, Ont. Mrs. H. HORTON.

(372) Is it Worth While? -Selected. Is it worth while that we jostle a brother, bearing his load on the rough road of life?

God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel! When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the highway,

Were it not well, is this brief little journey, On over the isthmus, down into the tide? We give him a fish instead of a serpent,

Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herds all at peace on the plain— Man and man on y. m. kes war on his brother,

Is it worth while that we battle to humble Some poor fellow-coldier down into the dust? God pit us all! Time oft soon will tumble

(333) Lost Both. -Original. I had both money and a friend; Of neither I set store; I lent my money to my friend;

(334) Golden Grains. -Selected. It is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use

(335) The Love of God. -Selected. Could we with ink the ocean fill, Or were the eve of parchment made,

(336) Baby's Prayer. -Selected. When the children kneel down by the bedside a right - Three childish heads all in a row - With a flutter of hair, in her nightgown of white,

(337) The Three Callers. -Selected. Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying 'Mid golden meadows, rich with peary dew;

(338) Mary's Righteous Retort. -Selected. Mary was a buxom country lass, and her father was an upright deacon in t'is Methodist church of a Connecticut village.

at homo and get dinner for her father's clerical guests. Her already ruffled temper was increased by the reverend visitors themselves who sat about the stove and in the way.

(339) His Epitaph and Creed. -Selected. The following affecting sketch, in which the lily again plays a part, is given by Lady Herbert in her "Impressions of Spain:—" "In a cemetery near Seville is a very beautiful though simple marble cross,

"I believe in God; I hope in God; I love God." It is the grave of a poor boy, the only son of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot but what people call a natural. Good, simple, humble, every one loved him, but no one could teach him anything.

(403) An Awkward Blunder. -Selected. Doctor Duncan, a professor in the New College, [Edinburgh, was a very "absent-minded" man. The doctor was coming out of the college one day, when a cow brushed slightly against him;

(404) A Hard Question to Answer. -Selected. He had been blushing and stammering on the edge of his chair for some minutes. She knew what was coming and was ready for it.

(405) Why a Certain Member of the Legislature Should Avoid a Visit to France. -Selected. A member of the Legislature, who is so full of self conceit that his "bump" of egotism sticks up through his hat like a lightning rod,

(401) The Mother. -Selected. Young man! Thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget you - thy mother never; the world may will

fully do you many wrongs—thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and the night-shade of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and if she survives you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother.

(402) A Wiggling. -Selected. The Rev. Dr. Macleod (father of the late Dr. Norman Macleod) was proceeding from the manse of D. to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him:

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." "Well, Duncan," said the venerable Doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?" "No, Doctor, I must speak to you now for it is a matter upon my conscience," "Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses."

(403) An Awkward Blunder. -Selected. Doctor Duncan, a professor in the New College, [Edinburgh, was a very "absent-minded" man. The doctor was coming out of the college one day, when a cow brushed slightly against him;

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(405) Why a Certain Member of the Legislature Should Avoid a Visit to France. -Selected. A member of the Legislature, who is so full of self conceit that his "bump" of egotism sticks up through his hat like a lightning rod, remarked to another member recently:

(406) How a Barber Lost His Best Customer. -Selected. A barber, recently converted, asked his minister how he could do some religious work. "Try and awaken your customers to a sense of their danger." Accordingly, on the following day, when he had carefully wrapped the towel around the neck of a fat old gentleman whom he was going to shave,

(407) Why Whiskers Oould Grow on a Woman's Face. -Selected. "Here's another lie," said Mrs. Smith, who was reading a newspaper. "What is it, my darling?" asked her husband.

(408) Badgering Witnesses. -Selected. The following incident in connection with the American bar is told as having really happened in an Albany Court room: The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called upon to testify. She got on very well, and made a favorable impression on the jury, under the guidance of her counsel, until the opposing counsel subjected her to a sharp cross-examination.

(409) It Ought to Be. -Original. "James," said the teacher, "you have acret the word 'g'ography' wrong. You have it g-o-o-g-r-a-p-h-y. It ought to be 'ography,' not 'agrophy.'" "Oh, yes, sir, I see, it's autibigraphy," and the master leaned his head on his hand and mumbled to covering if she deak at his own expense, without notice. He did it every day.

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Ladies' Brown Balbriggan Cotton Hose, with French toe and full fashioned, 20c. pair.

Ladies' Brown Balbriggan French Hose, with silk clocking, in different colors, at 25c. pair.

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A. DORNAWALD.

# SONG OF THE CAMP.

Words by BAYARD TAYLOR.

(An incident of the CRIMEAN WAR.)

Arr. by HORATIO C. KING.

1. "Givo us a song," the  
 2. There was a pause! A  
 3. They sang of love and

sol - diers cried, The out - er trench - es guard - ing, When the heat - ed guns of the camps al - lied, Grow  
 guards - man said, "We storm the forts to - mor - row, Sing while we may, an - oth - er day Will  
 not of fame, For - got was Bri - tain's glo - ry, Each heart re - call'd a diff - 'rent name, But

wea - ry of bom - bard - ing; The dark Re - dan, in si - lent scoff, Lay grim and threat - ning  
 bring e - nough of sor - row," They lay a - long the bat - t'ry's side, Be - low the smok - ing  
 all sang "An - nie Lau - ric." Voice af - ter voice saught up the song, Un - til its ten - der

un - der, And the tawn - y mound of the Mal - a - koff, No lon - ger belch'd its thun - der.  
 can - non, Brave hearts from Sev - ern and fr. a Clyde, And from the banks of Shan - non  
 pas - sion, Rang like an an - them, rich and strong, Their bat - tle eve's con - fes - sion.

4.  
 Dear girl, her name he dar'd not speak,  
 But as the song grew louder,  
 Something upon the soldier's cheek,  
 Wa 'd out the stains of powder.  
 Beyond the dark'ning ocean burn'd,  
 The bloody sunset's embers;  
 While the Crimean valleys learn'd  
 How English love remembers.

5.  
 And once again a fire of hell,  
 Rain'd on the Russian quarters,  
 And scream of shot and burst of shell,  
 And bellowing of the mortars;  
 And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,  
 For a stranger, dumb and gory;  
 And English Mary weep for him,  
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

6  
 To last half of Music.  
 Sleep, soldiers still, in honor'd rest,  
 Your truth and valor bearing;  
 The bravest are the tenderest,  
 The loving are the daring.



## Health Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondence on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be 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.]

### Doctors and Doctoring.

Half the complaints people—especially idle people—suffer from are imaginary. I do not deny that men and women get ill, and occasionally die, but I hold that, in a vast number of cases, a doctor is unnecessary at first, and quite helpless at last—that is, as far as his physic is concerned; and I have pretty good authority for what I say.

Sir William Jenner has the courage to declare that "the science of medicine is a barbarous jargon—every dose of medicine is a blind experiment!" When the great Majendie assumed the Professor's Chair of Medicine at the college of France, he thus addressed the astonished students:—"Gentlemen, medicine is a humbug. Who knows anything about medicine? I tell you frankly, I don't. Nature does a good deal; doctors do very little—when they don't do harm." Majendie went on to tell the following pungent little professional tale out of school:—"When I was head physician at the Hotel Dieu, I divided the patients into three sections. To the first I gave the regulation dispensary medicine in the regulation way; to the other I gave bread, milk, and colored water; and to the third section I gave nothing at all. Well, gentlemen every one in the third section got well. Nature invariably cures to the rescue."

Physicking, as Sir William Jenner (quoted by Dr. Ridge) admits, is largely a speculative operation. The ingenious "doser," as Artemus would say, has theories about what is the matter with you; he physicks according to his theory, and then physicks to correct his theory. This he calls "changing the treatment." Wrong again; try to alter diet; then physick away at the new diet. Wrong again! Patient gets worse. Perhaps it is change of air, not change of food, he wants—bright idea! send him out of town. Off he goes into the country; forgets to take his physic; feels better; gets well; doctor looks bland, nods his head and says—"Told you so; change of air—that's what you wanted." What he really wanted was to be let alone. Leave off worrying nature—that is what is required; not in all cases, but in a good many; and that is probably what Majendie, and Jenner, and all the wisest doctors think. They aim at diet and discipline—they assist, they do not try to force Nature's hand—and they every now and then admit this is a burst of confidence.

It is a law true in sociology and physics alike that independence grows by what it feeds on. There are doctors who always send people to bed directly they have a little cold—and those people are forever catching cold—they have no resistance left. You are somewhat out of order; instead of exercise and moderation, in comes the doctor with his dose, and, next time, Nature will refuse to have anything to do with you. "I am not going to trouble myself about you," she virtually says. "Send for the doctor; you prefer his physic to my more slow but more sure and more healthy recuperative power. Take physic—I strike work."

Of course, I admit that there are many cases to which these remarks are wholly inapplicable. Bronchitis, incipient cancer, and others, both functional and organic—to take these in time may be everything. There are cases where the diagnosis of a good physician is simply invaluable, his hints about food are not to be neglected yet they should be taken perhaps, *in grano*, and checked by personal experience. There are other cases, too, where cod liver oil, quinine, and one or two other drugs are absolute specifics.

What I have said as to the weak places of the healing art is less applicable to the

surgical department, yet not wholly inapplicable. The skill of the surgeon is occasionally overdone. He performs needless operations—he can do them so well. Many a limb has been sacrificed to his amputating zeal. Still, in picking a few holes, not unkindly, I hope, in current medical practices, I wish fully to admit the extent of our obligations to the general kindness, knowledge, counsel, and diagnosis of physicians as a class, whilst the enormous strides made by surgery in so many departments are amongst the marvels of modern civilization.

I advise all who may feel anxious about themselves and their friends, by all means to call in a doctor, listen to his advice, get his prescriptions occasionally made up and still more occasionally take them; but, above all things learn the art of using your doctor without letting him use you; you are often, if not always, the best judge of Nature's energy in yours. Don't let the doctor tamper with that native energy of yours too much. There is a good deal of truth in the saying that by the time a man is forty he should be his own physician. There is also considerable wisdom in the Chinese system of paying the doctor so much per annum as long as there is nothing the matter with you and stopping his salary the moment you get ill.

### Feeding the Sick.

The proper administration of food is the great problem of the sick-room. There must be due regard to the kind, quality, and quantity, and to the time and manner of giving it. The kind of food to be given is to be prescribed by the physician. If it is left to your discretion secure a judicious variety, and do not let him know until you bring it what he is going to have next. Milk is the only article of diet which contains in itself all the essential elements of nutrition. It is, therefore, the only thing upon which you may allow a patient entirely to subsist for any length of time. The most concentrated forms of food are to be preferred, such as convey the greatest amount of nourishment in the smallest bulk.

Whatever is given, be sure that it is the best of its kind—milk perfectly sweet eggs above suspicion. Remember that you have more than the ordinary fastidiousness to contend with, and never offer a sick person anything which you have not previously tasted yourself, and so feel absolutely sure of. This does not mean that you are to taste it in his presence. Bring only so much as can be taken at once. A large amount looks so discouraging that it destroys the appetite for even a little. Take away promptly what is not eaten. It is worse than useless to leave it in sight in the hope that it will soon be wanted. Give only a small quantity of food at a time, but give it at short and regular intervals. A cupful every two hours is more easily managed by weak digestive organs than would be a large meal three times a day. When a tablespoonful cannot be taken hourly without distress, give a teaspoonful every quarter of an hour. The idiosyncrasias of each individual case must be considered. Regularity is, however, always important. When you do not feed your patient again until morning, give him some light and easily assimilated nourishment the last thing at night.

If you have a helpless patient to feed, do it slowly, and avoid unmanageable quantities. It requires attention and care to do this well without making an external application of it. Fluid food is most easily given, and with the least exertion on the part of the patient, through a bent glass tube.

Serve the food in as attractive a form as possible. If it pleases the eye, it has a much better chance of proving acceptable to a delicate appetite. You can at least have the dishes spotlessly clean, and dry on the outside. Have hot things hot, and cold ones very cold. To successfully cater to the capricious appetite of an invalid requires the faculty of observation, judgment, and ingenuity; but it is worth the exercise of them all, for in most cases the question of nourishment is more important than that of medicine. Drinks of all kinds, including water, should be given only as the physician directs.

### Climate.

The relation of climate to health and disease is now universally recognized. Hot climates give rise to undue activity of the liver and skin; render the digestive system sluggish, the nervous variable. Cold climates promote active digestion, muscular development, and render the nervous system sluggish; but expose the lungs and kidneys to grave diseases. The temperate climates are the healthiest, especially where the temperature is least variable.

Islands have a climate of their own, being warmer in winter and cooler in summer, and having a milder atmosphere. The climate of the sea-coast approximates that of islands; while that of the midland tends to extremes. Mountain climates are characterized by purity of air. The climbing of the hills on foot enforces deep inspiration, and promotes expansion of the chest.

Limited districts have each, to a considerable extent, their local climates. In many cases, a change of a few miles produces an atmosphere of different hygienic value.

More and more, at the present day, does the medical profession take advantage of these climatic diversities in curing disease or improving the general health.

The climate of the sea-shore, with its regular variations of temperature, its abundance of oxygen, and its saline particle suspended in the air, tends to increase the activity of the circulation and respiration, and is particularly suited to the scrofulous, to many chronic diseases, and to convalescence from acute diseases or from surgical operations.

Mountain climates are adapted to consumptives and to the consumptively inclined; to victims of hay-fever; and to such as are suffering from overwork, but are otherwise healthy. It is harmful to those afflicted with chronic bronchitis, heart-troubles, Bright's disease, chronic rheumatism, and to the aged; while all such, and those who suffer from most nervous diseases, are helped by the quieting and bracing climate of wooded districts.

We add (1) a mere change of surroundings in almost any direction is often sufficient to effect a change in the patient for the better. (2) No patient should go from home in an advanced stage of disease. (3) Such as need to go South will be helped only as they spend a large part of their time in the open air. They should rigidly guard against sudden atmospheric changes.

### Adaptation to Climate.

The celebrated physician, Boerhaave, believed that no being breathing with lungs could live in an atmosphere having as high a temperature as that of the blood. According to the dictum, one ought to die at a temperature of 100°; but Banks enjoyed good health on the Senegal when the thermometer rose in his cabin to above 120° and 130°. Men live on the south-west coasts of Africa, and in other hot regions, where the heat of the sand under their feet reaches 140° or 150°. Men in deep mining shafts, and under diving bells, are able to support an atmosphere of 20,000 kilograms, as well as a pressure of only 8,000 kilograms on the highest mountains. Cassini thought that no animal could live at a greater height than 4,700 meters, or 15,000 feet; but several inhabited places are situated at a still greater height, as, for instance, Gartok, in the Himalayas. Alexander von Humboldt ascended Chimborazo to a height of nearly 6,000 meters, or 19,286 feet, without suffering any harm. The pressure of the atmosphere is so light at such elevations that, as Humboldt was assured, wild animals, when driven up to them, bleed at the mouth and nose. Only dogs are able to follow man as high as he can go; but this animal, too, loses his acute smell in Congo and Syria, and the power of barking in Surinam and at great heights. And the finer breeds of dogs cannot long endure the conditions of a height of more than 3,760 meters, or 12,300 feet, while there are towns in the Andes at as great a height as 12,500 or 14,000 feet.

### Frequency of Ear Disease.

In a German medical journal a Dr. Buskner gives an interesting result of inquiries made by himself and other aural surgeons as to the statistics of ear disease. They may be summed up as follows: One out of every three persons in middle life does not hear so well with one ear as with the other. An examination was made of 5,005 school children, of whom 23 per cent. presented symptoms of ear disease, and 32 per cent. a diminution of hearing power. The liability to disease in the ear increases from birth to the fortieth year, and decreases from thence to old age. Men are more subject to ear affections than women, in the proportion of three to two. The external ear is affected in 25 per cent. of sufferers, the middle ear in 67 per cent., and the inner ear in 8 per cent. of total cases. The left ear is more frequently affected than the right, in the proportion of five to four. Acute affections of the middle ear occur less frequently in summer and autumn than in spring and winter, and of the total number of cases in the ear clinics, 63 per cent. are cured, 30 per cent. are improved, 7 per cent. are unimproved, and three-tenths of 1 per cent. end fatally.

### Sneezing and Shivering.

Nature's provision against the consequence of "chill," and for prevention of a "cold," are sneezing and shivering. A violent fit of sneezing often averts a chilled body the consequences of the nerve depression or "shock" to which it had been subjected, and this shock may in its first impression be very limited in its area, for example, the small extent covered by a draught of cold air rushing through the crevice of a door or window. The nerve centers are roused from their "collapse" by the commotion or explosive influence of the sneeze. If sneezing fails, nature will try a shiver, which acts mechanically in this way. If this fails, the effects are likely to be very serious, and bad consequences may ensue. The cold is averted when sneezing suffices to recover the nervous system quickly from its depression; and grave when even strong shivering fails to do so. In case of chill, with threatened cold, sneezing may be produced by a pinch of snuff of any kind. This is how some of the vaunted "cures" of cold by snuff are brought about. brisk exercise may also ward off the attack.

### Try It.

Try cranberries for malaria.  
Try a sun-bath for rheumatism.  
Try clam-broth for a weak stomach.  
Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.  
Try buttermilk for the removal of tan and walnut stains, and freckles.  
Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.  
Try taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.  
Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal cold in the head.  
Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.  
Try breathing fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping-cough.  
Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck for sore throat.

A natural appetite is best satisfied by plain, simple, and therefore, wholesome food, taken regularly at proper times. On the contrary, a vitiated, abnormal one, an appetite produced by the use of unwholesome food, or any unnatural articles, as tobacco and the like, is never satisfied, always demanding more. Instead of a natural appetite, there is an unnatural craving, a longing for something, with no very definite idea of what is needed. To attempt to satisfy such an abnormal appetite by constant eating is as unsuccessful as it is foolish and absurd. The more such an appetite is gratified the more abnormal it will become, and that of necessity.

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# LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"What have you heard?"  
 "That you were—in love—with her once. That is nothing"—heastily, and with a faint but expressive motion of the hand; "but that you are in love with her still,—that, if true, is terrible!"

Her voice falls as she finishes, but she holds her pretty, stately head erect as ever. "It is not true," says Clontarf, slowly. "I never have been, I never should be in love with her."

"She is very beautiful." Her voice is still low, and her eyes, though not altogether averted, are turned away from him to the fire.

"Very. You believe me, nevertheless?"  
 "Yes, I believe you." Then she turns her eyes away from the fire and back to him again. "I should believe anything you told me," she says, simply.

"Thank you." Her manner touches him. "Who tried to poison your mind with that unlikely tale?" he asks, regarding her keenly.

"You must not ask me that. I am glad to know it is untrue; I am glad for your sake. It would be so cruel for you. And yet"—with a weary gesture—"it may happen any day. It is but putting it off from to-day to to-morrow, as it may be. They tell us all hearts must awake to love once in their lifetime: it is, therefore, but a question of time."

"It will not be worse for me than for you, at that rate," says Clontarf, with affected lightness, yet he is watching her narrowly. How sad she looks! What means that slow warm blush that is creeping upward, dyeing cheek and brow? Is she thinking of last night?—of Bouverie? He hates himself and her as he asks himself this question.

"It is an ugly thought: I am sorry I introduced it," she says, with some emotion. "Let us not discuss it. Tell me; this Mrs. Montague Smythe,—is she a widow?"

"No. Not exactly. Smythe is somewhere,—in Brazil, or Barbadoes, or the Feejee Islands; no one knows exactly where. But he is alive, beyond doubt."

"Why isn't she with him?"  
 "Traveling knocks her up so," says Clontarf, mildly. "And the sea, to her, means death." He is evidently repeating a speech made to him. "At least, so she says."

"I see: I suppose this kind of thing suits her."

"It may. But I think she makes a mistake all the same. A woman situated as she is—no widow, yet literally without a husband—is a wretched thing."

"One can hardly be sure. She looks very happy. I dare say one might find a woman—*with* a husband—more wretched than she is."

"Meaning yourself?" The words come from him impulsively, almost without his permission,—full of impetuous anger, not unmixed with scorn. A moment later he would have gladly recalled them, but it is then too late:

"He that hath missed, I dare well say, His way by no way call his word again. Thing that is said is said, and forth it goth. Though him repent, or be he near so loath."

A deadly silence follows his question, and then—

"That is the last thing you should have said to me," murmurs she, haughtily, all trace of feeling gone from her face. With a superb gesture she sweeps past him, and leaves the room.

## CHAPTER XVI

"If thou be poor, thy brother hateth thee. And all thy friends flee from thee also!"

"Brian!" calls Mrs. Desmond, eagerly, hearing his footstep pass her room door. Evidently her voice reaches him, because he stops, and, opening the door, comes in. The room is warm, and full of subtle fragrance that suggests violets, though Christmas is high at hand and those frail favorites are as yet hiding beneath their mother earth.

Monica is sitting before a roaring fire, clad in a charming dressing-gown of white cashmere and lace, that serves her beauty as a frame, looking the very picture of misery.

"What's the matter with my mouse now?" says Brian, in his fond fashion, kneeling at her feet, and taking her little wee-begone face into his hands. Her eyes are full of trouble, and her hair almost on end.

"Yes, I dare say it is untidy," she says, involuntarily lifting her hands to her fair frowny head, and sighing deeply. "I've been thinking so hard that I've rumbled my head against the cushions."

Her lips take a desolate curve, that is as effective with him now as in the old days when he went "a-woolung."

"Poor hair!" he says, stroking it tenderly. Then—"You're cold," he declares, and straightway breaks the lumps of coals into a blazing flame, that goes madly up the chimney. In truth, it is cold; a whole month has gone by since Kit whispered her head farewell to Brabazon, and now snow and ice lie upon the ground.

"It isn't the cold," says Monica.

"No? Then tell me what it is. What is this new wrong?"

"This old wrong, you mean. She—she won't give him up."

"She's Kit, I suppose, and 'him' is Brabazon."

"Yes. She won't even look at the other in that way."

"The other being Mannering?"  
 "If you are going to be stupid, Brian, I hope you will go away," says Mrs. Desmond, severely.

"I couldn't be that, my dear, if I tried," returns her husband, mildly. "And so she won't give him up, eh?—Mannering I mean; no, by the bye, it is Brabazon I mean."

"Any one can see that she won't. She gets a letter from him every morning, and shuts herself up in her room to answer it every afternoon. It is so obstinate of her, so provoking; and yet she is the dearest girl in the world. There is no one like her. It is a terrible thing to see her so bent on throwing herself away, and Mr. Mannering is all that one could desire."

"Not exactly all, perhaps."

"Yes, he is. He is young, kind-hearted, domesticated, and sincere."

"He isn't half the man that Brabazon is." "He has fifteen thousand pounds a year," says Mrs. Desmond, solemnly. "That ought to make him a very good man indeed. Why, he is even a better match than you were."

"If you expect me to agree with you there," says Mr. Desmond, with dignity, "you will find yourself mistaken. In my opinion, there isn't my match in the United Kingdom."

"Oh, you know what I mean," says Monica, patting his cheek in an absent fashion. "But isn't it a pity she should have preferred Neil?"

"I don't see how she could have helped it. You prefer him, don't you?"

"Yes,"—stoutly. "You think him worth a dozen of that dull Englishman, only you won't say so."

"It is true," says Monica, despairingly. "I believe he is worth a dozen of most young men; but one can't live on worth."

"One might live on something worse."  
 "Yes, and go naked. It is my belief, Brian," says his wife, indignantly, "that in private, behind my back, you encourage Kit in her folly."

"I certainly think Brabazon is the better fellow of the two," says Desmond, slowly, refusing to lower his colors. "His face alone would carry the day with a woman. Now, think of Mannering's voice, and that perpetual cold in his head—"

"It is not perpetual. He is not injured to our climate yet," says Monica, refusing to give in. "Because Neil Brabazon is as handsome as a Greek god is no reason why Mr. Mannering should be placed outside the pale of every woman's fancy. And just show me the person who has not had a cold in the head at one period or another."

"I dare say it may be that," says Desmond, amiably. "But I hate a fellow who can't shoot."

"What has shooting got to do with choosing a husband? That is so like a man! Does one marry such and such a person just because he can bring down more birds to his gun than the rest of his fellows?"

"I should, if I were a girl."  
 "Well, I shouldn't. I should positively dislike a man who distinguished himself in that way."

"Good gracious! what is to become of me, then?" asks Mr. Desmond, with deep

emotion. "They tell me my eye is unerring."  
 "Pluck it out," says Monica; whereupon they both break into laughter. "But, really, I wish you would be reasonable about this," she says, presently, sighing again.

"I think I am the most reasonable fellow alive. It is a pity she won't prefer Mannering, but, as she doesn't, I don't see what is to be done. The locking up and bread-and-water diet system has rather gone out of fashion of late years, and no one can be dragged to the altar by an incensed father and her back hair in these degenerate days. So perforce one comes to a stand-still."

"I can see you are not on my side," says Monica, with reproachful melancholy. "Well, it can't be helped."

"That I should have an opinion of my own can't be helped indeed, and is no reason why I should be looked upon askance and scolded by a cross little wife. After all, was there ever such an ass as that Mannering? He can't shoot, he can't ride, he can't talk. Hang it," says Mr. Desmond, with a burst of comic disgust, "he can't even laugh like another fellow."

"He is an honorable and well-meaning man," says Monica.

"I dare say. It is easy for you to support him, but you don't bear the brunt of the battle as I do. I've suffered far more over all this affair than you have. I'm bored to death by him. Of course I am bound to let him sit in the smoking-room at night, but I swear to you there are many moments when with difficulty I restrain myself from flinging something at him with his long countenance. And, after all, for what am I enduring this? Does he really mean to propose to Kit or not?"

"Perhaps he doesn't, you know."

"Certainly he does."

"Well, he is hanging fire an uncommon long time."

"How can you speak like that, Brian? You know"—reproachfully—"that he adores her. The least encouragement would do it."

"If he is waiting for that, I am afraid it will never be done."

"He has told me a thousand times that the dearest wish of his heart is to call her his wife. What more can he do?"

"He could tell her that. That would be considerably more to the purpose, to my mind."

"It is very hard of a man to speak when a girl won't listen. But he means to speak. That I know. Surely he has hinted as much as that to you."

"Well, yes, I believe he has," acknowledges Desmond, truthfully. "At least he made some elephantine attempts in that direction. A greater fool at hinting,—indeed," correcting himself with consummate care, "a greater fool at *everything*—it has seldom been my lot to meet."

"You are hard on him, I think. He would make an unexceptionable husband."

"He'll never make one at all, if he doesn't hurry. What does he mean by dangling after her for months? Why doesn't he come to the point, if he wants her, and say what is expected of him? That is what girls like."

"How do you know?" says Mrs. Desmond, very justly incensed by this remark. "Through you, of course. I came to the point in double-quick time, and you liked it, didn't you?"

"But you are so different from everybody else," says Monica, in a soft tone, bending toward him. Here a few courtesies are interchanged, which need not be gone into; I despise the persons who would seek to pry into the sanctities of married life.

"Then you think he ought to propose to her in form?" asks Monica, presently. "Well, so do I. A *bona fide* declaration goes a long way with most women. And she certainly doesn't dislike him. That is a great matter. She has indeed been very nice to him ever since Neil's departure: don't you think so?"

"It is always difficult to be sure; but if running away from him, round every corner, the moment she sees him coming, is a sign of it, I am positive she is nicer to him than she is to most people."

"If you mean," says Mrs. Desmond, severely, "that Kit avoids him, I don't believe it."

"I seldom mean anything," says Mr. Desmond, with a wisdom beyond his years. "But I think the sooner this affair is brought

to a definite conclusion the better for all of us: you just tip him the wink, and—"

"You mean—" interrupts Monica, with carefully wrinkled brows of utter perplexity, being scarcely in the humor to appreciate slang.

"Well, you just give him to understand that 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and—trust for the rest," says Brian, airily. It can do no harm, you know, and may wait him to England."

"You are hoping she will refuse him," says his wife, reproachfully.

"I am hoping for nothing, just now, but my dinner. I say,"—looking at his watch,— "we have barely ten minutes to get into our things."

## CHAPTER XVII.

"Madame, run upon my pains's smart For with a word ye may me slay or save." "Have mercy, sweet, or you will do me day!"

Whether Monica gave the desired hint or not, who shall say?

Certainly, neither she nor Mr. Mannering ever confessed to it; but about half-past ten to-night, when they all chance to be together in the billiard-room, Monica, by some special device, carries off The Desmond, her husband, and Dicky Brown, on some impossible voyage of discovery, leaving by this maneuver Kit and Mannering alone. She chooses the moment for her exit when Kit is deep in a game of billiards with Mannering, so that, if even inclined to do so, Kit could not follow her without a seeming rudeness to her adversary. But, to confess the truth, Kit is so wrapped in her game that she fails to notice Monica's absence until it comes to an end.

"Why, where have they all gone?" she asks then, with an accent of surprise.

"I don't know. Mrs. Desmond said something about the gun-room, but I didn't quite follow her."

"Well, do so now," says Kit, gayly, moving toward the door.

"Presently, as you wish it; but first,"—coming nearer to her and looking very solemn,— "first, Miss Beresford, I must beg that you will grant me a few minutes: I have something to say to you."

"To-morrow,—any time to-morrow," says Kit, with nervous generosity. A wild desire to run is overpowering her, with which is conflicting the certainty that her knees are bending under her. Oh, where is Monica? where is Brian? where—where is Dicky Browne?

"Now,—if I may venture to press the point," says Mannering, formally. Poor man! he doesn't mean to be formal; his knees too are giving way, but his dignity demands that an outward show of calm self-possession must be kept up.

"Oh, certainly," says Kit, faintly.

"You have doubtless," begins he, slowly, "for a long time been aware of—"

"I haven't," says Kit, in agony. "I haven't, indeed. I assure you, I haven't been aware of anything!" (Good gracious! why doesn't even the footman come in?)

"I think you must have had some slight foreshadowing of what I am about to say," persists the Englishman, with gentle correction. His tone is stiff—so stiff that, as if by magic, Kit's mood changes, and her fright vanishes in an irrepressible desire for laughter. It is a sort of reaction, and, being so, is difficult to control. How ridiculous he looks, and with that important expression on his stolid face!

"If you are going to tell me a story," she says, with an affectation of gayety, "I hope it will be a funny one."—"That ought to check him," she says to herself. But it doesn't. Mr. Mannering, being wound up, is bound to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An important addition has been made to Canadian religious literature by the publication of a neatly printed and well bound volume of 352 pages by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, entitled "Four Great Preachers." The book consists of a number of well selected sermons of Spurgeon, Moody, Talmage and others. There are also portraits and biographical sketches of each. The sermons of all these preachers are so well known and so extensively read that nothing need be said respecting them. A book of this kind is sure to be read with interest and profit by all classes. Price \$1.00 per copy.

Envy feeds upon the living; after death it ceases; then every man's well-earned honors defend him against calumny.

## REVIEW OF FASHION.

One of the greatest comforts of the present season is that no one is obliged to follow set rules regarding their costumes. So many diversified styles appear that it at last seems within human means to please all eyes, fancies and purses. If you can discover a new and becoming coiffure, drapery or neck finish, *voilà*, your reputation for taste and artistic sensibility is made. No matter where you obtain the idea, so that you have it first, *Mme. La Mode* and daughters follow in your successful path.

Jackets bid fair to have a popular run, being coquettish additions to house or seaside toilettes. The round Zouave shapes are sometimes cut in points around the entire edge, each point tipped with a pendeloque and embroidered with a small figure in beads. One shaped like the Russian jacket in front has a very short, round back similar to the habit basque. These are made of dark cloth with light wool dresses or of velvet, which may match one of the colors used in the costume or be of a decided contrast. A pretty fashion for plain colored woollens is to have the jacket facing, plastron and sash of bright Surah. The Eton jacket has straight fronts and close-fitting back, with a seam down the middle and one under each arm. These do not reach the waist, and may be worn with a Greek sash knotted at the side or a belt. In blue or claret velvet they present a picturesque appearance over the fashionable white toilettes. Later on we will see them of lace over summer house costumes. "Recamier" waists come an inch below the waist line; the skirt is pleated to the edge and the joining hidden by a fitted belt with a deep point in front; the fronts are shirred or pleated at the shoulders and crossed at the lower edge. This is a girlish fashion for thin materials over a skirt of satin finished with a narrow pleating. Blouses of gauze, tulle or lace are worn over low-necked dresses; they are shirred at the waist, then form paniers or a vertugadin puff, and are finished with a ribbon sash tied in the back. White woollen Jerseys are considered handsomer than those of silk. They have a vest, high collar and cuffs of Ottoman silk, striped crosswise, with gold or silver braid and buttons to match on either side of the vest; they are fitted with the usual basque seams or the front darts may be dispensed with. Like all other basques, they are shorter this season, especially in the back. Those trimmed with ravelled braid have been described in previous numbers of the magazine. The few silk designs shown have velvet vests, collar and cuffs of either material.

An elegant visiting costume of black satin merveilleux has the tablier in an immense double box-pleat with fringe velvet panels; back of satin in triple box-pleats. Plain round basque with high collar, cuffs and cinchure belt of the velvet, the latter fastening will be jet buckles in front. A vest is out-lined and the box-pleat down the front decorated with a vine of silk embroidered flowers, jetted. A princess dress of black brocaded satin is cut from the shoulder seam straight down, has large extensions in the back laid in box-pleats forming a demi-train, and a jabot of lace around the neck and down the fronts. The collar cuffs, Breton vest and petticoat are of black satin striped with gold. House dresses of corn, tan, pale blue, fawn and cream cashmere have a skirt four yards wide covered with bias tucks; round waist, with surplus folds on one side only. One revers, cuffs, high collar, belt and sash bow are of contrasting velvet or moire silk exactly the



No. 3225.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

20 inches, 6½ yards; 21 inches, 6½ yards; 22 inches, 6½ yards; 23 inches, 6½ yards; 24 inches, 6½ yards; 25 inches, 6½ yards; 26 inches, 6½ yards; 27 inches, 6½ yards; 28 inches, 6½ yards; 29 inches, 6½ yards; 30 inches, 6½ yards.

No. 3223.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards; 48 inches, 2½ yards; 50 inches, 2½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards; 34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards; 38 inches, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards; 42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 1½ yards; 46 inches, 1½ yards; 48 inches, 1½ yards; 50 inches, 1½ yards.

No. 2357.—LADIES' YOKÉ WAIST. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards; 48 inches, 2½ yards; 50 inches, 2½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards; 34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards; 38 inches, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards; 42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 1½ yards; 46 inches, 1½ yards; 48 inches, 1½ yards; 50 inches, 1½ yards.

LADIES' OVERSKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

20 inches, 6½ yards; 22 inches, 6½ yards; 24 inches, 6½ yards; 26 inches, 6½ yards; 28 inches, 6½ yards; 30 inches, 6½ yards; 32 inches, 6½ yards; 34 inches, 6½ yards; 36 inches, 6½ yards; 38 inches, 6½ yards; 40 inches, 6½ yards; 42 inches, 6½ yards; 44 inches, 6½ yards; 46 inches, 6½ yards; 48 inches, 6½ yards; 50 inches, 6½ yards.

No. 2371.—LADIES' PLAIN SKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for

20 inches, 3½ yards; 22 inches, 3½ yards; 24 inches, 3½ yards; 26 inches, 3½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards; 34 inches, 3½ yards; 36 inches, 3½ yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards; 42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3½ yards; 46 inches, 3½ yards; 48 inches, 3½ yards; 50 inches, 3½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

20 inches, 2½ yards; 22 inches, 2½ yards; 24 inches, 2½ yards; 26 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards; 30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards; 48 inches, 2½ yards; 50 inches, 2½ yards.

same shade. The latter style is "trying" to any except a faultless complexion.

Draperies are long, full and differ on the sides of the same costume. Tabliers of bias tucks look well in woollen goods only. Embroidered "robo" dresses have the fronts trimmed with alternate rows of the embroidery and pleated ruffles of the fabric. Cotton satteens and foulards are made up with the long, square draperies and finishings of woollen dresses. A stylish skirt has the narrow protective pleating around the foot, side-pleating three quarters of a yard deep in front and twelve inches deep across the back width; the back drapery is square,

with bouffant loopings across the tournure; short, pointed apron on the right, and a long, straight panel on the left side extending over the centre of the front. Both panel and apron can be finished with two or three rows of fancy braid. Another design has the back of the skirt in wide kilt pleats closely lapped in the belt, box-pleated panels with straps of braid pointed and caught with buttons, and a tablier of bias tucks under a very short, round apron.

Woollen draperies worn over velvet skirts are long and square in effect, showing a panel-like opening on the left side. Polonaises are rather neglected of late. They

have apron fronts draped over the basque edge or fall open from the waist line; many of them have a sash passed around the hips and tied in two broad loops and ends in the back. One of the latest has the left side of the apron turned up as a wide revers. Gray woollen dresses are fancied with claret velvet finishings. The dressy costumes of light woollen fabrics are trimmed with revers, vests, collars, cuffs and bias tucks of moire silk, with perhaps a tiny piping of velvet on the edges. Sashes and bows of the velvet-edged moire ribbons trim silk or woollen costumes handsomely, especially if they are of velvet and moire alluded to above

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Sashes serve to redeem many a plain toilette and set off the waterfall draperies in a graceful manner. When made of ribbon they are drawn from one side across the front and hung on the other side in two long loops and ends nearly to the foot of the skirt. Others consist of two very wide ends and loops placed under the basque back over the drapery or form the only extra finish to plain, full skirts. The infant's sash will be worn with round waists and especially when the dress is of thin materials. The Turkish or Grecian sash is made of Surah silk or one of the scarfs imported for that purpose; this passes around the waist in soft folds and knots on the left side in preference to the back.

Vests to be worn with the fancy jackets are pointed and fastened in the back. These garments are made by twos and threes to wear with the odd jackets; the vests have sleeves, as the jackets are generally without. The jackets are of velvet, light cloth or the costume goods; the vests of velvet, cloth-trimmed, with cross wise straps of braid or may be pleated and shirred in plastron style, in which case they are of chine crepe, embroidered gauze, Surah or piece lace. The accompanying jackets are trimmed with rows of gilt braid; gold, silver or silk balls sewn on the edge.

Sleeves are made somewhat longer and larger. No extra fullness is allowed at the top, but a few caps are seen giving a full effect to the top of the arm. The cuffs are very plain and simple; the braid trimmed dresses have two or three rows of the trimming instead of cuffs. Turn-over designs are favored or a bias band stiffened with buckram and set inside of the sleeve. Lace-trimmed dresses have one or two rows of lace three inches wide gathered inside and shortened towards the inside of the arm, otherwise the fashionable bias canvas folds are worn.

A morning dress suitable for wash or woolen goods has a princess back cut with extensions laid in box pleats and demi-train, the jacket fronts are long and square, over a pointed vest of contrasting material; straight collar and cuffs of the same; shirred flounce (12 inches deep) around the lower edge.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The large plate illustrates two charming costumes, appropriate for the season, that can be fashioned out of wash goods, the stylish satteens or light woollens. Pattern No. 3223, price 30 cents furnishes the design for the simple trimmed skirt, which consists of the usual number of pieces, with a long square drapery bouffantly looped across the tournure; the long round apron is pleated in the belt, the pleats stitched a short distance and allowed to hang in easy folds, caught up high on either side. A pleating may be added around the skirt, if preferred. The basque with this figure is taken from pattern No. 3223, price 25 cents, and is of the fashionable shortness; the fronts are pointed, the back cut with extensions and laid in box-pleats; the plain coat sleeve is finished with a turned back cuff and the neck with a round collar.

The yoke waist shown on the second figure is copied from pattern No. 2357, price 25 cents, and is equally suitable for white or wash goods, veiling and many summer fabrics. The yoke may differ from the remainder, if wished, piece embroidery being much used for such a purpose. The yoke is cut in three pieces and joined to the full portion of the waist so that the latter forms an erect heading, being shirred three times an inch below the top; the lower part is similarly shirred across the front and back, leaving the portion under the arms plain, and sewed in a belt; the sleeves are of the ordinary shape, and finished to correspond with the neck. The overskirt (pattern No. 3230, price 25 cents) especially commends itself for wash goods, as the looping is accomplished with shirrings,

which when let down leaves a plain skirt to iron; the bow on the left side can be untied, as it is slipped through openings made in the cloth; the round front hangs in easy folds and the back is rather bouffant; the edge may be finished with lace, embroidery, braid or left plain. The under skirt is taken from pattern No. 2371, price 25 cents, has the usual number of pieces, and may be trimmed as the fancy dictates.

FIGURE No. 1.—The elegant costume shown in this illustration is appropriate for any thin summer fabrics. Although it appears very elaborate the construction is quite simple. In black silk, grenadine or summer silk it is handsomely trimmed with French or jetted lace—the panels can be procured ready-jetted, which decreases the labor required. The embroidered robes-dresses of pongee, veiling, etc., have the necessary trimming accompanying them. Our illustration represents embroidered pongee; each robe like the design has 10 yards of plain goods, 19 inches wide; 9 yards of embroidery; 2½ yards of insertion for the panels. Pattern No. 3233, price 30 cents furnishes the design for the skirt, which can be shammed throughout; a narrow pleating surrounds the lower edge, and the tablier is composed of two rows of the goods, pleated, alternating with one of the embroidery; the long straight panels reach to the lower pleating; one side has two wide side pleatings edged with embroidery, and the other has but one, also edged; a scarf apron is draped across the front over the left side and under the right panel, of embroidery, having a panier-like effect where it crosses the side pleating; this scarf is similarly edged with the embroidery; the back drapery is round and bouffantly looped with clusters of pleats near the top. The basque is taken from pattern No. 3232, price 25 cents, and is extremely simple in design. The back is short and round, the center front pointed and then cut off at the first dart, making divergent points longer than the centre; the collar is high, the sleeves of the usual coat shape edged with the embroidery, which is also arranged from the neck down the fronts and around the lower edge.

FIGURE No. 6 - The elaborate appearance of this dress (pattern No. 3233, price 30 cents) is given entirely by the handsome trimming. Lace can be substituted for the embroidery, if other than a "robe" dress is selected. As illustrated, it requires 10 yards of plain pongee, 19 inches wide, 9 yards of embroidery, and 2½ yards of insertion for the panels. A narrow pleating of the goods surrounds the skirt, with a wider pleating (having an edge) across the back width under a full, round drapery. The tablier is composed of pleated ruffles of the goods and embroidery, with a panel of embroidery on either side; back of this on the right side is a long side-pleating edged on the lower end; on the left side a similar panel is shown in two wide pleatings, each edged. The scarf apron drapes low on the left over the embroidered panel and passes under the one on the right, forming a small, panier over the panel of side-pleats, this also being edged.

Any of these patterns may be obtained by enclosing the price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH office, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The Word "Wife."

It was Ruskin who pronounced the word "wife" one of the most beautiful and appropriate in the language. He described it as the great word with which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. "I hope," said he, "that the French will some day get a word for it instead of that  *femme* . But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is, that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be house-wives or house-mothes, remember that. In the deeper sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over his head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at his feet but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than housescent with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless.



No. 3232.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

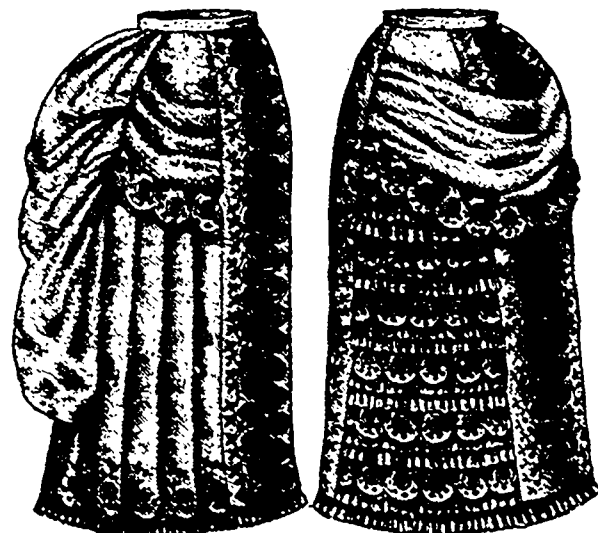
Quantity of Material (19 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 3 yards; 34 inches, 3½ yards; 36 inches, 3½ yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards; 42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 4 yards; 46 inches, 4½ yards.

Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1 3/8 yards; 34 inches, 1 3/8 yards; 36 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards; 42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 1½ yards; 46 inches, 2 yards.

No. 3233.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (19 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 12½ yards; 22 inches, 12½ yards; 24 inches, 12½ yards; 26 inches, 12½ yards; 28 inches, 12½ yards; 30 inches, 12½ yards.

Quantity of Material (32 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 6 3/8 yards; 22 inches, 6 3/8 yards; 24 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 6 1/2 yards.  
Lining for back and side-gore (cambric, 27 inches wide), 3½ yards.  
Embroidery or lace for trimming, 0½ yards.



No. 3233.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

For Quantity, see Fig. 1.

# \$43,535.00

## A NEW PLAN.

### FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

#### FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

#### "TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper 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 he has ever since continued, from time to time, similar offers, carrying out every promise to the very letter, and promptly paying every prize offered. As his publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and he has staked his all in its success, he is 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 he has, among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 silver 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.

**READ THIS CAREFULLY.**

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the CONSOLATION Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent. Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now in sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

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 these 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. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he has not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up. This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promises, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

**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.

**THE REWARDS.**  
In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

- FIRST REWARDS**
- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
  - 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto, 1,550
  - 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs.....800
  - 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services.....500
  - 14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches.....540
  - 19 to 23.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches.....830
  - 24 to 28.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements.....400
  - 29.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
  - 30.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs.....780
  - 31 to 35.—Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs.....900
  - 36.—Fifty Dollars in Gold.....50
- SECOND REWARDS**
1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....\$200
  - 2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent grand square pianos.....1,650
  - 5, 6 and 7. Three fine-tuned 10-stop Cabinet Organs.....900
  - 8 to 13. Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....750
  - 14 to 18.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches.....1,170
  - 19 to 23.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets.....730
  - 24 to 28.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches.....900
  - 29.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings.....600
  - 30.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
  - 31 to 35.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant patterns.....245
  - 36 to 39.—One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons.....850
  - 40 to 43.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....510
  - 44 to 48.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives.....906
  - 49.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
- THIRD REWARDS**
- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood square pianos.....\$1,530
  - 4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches.....400
  - 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches.....400
  - 12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services.....640
  - 18 to 22.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set).....500
  - 23 to 28.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....300
  - 29.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
  - 30 to 32.—Fifty-one solid gold gem rings.....606
  - 33 to 37.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....450
  - 38 to 40.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons.....445
  - 41 to 46.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....450
  - 47.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.....150

**THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.**

**"TRUTH" VILLA,**

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto. Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks. The house is semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, front and back stairs, and all modern conveniences. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

- FOURTH REWARDS**
1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
  - 2, 3 and 4. Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto.....1,500
  - 5 and 6. Two fine toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm.....570
  - 7, 8 and 9. Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services.....200
  - 10 to 13. Six gentlemen's solid gold watches.....600
  - 14 to 18. Five ladies' solid gold watches.....450
  - 19 to 23. Nine renowned sewing machines.....800
  - 24.—Ten Dollars in Gold.....10
  - 25 to 29. Ten gentlemen's solid hunting case or open-face, coin-silver watches.....500

- 30 to 34. Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....200
  - 35 to 39. Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400
  - 40 to 44. One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....800
  - 45 to 49. Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....60
  - 50.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....10
- FIFTH REWARDS**
1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$100
  - 2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos.....2,100
  - 6 to 10.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000
  - 11 to 15.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches.....1,000
  - 16 to 20.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,440
  - 21 to 25.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns.....2,700
  - 26 to 30.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopedia.....2,000
  - 31 to 35.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....600
  - 36.—Twenty dollars in gold.....20
  - 37.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
  - 38 to 42.—Twenty-seven solid Nickel watches.....540
  - 43 to 47.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons.....900
  - 48 to 50.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).....100

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given **number one** of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given **number two**, and so on till all these are given away.

- CONSOLATION REWARDS**
1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin .. \$200
  - 2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos, by a celebrated maker.....1,500
  - 5 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces.....300
  - 11 to 15.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches.....800
  - 16 to 18.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....600
  - 19 to 23.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....442
  - 24 to 26.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons.....300
  - 27.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
  - 28 to 30.—One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Oleographs.....540
  - 31 to 35.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author.....50

**METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.**

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 511 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

**HOW TO SEND.**

Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department Illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnson, M. A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D. D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others.

In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publishers of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

**WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.**  
You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

### Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions affected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he desires Exchangers to write for particulars to the address given before sending the articles called for.

Gaskell's Compendium, (price \$1.00); Gaskell's Guide, (price \$2.00); in good condition, for the best offer in books within two weeks. STUART JENKS, 61, Parralboro, N.S.

Five shares, Provincial & Commercial Land Co. stock, (50 percent paid up) in exchange for a good canoe. Write: J. J. HOOVER, S. W. cor. Church and King streets, Toronto.

Black and Tan, or Fox Terrier dog wanted in exchange for eggs from black-neck game. Ball, Cooper's Lyon's stock; cock won end at Ontario Poultry Show, 1888. Address: Box 64, Mitchell, Ont.

Foreign stamps. U. S. Departmentals and a star. H. F. KIRCHSON, Box 409, Belleville, Ont., Canada.

Minerals, coins, and stamps, for miners' tools and Indian relics. Late exchanged. W. G. MEYER, Battle Creek, Mich.

Numbers 2 and 7 of Chamber's Encyclopedia, in foreign stamps. J. MORSEMAN, 34 Oneida St., Boston, Mass.

A piece of lead, for a stamp from Asia or Africa, or for 5 stamps from Europe. JOHN K. WALKER, 21 Delaware Av., Buffalo, N.Y.

A good pair of patent lever scales, now, for a magnificent lantern or self-lubricating press. FRANK MERRILL, Goshen, Orange Co., N.Y.

A good violin and bow, for a pair of English wild rabbits. SCHULTZ CLARK, Madison, Ill.

A U.S. coin of 1838 and a British coin of 1754, for Cape Verd Island stamps. D. W. CAULKINS, Trenton, N.Y.

Ten mixed foreign stamps, for every tin or paper tag; 200 good mixed foreign stamps and a tin for head, for an Indian pipe or axe. A. PROYER, 231 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

Fifty-seven clean Sunday-school papers, no duplicates, 12 different kinds, for Swiss Family Robber or any 6 numbers of St. Nicholas. Accepted offer answered. JAMES G. CARLISLE, Chauncey, Lawrence Co., Ill.

Twelve pretty advertising cards, 30 plate post marks, and 25 tin tags, for the best offer of good pieces of silk, satin, plush, or velvet, suitable for a crazy quilt. Accepted offer answered. NARRIS BATES, Box 57, Saginaw City, Mich.

Fifty varieties of foreign stamps, including Bermuda and Queensland, for every 6 stamps from British Columbia, British Honduras, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, or Newfoundland; the same, for every 10 from Central and South America. COLCAGNA, Vienna, Va.

Will exchange a 7 1/2 octave Rosewood Piano, net weight 850 lbs., for engine, lathe, windmill, or portable engine. Piano cost \$500; perfect in all respects; warranted. Address: C. E. GAUDRY, Saw Heron, Newport, Vt.

A Japan stamp for a stamp from South America of the West Indies. MASTER L. GRANLEY, 4 St. Paul's Terrace, Adelaide St., Winnipeg, Man.

A man of humor can how more gold chips from a sunbeam than he who awakes the dull and prosaic acts of life.

The pres "Patience" at the Gran successful were receive prival by tl of the princ recipients Harmony C the success This weel the drama of The Men Montford's Markham. No Successful their prizes number of have been first, mid number as Attention matters, a trouble. To send the packing, w it necessary should not allow:—Pi \$5.00; se and tea cake basket; go other watches, 112 prize or pr as above a no notice We are co the income volved. Attentive of gifts, 356 page of th position" h biography of this does a curative p these well a grateful next week Women They have Many li other pers on their o Ayer's Hi turning g original rents the defarily s The ad for the fo If your give the minister; and mark Silent; ignorance (C. A.) have mu Thomas' myself, a in my ov the best rheumatic Man's ment to THOSE people as waged a man's V Cure. I Kidney; noobstr party of its favor equal. Ladies. The t Drivo blood by chronic tern will

Music and Drama.

The presentation of the over popular "Patience" by the Toronto Harmony Club at the Grand last week was an eminently successful affair. The several performances were received with every expression of approval by the vast audiences present, many of the principal ladies in the cast being the recipients of handsome bouquets. The Harmony Club are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts.

This week at the Grand the great domestic drama of "Lost in London" is running.

The Mendelssohn Co. held the boards at Montford's last week. This week Pauline Markham.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and in what series, first, middle or consolation, 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 and packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—Piano, \$10.00; cabinet organs, \$5.00; sewing machines, \$2.00; guns and tea services, \$2.00; cruetts and cake baskets, 50 cents; dress goods, 50 cents; gold watches, 50 cents; silver and other watches, 30 cents; books and butter knives, 12 cents. If the application for prize or prizes is not accompanied with cash as above stated, and full particulars given, no notice whatever will be taken of them. We are compelled to do this on account of the immense amount of correspondence involved.

Attention is called this week to the advertisement of Messrs. Madill & Hoar, druggists, 356 Yonge street, Toronto, on the 16th page of this issue. The "intelligent compositor" has made a blunder in the orthography of the word "Sarsaparilla," but this does not detract from the wonderful curative properties of the medicine which these well known druggists are supplying to a grateful public. The error will be remedied next week.

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

Many ladies admire gray hair—on some other person. But few care to try its effect on their own charms. Nor need they, since Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from turning gray, and restores gray hair to its original color. It cleanses the scalp, prevents the formation of dandruff, and wonderfully stimulates the growth of the hair.

The adversities of many furnish success for the few.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Silent genius is heard quicker than loud ignorance.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

Man's genius needs woman's encouragement to develop it.

Those Twin Foxes to bodily comfort, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, yield when war is waged against them with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care. Its use also insures the removal of Kidney and Uterine maladies, and promotes unobstructed action of the bowels. The purity of its ingredients is another point in its favor. As a blood purifier it has no equal. It is also a great favorite with the ladies.

The baby's favorite game—All fours.

Drive it Away.

Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Purifiers will do it.

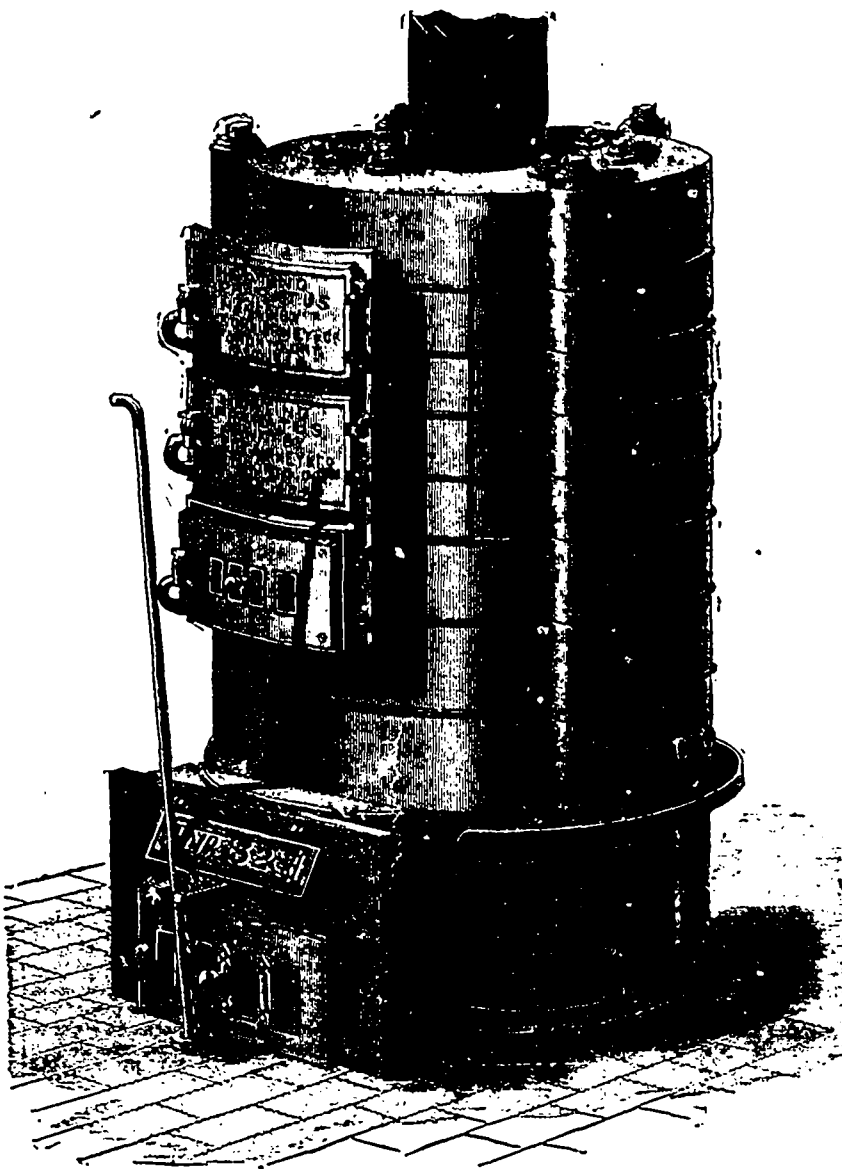
HOT WATER HEATING BOILER!

THE

E. & C. GURNEY CO.

TORONTO,

HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG

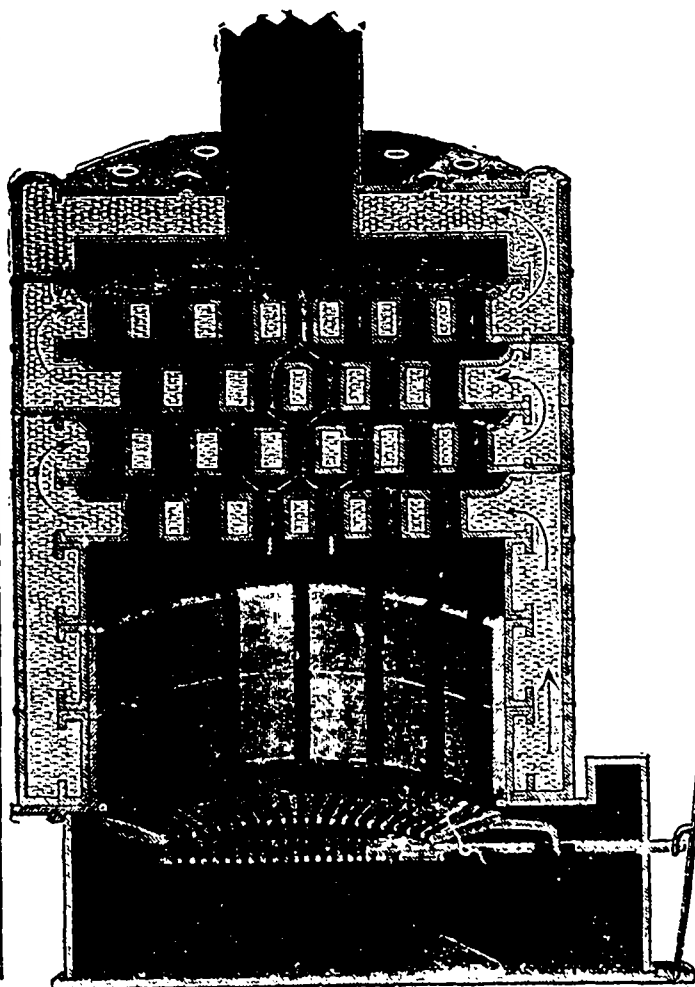


These Heaters

Are not only the Cheapest Manufactured, they are also the simplest, being easily operated by any one competent to care for a Hall Stove.

WE SOLICIT EXAMINATION BY THE TRADE.

It will be noted that the proceeds of combustion, after passing through the first row of tubes, pass into a combustion chamber, when after expanding they pass through a second set of tubes, and so on to the exit to chimney flue.



t of the Canada Francis Johnston, O.; Hon. n. J. B. l Dow, s. Wild, to; Col. well as petitions ered, the following the best y or gen- the best \$5.00 for n. Tak rt of the and un- allism on ir months is well ve a good he above positively se the la- ds of let- eaders as- ould not b- the sub- ANK WIL- Toronto, uent. started at the All actual e time, say f charge. h publisher r whether as a not under- transactions f the paper, y of corre- scriptions of any misle- e, he advise the address for. ): Oakes) for the best r Jaska, but al Land Co. o for a good . Churchard ranted in st- Ball, Cooper's Poultry Show, is and a stu- ile, Ont., Oa- iver's, form, W. O. Ma- yclopedias, in nelsa St., Be- ia of Africa, Walker, 33 ew, for a man's FRANK MEN- English with n of 1754, for l- ELAINS, Tany- 7 tin or paper nd a filiarator Pcyola, 231 W. pers, no dup- amily Robbins Accepted at ncey, Lawman 30 plain pot- ter of good d- suitable for s- HERRIS BAAS, Juding Bernab pe from Bepal s Scotia, New name, for 187 ca. Col. Carter, od Piano, net. 3mill, for portab- all respect; for- Saw Herman outh America of UENY, 4 Nino's MAN. w more gold- se who swing ic.

## HOW WE ESCAPED.

"Talk about Indians!" said my Grandmother Weir, looking out over her heavy gold-bowed spectacles. "You know nothing about Indians now-a-days. Little can you imagine what it is to live year in and year out, in deadly fear of an attack by bloodthirsty and merciless savages; to have every little unusual sound strike terror into your heart; to be prepared at any instant, night or day, to drop everything and run for your life. That's the way we lived when I was a girl; and bad as it was, when all white people were united against the common foe, it was worse when the Revolution broke out. Then the settlers were divided among themselves, and your dearest friend or your nearest neighbor might suddenly become your worst enemy, ready to betray you to the Indians or the British, or even to rob and murder you themselves. So bad are the passions roused by war. Life was hard, and full of terrors then."

My Grandmother Weir was one of the pleasantest figures of my childhood. I can see her now, a grand and stately dame, erect and elegant, carrying herself like a queen till the day of her death, at ninety-nine.

Her dress was always the same, for she never favored modern fashions. I remember I used to look with admiration at her feet, in daintiest of black silk stockings, with embroidered cloaks, and high-heeled slippers, when everybody else wore shoes without heels. Her black silk petticoat, or, as we should say, skirt, and short gown of the same, were of the best, and the white muslin kerchief around her neck was the finest to be had. Over her dress she wore a long, wide white apron, and under it hung the wonder of my youth—her pocket.

This pocket, which always held the quaint old "housewife" and other treasures we youngsters looked upon with keenest interest, was made of brocade, and tied around her waist over the dress. It was half a yard long and a quarter of a yard wide, and it hung flat against her side. The opening was a straight slit in the middle of the front. Another thing that hung from her waist by a long string was a pair of scissors, always ready for us to use, but never to be lent to us, or taken off.

Her abundant silvery hair was rolled back in waves on her head, and over it she wore a mob cap, with a double fluted ruffle held in place by a ribbon put around her head and fastened by two gold pins.

Around her neck she always wore a string of gold beads, which it was my delight to look at and handle. She never took them off, day or night, but she promised them to me because I was named for her, and I have them before me now. Great, solid, heavy things, that I wonder any one could endure to wear.

But the most peculiar thing about my grandmother's dress was her red cloak. It had been the most elegant thing to be had when she was in her prime, and nothing would induce her to change it. This, added to her queer dress and gold beads, made her a real fairy godmother to us youngsters, especially as we were taught to rise when she came into the room, to show respect to her.

This Grandmother Weir was better than any story book you little folks have, for her stories were all true; and if I can tell you one that we always legged for, with half the vividness that she put into it, I'm sure your hair will rise, and you will turn cold with horror, as we used to do.

"When I was only sixteen," went on Grandmother Weir, laying down her knitting. "I had a fright from Indians that I shall never forget. I was living with my brother, not far from where Saratoga now stands.

"His house was a queer little affair, very common then, but now only to be seen in the woods, or in new countries. It was built of logs, with few windows, and those not large. Small as they were, however, they were further protected against Indians by blocks fitted to the inside, so that in case of danger the house could be turned in a few minutes into a respectable log fort. The door was very heavy, to resist savages and other enemies, and the fastening was like that you hear of in the story of Red Riding Hood, a large wooden latch, on the inside, lifted by pulling a string which was put through a hole and hung down outside. At night the string was pulled inside, when the door could not be opened from without,

"This house was snug and cozy inside, and there I lived with my brother, his wife, and their five children. Of course my brother belonged to the Continental Army, and we often did not see him, nor hear of him, for weeks at a time.

"There was no telegraph at that time you know, to carry news, good or bad, at lightning speed; no daily papers, with items from all over the world; and worse, there were no post-office conveniences, which are so common now-a-days that you can hardly conceive what it is to be without them. The only way we heard from my brother was by special messenger, or by chance news from a neighbor who had heard, or by a traveller passing through. Even then the reports could not be trusted; and so when he went away, we bade him farewell, and at once put ourselves in a state of siege.

"Every night the windows were blocked up, the lights carefully hidden so as not to be seen by any prowling savage, and the only fire-arm the house contained, an old flint-lock musket, carefully inspected to see if it was in order for a surprise, and stood up against the door, where was a small hole to peep through, and also to fire through if necessary. Then we would creep into our beds and get what sleep we could, excepting one, who was always left up to watch and listen for danger.

"When my brother was away, this duty devolved entirely upon the women and older girls. In our house only three could be depended upon not to go to sleep: Sister Mary,—Dinah,—Dinah, the one slave (the only white man in those days), who was too much afraid of Indians to be very sleepy, even after a hard day's work, and myself.

"You probably think you could not sleep either, but after weeks of constant anxiety one gets used to it, and mercifully can forget long enough to sleep.

"In the course of time the two armies moved about so that our house was exactly between them, Gen. Burgoyne on one side, and Gen. Gates on the other. Living then became harder than ever, since the common soldiers, and the Indians in the pay of the British, considered that they had a right to anything they chose to take, and helped themselves to whatever they liked, in the house or out of it.

"They would come in at any time they could, night or day, without so much as asking leave, take our dinner out of the pot, or blankets off our beds, and walk out, even laughing at our remonstrance.

"Of course the Indians were worse, or we were more afraid of them. Many a time we all stood trembling around in the corners, while some great savage red man, with ugly painted face, big rolling eyes, and long black hair hanging down his back, warmed himself at our fire, ate our food, what little there was, and looked through cupboards and chests to see what we had that pleased his savage fancy. Once I remember a real tragedy in my soul, when a big, greasy Indian, half-drunk and half-dazed to look upon, spied among my treasures a doll.

"I had long ago ceased to play with dolls. When life is so serious and full of dangers, young girls grow old fast. But this was a precious relic of my childhood, and I valued it more than all the rest of my possessions. It would look strange enough beside your grand French wax dolls, but it was very elegant then; scarcely any girl had anything better than a rag doll. It had come to me from relations in England, and was carved of wood, with a sweet face, painted, and real hair.

"It was dressed in stiff brocade satin, with narrow skirt, very short waist and sleeves, wide belt and white kerchief over the shoulders. It had a white muslin turban on the head. I remember every detail of the dress as well as if I had seen it yesterday.

"When the Indian's great eyes fell upon this treasure, he was suddenly interested. He took it up in his dirty hand, and with many grunts of approval, examined the dress, turning it around and inspecting all sides with great attention. Then with one sound, which of course I could not understand, he cruelly tucked my beloved Polly into his belt.

"How my heart sank! I instinctively sprang forward to rescue her, but one glance of his wild eyes, as he laid his hand significantly upon his tomahawk, frightened me into silence. I covered my face, and when I looked up, he was gone, and my beloved doll with him.

"The next night it was my turn to watch,

and I was sitting down, thinking of my doll and wondering where she was at that moment, when I heard footsteps outside. In an instant I was on the alert, listening with all my powers. It sounded like the guarded steps of several men, and my heart was in my mouth, as I thought of our household of women and children, and only one gun to defend ourselves.

"I slipped my feet out of my shoes, stole to the door, and put my ear to the peephole provided.

"Yes, it was plainly men, and they were coming near the house. But it was men in shoes, and not the stealthy moccasined feet of savages. Thank God for that! Any civilized foe was preferable to them.

"I hastily and silently awakened Sister Mary, and then crept back to my place at the door.

"I heard subdued voices, and at last a halt directly before the door. Then came a gentle tap and a low 'Mary! are you awake?'

"A great sense of relief swept over me. It was my brother! To make certain, and guard against tricks, however, I answered back, through the hole, in a whisper, 'Who are you?'

"It is I sister; open the door."

"Yes, open it," said Sister Mary, as I hesitated, 'I know his voice.'

"I lifted the latch and opened the door slightly, while my brother and four soldiers filed in, and then closed and fastened it as before.

"Soon we had a light, and then my brother told us he had come with the men to move us away, and we must go the next day, because he could not be away long, and besides there were rumors of an attack at any moment.

"He said we better try to sleep the rest of the night. The soldiers stretched themselves before the fire on the floor, and we did try to sleep, but we really spent the night in exciting talk over the events of the war, home-news, and the future.

"Early the next morning we were up and preparing to go. We had but one wagon, the horses long ago given to the army, and into that vehicle must be put all we should save of household goods, for we well knew that the house once abandoned would become a stable, or whatever happened to be most convenient for the lawless soldiers.

"Big Indian baskets were brought out, great round or square things, made of birch bark with covers, each capable of holding a bushel.

"Now in one corner of the house, to keep them away from marauders, we had a large family of hens. To carry them was impossible, to leave them to feast the enemy was repugnant to our feelings. We determined to make them all into a large pot-pie and to have one full meal before we started.

"Accordingly every feather-top was laid low, greatly to the grief of all the children, the big kettle was hung upon the crane in the big fire-place, and Dinah was very busy getting ready. Soon a delicious odor began to pervade the house, and at last packing was nearly done, and the pot-pie in a big pan was steaming away on the table.

"The hungry household gathered around, soldiers and all, in pleasant anticipation of a feast. The long grace had been said, and my brother dipped a ladle into the dish.

"At that instant the latch flew violently up, the door burst open, and a friendly neighbor threw himself in, falling full length on the floor, and crying earnestly between his gasps for breath, 'For God's sake run! the Indians!'

"We were on our feet in an instant, and I ran to the door. O children, I can never forget what I saw at that moment! I often see it in my sleep to this day.

"Opposite our house, in the river, was an island, and on it a house, the home of friends. I saw that house on fire, surrounded by yelling savages, Mrs. Caborn running for her life, and close behind her an immense Indian with tomahawk raised to strike. I saw another painted fiend snatch up the baby, a dear little creature whom I had often held. He seized it by one foot and swung it around—oh, I could not see more!

"I turned away, sick and ready to faint. But I did not faint; I thought of our baby, sleeping quietly on the bed. I ran across the room, snatched the precious bundle, blanket and all, and ran madly out the back door, calling to my brother, 'I'll go ahead with baby!'

"The rest of the family were hastily hurried into the wagon, and a straw bed flung in for Sister Mary, who was ill. The

soldiers took hold of the pole, and away they went into the woods behind the house.

"Nobody thought of that pot-pie, left smoking on the table for our terrible enemies. No doubt they grunted approval, surrounded the table and dipped their fingers into the pan till every morsel was eaten.

"I had gone far ahead with my dear burden, in my panic, when it suddenly occurred to me that baby slept wonderfully well. I stopped, lifted the cover—an O God! It was not the baby—it was a bundle of clothes!

"Then the baby was left! It was too late to go back. I had done it!

"For the only time in my life I uttered a shriek of despair, and sank to the ground. That moment's agony I cannot describe. The figure of Mrs. Caborn's baby was before me. The world turned cold and black, and I really believe I was dying, or losing my senses.

"My brother's voice aroused me.

"Sister, be still! he said, sternly. 'What is the matter?'

"The baby!" I gasped. 'He is left behind!'

"It cannot be! he said heartily, as white as death, and hastened back to where the wagon was slowly dragging along.

"Again I was lost and unconscious, with a terrible feeling that the world was slipping away from me, but in a few moments my brother, as the best cure for my critical state, placed in my arms the laughing, crowing baby himself.

"The relief was so sudden that I was instantly roused, and a violent burst of tears relieved my brain and saved me from going wild.

"The baby himself did not approve of this greeting, and set up a frightened cry, when my brother returned him to the wagon, and I tried to go on. But I found myself so weakened by my excitement that I could not stand alone, and I was obliged to be added to the already heavy load in the wagon.

"Through the woods we jolted till it began to grow dark, and we found that a storm was coming up. By that time we were in deep woods, and my brother decided to camp for the night.

"The straw bed was taken out of the wagon and laid on the ground, for the sick mother, and the wagon-box turned upside down over her for a sort of roof.

"That was a night of horrors, my dear, that you cannot imagine. We dared not have a fire because of Indians. We had nothing to eat but a little dry, coarse bread. A severe thunder-storm drenched us through, crowded together in a heap on the wet ground. And there, in that most dreadful night of our lives, homeless, cold, hungry, in terror of wild beasts on one side, and wild savages on the other, the sick mother came very near to death.

"The next morning, seeing her a little revived, my brother went on to try and find help and a team to get us out. We stayed hidden there, in such misery, suffering and terror as I hope you will never know.

"On the third day he returned with horses, and we went on to a settlement where the best house was owned by a rich man, who had been a friend, but being a Tory, was now a bitter enemy.

"My brother could not believe that old friendship was all dead, and that he would not be at best decently hospitable in our terrible condition. So he drove up to the door, and to host and hostess told his story and pleaded our need of help.

"The man turned away without a word, but the woman spoke, with a haughty tone of her head.

"I wouldn't turn away a dog that was starving," she said, 'but if any of that party want anything to eat, they may take it out of the swill-pail! Swill is good enough for rebels! and she went in and closed the door behind her.

"We were about turning away, though well aware that the people all took their cue from this family, and if they turned away, no one would help us. But some of the old black servants came to us and begged us to come into the kitchen and wait and eat. And so desperate were our circumstances that we accepted the hospitality of the kitchen.

"Those kind hearted creatures brought out the swill-pail, for they dared not disobey the letter of their mistress's words, scoured it till it shone, inside and out, and then filled it with milk for the half-starved children, and afterwards with more food for the older ones. In fact we were

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all glad to make a hearty supper out of the swirl-pail. "This gave us strength to go on till we reached another settlement where we had friends, and the King of England had none. There we remained for some years, before it was safe to go back so the scene of that day's horror."

When the Footsteps Came.

Step 1 step 1 step 1

It was his footsteps—her lover's. The echo might have been lost to you or I in the rumble of traffic, but to her—never. To you or me all footsteps might have sounded alike. To her there was a much difference as in the sound of human voices. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the months passed by.

Step 1 step 1 step 1

It was his footsteps—her husband's. The echo became a part of her daily existence. To listen for it became one of the objects of her life. When that echo caught her ear a smile flitted across her face, her eyes grew brighter, and a wifely kiss was on her lips. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the years passed away.

Step 1 step 1

But the footsteps had ceased, and the echoes had died away forever. They bore him away to sleep with the numberless dead, and she was a widow from whom the sunshine had gone forever. She wept and grieved and—listened.

Step 1 step 1 step 1

How her heart throbbed for an instant! So much like his, and yet she knew that he slept beneath the willow. Not once, but a dozen times a day she felt her heart step its beating as the echo of a footstep caught her ear. And she waited and listened, and the echoes came and went, and she whispered to herself:

"Some day I shall again hear his footfalls and know that he has come."

The years went by, and a gray-haired woman looked out upon the setting sun and knew that it was her last night on earth. Friends wept at her bedside—she had no tears. They spoke to her in fearful tones—she made no answer. She seemed waiting and listening, and of a sudden, as the first shadows of twilight began stealing into the room, she whispered:

"Hark! I hear it!"

Step 1 step 1 step 1

"It is his footstep—I feel the echo in my heart! He has come back to me—my husband!"

All listened as they kept their eyes fixed upon the dying woman's face.

Step 1 step 1

The echo brought the old wifely smile to her face.

Step 1 step 1

Her face grew radiant at the thought of the meeting.

Step 1 step 1 step 1

The echo gave her strength to rise up and stretch forth her arms as if to clasp some one, and as she sank slowly back they heard her whisper:

"I knew his footsteps—he has come at last!"

But it was that he might guide her safely through the valley of the shadow.

The top round of the ladder is an imaginary one; no man ever reached it yet.

Clear thinking goes for much in life. It is characteristic of the strong, accurate mind, and should be cultivated with the utmost care by requiring the pupil to bound every idea with which he deals, whether it be a material object or an emotion of the soul.

And what, after all, is life but a little journey in a strange land, with a few companions, less friends, a flying train, a halt at the little stations, a rest and a recollection of what we have seen, known and enjoyed most as we travelled, even though they may be unpossessed of like impressions and surroundings.

A Throat Cure.

A cure for Croup. There is no better remedy for Croup than Haggard's Yellow Oil taken internally and applied according to special directions. This is the great household panacea for rheumatism, stiff joints, pain, inflammation, &c.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL." BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers.

The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins..... \$100
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, 1,550
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, 810
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea-services..... 600
14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
20 to 25.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330
31 to 35.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, 400
36 to 40.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100
41 to 50.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons..... 750
201 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125
501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos..... \$1,520
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 462
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 510
18 to 20.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
21 to 23.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 300
24.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
40 to 50.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
51 to 55.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
56 to 60.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons..... 415
201 to 400.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450
401.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins..... \$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300
11 to 15.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 800
16 to 20.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 590
30 to 50.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 442
51 to 150.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 360
151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
152 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 800
201 to 400.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 60

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size), large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

Wraps are not worn by little girls unless the weather is cool enough to make them necessary.

A Wide Spread Evil.

The great source of consumption and of ugly sores is scrofula in the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the entire system and cure scrofula, as well as the more common blood humors.

All tinsel shot, brocaded, and threaded stuffs, trimmings, and laces are popular, but gold is the leading metal in tinsel goods.

No other preparation so concentrates and combines blood-purifying, vitalizing, enriching and invigorating qualities as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Quality should be considered when making comparisons.

The short pelerine mantle, short and tight in the back, high on the shoulders, and loose in front, is the leading spring wrap.

W. W. McLellan, Lyn, N. S., writes: "I was afflicted with rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

Poplin, like mohair, can only be employed in certain ways, and, as the fabric does not naturally fall flat, it is always necessary to make it up as a plain skirt.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

The beautiful plastic style of dress dies hard before its coming rivals, the Elizabethan, Pompadour, and Louis XV. fashions, which the French artists in dress are determined to revive.

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thos. Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia; I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

Thousands Hastened to Their Graves.

By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands!!!

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one or any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

"A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a lady 'patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughed at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient."

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors at \$3.00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey Lupton and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

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.

Velvet or velveteen, in contrasting color with the satinet, or cashmere, or wool stuff of the frock, is used to excess for the cuffs, belts, collars and capes, pockets, and ornaments of children's garments.

A Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton, declares that Haggard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds, and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded. Beryl green comes with a bluish metallic luster among the spring greens in millinery goods.

If you have a cough or a cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

Entire polonaises of black lace are made to wear over black or colored dresses.

A Sad Neglect.

Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and Bowels.

One of the latest collures out from Paris is composed of a mass of short curls, so difficult to execute properly that most ladies who prefer this style of hair dressing buy a curled wig and have done with it. It costs less in the end.



Important.

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

Those whom we most love and admire are those to whom the thought of self seems never to occur.

A woman holds the mirror up to nature and then with paint and powder tries to improve it—and fails.

Easily Caught.

It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, the best remedy for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tendencies.

"Johnny," said an editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school?" "No," replied the youngster, "I am registered as second-class male matter."

What he thought about it.

I am a commission merchant doing business in the West Indies. "I used some of your Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor when in Canada, and think it is the best cure for corns I have ever seen. Please send me a few dozen for friends and customers in South America and the West Indies."

(Signed),

WM. GOULD, N. Y. City.

Thousands of testimonials in addition to the testimony of druggists have been received and prove Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor to be Sure, Pop and Painless corn cure. Sold by country dealers in medicine and druggists everywhere. N. O. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

"Milkman, why does your milk always look so blue," inquired the housewife. "My cows came from Boston, mum," proudly replied the milkman, "and they're blue-bloods."

The demand for the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is still on the increase, and from every quarter the firm who make it are receiving unsolicited testimony of its growth in public favor. A gentleman from one of the mining islands of Lake Huron, writes:—"Your 'Myrtle Navy' is an invaluable solace to the loneliness of the miner's life. don't know how our men could get along without it. If their stock ran out they would risk swimming to the mainland to replenish it, heedless of danger, and I believe they would cross the ice in winter on the same errand if it was not more than an inch thick. No other tobacco will satisfy them."

When is a poem like a newspaper oath? When it is just dashed off.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

A life-long Republican who thought he saw which way the cat was going to jump, carried a transparency in a Democratic procession, and now wants office. That won't do. The dodge is too transparent.

What's the Use?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

If fish is good for the brain Jonah ought to have developed ability.

It's no secret that Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is composed of best genuine French Brandy, distilled Extract of Smart-Wood and Jamaica Ginger Root, with Camphor Essence, and constitutes, therefore, the best remedy yet known for colic or cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody flux, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. 50 cents. By druggists.

The famous old English watering place of Bath has not been so crowded since the days of Jane Austin, fashionable doctors having again discovered the virtues of its waters.

"The leprous distillment, whose effect holds such an amity with blood of mar, that, swift as quicksilver, it courses through the natural gais and alleys of the body," and causes the skin to become "barked about, most Iszur-like, with vile and loathsome crust." Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

At Castle Howard, Lord Carlisle's seat in Yorkshire, there is a guest house in the park where a month's rest, with good living, is provided each month for four hard-working women from large towns.

Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three letter stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means of cure. Address, World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

A small piece of what looked to him like glass was picked up in Macon, Ga., recently by a citizen of that place, who took it to a jeweller, by whom it was pronounced a diamond, and worth from \$800 to \$1,000.

Cataract—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of cataract. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that at five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefited while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Startled by the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the humor, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the cataract is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as over effected by him four years ago are cases still. No one else has ever attempted to cure cataract in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured cataract. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy, permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and receive a pamphlet for their treatise on cataract.—Montreal Star

Jones—"Did Smith tell you any of his stories last evening?" Fogg—"Lots of them." "And were they well related?" "Exceptionally well. Most of them were related to the antediluvian period."

Lardine Machine Oil is the only oil that will not gum or clog the machinery, and will outwear lard or seal oil, and costs but half the price. One trial ensures its continued use. For sale only by all dealers.

There is a family in Michigan named Custard. If there are any pretty girls among them we presume they are almost good enough to eat.

Erta's COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Erta has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labelled—"JAMES ERTA & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Powers Street, Rochester, N. Y.

DENTAL. FRANK M. SEFTON, Surgeon Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Streets. Over Martin's drug store.

J. G. ADAMS, D.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 246 J. Yonge Street, entrance on Kim Street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MEDICAL. REV. J. EDGAR, M.D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 63 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.

D. E. T. ADAMS. 288 KING ST. WEST. SPECIALTY—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5 P.M., Sunday, 120 to 2 P.M. SEND A POST CARD TO THE

Brighton Laundry, 7 Bloor Street East, and have them call for your washing. Best work. Lowest prices. No fluids used. MRS. POFFLY.

A \$90 GOLD WATCH FOR 20c. The person sending me the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word "Charlestown" on or before June 15th will receive a Ladies' Gold 18K Gold Hunting Case Watch, full jewelled, nickel movement, valued at \$90. Each competitor to enclose 20 cents silver, with list. Abbreviations and proper names not allowed. No letter to be used more than once in the same word. Prize will be fairly awarded. Name of winner will appear in "Truth." Try your skill. A dress—J. K. PEARLSON, Kingsbury P.O., Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia.

Wilton Avenue Meat Market, W. J. CALGHEY, 183 WILTON AVE. Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables etc., etc., always on hand. Families waited on for orders. NOTE ADDRESS.

183 WILTON AVE. A. MEROER, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, 131 Bay St., Next the Fire Hall. Orders left at Residence (220 Robert St., near Bloor) promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts and Fittings a specialty.

THIN FACES! By Prof VORNBERG'S Method. In a very short time the Facial Muscles can be so developed as to make the CHEEKS PLUMP AND ROSY, and fill out the neck. Future impossible. No medicine. Only 50 cents by mail. Descriptive circular for 3 cent stamp. McKAY'S Bureau, 127 Queen Street East, Toronto.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER. General Agency, 51 King St. E., Toronto.

ITS WONDERFUL DURABILITY. London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company Head office, Toronto Mar 25th, 1885. Dear Sir:—I am sending you my Type-Writer to be remodelled. As I think you are aware I have had this machine some seven or eight years; have done an immense amount of work with it, and have never yet had breakage, nor has it ever been out of order, or had a penny expended on it for repairs or anything else. Yours truly, A. Sina, Manager for the Dominion. Circular on application. "Cleanliness is the Index of Civilization."

DOMINION STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS

We wish to call your attention to the fact that we have recently fitted our place with the most complete machinery for the purpose of cleaning carpets, rugs, robes, etc. This is so certain that I have patronized Messrs. Gawett & Sway, proprietors of the Dominion Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, and also personally investigated their method of cleaning carpets, and have no hesitancy in recommending them to the public. They do their work thoroughly, and without any injury whatever to the carpets. JAMES WATSON, Walter House.

GAWETT & SWAY, Proprietors, OFFICE AND WORKS: 25 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST, TORONTO. TELEPHONE 406.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882. "I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy. "While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

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